

Society of Sadists

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Published by Fiction4All (Fetish World Books imprint) at Smashwords

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Author's Note: All characters in this adult fiction story are at least 18 years of age.

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“The New Government 1”
(moderate, non-consensual content)
(34,887 words, rated 5-stars)

“The New Government 2”
(moderate, non-consensual content)
(35,082 words, rated 5-stars)

“The Director's Downfall”
(moderate, non-consensual content)
(35,062 words)

“The Humiliation of Catherine Hunter”
(moderate, non-consensual content)
(35,300 words, rated 5-star)

“The New Government 3”
(moderate, non-consensual content)
(35,300 words)

“Return to Mainland 1”
(written jointly with Velvetglove)
(moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(18,800 words)

“Freya and the Amesbury's”
(moderate, non-consensual content)
(35,062 words)

“State Orphanage 17”
(moderate, non-consensual content)
(15,500 words, rated 5-stars)

“Stolen, Book 1”
(moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(16,900 words)

“Return to Mainland 2”
(written jointly with Velvetglove)
(moderate to strong, non-consensual content, rated 5-stars)
(19,000 words)

“Return to Mainland 3”
(written jointly with Velvetglove)
(moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(21,000 words)

“Owner to Office Girl”
(moderate to strong, non-consensual content)

(22,000 words)

“Ascendancy”

(moderate to strong, non-consensual content)

(104,000 words)

The 3 books of the New Government Trilogy

“Victoriana”

(moderate to strong, non-consensual content)

(22,688 words

“Repurposing Laura”

(moderate to strong, non-consensual content)

(25,040 words)

“Prey For Him”

(moderate to strong, non-consensual content)

(25,900 words)

Feedback welcome at charlesryder033@proton.me

Chapter 1

Tara Kingsholm looked at her naked self in the mirror and she liked what she saw, a strong, confident, black woman used to asserting her authority. She was wealthy, successful business entrepreneur and she didn't accept any bullshit. Tara's world was pleasingly black and white. She, an Alpha female took what she wanted, when she wanted it. She was a winner, and she despised losers. Losers were weak, ineffectual, second-class and worthless. She slid herself nearer the mirror, held that position for a second, and then slid back to her original position. She herself was a case in point, brought up on a tough housing estate, she'd escaped her poverty-stricken background by a mix of brains and brawn and cunning.

She didn't have any help along the way, no doting parents, no wealthy deceased relatives, nothing. And yet here she was, rich and content in her middle-age. She slid forwards and backwards again and watched herself lick her lips. She could feel the familiar excitement as her heart rate accelerated. She slid herself nearer to the mirror and examined herself more closely before sliding back. Her eyes rolled slightly in her head. She wriggled a little to seat herself more firmly and ground her buttocks in a downward rotational movement. She could smell her own excretions now and that only served to make her backwards and forward s sliding that little bit quicker and more vigorous. In response to that she could hear a little squealing noise from beneath her.

"Do be quiet, Carruthers, and try to concentrate on your work. I sometimes wonder why I'm paying you!"

Tara wriggled her large, sweaty backside a bit more and forced it onto the girl's face.

"Tongue me, Carruthers! I'm not going to tell you again! Do you want another strapping, girl?"

Tara could feel the first onset of a climax, she worked herself backwards and forwards frantically against the girl's extended, pink tongue. Her threat to the girl appeared to have done the trick, frenzied licking and slobbering was sending her rapidly over the edge. Her naked thighs grabbed the girls head and squueezed as she felt herself tipping into a long, sweet, explosive orgasm. When she was finished she slowly raised herself from the prone girl. She looked down and saw Katie's cute little face covered in her bodily fluids and felt another little tremor course through her. Her tears and her red, puffy face were incredibly stimulating as far Tara was concerned, that and the fact that Katie Carruthers was a rich, privileged white girl who was nearly half her age.

Kathryn hated Tara Kingsholm with a true passion, she was so big, and black, and ugly. She was so forceful and dominant and horrible, and yet there was nothing she could do to avoid the controlling woman. She'd made the terrible mistake of applying for a job with Tara's company three years ago and had paid the price almost immediately. It was her own fault of course; she should have been just a little suspicious of Tara's motives at the time. She was fresh out of University complete with a less than average degree, and yet she'd been taken on as a 'junior executive' on a very reasonable wage over far better qualified and experienced people. She hadn't given it a second thought; after all she was, in her own mind at least, a very talented and confident individual. Why wouldn't someone like Tara Kingsholm choose her?

Since those first happy weeks in her first job, she'd had plenty of time to regret her decision. Her boss was an incredibly demanding perfectionist. Kathryn was shouted at and mocked in front of her colleagues; Tara had taken to calling her Katie, which she hated. Next she was removed from the 'fast-track' career path she had been recruited for and demoted to a simple office job. Shortly after that, at the Christmas party, she'd got horribly drunk and unwell, although she didn't recall actually drinking anything. The next morning she'd woken up in a completely unrecognisable hotel room still feeling very ill and dishevelled.

When work restarted after Christmas she was called into her boss's room and asked to explain a set of photos and a video that had been sent anonymously to Tara's computer. On them she was clearly smoking Cocaine and then having extraordinary lesbian sex with what looked like a young black girl, a

very young black girl. Kathryn was so shocked she had to physically stop herself being sick. She wasn't gay, and, if she was honest, she didn't particularly like black people either and yet there she was on the computer screen sharing crack Cocaine with what looked like a teenage black prostitute.

The rest of the day passed in a haze, what could she do? Her parents were devout Christians, wealthy WASP's from the stockbroker belt. This video would probably kill them, what about her friends and the rest of her family? What about her future employment prospects? At the end of the day she was called into the office where Tara demanded her resignation. Crying bitterly she had no other option but to comply.

As she sat there, shocked and tearful, Tara did offer her a way out of the mess. She was willing, against her better judgement, to employ Kathryn as a live-in 'companion'. Perhaps for as long as it took for all her troubles to blow over. Kathryn didn't know whether to laugh or cry a live-in companion? What about her dreams of a stellar, well-paid career? But on the other hand, what choice did she have? She just couldn't risk the chance that video and those pictures might become public property.

And that was how it had started, her subservience to Tara Kingsholm.

Tara had let Katie wash and bathe her and then she'd dressed herself and made her way down to the kitchen. She liked to start the day in that fashion, an explosive climax and then a nice relaxing bath. When she got to the table, Katie had already laid out the breakfast things and was stood to attention awaiting further orders. She was a cute little thing, her specially designed maid outfit always made Tara smile.

Four inch glossy black heels, good quality black stockings and a black garter belt. Very tight, white silk knickers and a black skirt that only just covered those same knickers. A white, almost see-through white blouse buttoned right up to the neck, which barely hid a push-up bra, a crisp white apron that was just longer than her skirt and was tied with a flamboyant bow, and most humiliatingly, a little black and white cap which left the observer in no doubt that the wearer was anything but a well-disciplined maid. How the mighty had fallen, considered Tara. She, a black woman, the product of a violent lawless estate, now employed the spoiled, pampered, middle-class white girl as a maid. Well, not only as a maid, Katie did have her other uses as well.

"When I'm finished and you've tidied up, Katie, go upstairs and changed into what I've left on the bed. We have a few errands to run today."

"Yes, Miss Tara," answered the girl with a slight curtsy.

Chapter 2

Oh God, thought Kathryn. What is she going to dress me in today? It was a legitimate worry; Tara loved dressing her subservient little dolly. She had a large collection of clothes that she liked to experiment with. The quality of the clothes was never the issue; they were all expensive and well cut. The issue was that they were all designed to humiliate, a job they achieved very well. Kathryn was quite small and under-developed and had always worn clothes that maximised her assets, thus high heels and push-up bras and generally fairly mature clothes, like the sober, expensive suits she used to wear to work. This had obviously registered with Tara, so whenever they went out together, Tara liked Kathryn to be dressed like a little girl.

Short socks, shiny sandals, short skirts, pretty little blouses, sun dresses and the like. She particularly liked to dress Kathryn in school uniform and parade her crimson-faced through busy villages and towns. And not any school uniform either, Kathryn's actual uniform from her expensive private school. Kathryn hoped that wasn't going to be the case, one day she was sure that she'd bump into someone she knew, who'd want to know why she was being chaperoned by an ugly old black woman while dressed in her old school uniform.

Back in the tiny little bedroom that she occupied she found that this time at least she would be spared that particular embarrassment. Instead hung by her bed was a very pretty, very expensive looking, bright yellow, short-sleeved party dress, a tiny pair of white knickers, a pair of white ankle socks and a pair of well-polished brown sandals. Everything, as usual, fitted her perfectly, her dress just reaching to mid-thigh.

Once downstairs she was greeted by a smirking Tara who made her sit on a stool and then tied her long auburn hair into a single plait with a yellow ribbon that nicely matched her dress. The final touch was a pair of black-rimmed spectacles with clear glass in them which were surprisingly effective at hiding her identity. She looked like a complete nerd, but nevertheless it wasn't clear from a casual glance at her that she was actually a twenty-three year old woman rather than a thirteen year old child.

"I want you on your best behaviour today Katie, do you understand?"

"Yes, Miss Tara." Another little curtsy followed

"And to emphasise how much I want you to be on your best behaviour, I'm going to give you a taste of what you'll get if you disobey me or let me down in any way."

She patted her ample thighs. "Over my knee, young lady."

With a little sob, Kathryn obeyed the imperious command. How she hated the black bitch! Her options were very limited however. She just couldn't allow that terrible video or indeed any of the pictures to ever see the light of day. Tara stroked her little backside through the yellow dress, removing imaginary pieces of cotton. She then slowly pulled the dress up to Katie's waist, ignoring the girl's little protests. My how she loved those tiny knickers, she remembered accompanying Katie into the changing room of the lingerie store and making her try on pair after pair until they found just the ones. Once again she smoothed and pulled the panties into the position she preferred. Raising her large hand, she brought it down with a snap of her wrist.

It was surprising how much of Katie's fleshy buttocks she could cover with just the one hand. The resultant squeal of pain brought another little tickle of pleasure to her pussy. A second, third and fourth heavy-handed slap all produced a similar reaction. Katie writhed and cried as she always did, it didn't take many more punishing strokes before the young woman began to beg and plead and promise to be a 'good little girl'. She knew that Miss Tara liked to hear that sort of submissive language, but in all honesty she'd have said almost anything to try and stop the flogging of her backside.

Tara, however, was in no particular hurry. She liked to spank her toy; it had become one of her favourite hobbies, listening to the entitled, well-bred little brat shrieking and begging and desperately wriggling over her large African thighs always thrilled her. Her friend, the one that they were visiting that morning, was particular aficionado of little girls with glowing red bottoms and Tara was particularly determined that Katie's backside should be spanked until it shone through her delicate, paper-thin knickers. Tara herself enjoyed the humiliation aspect as much as the actual punishment and therefore

adjusted the girl slightly so that her head was nearer the carpet. She then began to belabour Katie's long, slim, almost coltish thighs just at the point where they would emerge from below her skirt.

There was nothing better, in her opinion, than making a girl walk through a crowded shopping centre in a short dress that clearly revealed that, despite her age, she wasn't too old to get her bottom thrashed. The girl's high-pitched screams were like music to her ears, her frantically kicking legs a stimulating form of entertainment. Tara paused briefly to look at her watch; there was plenty of time yet. She stroked the girl's bottom in a circular motion and considered her options. Should she send Katie to go and fetch her large, wooden-backed hairbrush from her bedroom, or the wicked little leather paddle that was hung prominently in the hall? Ah, decisions, decisions.

Chapter 3

Tara smiled at her little girl's tear-sodden face in the rear-view mirror. With her simple ponytail and her spectacles she looked like a recalcitrant teenager as opposed to the former 'young executive' that she aspired to be. The contrast between her appearance at her original interview and her current, juvenile look was really very amusing. Tara knew almost within the first five minutes of their first meeting that Kathryn was going to be the next 'one'. Her next toy, her next personal little girl. Despite her expensive, stylish suit and her beautifully cut, auburn hair, Kathryn Carruthers just looked like a little girl in need of a new, strict mummy. That was obvious, well it was to Tara at least. And her judgement so far had been impeccable. She ran through her group of adoptees in her mind again and smiled. Kathryn had been an excellent addition to her little entourage.

"Sit still darling and stop fidgeting, there's a good girl."

Tara watched as her little Katie struggled to obey her. She had gone with the heavier of the two hairbrushes in the end. She'd laid into Katie's chubby, pink bottom with a great deal of energy and commitment and the result was a blistered backside. She'd allowed Katie to recover in the corner where she stood holding up her short skirt. As she put the finishing touches to her own hair and make-up she watched her little girl in the mirror as she squirmed behind her.

Then Tara dried the girl's eyes a little with a handkerchief and tidied her hair before leading her by the hand into her luxurious car. She raised Katie's skirt and lowered her knickers so that the girl's blistered behind was in direct contact with the spiky, rubberised surface of her specially designed car seat. The car seat amused Tara. It was anchored in the centre of the back seat and had enough straps and buckles to immobilise even a 24 year old adult. It also enabled Tara to continually keep an eye on her girl. Or in this case, to ridicule her screwed up face and her tears of shame.

Katie was apprehensive, she had no idea where the car was going or who was waiting for her at the other end. She'd met a few of Tara Kingsholm's friends, and all of them were without exception, terrible people. They were an oddly mixed group, only united in their desire to punish and humiliate her, it seemed. Some of the things that Kathryn had been made to do had been deeply humiliating and made her shiver just to think about.

Eventually the car pulled up outside an impressive facade, a large, detached building in the middle of the countryside. Tara's door was opened for her by a tall, uniformed maid who stood ramrod stiff by the car until Tara exited. The black woman then opened Kathryn's door and leaned over her to unbuckle her restraints. Tara's tongue licked the side of Kathryn's cheek, and she could smell the tobacco on her breath.

"Remember what I said about being a good little girl, Katie. My friends have little girls of their own and won't put up with any sort of misbehaviour."

"Yes, Miss Tara. I will, Miss Tara."

Immediate obedience, Kathryn had been taught, was always the sensible option when dealing with Miss Tara Kingsholm.

"Tara, darling. So good to see you!" Drawled the elderly, grey-haired blonde woman.

"Isabelle, what a pleasant surprise," replied Tara. Although it was neither pleasant, nor a surprise.

The two air-kissed as if they were the best of friends, although both despised each other with a passion. The only thing that drew them together was their mutual love of power and debauchery.

"And who is this cute little morsel you have with you?"

Tara glanced at the girl. Kathryn immediately took her tiny skirt in both hands and curtsied to the woman.

"Please, Ma'am. Katie Carruthers, Ma'am. Pleased to meet you ma'am."

The woman nodded, a slight smile playing on her lips. Slowly she walked around the girl taking in her long, smooth legs. She stopped behind the girl and saw the red glow peeping out from behind her knickers. She placed a hand on the top of her thigh.

"It seems as if you've been a naughty girl, Katie Carruthers?"

"Yes, ma'am. Sorry, ma'am."

Kathryn squirmed a little. She knew she sounded like a fool, but what else was there to say? The woman was typical of Tara Kingsholm's 'friends'. She was old for one thing, ancient and wrinkled with skin that had been exposed to the sun for far too long. She had a sun dress on that probably cost an absolute fortune, but was both too short and too revealing for a woman of her years. And while she was quite clearly mutton dressed as lamb, mockery was the furthest thing from Kathryn's mind.

The old woman was one of those people who radiated a certain form of malevolence. Until she came into Tara Kingsholm's orbit, Kathryn had never really met anyone who was really unsettling, but several of Tara's acquaintances fell into that category, and the old woman opposite her certainly did. despite her raddled appearance she had that selfish, arrogant aura that only a huge amount of wealth can bring.

She flinched as she felt the woman take her by the ear and lead her to a chair.

"In that case you must be punished."

Unhurriedly she tipped Kathryn over her knee and smiled as the pretty, yellow dress immediately rose to reveal her skimpy white knickers. Slowly she edged them down to The girl's knees and left them banded there at half-mast. her hand gently rubbed and stroked Kathryn's bruised, blistered behind, sill marked with several little indentations from her car seat. Without warning she brought her hand down with a firm,

Smaack!

This was followed by another and another. Not particularly heavy slaps, but enough to make Kathryn struggle on her lap, especially after her thrashing with the hairbrush earlier that morning. Tara watched with an amused smirk on her face. Nothing aroused her as much as spanking her pet herself, but watching the snooty white girl being spanked across someone else's lap came a close second. Her hand slipped beneath her skirt and she stroked her sex.

Smaack!

Smaack!

Smaack!

The spanking continued on its slow, but relentless way. To a true aficionado like Isabelle Lang, delivering a spanking was a pleasure to be savoured. There was no need to rush, after all the cute little girl over her knee wasn't going anywhere in a hurry.

Smaack!

Smaack!

Smaack!

Isabelle glanced up at the black woman with her hands in her pants. Really! The lower races had absolutely no sense of decorum. She really was a vile, ugly creature.

"Tara, darling. If you could look in on the twins? I'm sure they'd be delighted to see you. Give me a little while with Katie here, and then bring them down. I'm sure they'd like to meet her."

Tara bridled slightly at being dismissed like she was the help, but the lure of the twins was quite strong. She turned and left the room, leaving Katie sprawled in an undignified heap over her hosts' lap.

Smaack!

Smaack!

Smaack!

She could still hear the rhythmical slapping as she mounted the first of the marble stairs.

Chapter 4

The twins shared a room. Despite the huge size of the mansion, the two girls were stored side by side in their wire cages when not required. As Tara opened the door there was a rustling noise as the two of them shuffled to their knees. The cages were interesting, too low to stand, and too short to lay down. The occupants could either lie in a foetal position, or kneel. But clearly when anyone entered they were required to be on their knees like the well-disciplined slaves they were.

Tara smiled down at them. They really were very beautiful. Had they been anywhere else the two young women would have been the centre of attention, loved and adored no doubt. But here, in this small, dingy room, they were nothing. Ornaments rather than people, testaments to their owner's wealth and utter, cold-hearted depravity.

Tara lifted the upper part of the gate to their respective cages and immediately, two dark heads were pushed out. Tara slowly lowered the cage which neatly trapped their necks, leaving their heads outside the cage but the rest of them still imprisoned inside it. The black woman stood near enough to their cages so that they could both lick her shoes. She looked down at their neat haircuts as they worked enthusiastically at the black leather.

Isabelle liked to claim that they were twins, Indian Princesses, spirited away from their homeland for an extraordinary sum of money. Tara was never sure about that, they were similar looking admittedly, but not identical. And Indian Princesses? Who actually knew? Tara couldn't even be sure if they were Indian if she was honest. But there again, all those sorts of people looked the same to her and frankly she wasn't particularly bothered where they were actually from.

All she knew for certain that, apart from being luscious and attractive, the two of them were extremely accomplished cunt-lappers and arse-lickers. She unhooked their respective leather leads from the hooks and fastened them to their collars. First Myrah, and then Anika according to the cute little nametags. She raised the upper cage door again and then opened the bottom half.

"Out!"

The two crawled out quickly but remained on all fours. Tara knew that they'd stay there all day unless told to get to their feet.

"Up!"

The two stood up in almost perfect synchronisation, heads up, arms by their side, arse in and tits stuck out. Like semi-clad soldiers, Tara always thought. Myrah on her left wore a pair of high-heeled turquoise blue sandals, Anika on her right a matching pair but in emerald green. They were very pretty girls, there was certainly no doubt about that. The two of them both wore cute little spandex shorts that matched their shoes.

And that was their only piece of clothing. Their small breasts stood out proudly and their nipples were pleasingly synchronic. Tara licked her thick lips appreciatively. They may not be Indian, or princesses, or twins, or even related, but by God they were sexy. She knew from experience what sort of talents they possessed, but she had a new idea, something that she'd read that made her juices flow.

From downstairs, Tara heard a high-pitched howl. it sounded like someone was being a naughty little girl. She smiled briefly to herself, Katie was her entry card into the inner circle of evil, lesbian bitches. People like Isabelle Lang. Rich, idle, bored women who had both the money and the inclination to indulge themselves in any sort of depraved way that they wished. Some of them, Tara had met. She'd even got along with a couple of them. But there were more, others that Tara had heard whispers of but had never had the opportunity to meet in person.

Tara's problem was that although my normal standards she was very wealthy, she was no longer dealing with normal standards. The women, and occasional man, she encountered were extremely, excessively, wealthy. And always had been. Their wealth was generational, unlike Tara's. They moved in the same sort of circles, went to the same sort of places on holiday, frequented the same restaurants. To break into this group was the target that Tara had set herself.

Fortunately for her she had the cunning and the brains and, when necessary, she could fight dirty. Very, very dirty. Some of her less attractive staff could bear witness to that. They were her business

rivals, or rather had been her business rivals. Now, having been outmanoeuvred, outfought and ultimately blackmailed, they now worked for her rather than against her. Katie had trod a similar path, but she was far too cute, too upper class to waste her life as a mere servant.

No, Tara had bigger plans for her. As indeed she had for the twins still stood rigidly to attention in front of her. There weren't many rules regarding the Bitch Club, as its members liked to term it. But one was that an owner wasn't allowed to cause any long term injury to, pierce, or brand another owner's merchandise. And although Tara still harboured certain fantasies along those lines she knew that she would be barred from future participation if she succumbed.

Therefore she had to be imaginative. She made the twins kneel a couple of feet apart and facing each other and then slowly removed her classy, knee length skirt and her expensive, silk knickers. She took a position facing Myrah and shuffled forward so that her sex was pushed almost to the girl's nose. Half turning, Tara took Anika by her hair and pulled her forward so that her face was level with her bare bottom. Turning back to Myrah, she took the Asian girl by her ears and rubbed her sex over the young girl's face. She then squatted slightly so that her arse was thrust out towards the second girl.

"Lick me!" She demanded huskily.

Both girls immediately put their little pink tongues to work. They both knew only too well the penalty for any sort of hesitation, no matter how minimal. And both also knew that if one of them earned any sort of a punishment, the other knew that she would automatically earn a similar one. It was in their interests, therefore, to work as a team. To lick and suck this smelly black bitch to orgasm. That was the only way their backsides might, just might, escape a thrashing before the day was out.

Myrah licked from the bottom to the top of the black woman's sex. Anika licked her horrible, fat bottom. trying not to baulk at the taste or the smell. Blacks were always the worse, their scents were just so strong. But sadly, neither her nor Anika had a choice in the matter. They were Isabelle Lang's sex slaves and they'd witnessed and even taken part in far, far more debasing activities than what they were being made to do at that moment.

Not that orally pleasuring or licking the arse of a fat, sweaty black woman wasn't horribly disgusting. But while the two of them were demeaning themselves like this, at least they weren't being beaten or hurt in any way. That might come later of course, but some of the mistress's friends didn't waste their time with this sort of sexual foreplay. One of the hideous old crones simply arrived dressed in full riding gear and carrying a braided leather whip. Whoever was unfortunate enough to attract her attention would simply be ridden like a horse while having her backside flayed with the whip.

And the assorted perverts did tend to be of a kind. Old, rich, cruel lesbians. Sometimes Anika fantasised about having a beautiful, young mistress. But in her present circumstances that seemed to be horribly unlikely. She'd been with Miss Lang long enough to that fantasies just didn't come true. Her mistress was just so rich and well connected that nothing did, or was ever likely to, disrupt her self-indulgent lifestyle. Myrah and her were slaves, and the only way to ameliorate their condition was to do what they were told to the best of their abilities.

Downstairs, Isabelle had graduated to the little leather paddle that she kept on her at all times in one of her voluminous pockets. After all, one never knew when her favourite little disciplinary item might come in useful? She liked to hand-spank her girls of course, who didn't? Especially big, plump-bottomed girls with very mark able skin like young Katie Carruthers who was currently sprawled over her lap displaying her wares in a most unladylike manner, the shameless little whore.

But eventually even a seasoned practitioner of the art like her did get tired. It wasn't as if she was a young girl anymore either. She was nearly 60 now and long spanking sessions didn't hold quite the appeal that they once did, much though she still enjoyed them. So she always carried her little paddle. Although the area of it wasn't much larger than her own hand, it was flexible and quite thick.

And the reaction that it invariably produced was really quite gratifying. Carruthers, for example has certainly cried while she was being spanked, but not quite to the extent that Isabelle required. Tears were always cute, and she never tired of them. But there were times, especially with new girls like Carruthers, that Isabelle required proper contrition. One simply had to establish in a girl's mind the actual order, the hierarchy of things early in the relationship. Some people, usually wealthy and white and from the proper background were natural dominants. People like her and some of her friends. That was simply the natural order of things which anyone with even half a brain would accept as the truth.

Others were naturally submissive. Some like the twins were obviously inferior, and Isabelle had made sure that they knew it. Some like Carruthers with her breeding and her background should have been dominant but was, in reality, submissive. These were the ones that Isabelle found the most intriguing. The natural state of affairs would have suggested that Carruthers was the mistress and that the dreadful black person who'd accompanied her was her slave. But clearly that wasn't true. And that's what fascinated her. And the fact that Tara knew that was something that she found particularly annoying.

She raised her paddle and brought it crashing down on Katie's purpling backside, which she could see was just starting to blister. Katie screamed and struggled a little, but knew better than to try and protect her bruised bottom cheeks. Isabelle Lang rested one mottled, elderly hand on the girl's glowing buttocks, enjoying the heat that radiated from them. What, she wondered, should be her next move regarding Tara Kingsholm?

Chapter 5

"I'll give you twenty thousand for her."

Tara settled herself in the comfortable chair and looked back inscrutably at Isabelle Lang. This was the part that she truly enjoyed. Haggling was the way she earned her living after all, unlike the wizened old bitch who had just made her ludicrously low opening bid. Slowly she stirred her cup of tea that had just been presented to her by an immaculately attired, beautiful, black maid.

"Thirty thousand," said Isabelle.

Tara smiled. Both of them knew that the offer was low, almost insultingly low.

"Thirty thousand for how long, the weekend?" She enquired.

Now it was Isabelle's turn to stare. Really! These sorts of people had absolutely no decorum. She didn't want to retain the girl's services. She wanted to own the girl, as the black bitch was clearly aware.

"How much?"

Tara smiled again. For a second her old life swam into her memory. Her in her dirty, old clothes being bullied at school. The dismissive attitude of her teachers. The shit jobs she'd had to do just keep herself from going under. But now here she was sat in the drawing room of an old but immensely rich pervert haggling over a pretty, young white slave. The very thought of it made her wet. Carruthers was going to be very busy that evening, at least her tongue was.

To add to the surreal situation, Isabelle Lang lay reclined in a comfortable chair, while the twins knelt at her feet with their heads bowed and their hands behind their back. They still wore their cute, personalised collars. Once Tara had enjoyed their eminently acceptable services, she made them crawl out of the room and down the stairs on their hands and knees while she kept a firm grip on their respective leashes.

Her own slave was stood in one corner of the large room, her pretty, yellow party dress pinned up to the white Peter Pan collar and her scrap of knickers around her ankles. Her entire bottom and the backs of her thighs right the way down to her knees seemed to be ablaze. She was snuffling and gently sobbing, but still obediently kept her hands on her head and away from her bottom.

Tara imagined that Katie was a little sore, but that didn't really concern her overly. In fact it didn't concern her at all. What did interest her was that her plan had worked. Isabelle Lang had clearly enjoyed her hour with Katie. And also, she was pleased to see, the girl had remembered her many lessons and behaved herself adequately. The sub text being that not only could Tara choose and recruit suitable, attractive submissives, but that she could train them properly as well.

"She isn't for sale."

From the look on Isabelle's face, Tara imagined that being refused wasn't exactly an everyday occurrence to the aristocratic old woman. Tara stirred her tea again, but didn't say another word. Instead she assessed the black maid who stood rigidly to attention alongside her. No doubt Isabelle had chosen a black woman to dress as a maid to make some kind of a point. She was rich and powerful, but also so very easy to read. The maid was in her late twenties, maybe thirty years old and was quite the Amazon. Tara had a sudden desire to put her hand under the girl's skirt, but managed to control the impulse. She had business to transact.

"Fifty."

"I'm very sorry, Isabelle, but as I've said. My girl isn't for sale. I've become very attached to her over the last few months. She's a lovely little thing though, isn't she? Always willing to please, I've discovered."

From the corner of her eye, Tara noticed Katie give a little shudder and had to struggle to suppress a snort of amusement. That was something the little madam would have to be disciplined for at a later date. She looked back at Isabelle and raised her eyebrows questioningly, as if daring her to make another bid which she could dismiss. But even Isabelle Lang it seemed, had learned her lesson. She merely glared back furiously but kept her thoughts to herself.

"I've had an absolutely marvellous time thank you, Isabelle. But I'm afraid that Katie and I really need to be going now. She needs her afternoon rest, you see. Especially after she's been so vigorously...exercised."

Isabelle didn't reply but instead sent her maid scurrying off to arrange for Tara's car to be brought to the front door. Tara meanwhile got to her feet and approached Katie who was still stood in the corner exhibiting her bruised backside. She cupped a cheek in each hand and squeezed, eliciting a little moan from the girl.

"I imagine I'll have to rub something on that for you later, girl?" She whispered into Katie's ear.

She then squatted and retrieved Katie's panties which was down by her ankles before slowly, slowly sliding them up the girl's legs. Tara didn't look behind her but she could quite imagine the effect her demonstration was having on Isabelle Lang. Finally she untucked the yellow dress and carefully smoothed it down so that it covered Katie's knickers. Taking her by the hand, Tara led her back to the older woman.

"What do you say to Miss Lang, Katie?"

"Th...thank you for having me, Miss Lang," she sniffed, wiping the tears from her eyes.

"There's a good girl, Katie. Manners cost nothing, as I know you're well aware," lectured her mistress.

Isabelle merely glowered at the pair of them.

"Goodbye, Isabelle. Thank you again. Please let us know when you're planning another party and I'll check regarding Katie's availability.

Isabelle was annoyed, extremely annoyed. That a black person had the audacity to mock her in the first place was bad enough, but to be mocked in her own home in front of her own servants! Good Lord! What was the world coming to? Angrily she flexed the long, thin rattan cane in her bony hands before bringing it slashing down on Beulah's, invitingly fat arse. The shriek her statuesque black maid produced mollified her slightly.

As soon as that bitch, Tara Kingsholm had left, Isabelle had bundled Beulah down to the cellar and put her straight into the pillory. She was damned if she was going to let Beulah get away with listening in on her conversation. She was so angry that she didn't even bother removing the maid's traditional black, nylon knickers. Instead she just drew her arm back and lashed the cane across the centre of her plump backside which the angle of the pillory had raised to just the right height.

The tearful begging started almost immediately. Isabelle was in no mood to spare the girl. She'd been thwarted and therefore someone had to suffer. She'd been that way as long as she could remember. She carefully lined the stick up with the black maid's squirming backside before letting her have another full force blow. Part of Isabelle's anger was directed at herself of course. She'd allowed the horrible, common harlot to outmanoeuvre her. She'd made the mistake of showing the Kingsholm woman that she wanted that cute little piece of fluff too early.

Whiiipp!

The problem was that Isabelle was unused to something as common as bartering. And she didn't have any patience whatsoever. She knew that now. She was used to simply naming a figure and then having that number accepted. After all, fifty thousand was quite a lot for an unproven piece. Even a piece as enticing as pretty little Katie Carruthers.

Whiiipp!

The rattan wrapped itself around Beulah's bubble bottom leaving a discernable track as it did so. The girl fought and shrieked, but the pillory was extremely solid and easily contained her, despite her obvious size and strength.

Whiiipp!

Isabelle was starting to feel a little better. Whipping her slaves often had that effect. Especially the tough ones like Beulah here.

Whiiipp!

Although, no matter how tough they were at first, they soon succumbed to the cane. Isabelle enjoyed breaking them down. That's why she often chose bigger girls as her house slaves. It did her heart good to see larger women reduced to bawling, crying babies.

Whiiipp!

One of the advantages, or disadvantages depending on your point of view in thrashing a black was that the marks didn't really show. It was hard to gauge the effectiveness of the punishment. Therefore Isabelle always erred towards the harsh side with her black slaves, just to make sure that they were feeling it.

Whiiipp!

She would have given a proportion of her massive fortune just to have Tara Kingsholm under the lash, if only for an hour or two. The problem was that she had a vague fear of the aggressive, black woman. The rumour was that Tara had made her money from the narcotics trade and therefore had some very dangerous acquaintances. It wasn't something that Isabelle wanted to involve herself with in any case. She was far too well-bred to lower herself to that level.

Whiiipp!

So she had to content herself with caning Beulah, while at the same time imagining Tara's fat, ugly face belonged to Beulah's lithesome, attractive young body.

Whiiipp!

Her problem still remained the same as it had done two hours previously. How was she going to deal with that bitch, Tara Kingsholm?

Whiiipp!

And more pertinently perhaps, how was she going to secure the services of Katie Carruthers?

Whiiipp!

Chapter 6

Yang Mi had always had servants. Her family had also had servants for as long as she could remember. They were a normal part of her life. In fact all her friends' families also owned servants, it was just the natural way among the wealthy Chinese circles that she moved in. They were farm girls usually, large by Chinese standards, muscular country girls. Generally they made ideal servants, hard-working and obedient they knew very well that they owed their livelihoods and probably their very existence to their employers and they were rightly grateful for that. Even the pittance they were paid was more than they earned on their distant farms. But the food and lodging that they received more than made up for that. And the work, although onerous by most standards, was relatively easy compared to the backbreaking toil their compatriots back on the land endured.

And although they did help make Yang Mi's life relatively easy, she wasn't particularly satisfied. Her father's extensive business operation in the West needed looking after. Largely due to the fact that he had three daughters and no sons, her father had entrusted large parts of it to her, the eldest daughter. And fortunately, she'd turned out to be good at her job, very good in fact. She'd slowly taken on more and more of the rapidly expanding business.

Bringing her into the business had naturally introduced her to more and more Westerners, the majority of whom she'd come to hate with something approaching a passion. So rude, so arrogant, so stupid generally. And why did they smell so bad? Like cheese that had been left out in the sun too long. At first she'd half-welcomed their ignorance and condescension, it made dealing with them so much easier.

They always underestimated her, especially the men she did business with. Which was a bonus as far as she was concerned. She resented their attitude of course, what self-respecting Asian woman wouldn't? But she was Chinese, and therefore she treated them with a certain amount of respect. They were, after all, usually older than her. But even then, she treated them with as little respect as she could get away with, not that they actually noticed.

They were usually more interested in her or rather her appearance. She was quite striking, she knew that. Her mother had been a model in her youth and her father was attractive enough to produce her, a tall, perfectly proportioned, high-cheek-boned, almond-eyed beauty. She played on that of course, flirting when she had to, coquettish even, when the situation demanded. It didn't matter to her, just so long as the deal was done.

It didn't matter to her because she had no interest in men, no sexual interest that was. They fascinated her, but only as a specimen in a jar might fascinate a botanist. She was interested in their psyche, what made them tick, how they could be manipulated. How they could be persuaded, or if necessary, manipulated into a deal that was beneficial to her rather than them. She'd read her Sun Tzu and was fully conversant with his methods.

She wasn't asexual though, far from it. It was just that her tastes were rather...unusual. Certainly as polite society was concerned. She loved girls, or rather certain types of girls. She both hated and loved snooty, arrogant Western girls. She hated having to put up with them for the sake of business or even social convention. But she loved dominating them. Loved the feeling of power as she made a Western girl go down on her, or the screams of a pretty little thing under her whip.

She had quite the collection of delightful things, safely stashed away in some of her many houses. She kept several houses in several different cities, she was after all the definition of jet-setting. She worked very hard and she made her and her family an enormous amount of money. Her houses were where she liked to relax, to take a rest from the stresses of work, and to indulge herself. Her favourite houses were those where she felt safe enough to install some of her favourite girls in.

She was heading to one right now. A huge mansion of a place in her own country. Nice and secluded and luxurious, but also the place where she was about to meet a new girl. One she was very much looking forward to meeting. A girl from her past who hadn't been very kind to her. Someone who had the extraordinary temerity to try and bully her all those years ago. The woman had probably forgotten all

about it, but she, Yang Mi, never forgot or forgave anything. A trait which simultaneously made her a formidable businesswoman and a terrible enemy.

She curled up in the back seat and reread the letter again. And they were always letters rather than emails. Hand written letters using a pen and paper.

'My esteemed mistress,

I now realise my treatment of you was most irregular. I accept that I must atone for my sins. I am currently working under the tutelage of my new Governess, Miss Zhao. Together we are endeavouring to improve my behaviour.

Your Servant,

Alison Richmond'

Alison Richmond. Now that was an echo from the past. Big, athletic, blonde Alison who'd made her life such a misery at the exclusive, English boarding school her father had enrolled her in. Miss Yang let her mind drift back to those times. On the whole, she'd enjoyed her time there. It was challenging academically, but she was a very clever girl. She wasn't very good at English sports but she always gave her best, and she soon made plenty of friends.

She was always very obedient and respectful and she soon became a favourite of all the teachers. The one fly in the ointment however was Alison. Alison was three years older than her and was unfortunately a snob and a natural bully. She was racist as well, and took great delight in belittling Yang Mi and even mocking her accent. Her and her little gang used to enjoy bullying her and calling her names, even going as far as to destroy homework that she'd spent a lot of time on.

Rather than complaining about her treatment from the older girl, Yang Mi simply tried to ignore it. She didn't want to lose face by admitting that she was allowing another girl to bully her, and it was certainly something she wouldn't waste her father's time over. He had personally chosen the school for her, his favourite daughter. She could hardly criticise his choice, that would have been a blow to his pride. Instead she simply put up with Alison's nastiness until the girl left school.

From then on, Yang Mi blossomed and became the credit to the school that her father always hoped she'd be. In her final year there she was made Head Girl and a part of her ethos was a zero-tolerance for bullies like Alison Richmond. She finished with excellent exams, went to a very famous English university to read business, and then did a masters in an equally famous American one. The rest was history. She was now an extremely wealthy, and powerful woman.

Therefore it didn't take her very long at all to discover the whereabouts of Alison Richmond. Although they hadn't exchanged a word in twenty years, Yang Mi had very good contacts and bottomless pockets. Her agent soon reported back that Alison had married a wealthy man and now ran a business in the south of England. Her married name was now Sanderson, her husband was called Toby, and they had a daughter, Lauren.

Yang Mi took out her phone and scrolled through it until she found the diary that Alison was required to update and upload at regular intervals

'Today Miss Zhao caned me for disobedience. She required that I removed my own knickers and then present myself across her desk. She was good enough to award me six strokes because of my continual defiance in questioning her decisions. I deserved the punishment, and although it made me cry I accept that it will make me a better person.'

She smiled as she imagined the arrogant blonde writing that out. She scrolled up a little further.

'Today I was caned across my hands by Miss Zhao, three strokes across each palm. The fault was entirely mine. I neglected to tie my own tie correctly. I am grateful to Miss Zhao for correcting my failure. I will endeavour not to repeat the offence.'

Not long now, she thought, as she slipped her designer skirt higher up her hips and leaned back into the comfortable leather of her chauffeur-driven limousine. Not long until she came face to face with her childhood bully.

Chapter 7

One morning there was buzz in the air. Alison noticed that the servants were even more intense in their duties. She had reported as usual to the kitchen but had been led by the hand to the classroom. There she was told the news that she had been dreading. Later that morning her new mistress, Yang Mi, was on her way to the house. Alison was to be bathed and dressed and readied for the occasion. One of the maids led her to a beautifully appointed bathroom where she was carefully washed. Then she was taken to a fine bedroom where her junior school uniform, freshly laundered and ironed, was laid out for her. Once again the same maid dressed her with the utmost attention to detail. Finally a second maid attended to her makeup and tied her hair into two blonde pigtails with ribbons that matched her carefully knotted tie.

Stood at attention in the classroom, Alison could feel her knees trembling. Suddenly the door opened and a woman entered. She was tall for a Chinese woman, and she entered the room with the sort of certain confidence that only the very wealthy possess. Alison's heart was pounding, surely this wasn't little Yang Mi from school? However. As soon as she caught sight of the Chinese woman's face, her heart seemed to stick in her throat. She was beautifully dressed in a clearly expensive dark blue silk blouse and demure knee-length skirt. Her schoolgirl haircut had been replaced with a more sophisticated style, which along with her black high heels made her look about six inches taller than Alison remembered. But there was no doubt who it was. Alison struggled to control her bladder. This was the woman who'd arranged for her to be kidnapped from her nice middle-class existence, from her husband and her daughter and then spirited halfway across the world.

She was followed a couple of paces behind by the tall, austere woman that Alison had come to fear over all others, her governess, Miss Zhao, dressed in her customary black garb. Her governess! At first the idea had made her laugh. Why would she, a thirty six year old woman, need a governess? But that was when she'd been first introduced to Miss Zhao, she'd been impetuous and foolish, she knew that now. In fact she cringed when she remembered how their conversation had gone.

"You are Alison Richmond?" even her impeccable English struggled with Alison's first name.

"Who the fuck are you? I demand that you let me go, my father will have you all killed! Do you know who he is? Do you know who you're messing with?"

Alison could remember what she said word for word. Even now she felt faint at what she'd done, although clearly she didn't realise it at the time. She remembered the woman's reaction as well, no more than a faint, derisive smile and an imperceptible raising of her exquisite eyebrows.

"I can see from your behaviour that you are indeed she. I have been warned by my mistress what to expect."

"Your mistress? Who the hell is your mistress and what does she want with me?"

"My mistress is Yang Mi; she has arranged for you to be removed from your previous life and installed here, in your new one."

"What are you talking about? You can't remove people from their lives!"

"And yet, here you are," the serene voice carried a certain amount of amusement.

Alison turned and made ready to flee this insanity. Behind her were two very large women, each carried a stick. That was to be her first ever taste of corporal punishment. While one of the women grabbed her, the second simply laid into her with her wicked cane. She squealed and fought but the women were far too strong. She received several stinging blows and ended up with her party dress virtually torn from her body. And that was just the beginning.

She was set to work in the kitchen as a humble scullery maid. She was worked long and hard, far harder than she'd ever been worked in her life. And she was kept on a diet that barely kept her alive. That morning's breakfast had been some soggy noodles and a bowl of tea. That was another part of her captivity that she found very hard. She was barely fed enough and she was constantly hungry. She wasn't used to that at all. She was quite a big woman, much taller than most Chinese females. She did have a tendency towards plumpness as well, although she didn't like to admit it. She certainly wasn't plump now though, far from it. Her lack of food and her unaccustomed physical labouring had given her a much more attractive physique.

Her day started at 6am by the jarring note of her bedside alarm. Without thinking she washed and quickly brushed her teeth. In the one wardrobe that contained all her clothes she extracted the cheap nylon uniform and slipped it over her head. She pulled her one pair of black leather flats from under her bed and pushed her feet into them. She brushed her blonde hair and bound it into a pony tail using an elastic band. She grimaced at herself in the reflection of the cracked little mirror.

She pulled and tugged at her black polyester dress but no matter what she did it was still too small and too tight. She checked that the white collar was properly fastened and that the white cuffs of her dress weren't too grimy. She reached over for her frilly white apron and tied it around her waist in a big bow. The final and most demeaning touch was to pin her little black and white cap to her lacklustre hair. Finally Alison Richmond, eldest daughter of millionaire businessman Donald Richmond, was ready for work.

She scurried down the corridor in order to get to her place in the kitchen by 6.45. There were already five other girls in the huge room. Nobody spoke to her; nobody even paid her the slightest attention. The other servant girls never spoke to her in fact. That was partly because they were uneducated girls from the country but also because they didn't speak any English. Alison couldn't converse in Chinese either so their chances for any sort of interaction were limited. Through the clouds of steam she could see her immediate superior, Miss Chang, gesticulating to her. She hurried over to her and bowed as she was required to do.

Once 8.45 came around she made her obedience to Miss Chang and when back to her room. Back in the cupboard she retrieved her other set of clothes. She stripped off her maid uniform and hung it up tidily, she was allowed to wash it twice a week and this wasn't one of those days. Her other set of clothes was her true source of humiliation. Admittedly her maid uniform was demeaning but her other uniform was a school uniform. And not any old school uniform, but the actual uniform from her former school. Well, the junior version of it anyway.

Quickly she pulled on the white ankle socks and navy blue knickers that were now her only form of underwear. Next a white long-sleeved shirt and a neatly knotted red and white striped junior school tie. Then a simple grey gymslip that reached to mid-thigh and finally her hair was tied in two pigtails with red and white ribbon. She pulled on her black shoes and then reached into the cupboard for the red blazer which she hastily buttoned up. Minutes later she tapped gently on a wooden door and entered the room. Bizarrely it was laid out in much the same way as she remembered from her actual school days, the desks, the pictures on the wall, even a globe on the teacher's desk.

The essential difference was that the stern looking young woman behind the teacher's desk was Chinese. This was Miss Zhao, the same Miss Zhao she had so grievously insulted in her first day of captivity. Alison hurried to stand too attention in front of her before bowing deeply from the waist. At first this situation had completely mystified her, were these people insane? Quickly however she had learned the error of her ways. The humiliating uniform, the lessons, even Miss Zhao herself began to make absolute sense. As her new Governess was constantly reminding her, she was extremely lucky. She had done an innocent person harm and now she was been given the opportunity to right that wrong.

For the first couple of weeks she had been shocked to discover that the huge house she was incarcerated in belonged to her blameless victim, Yang Mi. She had originally denied the accusation of course, which she now accepted was a mistake. Every time she refused to accept her responsibility she was taken to the central courtyard and beaten. She was stripped naked, forced into a pillory and simply thrashed by the two muscular, cane-wielding women.

This punishment continued only until blubbing and begging she accepted that she had mistreated the young Chinese girl. She was then brought back in to Miss Zhao's charge. Miss Zhao explained that unlike most enemies of the influential Yang clan she wouldn't be simply executed in the central courtyard. She, Alison Richmond, had a chance to turn her life around. Miss Zhao earnestly requested that she should consider that option. That was when her new life had begun.

Alison was now both kitchen maid at the Yang house and pupil to Miss Zhao. Between 6 and 9 she worked in the kitchen, from 9 to 3 she was a pupil in the classroom, and from 3 to 6 she worked wherever she was required to work. Miss Zhao explained to her that in order to turn her life around she would have to be re-educated. In Alison's case that would involve being returned to her early school days where her

previous teachers had quite clearly failed her. Miss Zhao, who it transpired had tutored Yang Mi, was to be her new Governess. She would endeavour to help Alison reassess her life.

And so it turned out. Alison was shocked and humiliated to be given an actual version of her junior school uniform. Junior rather than senior explained Miss Zhao because Alison's behaviour didn't warrant the senior version. It only took a few strokes of the cane for Alison to accept this situation. Miss Zhao was an extremely traditional sort of teacher. She simply demanded punctuality, politeness, and obedience. Alison had come to accept that Miss Zhao had only treated her harshly in the first weeks because she cared about her and it was for her own good. Her classroom diary for that period made several references to it,

To reinforce the lesson she was required to wear a sign hung around her neck with a single word on it in Chinese, 'disobedient' perhaps, or 'arrogant', or maybe 'rude'. All served to remind her, and everyone else, of her transgressions. When she sat alone on her lunch break or lesson break she was pointed to and giggled at by the other household servants. She had come to accept that this was good for her. She continually needed to be reminded of her arrogance and intransigence. As part of her self-appraisal she was encouraged to write letters of apology to various people. Chief among those was Yang Mi of course.

"You may make your obedience, girl." Said Miss Zhao.

Her governess's voice quickly brought her back to the present. Alison had been well trained as to what she should do when she first met her new Mistress. Slowly she sank to her knees and pressed her forehead to the floor.

"Miss Yang, my name is Alison Richmond. I hereby accept the fact that I am your property. I am yours to do with as I wish. I truly regret my behaviour towards you Miss Yang, and with your help I will endeavour to make amends for it. I hope you will accept me as your slave."

Lifting her head she crawled to Miss Yang and pressed her lips to the girl's patent leather shoes. She kissed the first one from the pointed tip to the back of the shoe. When she had finished she repeated the process with the other shoe, trying her best not to miss an inch of the pungent black leather. Behind her she could hear Miss Zhao talking in Chinese to Miss Yang. Yang Mi didn't sound even remotely surprised at the scene that was being played out in front of her. She may have been discussing the weather for all that Alison knew.

In fact she was complimenting Miss Zhao on the results of her training.

"The girl seems reasonably contrite, Miss Zhao."

"Thank you Mistress. As always I intend only to obey your wishes."

"Do you think the girl will be a suitable slave here? Do you think she may be dangerous at all? Look at the size of her; she's more like a farmyard animal than a woman!"

Miss Zhao allowed a tight smile before explaining that in her opinion the girl would make a suitable slave. She was now thoroughly cowed and obedient. However in Miss Zhao's opinion she would still benefit from the application of regular discipline.

"Do you like my shoes, Richmond?"

Alison was so surprised to hear Yang Mi's voice again after so many years that she almost forgot to carry on licking.

"You may answer me, girl."

Alison paused in her ministrations.

"Er...yes Miss Yang they are beautiful shoes."

"Do you enjoy licking them?"

Alison clearly didn't enjoy such an onerous task but her conditioning enabled her to reply confidently.

"If that is what my Mistress desires then yes, I enjoy licking them."

"Kneel up and look at me."

This was the moment that Alison had been truly dreading, but of course she obeyed.

Yang Mi looked her carefully up and down. She liked what she saw. Snobbish, bullying Alison Richmond kneeling at her feet. She particularly enjoyed the fact that her enemy was dressed in such a humiliating fashion. Really, she looked like an overgrown 10 year old rather than the married, mature

woman that she really was. Even her breasts looked normal now; so many Western girls looked like milk cows. In fact hadn't the arrogant girl lost much of her puppy-fat? She placed a manicured finger beneath the girl's chin and raised her eyes to meet her own. With barely any back lift she brought the palm of her hand down hard against the proffered cheek. Alison immediately brought her own hand to her cheek, shocked by the unexpected blow rather than anything else

Mi enjoyed the look of confusion and pain in the older girl's eyes. She took a grip on one of her foolish looking pigtails and shook her.

"My slaves do not generally touch themselves without my express permission! Put your hands down by your sides and kneel back up."

Alison obeyed despite the stinging pain. Coldly and calmly Mi slapped her other cheek.

"I've been looking forward to this meeting so much. You have no idea what I have in store for you, do you? When I've finished with you, a slapped face will be the very mildest punishment I'll bestow on you. You can be sure of that."

Yang Mi was nothing if not true to her word. From that moment the pace of Alison's re education moved forward very quickly. She discovered that both her duties as a maid and a student increased exponentially. For example she was introduced to other areas of the enormous mansion that was the Yang's country property. Previously undiscovered corridors now required the attention of her scrubbing brush and pail of lukewarm water. She was required to scrub every inch of the long gloomy hallways.

The fact that they were usually already clean appeared to be immaterial. Miss Chang who accompanied her to her place of work would simply coat the marble floors with a certain dye which took real effort to remove before it ultimately went dry and couldn't be moved with detergent and a scrubbing brush. Usually she was left alone to work, Mrs Chang would always check her efforts and reward her with strokes of her cane if she felt that Alison's work wasn't up to scratch.

However every so often the click-clack of high heels on the hard floors heralded the arrival of Yang Mi. Alison hated and feared that innocuous noise. The first time she heard it Mi had taken her by the ear and half-dragged her on her hands and knees almost the entire length of the corridor pointing out areas that were, in her opinion, shoddily cleaned. She then instructed Alison to put her nose to the floor. She pulled up her nylon skirt over her backside to reveal her lack of underwear and then forced her to crawl back to her bucket without taking her nose from the marble. Using the leather riding crop that she often carried she applied stroke after stroke to Alison's rapidly reddening buttocks. Ignoring her crying and begging, Mi carried on scolding Alison for the entire length of the long corridor.

In the classroom it appeared that Miss Zhao had been relieved of her duties. Her Governess was now, of course, Yang Mi herself. The next time Alison presented herself in the room at precisely 9am, she was greeted by the sight of Mi ostentatiously flexing one of the longer, more painful canes that were kept just for her. Her Mistress had certainly dressed for the part. In fact she was almost unrecognisable as the shy, mousey schoolgirl that Alison remembered. She was wearing heels of course, and dark nylons. She had a knee-length black pencil skirt and a crisp, white shirt buttoned to her throat. Her long black hair was done in a tall bun, and a pair of spectacles perched on her snub nose.

Alison came to stand in the centre of the room and then made her customary bow. Without a word Mi pointed her cane to Alison's desk and the lesson began.

"Your previous Governess, the esteemed Miss Zhao has left me some notes regarding your character, Richmond. I am informed that you are a lazy little girl, argumentative and rather stupid. Would that be an accurate assessment do you believe?"

Alison knew that it would be unthinkable rude to contradict someone as wise as Miss Zhao. She nevertheless leapt to her feet and folded her arms behind her back. The position she was required to adopt whenever questioned by a person in authority.

"Yes Miss Yang, I believe that to be an accurate assessment."

"Would you also agree that you are a bully, Richmond?"

This was the question that Alison had been dreading. This was why she was here, grovelling in front of her former schoolmate. This was why she was a scullery maid in China rather than a prosperous business owner in Surrey. There was only one answer, and both her and her Chinese mistress knew what that was. Just the very thought of being fastened in that horrible pillory and thrashed again was enough.

"Yes, mistress. I am a bully. I know what I did was wrong, and I beg you to teach me the error of my ways."

In a sense, she shouldn't have been quite so surprised at the ease in which those words sprung to her lips. After all, she'd spent many unhappy hours at Miss Zhao's feet being tutored in practising exactly just what to say and how to say it to her mistress. At first, Alison had considered this sort of public admission of guilt to be very Chinese thing. But she'd learned the habit very quickly. The idea was to first admit one's guilt and then ask for help in rectifying the situation.

The object for those accused, she'd realised, was to achieve leniency. And the only acceptable way to do that was to first admit guilt, and then accept punishment. The reason that she'd been publically caned in the courtyard when she first arrived was because she wouldn't admit that she'd bullied Yang Mi at school. That, she realised, would probably have carried on indefinitely until she actually accepted responsibility for her actions.

And strangely enough, once Alison had taken that first step it felt as if a weight had been lifted from her shoulders. Subconsciously she'd known, even at the time she was doing it, that bullying was wrong. Especially bullying someone younger and smaller than herself, and especially when the victim was foreign and therefore a guest in her country. Just the thought of what she'd done made her feel physically sick.

Miss Zhao had demanded to know just why she felt it necessary to bully Yang Mi, and at first she wouldn't say why. At least not until she'd been stripped and caned a few times anyway. But then she'd been interrogated in the crowded kitchen with all the servants present. Miss Zhao had asked her repeatedly why she'd bullied Yang Mi. The servants jabbered away in the background in their indecipherable accents, but their anger was still very apparent.

How dare this Western gweilo assault their beloved mistress? Miss Zhao had whispered a translation to her as the atmosphere became more and more tense. Some of the older women were shaking their fists at her while the younger ones began to shout. Miss Zhao asked her one more time.

"Why did you assault our beautiful mistress, Yang Mi?"

Alison couldn't take it anymore. Why was she pretending? What would she gain by carrying on?

"It's because I loved her, and I still love her."

Miss Zhao smiled at her and told her to stand up and tell her fellow servants what she'd just said. When she did so, her governess translated the words. For a second there was silence, and then raucous laughter. Now she was being mocked by uneducated Chinese peasants! Alison felt the tears on her cheeks as she stood head bowed as the women laughed and pointed.

"They are asking why a big fat Western cow like you would have the audacity to love someone as beautiful and perfect as our beloved mistress? What should I answer?"

Alison shook her head, not trusting herself to speak. Why indeed? She'd surprised herself with that admission. She'd loved delicate, gorgeous Yang Mi the first time she set eyes on her all those years ago. She'd also known in that same split second that her love just wouldn't be reciprocated, how could it be? Look at her, she *is* beautiful and she *is* perfect, and she always had been.

Alison was surprised to feel Miss Zhao's soft, tiny hand stroke her cheek.

"Admission is the first step on the road to redemption, gweilo girl."

Chapter 8

Tara read the note again and smiled. It had been delivered that morning by hand. A smartly attired young woman had knocked on her door, curtsied, and then presented the envelope to her. She didn't have to ask who it was from.

"My mistress told me to wait for a reply, madam." announced the pale-faced girl.

Tara played with the edges of the envelope a little but didn't open it.

"Tell your mistress that I haven't time to read it at the moment, but when I do I'll be sure to reply."

The expression on the girl's face told Tara what she thought about that. But clearly, the opinion of a servant was of no consequence. Tara simply closed the door in her face and turned away. She'd been just about to leave for work, so she put the letter in her handbag and didn't read it. She did spend the rest of the journey speculating on its content though, which was quite enjoyable.

Sat at her ornate desk in her big, corner office she slowly slit it open. Before she read it she took a sip of her coffee. She'd managed, through she willpower to put off reading it until it until her first coffee break of the morning.

'My dear Tara,

It's my very great pleasure to invite you to a soiree at my residence on the 13th of this month. I have some good friends that I would very much like you to meet. I think you may find them as interesting as I do. Each of them is bringing at last one guest, please feel free to do the same.

Warm Regards

IL'

Finally, here it was in her hands. Her invite into 'polite' society. It didn't matter that the racist old baggage didn't like her. It didn't matter that Isabelle looked down on her and that the platitudes expressed in the invitation were empty. The reality was that she'd manoeuvred herself into the orbit of some very big players. Her plan to use her pretty little piece as bait to land a bigger fish, had worked quite spectacularly. Now, all she had to do was to make sure that the rest of her plan came to fruition as well.

When she arrived home, she decided that a little celebration tea party was in order for her favourite girl. Katie was still, unsurprisingly, where Tara had left her that morning. Caged in her cute little, pink cot in her cute little pink nursery. Tara had put aside one of the bigger bedrooms for that actual purpose. When she was in the mood for a little ABDL play, the nursery was the perfect setting. And she was in the mood right now.

A nice refreshing cup of Lady Grey and a slow perusal of her various social media sites later, she was ready to play. Katie was extracted from her baby prison. She'd soiled her nappy of course, that was apparent as soon as Tara opened the bedroom door. But as she'd been in her crib for the last twelve hours, that was hardly surprising.

Tara very much enjoyed the look on baby Katie's face, a mixture of bored resignation and acute shame, as she waddled over to the changing mat placed on the low table. Her nappy enclosed in the rustling plastic lining almost fell to her knees, such was the amount of matter inside it. Tara watched the girl lay submissively on her padded mat as she pulled on her protective latex gloves.

"Have you been a good little girl while mummy's been in work, Katie?" She asked in the singsong voice a mother would use with her little girl.

"Yeth, mummy," came the only acceptable reply. "I've been a very good little girl."

In fact all Kathryn had done all day was lay in her cot. She hated these sessions with her 'mummy' mainly because of the boredom.

"Let's get you changed then. You'd like that wouldn't you?"

"Yeth, mummy. That would be thuper."

Kathryn cringed and blushed as she always did when she consciously lisped. But that's what mummy Tara required when she was in this sort of mood. And what mummy Tara wanted, she invariably got. Kathryn discovered a long time ago that blushing red cheeks were far preferable to a glowing, red bottom.

First her onesie, bright pink pyjamas came off, and then the nappy, much to Kathryn's relief. The contents of it absolutely stunk. Tara giggled as she deposited it straight into a plastic bag

"I don't know what you've been eating young lady, but it doesn't seem to agree with you?"

Kathryn was silent, both of them knew very well what she'd been eating. After all, mummy Tara made all her baby meals for her. And by the volume and the stink she'd produced her guess was that the woman had added a dose or two of laxative to the horrible green puree she'd been fed with earlier that day.

She felt her legs raised as Tara got busy with her wet wipes. Soon every available part of her had been vigorously rubbed, wiped and cleaned. Kathryn knew her bald, shaved Mons and gaping pussy were perfectly visible to the perverted, middle-aged black woman, but there was obviously nothing that she could do about it. In fact Tara seemed to take great delight in stroking and fondling her sex, as if to verify her ownership.

Once she was done, she carefully wiped Kathryn dry and then produced the sweet smelling baby powder and covered her exposed sex with it. Kathryn hated the powder, the smell of it was so cloying and pervasive. It clung to her all day and was a constant reminder of her degradation and servitude, and the shameful position she now found herself in. Once Tara was satisfied that her girl had been well and truly powdered, she left her on the mat and went to fetch another nappy.

Kathryn's spirits immediately sank even further. She'd half hoped that her baby role might have ended for the evening, but clearly her mistress had other ideas. She returned with a nappy and fastened Kathryn into it. Once that was done, it was time to choose her clothes for what remained of the day. First of all a pair of frilled, pink rumba pants were pulled over her nappy, then a pair of white ankle socks with pale blue ribbons sewn into them were placed on her feet.

And if they weren't quite shameful enough, she wasn't even provided with a bra. Not even a training bra. Instead a pale blue, Empire-style dress was pulled over her head and patted into place. Although it only came to mid-thigh, it had been artfully designed to not only fit her upper body perfectly but also to compress what little breast development she actually had and to make it almost non-existent. It also had a couple of sewn-in petticoats which made the skirt stick out almost at right angles. The final touch was a pale blue bonnet which was tied with ribbon under her chin.

Kathryn hoped and prayed that Tara wasn't going to take her out like this. That was something she was eminently capable of. Instead, to her relief, she saw 'her' high chair pushed against the kitchen table and was almost pleased to be helped into it. Tara fetched her white and blue bib from a drawer and tied it around her neck. Then she handed Kathryn a bottle of warm milk before settling down to her own microwaved meal.

"We're having a treat today, baby. I've had some good news, which incidentally involves you. I'm having this rather pleasant fish and a very good bottle of sauvignon blanc to go with it. And you're going to get two bottles of milk tonight rather than just one, What do you say, darling?"

"F...fank you, mummy," said Kathryn, the first flush of shame already rising up from her neck.

"I'm sorry, dear. Mummy didn't quite catch that?" Tara cupped her hand behind her ear as if she really was dealing with a two year old.

Kathryn had to think very quickly before she adjusted her reply.

"Fank u, mummy."

"Good girl! Who's mummy's good girl?"

Chapter 9

Isabelle Lang scrolled impatiently through her list of contacts. It didn't seem as if any of them had anything to suit her requirements. Normally she could find a piece to that had the potential to please her in a day or two, and certainly within a week. But this one was taking time. She was looking for a replacement for Beulah, her statuesque black maid. She'd only bought the girl on a whim. She had wanted to annoy Tara bloody Kingsholm by parading her own new black piece around the house in her degrading uniform. But to her annoyance Tara hadn't even made a comment, much less be offended, which of course was Isabelle's intention.

And now she was bored with the big Amazonian girl. Bored with her ugly, black face. Bored with the unusual smell of her. Bored of her clumsy, bovine appearance. She was just bored. Buy in haste, she thought to herself, repent at leisure. She really shouldn't have invested in that particular piece. Having said that, Isabelle was quite surprised at the tidy little profit she made on the girl.

Luckily one of her contacts had the perfect buyers ready and waiting. A gentleman and his wife from the American deep South had let it be known that they were on the lookout for a very particular type of new maid. Each to their own, thought Isabelle as she noticed with pleasure that the funds were showing in one of her 'special' accounts, once it had done the rounds of several other pretend ones of course.

That meant that she had funds to play with. Not that she needed the money, obviously. It was just that she'd set herself a slave budget this year, and was determined to stick to it this time. She'd set out her own requirements and sent them out to the various specialists that she had access to. But surprisingly she wasn't having any luck. It wasn't as if she was asking for the earth, either. She just wanted a change from her regular type of girl.

Her dealers had suggested the usual pretty little things that she'd bought plenty of over the years, but at the moment she felt a tiny bit...jaded. Which was quite unusual for a woman of Isabelle's self-acknowledged depravity. So she was going to have a change. She still wanted a pretty little piece, certainly after the clumsy, cow-featured item she'd just rid herself of. But this time she wanted an Asian girl.

She'd never had an Asian piece before. They'd usually been blue-eyed blondes or green eyed redheads. She hadn't given it a lot of consideration either until she'd seen some terribly American television show that starred an attractive little Japanese or Chinese or whatever thing in a suit as some sort of authority figure. The contrast between her diminutive size and her grown-up job was really quite delicious. So delicious in fact that she felt compelled to call Kelly over from her position by the wall.

Isabelle enjoyed the look of fear that briefly flitted across the girl's face as she heard her name called. Kelly was in disgrace. Although she was a red head, and therefore automatically one of Isabelle's favourites, she'd recently returned empty-handed from Tara bloody Kingsholm's shabby bloody apartment without an answer to an invitation that Isabelle had taken the time to hand-craft. And she'd been absolutely furious at what she understood to be a deliberate snub.

Ideally she'd have liked to horsewhip Tara, really stripe her thick, black hide for her. But that option was, unfortunately, unavailable. Instead she contented herself with horsewhipping the messenger, striping Kelly's pale, Irish skin instead. Isabelle really did love pale, easily marked skin. It was like a canvas for her to express her own, particular, talent on.

"Here, girl!" Isabelle summoned her with a raised finger.

Kelly shuffled over as quickly as possible, quite a feat considering that her bare ankles were fastened together with a short chain. After whipping Kelly, Isabelle had taken the weeping girl down to the cellar and put her in the standing cell, a tall, barred room that was high but narrow, meaning that the penitent had to stand for the entire time that they were in the cell. As opposed to sitting, kneeling or standing.

When she'd released her the following morning, she'd made the girl dress in an approximation of a convict's uniform, which in her house meant just a burlap sack with holes cut for the girl's head and arms and painted with rough, horizontal stripes. No bra or knickers or socks. She'd also considered cropping the girl's hair with a pair of shears just to give it that ragged, convict look. But decided against it at the last minute, Kelly's red, Irish hair was particularly beautiful.

Instead she'd given the girl a striped, convict cap to go with her sack and handcuffed her hands behind her. Then the leg-irons followed. Isabelle had a bit of a thing for leg-irons, handcuffs, and pretty redheads. They seemed to go together awfully well in her opinion, and her opinion was the one that counted. Then she'd led Kelly back up to the playroom to act as both parlour maid and sex toy.

She was fulfilling the second role right now, in fact. On her knees and underneath her mistress's long, black, Victorian style skirt, lapping away awkwardly and trying to balance with her hands bound behind her. Isabelle particularly liked to role play, and she had the money and the inclination to do just that. Her garb today was that of a wealthy Victorian woman. She'd researched it on the internet and then bought it online. It was, she'd been assured, quite authentic.

In her imagination, Kelly was role-playing the role of Kelly O'Hara, an Irish convict about to be transported to Australia for stealing a loaf of bread, albeit involuntarily. Kelly didn't have a speaking role, it was more of a practical one. Her own role was that of a stern gaoler who was giving Kelly the opportunity to show her true contrition for her heinous crime. Every so often she would locate one of Kelly's ears under her skirt and give it a firm twist which meant, Kelly, insert your pretty tongue further into my sopping wet maw.

Just then, Isabelle's private, untraceable phone gave a little beep. At the same time, Isabelle's dark old heart gave a little flutter. That particular little beep was usually the herald of some interesting bit of information. She twisted Kelly's ear again, really quite firmly and opened the screen. The first thing to attract her attention was the face of an Asian angel and underneath, the legend 'will this do'?

Isabelle ground herself further onto Kelly's face while at the same time reading the accompanying text. Oh yes, she'd do alright. She didn't bother trying to haggle. She didn't like to do it on principle, it was quite common behaviour, and not something she was accustomed to. When she wanted something like this little piece, she just bought it. She tried to send a message back to dear old Marcus confirming that once again he'd come up trumps, but was suddenly overtaken by a massive orgasm which quite took her breath away.

Chapter 10

Kathryn stood by the door of the large, bronze-coloured car that was currently Tara's favourite. She tugged on the door handle, but realised to her shock that the door was locked! She looked nervously up and down the street and then tugged on the handle again. The door of the limousine stayed resolutely unlocked. She looked around with slightly more desperation, but not enough to draw any attention to herself.

If there was one thing she didn't want to do right now, it was to draw unwanted attention to herself. Yet again she was in a school uniform, albeit a different one. This time, for some reason, Tara had taken her to a school outfitters in this anonymous little town and told the man behind the counter that Tara had recently moved to the area and had been enrolled at the local school and could she please be equipped with the appropriate uniform?

Kathryn had been a little confused, but of course had played along with Tara, taking her cue from her black mistress. She couldn't help but dwell on why here, and why this particular town? Was there some relevance that she'd missed? She was almost certain that she'd never even been to the town before, never mind the school.

"Yes, she's 16. Yes she is quite a tall girl for her age, isn't she? They grow up so fast nowadays."

Kathryn could hear Tara's voice in the background as she stood in her training bra and knickers being measured for a uniform for a school that she'd never hear of, much less being enrolled in. This was embarrassing of course, for her personally. But she knew that something else was going to happen. Her mistress wouldn't be satisfied with just watching her being dressed in a school blazer, tight collar and a chokingly tight tie. After all she could pass quite easily as a 16 year old despite the fact she was really 24. Her willowy build, her lack of breasts, no make-up, not even deodorant, her hair drawn back in a pony tail to reveal her freckles. There was humiliation in what she was doing, but not the sort of acute, toe-curling humiliation that her mistress specialised in.

Finally it was done, she turned to look at herself in the full-length mirror. She didn't look even remotely out of place. The modest grey skirt that matched the smart blazer edged in royal blue, the crisp white shirt worn with the royal blue and white striped tie. There was nothing ridiculous or out of the ordinary. She looked just what she purported to be, a late teen girl being fitted out with a uniform for her new school.

"I see from the mannequins in the window that it comes with a hat? We'll take one of those please as well, please?" asked Tara

The man smiled.

"Those are for the younger girls, madam. They're not a requirement for your, erm...young lady."

Tara smiled back, but without much humour.

"Nevertheless, we'll take one."

The gentleman hurried to obey. What business was it of his? Apart from the extra commission of course. He returned quickly with the Panama in his hand, a straw hat with a blue and white band around the crown.

"It's our largest size, madam. I do hope it fits?"

"Oh, I'm sure it will. Now how much do I owe you?"

"If you'd like to accompany me to the till, madam? Would the young lady like to take the opportunity to change back into her regular clothes?"

He glanced across towards the changing rooms where she'd got undressed

"No, that's quite alright, I'm in a little bit of a hurry. If you could just put her clothes in a bag for me?"

"Certainly, madam."

"And Katie, dear? Could you go and wait for me by the car, please?"

Kathryn turned willingly towards the door. It looked as if she was going to escape relatively lightly.

"And don't forget to put your hat on please! And don't wander away from the car. We really have to be leaving very soon!"

Something about her voice warned Kathryn that something was wrong. Why was the bitch being nice to her, with her nice attitude and her 'pleases'? She strolled over to the new car and opened the door. It was locked. Why would Tara send her outside to wait by a locked car? She looked around, although she was dressed in a school uniform at her age in the middle of a street on a Monday afternoon, it wasn't quite as bad as it could have been.

They were miles from Tara's home and the chances of anyone seeing her dressed like this was extremely remote? Carefully she tried the door again, nothing happened. She considered going back to the school outfitters, but Tara had told her specifically not to leave the car. She sighed, hopefully Tara wouldn't be long and then she could hide herself away in the car for the journey home. If that's where they were actually...

Just then her thoughts were interrupted by the sight of a couple of school kids walking towards her. They were wearing grey, she noticed idly, much the same colour as her own new uniform. The two, a boy and a girl were closely followed by another little group. As the first two got nearer, Kathryn noticed with a jolt that they were wearing the same uniform as her, exactly the same uniform. As they passed they looked her up and down and sniggered.

The next group was almost alongside her. Kathryn rattled the car door as hard as she could. She just had to get into the relative sanctuary of the car! As she did so, the alarm went off with a deep beeping noise and all the hazard warning lights flashed at the same time. The little group of half a dozen students paused by her side.

"What's going on?"

"You trying to steal that nice car, girl?"

"Hey, what's your name, beautiful?"

Kathryn almost fought with the door, which just made the kids laugh. A bigger girl stopped by her.

"Are you new or something? I haven't seen you around? Whose class are you in?"

"And why are you wearing a Panama? Asked another, younger girl. "Aren't you too old?"

Kathryn stood, tongue-tied and unable to answer the question.

"Hey! Said the older girl, a little more forcefully, "I'm talking to you!"

"And why are you wearing a hat? Don't you know you don't have to?" Enquired the small girl, fiddling with her own headwear.

The tall girl peered at her more closely.

"How old are you anyway?"

"S...sixteen," she heard herself stutter, much to the amusement of the young girl and her equally small friend.

"See, told you! She doesn't have to wear a hat, but she is!"

Her delighted squawking brought more interested from the uniformed children who were streaming by the little group on the pavement.

"What's going on, Sarah?" Another tall, officious looking, older girl asked.

"Just found this new girl by the car, Molly. She's not saying much. Don't know if she's lost or something?"

"What's your name, new girl? Whose class are you in?"

Kathryn could feel her heart beating wildly. This was all just so terrible! What was she going to do? She felt like running down the street and never coming back. In fact she released the door handle and started to edge away from the car.

Just at that minute, the group around her parted a little and Tara appeared. Never had Katie been so grateful to see her ugly, cruel face. Her mistress took her keys from her handbag and calmly turned off the flashing lights.

"Oh, there you are, Katie dear. I was worried about you until I saw these girls looking after you. Say thank you to the girls?"

"T...thank y...you," she muttered with her head down, eyes looking at the pavement.

"That's okay," replied the officious girl. I'm a prefect you see and I thought it best to check."

"Of course. That was very kind of you. I shouldn't have left Katie alone for quite so long. She has certain...issues, you see."

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't realise. It's just that..."

"Yes, yes, I know. It doesn't seem that way does it? But then again, not all handicaps are visible, as they say?"

The tall girl visibly quailed in front of her.

"She begged me to buy her the hat, she thought it was so lovely. She's cute in it, don't you think?" Added Tara looking at Katie, pityingly.

"I'm so sorry," wailed the girl in embarrassment.

"Yes, we're sorry," echoed a couple of the smaller girls.

"Not to worry, dears. How would you know? But thank you for looking after Katie. It's probably best if I took her home now. She needs to be put down for her afternoon rest."

The crowd had rapidly dispersed. The older prefect swallowed and then joined them as quickly as she could. Tara straightened Katie's blue and white tie for her so that it was even nearer to her top button and then sauntered around to the driver's side and let herself in. Katie opened the rear door and almost jumped into her seat and buckled herself in, shaking and tearful she stared straight out of the window.

"Ha ha", Tara started to laugh, deep, bass, guttural laughter echoed around the car, "Oh dear, that was so funny! Easily worth the hour's drive it took to get here."

Tara watched in the rear view mirror as Katie wiped a tear from her cheek.

"Oh, your face was a picture! If only we could have filmed it? Ha ha, 'certain issues', ha ha ha."

Tara couldn't stop laughing. What a brilliant idea! The timing had to be just so, just done neatly enough so that her girl didn't suspect anything. And to give those kids just enough time to get to the car while Katie was still standing by it. She'd done her research regarding the shop and the hat and the end of the school day and, oh my, hadn't it all worked out just perfectly? She looked back in her mirror. And as an extra, added bonus, the girl looked so sweet in her new uniform. She composed her face again.

"Katie?"

"Yes, Miss Tara?"

"Do you remember my last instruction to you before you left the shop?"

Katie tried to cast her traumatised mind back,

"To...to stay by the car, Miss Tara?"

"Indeed. And where did I find you when I came out of the shop?"

"Erm...by the car, Miss Tara?"

"I'll ask you not to be flippant, young lady. I think you know exactly what I mean. I got the distinct impression that you had stepped away from the car and was just about to leave as I got there. Would I be correct in that assumption?"

This was dangerous territory, Kathryn blinked and then bit her lower lip. Could the horrible woman read her mind or something? How could she possibly know what was running through her panicking head at that particular moment? There was literally no point in denying it, it would simply provoke her mistress.

"Y...yes, Miss Tara. I was frightened and I panicked and..."

"So you admit you deliberately flaunted a rule that I set purely for your own safety?"

"Yes...yes, and I'm sorry. I didn't mean to."

As they eased onto the motorway, Tara pushed the accelerator down hard, revelling in the power of her most recent acquisition.

"When we get home, Katie, I'm going to give your bare bottom a thorough spanking."

"Yes, M...Miss Tara," sniffed Kathryn, miserably.

"And then, I'm afraid, after you've spent thirty minutes in the corner, I'm going to give you six strokes of the cane. You simply have to learn that when I give an order, that order is obeyed?"

"Yes, Miss Tara."

Kathryn could feel the tears running down her face but dared not make any further comment. She just tried to ignore her forthcoming punishment. Tara on the other hand was looking forward very much to delivering such a painful, humiliating, schoolgirl punishment. She glanced at the clock. Just forty-five minutes until they were home. She could wait.

Chapter 11

Su-su was really quite delectable, thought Isabelle as she licked the girl's tiny little cheek. Why on earth hadn't she bough Asian before? How could she have not seen the pleasures that a beautiful, docile, subservient Asian pet might bring her? She was just so small and so delicate and so cute. Isabelle licked her cheek again, she even tasted cute. Isabelle slowly undid the buttons on her own blouse and took out one wizened old breast.

"Open up, dear, She instructed the girl on her lap.

Sakura Takahashi was actually Japanese. She was twenty one and formerly a first year intern in a large consortium. There she had fallen foul of her boss, a vile old man who's attitude towards his female staff seemed to be rooted in the early twentieth century as opposed to the current day. He didn't seem to accept that her first class honours degree and her impeccable, student record meant that she should be treated with a certain amount of respect. What he really wanted, she realised was a decoration for his office, an attractive young decoration, like her.

In retaliation she'd secretly gathered as much incriminating evidence on him as she could, which admittedly, wasn't very hard. He was so often drunk and rude and downright offensive to her that before long she had a thick dossier which she eagerly submitted to HR. Unfortunately that's when her real problems started. Unbeknown to her, her boss's brother was a local gangster, a Yakuza. When word of what she'd done reached his ears, he had her kidnapped from her home, trained, and sold her into slavery

She'd been silenced so easily! Simply taken out of circulation at the whim of another human being. All to protect her useless, incompetent, misogynist boss! Her astonishment that such a thing could happen in real life was soon overcome by her new reality. She was now a thing, rather than a person, someone else's property. Her early thoughts of rebellion soon overcome by the ever-present threat of the whip.

Almost before she was aware of the fact she'd been packed into a box by people who clearly knew what they were doing and then taken by aeroplane to wherever. She wasn't told anything, but when the box was opened and her round-eyed, white-skinned new owner spoke to her in a language that she only knew a few words of, she guessed that she was either in England or North America, the accent was totally lost on her.

She still didn't know when she was fed and watered and but back in her box. She felt as if she was floating and guessed that something had been put in her drink. Sometime later the box was opened again and an old woman was looking down at her with a smile on her face. For a brief second, Sakura thought that she was safe.

"Hello. My name Sakura. Please help,"

She had rehearsed a few words that she remembered from her English lessons at school while incarcerated in the box. She looked up pleadingly at the kindly woman's features. her hands were bound behind her, otherwise she would have used them to beg.

"That's very nice, dear. But I'm going to call you Su-su, because you're just so cute and as bright as a button."

Sakura didn't know what any of that meant, but the woman's smiling face and age gave her cause for optimism.

Her optimism, she realised, had been sadly misplaced.

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Sakura howled and kicked, but her new owner kept her squarely on her bony old lap with some ease. The old woman was a tyrant, she realised. She'd had her bottom smacked so many times now that she'd lost count. And even that basically childish punishment was beginning to burn and sting and make her cry.

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"Do stop trying to fight me, little Su-su. Mummy knows best. You mustn't forget that, must you, darling?"

By now, Sakura had a better grasp of basic English. Her new owner had been most insistent on that score. She'd been told, several times, that her mistress wouldn't put up with any more of her Chinese 'jibber-jabber'. Once Sakura had worked out what the expression, 'jibber jabber' meant, she tried earnestly to explain to the old woman that she was in fact Japanese, rather than Chinese, and wondered privately how anyone could make such a huge and obvious error.

'Mummy', she understood was how the old woman liked to be referred to as. much as she used the term 'okaasan' to her own mother. Just the act of thinking about her mother brought tears to her eyes. And don't forget, meant 'remember' in English. The woman wanted her not to forget to call her 'mummy' and act like she was her mother. Sakura understood the words, but not the instruction. The old woman wasn't her mother! What did she mean?

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The fact that she was having her bottom smacked like a small child meant that the old woman was obviously unhappy about something. Sakura couldn't help notice that, despite her age and apparent wealth, the old woman was very often unhappy about something or other. This time it seemed that she was angry about the fact that Sakura wouldn't put on the clothes that the woman had chosen for her.

Sakura tried to tell her that she'd made a mistake and that she was an adult, she was 21, not 11. Those clothes were designed for a little girl. Sakura wondered if perhaps the old woman had problems with her eyes and that she couldn't tell that she was an adult? She was quite small, at least by Western standards, but she hadn't really noticed just how small she was until she'd been consigned to the woman's house.

The old woman had servants, lots of servants, and most of them seemed very big indeed, as if Sakura had been spirited away to the land of the giants. at least that thought made her smile a little.

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Smaacck

The spanking suddenly stopped. Sakura tried desperately to free her hands in order to try and ease the ache in her bottom, but the woman held them in the small of her back.

"I'm going to let you up now, little Su-su. And then I'm going to dress you as I want. If you try and fight me again, you'll find yourself back over my knee."

Su-su was the name the woman called her, and 'little' meant small. She understood those words, but the others were a bit of a mystery. She trawled her mind for the word 'dress' and seemed to remember it may mean clothes? As the woman let her from her lap she seized a pair of tiny, white underpants and looked enquiringly at her.

"There's a good girl, Su-su. I knew you weren't stupid!"

Gently Isabelle removed the knickers from the girl's hand and held them out so that her new plaything could step into them. The old woman ran Sakura's panties up her legs and then settled them snugly around her waist. They were very tight! She imagined that the old woman had made a mistake and had chosen the wrong size for her. She opened her mouth to say something, but then thought better of it.

She squirmed a little as the woman ran her hands back down the inside of her thighs. She just couldn't help it! It was so creepy, being dressed and fondled like this. By way of a reaction, the old woman leaned forward slightly and slapped Sakura's thigh quite hard. She squealed at the sudden shock of the blow. But rather than be angry, the woman laughed at her and said something indecipherable.

Sakura had understood her lesson. She stood and waited patiently as the woman dressed her in white knee socks and then pulled a pretty, but tiny, pink and white party dress over her head. As shameful as this was, it was far preferable to having her bottomed smacked. Anything, in fact was preferable to getting her bottom smacked. Perhaps if she just went along with what the old woman wanted and remembered to call her 'mummy', then everything would be okay?

Chapter 12

Tara was unusually tense. Normally she was relaxed and in control of everything, her staff, her fortunes, her happiness, her life in general in fact. She liked it that way, it made everything so much easier. In her opinion everyone should have a natural place in life and be happy with it. She, for example, was an obvious alpha. She was very used to getting her way and winning most of life's little conflicts. She was happy that way.

Her staff, on the other hand were largely beta's. Not unhappy at being ordered around or being told what to do. In fact many of them welcomed the arrangement because it set boundaries in their otherwise lacklustre lives. Tara led, and her underlings followed, and that's how it had been for several years. Tara didn't feel even a tiny bit of remorse. That, in her opinion, was the natural, Darwinian outcome. The survival of the fittest.

However, the date of the party at Isabelle Lang's place was drawing rapidly near. And although she was looking forward to it, she couldn't help thinking that it was a big step-up in class for her. If she'd been a boxer, it would have been like moving up a weight division just to see how much bigger and better the opposition really were. The people she was about to meet at Isabelle's were probably meaner and certainly richer than anyone she currently knew.

And Tara knew all about wealth and the opportunities it brought. And, she liked to think, she valued money much more so than people like Isabelle, for example. She was one of those tiresome 'generational wealthy' people, whose families went way back and who had always had money. Isabelle took for granted that all the wealth her family had made over the years was tied up in un-taxable offshore accounts that provided her with a steady stream of income.

That was real, unassailable wealth. That would provide for Isabelle for as long as she lived, and for her offspring and their families as well. They'd always be rich and safe. And security was what Tara really craved, above all else. Although she was rich, much richer than everyone she normally met, Tara also had a nagging worry that she could lose all her money. Some disaster at work maybe, some sort of unforeseen lawsuit maybe? One never knew what was coming round the corner. She knew from experience what poverty was really like. And the one thing she didn't want was to end up destitute and dying in a council house like her own, unlamented mother.

Although Tara despised Isabelle Lang, secretly she wanted to be just like her. And the only way to get close to a woman like that was to offer her something that she didn't already have but that she wanted. So far that part of her plan had worked out perfectly. She'd blackmailed Katie quite beautifully and then manipulated her into being her pet. Obviously she liked doing that, and she enjoyed the pleasure that Katie brought her.

But Katie wasn't unique. There were plenty of Katie's around. One just had to know where to look for them. Her new PA, Pamela, for example probably wasn't a Katie. She was a little too strong-willed and independent for that. Plus if another of her employees was suddenly to leave without due cause, even the dumbest policeman might start asking questions. So she kept Pamela on as an employee. She was pretty good at her job and worked hard as Tara's PA. And although Tara did like to shout at her now and then to keep her on her toes, she had no real issue with the young woman,

She did have an issue with another of her employees though. Her solicitors had given her a new person to deal with. Her former dedicated lawyer was an older woman name Edith who had been a dry, humourless old stick, but very good at her job. She'd got on well with Edith and was sorry when the old woman announced her retirement. Her replacement, Clare Rastrick was another matter altogether.

She was a lawyer with a capital L, every i dotted and every t crossed, which wasn't too bad in the scheme of things. But it was her attitude that was the killer. She was so arrogant and aloof that she was actually difficult to talk to. Sometimes Tara had to remind herself that she was paying Ms Rastrick's wages and not the other way round. Tara was all for girl power, well, her own particular brand of girl power. But Ms Rastrick seemed intent on taking that ethos just a step too far.

The more Tara had to deal with her, the more she could imagine her tied over a whipping bench and having her arse caned. Squealing and shouting in her plummy accent. Perhaps she wouldn't sound quite so snooty then? She wasn't even particularly Tara's type. She was always very well dressed in some sort of suit and blouse combination and always seemed to wear nice, high heels. But she was a bit too tall and angular with her red hair tied back in a strict, but rather unflattering pony tail, for Tara's personal taste.

She turned on her intercom.

"Get me a coffee, Pamela, please. And a Danish."

She sat back in her chair. Red hair? Who did she know had a thing for red hair? Oh, of course! She smiled to herself and opened her laptop. She had a little research to do.

Ms Rastrick, it turned out, had rather been underplaying herself. Her actual title was The Honourable Miss Clare Rastrick, she was the eldest daughter of a baronet, thirty five and single. She also had a younger sister, Judith, who was thirty-two and married to a City stockbroker. Tara couldn't help but encourage the delightful little tingle between her thighs as she imagined the sort of things she'd like to do with the blueblood Rastrick sisters.

She could quite imagine Isabelle Lang's reaction, for example. Unlike her own current Indian sisters, the Rastrick's were genuine, British aristocracy. All she had to do was whisper into the old harridan's ear something along the lines of 're-headed pony girls' and the deal would probably be struck there and then. In fact the idea of the hefty sisters yoked side by side into a harness and pulling a cart along behind them was really quite intriguing.

Her hand slipped beneath the waistband of her smart skirt and she ran a finger down her sex, just pushing the silk fabric of her knickers into her lips slightly, just enough to give her a little buzz of excitement. But just as her hand began to increase the pressure and the tempo, there was a rap on her door. Quickly she picked up her pen.

"Come in!"

Pamela poked her dark head around the door.

"Coffee and Danish, Miss Kingsholm?"

"Thanks Pamela."

Was it her imagination, or did she notice her PA's cute little nose give a slight wrinkle. As if she could smell something...unusual in the air. Really. Thought Tara as she pretended to scribble something on her pad, she was going to have to concentrate on the job in hand. It was early on Tuesday morning, the party wasn't until Friday evening. And in the meantime she still had a thriving, highly profitable company to run. She smiled and returned to her work.

The days passed by quickly, Tara found herself becoming a little bit more nervous with each one. She even had cause to reprimand Pamela in front of the rest of the admin staff. Well, in reality, she didn't have cause, she just had to break the tension somehow, and Pamela happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. She bought her lunch for her later on, by way of an apology.

Another question that was constantly on her mind was, what to dress Carruthers in? She'd worn every conceivable uniform and item of fetish wear that Tara's depraved mind could think of. But what she wanted was something new, something that stood out and made her Katie the centre of everyone's attention. Because, by making Katie the centre of attention, she was in effect making herself the centre of attention. Something she very much enjoyed anyway, but that was also very important to her plans on this occasion.

She really needed to make an impression, but she also had to establish herself as a player in the game. This was her chance, something she'd always aimed for and wanted. The contacts that she could potentially make tomorrow could make her very, very rich. Not only that she would be introduced to some extremely powerful depraved people as well. Just the idea made her rub her plump, stockinged thighs together in anticipation.

By the end of Thursday evening, her choice of clothing for Katie arrived at her office. She knew the girl's measurements and she absolutely trusted the seamstress she used. There were two boxes, the outfit and the appropriate footwear. Tara felt her heart pound as she inspected the contents. Oh my word, they were perfect! Her little girl was going to be the belle of the ball.

Tara wasn't much use on Friday, she worked a desultory few hours and then left at midday. She instructed Pamela to let all the girls in the office go home an hour early and made her way down to the

underground car park. The journey home passed in a blur. As soon as she got in, she used the girl's tongue to lick her to orgasm a couple of times before dragging her into the bathroom, stripping her and showering together.

Katie hadn't seen her clothes yet, but she could just tell that her mistress had got something special for her. She hoped it wasn't too revealing or slutty, she didn't like to appear like that in front of people she didn't know. She understood that this evening was going to be a party, an important party by the sounds of things. And that usually meant her being used and abused by all manner of lecherous, lesbian perverts. So the more clothes that she started with, the better.

After eating and then being made up, perfumed, and her hair tied up in a high pony tail, she was still none the wiser. She watched as Tara slowly unwrapped her clothes for the evening. Oh my god! A ballerina's outfit! A really quite spectacular wisp of a creation, fine white tights, white knickers, a beautifully cut, whiter than white leotard, a tutu around her waist, and an Alice band for her hair. There were even a pair of ballet flats that fitted her perfectly. Kathryn looked at herself in the long mirror and for once, she was impressed.

For her part, Tara had to fight the urge to take her there and then. To use her strap-on as the girl was forced to watch her deflowering in the mirror. To pull the leotard and the tiny silk knickers to one side and to...

She didn't have the time. Instead she warned Katie not to get her dress dirty and went and dressed herself. Good quality, black stockings, black, skyscraper heels. A knee length, black, leather skirt of extraordinary quality and the crispest of crisp, white blouses, buttoned at the collar. Her expensively straightened hair had been cut and styled the day before. She applied her make-up and her perfume and looked at herself in the mirror. She wasn't beautiful or even pretty, she knew that. But what she was, was an intelligent, strong, Machiavellian black woman. An alpha, a predator a wolf let loose among so many white sheep. And tonight, she was going to take what was hers.

Chapter 13

At the same time, Isabelle was fussing around the twins. She'd dressed them as identical boys this time. Black shoes and grey socks. The very tightest pair of grey, schoolboy shorts that she could squeeze them into, which did away with the need for underwear, white shirts which were sheer enough to show their pretty little nipples, pink ties, and little pink caps perched on their newly shorn heads. Su-su, as a contrast, was dressed in the most feminine outfit that Isabelle could devise. A flouncy, shocking pink and white dress that just about covered her pink knickers, white ankle socks, pink, slip-on shoes and her hair done in ringlets and tied with pink ribbons.

She looked both charming and ridiculous, like a Chinese Little Bo Peep which was exactly the effect that her mistress was after. A last minute thought struck her, perhaps she could have dressed the twins as sheep and have them crawling around the floor after Su-su? That was, admittedly, such an exciting idea, but the truth was that the pretty twins would be anonymous in sheepskins. She may as well have used ugly servants, but Isabelle didn't have any of those.

She's already checked the ones she used as actual serving staff as opposed to toys, and everything seemed fine. Every uniform perfect in every detail and not a hair out of place. The thing was that the women she had invited would notice things like that. They were very used to having the best of everything and so were extremely judgemental. And although they were all very well bred and wouldn't actually say anything to her face. They would most definitely take pleasure in criticising her behind her back at some later date.

Well, virtually all of them were very well bred. Normally, Isabelle wouldn't countenance a black person in her home as a guest. A servant at a push, maybe, even though the Beulah thing didn't really work out. Tara Kingsholm wasn't at all well-bred, quite the opposite in fact. She was from some terrible place in London that Isabelle simply didn't want to think about. Her mother had been some sort of dreadful addict, apparently. Which seemed commonplace among those sort of people.

Tara was moderately wealthy, that couldn't be denied. A fact that both fascinated and repelled Isabelle at the same time. How did one become moderately wealthy anyway? Some sort of job, presumably? In Tara's case it was apparently via a business of some undefined nature. Some sort of trade was what she'd read, but Isabelle had her own thoughts on that. Like mother like daughter, the fruit never falls far from the tree. Tara was almost certainly involved in something illegal, thought Isabelle. But then, weren't they all?

The problem though, and this is what really annoyed Isabelle, was that that uneducated, ignorant woman had something that she wanted. And, being Isabelle, the more she couldn't have something, the more that she wanted it. Having, owning, subjugating, enjoying pretty little Katie Carruthers was uppermost in her mind. In fact, she realised, it had been something of an obsession. That little taster session that the black woman had arranged had snared her. Leathering Katie's bare bottom as she writhed and cried over her knee had merely whetted Isabelle's appetite.

Just the thought of being outmanoeuvred by someone as ugly and ill-educated as Tara Kingsholm was enough to make Isabelle very angry. She raised her hand to slap Su-su's pretty little china-doll face, but paused at the last minute. The girl hadn't done anything wrong but she was the nearest thing to Isabelle and would have relieved her anger, for the time being at least. But, attractive as the idea was, she had only just finished applying the little girl's make-up for her and she really didn't have the time or the inclination to be doing it all over again. Isabelle giggled to herself. She really was becoming soft in her old age!

Isabelle sat in her bedroom looking at herself in the mirror while one of the maids, a former hairdresser who Isabelle took a shine to and decided to keep, fussed over her. Not long to go now, the ladies would start arriving soon. There were five of them in total. Isabelle liked to have an even number of guests, including herself, to fill her rectangular, dining room table. There were her particular friends this evening, some of the most powerful women that she dealt with in her own particular brand of business. Between them they were bringing eight pieces.

She squeezed her thighs together enjoying the feel and the rasp as her fully fitted stockings rubbed together under her dressing table. The only piece she knew for certain that would be attending was Katie. As far as Isabelle was aware, she was the only piece that Tara possessed. All her real friends had several. They always tried to surpass and impress each other with their new pieces, it was a game they played. That's mainly why she'd bought Su-su.

She glanced over her shoulder, right now Su-su was standing in the furthest corner of the room, sniffing and carefully holding up the skirt of her dress so that it didn't crease. Her pink panties were around her ankles and her bottom was a nice, glowing red colour. Without having to look, Isabelle knew that her two 'boys' were stood in their respective corners. The difference was that the backs of their thighs from their tiny shorts to the backs of their knees, rather than their buttocks, were painted a similar red.

Isabelle had used the same little leather paddle on all three of them. She liked the paddle, it was one of her favourite things. It always amazed her that something so small and inoffensive looking could fit in her handbag and yet still produce the most amazing hues and colours on their wriggling backsides. Apparently it imparted the most ferocious sting as well, and from the noise her pieces made when she was punishing them, she was quite prepared to believe it. The beauty of it though, was that it could be used several time per night on the same pair of buttocks. Certainly, in the hands of an expert, it could rapidly turn a pale, soft-skinned backside purple and then go on to raise blisters in next to no time.

But it wasn't really a serious implement in her opinion. It didn't leave those ugly twin tracks and weals that a cane did, it didn't cut like a cane, or a riding crop, or a birch for that matter, either. Really it was just one step above a vigorous hand-spanking and nothing more. The only reason she allowed Su-su to snuffle in her corner was that she was new. The twins knew better than to cry after a light paddling. Although if Su-su had smudged her make-up, even in the slightest...

"Excuse me, ma'am. Your first guests have arrived."

Isabelle slapped away her hairdresser's hands and got to her feet. She was dressed in the imposing, black Victorian outfit that she'd worn to discipline Kelly in. It wasn't new, exactly. But none of her friends had seen it and, obviously, servants didn't count. But she really did like it, it gave her that real dominatrix look. She especially liked the authentic, button-sided black leather boots that went with it and added three or four inches to her height. Once last inspection of herself and she sailed regally out of the room.

"Follow me downstairs in exactly 10 minutes please, children." She called out over her shoulder

Chapter 14

Tara Kingsholm tried her hardest to be unimpressed by Isabelle's huge mansion. She'd been there before of course, but on a dark evening, the house blazed with light and made a truly impressive spectacle. The door of the taxi that Isabelle had provided was opened for her. She climbed out and then went and clipped the white leash to Katie's white collar. She patted on her 'don't fuck with me face' and then made her way towards the building. The two massive men on the door, both dressed rather incongruously in full butler uniforms, parted to let her pass. She didn't spare them a glance.

The hall was quite splendid. A uniformed maid in a dress that was quite perfect, apart from having the area which should have covered her pert breasts removed, offered her a glass of something.

"Shall I take your piece, madam?" She asked? Holding out a gloved hand.

This must be protocol, reasoned Tara, handing over Katie's leash to the rather cute maid. She watched, amused, as the maids skirt seemed to have a hole just where her pert buttocks emerged.

Another, similarly dressed maid approached her.

"If you'd like to follow me, madam? All the other ladies are here now."

The tall, willowy girl walked like a catwalk model, her buttocks rolled beautifully as she did so. Tara wouldn't have been surprised in the slightest if she had actually once been a model. The girl opened a pair of large double doors and stepped aside for her. Inside the magnificent room were five women, their heads turned simultaneously as if one. Tara realised that Isabelle had engineered her arrival so that she was the last to enter the room.

Isabelle caught her eye and came over.

"Ladies, ladies. This is Tara, whom I've told you so much about. This is her first time."

Tara could virtually smell the enormous wealth, power and privilege emanating from the small group of women. She smiled to mask her apprehension. These were the sort of people that she'd spent half her life waiting to meet. She wasn't going to be intimidated by them or anyone else for that matter.

"Tara, let me introduce you to the ladies. First names only, of course. This is my good friend, Lucinda. We've known each other, many, many years."

Tara shook hands with a snooty-looking, horse-faced woman who could have been almost any age between 50 and 70.

"Charmed," was all she had to say. Despite the fact that she looked anything but.

The next person was a mousey-looking little woman whose hair was turning grey at the edges. She was dressed in a pink, frilled blouse with a conservative tweed skirt and matching jacket.

"Tara, this is Miriam, another dear friend of mine."

Had Isabelle told her that Miriam was the local assistant librarian, she'd have happily believed her. Until she looked into the icy, blue eyes of the slight, middle-aged woman and saw the cold arrogance of her soul,

"How do you do?" She asked, extending a frail-looking hand.

"I'm very well, how are you?" Replied Tara, noting the deceptive strength of the woman's firm, dry grip.

The woman nodded her head and smiled, as if it was an effort to do both things.

"Miriam's brought her piece with her. You'll meet her later."

Next in line was a large-boned, and not to put too fine a point on it, fat woman. She looked Tara up and down with a certain amount of indifference.

"This is Laetitia, she's been to several of our soirees now. She's making quite a name for herself, I have to say. She's brought a new piece along, and going by her past history we're all very excited to see what she's going to produce this evening."

The plump-faced woman nodded her badly dyed, jet black hair in Tara's direction and then shook her proffered hand. Every finger of which bore some sort of large-stoned ring on it. She wore a rather unflattering, red dress which managed to exaggerate, rather than hide her unfortunate physique.

"Hello, welcome to the party," she said with a slight, foreign accent that Tara couldn't place.

Tara nodded back in return

The last of the woman came as something of a contrast. She was Chinese for one thing, slim and really tall. Beautiful, porcelain skin and relatively young. Tara had to stop herself licking her lips. She was dressed in a stunning, shimmering, blue sheath dress and looked quite spectacular. Tara immediately felt dowdy by her side.

"This is Mi. She's a new girl, like you. And like you, she's brought one new piece for us to meet."

Tara felt a bit of a shiver run through her as she touched Mi's delicate, lily white hand in greeting. Good Lord, she was an incredible looking young woman. The sort of woman in fact who Tara imagined she'd meet at occasions like this. Beautiful, exotic and clearly very, very rich. It was just something they had, the rich. That sort of crushing self-confidence that seemed to come naturally to them.

The six women milled around for a little while, drinking champagne, eating canapés, and exchanging small talk. Tara wondered if they really felt as cool as they acted? She could feel the excitement rising in her breast with every minute that passed. Eventually the servant that looked like a model returned and whispered into her mistress's ear. Isabelle smiled and clapped her hands together.

"Ladies, please follow me into the ballroom."

The women seemed to pause, as if none of them was particularly interested in whatever was going on in the ballroom. Tara could feel the tension almost overwhelm her. For the sake of God! Stop trying to pretend we're all cool with this! Let's all just go to the room now! She wanted to scream. Fortunately, horsey Lucinda took the lead. She was dressed in a fashionable, emerald green, silk blouse and a peasant-looking skirt that probably cost an absolute fortune, and a Hermes scarf artfully thrown over one shoulder.

As she followed Isabelle out of the room, Tara realised that the other woman followed in the same order that she'd been introduced to them. That must be another protocol, she realised. The Chinese beauty looked at her with half a smile on her perfect face. Tara gallantly waved her forward and allowed her to go first, despite the fact that they were both 'new girls'. Mi nodded to her and Tara followed, pleased to have an uninterrupted view the young woman's magnificent bottom in its blue, silk cocoon.

The sight that greeted her in the ballroom was one that was well worth waiting for. There were eight figures stood waiting obediently for the six ladies. Tara could feel her heart pounding as she strolled into the huge room. In the centre of it, a pole had been erected which held a circular railing about four feet from the ground. Attached to the aluminium railing were eight leashes. Attached to the individual leashes were the eight figures, or rather 'pieces' as Tara realised she was going to have to refer to them as in future.

Katie immediately caught her eye, dressed as she was from head to toe in shimmering white. That had been a good choice, thought Tara, proudly. And she looked absolutely stunning dressed as she was. Tara looked around anxiously at the potential opposition, the other pieces that might draw more attention than her Katie. She recognised the twins of course, they were pretty in their own way, and their schoolboy uniforms were amusing, but they weren't as appealing as Katie.

Next to the twins was a tall, blonde woman maybe in her thirties, dressed in a rather incongruous school uniform with a red and white striped tie, a short pinafore, and her tied in two beribboned pigtailed. Then there was a tall, statuesque, black girl wearing what looked like a one-piece pair of tight, pale yellow pyjamas decorated with farmyard animals, along with a matching yellow dummy between her thick lips.. Then her Katie, as pretty as a picture in the ballerina outfit. Beside her, a petite Asian girl in a laughable, fluffy, pink and white creation. And then, probably as a comparison, an older woman, in her thirties, perhaps?

She was buxom and dark-haired, her skin was an attractive olive colour and she looked as if she'd just been waylaid on her way to the office that morning. She had a rather smart, grey, pinstriped suit, white blouse, nylons, a pair of gleaming, black, high heels, and wore a pair of spectacles perched on her aquiline nose.. She was older than the rest of the other pieces by a good ten years. Tara liked the look of her and wondered what her back story might be.

It was quite surreal. The older women stood in a little semi-circle admiring the intriguing collection of human beings that had been assembled for their amusement. As she stood and inspected the other pieces, Tara realised that she had no idea who had supplied whom. There were five guests and eight pieces. Two of the pieces belonged to Isabelle. Which meant that one of the guests had brought two pieces, or that Isabelle had brought three, the twins and one other.

To Tara's calculating mind, the latter of the two seemed to be the most realistic option. Which meant that each guest had brought one, new piece.

A brief clapping of hands interrupted her thought processes.

"Ladies, here are our new pieces. I'll remind you all of the rules of our little game, but especially our new girls."

She nodded at Tara and Mi, and the two of them were rewarded with a polite ripple of applause.

"The game begins when the host chooses the first piece from the collection. That piece then becomes the property of her new mistress for the evening. The second most senior lady then makes her choice and so on. There are two rules for the choice element. A lady can't choose her own piece, nor can she choose the same piece in successive visits to the house. Once chosen the piece must accompany her temporary mistress and obey her implicitly until relieved of her duty. The limits are the usual ones. That is, no marking of, or permanent injury to our beautiful pieces. Thank you for your attention, ladies."

After her speech, Isabelle pretended to consider her options for a minute or so before stepping forward and unhooking Katie's leash from the bar. Tara had obviously anticipated that move, that was probably the only reason why she'd been invited to this bizarre party anyway. But that didn't leave her any the wiser regarding her own choice. But having said that, Tara realised that allowing the Chinese woman to take precedence over her, she'd left herself with no choice. She'd have to take whoever was left.

She had a sudden premonition that it was going to be the statuesque black girl, and that somehow these bitches would enjoy watching her beat a sister. Next to choose was Isabelle's haughty friend, Lucinda, who to Tara's vague surprise unhooked the office woman's leash. The tweedy woman took the large, blonde schoolgirl, Laetitia took the surgically enhanced redhead, which left the Amazonian black and the cute little Chinese thing. Tara had to prevent herself rolling her eyes. She was getting a sister!

But that didn't happen. After a period of contemplation, the beautiful Chinese girl took the large, black girl. Tara smiled. Someone, somewhere had fucked up. Obviously, the Chinese woman had brought the tiny Chinese girl with her. And therefore, as she couldn't choose her own piece, she'd had to choose the only alternative. Which left Tara with the cute little thing in her pink and white, crinoline party dress and matching, pink satin slippers. She stepped forward and secured the leash attached to the collar around the girl's slim, white throat.

As they left the room together accompanied by yet another tall, attractive servant who directed them to an empty bedroom, Tara reflected on the utter incongruity of the situation. Here she was, a black woman from her impoverished background rubbing shoulders with some of the richest, most powerful people in the country. She tried to imagine what her friends would think if they could see her now, leading a slave by the collar. Before she remembered that she didn't actually have any friends.

She took the terrified girl by the shoulders and led her to the bed. She sat, making the girl stand between her muscular, black thighs.

"What's your name, honey?" She growled.

Sakura was a smart girl. She had a top degree from a very prestigious Japanese university and had been in line to do a Master's. Before...this, had happened to her. Now she used her intelligence to ignore the ugliness of the dreadful black woman and her unnatural body odour and to tell her, her new name.

"I am Su-su, madam," she squeaked in her artificially high-pitched voice.

She was gratified to see the face in front of her break into something approximating a smile.

"Su-su?, repeated the woman in her horrible, guttural accent.

Sakura curtsied as she'd been taught.

"Yes, madam."

Tara smirked at her, before suddenly shooting out a large hand and grasping one of the girl's tiny nipples that adorned her almost non-existent breasts.

Sakura screamed in pain, the noise echoing around the large room. Tara languidly took a hold of the other one, squeezed it and lifted the girl so that she was balanced on the tips of her toes.

"You're going to find out that I don't like anyone much, Chinky girl. I don't like white girls, or Indian girls, but I really don't like Chinky girls. Not even cute little ones like you."

Tara twisted both nipples again, enjoying the rush as the pretty girl screamed again

Barely able to decipher Tara's thick, South London accent, Sakura tried begging, but the pressure on her sensitive nipples didn't relent

Su-su sorry, mistress. Su-su, sorreee!"

Tara removed her right hand from the girl, but instead, delivered a meaty, open-handed slap to her bare thigh. Sakura howled again. Tara just smiled and slapped her left thigh for good measure.

Isabelle, meanwhile, had pulled Katie's pristine white tights to her knees and was busy belabouring her knicker-clad backside with her favourite little, leather paddle. The sound it made as it struck her pink, plump cheeks was quite delightful,

Whopp!

Whopp!

Whopp!

Isabelle smiled, baring her small, irregular, nicotine-teeth. This was the sort of thing she should be able to do to Katie Carruthers whenever,

Whopp!

Whopp!

Whopp!

And wherever,

Whopp!

Whopp!

Whopp!

She wanted,

Whopp!

Whopp!

Whopp!

Further down the same corridor, Yang Mi read a fashion magazine and smoked. Dimly she was aware that somewhere over her shoulder, the big black girl, Roshanna was her unlikely name apparently, was being enthusiastically thrashed by one of the maids as she crouched, naked and helpless in a portable pillory.

Chapter 15

An hour or two had passed, pleasantly, as far as Tara was concerned. She'd stripped the pretty Chinese piece, torn her clothes from her in fact, slapped her around a little as she liked to do with girls that were new to her. It helped establish authority, and Tara was always keen to do exactly that. Perhaps it was something from her past, an ancestral thing, maybe? A need to be in charge, to be the mistress rather than the slave this time around?

Then she'd birched the petite girl. Well, the branches were just standing there in a bucket of brine. It would have been rude not to indulge. That's what the slim bundle of twigs were there for anyway, to be used. Tara had been fascinated by the intricate pattern the birch rods made on the girl's white skin. She'd never actually birched someone who was so white before and with such relatively unmarked buttock cheeks and upper thighs.

She'd played with herself until she achieved a titanic orgasm, by merely laying on her bed and strumming herself while looking at the girls incredibly striated backside. Then she'd made the terrified, black-haired girl go down on her, cruelly wrapping one of her large thighs around the girl's throat to control her air-supply and thus make her even more malleable. She enjoyed it so much that she repeated the whole thing again, starting with a fresh bunch of birch rods.

A deferential knock on the bedroom door preceded the entrance of one of the maids who paid not the slightest attention to the distraught Asian girl curled up on the floor, her hands pressed urgently to her corrugated backside.

"Madam, the ladies are gathering downstairs for dinner. Would you care to join them in thirty minutes or so?"

Tara replied in the affirmative, how civilised. As she showered, she ran her scheme over in her head again. She had to try and ensure that Katie went to the most powerful, influential person at the soiree. In that way, there was a possibility that she might acquire a very wealthy new business partner. She also had to speak with Isabelle regarding the potential of the Rastrick sisters. Plus, as a bonus, she hoped to acquire more invitations to this sort of amazing party that she was currently experiencing.

Once dressed, she sauntered downstairs. Intuitively she believed that the richest, most powerful person in the room was the tall Chinese woman. Secretly, Tara would have given everything she owned in exchange for the ownership of the beautiful, enigmatic, Mi. But as that wasn't going to happen, perhaps the next best thing was to somehow foist Katie on her. After all, she'd enjoyed Su-su very much.

Once again she was the last of the owners to enter the magnificently appointed room. To her delight she was placed on the same side of the exquisite dining table as Mi and opposite the tweedy woman and the big, fat woman with the poorly-dyed hair. At one end of the table was Isabelle of course, and at the other, her friend, Lucinda. The food was incredible, and the wine flowed. Although Tara couldn't help notice that Mi didn't partake of the bottle that they shared between the two of them.

It was probably a cultural thing, she thought. For all her many achievements and successes, there certain areas of knowledge that Tara, by her own admission, was ignorant of. That was probably due to the amount of actual schooling that she missed at the dire, sink school that she'd been consigned to. her lack of a basic education as one of the many things that drove her. That was partly why subjugating an entitled, privately schooled brat like Katie gave her so much pleasure. She squeezed her thighs together and tried to concentrate on what Mi was saying to her.

"A most enjoyable evening, Tara, don't you think?"

"Oh yes, Mi. Marvellous entertainment," and it had been. Kudos to Isabelle Lang. The wrinkly old bitch sure knew how to throw a party.

"How was your piece? My girl, Roshanna," here the woman giggled slightly, "was very amusing."

"Amusing, how?" Asked Tara, she could feel the excellent wine going to her head. Maybe just one more glass.

"Amusing in that she screamed and begged almost from the first moment to the last as she was caned. No dignity, you see. No resilience, those people."

Tara bridled immediately, 'those people'? How dare she, the cheeky bitch?

"Your girl cried as well when I birched her. She does have a very good tongue on her as well. No doubt you've discovered that for yourself?"

The woman turned to face her.

"How do you mean, my girl?"

Tara had consumed too much vintage wine to discern the warning note in Mi's cultured voice.

"Your girl, you know the Chink...the Chinese one you brought tonight."

"How dare you, you racist pig? The girl is not my piece, and for your information, she's Japanese I believe, not Chinese!"

For once, Tara was on the back foot. She glanced up to see that the conversation had stalled and that all eyes were on her. Isabelle Lang looked at her pityingly.

"Oh dear, I was afraid that this sort of thing might happen. One can take the girl out of the ghetto but, unfortunately one can't take the ghetto out of the girl. I think it's best if you apologise and leave, Tara. You're drunk, and you're sadly out of your league here."

Tara rose to her feet angrily.

"You can fuck off if you think I'm going to apologise, you stuck-up old baggage. And as for you, you Chinky bitch..."

Tara blinked, why were there suddenly two Mi's? She hadn't noticed that before. She turned clumsily, why was everyone grinning? Had she missed something amusing?

"What a disreputable beast," said a voice somewhere in the distance.

"Her and her kind always want to ruin everything," said another.

Tara suddenly felt very tired. She reached out to steady herself against the table, missed, and slipped down it before she fell in an undignified heap on the ground, taking an amount of cutlery and glasses with her.. All she could hear were indecipherable voices and cackling, disdainful laughter.

Chapter 16

Miss Zhao, normally the epitome of the discrete, utterly dedicated servant, felt very slightly guilty. She had waited on the new guest as ordered. She hadn't left her post that morning and had been sent food and drink to the room. The guest was still in her packing case, laying on her back and gently snoring. Miss Zhao simply couldn't help herself, she'd quickly reached over and rubbed a delicate finger along the sleeping creature's cheekbone. Her skin was black! Miss Zhao had never met a black person before, let alone touched one.

It felt odd, but at the same time, normal. Miss Zhao was an educated woman, but this was something beyond her experience. She knew of course that the skin was just a different pigmentation and therefore it should feel the same as her own, but it didn't somehow. It was hard to explain why, it just didn't. Her features were coarse and irregular. She was hardly a beauty

She was English, apparently, just like the recently departed white heifer, Alison Richmond. Miss Zhao wondered vaguely if there was some sort of connection. In any case, Mistress Yang wanted the black woman subjugated and re-educated before she returned in a month's time. Her instructions had been quite precise, she was to be trained as a field hand, nothing more. There was no room for her in the house in any capacity. She was to be housed in one of the sty's and fed only on scraps from the kitchen. She was to be clothed in any available rags, and then taught the rudiments of planting rice.

When Yang Mi returned home in a month's time, she would be bringing honoured guests with her who would be interested in the black woman's training. Miss Zhao knew her young mistress had been pleased with her re-education of Alison Richmond, but she still couldn't relax. If anything, the onus was on her to please her mistress even more, like any good servant should. Yang Mi had authorised her to use 'whatever means necessary' to make the black woman into a pliant and obedient slave. Miss Zhao entertained herself by turning over the various possibilities in her mind.

THE END