

A blonde woman is shown from the waist up, looking directly at the camera. She is wearing a red collar and red cuffs on her wrists. A silver chain is draped around her neck. The background is black.

Discipline Island



FETISH WORLD BOOKS

Simon Grail

DISCIPLINE ISLAND

Simon Grail

© Copyright, 2016 Simon Grail

The right of Simon Grail to be identified as the author of this book has been asserted in accordance with Section 77 and 78 of the Copyrights and Patents Act 1988.

All rights reserved.

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilization of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying, and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the written permission of the author.

All characters in this book have no existence outside the imagination of the author and have no relation whatsoever to anyone bearing the same name or names. They are not even distantly inspired by any individual known or unknown to the author, and all incidents are pure invention.

This electronic book published by Fetish World Books

Fetish World Books is an imprint of Fiction4All

www.fiction4all.com

Chapter 1

Tanya screamed once again as the electric spanking paddle smacked across her bare sweating buttocks, tiny sparks flashing from the ranks of metal contact studs embedded in its rubber blade.

‘Faster, Melon Tits, faster!’ Hariq commanded her.

In response she made incoherent sounds and dribbled about the rubber ring gag pinned to her tongue. It had little sidebars which were jammed between her teeth and which forced her jaws invitingly apart.

Her cries and the crack of the spanking paddle echoed back from the white walls the torment room, seemingly at odds with its cool black rubber tiled rubber floor and the elegant fretted screens across its pointed arch window. Through this there filtered the distant sounds of flesh being smacked and female sobs and screams of pain. It gave Tanya little comfort to know that she was not alone in her suffering.

She was riding a horse stark naked: not an animal but a cruel manmade device. It comprised of a narrow wedge shaped beam with its sharpest edge uppermost, set on adjustable legs at a height that Tanya had to stand on tiptoe straddle. Cuffs and chains connecting her ankles to rings threaded through a pair of steel rods supported on brackets just a few inches above the floor on either side of the horse meant that she could not pull herself off it.

There was a similar pair of rods hung from the ceiling above her head from which dangled freely sliding sprung chains which were hooked to the large steel rings piercing her nipples. The tension on them ensured, whatever other convulsions she made, that she remained sitting upright on the beam.

This was a particularly painful posture because the very apex of the wedge shaped beam was occupied by a hollow metal tube with cross ribs and a serrated metal ridge running its entire length. This meant that it ground deep into the soft fleshy lips of Tanya’s naked pussy which were unwillingly

spread about it. If that was not bad enough, pipes were plugged into either end of the tube fed by powerful electric pumps connected to reservoirs beneath the horse, one filled with ice water and the other with boiling water, so that either could be pumped alternately through the tube at great speed. The waves of hot and cold burned or shivered into her pussy and so drove her back and forth along its length in an attempt to escape, unavoidably grinding the tube's serrated crest through her cleft as she did so. In response her pussy dribbled its juices over the ridge in a vain attempt to ease its relentless rasping and, even worse, out of perverse and unwilling arousal.

Tanya could see the spectacle she made reproduced from different angles on the big flat screens hung on the walls of the chamber which relayed images from small CCTV cameras positioned about the room. She saw in them a wild-eyed, naked, red-cheeked, tear-streaked, desperate, sweating female figure who she could hardly believe was herself.

Tanya was English and 24 years old with a 35D-23-35 figure. She had creamy lightly tanned skin and honey blond, shoulder length hair framing an elfin face. Her eyes were pale blue set beneath light golden brows. A narrow straight nose with a slightly up-tilted tip led down to what was normally, when not distorted by gags, a wide shapely mouth. Her slender chest bore pale round heavy breasts crowned by engorged crimson nipples. Her full breasts emphasised the tightness of her waist and flatness of her stomach. Her pussy was deep cleft and totally naked and hairless, with prominent pouting inner labia. Her buttocks were smooth and fleshy and well rounded. Her legs, straining to lift herself as far off the terrible horse as she could, were strong and shapely because with naturally full breasts and a fleshy bottom like hers, she knew she had to exercise to remain trim and not run to fat.

However her natural form was modified by several accessories.

Tanya's arms were strapped up behind her back and her fists were clenching in futile despair. She had a large shiny rubber-lined metal collar buckled about her neck fitted with four tethering rings. The tension on the big steel rings piercing her nipples lifted her breasts unnaturally high as she jerked and shuffled frantically backwards and forwards so that they bounced and wobbled in front of her like pink melons, inevitably suggesting her degrading nickname. Again and again the painfully hot or cold pipe-ridge

ground through her plump labia, dividing its lips which were each studded with a vertical row of five golden eyelets that were pierced right through them. A single pair of eyelets also pierced through her inner labia in line with the fourth eyelet down on the outer row. These fittings added to her sensitivity and helpless arousal so that she slobbered uncontrollably over the pipe.

Her slippery discharge was filling the hot air of the room with its scent, adding to her humiliation before the eyes of the two men watching her. Standing beside fat Hariq was a slim young Arab man probably a few years younger than herself who was grinning at the unwilling spectacle Tanya made while his hard brown cock jutted out from the front of his robes.

Once again Hariq's electric paddle smacked into the undersides of Tanya's glossy breasts, flattening their heavy domes and sending sharp spikes of electricity through her. 'You know what you have to do to end this, Melon Tits...' he prompted her.

She willed her ring gag-pinned tongue to shape the shameful words as she stared at the eagerly waiting young man. They still came out humiliatingly slurred, as if they were intent on demeaning her voice along with the rest of her: 'Pleath Mathter, Melon Titth begth to be allowed the privilege of thucking you off!'

Hariq's paddle smacked into her breasts again: 'You can do better than that! You must say it is if you mean it from your very soul! You cannot leave here until you do.'

Tanya sobbed in despair. She would have to debase herself even further to spare herself from more pain! But after the horrors she had seen that morning, could she ever submit herself to the ultimate test, beside which this was nothing?

How had she got herself into this nightmare place? She had never even heard of the isle of Jazirat Tadib a week ago...

Chapter 2

It had begun in bed in the early hours of the morning with Tanya waking to find her husband Roger's hard penis rubbing up between the fleshy cheeks of her buttocks. His hands had slipped about her and he was squeezing her breasts and tweaking her nipples. Clearly he wanted to make love.

Normally Tanya liked sex, but not at that moment. She slapped Roger's hands aside and pulled her bottom away from his questing cock. 'Not now... too tired...' she mumbled.

'You wouldn't be too tired if you hadn't done so much shopping yesterday,' he said accusingly. 'Did you go over your allowance again?'

'Well what else is there to do here for women?' she said irritably.

'We must have some money left when we go back home,' Roger reminded her. 'That's why I took this job, remember?'

'But your contract runs for another three years,' Tanya protested. 'Why can't we take another break?'

'I can't leave work right now and you know that. I've been working hard all day and I want to enjoy my pretty wife's lovely body...' He reached for her again but again she pulled away. Then she heard his voice darken. 'If you keep on like this I might have to send you to Jazirat Tadib.'

Tanya thought she knew all the important parts of Qwarain by now but this was new to her. 'Where?'

Roger's bedside lamp came on, illuminating the spacious bedroom of their apartment on the fifth floor of a residential tower block in Qwarain City.

Qwarain was an island Emirate north of the UAE nestling in the bowl of the Persian Gulf before it rises and narrows to become the Strait of Hormuz at its eastern end. Qwarain was only 25 miles long and half that wide but it was

oil rich and therefore absurdly wealthy. Like other Arab states it was busy turning its capital into a city of 21st-century skyscrapers and re-sculpting parts of the coastline of the little island to make world class pleasure resorts for when the oil eventually ran out. For this they needed engineers like Roger...

‘Jazirat Tadib roughly translates as Discipline or Correction Island,’ Roger explained in his methodical way. ‘Actually it’s only an islet a little way off the east coast. There’s the remains of an old palace fortress there that has been restored and put to a new use. Now it’s where the locals can send their misbehaving wives and daughters.’

The matter-of-fact strangeness of his words penetrated Tanya’s sluggish brain. She sat up and blinked and looked at him. ‘What?’

‘You know Qwarainians never do a job themselves if they can hire somebody to do it for them. On Jazirat Tadib women are taught to be better lovers and more obedient wives, and daughters who have transgressed and stained the family honour are punished and then trained to be as sexually alluring as possible to win the best second rank husband they can and make up for their loss of virginity. They also take foreigners. Lorraine Pickering was sent there a month ago. I understand she’s far better behaved now...’

From anybody else Tanya might have imagined it was a joke, but Roger never made that kind of joke. His solid, reliable, trustworthiness was part of his appeal. She had met him three years ago when her life was anything but stable and even though he was ten years older than her and a very different character, she had fallen for him. Their marriage had been quite happy and she been faithful to him, but sometimes it was hard when he put his work first. Of course she knew it was all to ensure they had enough money to live well when they returned to England, but she always did have trouble being patient and planning ahead.

She looked into Roger’s steady brown eyes which were in turn examining her closely to see her reaction to his startling revelation.

‘Martin did that to Lorraine? I don’t believe it!’

‘He did. Hadn’t you noticed how she’s changed?’

Now that she thought about it Lorraine had been a lot quieter recently and did seem very attentive to Martin. She hadn’t gone out with the rest of them so much, nor spent so much time shopping, which for most Western women was the main activity in Qwarain. When they were out they had to keep to certain parts of the city or designated beaches and dress modestly, but by comparison with other Arab states she had thought its laws and restrictions were not too oppressive...until now.

‘But... that’s disgusting!’

‘Perhaps, but it seems to work. Of course it is quite harsh and humiliating and you could never run such a place in the west, but it gets results. And nobody abandons anything that gets results...’

He was looking at her very searchingly now. He was deadly serious about his threat.

‘You wouldn’t... you couldn’t,’ she said feebly.

‘Under Qwarianian law I can...’ he said simply. ‘This isn’t England, you know.’

‘If you tried to send me to a place like that I... I’d leave you!’

‘You can’t, not in Qwarain. They’re not very strong on women’s rights, remember. Best not to give me reason to send you there...’

Fearfully Tanya had snuggled up to him and had given him the pleasure he had wanted. This was a side of Roger she had never encountered before.

* * *

But Tanya had forgotten her fright and the threat of Jazirat Tadib three days later when Roger came into the bathroom while she was showering. Without saying anything he undressed and got into the stall with her and embraced her, pushing her against the tiles, his hard cock rubbing up through her soapy pubes.

Surprised by this unexpected advance which was quite unlike him she pushed him away. 'What are you doing? Let me finish!'

'But I want you now.'

'No!'

Roger looked disappointed and shook his head sadly. 'I did warn you,' he said.

Then she had remembered. But by then it was too late. She had sealed her fate.

* * *

The next day Tanya returned to the apartment to find Roger was waiting for her in the company of two large Arabs in white caps and coveralls, looking like delivery men. The logos on their coveralls bore an Arabic inscription together with a symbol that might have been a small island in outline. They had a small cage on trolley-like wheels with them with a tow handle fixed to one end of its base. There was a deep polished metal ring sitting on top of it with smaller hoops welded to its sides. They said nothing as she appeared but smiled and looked at her with unpleasant intensity. Tanya gave a shiver. What were those things hanging from their belts? They looked like oddly shaped rubber cased flashlights.

'These gentlemen are here to take you to Jazirat Tadib,' Roger told her more in sorrow than in anger. 'You will stay there as long as necessary until they are sure you will be a better and more appreciative wife. If you want to be sensible and make it easy on yourself just take your clothes off now and don't resist them.'

Tanya could not believe her ears. 'What!'

'Take your clothes off. You'll be transported in this cage naked and properly restrained. Apparently it will be your first lesson in obedience...'

'Roger... you can't really mean that!'

‘I do,’ he said flatly. ‘Now strip!’

Sized by growing alarm Tanya turned to the door but the two men got between her and it. They unhitched the things that had been hanging on their belts and Tanya saw that they were short handled electric cattle prods. She tried to slip past them but one jabbed her in the side with the tip of his prod and there was a flash and crackle and she yelped in pain, jerking and flinching back in fear, her side tingling.

‘Take your clothes off... or shall I ask them to do it for you?’ Roger said.

Tanya felt her eyes filling with tears while her stomach knotted. She was dizzy and hardly able to believe what was happening.

‘Please... you can’t do this to me!’

‘I can and I am,’ Roger said, in his usual solidly relentless practical way. ‘You haven’t left me any other choice. It’s all perfectly legal... by Qwarainian law.’

‘J... just because I didn’t have sex with you a couple of times?’ Tanya stammered in despair.

He shook his head. ‘No, it’s much more than that but you can’t see it. That’s another reason you have to go. Now will you take your clothes off or will they?’

He really meant it! He would get them to strip the clothes off her back! There was no escape. With a pounding heart, Tanya reached for the buttons of her dress...

A minute later all her clothes were heaped on a chair and she was stripped naked before Roger and the two Jazirat Tadib men, trembling in shame and utter terror as their eyes roved freely over her naked body. To compound her misery she felt her big nipples standing up. Then one man picked up the metal ring from the cage while the other took some objects out

of a pocket in his overalls: a pair of rubber lined steel handcuffs and a ball gag on a rubber cord.

‘Put your hands behind your back with your wrists crossed,’ Roger commanded.

Numbly, Tanya obeyed. She felt the cuffs click about her wrists and squeeze tight. Then big hands were pushing the rubber ball gag between her lips, forcing them wide and jamming the ball between her teeth. Then his hands dropped her breasts gave them an appreciative squeeze. She yelped in shock and shame as her hard nipples stabbed into his palms, but the ball gag muffled the sound. How could Roger just let them treat her like this? But all he did was watch gravely.

The man’s companion held up the metal ring before her. Now it was split open about a hinge into halves. It was a slave collar! He snapped it tight about her neck so that its soft rubber lining pressed snugly against her skin. It felt frighteningly heavy.

Between them they led her over to the little wheeled cage. It was hardly bigger than a deep suitcase and was made of riveted metal straps forming a square lattice. There was a slab of foam rubber on its floor and its top hinged back to form a hatch.

They made her clamber in and kneel down. It was only just wide and deep enough to hold her, with her nose pressed up against one end and her buttocks against the other. There were small heavy spring hooks on the cage sides opposite her neck. The men stretched them inwards and hooked them about the hoops riveted to the sides of her collar, holding her head fixed. Then they closed and locked the lid over her, its bars pressing down on her back, shoulders and cuffed wrists, squeezing her down into the rubber padding under her shins. Her buttocks pressed more tightly against the end of the cage. She realized that there was a slot in the cage bars that framed the naked cleft of her buttocks and the pouting split peach of her pussy.

Roger knelt down behind her. His fingers slid through the slot and rubbed up and down the furrow of her sex.

Tanya whimpered and bit on her ball gag, responding despite her terror. The nipples on her heavy dangling breasts were standing out like thimbles.

Then she felt the head of Roger's cock suddenly ramming up into her, parting her labia and filling her vagina.

He was coupling with her in front of two strangers!

For a minute Roger pounded fiercely into her, holding onto the sides of the cage frame to brace himself. And to her shame Tanya felt herself squeezing tight about him as if trying not to let go. Then she felt the hot thrill of his sperm filling her. He had used her without any thought her feelings. She wanted to cry out and beg him to reconsider but she couldn't.

His penis pulled out of her, leaving her feeling hollow, empty and betrayed.

Roger got up and said to the two men in Arabic, which he had learned to speak quite well: 'I've finished with her... do what you must...'

The men bent over the cage. Something was pushed through the slot in the cage end and into her anus and up into her rectum. For a moment she feared they were having their turn with, but then she realized it was a thick rubber dildo. Its base was then locked against the cage side. A second dildo positioned beneath the first and pushed up into her aching vagina, through the slippery mess of her juices and Roger's spent sperm. Its base was also locked in position.

Now she was held in place both at her head and tail.

A fitted white cloth cover was pulled over the cage and she was wheeled out of the apartment.

Chapter 3

The next hour was a confused nightmare of stifling enclosure and utter helplessness.

Tanya felt herself wheeled along the corridor to the lift, a swift descent and then a rattling journey across concrete to the back of some vehicle waiting in the building's underground car park. This carried her out into the city. Escaping from its broad avenues did not take long soon she was speeding across the island along one of its die straight, immaculate and underused highways.

Did the van have windows? She felt an irrational fear of exposure even though nobody could see her or guess that she was inside the cage. She realized that a few times in the past in the city she had seen men wheeling little covered cages like hers about and had vaguely wondered what they were for. Had they contained more naked bound women like her on their way to or from Jazirat Tadib?

Her dazed mind wandered. The dildo plugs in her rectum and vagina were hateful and yet curiously comforting. The vibration of motion transmitted itself through them into her and she could not help squeezing onto them and dripping about them. She felt a ridiculous blush of shame burning on her cheeks as she realized it made her look like a proper slut.

The vehicle came to a halt and her cage was taken out and set down. She heard the lap and wash of water close by and the crying of gulls. She was wheeled along another stretch of hard rough surface. There was exchange in Arabic between her minders and another man. Then her cage was lifted into what, from its motion, she took to be a boat. Its engine roared and it set off at speed for just a few minutes. Then it docked again. Had she reached Jazirat Tadib so quickly? There was another exchange of words, she was taken out and wheeled into another lift which ascended rapidly. Then there was another stretch of rough floors, doors and turnings to be negotiated. Finally she came to a halt and the cover was pulled off her cage.

A new pair of men opened the top of the cage and unplugged and unhooked her. The twin dildos came out of her orifices with strange sucking sounds. Then they lifted her onto her stiff legs.

She blinked about her. She was in a cool airy office with fans turning in the ceiling. Its windows were narrower arches with folding shutters at their sides and there were white stone pillars and fretwork screens. Behind a large desk sat a slim fortyish Arab dressed in the traditional headpiece of a white gutrah head scarf held in place by a black ogal rope band. He wore a long white cotton dishdasha with fine embroidery on its collars and sleeves. He seemed to be intent on what was displayed on a computer screen before him and did not even glance at her.

The attendant's made her step out of her cage and over to stand in front of the desk. There was a pair of chains dangling from the ceiling about half a metre apart. They pulled them together and hooked them to the side rings of her collar. An electric motor hummed above her and the chains grew taut, dragging her collar up under her chin until she had to stand on tiptoe, swaying between the chains. Then it stopped. The men departed, wheeling her now empty cage away with them, leaving her alone with the man behind the desk.

Finally he looked up from the computer screen. He had a closely trimmed greying beard and sharp eyes flashing from behind round blue tinted spectacles. 'Mrs Bromley,' he said in good English, 'I am Abdul Mharood, Director of what you would call Discipline Island, where men send us their wives and daughters for the correction of bad habits and training in appropriate sexual submission... but I assume your husband has explained all this to you already.'

Tanya whimpered and nodded and snivelled.

'Good. As is his right he has sent you here to learn proper respect for his needs, which he has felt was lacking in you. As your husband he is your lord and master and as his wife you are his property...'

Tanya shook her head wretchedly.

‘Of course you have your Western ideas about such things, but you are not in the West now and while you live in Qwarain and your husband is an employee of one of our companies, you are subject to our laws.’

He got up and came round from behind his desk. He was quite a short man but he radiated authority. He had a longer slimmer cattle prod hung from his belt than the other men had carried which had a rubber spanking paddle blade fitted to its end studded with metal contacts.

He looked her trembling body over, pinching and prodding and handling her with familiarity while she twisted from her ceiling chains. He cupped and caressed her large, hot trembling breasts.

‘These are magnificent,’ he said, kneading their hot fluid weight. ‘I can see why your husband chose you. These alone would be reason enough, even if the rest of your features were not extremely pleasing. But I can read the wilfulness in your eyes. There is the problem. You have no respect for your betters. However, since you were not pure when you married you have no virtue to protect your husband has given us permission to do whatever is necessary with you. When we are done you will be perfectly obedient to his wishes.’

Tanya whimpered and snivelled and shook her head. Roger could never be so cruel! It was if she was lost in a nightmare. This could not be happening to her. Maybe the last hour was all a dream...

Mharood demonstrated that it was all too real by unhitching his paddle and swiping it across her buttocks. She felt the sharp stabbing pain of electric needles driven into her by the physical slap of the blow which seemed to reverberate right up through her body. She jerked and spun from the ceiling chains, but in doing so twisted them across each other which only tightened them and pulled her off the ground, leaving her toes frantically scrabbling to regain purchase on the floor so she could steady herself. Hot tears of pain welled up in her eyes and trickled down her cheeks and fell in splashes onto her swaying breasts.

Mharood chuckled. ‘Yes, by all means cry. Get used to it. Most of our guests cry a lot at first.’ And he swiped the paddle hard across her big breasts,

flattening them against her slender chest and driving her hard nipples deep into their soft, pillowy masses. She swayed with the blows but no longer tried to twist side. There was no escape. Three more times he did it until they were burning and stinging and flushed with a rosy glow. She sobbed and wailed in despair.

‘Do you want me to stop hitting you?’ Mharood asked.

She blinked away her tears and nodded desperately.

‘But I enjoy hitting you and see you struggle and cry. You have a lovely body made for beating. What will you offer me in return that is better than that?’

Tanya gulped as she caught to full horror of his meaning. Had it come to this already? Of course, it was inevitable. That was what she was here for.

Hardly able to believe what she was doing, Tanya shuffled her toes apart and pushed her hips forward in wretched invitation. She felt as if she was going to be sick but what other choice did she have? To be beaten until she was senseless?

Mharood rubbed the edge of his spanking paddle up into her cleft. Her thighs trembled with the urge to squeeze tight and not let it touch her, but she held still. He swung the blade up into her cleft, flattening her lips with a crisp smack. She sobbed but still held her thighs wide. The blade made a spluttering sound as it struck and came away dark and stained with her juices. She had not realized how much she had been lubricating. Had it been left over from Roger’s rough use her or had it been those terrible dildos inside her while she was in her cage?

Did it matter?

‘I see you have been used recently but you are very ready for further use,’ Mharood remarked, examining the wetness on the blade. ‘Your husband?’

Miserably Tanya nodded.

‘Such fluidity is of course welcome in a woman, but it must not be allowed to lead to improper behaviour. You must learn pour it forth only for your husband’s pleasure. Or, since he has temporarily given you into my care, for mine. But in pleasing me you will be pleasing him, do you understand?’

She nodded as if she agreed, although of course she didn’t. It was all repulsively... but she had no choice!

He took what looked like a television remote controller out of pocket of his dishdasha and pointed it at the ceiling. There were more subdued motor sounds and a third chain descended just in front of the pair to which her collar was hooked. A metal crossbar a metre long hung from it with buckled cuffs dangling from its ends. Mharood lowered it until it was a floor level. Then he spread Tanya’s legs and cuffed her ankles to it. He operated the remote controller again and the chain was reeled in. As it did so it lifted her legs off the ground, splaying them wide and dragging them up on either side of her. With a gasp and a sob of fright she felt her collar being jammed up under her chin as it was forced to support half the weight of her body.

She was doubled over until her ankles were above her head and her legs were spread wide and trembling, exposing the swelling cleft of her groin and the pouting pucker of her rectum as it was revealed by the taut spread of her buttocks. Mharood stopped the winch and she hung swaying in midair before him.

The rubber lining around the rim of her collar stopped it from cutting into her flesh and the collar would not constrict so there was no risk of it actually choking her. Part of her body weight was taken by the chains cuffed to her ankles and she could just about bear the rest. Nevertheless her face was contorted and flushed with the strain on her neck.

‘Are you uncomfortable?’ Mharood asked.

She could not nod, only grunt in pain.

‘Then you have all the motivation you need to bring me to the climax of my pleasure quickly, don’t you? But first you must be cleaned. You will find

this a very hygienic establishment...’

To Tanya’s amazement he popped open a panel in front of his desk and pulled out a length of triple cored plastic hose fitted to a transparent contoured plastic cup with a long flexible rubber nozzle protruding up through it. He pushed this into her vagina, the rim of the cup hugging the curves of her dangling mound, and a stream of warm water spurted up into her flushing her out and washing off her pubic hair. The water gurgled as it was then sucked away down the second hose to be followed by a blast of hot air out of the third that dried her off.

It was a device specifically made to flush out a woman’s pussy – and he had it built into his desk!

Mharood stowed the hose away and pulled a high-backed chair over and set it under her. Then he parted the front of his robes to reveal a slim straining erection. At the sight of it Tanya’s eyes already bloodshot bulged in horror. A strange man was going to screw her and she could do nothing to stop him.

‘I do so like mastering and breaking in white women,’ he confessed. ‘And I see no end to the supply of your kind if you will continue to disobey your husband’s wishes and act such a wilful manner with no respect or sense of your proper place. You must be brought to heel and learn discipline.’

Tanya gurgled desperately.

‘Do you want me inside you or shall I leave you hanging there?’

She whimpered and jerked her head a fraction.

He sat in the chair so that she hung over his lap from out of which his penis jutted. He used the remote to wind down her chains a little, taking hold of her hips and guiding the tip of his shaft up into the fleshy cleft of her vulva which was by now gaping wide in unwilling invitation.

Tanya took him inside her with shocking ease and then squeezed about him desperately, as if trying to suck the seed out of him. His cock was taking some of her weight which was a terrible thing to be pleased for. He must

have been hard for a while. How close was he to cuming?

His beaming face bobbed before her eyes between her splayed thighs as she did all the work, jerking her hips and twisting and grinding about him. He dipped his head and kissed her heaving, simmering breasts. Her straining neck muscles were squeezing her arteries, choking off the blood supply to the brain. She felt herself growing dizzy. She had to make him cum, she had to...

Mharood grunted and looked ecstatic as she felt the spurt of his semen up into her vagina and for a wild moment she felt the thrill of relief and satisfaction. She had done made him cum so quickly! Then that flush of achievement faded and she felt used and dirty and increasingly dizzy. He must let her down...

He pointed the controller and the chains wound upward, lifting her off him, his cock pulling out of her hot clinging sheath dribbling her juices. He got up and pulled the chair aside. Unhurriedly, while Tanya whimpered and grew purple in the face, he wiped his soiled penis on a tissue and then tucked it away. Then he unbuckled her ankles from the spreader bar and her legs dropped to the floor. To her inexpressible relief she was able to take her weight on her toes once again, easing the pressure on her collar and she swayed drunkenly from her chains as the blood flowed back into her brain while her juices and Mharood's sperm began to run down her thighs.

Her brief sense of relief gave way to sickness as she realized that she had just had sex with a strange man!

'That is your first lesson,' Mharood told her. 'Your body has value which can be traded for relief or reward. But I am only borrowing it. Your husband controls your body and the first person it must be offered to his him. Would you like him to be here now instead of me?'

She nodded again.

'But whose fault is it that he is not?' He took hold of her nipples and twisted them painfully, pushing into the soft pillows of her breasts and lifting her off her feet again so that she dangled from her collar chains. 'Yours! When you fail to pay proper respect to your lord and master and give him that

which is his right, you must expect to be cast aside...'

For one terrifying moment, with her feet kicking in empty air, Tanya felt a terrible pang of loss and shame. But this was only temporary, she reminded herself. She would see Roger again. But he was the one who sent her here. Did she want to see him again? But how could she not? He was... Roger!

Mharood let her down and let go of her nipples. As she coughed and spluttered he took up a leash from his desk and clipped it to the front ring of her collar. Then he unclipped the ceiling chains from its side rings. Tanya sagged in relief at being able to stand normally once more.

'Now your body will be prepared as a woman's should to fully serve the wishes of her husband and master,' he told her.

Tanya shuddered.

Chapter 4

With Tanya leashed like a dog, Director Mharood led her out of his office and along a white corridor. They passed another man in Arab dress and Tanya cringed in shame at her exposure, but the man hardly glanced at her as he nodded respectfully to the Director. A naked, collared, gagged and cuffed woman was apparently nothing out of the ordinary in this place.

They entered another room which smelt of antiseptic and gleamed with chrome and glass cabinets and stainless steel worktops and sinks. In the middle was a large adjustable gynaecological examination chair with sinister black rubber straps fitted to it and strange complex devices mounted on swivel arms at its sides and beneath it. Beside it stood a glass and steel trolley bearing an array of instruments, jars and swabs. Standing beside that was a thin greying man in a doctor's white coat.

‘Doctor Saliff, here is Mrs Bromley,’ Mharood said.

Saliff looked Tanya up and down appreciatively through large black-rimmed glasses, making her squirm and blush once more. ‘Thank you, Director; I have a note of her husband's wishes. I shall take charge of her...’

He also spoke good English. It was a common second language in Qwarain amongst the many different nationalities the locals imported to work for them. How many of them also sent their women to Jazirat Tadib to be disciplined, Tanya wondered?

Mharood handed over her leash and then left her alone with the doctor.

Saliff walked around Tanya as she trembled before him, stroking and prodding her with firm cool fingers. ‘Yes... yes, excellent,’ he said. ‘A finely developed figure... But I can make you even more appealing and pleasurable to your husband. Now, are you going to give me any trouble? So many of you western women do. I have an electric prod around here somewhere if you need to be encouraged...’

Tanya shook her head and whimpered. She was feeling sick and emotionally drained. Roger had clearly planned this all out in advance. Everybody was expecting it except her. No, she would not give Saliff any trouble. What good would it do? What was the good of anything anymore...

‘Then lie down here,’ Saliff indicated the chair.

Trembling she settled herself upon it, finding there was a recess in the middle of the chair back for her cuffed arms. How many bound women had lain here before her?

Saliff went to work. He slid her legs into the chair’s adjustable stirrups and bound straps across her ankles and thighs. More straps went over her stomach and chest under and over her breasts. Sprung hooks clipped to side rings of her collar, holding her head firmly pressed against the chair rest. Only then did he unclip her leash and hang it carefully over a hook fitted the side of the chair. He adjusted the brackets supporting the stirrups, spreading them painfully wide and stretching her groin open until she whimpered and felt she was about to snap. Then he drew up a small stool on wheels and settled himself between her spread legs so that he was peering into her shamefully exposed pussy and anus.

‘I see the director has already made use of you,’ he said, noting the discharge from her swollen cleft. He pulled on a pair of surgical gloves. ‘I shall clean you up first before I begin your improvements...’

From under the chair he drew out a transparent plastic cup and hose device like the one the Director had used but with more hoses and internal nozzles. It also had a sturdy handle fixed to the cup with control buttons on it.

The longest one of the nozzles he pushed up into her vagina so that the padded rim of the oval cup enclosed her pubic mound. For some reason this nozzle, unlike the one the Director had used, had an open wire flange set around its shaft half way up that curled about her mound and pressed into her pubic hair. Warm water rushed through her and bubbled out again to be sucked away down another tube. Then a blast of hot air filled the cup, blowing her pubic hair dry.

‘To fulfil your husband’s wishes, it is necessary that you be depilated,’ Saliff said casually.

He worked another control and Tanya gasped in pain and surprise, craning her neck against the tension of the springs holding her collar down to see that a smaller nozzle in the apex of the cup was squirting hot red liquid wax over her pubic hair. In seconds her vulva was encased in a shell of wax contained within the rim of the cup. The wax also flowed over the wire flange about the nozzle shaft still lodged in her vagina. A blast of cold air solidified it.

Tanya’s eyes bulged she realized what was going to happen and whimpered and shook her head. Of course Saliff took no notice. He pulled on the cup handle and she screamed about her ball gag as she felt her pubic hair being torn out of her as the wax encasing it, which was also bound about the nozzle flange, was pulled away from her. Her pubic lips stretched as her hair was torn out by its roots, ripping and popping.

Tanya screamed and bit on her gag as the cleaning cup came away with a wax mould of her vulva within it, leaving behind her soft cleft mound of stinging but perfectly hairless flesh.

Saliff stroked her trembling and now naked vulva.

‘Yes, that is a great improvement. A woman should not hide her most intimate orifice when it is as full and well-shaped as yours.’

She blinked at him through tear filled eyes, unable to appreciate his compliment. She had tried waxing her legs before and that had been painful enough. But this had been excruciating and utterly shameful. Her pussy lips tingled and burned. Now she truly felt naked down there.

‘Now I can fit the accessories to your labia...’ Saliff said.

Tanya blinked at him in fresh confusion and fear. What?

He had drawn over the trolley with its array of gleaming instruments and little boxes of what looked like small metal sleeves, tubes and thin washers of

assorted metals, lengths and diameters.

Saliff took up a short flexible ruler and carefully marked a row of points on her flesh lips with a felt tip marker: five down one side and five down the other. Two more went on her inner labia. Then he used a set of measuring callipers and began pinching and squeezing the flesh of her naked labia at these points, noting their thickness. Tanya shivered as he handled her so intimately. What was he doing? Saliff selected sets of golden metal tubes to match his measurements. Then holding them with tweezers he dipped each of them into a small jar of clear cream.

‘This is an anaesthetic and a coagulant,’ he explained, ‘so that your piercings will heal rapidly and be ready for immediate use...’

Piercings? Oh no, no! Sick with fear, Tanya began to struggle against the straps that bound her to the chair, but of course she was totally helpless. How could they do this to her?

Saliff regarded her struggles curiously. ‘I take it that your husband did not tell you he asked that we pierce you?’

Tanya gaped to be disbelief. Roger had asked for this? How could he... how could he!

Saliff took up a gleaming device like a set of pliers with a single long curved fang projecting from one of its jaws. He loaded one of the golden metal tubes onto it and then pinched out her inner labia and positioned the piercing gun with its jaws over one of the spots he had already marked. He squeezed its handle and its gleaming fang punched through her flesh.

Tanya screamed and bit on her gag as the pain lanced through her. The golden metal tube followed the fang through her flesh. As it passed through a socket set in the opposite jaw of the pliers it was curled outward into a flange, holding it in place and forming a hollow eyelet linking the inner and outer faces of her labia.

Saliff reloaded the pliers and punched a second matching eyelet through her other inner labial lip.

Tanya sobbed and moaned while a little blood trickled out of her pierced, throbbing labia. Saliff swabbed it up carefully. 'The bleeding will stop shortly and the pain will diminish,' he told her.

Those had only been the shallower islets. For her thicker outer labia he used much longer tubes which hurt even more. He worked his way methodically down her pussy, punching two rows of five holes through her plump tender flesh lips and she screamed for each one.

When he was finished Tanya was a miserable trembling wreck. Little streaks of blood ran down her pussy lips which again Saliff carefully swabbed up. But he was not finish with her yet.

He reclined the couch so that she lay on her back and moved his stool around so that he was sitting beside her. He rolled and squeezed her nipples between the thumb and forefinger of his gloved hands until they swelled unwillingly, then he used the callipers to measure their thickness when erect.

'Nipple rings are so useful for tethering women, quite apart from their beauty as jewellery,' he commented as Tanya gaped at him in horror.

He loaded the punch pliers with more gold eyelet tubes and drove them through her nipples from side to side, drilling little golden tunnels through them with each end closed by neat flanges so that they would not pull out.

Again Tanya screamed and bled a little, ruddy trickles rolling down the trembling curves of her breasts. Again Saliff mopped them up. From the trolley he took up a pair of two inch diameter steel rings which he split and threaded through the new holes in her nipples so they dangled against her breasts. They actually made tiny clinks against the eyelets as they moved with her tremulous breathing.

'These are just to get you used to the weight of them,' he said. 'Of course external weights or chains can be added to them if necessary...' Her nipples throbbed hard about the shafts pierced through them. 'Yes, you will find that they remain erect from now on.'

She snivelled feebly, wishing she could die. But still he was not finished

with her.

He swung adjustable arm with a screw clamp on its end out from behind the couch and across her face. He took out her gag and pulled the end of her tongue out and pinched it between the clamp jaws, which also wedged her teeth apart.

‘Your husband mentioned that you often spoke out of turn,’ he said, ‘this will give him a discreet way of curbing your tongue...’

Twice he drove the terrible curved fang of the pliers through her tongue, creating two eyelets in it side-by-side. Tanya screamed and gurgled and tasted blood in her mouth and would have bitten her tongue off if the clamp jaws had not held them apart.

When he was done, Saliff produced a small compact golden padlock sheathed in a globe of protective clear plastic about the size of table tennis ball. He threaded its hoop through her doubly pierced tongue and snapped it shut. He unclamped tip of the tongue and fearfully she withdrew it mouth. The padlock felt bizarre and frightening in her mouth, threaded through her tongue and balanced on its upper side. She could move it about but it made ordinary speech almost impossible unless she wanted to knock it against the insides of her teeth. Her tear stained cheeks burned with shame. Literally she would have to hold her tongue.

‘This one is for training purposes only and does not require a special key to operate so your trainer or anybody in charge of you may remove easily,’ Saliff explained. ‘Different devices for other purposes may also be fitted in the sockets. When you are return to you husband no doubt he will fit you with more secure versions in whatever manner he decides is appropriate.’

Tanya shuddered in her straps, feeling sick and acutely aware of the terrible new perforations through her flesh, still tingling and smarting the feeling twice the size they actually were. Was Roger already planning to do such a thing? Had he already bought padlocks for her body? This was a nightmare!

But Saliff had still not finished with her!

He moved back around her reclining body to stand between her wide spread and crooked legs, still firmly strapped to their stirrups. He contemplated her freshly pierced pussy lips for a moment and then opened the front of his white coat to free a straining brown erection.

‘Some of my colleagues think that working almost exclusively on women for such trivial purposes is demeaning,’ he admitted, ‘however I find it has its rewards...’

He flicked the apex of her cleft and Tanya realized to her horror that her clitoris was hard. Then he reached between her splayed legs and took hold of her hips and rammed his shaft up into her body, stretching her poor pierced sex lips about their new golden eyelets.

Tanya screamed about her padlocked tongue as Saliff began pumping in and out of her. This was too much. She could not take any more. She wanted to die!

Then she felt her loin’s spasm and then burst and a terrible desperate orgasm driven by the pain-fuelled need to escape from reality even for a few seconds tore through her. For a few precious moments nothing mattered at all. Then she fainted...

Chapter 5

Tanya could not have been unconscious for long. Briefly as she recovered she prayed that had all been a terrible nightmare. But when she opened her crusted eyes she saw that she was still naked, pierced and strapped to the examination chair and Saliff was still working between her splayed thighs.

He was using the power flush hose to clean out her discharge and his sperm that was from within. Then the blast of warm air dried her naked aching sex lips, feeling strange as it actually whistled through her piercings. When he was done he looked up at her.

‘It is obvious why the husband sent you here. Your carnal passion is a great prize which he must of course control. This will help...’ He held up a length of fine golden plaited wire with spring steel rings on its ends which he pinched together.

Starting from the bottom of her bare cleft he threaded the wire, which bent almost as flexibly as cord, through her piercings as if he was threading a shoelace. He crossed it between each pair of eyelets and then back again. On the second row up the wire also passed through the piercings in her inner labia. Then it returned to the outer set, pulling her sex lips tight together as it went. When he reached the very top pair Saliff tied a bow between them and then threaded a small golden padlock through the dangling ring ends and snapped it shut.

‘There are of course many ways to make use of your new labial piercings, but this will introduce you to the sensation of access to your vagina or passageway being controlled. You no longer have any choice about what is put inside it. Ultimately that will be up to your husband...’

He tilted the chair back upright and freed Tanya’s legs from its straps so that she could put her feet to the floor, groaning as her stiff joints were straightened. He refastened her leash and then he unstrapped the top half of her body and made her stand upright. As she moved her nipple rings jingled

and she felt her thighs brushing against the still engorged and bound lips of her sex which pouted unnaturally between them

And then she saw on the back of the surgery door was a full-length mirror and she saw herself reflected in it. Light sparkled on the rings hanging from her nipples and the gleaming golden eyelets and wire lacing that pinched her labia together. Fearfully she opened her mouth and it even sparkled off the plastic encased padlock locked about her tongue.

Oh God, what had they done to her!

‘You look beautiful,’ Saliff assured her.

In a daze she allowed him to lead her outside and back along the corridor to Mharood’s office. Inside she found he was no longer alone.

A large fat man wearing a dishdasha like a tent was standing by the desk. He had a plump jovial, swarthy face with a large moustache with waxed tips, making him look like an extra from Aladdin. But he had a heavy leather belt about his waist from which hung a bunch of keys, an electric cattle prod and a spanking paddle and looped lengths of leash chain.

He gave Tanya a big appreciative grin as she entered the room.

‘She is all ready for training, Director,’ Saliff said, handing Tanya’s leash over to Mharood. ‘I think she will do well...’

‘Thank you Doctor,’ Mharood said.

The doctor departed.

Mharood turned to the fat man, holding out the handle of Tanya’s leash to him. ‘This is Mrs Bromley, Hariq. I want you to train her according to the plan we have agreed.’

‘My pleasure, Director,’ he said, speaking in gruff tones as he took charge of Tanya’s leash.

He looked Tanya up and down and slapped her bottom with a big hard

hand and then tweaked her nipple rings and cupped and squeezed her breasts.

‘Most fine mammaries. I think I will call you “Melon Tits” he said. He slapped her cheeks to get her full attention. ‘That is the name you will answer to, understand?’

Feeling sick, Tanya nodded.

Hariq continued: ‘I will be your personal trainer while you are on Jazirat Tadib, like you have in your western Health Clubs, yes? Except that I will train you to love to give yourself in every way possible. You will stay here until I tell the director you have learned your place and would be a good wife to your husband. Then you must beg to prove yourself by passing a final test... but that is to come. Now I show you round...’

Tanya stumbled after him as he led her through another door and along a passageway which opened onto the outside. Tanya blinked in the sudden harsh sunlight.

She was looking out between ranks of columns across a large square paved courtyard entirely surrounded by a cool shadow-filled colonnade beneath an upper story that also enclosed the courtyard. The courtyard was ringed by three dozen tall heavy vertical posts set in the ground, each with a pyramid shaped awning over them, making them look a little like giant squared-off mushrooms. Tanya gulped as she saw that under some of these awnings were naked women hanging from crossbars fastened to the posts. Some dangled from their arms and others hung inverted by their ankles. At least one of them had skin as pale as hers. A handful of men in Arab dress were wandering around casually inspecting them. In the middle of the courtyard was a low stone plinth or podium on which was mounted something resembling a large cartwheel.

‘This is where we rest our girls in between training session so they get sun and air while they recover,’ Hariq explained, as though proudly showing off facilities. ‘This is also where the special tests are held.’ He led her along one side of the colonnade. At regular intervals there were archways opening off it filled by heavy doors each bearing Arabic inscriptions. ‘And these are our training rooms. This is where we break our girls in. Let me show you...’

He used one of the keys on his belt to open the door. Instinctively Tanya expected some kind of dungeon, but within was a light airy white room with a black rubber floor. It had elegant arched windows screened by fretwork shutters which helped hide the bars behind them. Then she saw the wall mounted CCTV cameras and the flat screens hung between them. Beneath one of them was a rack of phallic and punishment devices.

‘Everything we will do to you is monitored and streamed all over Qwarain to our customers,’ Hariq explained, ‘so fathers and husbands can see just how we are treating their bad girls and what progress they are making...’

Tanya whimpered again. Roger could see her right now?

In the middle of the room was a sinister object that also mixed mediaeval with modern. It was a pillory with its split board made of thick Perspex slabs. It stood on a small plinth that had chains and cuffs bolted to its sides and corners.

Tanya’s stomach knotted up afresh as Hariq led her across to the device. She saw its upper board was also divided vertically into panels, each interlocking with those on either side of it and the end brackets that contained them, so that there was an independent sliding section above each of the holes lined with rubber padding that were cut through it to take a neck between two wrists.

‘I think we try this on you,’ Hariq said, raising the middle panel of the top half of the board. But instead of bending her head forward to push under it, he twisted her round and bent her over backwards so that she was looking up at the ceiling and pushed her head through that way. The panel slid down and pinched shut about her neck just below her collar.

Hariq uncuffed her wrists and pulled them out level with her shoulders and pushed them through their respective holes, sliding panels down on top of them until she was trapped with her back arched and her breasts wobbling upwards towards the ceiling, trying to pull her feet in under her help take strain off her back. Grunting slightly, Hariq stooped and pulled her feet out wide, snapping the cuffs fitted to the sides of the pillory plinth about her ankles. Now she was locked helplessly into this uncomfortable position, as if

she was in the act of bending over backwards into a crab for some show of supple gymnastic prowess.

Leisurely, Hariq stood between her splayed thighs and ran his big hands over her trembling body. He explored the fullness of her breasts, the tautness of her belly, the fleshiness of her buttocks and, by poking his fingers through the golden lacing of her labia, the wet warm depths of her pussy cleft. Tanya whimpered and squirmed, twisting her hips about but of course she could not escape his touch. As he handled her he could look through the Perspex block of the pillory board to see the changing expressions of fear and revulsion on her face.

‘Yes, you are very fine animal, Melon Tits,’ he declared. ‘Your husband is a lucky man. But you must learn to give yourself to him when he wishes. No excuses... never! This is what we will teach you...’ He moved round to where her head protruded from the board. ‘Open your mouth,’ he commanded. She did so and he took hold of her tongue padlock and did something to make it open up so he could unhook it from her.

‘When you speak to me, you call me *Master Hariq* and you be polite, you understand?’

Tanya nodded. ‘Yes, Master Hariq.’

‘Now I am going to beat your big boobies until they burn. You can scream and cry but you cannot use bad words or ask me to stop. If you do I beat you all the harder. All you can do is to beg me to screw you, you understand, Melon Tits?’

Again she fought down a wave of nausea. ‘Yes, Master Hariq,’ she said meekly.

‘Let me hear you say: “Melon Tits will be a good girl”.’

Gulping, she said: ‘Melon Tits will be a good girl, Master Hariq.’

‘Good...’

He stood beside her and unhitched his spanking paddle and brushed its blade over her trembling breasts. She felt her ring-threaded and relentlessly hard nipples tingle and pulse as its electric studs rasped across them. She could look through the pillory board and see them standing up.

‘That is good, Melon Tits, men like seeing big nipples...’ He raised his arm and swiped the paddle down across her breasts.

Tanya screamed as the blade flattened her hard nipples and the rings in them against the soft mounds of her breasts, making them squash and quiver. And with the smacking force came the tiny white sparks and sharp sting of electricity as its studs dug into her flesh and discharged their hot electric needles.

Swish, smack, crackle! Hariq beat her breasts vigorously so that they bounced and heaved like cherry topped milk jellies in an earthquake. Their natural pale melon-pink tint deepened and then turned a shocking pink and then crimson. And as they leaped and heaved they burned and stung and simmered. A few drops of blood driven out from her still healing fistulas seeped out from her nipple eyelets even as the paddle blows dug imprints of her rings into her breast domes.

‘Eeeek... Master Hariq.... Melon Tits begs you....uhhhh... to screw her... please... awwww!’

‘Say it as if you mean it, Melon Tits!’ Hariq said, swiping the paddle sideways and sending her big breasts bouncing off each other. ‘You will have much more of this. Best get used to it now... learn fast...’

‘F.... fuck me Master Hariq... I beg you to... eeekk... screw me... put your cock up me... ohhh... I beg you... uhhhh... I want it.... please...’

He laid his spanking paddle across her burning breasts and moved between her splayed thighs where her hips rose in helpless invitation. He undid the padlock and loosened her vulva laces, opening a gap in them so that her pussy gaped. Then he lifted the front of his dishdasha to expose a huge thick and heavily veined penis. Taking hold her hips he drove it up into her pleasure pit. The force of his thrusts ground her shoulders back against the

imprisoning pillory board clamped about her neck and wrists, while it set her blazing breasts wobbling afresh. Tanya squealed in pain and despair as he filled her and she felt her freshly pierced labia being stretched once again.

‘What did you say, Melon Tits?’ he grunted.

‘Melon Tits... thanks you... Master Hariq... f... for fucking me...’ she gasped.

She could hear squelching as he thrust into her. Her juices were dripping from her cleft in alarming quantities. Had they been be so stimulated by her piercing? Would every coupling from now on be like this? Did such outpourings make her look terribly slutty or was it just an instinctive response to ease the passage of his huge cock? How could she react like this? How could she not? She had no choice... no choice at all...

She thought her back was breaking and her thighs were trembling with the strain of holding herself in this unnatural position. Hariq’s cock was actually easing that strain slightly as a hips lifted with his thrusts. Anything to save herself from pain...

Even cuming on a fat Arab slave master’s cock, she thought? That was revolting!

So what?! Just get it over with!

She squeezed tight about him and screamed: ‘Please do it now... Master... fuck Melon Tits!’

And then her belly seemed to burst and the shock of it sent her mind spinning into comforting blackness.

Chapter 6

In a daze, Tanya tottered after Hariq as he led to a flight of stairs in the corner of the courtyard colonnade and they descended into cool, dim, stone depths. Once more her wrists were cuffed behind her and she had a leash clipped to her collar, although he had left her tongue un-padlocked. A small mercy! She was still a captive on an island of sexual sadists and she had just been used by three strange men in as many hours. She could still hardly believe what had happened to her. Where would it end?

The stairs opened onto a long vaulted white painted corridor lit by pale florescent tubes. A big heavy double door opened off this into a more dimly lit subterranean chamber whose floor broken by four massive columns holding the weight of the ceiling above them. In between them were perhaps three dozen compact waist high metal barred cages. Three or four had the huddled naked figures of the girls inside them. They seemed to be asleep.

On top of each cage was curious structure set on the kind of tray bolted to the bars and plumbed into pipes which ran down into the floor. It comprised a bucket, a small cabinet, a coiled pussy washer hose and cup, a water-cooler flask and a metal hopper which fed down into two thick spouts which jutted into the top corners of the cage.

‘This is the Cage Room, where you will feed and cleaned and sleep,’ Hariq told her.

With a key from his belt he undid the door of an empty cage, bent Tanya’s head low and thrust her inside it down onto her knees. The door clanged shut behind her and she shivered, feeling enclosed yet also helplessly exposed and on display.

The floor of the cage was padded with a thin vinyl covered mattress. There was a curious double spout and plastic funnel arrangement low down in one corner connected to pipes running into the floor. The cage was just high enough for her to kneel with her back straight and long enough for her to

lie down with her knees bent. Then her gaze caught the spouts descending from the water flask and hopper mounted on the top of the cage and she groaned. The “spouts” were shaped in the distinctive fashion.

‘Yes, Melon Tits,’ Hariq chuckled, seeing the direction of her gaze, ‘every time you want to eat or drink, you will have to suck cock!’

They were black rubber penises, one with a small slot in its tip and the other with a larger one.

‘We feed you on soft food that you can suck through a tube. It will keep you healthy but you’ll have to work for it...’

She hung her head and asked meekly: ‘Please, Master Hariq, do you need to keep me... do you need to keep Melon Tits in a cage? This is an island. I can’t run away...’

‘We keep you in cages because that is where women like you belong, until you know your place without them! Now, you need to relieve yourself?’

Suddenly Tanya realized that she did. Hating referring to herself in the third person but suddenly overtaken by a need that had to be satisfied, she said: ‘Yes, Master Hariq, Melon Tits would like to relieve herself.’

‘Your pussy needs to be free.’ He flipped open a small panel high up in the front of the cage just large enough for a head pass through. ‘Offer it to me here...’

Desperately she squirmed about, spread her legs and lifted her bottom and humiliatingly pushed her groin against the gap in the bars so that he could reach through and undo her golden wire laces. He pulled it cleanly out of her and hung it on top of the cage. Then he pointed at the funnel in the corner of the cage. ‘That is your toilet! Keep your thighs wide when you use it. You have no secrets here. After you have emptied yourself it will automatically clean you.’

Tanya felt her cheeks burning but she had no choice. Miserably she shuffled over to the funnel in the corner of the cage, bracing her back against

the bars and ducking her head as she lifted her hips to squat over it. But once in position she was so acutely aware of Hariq's eyes upon her she suddenly felt herself lock up.

‘Empty yourself, Melon Tits,’ Hariq commanded.

‘Sorry, Master... I can't... can you look away... eeeek!’ she shrieked suddenly.

Hariq had swiped his electric spanking paddle against the bars through which her fleshy buttocks bulged, giving them a warning smack and jolt.

‘I said empty yourself, Melon Tits! Before my eyes!’

Pain or fear loosened her bowels and with a sob Tanya felt her wastes pour out of her. After a minute one of the spouts pointing across the funnel from its front lip suddenly squirted a stream of warm disinfectant-smelling water into her cleft and then down into the mouth of her anus, washing them clean. Then its twin spout blasted her groin with hot air, drying it off. She shuddered as the powerful stream made her sex lips ripple.

Again the mediaeval and the high tech mingled to humiliate her.

‘Now do want to eat, Melon Tits?’ Hariq asked.

Tanya realized her stomach was rumbling. ‘Yes, Master Hariq, Melon Tits would like to eat.’

He lifted the front of his dishdasha to expose his fat semi-hard penis and heavy ball sack. ‘Here you earn your food by giving me a kiss and a lick and suck. That is the price of every meal you will eat here.’

Tanya swayed, struggling not to be sick. How could they keep hiding on the misery? But unless she wanted to starve what choice did she have? Unless she had the courage to go on hunger strike and demand that she was freed!

No, she didn't, she realized miserably.

She shuffled over and pushed her head through the tiny gap in the bars,

grinding her nipple rings against them as she did so. Tariq pushed his penis, still soiled with his sperm and her juices, into her face and desperately she licked and sucked upon it. She had fellated Roger a few times but he was not as big as this. Fearfully she did her best.

Hariq groaned with pleasure. 'That's good... Learn to use your tongue... Your husband will be very grateful for this practice...'

In a minute he was hard again. Apparently he was satisfied with her submissive act of humiliation and he did not want to ejaculate in her mouth this time. He pulled his cock out from between her busy lips and pressed a button on the base of the flasks mounted above the cage. The twin rubber phalluses stiffened as they filled.

'Suck hard and you will get water and food,' he told her.

Tanya took the end of one phallus in a mouth and sucked and got a mouthful of cool plain water. Then she moved the other one and did the same and received a mouthful of pasty semi-fluid mash which did not taste of anything much but which she gulped down gratefully.

Now she was performing fellatio on a rubber phallus just to eat and drink! And yet so desperate was she that she continued to suck and swallow until there was a click and the flow of food ceased, indicating that she had had her ration.

'Good, Melon Tits,' Hariq said, as if to a dog who had just performed a difficult trick. 'You have done well. Now put your head out again and open your mouth wide...'

She obeyed. He took a tube of toothpaste and an electric toothbrush down from the flask tray above the cage and proceeded to clean her teeth with surprising care. She had never had a man clean her teeth for her since she was a small child.

When he was done Hariq said: 'Rinse and spit down the waste hole.'

She took another mouthful from the water phallus and then spat it out

down the waste funnel.

‘Come back here...’

She pushed her head back out again with her mouth open. He slipped the ball padlock back over her tongue and patted her head. ‘Now sleep, Melon Tits. You have a busy day tomorrow...’

And he waddled off.

Tanya flopped down onto the rubber mattress.

Sleep? How could she sleep when she was terrified and sore and aching inside and out, with her wrists cuffed behind her and a ball padlocked to her tongue and after everything that had been done to her! She hated this place! She hated Hariq for being a fat sadist; she hated the doctor for piercing her and the director for almost choking her and all of Qwarain for... for being foreign! But above all she hated Roger for being so cruel to her.

She realized she was crying: bawling like a baby as all the bottled-up emotion flowed out of her. And as the tears ran down her cheeks her mind filled a single word: Hate, hate, hate...

And then she fell asleep.

Chapter 7

Tanya woke in confusion, not remembering where she was.

She could not work out why her arms were doubled up behind her, or why she had a ball stuck to her tongue, or what the hard things in her nipples and pussy were or why she was sleeping naked on what felt like rubber sheets. She kicked out her legs and tried to stretch herself but her feet only struck cage bars. Then she remembered...

The lights in the cage room were dimmed but she could see stirrings in the cages around her. Through their bars she could glimpse views of bare buttocks, thighs and breasts. About two thirds of their occupants were brown skinned and the rest were olive or pink. Apparently the owners of Jazirat Tadib were quite happy to take custom from anybody who had the money to pay for their specialised services. From out of the shadows about the ranks of cages she heard a few waking sobs of despair...

And then the doors of the chamber rattled and swung open and a procession of trainers strode in. Lights flared into full daylight brilliance.

Immediately the captive women responded, scrambling up onto their knees and pressing their faces and breasts against the sides of their cages. They opened their mouths and began to pant and gurgle, lolling out their tongues, many padlocked like hers, as if begging for food, while rubbing their bare breasts against the bars.

Feeling disgusted at this servile display but knowing she had no choice, Tanya copied them, pressing her mouth to a gap in the bars and letting her padlocked tongue flop out. She gurgled and whined as they did while twisting her shoulders so that her big breasts rubbed against the bars. She felt her nipples swelling into painful hardness as their new rings jingled against the metal.

She saw the unmistakable figure of Hariq approaching, and felt a

monetary surge of both relief and fear. Hate him or not, he was the man who controlled every aspect of her life now and she had to pay him respect.

‘Good Morning, Melon Tits,’ he said with a big jovial grin. ‘Are you hungry?’

She nodded. Stress and fear had made her ravenous.

‘Do you remember what you have to do to be fed?’

He was speaking to her as if she was a child learning her table manners. Feeling wretched she nodded again.

‘This time you will swallow my seed, you understand?’

She felt sick but nodded.

He opened the panel in the side of the cage and she pushed her head through it and opened her mouth wide so that he could remove her tongue padlock. Then he raised his robes and heaved his belly over the top of the cage so she could kiss his ball sac and lick and suck his penis into straining erection. All about her trainers were doing the same to their girls having them suck them into stiffness. How many hard cocks was she surrounded by? Hariq pushed his further and further into the back of her mouth, using her gullet like a vagina, and she had to swallow to take it down and not be sick, snatching gulps of air in between his thrusts. All about her she could hear the same strange medley of female grunts and snuffles and glucking sounds as slaves pleased their trainers’ shafts. It did not seem real. What an unbelievable, degrading way to start a day! Did Roger know what they were doing to her right now? Was it easier to believe that he did or he didn’t?

It was almost a relief when Hariq came and she swallowed down his hot spurts of seed which burned her throat. He pulled a little way out of her and dutifully she licked the big plum head of his penis clean. Then he pulled it completely out from between her lips, took up a handful of her hair and wiped it dry.

He lowered his robes and smiled happily down at her, patting her head

condescendingly just like you would dog. 'You have a skilful tongue, Melon Tits. You will be even better before you leave. But now you must relieve yourself...'

All around the chamber girls were squatting over the waste funnels in the corners of their cages to relieve themselves and having their groins jet washed clean, all under the watchful eyes of their trainers who could see every intimate detail. Wearily Tanya did the same, her cheeks burning.

When she was empty Hariq operated the feeding tubes and she shuffled over to them and drank and ate more of the pasty food, glad to wash the taste of him from her mouth. Then she put her head out of the side hatch so he could clean her teeth. They might do terrible things to her body but they were making sure that her teeth remained nice and white and fresh! Would she be expected to smile brightly at Roger when she was returned to him as if she was grateful for the nightmare he had inflicted upon her?

Hate, hate, hate...

When he was done with her teeth, Hariq opened up the side door of the cage and commanded: 'Get out and kneel on top, Melon Tits. I must wash you down...'

Obediently she squirmed out of the cage and then with a boost from Hariq clambered on top of it and knelt painfully on its lattice roof bars. But her discomfort was unimportant. It put her at a convenient height for Hariq to work at.

From the cabinet on the tray pulled out soap, sponge and cloth and wetted them in the bucket which must be filled from the pipe running up from the floor. Methodically he wiped and sponged her over, carefully wiping down her big breasts and tensed thighs and fleshy bottom and still tender pussy cleft. She hated her touch but found she delighted in feeling clean. He even used a brush and comb on her hair.

All about her naked women were perched on top of their cages while their trainers fussed about them. How could they ravage their throats one minute and then care for them so meticulously the next? But then they were

only effectively on loan from husbands and boyfriends. They were valuable property who would have to be returned to their original owners in good condition with improved manners, as no doubt some contract between Jazirat Tadib and many faceless men from all around the Persian Gulf stated. Had Roger signed away her rights like that?

From her vantage point on top of her cage Tanya had her best view of her fellow captives yet. Apart from the variety of their skin tones and builds she judged their ages to range from late teens to mid-thirties. But one thing they all had in common was the look in their eyes: resigned, disbelieving and hopeless.

‘Head down and bottom up,’ Hariq commanded.

She obeyed and he took up the pussy washer device. But instead of pushing it into her vagina he slid it up her anus. She gasped and squirmed as it gave her a rapid enema, sucking away the residue down its waste tube. Then Hariq worked a control and she felt the nozzle squirt grease up into her freshly washed passage.

‘Your bottom tunnel must be clean and oiled every day in case it is needed for pleasure or dildo training,’ Hariq explained.

When Hariq was done he replaced the padlock in Tanya’s tongue and clipped her leash back onto her collar. She clambered down from the top of the cage and followed after him as he led out from this cool chamber up into the heat and light of her first full-day’s discipline training.

Chapter 8

The new room they entered off the colonnade surrounding the courtyard held a different device from the Perspex pillory Hariq had used on Tanya the previous day.

It was a flat open rectangular tubular metal frame fitted with an array of hooks rings straps mounted on a low heavy tabletop. Tanya lay shivering within the frame on her back with her hips and knees bent and her legs forced outwards and pressed painfully flat, held in place by straps about her knees and ankles and thighs. More straps went across her waist and chest, holding her firmly down. Her arms were at last free from behind her back only to be stretched out to the upper corners of the frame where they were cuffed securely. Folding brackets hinged to the sides of the frame supported sprung chains which were hooked to her nipple rings. The tension lifted them up and outwards so that her breasts were stretched into tapering mounds of trembling pink flesh, like pink volcanoes with crimson cones of lava about to erupt.

Tanya had hoped when Hariq had not re-laced her labia earlier that her still sore pussy lips might escape such attention today. She should have known better.

Hariq had pulled two sets of five sprung cords from the sides of the frame across her splayed thighs, angling into her groin from above and below, and hooked their ends to her pussy lip eyelets. The tension pulled them wide, revealing the glossy pink wet furrow between them containing the hard button of her clitoris and the tiny pit of urethra and the larger dripping well of her vagina, and made it look as if her vulva was grinning insanely about them, as if delighting in their exposure.

The view down her chest through her unnatural cleavage and across the pierced and gaping valley of her pussy revealed a device mounted on the lower end of the frame facing her splayed thighs. It comprised a powerful electric motor geared to a pair of horizontal adjustable arms which were pointing up into her groin. On their ends were two fearsome dildos. The

lower one looked like half a dozen table tennis balls arranged in the stack and the squashed together and coated in black rubber. The upper one had twin forked heads: the lower like a fat ribbed, thirty centimetre penis and the other like a questing finger curved forward over the top of it. Some kind of clear oil was dribbling from a small hole in its tip.

As Tanya goggled at the array of phallic heads in horror she had no doubt where they were headed. Was it better to be screwed by this oversized vibrator than by a sadistic fat Arab? Although the way Hariq behaved it was almost as if he was doing her a favour...

‘This is a machine that some of our ladies come to love,’ he said with apparent pride. ‘It is to exercise both your front and rear passageways so you become used to having shafts pushed deep up them, and that both give you pleasure. Some women who come here do not like their bottom holes opened up, but after riding on this machine they know better. Some scream it to me and cry, saying they were wrong and thanking me. You cannot fight it because it does not get tired even if you do. In the end they all let it in and learn to enjoy it. I will set it working on you and you must come three times before I stop it again... do you understand?’

Tanya nodded wretchedly. Hariq threw a switch.

The motor harmed into life and gears turn. The twin shafts slid forward each bearing its fearsome payload. The ball stack dildo pushed his way up into her anus stretching her sphincter wide and filled her rectum, making her grudgingly grateful for its earlier greasing. The big cock-shaped rubber phallus passed between her stretched labia and pushed easily into the mouth of vagina. It carried the questing finger of its upper fork up her peeled-back cleft and across her clitoris.

Then the shafts began to pump back and forth, plunging and sucking at her orifices. And as they did so they started to vibrate.

Tanya’s eyes bulged and she groaned in dismay. The buzzing rubber finger was toying with her clitoris even as its tip oozed oil which ran down her cleft into the mouth of vagina, forming a ring about the shaft of the rubber cock which was pumping away inside it. Below that the oil stream

rejoined and dribbled out of the base of her cleft onto the pumping shaft of the lower dildo which was busy reaming out her rectum. Her tight sphincter was stretching about each of its bulges and then shrinking down into the neck between them almost as if it was gulping them down and spitting them out.

The mechanical intrusion into her body was overwhelming. The double plugging stretched her sheathes so much that they seemed to be merging into one big, buzzing, dripping, squeezing, hot, juicy hole. Her ringed nipples throbbed and swelled, making their painful elongation even more uncomfortable. Her clitoris felt like a thimble of flesh about to burst under the relentless teasing of the rubber finger. The oil it was dripping onto her pussy was being equalled and surpassed by the lubricating juices pouring out of her depths. She could feel a pool of them forming underneath her buttocks.

She had used vibrators before but nothing like this! She hated it and yet its power was awesome. No wonder it broke women's spirits.

She saw Hariq's big moustached moon-face beaming down at her. He was watching her strapped down, spread and naked being screwed by a machine. He could see her vagina and bottom stretching and her stomach bulging as she was stuffed from within and then sucked out again. If that was not bad enough he could see she was slowly surrendering to its power...

A flood of deepest shame filled her. No! She must fight it.

Tanya strained and squirmed against straps holding her down, but there were far too strong. In clenching her muscles all she did was increase the fiction of the dildos inside her, which rasped and sucked with greater ferocity. She was being drilled out by relentless rubber shafts. She could feel the hot liquid excitement filling her loins. She was going to cum and she could not stop it.

All right! If she could not fight it then she had to let it happen. Get it all over with as soon as possible...

Her loins exploded and the shock ran up her spine and burst in her brain and for a few second she did not care about anything or anybody but her amazing rubber lovers.

It was some moments before she realized somebody was speaking.

‘You see it’s easy if you follow your instincts, Melon Tits,’ Hariq was saying in confiding tones. ‘You want to be used like this. You enjoy it. All women secretly do. Admit that and you will be a good and happy wife.’

Tanya screwed up her eyes in horror and shook her head. No. Never!

Chapter 9

It was almost midday when Hariq led Tanya, aching and drained, out of the dildo room and into the courtyard.

To her shame she had come three times as he had specified and for a few moments at the climax of her pleasure she knew that she had felt nothing as intense before. But those moments soon passed and then all her guilt, fear and hatred returned.

Tanya yelped as her bare feet slapped on the hot stones baking under the high relentless sun and she skipped along on tiptoe after Hariq as he led her into one of the pools of shadow beneath a restraining post.

Up close she saw that the posts were fitted with the usual array of cuffs and chains and straps. The wooden crossbars from which the girls hung were in fact supported by screw thread-cored sleeves that rode along big vertical screw rods set into channels in the posts which could be turned by a crank handle to wind the bars up and down. There were also large dildos and footrest brackets riding up and down on their own threaded sleeves which could be temporary disconnected from the screw rod and repositioned to adjust their spacing.

Hariq pushed Tanya back against one of the dildos, guiding her bottom so that it slid up into her still aching but also still greasy rectum, impaling her against it. Then he straightened her up and stretched out her arms and fastened her wrists to the ends of the crossbar. He turned the crank handle so that she was lifted a little way in the air, dangling from her wrists, and then positioned one of the footrest brackets beneath her feet. He buckled a strap about her ankles holding her in place and so binding her into a crucified posture.

From a pouch on his belt he took out a fifteen centimetre long strip of bowed metal with five pairs of curved sprung arms a little like those on a ring binder running down its sides.

‘This will tell you if you are reacting properly to being on show like this,’ he told her, showing her the inside of the strip. It was lined with very fine spikes.

As she shivered he snapped the rings through the eyelets in her labia one by one working his way down. The fourth pair of binder arms gathered up her inner labia as well in their embrace. The curve of the strip matched the swell of her vulva.

The weight of it hung strangely on her labia but her flesh did not quite touch the spikes on its inside face. As long as she did not move suddenly she would be all right.

Then Hariq cranked the handle some more until she was carried up a good two metres into the air.

She might be having a rest but she was also on display for all to see. Was that part of her re-education as well?

‘I leave you here to recover for hour or two,’ Hariq said. ‘Then we do something else later...’

As soon as he left Tanya became the focus of interest for the young men she had seen wandering about the courtyard earlier. They did not seem as purposeful as trainers and did not carry the same equipment belts. Who were they? Hangers-on, investors, potential clients? Whoever they were they were free to look at her naked body with hungry, amused, mocking eyes and made comments to each other in their own language that her basic understanding of Arabic could not follow but which probably did not need translation. They did not attempt to touch her or take her down but she saw bulges in fronts of their robes...

Tanya felt terrified and somehow unclean at being displayed like this before them, even as she felt her nipples tingling and standing up again, lifting the rings through them clear of her breasts, while her pussy began to pulse and feel hot and slick. How could she possibly react like that? What had they done to her? If only Roger could see her now....

Just then a rectangle of movement and colour appeared hanging in the air a metre in front of her. She flinched in surprise before she realized it was a small flat screen TV suspended from the frame of the awning. It showed a naked woman with large breasts suspended in a crucified posture. It was herself!

Only then did she notice further up underneath the awning that was shading her post more of the compact CCTV cameras with their lenses focused upon her. Her cheeks burned at this intensification of her shame. Could Rodger really see her even now? If he was then she hoped he would feel properly ashamed of himself.

Every few seconds the displayed image shifted showing her from different angles. Then it intercut with images of other girls hanging on their posts. One focused in close- up on the inverted thighs of a girl suspended upside down. She had a dildo in her pussy and she was dribbling about it. It seemed that even when they were resting they would be forced to experience the plight of their sister slaves in intimate detail and then share it both with those who had sent them here and each other.

How could they televise their suffering like that! It was so cruel

It was then that an idea came to her. What if she played up her suffering so much that Rodger felt so guilty about what he had done that he took her back home? Then she would have won and he would never dare assert himself like this again. Yes, that might work and then... ouch!

She felt a faint pricking in her pussy lips that got steadily worse. Then she felt her clitoris being stung. What was happening... oh no!

She was reacting to her own exposure. Her clitoris was swelling as were her labia. She was pressing your own most delicate flesh against the spikes on the inside of the snap ring strip. She was punishing herself for her own arousal!

The group of young men were still looking up at her but now they were grinning cruelly. Their eyes were fixed on her groin. The image on the awning screen changed to a close-up of her twitching ring bound sex lips.

No, this could not be happening! She could not be responding like this! It looked as if she enjoyed pain and being stared at while she was naked and helpless. The more it hurt more excited she got and the more her labia and clit engorged. She was trapped in a vicious circle of pain and pleasure, each feeding off each other.

Master Hariq, please take me down, she tried to cry out. But her padlocked tongue stifled her words and nobody came. The image on the screen now showed her distraught face. Somebody in some hidden control centre must be selecting what was displayed from the CCTV feeds. In her confusion she imagined him masturbating as he watched? But Roger must also see how much it was hurting her now. Or was he enjoying seeing how much she was suffering? Maybe he was masturbating as well. Was this what he wanted? Perhaps she should have let him screw her that night...

No! This was not her fault... but she was certainly paying for it.

After a minute Tanya's squirms and whimpers got worse and then she gave a shudder and a little steam of pink tinted fluid flowed out from under the pussy binder and down her clenching thighs. With laughs the young men left her to contemplate her misery alone, while her cheeks burned with shame.

Chapter 10

Tanya faced shame of a different kind that afternoon when Hariq made her have sex with another woman. Not that it was immediately apparent what he planned at first.

Hariq and another trainer called Raffa took her and a brown skinned Qwarainian girl called Jamila to one of the courtyard rooms.

Jamila was perhaps a couple of years younger than Tanya. She had small but very prominent tapering conical breasts with scooped upper slopes, tipped with chocolate brown nipples. Like Tanya's they had been pierced and had silver bells hanging from them. Jamila's wax-depilated vulva had sooty dark lips from which a shameful slippery inner tongue was protruding. It is also been pierced but instead of the eyelets Tanya had, Jamila had another silver bell hanging from the hood of her clitoris. Her face was pretty with dark hair, large brown eyes and a neat straight nose, but her eyes were filled with despair and she hung her head in apparent burning shame.

Tanya wondered whether she had been sent here by her father for some misdemeanour, or was she a young bride who had proved disappointing? Whatever it was she had clearly been suffering for it and would do again very shortly.

The torment room into which they were led contained a pair of upright round metal ring frames six feet across hung on the inside with straps and cuffs. Each ring was set on a low base which contained heavy electric motors and gears. The base mounts clamped guide wheels about the bottom curves of the rings which had recesses in their sides which held circular cog-toothed racks in which gear wheels connected to the base motors were engaged. Via these the rings could be rotated.

Raffa and Hariq stood their respective charges in the rings facing each other and stretch them out and strapped them in place. In addition to ankle and wrist cuffs they pulled chains across from the sides of the rings and

hooked them to the sides of broad belts strapped around the girls' waists so that they were well braced. Hariq added rubber garters to Tanya's thighs and from them strung rubber cords across to her pussy and slid them through the eyelets in her inner labia and adjacent outer lips, pulling them wide.

The trainers had them open their mouths so they could remove their tongue padlocks. Then they pushed the two ring frames together so that their rims met and their bodies mashed against each other and their faces, breasts and hips touched. Jamila's skin was warm and silky and her musky scent filled her nostrils as Tanya found herself staring full into her lovely but despairing eyes. Her hard bell-hung nipples dug into Tanya's own heavier mounds. Jamila's clit bell touched her gaping cleft and brought forth a response in her own clitoris.

It was then that Tanya felt her stomach flip and knot as she realized a whole new level of perversion was going to swallow her. She had never made love to another woman before and had never wanted to. But what did that matter here? Was this also Roger's doing? Was he watching her on CCTV right now?

Raffa said something in Arabic to Jamila and then repeated it in English for Tanya's benefit: 'You will make love to each other while you are rubbed together. To encourage you we will beat your bottoms...'

'We want to see you use your tongues in each other's pussies nice and deep,' Hariq said cheerfully.

'The beating stops when you both orgasm,' Raffa added.

They threw switches on the bases of the rings. The motors purred and slowly the rings began to turn, each turning clockwise relative their bases, so as they faced each other they rotated in different directions, pivoting about their navels. Jamila's nipple bells jingled as they clinked across Tanya's larger plain rings.

As their bodies turned their trainers took up position behind them and swung their electric paddles. The girls yelped as their bottoms rippled, stung and burned and their spread-eagled bodies bounced within the rings, grinding

even harder against each other.

After a quarter of a revolution Tanya was hanging sideways with her face grinding across Jamila's groin, while she could feel Jamila's head between her thighs. Grimly she dipped her head and lapped at Jamila's cleft with her tongue, while Jamila did the same to her. She thought how easily Jamila could dip into her hot wet depths with her labia pulled back so invitingly wide.

After another quarter turn both of them were hanging head down looking into each other's faces again with their breasts trying to bob up towards their shoulders. As Tanya's breasts were larger they fell further so that Jamila's firmer smaller cones dug into their undersides. She felt her hard rubbery teats and nipple bells scraping her flesh while her own rings flipped over and hung inverted. Then she screamed as more paddle blows landed with extra ferocity on their buttocks which clenched in pain as they were stabbed through with electric needles. Desperately they kissed, trying to stir up passion in each other to do what had to be done, each now tasting their own juices on the others lips.

Then the rings carried them on round so that their faces once more ground into each other's groins.

After two more turns their faces were wet with female juices and their pussies were both hot and sticky with helpless arousal. Their bodies were filmed with sweat where they ground together, lubricating the whispering slither of pink skin against brown. It did not matter that they were not lesbians, they were responding. They were young and healthy and passionate, but above all they had no choice. Fear drove necessity.

And then at some point Tanya could not identify she stopped forcing herself and began responding by instinct. Jamila's lovely body was being ground against hers and they were both reacting as women should when their men required them to give pleasure. Her thighs are wet with her juices and her nostrils were filled with Jamila's animal scent. It was overwhelming.

Swish crack crackle, spark! The spanking paddles relentlessly beat their sore and simmering bottoms. Pain and fear surged through them and met in

the middle. Head to toe their bodies bounced and ground against each other and then they came in each other's faces...

* * *

Tanya could not remember Hariq taking her off the ring.

The next thing she was sure about was when she and Jamila were being led back around the colonnade towards the cage room stairs. Their eyes slid sideways and they exchanged disbelieving, shame-filled glances. Had they really done that to each other?

They were led down the stairs and then separated to be taken to their respective cages for cleaning.

Tanya realized that although they had been so intimate they had never exchanged a single word and now she might never have the chance to speak to Jamila ever again and only see her through sets of cage bars. She felt a spark of rage inside her. How dare they push them together and then pull them apart again. But of course they were not doing it for their own pleasure, but because their respective lords and masters willed it.

Lord and Master? Had she just thought of Roger like that?

What a terrible place this was!

Chapter 11

The next morning brought a change in the routine.

Hariq finished preparing Tanya for the day while she knelt on top of her cage and then he said: 'There is an important ceremony this morning, Melon Tits. You will watch it with all the other titty girls. It is very important. You will see...'

And so together all the other girls they were led up the stairs into the courtyard which was already bright with sharp morning sunlight. They were spread out around the square ring of posts and then hung on them, impaled as Tanya had been the day before, so that they all faced inwards towards the low podium in the middle of the courtyard. But instead of the crucifixion pose she had been in, Hariq hung a second crossbar on the post beneath her and her legs were spread wide and her ankles were cuffed to its ends so that she formed a fleshy "X". She saw the same with being done to the other girls.

Tanya had never seen so many naked bodies on such explicit show at one time. She felt far more exposed than down in the cage room because this was outside and almost public. Here they had an audience: more of the young Arab men were wandering about the courtyard. Were they gathering for this important ceremony as well? She saw Jamila hung up on the other side of the courtyard and tried to smile at her about her padlocked tongue. Well, she could hardly ignore her after what they had done together. But she was not sure if Jamila saw her.

The trainers were adding new devices to the posts: electric motors the size of power drills driving rubber wheels with finger like prongs bristling about their rims. They were mounted on the posts between their splayed thighs pointing upwards so that the vertical wheels nestled in their clefts. Power and control cables for them were plugged into sockets at the base of the posts.

Hariq grinned as he saw the expression on Tanya's face when the prongs

of the wheel dug into her fleshy furrow, unwillingly causing her nipples to prick up even further. 'We make sure you enjoy the ceremony properly, Melon Tits,' he told her.

What kind of ceremony was this going to be?

Tanya saw a whole crowd of people gathering in a loose ring about the central podium. There was Director Mharood and Doctor Saliff and others who were not trainers or idle young men who must have been support staff. Office workers and cooks? She supposed that even a place like this needed them. There was quite a crowd, but raised up on her post she could see over their heads. If that was not a good enough view her awning screen came to life showing a close-up of the podium. Looking away from the screen she saw a man moving round the wheel holding a camera which must be supplying a live feed to all the awning screens. Whatever was going to happen she would see it all in close-up detail. The cartwheel mounted upon the podium was set on a central pivot so that it rested at an angle, raised at one side while the opposite rim touched the ground. It had leather straps bound about its rim and its hub was capped by rubber padding.

When everybody was gathered together, the Director stepped onto the podium beside the cartwheel and raised his hand for silence. He said something in Arabic and then repeated it in English: 'We are here to witness the departure of Annalisa, who came to us while she was wild and uncontrollable but will leave knowing her proper place and showing humble respect and obedience towards her partner...'

It was a graduation ceremony! Tanya realized. Of course they wanted them all to see that. It would encourage them to be good submissives so they could leave as well.

A naked woman appeared from out of the colonnade shadows and walked across the courtyard. She was wearing a slave collar but was otherwise unrestrained and without an escort. That almost seemed unnatural to Tanya since every woman she had seen for days was caged, restrained or else following a trainer on a leash. The cameraman moved out to welcome her and Tanya saw her in close-up on her screen.

Annalisa was a lean, well toned and lightly tanned blonde, with neat high breasts and firm buttocks, perhaps a couple of years older than Tanya was, with a pretty, bright face. She was smiling happily but nervously about her, revealing perfect even white teeth of a type that Tanya associated with Americans, who she had seen quite a few of in Qwarain. Of course, she had never seen any of them with a shiny padlock locked through her bare pussy lips as Annalisa had.

But instead of going directly to the central podium as Tanya had assumed, Annalisa made a circuit of the courtyard moving from post to post. She was kissing the suspended feet of the other captive girls and saying something to them. When she reached Tanya she kissed her feet and looked up at her with almost ecstatic eyes that sparkled with a strange fervour and said, in a light American or Canadian accent: 'I hope you follow in my footsteps soon, sister...'

When Annalisa had seen every girl she made away to the central podium. Without being forced she lay face down across the cartwheel, so that its padded hub was pressed up into her stomach, and spread her arms and legs wide. Trainers stepped forward and strapped her wrists and ankles the rim of the wheel. Then they bound more straps about its spokes so that they encircled her waist and upper thighs. The camera moved in closer to show the smooth twin mounds of her buttocks and the pouting cleft of her pussy beneath them, raised invitingly by the padding under Annalisa's belly.

'I offer my bottom up to you as thanks for my correction, Masters,' Annalisa said right into the camera. 'Teach it a lesson it will never forget...'

A trainer stepped forward and pushed a rubber bit between her teeth.

Two more trainers mounted the podium and stood on either side of the wheel over which Annalisa was bound. They unhooked electric paddles from their belts and trailed them over her trembling buttocks. Then they beat her.

Her tanned buttocks were covered in flashes and crackles visible even in the bright sunlight as the studded rubber paddles smacked down upon them. Tanya flinched. This was a full power beating!

As Annalisa's first scream rang out, the prong wheel dug into Tanya's cleft came to life. It gave a little half turn one way and then the other and then again a little further as the motor between her thighs growled. She saw the same flickers of movement in the clefts of the suspended women about her. They were going to respond to this spectacle whether they liked it or not!

Annalisa's screams now filled the courtyard while her buttocks clenched and rippled under the impact of the blows. A hissing stream of pee spurted out of her pussy cleft and trickled over the podium. She had wet herself in pain but the trainers did not relent and the cameraman caught every detail.

The prong wheel was turning ever more rapidly inside Tanya's cleft, stirring up its folds of soft skin and the hard button of her clitoris. Helplessly her juices flowed around it and dribble down her inner thighs. She tried to turn her eyes aside from screen before her portraying Annalisa's torment, but her gaze kept sliding back to it. She knew it was wrong and cruel but it held a terrible fascination and the warm wetness in her pussy taunted her with the suggestion that it was something to be celebrated and enjoyed. And she was not alone. For every goggling eye that watched her suffering there was also a hard nipple, be they belled, ringed or chained, pulsing in sympathy. Tanya's own were no better than the rest, with her own nipple rings having been thrust clear of the swells of her breasts by their arousal.

By now Annalisa's buttocks were a mass of stud marks and a blazing scarlet. Here and there her skin had been broken and there were drops and smears of blood. The cameraman circled round to get a close-up of Annalisa's face which was a mask of agony with tears flowing down over her cheeks from her eyes which screwed up and then flashed wide, while she bit hard on her rubber bit, pulling back her lips in a ghastly grimace. If it had not been there she might have bitten her tongue or lips or cracked her teeth.

For a full minute this went on and then the Director said: 'Enough!'

The beating stopped and so did the churning of the prong wheel in Tanya's cleft. Tanya shuddered and sagged in her bonds, hearing groans from the mounted girls on either side of her. Suddenly she felt as if she had been left deprived of something.

The trainers stepped down from the podium leaving, Annalisa trembling and shivering in her bonds. Another trainer came forward with a bucket and sponge and cleaned away the blood and urine. A second placed a vinyl padded mat over the spokes of the wheel between Annalisa's thighs and then pushed the nozzle of a grease gun up between Annalisa's trembling buttocks into her rectum and squirted something within it. The third pulled the bit from out between Annalisa's teeth and fed her water from a bottle.

Tanya saw her gulping it down and licking her lips and then calling out in a determined but cracked voice: 'please... masters... I give you my bottom hole... for your pleasure...'

Director Mharood stepped forward, lifting the front of his robes to reveal a stiff penis. He knelt on the padded sheet between Annalisa's thighs and rammed his shaft up into her freshly greased bottom hole.

As he did so the prong wheels started up in Tanya's sticky cleft and all those pussies exposed about her, rippling through the sopping swollen sex lips of the three dozen women suspended about the courtyard with their eyes all helplessly fixed on their sister in its centre offering herself up to any cock that wanted to penetrate her. They were being invited... no, they were being *made*, to share Annalisa's joy at penetration.

For a minute Mharood rode Annalisa and then grunted in triumph. He pulled out of Annalisa, dropping his robe again and leaving her anus gaping and dribbling with his seed.

A trainer stepped forward with a flushing syringe to wash Annalisa's bottom clean and prepare it with another shot of grease. He stepped back and Doctor Saliff took his turn...

A girl halfway around the courtyard suddenly sobbed and convulsed as she was overcome by an orgasm. The sight of another shaft plunging into Annalisa's rear orifice while the prong wheel was churning inside her was too much to resist. Then another girl cried out and another...

Tanya became aware of a wave of frantic squirming amongst the spread-eagled girls and the heady aroma of female discharge gathering under the

sheltering awnings and flowing out across the watching crowd. How totally humiliating it was, and yet they could not help themselves.

With a sob Tanya succumbed along with the rest and felt the prong wheel splatter her discharge across her thighs.

Through misty eyes she watched as the last of the men took his pleasure from Annalisa's poor ravaged bottom. Then as the trainers tended to her she lay limp across the cartwheel, her tanned body glowing in the bright sunlight, hardly moving except for the feeble ragged rise and fall of her chest. But her neat breasts which hung through gaps between the spokes were still tipped by hard nipples. Were those splatters of her own discharge on the spoke wheels, Tanya wondered? Had she come even as a dozen men were sodomising her?

Dizzy from her own orgasm, Tanya looked at Annalisa with pity and not a little amazement and some envy. She had put herself through such an ordeal, now please let her go she thought.

But it was still not over.

A pair of trainers between them brought out a curious device and set up on the podium next to the wheel bearing Annalisa's limp body. They extended an articulated arm out across her so that the complex head of the device hung over her sore, well beaten buttocks.

The cameraman moved in for a close up of the thing and Tanya saw it was a dinner plate sized glass lens, like that of a huge magnifying glass, protected by an equally large camera iris all controlled by an intricate array of small motors and pulleys and articulated rods. Mounted on each side of the big lens pointing down at Annalisa's bottom there were even a pair of tiny cameras. One of the trainers adjusted the lens so that it was pointing directly at the sun. Then he pulled another strap across Annalisa's beaten buttocks right across their middle, making their upper slopes bulge even as it pinched her bum cleavage together. Annalisa whimpered as her sore flesh was squeezed even more tightly.

A laptop was mounted on the base unit of the device and the other trainer tapped on its keyboard. Then he said something to Annalisa.

Tanya heard her feeble voice call out: 'Please mark me... so my master knows... I give myself to him... forever...'

One of the attending trainers stepped forward and thrust the rubber bit back between her teeth again.

The trainer at the keyboard pressed another key.

The powered iris snapped open and sunlight poured through the big lens and was focused onto Annalisa's naked flesh.

The power dildo wheels came to life again, grinding into the already sopping clefts of the post-hung women, who moaned and whimpered.

Annalisa screamed about her bit gag as a tiny intense spot of light trailing a whiff of smoke tracked quickly and precisely across the fleshy upper slopes of her buttocks, etching a pattern into one of them then snapping off and shifting position to begin another one on the other side. Another spurt of urine splattered from between the lips of Annalisa's padlocked pussy.

Tanya gagged, imagining she could smell burning flesh, but she could not take her eyes off this terrible spectacle. Annalisa was still screaming and sobbing, her bare toes and her fists clenching, her legs and arms straining as instinct demanded she tear herself free to escape this burning pain. But the big straps held her buttocks in position and immobile so that the brilliant spot of light could do its terrible work.

And Tanya could only watch, squeezing her anus about the phallus on which she was impaled while grinding her hips against the dildo wheel churning within her labia and flicking the hard button of her clitoris. There was nothing she could do. She was watching a woman being branded by the pitiless light of the Gulf Sun!

It seemed to take forever although it must have been less than half a minute. Then the iris snapped shut. It was over!

Annalisa slumped unconscious over the wheel, dribbling from about her mouth and bit and her padlocked pussy. The cameraman zoomed in for a

closer view. Fresh discharge dripped about its lips.

She had orgasmed while she was being branded!

The watching men broke into applause. The churning dildo wheels ceased their motion leaving the suspended women sobbing desperately. They were unfulfilled. For a few terrible seconds they all wished to be in Annalisa's place.

* * *

Tanya watched numbly as Annalisa was revived and freed from the terrible wheel. With trainers supporting her she was led on shaky legs out of the courtyard, followed by the Director and the rest of his retinue. Slowly the courtyard cleared except for the young men and a handful of trainers.

She realized that Hariq was standing front of her once more. He lowered her to the ground and removed the motor and prong wheel from between her legs. The amount of discharge on it told its own story.

'I see you enjoyed that then, Melon Tits?' Hariq said with a grin.

She snivelled and shook her head in denial.

Hariq slapped her breasts hard so that her nipples rings jangled and her heavy globes smacked and bounced against each other.

'Never lie to me! Now I ask you again: you liked that, didn't you, Melon Tits?'

Miserably Tanya nodded her head. If liking meant cuming helplessly with a power dildo inside her while watching something that terrified her, then she had liked it.

'A girl can only leave when we say she is ready and she begs us for a courtyard punishment and branding before all of you,' Hariq explained. 'The brand is proof she has learned her lesson.' He worked the crank handle and lifted Tanya back up aloft again. 'I let you hang here for an hour, maybe two, let you think over what you have seen. Then this afternoon you will go horse

riding...'

Chapter 12

And so that afternoon Tanya rode the hot and cold pussy horse: grinding her slobbering sex mouth back and forth along its terrible ribbed and saw-toothed metal tube to save her delicate cleft from being either scorched or frozen. The thin copper of the tube, being rapidly heated and chilled, creaked and squeaked under her as it expanded and contracted through its mounting rings while the sprung chains jingled as they tweaked and yanked on her nipples to remind her to sit straight. As she endured these multiple torments Hariq and the slim young man with the rampant cock watched in appreciation and deep approval. It was written in their faces. In their world this was how a woman should display herself for their pleasure: total and complete surrender to her animal passions and carnal nature for their exclusive amusement.

Yet even as she humiliated herself before them, building up to the inevitable climax, a small part of Tanya's mind could not let go of the ceremony she had witnessed earlier and the thoughts she had afterwards hanging on her post in the courtyard.

How could Annalisa, how could any woman, wish that upon herself? Had she really been trained and conditioned and brainwashed until she thought it was something wonderful? Wonderful? She thought of Annalisa's poor shocked and beaten bottom and repeatedly sodomised anus and then the terrible sun branding... the churning prong wheel inside her dripping vulva... the prong up her bottom and... no, that had been her... ahhhh!

Tanya sobbed as she orgasmed and for a moment lost control of herself and swayed, dangling and swaying from her nipple rings that stretched her breasts out and up grotesquely before her and then out sideways as she flopped forward again.

Hariq smacked her cheeks with his paddle to shock her back to reality.

'It doesn't matter how many times you spend yourself, Melon Tits,' he warned her, 'you will not be let down until you beg to pleasure young

Kaseem here is if you mean it!’

She realized her pussy was scorching as hot water surged along the tube on which it sucked. With an ungainly scrabbling she pushed herself backwards along the horse, feeling its ridge ribs rasping through her pussy and seeing the stain she had left on the horse from her orgasm trickling down its sloping sides.

The only escape from this was to say it as if she meant it. Was that what Annalisa had done? Had she believed she meant it? Was that what sessions like this all inevitably lead up to?

Hariq’s paddle smacked against her breasts again, delivering another shock as they trembled and bounced.

‘I want to hear you beg, Melon Tits!’

Tanya gathered her wits and made herself look into Kaseem’s expectant eyes and choked out about her ring bound tongue: ‘pleath mahter... I want to have your cock down my throat... I want you to make it your love hole... I want to be choked by you... I want to pleathure you until I path out... I want to be uthed by you... all this I beg of you!’

As she spoke she felt the terrible excitement arising within her at the very audacity of her words.

‘That’s more like it, Melon Tits,’ Hariq said with approval.

He worked the controls beside the horse and the alternating flow of water ceased. The ridge pipe squeaked and creaked as ordinary water flowed right through it, equalising the temperature. Hariq reached up and unclipped Tanya’s nipple rings from the ceiling chains. She slumped forward across the end of the horse, her hot sweaty breasts flopping down on either side of the ridge tube.

Grinning hugely, Kaseem stepped up to her with his stiff cock bobbing in front of him. He cupped her divided breasts and then slapped them against the sloping sides of the horse’s body, making her nipple rings jangle and

driving a feeble yelp from her lips. Then he took hold of a fistful of her hair and hauled her head back and plunged his cock between her parted teeth.

It passed through the rubber ring pinned to her tongue and down her throat, ramming into it as if it was a vagina or rectum. Desperately Tanya tried to close her lips and about it to slow down its terrible pounding while pressing her tongue up against it for added friction. Then she began to bob her head up and down like a pecking bird, impaling her throat again and again on his young hard shaft.

Kaseem sighed and let go of her hair and cupped her hot, heavy breasts and began to kneed and roll them happily against the sides of the horse, poking his fingers through her nipple rings and giving them little tugs and twists to encourage her to greater efforts.

At least she now understood why the young men were hanging about the courtyard, Tanya thought dizzily as she fellated him. They were just resting or waiting to be called into the torment rooms to perform their duty. They were the bearers of training cocks, able to stiffen and come five or six times a day to exercise the mouths and pussies and bottoms of Jazirat Tadib's captives, as their lord husbands or boyfriends would have like to do, if they had the time.

So when Kaseem's cock was jammed down her gullet it represented Roger's cock. Every one of them that plunged into her did the same. Relentlessly she was being ground down until she acknowledged them and therefore him as her master.

But now she knew that was only half of it. Even if she begged to serve Roger as his sex slave for ever and Hariq and the Director were satisfied, she knew she could never have the courage to wish such a hideous ceremony upon herself as Annalisa had done.

This meant that she would remain a miserable captive in Jazirat Tadib for ever!

Chapter 13

Accompanied by a merry jingling of little silver bells, Tanya trotted along on thick-soled cork sandals that protected her feet from the hot stones of the pathway cut into the rock that dipped and wound its way around the shores of Jazirat Tadib. Despite her heaving chest and the sweat stinging her eyes and dripping off her naked, harness-bound body she moved as an obedient ponygirl should: with her head held proudly upright and her knees lifted high with each step. But then she knew what would happen to her already burning bottom if she did not put on a proper show of pride in her bondage.

Tanya had what looked like a little black rubber bone clenched between her teeth like a horse's bit that forced her mouth into a false grin. It had a pair of small curved binder rings on its underside which were hooked through the double eyelet piercings in her tongue. She champed on it and dribbled about it but she could not spit it out. The rings could easily be retracted by pressing on sprung buttons on the ends of the bit, which of course she could not do.

Leather straps passed over her shoulders and crossed between her breasts and across her back and ran down to a broad thick belt buckled about her waist, to the back of which her wrists were cuffed. Dangling from its sides over her hips were large hitching rings that hooked onto the ends of the tubular metal shafts of a single seat lightweight carriage. Fortunately it did not hold the corpulent Hariq but the slender body of another of the eager young training cock lads called Ali. However he used his short whip just as eagerly as Hariq would have done on her glossy, pale, bare fleshy buttocks that were rolling and straining so enticingly before his eyes, calling out as he did so: 'Faster, Melon Tits, faster! Make those titty... pussy bells ring!'

As he beat her he flicked the reins across her shoulders and every tug brought forth another jingle, because the reins passed through the side rings of her collar and then down to her heavily ringed nipples, which were also hung with small bells. Another set of bells dangled from the double row of labial piercings running down her naked outer sex lips. There were ten in all forming a silvery tinkling chorus to every step she took, jingling with the roll

of her hips and the jiggle and bounce of her heavy sweating breasts. Perversely the bells reminded Tanya of Christmas and as she toiled along she pictured herself harnessed naked to a sleigh pulling it through lovely cool snow instead of under the burning sun of the Persian Gulf.

She had been on Jazirat Tadib for ten days that had seemed like a lifetime packed with so many intense emotions. She had never known such depths of despair, pain, humiliation and – all too briefly – spasms of unimaginably intense pleasure, that so far had all been concentrated in and about the island's slave courtyard with its surrounding torment rooms and the cage chamber beneath it.

Now, perhaps because Hariq thought she could be trusted or simply deserved a change of scenery, she had been let "outside" and for the first time saw Discipline Island as others did.

About her shimmered the intense blue sea of the Gulf. Jazirat Tadib was simply a low hump of rock rising sheer out of the sea but levelling off rapidly. She could have walked it from end to end in ten minutes. A white walled citadel dominated its summit: half fortress and half palace with high outer walls buttressed by half round towers over which the crowns of small domes and minarets were visible. The slave courtyard and cage room beneath it with which she was so familiar were only part of a much larger complex. What went on in the rest she had no idea.

The path she was on which formed a continuous loop about the entire island had been cut into its steeply sloping sides as they curved down to sea. It was sheltered from prying eyes and the sun by a continuous series of trellises and pergolas that also shaded little niches cut out of the rock where there were seats and planters that held palms and vines. From these you could look out across the sea, dotted with the angular forms of liners, tankers and cargo ships, to the blue and purple mass of Qwarain in the distance off the western tip of the island.

At one point the path became a wooden bridge that spanned the cleft of a rocky inlet that cut into the body of the island. Here boats docked at a small wharf and brought in visitors and supplies, and slave girls in tiny covered cages came and went. That was how Tanya herself had arrived. But would

she ever leave again?

Was she fated to suffer endlessly because she did not have the courage to do what she must to leave? Would she ever see Roger again? She wanted to tell him face to face how much she hated what he had done to her in a final act of defiance. But perhaps even that pleasure would be denied her. Was she doomed to stay here for ever as a helpless sex slave going around in circles?

Sex slave!

She hated what they were trying to turn her into for Roger's sick pleasure, but she could not deny it. Even now she was responding as she had been conditioned to do. The bells bobbing and jingling about her rosy nipples were stimulating them to greater hardness, squeezing on the tiny golden eyelets pierced through them, while the tickling and teasing of the rattling, jangling double row of bells hung down her sex lips were causing her pussy to engorge. She felt the slippery wetness seeping between her lips and knew she was dripping her juices down her thighs and onto the rocky path under her feet. Her cheeks burned in shame but she could not help making a spectacle of herself, and that inevitably led to...

Ali was tugging on her reins and steering the tiny carriage into one of the sheltered seating niches. Coming to a halt amid the vines and palms, he clambered out of its seat and stood between its shafts; rubbing his hands over Tanya's whip-striped bottom, and then reaching round her and cupping and squeezing her hot sweaty breasts. Then his hands slid down between her thighs and her pussy bells jingled as he sampled the wetness of her naked slot.

Ali was smaller than her and a few years younger, but here he was her master and he knew it. 'Ah... you really hot girl now,' he exclaimed. 'Time for another screwing...'

And in her despair Tanya realized it was time. She needed to be serviced

Ali bent her forward between the shafts and prodded her feet so that she spread them wide, presenting her bottom and groin invitingly to him. Then he parted his robes and freed his hard young cock, which was already familiar

with so many slave girl orifices.

Holding her hips Ali rammed his manhood up into her dripping pussy, making her bells jingle. Then he began to pump away, accompanied by a silvery tingling campanological chorus.

As she rocked back and forth between the shafts on her braced legs, to Tanya's shame she found herself squeezing her vaginal sheath, which had been so well exercised and strengthened during the last ten days, tight about Ali's pumping cock. To resist was futile and would only have earned her unnecessary punishment. Besides it was impossible for her now not response to any phallic object pushed inside her, and certainly not the slim, hard and seemingly inexhaustible brown penis of a young Arab man delighting in his domination of a helpless white Western woman.

Yes, she knew it was such a cliché but it was also a stark truth. It was so disgustingly arousing. She had tried to fight it, she really had, but it had been no use. Roger had sent her here to be broken into a life of submission and this was the result.

At least, she thought, it didn't take Ali long to...to... ahhhhh!

Again Tanya felt her own orgasm rise up and burst to accompany the spouting of his cock within her, leaving her dizzy and tingling with illicit delight.

When Ali was done with her he pulled his penis out of her clinging, bell-rimmed vulva and stepped out of the shafts and moved round to her head. He pressed on the ends of the bit retracting its hooks and took it out of her mouth. In its place he thrust his soiled shaft.

Dutifully Tanya sucked and licked and tongued him clean, tasting her own juices upon him, while he reached beneath her and cupped her heavy ringed, belled and rein-hung breasts. When she was done he pulled out of her mouth and wiped his cock dry on a fistful of her hair. Then he re-clamped the bit to her tongue.

Resuming his seat in the carriage he flicked the reins across her back.

‘Move on, Melon Tits...’ he commanded.

After a little way they came to a turning off the cliff path that led into a long cool sloping tunnel cut through the rock which passed under the citadel walls. The far end emerged into a corner of the hot bright slave courtyard. Here, resting on a seat and reading a newspaper, was the comfortable plump form of Hariq.

He beamed in approval at Tanya’s appearance: flushed and sweating with Ali’s sperm running down the insides of her thighs. ‘Did she give you a good run?’ he asked Ali.

Ali replied in a voluble stream of Arabic that Tanya could not follow, but which seemed to be complimentary, no doubt recounting the most intimate details of their ride.

When he was done Hariq looked satisfied. ‘I shall have you pull a ponygirl carriage every two days to keep you exercised,’ he told Tanya.

Between them he and Ali unhitched Tanya from the carriage and removed her harness. While Ali took the tack back to the storage room, Hariq led Tanya on her leash once more along the colonnade to the stairs leading down to the cage room. In its cool restfulness, Tanya knelt on top of her cage while Hariq washed and wiped her down.

‘You are doing well, Melon Tits,’ he assured her encouragingly. ‘Your husband will be pleased with you.’

Her tongue was not padlocked at that moment so she had the precious freedom to ask: ‘Why do men like seeing women pulling carriages like animals, Master Hariq?’

‘Men like to see pretty woman used as animals because it reminds us that we are better than them,’ Hariq told her without a shred of shame or embarrassment. ‘And it is nice to see your bottoms and boobies all sweaty and shaking and strong legs working hard to please us. You make such pretty pictures, you know? And it teaches you discipline, which is what you did not have, which is why you were sent here. But no worries! Soon you will know

your proper place in the world. Then you can return to your husband and show him respect.'

As his sex slave! Tanya thought feebly. I hate you, Roger!

Chapter 14

Tanya's sex slave training, and there was no other word for it, continued relentlessly.

Every day required her to pleasure Hariq at least once until it was beginning to feel (incredibly) almost routine. Often there were other men to satisfy like Ali and sometimes there was just a machine. Tanya always imagined it would be easier to accept violation from an inanimate object than a living cock, but the device she was put in the day after her ponygirl ride made her think again.

'This is just to shame you,' Hariq said as he led her to a fresh torment room. 'So you learn what it is to be used because your master wishes it. There will be little pleasure and much pain which you must learn to accept...'

Very soon Tanya found herself squatting within a door-sized wooden square upright frame with her arms pulled up and out to its top corners. Sprung chains hung from the cross beam of the frame were hooked to the side rings of her collar to hold her head up. Her knees were bent and her thighs twisted outward at the hips and held splayed by straps stretched out from the side posts of the frame. Her feet were raised off the ground and were resting with her toes pointing downwards on the sloping sides of a big heavy glass jar with a flared neck and a trumpet mouth which rested beneath the frame, and over which she squatted in this awkward manner.

Tanya's groin was positioned directly above this mouth and held in place by a large thick sculpted glass phallus moulded vertically onto the neck of the jar. The head of the phallus was buried deep within her anus. There were also ten elastic cords hooked to her outer labia eyelets with their ends pulled wide, five in each direction, and tied to the handles of the jar which were set beneath her feet on its sides. These caused her pussy to gape wide, exposing its intimate recesses.

Snap rings had been passed through the eyelets of her inner labia and

overlapped. Through them was threaded a vertical rod banded with several fine metal rings and supported by a float resting in the jar. Another wire running up through the core of the rod emerged two thirds the way up where it was connected to a contact strip extending sideways like a silver tongue. The upper end of this rod passed through another guiding ring which was held in place by clips secured to her nipple rings so that the ring hung between them and the rod's projecting contact strip rested beneath them.

Also clipped to her nipple rings were more electric wires which hung from the crossbar of the frame. A water cooler flask was mounted on top of it. Plugged into it, through an electronically controlled valve, was a length of hose with a clear plastic rubber rimmed diver's facemask on the end. Hariq had strapped this over her face so that it enclosed her nose and mouth.

Almost as a finishing touch the side posts of the frame supported a pair of powered electric canes which were positioned so that they could beat her bottom. The power cables from them and all the other devices were gathered together and plugged into a control panel mounted on one of the frames side posts.

As Tanya squirmed in her bonds and snivelled with growing fear, Hariq smiled at her and patted her on the head.

'Don't try to be brave, Melon Tits. This is to teach you how to cry and suffer but do so prettily. The canes will beat your bottom every half a minute. They are electric as well so you will feel them twice! As they hit you water will fill your mask slowly so that if you drink it down quickly enough you will not drown. Then you can squirt it out of your pussy very prettily... tinkle... tinkle... into the jar. And if you pee enough that will lift the float and the wire on the rod it carries. When it touches the ring hung between your melon titties it will turn the water and the canes off. Of course as it goes up through your pussy rings they will touch the bands on the rod and they will give you a little shock each time, but you have to learn to get past that little pain so you can end your big suffering.'

Tanya was beginning to appreciate the cruelty of the device and whimpered and shook her head, even though she knew was futile. 'Please, Master Hariq, don't use this on me,' she begged, her voice muffled by the

mask. 'I'll do something else... I'll suck you off again... you don't have to tell anybody do you? Please?'

Hariq laughed. 'That is very good girl. You are offering your mouth for cock sucking to try to save a little pain. Nothing wrong with that. But this is my job and you are just one girl. You are here to learn that sometimes you have to suffer...'

And he pressed a button on the control panel.

The sprung canes swung backwards and then slashed across her buttocks three times in quick succession. As the force of their impact rippled through her flesh, the electric charges they bore stabbed into her. Tanya shrieked into her facemask as her hips convulsed, making them bounce up and down on the slippery glass phallus on which she was impaled. This in turn tugged on the elastic cords that were hooked into her outer labia eyelets, stretching her pussy lips painfully.

Hariq pulled over a chair which was the room's only furniture and settled down on it to watch her responses.

There was a gurgling from the water cooler valve above her and water began pouring down the hose into her facemask. Fearfully Tanya drank it down to keep her nose above the water level inside the mask.

The canes slowly cocked back and then swiped her again. This time the sudden triple volley of pain replicated on each buttock cheek caused her to lose control of her bladder and she spurted pee into the glass jar. The float stirred and lifted the rod slightly, sending it sliding through her labial nipple rings. It was a start towards relief but it was still shameful to do in front of Hariq even though he had watched her relieve herself every day in a cage. This was turning urination into a strange kind of challenge.

Swish... smack, smack, smack!

This time she was still sobbing as the water flowed down into her mask and she almost choked. Desperately she made herself swallow it down.

She realized she was squeezing her anus about the smooth sides of the phallus plugged into her rear as if trying to draw comfort from it. Was she clutching on a glass cock with her sphincter for reassurance? Not long ago that would have been desperately humiliating but now it was a desperately needed diversion. The cool solid plug of it inside her was not hurting her. The worst thing about it was that it braced her bottom to receive the full force of the cane strokes. But at least they made her ride it up and down which her gave a frisson of counter pleasure. Was that pathetic? Had she sunk so low?

Her bottom was burning with cane strokes now while her stomach was beginning to fill very full. The sooner she emptied herself the sooner this would be over. She screwed up her eyes and let it gush out of her into the jar. The float bobbed up higher.

Tanya screamed as the first of the rod's contact rings brushed against the rings threaded through her inner labia and a sharp jolt of electricity stabbed into them, flowing through her clit as it passed into her body. As she screamed and jerked and bounced on her glass phallus with acute pain, a little more urine was forced out of her, lifting the float and carrying the ring beyond her labia.

She sagged in her bonds, pale and trembling. How many more moments like that were there to go? How long would it take to fill the flask with enough pee to end this?

Water gurgled into her mask once more and she drank it down. The canes swished again and she screamed. The float bobbed upwards and another contact ring touched her pierced labia and closed the circuit, briefly filling her pussy with electric fire. By then tears were running down her cheeks. Masochistically she found herself hoping that they ran down her body into the flask and added their tiny drops to the total she needed to reach.

Her pussy was being stretched wide and she had a glass cock inside her bottom. Was that not stimulation enough to make her juices flow and do their bit as well?

Desperately she squeezed on the phallus and worked her hips up and down on it, trying to imagine it was the most erotic object she had ever had

inside her and that she must drench it in her juices, forcing them out through her tingling pussy lips...

Hariq's knowing eyes were fixed upon her. Slowly he smiled and nodded as if in approval.

Everything began to merge into one bizarre medley of pain and expectation and striving for pleasure.

Swish, smack, sob... water gurgling terrifyingly up over her nose and she desperately swallowing it down...feeling her stomach swelling and squirting it out hissing and gurgling into the jar on which she was perched so shamefully...the elastic cords tugging on her stretched pussy lips... squeezing on the glass cock... her shocked clitoris standing up hard... shrieking as another contact band on the rod touched her inner pussy rings and snapped her pussy again... peering down between her trembling breasts through burning tear-filled eyes to watch its vital contact strip slowly approaching the ring suspended between her tingling nipples... another desperate squirt of pee... yes... Yes!

Tanya shrieked in pain as it made contact and sent one last fearful electric jolt directly through her nipples.

That final shock pushed her over the edge into masochistic delight and she felt her loins pinch and spray a mist of orgasmic juices out from between the lips of her splayed labia.

Dimly she heard Hariq chuckling. 'I could not have let you go through this without giving your lovely titties one good electric tickle, could I, Melon Tits?'

* * *

Tanya thought about her responses afterwards as she hung on her post in the courtyard with her bottom simmering and labia tingling, resting through the midday heat.

What had it been about?

Well they were teaching her to respond without inhibitions. Even though Hariq watched her relieve herself every day, she had never done so like that before for such a shameful purpose. She felt acute shame at the memory and yet also a strange sense of being purged of shame. Had that been the intention?

They were also making her appreciate that the private parts of her body and the pleasure they could give were not sacrosanct. There were situations where she would happily trade them for freedom from pain or at least less suffering. If Hariq had been ready to bend the rules she would have pleased him and hoped Director Mharood never found out. If Ali took her on another pony girl run and used the whip too strongly she might well try to offer him more sex instead. The prospect would have been horrifying even two weeks ago but now it was a reality of her life. Was she learning to value herself or devalue herself? Did that make for a less inhibited slave?

At least here she had some choices. But what if the person who was threatening her with pain was also the one she had to offer pleasure to end it? If she was ever returned to Roger then he would be the only master of her pleasure and pain. She could not escape one or the other and both would mean pleasing him. The only course would be total subservience and unhesitating willingness to gratify whatever desires he had. In a way it would force her to be totally honest. It meant there could be no barriers or deceptions between a sole master and his slave. Was that what Roger planned for her?

The last lesson of course was the simplest and most terrible: that even the most acute pain could now drive her to an orgasm.

Now she began to dimly understand the many purposes and implications of the room with the big glass pee jar. And they were all terrifying...

Chapter 15

That afternoon also involved Tanya working with a lot of water, although in a less intimate form.

‘You must know how to work to keep a house clean like a proper slave on your hands and knees,’ Hariq told as he fitted her out for her task. ‘Masters like to see their women working hard with their head down and pretty bare the bottom up, you understand?’

Tanya understood only too well. She could already feel a new sense of exposure and humiliation.

She rested on her hands and knees with thick cloth pads strapped to her shins and sponges strapped to her palms. Her arms were braced in front of her by sprung rods connected to her collar rings, allowing some freedom of movement but preventing her bending her elbows too far. Her ankles were spread and cuffed to ends of a light rod to the middle of which was fitted the base of water pump, about the size of a bicycle hand pump, the top end of which was plugged into her vagina. Pins extending out through the head of the pump into her labia meant it could not pull out of her. This also meant that she could not straighten her legs and stand upright. Not that she would have dared to try with her other fitting in place.

Plugged deep into her anus was the bulbous tipped and heavily sprung end of the horizontal bracket handle of a small two-wheeled cart. As long as she kept her back fairly straight and level with the ground it did not hurt too much. But attempting to sit upright would be acutely painful as the sprung head twisted within her. By reflex her anal ring squeezed tight about it, as if once again trying to suck comfort from shame.

The cart trailed after her just behind the rod joining her ankles and it contained two water flasks, one filled with soapy water and one empty. Tubes from both of them ran through the pump lodged in her vagina and then out over her body, held in place by tapes, and down to the sponges fastened to

her hands.

By the shifting her ankles sideways, which operated a selector valve, and working the pump by dipping her bottom to compress the pump shaft against the resistance of her ankle rod and the cart handle, she could either squirt fresh soapy water into her right hand sponge or else suck dirty water out of the mopping sponge in her left hand back up into the empty waste flask.

She had become a living self-powered floor mop.

Hariq led her out into the courtyard colonnade and indicated three torment room doors, all of which currently stood open to show they were unoccupied. 'You will clean the floor of each of these,' he told her. 'You do a good job and do not come back to me until you have, unless you wanted a beating, you understand?'

'Yes, Master Hariq,' Tanya said indistinctly about her padlocked tongue.

The first room she entered was unpleasantly familiar. It contained the Perspex pillory that she recalled only too well. Still at least she was not going to be clamped within it this afternoon.

Methodically Tanya worked her way around the black rubber floor, towing her little cart behind her, mopping and cleaning as she went, shuffling her padded knees to add shine. Pumping and sucking made her dangling breasts sway and jiggle and the water in the flasks slop about and her pussy ache and also throb with helpless stimulation as the cart handle was rocked within her, but she persisted. Finally she reached the low plinth on which the pillory stood. With her face only inches from it she saw and smelt splatters of dried semen, sweat, female discharge, tears and even blood.

She shuddered. Perhaps she had got off lightly.

Gritting her teeth she cleaned and polished until the plinth gleamed pristinely. Then she shuffled out of the door and along the colonnade to the second room. A trainer and a couple of young practice cock lads passed her

by but she kept her head down and merely felt their eyes admiring her heavy dangling breasts and plugged buttocks. But it seemed that even naked cleaners, like humble cleaners everywhere, were practically invisible.

The second room contained the low heavy table on which was mounted the powered double dildo machine. And again she gulped at the sight of it but she made herself do a good job, hunching down low to scrub off some persistent stains so that her nipple rings brushed across the floor. Cleaning might be humiliating and menial but it was not painful compared to the agony she had suffered in these rooms. In fact the sliding of the pump handle in her pussy and the rubber cart handle in her rear was quite exciting and a few times she had to shuffle back over her tracks to mop up drips she had left on the floor.

Was it different when she was doing it to herself? Nevertheless she must not let it spoil her own hard work!

When she was done she shuffled outside again and made her way along to the last door of the three.

It no longer stood wide open. Now it was almost closed except for a small crack and from within came the unmistakable sounds of leather cracking on flesh and the muffled yelps and sobs of female suffering. Of course that was practically the normal background to slave life on Jazirat Tadib, but this was the first time she had been in a position to choose whether she would intrude upon it or not.

What should she do?

Hariq had been very firm. She had to clean these three rooms or else she would get a beating. If she was ordered out then that would be another matter, but she had to make the attempt. So Tanya took a deep breath and pushed the door open with her nose and shuffled meekly inside.

The walls of the room were hung with a dozen wooden panels each one fitted with a different array of bars, hinged brackets, chains and straps, all designed to restrain a body in different positions.

A trainer was standing before one that featured a heavy bar a metre long supported parallel to the wall on two adjustable brackets, which had been extended outwards for about fifty centimetres. He was using a lash on a naked Arab girl hung on it facing out from the wall with her arms pulled back behind her so that the bar pressed against the small of her back and into the crooks of her elbows. Heavy straps bound about her upper arms held her in place. Wrist cuffs and a chain across her belly pulled her lower arms forward so she could not lift herself off the bar. Her legs were spread and pulled back to the base of panel where they were secured by ankle cuffs. A wall-mounted angled dildo rod was buried between her brown buttocks, thrusting her hips forward so that it seemed that her whole body was bent about it and the bar. Counter tension was provided by a pair of adjustable chains hooked to the side rings of her collar which pulled her upper body and head painfully backwards and bowed out her chest, which meant that her neat high coffee brown breasts with their dark nipple crowns were outthrust and trembling invitingly, as if in competition with the naked brown cleft of her pussy for vulnerability. This had been pierced by two heavy silver rings midway down its length which passed through both inner and outer labia. These rings had been hooked to rubber garters bound about her thighs, stretching her sex mouth terrifyingly wide to expose its pink wet inner gash.

Her body was crisscrossed with dark stripes and welts, some of which were bleeding where they crossed. The floor under her was stained with blood and sweat and drips of her juices splashed from her inflamed pussy. She was biting on a rubber bit clenched between her white teeth with her eyes screwed up; sobbing and moaning and squirming in agony.

Swish, crack! The lash ripped across her chest once again making her firm high breasts shiver. Then the trainer changed his stance and swung it up between her splayed thighs, tearing its thongs through the soft wet flesh petals of her open vulva. As it came away wet with her juices she screamed again.

For several seconds Tanya gaped at her suffering in horrified fascination, an illicit tingle of slavish sympathy that set her nipples throbbing and her pussy tingling, closely followed by a flash of barely suppressed outrage. Was the man who sent her here watching through the room's CCTV

cameras right now? How could he permit this? Or perhaps it was exactly what he wanted. Perhaps this was normal. Perhaps she was the one who had not been punished as brutally as she might have been...

Fearfully Tanya dragged her eyes away and hunched down and began to clean the floor furiously, working her way around the edges of the room as far away from the suffering girl as she could. The trainer seemed to take no notice of her. I'm invisible, she thought, I'm invisible...

She hoped he would finish his session with the poor girl and then take her away so that she could finish her job. But he continued his terrible work and inexorably Tanya edged closer to him. Eventually she had cleaned the whole floor except for the couple of square metres around him and panel that held the poor beaten girl. If he did not move then she could not finish the job. Would Hariq understand?

Then he lowered his lash and turned to look down at Tanya and snapped his fingers and pointed at the floor underneath his victim.

'You... clean there now...' he said gruffly.

Tanya whimpered and bobbed head and shuffled forward desperately and began to clean up the terrible mess under the Arab girl, who she could hear snivelling and whimpering above her.

The trainer stood waiting patiently, his lash hanging limp as his side while Tanya worked furiously. There... it was done!

'Do not move!' he commanded.

Tanya froze trembling in fear. She heard the lash swish and crack on flesh and she flinched, for a moment imagining it was beating down across her own exposed back.

But it was the girl hung on the wall bar who screamed. There was a hissing sound and fountain of hot urine gushed from between her ring-stretched sex lips and splattered all over Tanya's back and head.

Tanya whimpered and bit her lip and screwed up her eyes as the pee soaked into her hair and down her cheeks and about her chest and dripped off the tips of her breasts.

When the flow finally ceased the trainer snapped his fingers again and pointed at the mess all about her. 'Clean it again...' he commanded.

* * *

Twenty minutes later Tanya presented herself to Hariq, still on her hands and knees fastened to the cleaning cart and still sodden and reeking of urine. Ironically, because of the bracing rods attached to her collar which limited the movement of her arms, the one thing she could not clean properly was her own back.

Hariq made no comment but simply led her to a corner of the courtyard where there was standpipe and hose and washed her down.

As the cold clear spray washed her clean Tanya wondered if it had all been a setup beyond a lesson in simple humiliation intended to test her willingness to follow orders. Perhaps it was meant to show her that she was not the most unfortunate slave here? Was she meant to feel gratitude because Roger had not sanctioned such a terrible lashing for her?

The truth was she no longer had any idea what was chance and what was planned, which only left her even more confused and helpless.

Perhaps *that* was the idea...

Chapter 16

The next day brought something entirely different.

Hariq took Tanya to a larger than standard torment room that contained what looked for all the world like a giant chessboard marked out in copper and steel squares almost a metre on each side. Each square was mirrored by a matching square in a sheet metal canopy hung three meters above it. Its resemblance to a chessboard was reinforced by the curious black and white objects scattered about it that stood a little over knee high that look a somewhat like giant chess pawns, although the fittings on them had nothing to do with the ancient game.

‘This is the Obedience Room,’ Hariq said. ‘Here you learn to do what you are told straight away. If you don’t move fast enough and don’t do it exactly then you get hurt, you understand, Melon Tits?’

That did not sound very different from what she had experienced so far. However the room turned it into a terrible kind of formal obedience game.

Tanya was one of four girls on the board, each with demeaning pet names like hers: Hot Bottom, Pink Pussy and Cherry Nipples. They were all trembling in fear as they stood on the corner squares facing into the board. Their arms were cuffed up into the small of their backs and they had double ended dildos plugged into their vaginas and jutting out from between their thighs, held in place either by hooks through their piercings or else heavy crocodile clips clamps about their labia.

Pink Pussy and Cherry Nipples were not pierced and Tanya felt a pang of sympathy as she saw the tears in their eyes as the crocodile clips bit into their tender flesh. Just for a few seconds she felt grateful for her double row of neat metal eyelets that made securing such things to her so easy... Oh God what was she thinking!

Their humiliation was furthered by metal rings buried deep in their

rectums which made them gape obscenely wide. The rings were held in place by curved spring steel spider-like legs that embraced their anal rings inside and out. Sprung electric cables ran up from these rings to rubber cups rimmed by large ball bearings and fitted with powerful internal magnets that held contact strips against the metal ceiling squares, reminding her a little of the pickups of dodgem cars at the fair, except that they were the ones wired for power.

Each girl stood in high heeled shoes which were padlocked to their feet. The shoes must also have had powerful magnets in their soles and heels that clung to the metal floor, even to the copper squares that must have had steel panels underneath them. Wires from their metal soles wound their way up their legs to labia clamps or piercing rings, sharing them with the dildo pins. They were all parts of electric circuits running from floor to ceiling which could be turned on at any time by their trainers who stood around the perimeter of the board at the various control panels.

They had all experienced one warning jolt of pain when they had first been made to stand on the board. It had seemed to explode in their loins as it flowed through the few centimetres of intimate fleshy passageway between their ring-plugged rectums and the lips of their pussies. Pink Pussy and Hot Bottom wet themselves and all of them had convulsed, rocking absurdly back and forth on their magnetised shoes, and screamed in pain, made louder by the fact that they were not gagged. It was the only freedom they were allowed. None of them wanted to experience that a second time. Fortunately all they had to do to spare themselves further pain was do what they were told without hesitation. And so they stood and trembled as they awaited their commands.

‘Hot Bottom: forward two squares!’ a trainer called out.

The pale freckle-skinned redheaded girl fearfully shuffled her magnetised feet forward, lifting one foot and then the other with effort and having them pulled back down again with sharp clangs as soon as they came close to the floor once more, setting her breasts jiggling. The sprung cable in her bottom tightened and then dragged the magnetised cup reluctantly along on its ring of ball bearings across the ceiling above her.

When she completed the move she gasped in relief.

‘Cherry Nipples: diagonally right forward three squares...’ Another command rang out.

This was a harder move for the slender olive skin girl. She had to make it without touching any of the squares on either side of the diagonal line. She lifted her knees high over the point at which the corners of the squares met, like a prancing pony and dropped them down in the middle of the next square. When she pulled her other foot into it she then shuffled across it so she had the least distance to bridge for the next step. She managed two squares like this but on the third one her heel touched one of the adjacent squares.

She screamed briefly as the current flowed through her from the wrong square. Then her convulsions pulled her heel onto the safe square and the pain ceased. And she blinked the tears from eyes all the other girls looked on in dismay.

‘Melon Tits: Skip one left’ Hariq told her.

Tanya whimpered. It was just possible to straddle an entire square. If her feet had been free it would have been easy to hop over it. But the magnets made it a terrible challenge. However she had no choice. Hariq’s fat finger hovered over a red button. If she hesitated she would be shocked anyway.

She shuffled up to the edge of the square and then lifted her left leg high and then spread it wide, making her plugged groin gape, and then stretched and dropped it on to the target square. Now she was awkwardly straddling a copper square with her bottom thrust out backwards to remain balanced while the end of the dildo plugged inside her pointed in the other direction, bobbing and wagging and trying to spoil her balance. She rocked herself from side to side to pick up momentum and then leaned over and hauled her right foot off the first square. But as it came free she lost her balance, twisted around wildly and then sat down on the copper square, stretching the cable ring in her rectum painfully.

She shrieked as the current stabbed up through her bare buttocks and out

of her anal ring. It felt as if the square under her was on fire stabbing her with hot pins!

Hariq let her thrash about screaming and sobbing for ten endless seconds before he cut off the power.

The shock left Tanya trembling in twitching but she knew she had to move. Somehow she twisted around onto her knees and struggled back onto her feet and completed her move and then stood there trembling with her head hung in shame. Why did she feel the shame of failure? She had nothing to feel ashamed about! They were the monsters mistreating her. But nevertheless she felt as if she had been at fault and was determined not to do it again.

Another trainer called out: 'Pink Pussy: Two squares left, then skip one forward...'

A pale ash blonde began stepping forward like somebody pulling boots out of thick mud as they went, fighting against fear and the clumsiness her magnetised shoes inflicted upon her.

The trainers were not playing a chess game as such, they were just teaching them blind obedience while moving the girls to where they wanted them.

Soon Cherry Nipples found herself on the square occupied one of the giant pawns. It had a ribbed dildo mounted vertically on its tip.

'Put it up your bottom,' her trainer told her and she obeyed. Shifting her feet round so she could squat down over the thing she pushed it rubber head up through the electric ring in her anus and deep into her rectum.

Pink Pussy and Hot bottom were manoeuvred onto the same square.

'Kiss,' they were told and they obeyed, opening their mouths wide and curling their tongues about each other while grinding their breasts flat between them.

Then came the instruction: 'Hot bottom: Bite her nipples...'

And Hot Bottom bit Pink Pussy's nipples, making her whimper.

'Screw her bottom hole!'

And miserably and fearfully they obeyed without question.

Meanwhile Tanya had been manoeuvred, one clumsy step at a time, onto the square next to Cherry Nipples, who was still sodomising herself.

'Bend over,' Hariq told her, and she bent, presenting her bottom to Cherry Nipples.

'Screw her bottom until you both cum,' Cherry Nipples' trainer told her.

And so she did, pulling herself off the pawn dildo and ramming her own rubber phallus up into Tanya's gaping bottom hole, making her gasp as it stretched her passageway while she swayed impossibly far forward on her magnetised high heels.

But she was not energetic enough and both of them screamed as they felt the squares they stood on briefly flowing with power which crackled through both of them. Then Cherry Nipples screwed Tanya desperately, making her eyes water, until both of them came.

So they were ordered about, going through all the permutations their flesh permitted. They were not allowed off the board for a minute. One of the pawns was in fact a mobile toilet with a funnel in its top which they used when commanded. They stood still when commanded, they screwed each other when commanded, and they made love to the inanimate playing pieces when commanded. And move by move, struggling against their magnetised high heels which made every step a challenge, they learned their lesson.

Tanya saw it in their eyes: looks of hopeless resignation setting in. Any idea of resistance or independent thought was being ground out of them. They were becoming true pawns of the kings that ruled the board: *men!*

By evening Tanya knew she would never be able to look at a chessboard

again without flinching with a memory of sharp electric pain and a surge of fear and resentment, yet at the same time feeling her pussy growing hot and wet as she trembled and dripped: waiting for the next command.

Chapter 17

Tanya did not know if it was significant or not, but the next morning she was paired up with the same three girls – Hot Bottom, Cherry Nipples and Pink Pussy – in another torment room. Perhaps they thought seeing familiar faces sharing each other's ordeal made it easier to accept. Hariq did not explain it that way of course; he simply led her into the room and secured her with the others who were already in place.

The middle of the room was taken up by four sturdy two metre tall poles forming the corners of a square. Hung on hooks screwed into their sides were spanking paddles and canes. The tops of the poles were connected by beams as if to form the frame of an open box. Mounted on the ground between each pair of poles were four trays supported by adjustable stands which contained a row of half a dozen rolling pin sized objects each bristling with sharp metal studs.

The women were bent at the hips over these trays so that their dangling breasts were pressed against them. Their arms were pulled out wide and secured to the poles by cuffs and sprung chains. Their feet were also spread and chained and cuffed to rings set in the floor. To keep their bottoms raised hinged adjustable internally sprung rods with padded T-bars across their ends were mounted on the floor beneath them and swung upwards so they pressed into the angles formed between their lower stomachs and hips.

The T-bars also supported pussy flushing cups and nozzles mounted on powered arms currently folded down flat against them.

‘They will work automatically after you have been used,’ Hariq told Tanya. ‘They will keep you nice and clean and fresh and oiled however many times you are had...’

Tanya felt sick already.

More sprung chains were connected from the poles on either side of

them to the side rings of their collars. A third sprung chain ran from the back ring of their collars up to the cross beam above them, while a fourth chain ran from the front ring of their collars down to tethering rings bolted to the floor.

The tension between all of these chains had the effect of holding the women positioned exactly over the beds of spiked rollers with some play against the many sets of springs to allow them to move forward and back slightly and a little up and down and to the side, but always being pulled back to their original position with their breasts mashed against the rollers.

To prevent her nipple rings been caught up in the rollers, Hariq pushed a rubber bar into Tanya's mouth like a bit. It had elastic cords hanging from its ends which he hooked to her nipples rings. The tension bent her nipples upwards and pulled the rings towards her mouth, flattening them against the heavy swells of her breasts.

'Don't let that go unless you want to your nipples torn off, Melon Tits,' he warned her sincerely.

She shuddered and gulped and nodded. She would be sure not to let that happen.

'It is very easy,' Hariq continued: 'Anybody can come in here this morning and beat or have you from behind. This will make you swing back and forwards and your lovely titties will rub over the spikes and you will cry. But the quicker they are satisfied the sooner your titties stop running over the spikes, do understand?

Tanya nodded. There were being taught to give pleasure on demand without inhibition.

Hariq left the room, leaving the door open wide so anybody walking past or out in the courtyard could see they were available. Tanya imagined the spectacle they made. Four pretty naked women well chained down with their bare bottoms pushed out and legs spread wide and with spanking devices hanging invitingly nearby. Normal for Jazirat Tadib, in other words...

Tanya felt her nipples swelling, made uncomfortable by the spikes pressing against the undersides and the tension on their rings. With her breasts just flopping down on top of them unmoving it was uncomfortable but bearable. But she did not want to imagine what it would feel like if they were in motion. Her pussy tingled and began to grow hot and slick in anticipation. She could no longer stop herself responding like this. Her body knew what was going to happen was inevitable so it was preparing for it. Already it was coming to be an unconscious reflex.

She looked across the square at the faces of the other women. They were all gagged by one means or another, so they could only stare dumbly at each other, but she could see the fearful anticipation growing in their faces as well. They tried smiling sympathetically at each other. It was a kind of companionship. That was all they had to offer.

Tanya wondered what their real names were, as they might wonder about hers. Of course they were in no position to exchange them. Perhaps it was better this way. Let their degradingly named alter-egos suffer while they preserved some shred of dignity for their real selves. Today's nightmare was only happening to Melon Tits. Tanya was elsewhere...

A man in Arab dress came into the room and walked about the ring of outthrust bottoms, patting and stroking them and sliding his hand between their thighs to cup their hot pendant pussy mounds with the air of a connoisseur. He selected Hot Bottom's perfectly smooth and shapely posterior and took down a cane and began to beat her.

Hot Bottom's fearful eyes bulged as her body lunge forward away from the cruel cane, grinding her breasts over the bed of rollers. Her nipples stood up with terrible hardness as if trying to defy the sharp studs which left rows of indentations in her soft flesh.

She began to sob and scream about her gag and tears ran down her cheeks. Her cries must have attracted attention to the room, because another man came in and then a pair of training cocks on their break...

* * *

Tanya wailed as the big cock filled her bottom and rammed into her with bruising intensity.

The force drove forward against the sprung chains that held her in their web, grinding her big hot breasts over the terrible bed of spiked rollers. Already her breasts felt like mincemeat and she was sure they had been slashed to pieces. But when she squinted down past the elastic cords holding her nipple rings out of the jaws of the spikes she saw they were simply a mottled scarlet, dotted with multiple tracks of purple indentations where the spikes had dug deep into them. She bit harder on the rubber bar, straining to keep her nipples up and out of harms way as far as possible, knowing she was only exposing the soft heavy undersides of her breasts to even more damage.

The simple response rose up in her mind: that was what they were for. Melon Tits's melon tits there to suffer...

No, no, no! Don't think like that.

She looked across red tear streaked faces straining with pain as they bit on their gags and dribbled about them as they were jerked forward and back by the thrusting cocks and the beating of paddles and the swishing of canes. The air was filling with the tang of spilt sperm and the muskier aroma of dripping female juices as they strained to satisfy their many users and drain the lust from them and cut short their own suffering. Of course that meant acting like insatiable sluts...

It was so unfair! What had they done to deserve this, Tanya thought?

Apparently simply being attractive woman in the power of men with money was damnation enough in this part of the world.

And then a sudden powerful orgasm overtook Tanya, almost like a blessing, and she wrapped herself within it and fainted dead away.

Chapter 18

At midday Tanya, Hot Bottom, Cherry Nipples and Pink Pussy witnessed another slave girl passing out ceremony. This time she heard what it was called in Arabic: *takhruj*, meaning graduation. She suspected the word was used mockingly.

With their breasts still sore and simmering from the spiked rollers, they were hung from posts along with all the slaves, squirming and grinding helplessly against the power dildo wheels that churned in their soft wet clefts, as a woman voluntarily submitted to the hideous ceremony of the ritual beating, gang bang and then the terrible sun branding. Even as she came with shameful voyeuristic passion Tanya knew she would never have the courage to beg for that. In which case she would be here for ever!

Then she realized that idea was foolish and melodramatic. She would be here until Roger saw it was hopeless and was wasting his money and then took her away. But how long would that be and what physical and mental state would she be in by then? Perhaps he would feel sorry for her and express guilt for what he done. It would be a victory of sorts for her but that was the only good things she could hope for. Because of course by then their marriage would be over for ever...

* * *

That afternoon, by contrast, Tanya was left almost alone to suffer. She was not even strapped or chained down, although of course she was not free in any meaningful sense. Whether it was a lesser or greater ordeal than the spiked breast rollers she could not decide.

This new torment room contained a large bed covered by a white latex sheet with a mirror hung over it. Reflected in it Tanya could see herself. She was encased in a flesh-tinted plaint latex rubber doll outfit, rather like an inflatable sex doll with a flesh filling instead of air. Also unlike an inflatable doll it had integral braces that kept her arms stiff and straight and spread a

little out from her sides and her legs straight at the knees and parted wide. The feet and hands of the doll suit were fingerless and toeless, like rubber mittens and socks, meaning she could not take hold of anything. The only real flesh that showed was through the cut-outs over her eyes, lips (rimmed by red plastic crescent lips applied to appear like garish lipstick), her breasts, groin and bottom.

Her mouth gaped wide within the red plastic doll lips and a soft pink medical quality foam rubber tongue protruded from between them. This was pinned to the eyelets piercing her own tongue and formed a quite effective gag while leaving her mouth open and accessible. In the same way large fake red rubber nipples were pinned to the eyelets piercing her own nipples that throbbed beneath them. To complete the grotesque set, puffy soft red plastic sex lips were pinned to her own outer labia, making them gape wide as if displaying her sexual availability like some monkey on heat.

Her pink latex skin also glistened. It had been covered with sunflower oil.

Within the suit Tanya sweated helplessly, lying on the bed like some perverted pink gingerbread woman acutely aware of those few exposed but intimate parts of her. She was not externally restrained because she was confined within its tight clinging skin and by the hidden braces so she could not move more than a few centimetres, squirming and twisting feebly. She was spread out waiting for some man to come in and enjoy the novel sensation of screwing a real living woman trapped inside a latex sex doll skin. Was this kind of fetishism popular in Qwarain or was it just another way of training her to accept any kind of dehumanising sexual activity? Oh God, was Roger a secret rubber fetishist?

A man came into the room. He had on anonymous Arab robes and she could not see his face because he was wearing a latex mask.

Tanya's stomach knotted. He seemed older than the usual training cock lads. Was he one of the trainers giving her a lesson or was he her first genuine rubber fetishist? Did they drop in on the island knowing there would always be women needing education in their specialised interest?

Silently he walked around Tanya, examining her from every angle. Then he parted the front of his robes to reveal a large stiff penis also encased in a rubber sheath except for its purple plum tip. Then he bent over her and squeezed and stroked her rubber wrapped body. He put his arms under her and heaved her over onto her face, her oiled body flopping and slithering about helplessly over her slippery rubber sheet. He stroked her bare oiled bottom framed by an oval cut-out of latex. A pair of red latex disks been stuck in the middle of her bottom cheeks, looking as if they were blush marks.

Then he spanked her backside hard, the echoes ringing back from the walls of the room, making her bottom flesh shiver within its rubber cut-out collar and bringing tears to her eyes. She could feel her bottom cheeks burning and she could imagine they were going as red as the rubber discs stuck to them. She could not defend herself. All she could do was bounce on the mattress and drool about her pink tongue.

Finally he stop spanking her and heaved over onto her back again.

He fondled her bare breasts, now also shiny with oil, running his fingers about her foam rubber nipples and simulating her real flesh areolas. She felt them harden and stand-up, lifting their rubber tips high. Then he slapped her breasts, making them bounce about around the tight collars of latex at their roots. He pushed his fingers deep into her sex and churned them around until she moaned. He pulled them out sticky with her juices and wiped them over her breasts, adding to their gloss.

Then he stood back and slid off his robes. He was covered from head to foot in latex rubber. He clambered onto the bed and mounted her helpless rubber-wrapped body. Their rubber skins slithered across each other as his hard penis penetrated her, its rubber shaft sliding past her rubber sex lips while only its exposed head touched the living flesh of her deep in a passageway. His rubber covered chest squashed her rubber nipples and flattened her hot glossy flesh breasts. She looked into dark and intense eyes peering out through the slots in his mask. Who was he? She didn't even know his nationality. She would never know.

He jerked and grunted and rode her fiercely until with a gasp and a

shudder and a grunt of satisfaction, he spurted his seed out into her depths.

He lay contentedly on top of Tanya for several minutes while she felt his penis shrink within her. Then he pulled out of her, got off the bed, put his robes back on and left as silently as he had arrived, still without a word spoken. Behind him his seed seeped out of Tanya's cleft and over her rubber thighs and onto the latex sheet under her hot sticky simmering bottom.

Only when he was gone did her attendant stir.

Tanya was not quite alone in the room. There was a pretty black slave girl chained to the foot of the bed by her collar who her rubber-clad visitor had totally ignored. Hariq had called her Chocolate Tips, presumably in reference to her large dark brown nipples which had golden rings through them. They did look good enough to nibble on, Tanya thought guiltily. Chocolate Tips also had a gold chastity belt on with her wrists cuffed to its back, presumably to make it clear to Tanya's visitors that she was not available. She had quite another purpose to fulfil.

A pussy-flusher cup and nozzle device was strapped into her mouth with the tubes snaking away between her bare legs to some supply tap and waste pipe under the bed. Because Tanya was not laying in a fixed position on the bed an automatic system would not apparently work to freshen her up between uses. It required human judgement.

The flusher cup and nozzle looked grotesque jutting out of the black girl's mouth with her soft brown eyes blinking above it. Apparently she activated it by biting on the handle section in her mouth, which of course also functioned as an effective gag. All she and Tanya could do was look at each other while they each did what was necessary.

Chocolate Tips clambered onto the bed between Tanya's latex cover thighs and dipped her head and pushed the nozzle into her pussy and pressed the cups firmly about it to form a seal. Tanya shuddered as the warm water flowed through her, flushing her clean. Then there came the blast of hot air drying her off and Tanya was ready for another visitor.

Chocolate Tips pulled the nozzle out of her and set back on the heels.

Tanya tried to smile about her plastic rimmed lips and fake tongue, thanking her for this intimate service. Chocolate Tips could only bob her head and smile with her eyes in return. Then she clambered down and huddled up against the foot of the bed again.

Tanya felt a renewed twinge of white guilt at having a black girl serving her. But they were both equal here, were they? Both were females and sex slaves. Perhaps tomorrow she'd be chained to the bed washing Chocolate Tips' pussy out while she was swaddled in a rubber doll skin. That would only be fair...

Suddenly Tanya felt her eyes filling with tears. No, none of it was fair!

Chapter 19

It was no less fair or pleasant the next morning when Hariq took Tanya to a new torment room and put her in yet another device designed to break her will to resist and turn her into a compliant slave. How many of these terrible things did they have, Tanya wondered? Would they ever run out? She could only hope so. But it seemed not today...

The device consisted of two tall heavy square posts connected by a crossbar so that they formed what looked like a large freestanding door frame mounted on a low plinth. Recessed into the top of the plinth between the uprights was a heavy metal grille. There were chains and ankle cuffs bolted to the base of the uprights and a pair of wire rope nooses dangling halfway up the side posts dangling from pulleys recessed into the inner faces of the post and connected to some mechanism concealed within them. More cuffs and chains hung from the frame's crossbar. Also fitted to the upright posts was a microphone headset on the end of a coiled cable and a small control pad.

Hariq stood Tanya in the frame with her legs spread wide straddling the grill with the sides of her feet pressed against its inside faces. He buckled the cuffs about her ankles. He freed her arms from behind her back and had her stretch them up above her head so he could cuff wrists to the crossbar of the frame. Now she stood within the frame with her body forming an inverted "Y".

As Hariq buckled the restraints to her, Tanya felt the usual sick amalgam of fear and anticipation rising within her, and yet that feeling was becoming so familiar it was almost normal. Normal for Jazirat Tadib, at least. Would it be worse if she felt nothing at all? Yes, she told herself, because then she would be dead or broken in spirit which would be almost as bad. To feel something meant she was still alive!

Hariq pulled the wire rope nooses out from the frame sides. They were sheathed in clear pliant plastic. He slid them over her breasts and tightened them about their roots, making them bulge tautly like pink balloons. Then

from his pocket he took out a small coil spring with hooks on each end which he fastened to her nipple rings, spanning her cleavage. Then he uncoiled the microphone headset and fitted it onto her head, hooking it about her ears and positioning the microphone on its adjustable arm to one side of her mouth.

This was new, Tanya thought with trepidation. That explained why he had not put her tongue padlock back in after breakfast. But what was it all for?

Hariq walked around her taut naked body, examining her critically from all angles. Then he cupped and squeezed her ballooning breasts.

‘You were made for of this device, Melon Tits. These boobies will suffer so nicely. Lots of stretching in them. Plenty of time to beg...’

‘Please, Master Hariq, what am I meant to do?’ Tanya asked nervously.

‘When I start this going the nooses will slowly tighten, yes? They will pull your melons out sideways, stretching them and your pretty nips.’ He tapped the microphone beside her mouth. ‘This is connected to speakers out in courtyard. When it is turned on you must beg men to come in and screw you up pussy or bottom hole, because when they stand here...’ he stamped on the grill between her legs ‘...then the nooses will loosen again, you see?’

Tanya gulped. ‘Yes Master... I see, Master,’ was all she could say.

‘You will call in English and Arabic. Now I will teach you words you must use. The more you mean them and the more men who come to screw you, the less your titties will be stretched and strangled...’

* * *

Half an hour later Tanya’s voice began to ring out about the courtyard from speakers mounted above the door to her torment room. She spoke in English and Arabic with increasing desperation, fear and pain filling her voice.

‘Please screw my hot pussy, masters... please screw my tight bottom... please screw me... my body is yours... I want you inside me... I beg you!’

Inside the nooses tightened slowly but inexorably about her breasts, driven by low geared motors hidden within the posts. They no longer bulged like pink balloons or pink melons but distorted purple ones as the blood was slowly choked from them. They were being stretched out sideways while the spring between her nipple rings resisted, so their tips were pulled together at the same time. They felt as if they would tear apart and snap like elastic and there was nothing to stop them. She could not argue with a machine.

She looked up at the ubiquitous CCTV cameras recording her suffering. Was Roger seeing this? 'Roger, please stop this!' she begged. But the nooses continued to squeeze the life out of her breasts. He could not or would not help her now. Her only hope lay in other men... any other men!

Tears were streaming down her cheeks and splashing onto her distorted breasts. Her voice was breaking up and she choked out: 'please... I beg you... somebody... anybody... screw me!'

A man entered the room. He was a short, plump, hook-nosed, narrow eyed, loose lipped, grizzled, middle aged Arab, but to Tanya he looked beautiful.

He walked up to her, grinning evilly, and stood on the plinth grille in front of her. His nose only came up to her stretched nipples.

The motors stop turning and the nooses relaxed, paying out their slack. Slowly Tanya's aching tender breasts pulled themselves back together into their normal positions. It was the most wonderful thing she had ever felt. The nooses opened up and blood began to flow back into them and then she whimpered as they filled with agonising pins and needles. But that was also wonderful.

The Arab cupped and squeezed her breasts and then he slapped them hard. She whimpered and then smiled at him. He pushed his hand between her trembling thighs and fingered and pinched her pussy. She winced and then smiled again. Then he walked around behind her and slapped her buttocks appreciatively. Curiously he slid a stubby finger up into the hot tight passageway of her greased anus. She squeezed on it in welcome. While he stood on the grill and handled her then her breasts would not be torn apart

before her eyes. A few pinches and slaps and fingering? Why that was almost nothing. He could keep doing it all day if he wanted.

She heard a rustle of cloth and then his hands clasped her hips and then a hard penis was rammed up into her bottom. She sucked on it with desperate passion, savouring every thrust. Please stay up there as long as you want, she thought silently.

He lasted five wonderful minutes before spurting his sperm up into her entrails. Then he pulled out of her, patted her bottom and then left.

A different set of motors hummed from somewhere down between Tanya's legs. An automatic pussy flush hose and cup with twin nozzles, shaped to wrap around her open groin, rose up on a telescopic rod out of a trap in the middle of the grille. It enclosed her pussy and bottom cleavage while its twin nozzles slid up into her vagina and rectum. She shuddered as they flushed her clean, oiled her rear passage and then blew her dry. Then it retracted out of sight again.

The motors hidden in the posts began to hum and slowly the nooses began to draw tight about her breasts again. With a sob Tanya began to beg into her microphone, offering every imaginable pleasure her body had to give to any passing stranger...

* * *

Tanya enticed in three more men over the next two hours as result of her pitiful pleading and she struggled shamelessly to please shamelessly, offering the use of both her orifices as many times as they wished if only they would stay with her and keep the terrible nooses at bay. There was a frightening gap after last one left and Tanya had almost reached the screaming stage again, feeling as if her breasts were going to be ripped off her chest while her nipples would be torn off them simultaneously, when two men entered the room.

One was Director Mharood and the other was a plump, balding, Westerner in a crisp white linen suit and Panama hat.

The Director stepped onto a corner of the frame's base grille and Tanya sobbed in relief as the nooses slackened off.

Mharood turned off her microphone and then said in English to his companion: 'Here you see one of our guest women in training on one of our automated computer-controlled devices. As you see she has been pierced as her husband specified. Another service we offer...'

The man blinked uncertainly at Tanya's ringed nipples and pierced labia, taking in her trembling naked body, purple breasts and haggard, desperate features. 'Is she in much pain?' he asked in an Italian accent. 'She is not being permanently... damaged?'

'Nothing she cannot recover from,' Mharood assured him. 'She is a young, healthy female. They are remarkably resilient. It is necessary that she learns what suffering is so that she will serve her husband totally and completely without inhibition. Already she has learned how to give men pleasure with her body. Does she please you?'

The man walked around Tanya's frame looking her over from every angle. Hesitantly he stroked and patted her buttocks and then returned to stand in front of her and felt the weight of her hot tingling breasts. She saw a bulge forming in the front of his immaculately cut trousers.

'Yes, she is quite lovely.' He looked at the bruises forming about the roots of her breasts where the nooses cut into them. 'But these marks...?'

'Will heal very quickly,' Mharood assured him smoothly. 'They are necessary and quite normal. Why not try her out? She has been trained to respond to the pet name of "Melon Tits". Ask her if she wants to serve you.'

The man looked slightly embarrassed as he looked Tanya in the eye. 'You... Melon Tits... do you want to serve me?' he asked.

It was frightening how easily the words poured out of her. 'Yes Master. Please Master, have me anyway you wish, Master. I am tight at the back and wet and juicy at the front. Enjoy me for as long as you wish... I beg you.'

He licked his lips and glanced at Mharood who nodded. 'It is what she is here for,' he said encouragingly. 'You will be assisting in her training...'

The man pulled his flies open; freeing a good sized erection, and stepped between Tanya's legs and clasped her buttocks firmly and rammed it deep up into her pussy.

She squeezed tight about him and pushed her sore, noose-bound breasts into his face and felt a thrill of delight when he kissed them passionately.

* * *

Tanya looked lingeringly after the nice Italian gentleman and the Director as they departed. He had kept the terrible nooses at bay for fully fifteen minutes while he jiggled his cock inside her and afterwards had been very complimentary about the hot, lush qualities of her pussy.

He must have been deciding whether to send some woman under his power to the island, as she realized. And Mharood had used her as a living demonstration model. Well why not? That was what she was here for and if it had not been him then it would have been somebody else...

And then an image came into her head. Weeks or months ago, unknown to her, had Roger visited the island in the same way? Had Mharood shown him some wretched helpless bound woman in the middle of her suffering and invited him to put his cock inside her, so he could understand what she would now be feeling?

'Please screw me now!' she yelled into the microphone.

She would cum over the next cock put up inside her and have such an orgasm that for a few seconds it would blot out the terrible bleak thoughts filling her mind.

Chapter 20

That afternoon it was just Hariq and herself inside a small torment room, which was something of a relief.

It contained no elaborate equipment, just a low table on which it looked as if a second table had been upended. It had a post at each corner rising to about head high and fitted with the usual rings, chains and cuffs. Tanya lay spread-eagled between them with her shoulders and bottom resting on a rubber covered padded mat that filled the table top with her arms and legs raised and stretched out towards the top of each post, held there by wrist and ankle cuffs.

It was one of the least uncomfortable positions she had endured since she had been on the island and the table seemed to have no other hidden functions. Her tongue padlock was back in place and of course her groin was exposed, but when had it not been? There were the usual rack of phallic devices, canes and straps hanging on the wall but that also seemed quite normal. At least she was not at the mercy of a mindless machine.

Once he had secured her, Hariq patted her in a friendly way, examining the bruises that now ringed the base of her breasts and her nipples. She winced at his touch.

‘Don’t worry, Melon Tits,’ he said with gruff reassurance. ‘It always feels worse than it is. They’ll fade in two, maybe three days then your titties will be perfect again and ready for more!’

That thought was not comforting.

Hariq unhooked a new device from his belt and held it where she could see, beaming all over his fat face so that the tips of his moustache lifted. It looked like the barrel of a rubber covered flashlight with a stiff coiled whip on its end which he shook out so that it sprang into a metre long springy shaft. It seemed to be made of black rubber banded with dozens of silver

rings set at close intervals.

‘See this,’ he said proudly. ‘A new model electric whip cane! Nearly stiff like a cane, nearly springy like a whip. It gives many shocks from end to end when it hits skin and the electric jumps between one little ring and the next ring... swish... crack, spark, you see!’

Tanya gulped and nodded. ‘I see, Master Hariq,’ he said indistinctly about her padlocked tongue.

‘And I think: who shall I try out on first? Why, my best slave girl Melon Tits! She will scream so prettily.’

It was an honour she could have done without. Despairingly she said: ‘Thank you, Master Hariq,’

‘Now, where do I begin?’ he pondered, stroking the springy whip shaft across her aching breasts, flipping the rings hanging from her bruised nipples up and down.

Tanya was filled with dismay. ‘Not my tits, Master Hariq, please not my tits... they are still so sore!’

‘Where then?’ Hariq asked, stroking the whip down her body and across her spread thighs.

She was going to made to beg for it, wasn’t she? But there was no other choice.

‘My pussy, Master Hariq, please... will you try your wonderful new whip on my pussy.’

‘But will you still scream?’ Hariq wondered, stroking the whip through her gaping cleft which tingled and throbbed and began to grow hot and slick.

‘Yes, I will scream, Master Hariq,’ Tanya promised.

‘And will you wet yourself like a naughty girl?’

‘Yes, I will wet myself like a naughty girl, Master Hariq,’ Tanya said sincerely.

He moved round to stand at the end of the table, looking up her naked helpless body at the trembling mounds of her abused breasts and the gaping wet slot of her pierced pussy. ‘Do you beg me to whip cane you, Melon Tits?’

‘I beg you to whip cane me, Master Hariq,’ she said, feeling her poor nipples standing up hard.

He grinned and drew back his arm and slashed the whip cane across her groin.

Tanya screamed as it cut through her cleft, electric sparks flashing between its rings and even earthing through the golden eyelets studding her labia. The whip tongue rasped through it like a snake, stinging and stabbing as it went. The pain was exquisite! The rapid pulse of shocks overwhelmed her and since it seemed she had no inhibitions or pride left as she promised she wet herself, sending a stream of hot clear pee out from between her legs in an arc to splash on the rubber torment room floor.

‘Very pretty,’ Hariq chuckled and drew back his arm and lashed the whip cane into her groin again and again, making her soft pink pliant labia shiver and splash with urine and a surge of her lubricating juices.

Tanya screamed again. Even in her agony she was getting aroused!

Swish, crack, crackle... ‘Ahhhh!’

Nothing could be worse than this!

‘Eeek!’

Did she mean that? Truly nothing?

‘Ohhhhh!’

Yes, nothing. She could sink no lower. She had arrived at a place where

there were no more horrors she had not already experienced...

‘Ahhhh!’

But if that was true...

Tanya forced her next scream into coherent words: ‘Eeeek...Master Hariq! I want to leave! I had enough. I... I want to go to the courtyard... I want *takhruj*! Sun brand me! Do which you want! I want to go home!’

Hariq lowered the whip cane. ‘Are you sure, Melon Tits?’

‘Yes... yes I’m sure master Hariq. Takhruj. I’m ready. Don’t you think I’m ready?’

‘You might be...’ He moved round to the head of the table caught hold of the hair and dragged her head across it until it overhung the end. He pried open her mouth and unhooked her tongue padlock. ‘How will you show you are ready?’

‘Let me suck you off, Master! I want you down my throat... all the way until I nearly choke!’

He laid the whip cane across her simmering wet thighs and squeezed her bruised breasts until she whimpered in pain.

‘And what about these, Melon Tits?’

‘Squeeze them as hard you like, Master, make me cry again... they are yours to play with...’

He parted his robes and thrust his huge cock into her mouth.

She swallowed it down as if it was a whole sausage, feeling it filling her throat. She could not breathe but that did not matter. If she passed out then at least she would have proved her willing.

Hariq squeezed her sore breasts and stretched her bruised nipples and she screamed about his pumping shaft. But she did not try to pull away. She

let him choose when she could breathe, snatching a precious lungful of air between his thrusts. She let him ravage her throat and sucked on him with desperate gratitude. It was not so hard when you simply gave in...

With a grunt Hariq spurted down her gullet and then pulled his shaft almost out of her. Still panting for breath she lapped and sucked his big purple cock head. Then she rolled her eyes up to him and said: 'Please wipe your cock clean on the hair, Master Hariq.'

He did so, slowly and carefully and it seemed to her thoughtfully.

She looked up at him fearfully and saw a grin cross his big face. 'I will take you to see the Director and tell him I think you are ready for the takhruj,' he told her.

* * *

As Tanya knelt meekly before his desk, with her legs spread as submissively wide as she could make them, Director Mharood steeped his fingers and looked down at her closely.

'Do you really wish to undergo the ceremony of takhruj, Mrs Bromley?' he asked formally.

'I do, Director,' Tanya said.

'You know what it involves?'

'Yes, Director. I've seen it.'

'Is she ready, Hariq?'

'I think she is, Director,' Hariq said.

'Then she must prove it to me...'

Mharood got up and came round to the front of his desk. He was holding an electric spanking paddle. He pulled on a hidden catch on the front of the desk and a sturdy horizontal board slid out from beneath the desktop

supported by an unfolding bracing bracket. It had three large holes cut it forming a triangle, with a single larger one at the top nearest the lip of the desk. This was ovoid and lined with rubber and also crossed by a soft rubber bar. The two beneath it were circular and rimmed by sharp metal studs. The director pulled at a latch beneath the board and spiked hoops extended out beneath these holes, forming a pair of small baskets.

‘Stand-up, Mrs Bromley,’ Mharood commanded, and she obeyed.

‘Remove Mrs Bromley’s leash and cuffs, Hariq,’ he instructed, and Hariq did so.

Now she was completely unrestrained, apart from her collar.

‘If to you wish to show you are ready to face the courtyard and takhruj, then you will voluntarily and without being forced in any way, lay on the board with your breasts hanging in the spike holes and beg me to spank your bottom ten times and then sodomised you, do you understand?’

Tanya gulped. ‘Yes, Director,’ she said.

She stepped forward and lay down across the board with her head to the desk end so that the board’s rounded leading edge pressed against the tops of her thighs. Her face rested in the oval cut-out with her teeth clenched about the rubber bar like a bit, so that she was staring down at the floor while her heavy breasts swayed and then slid through the spike rimmed holes. Their weight pressed them into the basket of spikes beneath them. Tanya whimpered as they dug into her soft tender flesh. It felt like pushing her bare tits into a rose bush. But as long as she kept still it was bearable. Except that was not going to be possible...

She spread her legs invitingly and braced her hands on her knees and said around a bit in her mouth: ‘I beg you give my bottom ten strokes of your paddle, please Director.’

Mharood took up position behind her and stroked his hand across her outthrust buttocks. Then he rested the blade of the paddle against them. She felt its electric studs brush her flesh. Then he swung his arm back...

Swish, crack! Tanya shrieked as her bottom flesh rippled and then seemed to be stabbed through with electric needles. Her helpless flinch made her breasts jump, setting them banging against the spiked baskets in which they hung. Tanya shrieked again and bit on the rubber bar.

Mharood slashed his paddle across her bottom a second time and again she screamed twice.

A third terrible stroke followed and then a fourth...

Her bottom felt as if it was on fire and trickles of hot blood were dripping off her breasts onto the floor but there was no turning back. The paddle was kissing the pouting lips of her sex as it cut into the lower curves of her buttocks, sending electric pins of pain through them as well. She felt her pussy responding and swelling. Now she was dripping with lubricating juices. The paddle was splattering them over her thighs and coming away wet. But that was good, wasn't it?

...nine... ten... and suddenly there were no more cracks of rubber on flesh only the lingering burning, tingling of her buttocks and the hot sharp pricks of her breasts. For a moment stillness seemed to be the most precious thing in the world. If she just held still it would go away. But she could not hold still...

Speaking about the rubber bar Tanya said: '... please, Director would you... please... put your cock up my bottom!'

He took up position between her spread legs and parted his robes and rammed his shaft up into her waiting well-greased bottom. Taking hold her hips he then began to sodomise her hard and deep. And every thrust made her rock forward, setting her breasts swaying again, smacking them into the spiked baskets in which they hung. She sobbed and moaned and bit on her rubber bit and squeezed his cock with her anal sphincter even as more drops of blood were falling to the floor under her. But this was nothing, she told herself. She could do it! She could do anything... even cum like this!

She felt his sperm spurting up inside her and let it loosen her loins so that a starburst of pleasure exploded in her brain...

* * *

Tanya was still sprawled face down across the board when she recovered her senses.

But Mharood's cock was no longer inside her rear, which ached and felt strangely empty. Her stinging, throbbing bloody breasts hung still under her within their terrible spiked baskets and her bottom burned and simmered and sperm was leaking out her ravaged anus. Her arms were dangling limply and her legs were sagging with her knees turned in. But really all that was almost restful. She could lie here all day...

Feebly she unclenched her teeth from the rubber bit and lifted her head.

Mharood was sitting behind his desk again looking across it at her with a smile on his face. Hariq was standing beside him beaming happily. Mharood swung his laptop round so that she could see its screen. It displayed an array of punishment and restraint devices, some familiar to her and some new, strange and terrible.

'Now, Mrs Bromley, would you choose what apparatus you wish us to use for your takhruj? The wheel is traditional, but we always strive for variety on Jazirat Tadib...'

Tanya began to laugh hysterically.

Chapter 21

At noon the next day Tanya stepped naked out into the sundrenched courtyard.

Before her was the ring of posts with naked girls dangling beneath their awnings with the powered dildo wheels already ground into their clefts. A crowd of trainers, workers and training cock lads were gathered about the central podium. All there for her takhruj.

Her heart was pounding. It felt unreal. Not the setting, which she was complete familiar with, or her nudity, but the fact that she was totally unrestrained! Apart from her collar she was wearing only a pair of sandals to protect her feet from the heat of the stones but otherwise nothing. No leash, no cuffs, nothing!

For a moment her nerve almost failed her and she came close to breaking down in tears at the appalling ordeal that faced her and turning and running. Then the cameraman stepped forward and began filming her for the CCTV coverage. Roger would be watching this...

So Tanya lifted her chin and gritted her teeth and strode on proudly, making her big pale perfect breasts bounce with every step. Hariq had spent hours treating her bruises and lacerations and then carefully applying make-up to cover them. She was exposing herself like this because she had chosen to and therefore had to look her best! She would give Roger what he wanted, but on her own terms! I look devastating naked, she told herself. Men are going to cream their pants at the sight of me!

The sun beat almost vertically down upon her, glinting off her nipple rings and labia eyelets. There would be plenty of heat and light for her branding... at least it would be quick.

She made her way round the array of slave girls hanging on their poles, squirming in anticipation, smiling up at a few familiar faces and even more

familiar bodies and kissing their feet and saying: 'Wish me luck...'

Then she strode across to the podium where Mharood, Saliff and Hariq waited beside her chosen torment device.

It was a door sized parallel double grid of bars connected at the corners by heavy greased bolt shafts standing; upright like a wafer without a filling, supported at the middle of each side by pivot joints connected a forked mount on a swivel stand. The Girl Press, it was called...

Without a hand upon her Tanya slipped inside it and stepped up and slid her feet into the rests in the lower corners of the rear set of bars. Then she spread her arms out to its upper corners. Mharood and Hariq bound straps about her wrists, ankles and waist. Then they turned the big butterfly nuts that screwed the two halves of the frame together, pressing her soft body between them. There were wider openings in the grid of bars for her face, breasts, pussy and buttocks and these bulged out through them as the pressure increased. The cameraman moved in closer, capturing every detail of her distended flesh.

Tanya welcomed the pressure and the helplessness it brought. It meant she no longer had to control herself. She was committed. All she had to do was endure...

When she was sandwiched so tightly between the grills that she could hardly breathe she said: 'I offer my breasts and bottom to you as thanks for my correction, Masters. Teach then one last lesson...'

Hariq stepped forward and pushed a rubber bit into her mouth. She thanked him with her eyes. Mharood unhitched his high-powered studded spanking paddle from his belt while Hariq took out his new whip cane. Mharood stood in front of her and Hariq behind her. She thought he would like one last opportunity to use it on her bottom.

Spanking paddle and whip cane swished through the air together: hiss, thwack! Her breasts flattened under the paddle like water balloons and were then stabbed through with electric needles.

The whip cane rasped across her buttocks, indenting them and driving ripples across their pale hemispheres. Tiny electric sparks flickered across them.

Tanya screamed and bit on her gag bar and convulsed within the press frame, making it rattle. But there was no escape. She heard slave girls moaning and the whirr of dildo wheels churning in soft, clinging wet slots.

Ten times the blows fell on each side of her body, driving the pain deep into her until it erupted in a jet of gushing pee that spurted from her eyelet-studded sex lips across the podium. It was a fine flow that lasted a good twenty seconds. Hariq had made sure she had drunk plenty of water earlier. The cameraman moved in closer to catch its sparkling arc. Already dizzy with pain to Tanya it felt so utterly shameful and yet so satisfying. From under the awnings a slave girl sobbed as she was overtaken by an orgasm.

Then Mharood and Hariq stepped back, lowering their paddle and cane. Tanya hung limp and shivering with the tight press of bars. Had they finished already? Hariq pulled the gag bar from her mouth.

‘P... please have my pussy and bottom holes for you pleasure... master’s’ she begged feebly.

They began to line up in front and behind her, the Director and Doctor Saliff having first go as usual, while trainers stood ready to clean her orifices out between uses.

Grasping hold of her imprisoning frame they thrust their hard shafts up into her, filling her from back and front simultaneously. Cock after brown cock slid up inside Tanya’s vagina and rectum and she squeezed with desperate masochistic delight upon them as they filled her. Hot sperm spouted in triumph within her slavish sheathes and then dribbled out of her orifices. Two, four, six eight...

At some point Tanya felt her body wracked with a confused orgasm and lost count of the cocks. When she returned to her senses there were no more inside her, just well used and gaping orifices that throbbed and dribbled carelessly. The assembly were standing round her waiting expectantly. Above

and behind their heads the slave girls were squirming on their impaling poles, desperate for the last act.

Her body ached and her mind spun. Had they reached this point so soon? She took a deep breath: 'Please mark me... so my husband knows... what I have endured... for him...' she croaked.

They flipped the Girl Press onto its back so that the relentless sun shone full down upon her. The trainers swung the lens arm of the Sun Branding machine across her body and positioned it over her immobilised, bare and defenceless pussy framed by a grid of iron bars. A trainer pressed a key its control pad and the iris covering the big lens snapped open.

Tanya shrieked and bit on her gag bar as a beam of concentrated sunlight focused to a pinpoint burned into her flesh and began to track across it.

Another spurt of pee spurted from her pussy lips, giving her something else to think about apart from the terrible pain. It only went on for about a hundred years...

She must have passed out again. The next thing she knew the branding lens was dark, leaving only a nightmare memory and a searing bar of agony in the flesh above her naked pussy. The cameraman moved in closer to record the delicate characters seared across her lower belly just above the soft swell of upper mound of her pussy. They were in flowing Arabic script and read: *Property of my Lord Husband.*

Out of her pain rose a fierce thrill of elation and relief. She had done it! Her takhruj was complete.

The camera panned up her body, gloating at her scarlet simmering breasts. Feebly Tanya blinked away her tears and looked straight into its glass eye. 'Are you happy now, Roger?' she croaked.

And then she fainted again.

Chapter 22

Tanya left Jazirat Tadib the next day in the same manner she had arrived: naked, hunched over on her knees with her wrists strapped behind her, doubly impaled on dildos and crammed down tight into a tiny covered travel cage. But this time she was also blindfolded, her tongue was padlocked, her well-beaten breasts and bottom were still simmering, her nipple rings jingled and tugged on her bruised teats, her pussy and rectum ached from the pummelling of a dozen cocks each, her labial eyelets were bound up tight with a golden wire lace and her terrible degrading pubic brand stung gently.

She knew she was a different person in mind as well as body. Nobody who had endured an island takhruj would ever be the same again. But she had survived. She had turned it into a demonstration of her own strength and determination. They had not broken her spirit, not really. She had begged for sex when she had to but only to spare herself more pain. She had begged for takhruj, but only as her ticket home. And now it gave her the strength to do one last thing...

* * *

She felt herself carried up to their apartment and wheeled into the sitting room where it had all begun. Had it only been two weeks... no, sixteen days ago?

The cover was pulled off the cage and it was opened up. The dildos were pulled out of her passageways and she was unfolded and stood upright and made to step out of the cage. She stood there blind and naked but proud and defiant. She would not be ashamed of what he had turned her into!

She heard Roger speaking to the men who had brought her. He was within touching distance of her!

They took her island collar off and she felt odd without its firm weight and her neck felt horribly exposed. It had been one constant intimate feature

of her life all this time and she felt a strange sense of loss. Then some lighter thinner leather collar was padlocked about her neck in its place. What were they doing? There came the squeak of the cage wheels and their disappearing footsteps. The apartment door shut and she was alone with Roger.

Tanya could hear him moving around her, imagined his eyes looking her up and down. She felt his fingers brush across the delicate shameful brand burned into her flesh above her naked pussy but she did not move, waiting her moment. For whatever twisted reasons he had put her through this nightmare she would confront him face to face and as soon as she could speak she would pour her hatred out! And then she would see if he dared try to justify any of it.

He pulled her blindfold off and she blinked and stared at him.

While she had been away he had grown a full dark beard in the Arab style which was now just beyond the stubble stage. He was wearing a white dishdasha buttoned down the front. He was holding an island style electric spanking paddle. Helplessly her nipples tingled and stood up at the sight of him.

There was a dining chair behind him and he sat down on it. He snapped his fingers imperiously and pointed to the ground at his feet: 'On your knees, Melon Tits!' he commanded in a tone she had never heard before from his lips, although it was a tone she had learned to recognise very well recently...

As she had been taught she obeyed without thinking, kneeling before him.

'Head up and mouth open!' he commanded

She tilted her head back and opened her mouth. He reached in and undid her tongue padlock. Then he spread his legs and parted the front of his robes to expose a straining erection.

'Suck me off, Melon Tits!' he commanded.

Her mouth was free. Now she could tell him how she hated him...

Instead she bent forward and filled her mouth with his straining cock. She could not help herself! There was an erect penis and there was her open mouth. That was what it was for!

As she bobbed her head back and forth, riding the ring of her lips up and down his shaft while its crown pushed down her throat, she thought: All right... let me re-adjust... forget the island... give myself a little time... then I will speak...

Roger smiled and patted her head as she fellated him. 'I suggested they call you Melon Tits,' he said. 'They promised they could get you to response to it properly. That will be my pet name for you in private from now on...'

Inside Tanya burned with disgust and anger. But she kept bobbing her head to impale her throat on his manhood while she sucked the shaft of his hard cock as passionately as she could manage. He had not given her a chance to readjust to normality. She was still in slave mode. Just let her get over this shock and then she would tell him what she thought of him...

'They also said they would teach you how to address your husband properly. Can you do that?' He took hold of her hair and pulled her mouth briefly off his cock. 'Who am I?'

'My Lord Husband,' she choked out.

He pushed her mouth back onto his cock again. 'That's right,' he said. 'In private that's what I am to you from now on.'

Tanya felt sick but she kept on sucking and lapping. She wanted to stop but this felt right... natural. Her nipples were hard and her pussy was wet. Of course it was because he might want to put it into her vagina next. That was natural is well...

'Do you want to know why I wanted an excuse to send you to Jazirat Tadib?'

It had all been contrived! She had been manoeuvred into displeasing him and ignoring his warnings! How could he have been so cruel? She nodded,

still with his shaft into her mouth.

‘I did it to save our marriage.’

What?

‘I knew what you were when I married you, Tanya: lovely and often sweet and sometimes kind, but also selfish and shallow in so many ways. Yet despite those faults I still loved you and I hoped you’d mature, but you didn’t. And you got worse after we came here, although maybe you didn’t realize it. You were very happy at the thought of me earning more money but I could see it wasn’t doing you any good.

‘Qwarain isn’t a good place for young Western women to live. You’re shut off from a normal balanced society and have all those shopping malls to run riot in and then only the tight little company of women to share it with. I could foresee you getting ever more irritable and impatient with life here and doing something stupid and breaking the rules or else becoming tired of me plodding away at my job and leave. And I couldn’t allow that. I realized that ironically the best way of keeping you in check so that you learned to control your selfishness was to become a true masterful male and make you into an obedient wife who knew her place. Except that you’d never have accepted that if I had tried to do it myself.

‘So in the proper Qwarainian tradition I hired experts to break you in as a submissive slave and learn how to be masterful by watching them so that when you came back you would obey me as your Lord and Master. And I think they’ve done a very good job...’

And then grunted and he spouted his semen down her throat.

And dutifully Tanya swallowed it all down where burned inside her.

* * *

Roger kept his penis in her mouth for several minutes afterwards, holding her head in his lap. Then he pulled it out a little way and she licked its head clean. Then he took it all the way out and wiped it dry on a handful of her

hair.

And all the time she said nothing. She found was quite incapable of action until he gave her permission and too confused and frightened of what she might say if she tried to speak out of turn. Had he really been trying to save their marriage by making her a slave?

‘I saw what they did to you,’ Roger said. ‘It wasn’t easy watching all those strange cocks being pushed up inside you and the beatings and the tears, but it had to be done. Like a component in a construction project you had to be properly prepared: moulded, drilled, planed and polished so that you could serve your new purpose.’

She sniffed and snivelled miserably.

‘Have you got something to say, Melon Tits?’ he asked.

I hate you, I hate you, I hate you... she thought, but she could never say those words aloud. So instead she mumbled with the meekest possible edge of feeble defiance: ‘You can’t do this to me...’

He slapped her cheek firmly. ‘Who am I?’

‘My Lord Husband,’ she said fearfully.

‘And while I am and in this country I can do more or less what I want with you. This is how it is going to be from now on. Unless we have guests over, in private you will be my naked slave wife and you will obey me as you did Trainer Hariq. I will allow you a modest social life and you will see your friends at reasonable intervals. They need not know about any of this. You will be allowed one shopping trip per week for luxuries and you will keep strictly to your allowance. Do you understand?’

‘Yes, my Lord Husband,’ she said meekly.

He cupped and squeezed her breasts. ‘I like the way they kept you in trim on the island and I want you to stay that way. Mariel will not be coming in any longer. You will keep the apartment clean. That will give you daily

exercise.’ Mariel had been their hired and very hard working Filipino maid. ‘Your gym membership is also cancelled, but every week, starting tomorrow, you will be coming to work with me and stay in the office slave crèche. That will give you a proper workout.’

She had no idea what he meant by an office slave crèche but he didn’t bother to explain further.

He stood up and unstrapped her wrists from behind her back. Then he snapped his fingers. ‘Follow me, Melon Tits, and keep to heel...’ and she shuffled fearfully after him on her hands and knees as he led the way through to the kitchen.

There was a large dog basket in one corner that she had never seen before. It had large padlock and chain attached to it.

‘That is where you will sleep if I am unhappy with you,’ he warned her. He opened up the utility cupboard. ‘Get out a bucket, scrubbing brush and sponge, Melon Tits. You’re going to clean every hard floor in the apartment by hand...’

* * *

Ten minutes later Tanya was on her hands and knees scrubbing and cleaning the kitchen floor. The apartment had hard floors throughout, apart from a few rugs. She had a lot of work ahead of her.

Roger was sitting watching her. He had positioned himself behind her so that he could look into her upraised bottom, still striped with whip marks and the greased and dark pucker of her anus and the pouting cleft of her vulva, laced up with golden wire. He was still holding his electric spanking paddle, toying with it thoughtfully. She shivered at the sight and then thought of the cleaning cart she had towed behind her plugged into her bottom back on Jazirat Tadib and bowed her head further and scrubbed harder.

He followed her into the hallway as she scrubbed industriously. There he stood over her and began patting the blade of the spanking paddle lightly against her upraised bottom. Its contact studs pricked her with electric sparks.

Gritting her teeth she continued to scrub. He began to paddle her harder.

Tanya flinched and whimpered, feeling her bound and tied pussy swelling against its laces and growing wetter.

‘Have you got anything you want to ask me?’ he demanded.

She clenched her teeth and shook her head. She would not give him anything.

He rubbed the edge of the paddle down through her buttock cleft over her anus and across the bound lips of her sex mouth.

‘Your pussy is dripping. Are you feeling horny?’

She shook her head again.

He swiped the spanking paddle across her buttocks at full power, making her screaming pain.

‘I asked are you feeling horny?’ he thundered.

‘Yes, Lord Husband,’ she sobbed.

‘What do you need?’

‘F...fucking, Master,’ she screamed.

He knelt behind her and dragged her ankles wide. He undid the bow of her pussy lace and tore the wire out of her labia eyelets and her hot cleft sprang open. Then he rammed his hard cock up into her aching vagina.

Tanya sobbed as he pounded into her, hating and longing for the feel of his cock inside her again, surrendering to the desire of a slave girl in need to be filled by a male shaft!

‘As long as I live you will never have another man’s cock inside you again,’ he declared, ‘so whenever mine is offered you will give it your total love and respect! Do you understand?’

‘Yes, Master!’ she screamed.

Roger pumped into her viciously hard until with a grunt he came inside her. Not giving her time to climax herself he pushed her clinging pussy off him and she slumped down onto her face on the floor. She lay there shocked by his words while his semen and her lubrication dribbled out of her.

He pointed at the mess. ‘Now clean that up. And next time you will not deny your need and you will try harder to please me. No bed for you tonight...’

* * *

That night Tanya slept in the kitchen curled up in her new basket. Her hands were cuffed behind her back so she could not relieve the terrible unfulfilled need growing inside her. Roger meant to keep her as his slave for ever! And in Qwarain that was not impossible.

She cried herself to sleep with the word hate still unspoken but filling her heart.

Chapter 23

The next day Roger drove Tanya to work with him as he had promised, with her sitting stiffly in the passenger seat of his car.

Outwardly she was modestly dressed and perfectly free in a long loose full-length abeya, with a hijab wrapped about her hair and a light gauze veil hung over her lower face as a symbol of humility. But underneath she was naked and subtly restrained.

Her leather collar was concealed by a light scarf. Her tongue was discreetly padlocked. Her labial eyelets were clamped to the inside of an electronic leash and pussy shield, which cupped its fine bars about her vulva and buried its curved plug tail in her anus. It denied access to her most intimate parts like a chastity belt. Once again the high-tech and the medieval had merged to torment her.

‘I control all your orifices,’ Roger had said when he had fitted the pussy shield to her. ‘You don’t speak, eat, drink, shit, piss or have a screw unless I allow it.’

In the car her abeya was discreetly rolled up about her hips and she sat on a rubber sheet protecting the chair cushion from her helplessly dripping clamped pussy. She had not been permitted an orgasm for over a day now. And so Tanya rode in squirming frustration through the immaculate streets of Qwarain City, with its improbable tower blocks rising all about them, while inwardly trembling in hopeless despair.

Roger turned down into the underground car park of the steel and tinted glass slab that housed the offices of the Qwarain Construction Company where he worked, and parked in a subterranean level. He got out and Tanya scrambled to follow after him, tugging down her abeya to make it decent and walking closely at his heel.

He carried the “handle” of the pussy shield’s electronic leash in his pocket which connected them by an invisible radio beam as securely as a

chain. If she moved more than two metres away from him her clitoris received a sharp intimate warning electric shock. At this moment she was not sure whether that would destroy her or trigger an instant and shamefully public orgasm.

They took a lift upwards to one of the lower floors and then they got out and Roger led her through several doors to one bearing the sign in several languages: Crèche: Authorised Admittance Only.

‘It’s not for children of course,’ he explained, using a pass card to open up the door. ‘This is where workers can leave their wives, girlfriends or slaves in safe keeping and get proper exercise...’ Within was a changing room lined with small metal lockers. A CCTV camera looked down upon it.

Roger snapped his fingers. ‘Strip,’ he commanded her.

Miserably Tanya took off her clothes and then spread her legs so he could remove her leash and pussy shield. He took out her tongue padlock as well, leaving her dressed only in her collar, and stowed them together with her clothes in a numbered locker. From it he took out a pair of brand-new trainers and socks which she put on, and a large metal dog tag that he hung on her collar ring. It read: *Melon Tits*

How long had that been waiting for her?

‘There are no living attendants in the crèche,’ Roger explained. ‘Everything is fully automated and remote-controlled. The system will recognise you by a chip in your collar. But there are plenty of CCTV cameras and I’ll be keeping an eye on you.’ He patted her wet pussy. ‘And if you are good that will be seen to. Will you be good?’

She hung her head. ‘Yes, my Lord Husband...’ she said meekly

With a parting slap on her bare bottom he sent her through a door at the far end of the changing room and then closed it behind her.

Within was a large mirror-walled gymnasium filled with naked pink, brown and olive female bodies all sweating and straining on treadmills,

rowing machines, exercise bikes, cross trainers and weight benches. Bare breasts of every shape and size bounced and jiggled and naked buttocks shivered and clenched. Between them were islands of cushions and padded mats, all contained within a grid of polished metal posts standing head high. Each post had a rotating CCTV camera on its top and four black whip arms folded down along its sides.

As Tanya looked around her in wonder, the camera on the nearest post turned and focused upon her and one of its arms flicked out and caught her across her bare thigh. She yelped as its metal tip delivered a sharp electric shock.

A commanding synthesised voice came out of speaker mounted beneath the camera. 'Melon Tits. Your training schedule is now activated. You will go to treadmill number three...' Another arm swung out and pointed the way. 'Move!' And then it flicked her flanks again.

She yelped and skipped forward in the direction indicated.

As she passed other posts they also gave her warning flicks to drive her along. She realized that no part of the room was out of their reach.

She reached the row of treadmills. Two were occupied by naked women sweating and panting along the never-ending track with their glossy buttocks rolling. Both bore whip marks. Treadmill number three was unoccupied. It looked much like an ordinary treadmill except that it had a pair of heavy sprung cords dangling from its handrails and an odd device clamped to the stand beneath them.

'Fasten the control cords to you nipple rings,' the command voice said, now issuing from a speaker on the hand rail itself.

The cords had hooks on their ends set in cartridges with wires coming out of their ends and coiling about the cords. Cautiously Tanya closed them about her nipple rings and they snapped shut by themselves and would not open again.

The display on the hand rail flashed, showing she had to run a kilometre.

The running belt began to turn under her feet. Tanya was slow to get moving and she yelped as the hooks clamped to nipple rings yanked on them as they were stretched tight and then gave her an electric shock.

‘If you fulfil your schedule you will be rewarded, but if you do not you will be punished...’ the control voice warned her.

Tanya began to run, matching the speed of the belt so that she did not tug on her nipple cords. As she pounded along her big breasts bounced merrily and the meter reading on display began to diminish.

As she ran Tanya glanced uncertainly at the runners on the other treadmills. One had ringed nipples clamped like hers and the other had a cord running to a ring through her pussy lips. It was almost like an ordinary gym and yet it was filled with naked slaves, which was a bit like Jazirat Tadib except there were no visible trainers. It felt like some half way house. What was the proper etiquette concerning contact with other girls? Were they even permitted acknowledge each other’s existence?

She met their eyes and they flashed sympathetic glances back at her and smiled but put their fingers to the lips to signify silence. She smiled back. That was something. She noticed they had large nametags like hers, although she could not read them. Well at least she was not alone. She wondered if they had been to Jazirat Tadib. Had they got brands on them? Had their husbands, boyfriends or master’s treated them as terribly as Roger had treated her?

Grimly she pounded on until the display will reach zero. Then the treadmill stopped.

‘You have fulfilled your first training goal,’ the command voice said. ‘You will be rewarded...’

A telescopic arm extended from the device clamped to the hand rail bracket. On its end was a large red, buzzing, ribbed and pronged vibrator

Tanya gaped at it in sudden need and then shameful repulsion. No, not like this! Not in a gym...

But the runners beside her were grinning and nodding and pointing. A little way from her a woman was vigorously impaling herself on a dildo extending out of a bench. It was expected. Tanya licked her lips and then she could not resist it any longer. She impaled herself on the dildo and grasped the handrail and ground her hips against it until she came.

And for a moment she did not care about anything.

* * *

Over the next three hours Tanya rode an exercise bicycle with a pair of dildos pumping alternately out of its saddle which plugged her anus and vagina in succession. The longer and harder she rode the more they swelled in size and the deeper they penetrated. Then she laid down on a weight bench and worked lat handles and peck and leg curl bars and bench press lever arms that lifted slab weights on cables and worked every muscle in her body. She was exhausted but when she reached her target another vibrator appeared out of the bench and she ground herself upon it.

Naked women all around her were doing the same, spraying their juices out over padded vinyl, rubber and polished steel with even more uninhibited abandon and the air grew heavy with female lust. And she did not resist any of them but clenched them deep inside her and gloried in the explosions of pleasure they gave.

It was a kind of freedom and a way of blotting out her despair.

* * *

The control voice from one of the camera posts said: 'Melon Tits, you will go to the blue locker on the wall...'

The whip arms directed her to one of a row of lockers along the wall. It popped open to reveal a huge ribbed soft red rubber dildo with a double handle. It was more like a phallic dagger.

As she examined it she realized more of the camera poles were talking to the other girls in different languages. They were unhitching themselves

from their machines and gathering round one of the mats on the floor.

‘Your husband is watching, Melon Tits,’ the pole voice continued. ‘He orders that that you lie down on the mat and use it on yourself until you orgasm.’

Tanya sighed in despair. Do it in front of all these women? Well what did one more humiliation matter?

She lay on the mat and with two dozen fascinated female eyes upon her she bent and spread her legs and grasped the dildo with both hands and plunged it into her aching vagina. They gasped and nipples of many tints and sizes stood up and several fingers reached for sweaty clefts and began to rub them.

It was almost as if she had never left Jazirat Tadib. Maybe she would never leave its shadow. It had burned itself into her too deeply.

The pole voice added: ‘And your Husband wants it to be known that he loves you dearly.’

Some of the girls applauded.

The public declaration stunned Tanya so that she continued mechanically to thrust the dildo into herself even as she tried to make sense of it.

What about everything he had done to her.

Or did she mean everything that he had done *for* her?

Would anybody who didn’t care about her bother with all this?

Roger loved her enough to see her imprisoned and violated by dozens of strangers on a slave island and still wanted to keep her in his house and couple with her. He had watched all that like he was watching her now. The truly shocking thing was not how *little* he cared for her feelings, but that he cared so *much*!

She had got everything the wrong way round!

And then the orgasm exploded inside Tanya and she sobbed and shrieked. But this time it was for him.

Chapter 24

That evening as soon as they got back home and Tanya could express herself without anybody seeing, she went down on her knees and bowed her head kissed Roger's shoe tips passionately and humbly.

'I'm so sorry, Lord Husband,' she snivelled, fighting back her tears. 'I understand everything now. Thank you for caring... thank you for believing I was worth saving...'

He patted her head and smiled warmly and wonderfully which made her heart skip. 'I hoped you would understand eventually. Would you like to go to bed and say thank you properly?'

Tanya felt her heart leap again. 'Oh yes, please, Lord Husband!' Then she added: 'You won't be too kind to me, will you?'

'Certainly not!' he promised.

* * *

Roger had thoughtfully added a proper restraining frame to the bed head so that Tanya could lie back against it with her arms spread and cuffed to its lower corners and her legs raised and bent and spread and cuffed to its upper corners, opening herself completely to him. She wore garters about her upper thighs from which elastic cords had been threaded through her labial piercings, pulling her hot wet pussy wide in welcome. More cords hanging from the top of the bed head were hooked through her nipple rings, stretching them upwards and outwards into fat trembling cones of deliciously vulnerable flesh.

Roger, now as naked as she was, knelt before the open cleft of her groin carefully smacking her breasts with his spanking paddle while his stiff cock bobbed in expectation.

‘When we return to England we’ll have to be more discrete, but there are places where restraining devices for the home can be obtained,’ Roger said. ‘Anything I can’t find I’ll make. When you are out of the house, of course, you will always wear a chastity belt of some kind to remind you who you belong to...’

That description of their future life together sounded perfect, Tanya thought, as she jerked and gasped and bit on her gag bar with each sweet sharp blow to her hot breasts sent frissons of exciting pain and dark delight through her body. Her ringed nipples stood up hard and her gaping cleft dribbled with desperate anticipation and desire.

Tanya gazed up between her spread legs with helpless slavish love into the face of the man who had remade her, who had saved her from herself, who she now knew loved her as a master should. Now she felt complete: a well discipline woman happy to be in her proper place at last. In a sea of uncertainty she realized that a bed could become her own little island of perfect slavish submission.

THE END

Table of Contents

[Chapter 1](#)
[Chapter 2](#)
[Chapter 3](#)
[Chapter 4](#)
[Chapter 5](#)
[Chapter 6](#)
[Chapter 7](#)
[Chapter 8](#)
[Chapter 9](#)
[Chapter 10](#)
[Chapter 11](#)
[Chapter 12](#)
[Chapter 13](#)
[Chapter 14](#)
[Chapter 15](#)
[Chapter 16](#)
[Chapter 17](#)
[Chapter 18](#)
[Chapter 19](#)
[Chapter 20](#)
[Chapter 21](#)
[Chapter 22](#)
[Chapter 24](#)