



# **Royal Slave**

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## **Slaveworld Book 2**

SILVER  
MOON   
ADULT FICTION

**Stephen Douglas**

# **ROYAL SLAVE**

## **Slaveworld 2**

Stephen Douglas

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# CHAPTER ONE

Laughter, light and occasional squeaks of female pain spilled out of the Summer Palace's open windows onto the moonlit lawn; a small but vocal hen-party finally winding down. The party had been going on for well over twenty-four hours, the young Ladies who moved in Royal circles priding themselves on partying hard. On the wide gravel driveway in front of the grand house, having been waiting since noon to take the departing guests to the mag-lev station two miles away were three identical four-wheeled carriages.

Naked but for tightly buckled and polished harnesses and bridles holding bits between teeth, pony-slaves waited with placid patience in the traces. A pair of powerful ponyboys were hitched to one carriage, the remaining two were pulled by teams of four ponygirls. At the head of the row beside the first team, idly stroking a ponygirl on the belly, fingers following a tight crotch strap down into her pussy to the base of the fat dildo that impaled her, a bored groom waited to remove hobbles and assist the young aristocrats into the carriages. Strap-bound breasts, nipple rings trailing reins, rose and fell faster as he petted the young slave. She was quite lovely, but of little real interest. As a private he was allowed to handle the slaves but no more. He was dreamily looking forward to the day when he'd be a corporal, allowed to tit fuck the female slaves; or better yet, the day he was promoted to a sergeant, allowed to come in their mouths. He wiped juices off his fingers on a firm, velvet thigh.

Another squeal followed by gales of laughter came from the open windows above. Princess Alice had a taste for slender blonde girls and owned over a dozen at the last count, and no doubt several were providing the entertainment as well as serving.

The Summer Palace was the Royal Family's country retreat, available for parties, events, or just a place for individual members of the family to enjoy a weekend break or a couple of weeks away from the bustle of the city. It was mostly used by hunting parties on the nearby Royal Hunting Preserve.

Compared to the City Palace, the three storey building in the style of Richard IV was quite modest. The structure had replaced the far grander building of the same name destroyed by fire some 400 years earlier. That had dated from the tenth century, when the entire Royal Family had transplanted itself to the country to escape a noxious city only just discovering drains. Prince Samuel's suite was on the second floor, the King and Queen occupying the third floor between them.

Half listening to the wall-muffled excesses of the party Cousin Alice was hosting; Prince Samuel, the Prince of Wales, lying naked on a large four poster bed watching 3V, was alone in his suite apart from some slaves. A girl he'd brought down on the hunt was chained face-down across the top of the bed so that he could use the small of her back as a pillow; the slaveboy he'd shot at the same time was locked in a corner cage. Beside his bed on all fours was a naked girl with a large clear oval of glass strapped to her back, a leather band tight around her waist. His human table would obediently crawl to one side of the bed or the other to be within reach as he wished. The suite's two naked serving slaves were standing neatly to attention in their chains and collars beside the buffet table.

Secured to a ceiling winch, some of his come in her ass and some now drying on her breasts, was the main course; a newly purchased sexual plaything, appropriately called Treasure, and she was quite simply gorgeous. In the four days she'd been his legal property, he'd enjoyed her many times, but he wasn't anywhere near finished with her yet. He would of course get bored with her eventually, he always did, and a new sex toy would catch his eye. But for the moment, he was madly in lust. The top heavy brunette was a spectacularly satisfying screw!

She wasn't the most expensive slave he'd ever bought. He'd spent more on competition and racing slaves, but never half as much on a purely sexual toy. She wasn't even the most beautiful he'd ever owned. The delicate, olive-skinned, Arab slavegirl, with lustrous dark eyes he'd been given by his grandmother on his last birthday was stunning by comparison. But Treasure was the most sexually exciting animal he'd come across in many a season. To see Treasure was to want her! When he'd first come across her in harness and bridle, pulling the pony trap of a fellow hunter, his first reaction had been

lust, he wanted to train her to sit up and beg, and then lick every inch of her body.

Treasure was a tall girl, powerfully built, with long legs, a neatly tucked waist, and large, full breasts. She had golden skin, pink nipples, a sweet heart shaped face, long dark hair and wide, appealing, light hazel eyes. Pretty yes, but a photo or holograph gave no real hint of her sexual allure. The draw she had on him, and almost every Lord or Lady who encountered her, even leaving aside her love of sex and her subservient nature, puzzled him. But certainly added to her attraction! She'd been worth every crown he paid for her.

Life was good! Happy in himself and more than satisfied so far with his new sex toy's stamina, endurance and willingness to please, he contentedly reached up to pat one of his pillow's firm buttocks. The mark of his shot was gone, but it was still a shot to be proud of. A single shot to the ass at over a hundred yards! Tranquilliser rifles had to be low velocity or the dart acted like a bullet, and the standard hunting rifle was generally reckoned to be accurate in the fifty to seventy five yard range. A great hunt!

He really ought to give the girl, and the male prey slave in the cage, a quick shafting as a reward for running so hard and providing him and his fellow hunters with such excellent sport. He usually thoroughly enjoyed sex with prey slaves he'd personally brought down, but his new purchase, the delightfully top heavy Treasure, was patently more deserving of his attention.

"Table!" he called, waving a hand off the edge of the bed.

The table slave looked up through the glass and edged closer, the oval surface strapped to her back about four foot by three, held perfectly steady. Like many table slaves she was a little heavy around the hindquarters, broad hips and shoulders and plump buttocks were needed to keep the glass surface steady as she crawled along on all fours; but she would be pleasant to whip along at a trot as a carriage slave. And she'd undoubtedly be of interest to any devotees of the traditional art of spanking. Her buttocks were squashed quite attractively against the glass's underside, two white ovals squeezed together. He nibbled a pastry then washed it down with champagne, his glass clicking on the table just above the girl's head when he returned it. He brushed her

from his mind.

Human furniture was commonplace in noble houses; using slaves as footstools, pillows, cushions, benches, tables, food trays, swings and hammocks, was unremarkable. It was actually the kind thing to do when a slave wasn't required for other use. Instead of sitting alone and bored in her little cell, the slave was provided with a little variety, stimulation and interest. Allowed the privilege of being in the presence of her betters, she got to watch and learn as other toys were enjoyed, and so improve her own performance when she was next used for sex.

There was laughter below his window, shrieks and protests, the hen party which Cousin Alice had been hosting was finally breaking up and spilling out onto the driveway below. A ponygirl squealed as leather landed on flesh with a delicious crack. Levering himself upright on the bed, Prince Samuel was just in time to see two carriages, ponyslaves responding with delightful little squeaks and yelps as they were lashed, tear across the lawn. The two teams of ponygirls were neck and neck, the third carriage following closely, each with three or four young Ladies the worse for drink, hanging on. He chuckled, flopping back down onto his bed. Real racing slaves, singly or in pairs, pulled a single driver in a small two-wheeled pony trap. Carriage slaves, not normally selected or trained for speed, whipped to a sprint, could easily overturn their much larger, less stable, four-wheeled burden. And his mother, the Queen, was going to go berserk when she saw the state of her lawn!

On the three dimensional television, the consumer programme 'What Slave', was testing shock batons. Normally the presenter of a 3V program would be a personable young soldier, perhaps a distinguished older NCO for a more serious programme. But occasionally, for fun, a hobby, to annoy parents or simply because they were stage-struck, a young aristocrat would face the camera. It was one of those supposedly menial tasks, like training circus slaves, that parents were supposed to disapprove of, but had probably done themselves in their youth.

"Cattle prods, shock dildos, shock batons," the presenter, young, female and bouncy, was saying. "Call them what you will. But the important question is, how safe is yours?"

The young aristocrat patted the rump of the bound, naked, girl beside her. The test slave, a large breasted blonde, was bent forward over a horizontal pole, ankles chained wide, her body pulled forward and arched up by a chain from her wrist cuffs. A high collar held her head up so that her ball gagged face was visible to the camera.

"Time to find out. Now Goldie's already had a few shocks to the clitoris and nipples, so she's nicely wet. Let's see how she takes the 2000-SI."

The helpless blonde gasped behind her gag as the young presenter rammed the shock dildo deep into her pouting sex, breasts quivering as she jerked to the limit of her bonds. A lingering close up showed wide blue eyes, the test-lave drooling around the pink ball strapped into her mouth. Presenters came and went, but the full-breasted blonde was a familiar and popular feature of the programme, and not for sale at any price. Bought as an eighteen year old virgin by the show, she looked about twenty-five now, but had had the youth treatment and had to be coming up for fifty years old. Prince Samuel remembered watching whips, racks and restraints tested on her a good twenty years ago.

The rejuvenation treatment that had held twenty years at bay was usually the preserve of the aristocracy, slaves' sentences usually ending when they were about thirty and could be returned to families and communities. But occasionally, if a slave was in some way special, he or she could be kept young and the sentence increased. His new purchase, Treasure, had already been given the treatment.

Goldie squealed in pain as the young presenter triggered the shock baton, delivering a jolt of agony deep inside her pussy, once, twice and then three times. Panting around her gag now, breasts heaving, the naked test slave was given another pat on the backside.

"Well, that works! And as you can see, the new plastic chains, although only a fraction of the weight of steel, have held her quite easily."

The girl standing behind the bound, bent-forward blonde, wedged her first choice between Goldie's buttocks, and produced another baton.



"Now this is not actually the 2000-SI, but an Italian copy, and there is a quite serious flaw in the manufacture."

The image closed in on Goldie's hindquarters, a nice lingering shot of her dripping pussy and the tightly puckered hole of her anus, which finally settled on the two training aids held side by side. One dry, one coated with the lovely slave's juices. The programme went out worldwide Samuel knew, and unsurprisingly, Goldie had a large following.

"Now as you can see if you look closely, on the cheaper copy the dildo will not screw flush onto the battery-pack, leaving a small gap. And if you have a wet girl, and push the dildo in up to the hilt, slave-juice inside the battery can produce a short circuit; which can give the user a very nasty shock!"

The image pulled back to reveal the presenter's proper look of outraged horror.

"In fact, in some tests the user was getting almost as powerful a shock as the slave!" she whispered in tones of earnest and solemn disapproval.

Her irrepressible grin bounced back as she inserted the second shock dildo into the helpless Goldie from behind. A voltmeter was wired to the shock baton now projecting from the blonde's sex, while the presenter protected herself with an insulated glove. Goldie moaned as she was penetrated, plump pussy lips gripping the invader tightly. She gasped again, air driven from her lungs when her tormentor brutally rammed the fat shaft in up to the hilt.

In close up the flaw was obvious. When the dildo was pushed right inside the test slave and then withdrawn, her juices glinted in the small gap between dildo and battery pack handle.

The ball gagged blonde squeaked as she was shocked, and then again and again, a gleam of sweat suddenly slick on her peaches and cream skin. In front of a worldwide audience, fat nipples erect on sob-quivering breasts, tears rolling down her cheeks, thighs and belly trembling, Goldie was shocked again. She was forced to come on the seventh shock, throwing back

her head and squealing ecstasy into her gag, but she still had to endure three more bolts of agony delivered deep inside her sex before the needle on the voltmeter jumped.

The Lady reached under the sobbing, gasping blonde she'd been tormenting and gave her breasts an approving squeeze. Possibly it was genuine affection; Goldie was after all a lovely plaything, or perhaps she was just realistic enough to know who was the real star of the show. She peeled off her glove and examined the voltmeter's needle.

"Well frankly, I'm appalled," the young aristocrat said. "I could have been hurt. Without that glove, I would have received a shock fully as powerful as those I was giving Goldie! The moral of the story is, buy English. And finally, Sergeant?"

"Thank you My Lady," the greying NCO, a regular, said gravely. "Next week we'll be looking at punishment restraints, testing the season's new whips and demonstrating how to suspend Goldie by her tits without damage. And in our continuing series of expert interviews, the Duchess of Dover, winner of two Olympic gold medals, has graciously consented to tell us what she looks for in a show pony. Thank you My Lords and Ladies, and until then..."

The show finished with the traditional handprint left on Goldie's backside, the stinging slap delivered by the grinning young aristocrat beside her.

"Treasure. Change the channel up," Prince Samuel ordered.

His new purchase obeyed with a soft grunt of effort, a French news show coming up on the 3V. The dildo-shaped remote control deep inside the naked sex toy's pussy, two small padlocks securing rings on the shaft's base to the two rings set through Treasure's inner labia, would change the channel when squeezed. But the dildo had to be squeezed hard.

By chance his new purchase was secured in a similar fashion to What Slave's blonde, even down to an almost identical ball gag buckled into her mouth. Bent forward from the waist with legs spread wide, her perfect

haunches were presented enticingly to him. Great minds and all that! The hazel-eyed plaything had had her wrists buckled together behind her back, and then winched up behind her to bend her forward, a spreader bar holding her ankles wide.

Apart from the facts that either would be a joy to own and would probably cost as much as each other, the two girls were quite different. As well as much larger breasts, Treasure was taller and more powerfully built than the cute little Goldie. She topped him in five inch heels, and judging by her placid endurance so far, she could probably take even harder sexual use and more torment than the superbly pliant Goldie. Her backside was already criss-crossed with whip marks - he did love a girl that took good whip - and bent forward from the waist, her legs seemed to go on forever.

"And again," he called. "Keep going through the channels until I say stop."

The bound slave almost hanging under her winch chain grunted again, buttocks and thighs clenching, her firm heavy breasts swinging gently under her, nipple rings hanging down. A home shopping channel was on the 3V now, but Prince Samuel had little interest in buying slaves from a catalogue; the cheaper end of the market. With another soft gasp, clenching internal muscles tightly around the shaft that impaled her, his drooling human remote control managed to squeeze the dildo hard enough to bring up the next channel. The home shopping channel was replaced with a dramatised history programme about the demise of the horse in agriculture.

"Stop! Turn up the volume," he ordered the brunette.

With a little self-pitying whimper and taking a deep breath to steady herself, hands bound together above her clenching into fists, the golden-skinned slave pushed forward against her collar. From the base of the remote control dildo projecting from her sex, a fine chain pulled taut between her striped buttocks ran to the back of Treasure's collar. A rope was woven into her hair and secured to her wrist cuffs to hold her head up, but she still had enough slack to tug on the chain.

Each tug on the chain changed the ingenious remote control's setting.

One tug and squeezing the shaft now lowered the volume. Another, and more squeezes raised it. Another, and the device would now click down through the channels, another, and the panting slavegirl was back to going up through them again.

The bound slave, desperately clenching internal muscles around the fat invader that stretched her pussy wide, was moaning and gasping by the time the volume had been adjusted to the prince's satisfaction. The re-enactments were good; a team of naked slaveboys harnessed to a clumsy-looking heavy plough, watched by a Lord driving two harnessed and bridled girls hitched to an old style chariot, looked like they'd just stepped out of the past. Unfortunately, the school level narration began to grate after a while.

"Next channel!"

Treasure whimpered, her juices running down the inside of one perfect, firm, satin thigh now. Her big udders swayed as she leant into her collar, putting pressure on her throat with soft gasps, returning the dildo remote control to the setting that changed the channels up again. Delicious! He'd been shafting, whipping, teasing, tormenting, humiliating and shafting her again almost constantly over the last four days, and she was still hot for more!

The next channel was a Flemish race track, paired ponyboys being whipped down an indoor track.

"Next," he decided. Racing was only fun if you were an owner or had a bet on.

Ah, this was more like it. Mud wrestling! His favourite sport. Two struggling, squirming, naked slavegirls grappled in a pool of thick oil. Both were wearing strap-on dildos, the crotch straps splitting into two underneath and running up under each buttock to allow anal penetration. The first slave to butt fuck her opponent would win. Ball gags prevented biting, punches were not allowed, and scratching wasn't a problem as slaves weren't allowed long fingernails anyway. Otherwise, it was anything goes.

"Stop. Sound down a little," he ordered, the crowd's enthusiastic roar in

perfect stereo was a little overpowering.

The heavy-breasted brunette obviously had excellent control of her internal muscles, and again managed to obey promptly. He could only guess that she'd been trained to hold weighted dildos inside herself, because she was by far the most responsive human remote control he'd ever used. Most girls couldn't squeeze the device hard enough to trigger the switch and the remainder who could, tended to bounce through the channels unordered, lost in their own lust.

He had briefly toyed with the idea of giving her to his mother for her birthday. The Queen liked bedroom toys with tits and loved hunting, but wasn't able to combine her interests. It was generally agreed and accepted in society that you didn't hunt a top heavy, voluptuous, ponygirl. A pedigree hunting hack, driven by her owner with whip and reins from the comfortable seat of a pony trap throughout a day's hunt, was a long distance athlete first, and a sexual plaything a distant second. Only minor aristocracy, those who couldn't afford a dedicated hunting pony, would hunt an unsuitable mount. Simply, the rich had specialised toys and the less well-off put slaves to multiple uses. But could the clearly expensive Treasure perhaps change those rules? His mother might like a superb hunter and bedroom toy combined in one wide-eyed, appealing, velvet-skinned package.

It was just an idle thought. Much more likely he'd keep her, though he would need a team mate for her if he was to drive her on a hunt himself. Her previous owner, a Lady Isobell Franklin, had been a petite little thing. His mother, slightly larger but no heavyweight, could probably hunt the girl alone if she gave her mount plenty of whip, but the top heavy brunette would never manage his weight on her own. On a hunt his own pony trap was usually pulled by paired ponyboys.

And where was he going to find a match for the superb slave? Pony girls were supposed to be physically and temperamentally similar. A delicious problem, and the search would be fun, but there were plenty of other uses he could put her to. A purely sexual pet if nothing else. Settling down to watch the mud wrestling, he was more than aware his new acquisition had the size and weight to compete in his favourite sport.

Breathing slowly and deeply around the ball gag, and almost hanging from her bound wrists pulled up behind her and pushing her upper body down, Treasure stared blankly at the bookshelves in front of her, the rope woven into her hair holding her head up. The large orange ball pushed behind her teeth was buckled tightly into place, but was as familiar as bonds and nudity. Her arms pulled up high behind her back put a little strain on her shoulders, and her thighs were beginning to tremble a little because her ankles had been chained so wide and she was on tip toe. But again, nothing new or remarkable. She could remain, if not comfortably, then without difficulty, in this position for hours; until her new owner decided how he next wished to use her for sex.

It was commonplace for aristocrats to physically alter their property to suit their own tastes, and Treasure was very limber and supple. The same clinic that had changed the colour of her eyes, highlighted her cheekbones, tattoo branded her, and set rings through her nipples, navel, clitoris and inner pussy-lips; not to mention enlarging her breasts, trimming down her waist and lengthening her legs, had also loosened, stretched and pulled every muscle, ligament and joint in her body. She could wear a ball gag almost permanently without jaw ache now, sleep comfortably hogtied, do a full splits or touch her toes in five inch heels, and her elbows would easily touch together behind her back. Being suspended from a winch was no trouble at all.

She'd deliberately twisted herself around under the winch chain so that her hindquarters were presented to the Prince, just slightly side on, offering a tantalising view of breast. Her new owner had already said he considered the heavy globes her best feature, and she was trying to subtly redirect his attention between her legs. Hopefully, when he was interested again and looked up with sex in mind, her pussy, plump and pouting, the base of the shaft padlocked inside her projecting enticingly from her body, would capture his attention. She felt not the slightest shame knowing she was hungry to be screwed again by the man who legally owned her.

Another change the Lords and Ladies made to their toys, were aphrodisiacs, slowly dissolving in the bloodstream, surgically implanted in the sex slave's body. At a touch, a barked command or at the sight of a whip,

her nipples would obediently rise, her breasts would swell with lust and she would be almost instantly hot and wet, a fire raging in her belly. Not only ready for sex, but desperate for it. It was convenient for the aristocratic owner, because the slave was always ready to be used sexually; and keeping their sexual playthings in a state of almost permanent arousal ensured docile and very eager to please property. Only good girls were allowed to come!

Any treated slave could be whipped to orgasm, made to enjoy whatever use she was put to in the bedroom and she didn't just want to come, she needed to. The drug addicted slaves to sex and conditioned them to docile, subservient, obedience. Owners were not only the suppliers of the pleasure which slaves craved, they could carelessly grant or deny pleasure. Treasure clearly understood that the more sexy and willing to please she was, the more sex she would be permitted. And with every orgasm a slave was forced to, the more pleasing she wanted to be. It was a vicious circle!

Treasure was more than intelligent enough to know she'd been brainwashed, but knowing it made no difference to her behaviour. Until she had been sold, with all her heart she'd wanted nothing more than for her previous owner, Lady Isobell, to enjoy using her. She would soon feel the same way about the Prince of Wales. Some slaves seemed more susceptible to the surgically implanted aphrodisiac than others, and she'd been sexually submissive even before the treatment. Sometimes, she still wondered if she'd been given a double dose by mistake. Other slaves were hot, obedient and could be made to come, but to Treasure's eyes didn't seem as desperate to come as she was. They weren't as devoted as she was, and as much fun to own as she was.

She was so wet she could no longer feel the remote control dildo, just pressure when she squeezed the fat invader, her juices running down her thighs again,. Having a shaft actually padlocked to the rings set through her inner labia was new though, and was driving her to distraction. The ring set through her clitoris was often used to clip leads or kennel chains to and was a delicious torment. But unlike her nipple rings, a frequent aid to restraint, punishment and control under her previous owner; her pussy rings had mostly been decorative. She could only wonder what else new the Prince might do to her. She had heard that Royal slaves were branded.

For tonight there was dried semen on her breasts and her master had already pumped one load into her ass, so mouth or pussy next was a good bet. Waving her dildo-filled pussy in his face would, she hoped, improve the odds in favour of her being allowed to come. It was of course wrong of her to have her own preference as to how she would next be sexually used and she knew she would have to confess and be punished the next time she was allowed to speak. A good slavegirl should want to be used for sex in the manner that most pleased her owner, not the way that she enjoyed most.

It wasn't that she didn't like oral sex. She loved giving pleasure, a cock between her lips, hard, hot meat resting on her tongue, and the smell of man in her nostrils, was always exciting. And never more so than when hot come splashed into her mouth, but even though she was allowed to come when the person enjoying her did, she couldn't always manage the orgasm she craved with just a cock in her mouth. She wanted her master to fuck her!

Admitting her own wishes, even just to herself was a sign of how aroused she was, but was also a symptom of something more she'd realised. Being sold by the mistress she loved and adored, Lady Isobell, had been a devastating shock and had briefly forced her to think for herself again. A person, not property.

There was no going back. She'd been called Jenny once, an educated, carefree student who thought she was going to be a scientist and teacher, or perhaps even rich and successful. Then she'd been trained to obey. She lived to serve but here and now, before her new owner trained her to love him and she became helplessly devoted again, she had a window of a couple of weeks, perhaps more, in which to entertain independent thoughts. Rebellious, forbidden thoughts, like escape! Though she wasn't sure she wanted to.

But how? Kept naked and in chains as she was, with no one and nowhere to run to. She even had a pea-sized satellite locator tag implanted in one of her breasts and at the touch of a button her legal owner could track her position anywhere on the face of the planet to within five metres. There was nowhere in the world that a slave could escape to.

But Treasure had an advantage other slaves didn't, a thin sliver of hope. She knew there were other worlds to run to. Parallel dimensions!



Imagine a world, identical to your own Earth in every detail, the people, the history, your own double in the same place doing the same thing as you, with exactly the same change in his or her pocket. The only difference, a blade of grass in Russia or Africa a centimetre longer.

Imagine another world, almost identical, but it's the next blade of grass over that's longer. Or shorter. Billions upon billions of realities with differences too small to detect or find. People slip between them all the time. Everyone's said at one time or another, "Didn't your door used to be green?" And as the realities curve away from each other, like images in two slightly offset mirrors, the differences between dimensions become gradually more significant, big enough for a traveller to observe. And you have worlds in which the First World War was never fought, a dimension where a South American Columbus discovered Europe and a reality where you don't, and never did, exist because your however-many-times great grandfather was killed in the British defeat at Waterloo.

Theoretically travel between dimensions was quite possible, if a Gate was opened from both sides at once. Unlikely? But if there were billions upon billions of possibilities, what were the odds of two sets of scientists tinkering at once? On an overpopulated, war-torn, polluted, technological world; democracies and dictatorships jostling uneasily together, a brilliant professor of mathematics and physics, with the assistance of five of her students, had once opened a gateway into a feudal noble-ruled, dimension. There for over two thousand years, almost unchanged since Roman times, a social order of aristocrats, soldiers, serfs/servants and slaves had existed. Professor Phillips-Webber liked it so much she'd decided to stay, condemning her students to sexual slavery, for her own amusement and to prevent them returning with news of the Slaveworld. Jenny had been one of those students.

A hand on her behind, fingers lightly trailing over whip stripes, brought her thoughts abruptly back to the present. Prince Samuel patted a buttock, his hand stroking slowly, possessively, up her spine. Standing behind her, his half-erect cock nosed between her thighs, brushing pubic hair as he reached under her to heft her breasts. Treasure sighed in relief and delight as fingers sank deep into the full, firm weight of her flesh, squeezing the overlarge globes hard together.

"Who's a pretty girl then?" he whispered into her ear. "And all mine! Worth every crown I paid for you."

Still bent forward from the waist under her winch chain, legs spread wide, Treasure moaned pleasure into her gag as her owner kneaded her flesh, her nipples hard against his palms. The 3V abruptly jumped channels as her dripping pussy involuntarily clenched tight around the dildo still padlocked inside her. The cock nosing eagerly against her belly was harder now and she was panting with lust as she drooled around her ball gag.

The man who had total control over every single aspect of her life now unhooked the remote control's chain from the back of her collar, and with much fumbling with the slippery padlocks which were coated with her juices, removed the dildo. Panting harder, she waited for him to plunge his cock into her defenceless pussy. There was of course no question of her bonds being removed. Aristocrats considered it perverse to have sex with a slave as an equal. A slave was used, enjoyed, sometimes liked, occasionally even loved; but was always still a possession, to be ridden under control and bound.

Treasure suppressed a whine of protest when the Prince swung a crop through the air with an experimental swish, and then at the corner of her vision, looped the strap over his wrist and selected an unfamiliar metal device from a display cabinet. She was too well trained to protest at being whipped, simply frustrated that she wasn't being screwed yet, but if she'd whined her new owner might have misunderstood. As an experienced sexual plaything, she expected a little pain and humiliation along with physical control when she was enjoyed. Slave-sex was as much about power as the physical pleasures of the sex act itself, and consequently, slave owners were all sadists to some degree or other.

Her former owners had taught her it was not her place to approve or disapprove of what was done to her. Her squeaks, tears, and the marks left on her flesh would give her master pleasure, and make her a more responsive screw by driving her to new heights of arousal. On Slaveworld, giving a sex slave a few lashes was a perfectly normal bit of foreplay, and one Treasure had been trained to appreciate.

Dropping to one knee in front of her, the Prince lifted first one breast

and then the other to his lips, sucking great mouthfuls of flesh into his mouth while weighty flesh filled his palms and spilled between splayed fingers. Treasure sighed in delight as her nipple rings were tongued; the aching, swollen pierced nubs, nibbled and licked. With her head held up by her rope restraint she had only a brief glimpse of the metal object, two bars on screws trailing chains, before he pushed the bars over and under her breasts. The chains were looped over, under and around each heavy melon and secured. A breast clamp of some sort.

Treasure was panting harder than ever around the ball buckled into her mouth, saliva running down her chin and throat, slick under her broad collar now, as her owner screwed the clamp tight, and then tighter still. The two parallel bars screwed together, squeezed remorselessly down, but the chains looped around her breasts, digging deep into heavy flesh now, prevented the trapped mounds from just being squeezed between them. Tighter and tighter, her big breasts were forced out, squeezed until she thought flesh would burst. She'd seen herself with bound and clamped breasts before, and knew her skin would be shiny-taut, nipples protruding, breasts forced out into almost perfect spheres.

She whimpered helplessly when the Prince trailed his fingernails over her straining flesh and then lightly licked. His tongue felt like a rasp, her bulging breasts, already lust-swollen and now squeezed almost beyond endurance, unbearably sensitive. She wailed in forced ecstasy when he squeezed her trapped breasts, almost coming but he released them just a fraction too soon!

Her new owner lowered the winch chain until she was on her knees and then removed the spreader bar, a long pole with cuffs at each end. Her leather wrist cuffs were freed from the winch, and re-attached to short chains on either side of the breast-clamp, her arms held up like a pet begging. She had time for one last pleading, beseeching look, before he pulled and tugged a tight red silk hood taut down over her head. Something was looped around her neck digging in lightly above her collar - a choke chain? - and she was pushed down onto all fours.

Treasure groaned helplessly as her bound, squeezed breasts were squashed into the suddenly rough carpet. The chains linking her wrist cuffs to

the sides of the clamp were too short and she couldn't get her palms on the floor. Pushing down with her fingers, her swollen, aching nipples trailed through the thick pile. Surprisingly gentle fingers stroked through her sex once, twice - scooping up her juices? - and then her own natural lubricant was rubbed into her anus. She grunted in pain as a pear shaped plug was brutally thrust deep into her back passage, the invader coated with her own wetness sliding easily inside her. She squeaked as a tug settled the butt-plug into place, she was stretched wide by the sudden penetration but her experienced body easily relaxed to cope.

A butt plug was a prelude to sex, and if possible, made her even hotter, an uncontrollable heat raged in her loins now. The plug would make the Prince's cock a tighter fit; and it was an article of faith amongst Noble Lords that a stuffed ass made a slavegirl a more responsive screw. Treasure had been enjoyed whilst filled back and front often enough to agree.

She flinched when she felt the crop laid lightly across her buttocks even though she'd been expecting it, gasping harder as the choke chain was used to hold her head up. The hood, ball gag under it, and now the metal links digging into her neck were stifling. Lungs heaving, she could feel her sweat plastering the fine silk to her face, a combination of fear, lust and total helplessness leaving her almost incapable of rational thought, just animal desires.

Blind, and half deafened under the hood, she felt more than heard the first whip stroke. A crack, a blow that undoubtedly made her flesh ripple; and then a stinging blaze of agony across her presented backside. She squealed, jerking helplessly forward away from the vicious sting, squashing her hugely swollen breasts into the carpet again. Throbbing heat burned slowly deeper and deeper into her buttocks as her master stroked the crop between her sex lips. Knowing what was expected of her, wanting it, she braced herself firmly into position, ready for the next stroke.

She gasped as the crop cracked down again, easily hard enough to leave raised welts she guessed. Ready this time, she held position easily. Another blazing stroke and then another, and now she was deliberately squeezing her bound breasts into the carpet. The first time she'd been whipped to orgasm had been strange and unsettling; but now she was used to it; simply delicious!

On all fours, her wrists chained to her breast clamp, blind under her hood and a fat plug stretching her back passage wide, she waited eagerly for the crop to fall once more.

Crack! She gasped again, her head still held up by the choke chain. Hands on her hips to hold her in place, now kneeling behind her, the Prince of Wales thrust his cock deep and hard, to the hilt, inside her. Treasure wailed in gag-muffled delight.

He didn't move! Not an inch. Just kept her in place with the choke chain, head up and spine arched back, his shaft deep inside her while he swung the whip back and forth across her behind. The crop's flexible tip licked down her thighs, curling around her hips with a stinging kiss, her buttocks on fire now. Breathless, gasping and squeaking, she squirmed on her master's cock, as he slowly, methodically and firmly whipped her haunches until she cried out in ecstasy, waves of pleasure consuming her.

Once Treasure was conquered, the Prince consented to fuck her, still holding her head up with the chain in his left hand, his free right hand scattering slaps across her whip-stripped backside. The butt plug did make him a tighter fit as he plunged his cock deep in and out of her, every thrust squeezing her tortured breasts into the carpet. Responding to her sexual use with high pitched yelps of lust, tossing her head against the choke chain she was gasping around, the hood plastered to her face, sodden, Treasure obediently came again. And again. All thoughts of escape or self gone, she was just a mindless fucking-machine her master was riding to exhaustion.

She recovered her senses to find herself lying on her side, sweaty and panting, still naked in her bonds. Finished with. The window of possible escape was now smaller still. A few more nights like this, and she'd not only enjoy and be aroused by being made to lick and kiss her owner's feet, but want to. Another month, and she'd consider it a privilege.

Prince Samuel had his new brunette wake him, bathe him, dress him, and after a couple of punishments, wait on him at his breakfast table on a sunwashed balcony. It was a pleasant morning, the air still, the birdsong already lazy, promising a hot day; a faint haze had almost burnt away.

Treasure shivered in eager anticipation when her sex was cupped in his palm, arching her back and closing her eyes with a soft sigh when her spine was stroked, groaning helplessly when he squeezed her breasts. In the bright morning light, the naked slave's golden skin seemed to glow, the sunlight reflected in harsh points of light where it struck her polished steel restraints and body piercings.

You just wanted to lick her all over, Samuel thought to himself once more. Again he felt a flash of what was becoming a familiar pride, knowing his name was listed on this superb animal's pedigree as Owner. He was very much looking forward to showing the gorgeous big-titted toy to his friends; and deciding who deserved to give her a ride. More important still, he would have to decide if he would share her in bed with Kattrena, his sort-of fiancée. More his parents' choice than his own - they just wanted an heir - sharing a slave with her in bed would make official a relationship he'd been careful to maintain an on-off ambiguity in. Treasure gasped as Samuel plucked a stray pubic hair from the neatly trimmed, decorative, vertical tuft above her sex.

Once again he had the placid hazel-eyed sexual plaything perched on her toes in a pet's five inch stiletto heels, instead of an ordinary house slave's four inch heels. The girl's long legs not only appeared absolutely superb when accentuated by the pet's uncomfortable, ankle-strap padlocked, footwear; but, as he'd discovered himself at the hunt orgy where he'd decided to buy her, in five inch heels Treasure was well over six feet tall. She turned heads! And whether she was in a ponygirl's harness and bridle, everyday street restraints or exotic bedroom torments, she moved with an easy grace, totally at home, naked and in chains.

He would have to allow her to be a pet, give her a name, he decided. She just looked too good perched on her toes and drawing attention to the fact that she was a big, powerful girl only emphasised how well broken-in she was: how totally docile, subservient, willing to please; and how well obedience-trained she'd been. Running his palm up a firm velvet thigh, hand coming to rest on a gym-toned, beautifully curved buttock, Prince Samuel realised he'd have no qualms about letting his frail grandmother - 117 years old and just recovering from a hip operation - take up whip and reins and drive a carriage pulled by Treasure in harness and bridle. Or about letting her

give the lovely plaything a ride chained to a bed, she was a totally natural sex toy.

Such spankable haunches! And to either side of the little bulge at the base of her spine, above the buttocks, his new purchase had the cutest dimples. He stroked the raised welts criss-crossing the firm hemisphere. Gods, but she took the whip well! More than ever, he was feeling every crown he'd paid for the velvet-skinned pongirl had been worth it. She was a magnificent toy. With her heavy tits, wasp waist, long legs and pretty face, the brunette he'd bought was always going to have been a great screw. Her sweet nature, so subservient, was the icing on the cake.

Swaying forward from the waist, ankles neatly together, Treasure dutifully dipped a ringed nipple into his tea to test the temperature, whimpering in pain as the fat nub was scalded. Her mouth was filled with the usual large ball gag, tightly strapped in, a broad collar of polished black leather snug around her neck to hold her head up. Polished steel bands were locked tight around her wrists, holding her hands together in front of her body. From each wrist cuff, a short length of chain, again polished shiny bright, was secured to the ring set through Treasure's clitoris. She was being very careful to keep the two chains padlocked to the tormented nub swinging loose.

Prince Samuel thought the young sex slave had been domestically trained at some point, but was clearly a little rusty. Considering her other evident and ample charms, and sexual stamina, she was probably far more used to serving and pleasing her owners in bed. Waiting on him, she'd given him plenty of cause to punish her further. Not folding his napkin quite square, allowing a drip to run down the teapot's spout, and mixing up the butter-knife with the fruit knife.

Treasure had started her day as a human alarm clock; lying hogtied on a padded bench at the foot of his bed, a tight strap around her waist to hold her in place, heavy breasts flattened under her. At the time set by Prince Samuel - a leisurely ten thirty today - dozens of tiny pins had stabbed up into the secured slave's breasts and belly, her shriek waking her owner. The clockwork alarm device was nearly 350 years old, but still worked perfectly.

After his bath he'd pushed a shock dildo into the voluptuous sex slave's ass and triggered it once, twice, three times; punishment for dropping the soap. Later he'd slapped her big breasts scarlet, both full globes were still glowing nicely, and tender to his touch, kisses and licks. Treasure was still flinching a little when he handled her udders. Imagine her thinking that a black leather crop could be worn tucked down the side of a brown riding boot!

She groaned softly behind her gag again as he thoughtfully hefted a breast. Now where, and how, else could he punish her? He didn't want to put any more whip stripes on her until her present crop had faded a little. A well-marked ass, and a few lines on belly, thighs and breasts were quite attractive, but not to excess. After use, slaves were usually put on display or caged, until they were unblemished and ready to be enjoyed again. Perhaps a little humiliation with her pain this time? Something public?

The table laid, tea and orange juice poured, the naked girl had obediently frozen motionless; waiting to be further enjoyed or given the next command. Sometimes Samuel envied the simplicity of slaves' lives: no choices to make meant no mistakes. Stroking the girl he now legally owned between her legs, Samuel felt moisture on his palm. Yes, an easy life, he decided; expected only to obey and respond with sexual arousal when used. Mouth filled with an orange ball, excitement made Treasure's nostrils flare and her big breasts rose and fell faster, nipples swollen nicely rigid.

Samuel chuckled, giving her sex a little contented pat. And it wasn't like she even had to work at the arousal. The aphrodisiacs ensured she'd be hot, wet and desperate to come no matter what he did to her. She was very wet! Most slaves were a little frisky first thing in the morning, a long eight or twelve hours away from their last orgasm; added to which Treasure wasn't hobbled and she was bright enough to realise that that meant he was going to shaft her soon.

His property's plump little pussy hot in his palm, knowing how much the lovely, helpless slave needed to come, how much she desperately wanted to please him, thrilled him anew. Such total power was delightful! Physically and mentally, Treasure was completely under his control. He wondered briefly, having since he was eighteen always indulged himself sexually,



when, where, how and as often as he liked, what it could be like to have to wait for sex. What it could be like to be used, enjoyed, in the manner of another's choosing; to live in a world where pleasure was something you were permitted, not something you took.

The Prince of Wales shook his head with a laugh. What did it matter what went on in Treasure's head? She was a sex slave. His sex slave. Bought and paid for; signed, sealed and delivered. She existed for his pleasure and for no other reason.

"Hold your tits up for me," he ordered.

He'd made the discovery quite by accident. The young slave's previous owner, Lady Isobell, once she'd physically altered her sex slave to her own tastes, had never once allowed her property to touch her own heavily enlarged breasts. Making Treasure hold up her own huge breasts for punishment or having her squeeze the big heavy mounds during sex, drove her absolutely wild with lust.

Treasure obeyed his command with a plaintive groan.

The chains linking Treasure's wristbands to her clit ring were carefully, deliberately, too short. To obediently scoop up the ample weight of both delightfully enlarged slave breasts, squeezing them together, nipples presented, as trained, the docile sex toy had to cruelly drag up at her own ring-set clitoris. Her fingers sank into her own flesh just from the weight of flesh she held, the big mounds spilling out of her suddenly small-looking hands. Delicious!

Panting quite noticeably now, the two chains a taut V across her velvet belly, Treasure was gasping in a mixture of pain and pleasure, clitoris stretched to the limit now as she obediently lifted both heavy melons high. Sadly the clitoris wasn't prominent enough to set a ring through in all female slaves, and the pierced nub easily added an extra five thousand crowns to Treasure's auction value.

The voluptuous slave was starting to drool now, unable to help herself in a ball gag, saliva dribbling down the upper slopes of her breasts. The gag's

straps were tight across her cheeks and under her chin, the ball filling her mouth the largest she could take. That look of doe-eyed submission was just unbeatable, and he loved seeing a slavegirl groaning in forced pleasure, slaverling on her own breasts. The more intelligent slaves especially hated it to start with and it usually broke them quite quickly.

Stroking his fingers lightly between her sex lips again, the pussy-chained slave moaning in soft pleasure, Samuel licked juices off his palm, and settled down to enjoy his breakfast. Her gasps became a little plaintive, she was disappointed now, her breasts rising and falling rapidly, her stomach swelling and flattening with each gag-obstructed breath, the wait was no doubt going to be much harder on his lovely, drooling, clit-stretched, sex toy.

"Good morning Uncle Samuel. Did you have a good night?"

His niece Princess Alice, waited on by a quartet of her favoured slender blondes, was settling down to breakfast at the next balcony. The two balconies were separated by a four foot gap; far enough apart for privacy if you wished, but also if you wished, close enough for conversation if tables were pushed together into each corner.

He liked Alice, she used her slaves hard, was the life and soul of many a party, but she had a serious side. Unlike some of her generation, she took her Royal duties and obligations seriously; and valued his opinions when it came to training sex toys. He'd been helping her break in a virgin pair of ponyboys.

"Yes, thank you. Good party?"

"Oh yes!" the Princess grinned, patting a bare hip.

Her slaves were all naked, bridle-gagged, bodies contained in thin-strapped harnesses that dug deep into pale flesh. Semi-precious stones hung from clamped nipples, different stones decorating each girl. All four with elbow cuffs linked by a length of chain behind their backs, and with their wrists cuffed together in front of them, were forced to hold their hands together in front of them at waist height, in much the same manner as his new brunette did.

All four of the attractive blondes also moved with the slightly exaggerated care of a girl with a large plug up her back passage or a pussy full of dildo, their crotch straps pulled up hard between buttocks and padlocked to the back of harness belts. Alice liked her slavegirls well-stuffed in her presence; a little fetish of hers. They all looked pretty similar, but Samuel had learnt to tell them apart by the pendants. The one with jade pendants had been the one whose tongue they'd cock teased the new ponyboys with.

Or, now he thought about it, had it been the one with the tiger's eye stones clamped to her nipples? No matter. Most slaves were interchangeable.

The Princess let an appraising eye trail slowly up and down Treasure's naked body, his top heavy pet of course still standing motionless beside his chair, holding her over-large breasts up. Then again, some sex toys were very much individuals.

"Is that what you were shafting last night?"

Samuel nodded.

"She's certainly loud when you let her come."

"Isn't she!" he agreed happily, giving Treasure a contented pat. "You like? I bought her at the hunt."

Alice's eyes lingered on the breasts Treasure still obediently held squeezed together, the fine chains dragging up at her stretched, tormented clitoris. His young sex toy was trembling a little now, breathing hard, fingers deep into the full weight of her own breasts. Having to torment her own clitoris, the constant, unremitting pressure from the chains was clearly making her very hot and wet.

"Well-proportioned for a big girl," the Princess allowed, stroking one of her own slavegirls. "Nice figure, sleek, though the tits are a bit big for my tastes. Mud wrestler?"

"Perhaps in the future," he decided. "Though actually I bought her as a

hunting hack."

"With those tits?" Alice wondered.

Samuel laughed. "Squeeze!" he whispered to Treasure.

His plaything's fingers promptly, obediently, sank deeper into her own flesh. Treasure groaned helplessly, breasts already slapped tender, now swollen with lust.

"They bounce a bit, but actually she's quite graceful in harness," he said. "Stamina, speed, and she takes the whip beautifully."

"That's always important," Alice agreed seriously. "And likes her sex?"

Catching his young apprentice's eye, Samuel ducked his head forward and let his tongue trail up across Treasure's tormented clitoris in a broad, slow, firm lick. She came almost immediately, the third time his tongue rasped across sensitive flesh, wailing ecstasy behind the mouth-filling orange ball, hips bucking, shudders racking her body.

The gasping slave's stiletto heels tip-tapped on the marble floor as she took an uncertain step, almost stumbling, but then she recovered herself. Treasure tossed her head to flick her long fringe out of her eyes, a habitual gesture, and then forced herself back to attention, ankles together, head up and squaring her shoulders, still holding up delightfully huge breasts. Her glossy hair was a long dark mane, the length the choice of her previous owner, and Lady Isobell had liked a buttock length ponytail and a long fringe falling over Treasure's eyes.

"She is loud, isn't she?" Samuel agreed with a grin, savouring the taste of Treasure's juices a moment, before washing the taste away with a sip of tea. "But enthusiastic, willing to please and she just comes and comes again! I haven't found her limit yet."

"Just mount her on a vibrator pole with a couple of automated lashes to keep her squirming," Alice suggested carelessly. "Let a monitoring computer count orgasms until she's unconscious."

"It might come to that," Samuel agreed. "But where's the fun there? First I'll see if I can screw her unconscious myself."

"Fifty crowns says she's got more stamina than you?"

"No, I don't think I want that bet," he decided. "She's such a great ride, it's hard to hold back."

Alice shrugged. "Do I get a ride?"

"But of course," he assured her. "I'd have offered if I thought you wanted her." He shrugged. "Not blonde, and you said the tits were too big."

"There's something about her," Alice said with a predatory gleam in her eye. She smiled. "And I'm not totally exclusive to a type you know. Besides, I can always tie her face down and butt fuck her. What's her tongue like?"

"Oh she's got a great mouth," Samuel sighed, stroking a satin thigh. "And her last owner was a woman, so the cunnilingus should be just as good."

"Mmmm!" Alice smiled.

"Tell you what; you can have her tomorrow afternoon if you like. I've got a meeting. Something about my state visit up North. Father's Chamberlain is coming up on the mag-lev."

"It's a deal," Alice agreed, returning to her breakfast. "And if I've got anything you haven't sampled, you only have to ask," she added with a careless wave.

Samuel grinned. "Most kind," he murmured, picking up a knife.

"You can drop the tits now," he added to Treasure after sampling a slice of toast. "And a little more ice in my orange juice."

Alice, always in a hurry, wolfed down her breakfast and dashed off somewhere. Nibbling on his toast, he thoughtfully studied Treasure's naked body for himself a moment. Reaching out and hooking a finger through a

nipple ring, he lifted Treasure's left breast, studying the barcode and serial number hidden tattooed on the underside of the large globe. The first numbers of the serial number were her date of birth.

Treasure was only twenty-two, though in bed she rode like a much more experienced slave. And youth treated, she had plenty more orgasms and use in her yet. In chains, straps and ropes she was going to be enjoyed for many years to come. By fifty, she'd physically appear to be about twenty-five years old.

Draining his glass, he stood, pushed Treasure facedown over his breakfast table and nudged her legs apart with his knee. Lying across plates and cutlery, her clit chains were just long enough for her to grip the table's edge at each side of her body. She spread her legs wider at the lightest pressure of his knee. Samuel fished the first ice cube out of its jar, and pushed it firmly into the collared slave's anus, the girl squeaking behind her ball gag; but holding herself still for the next.

He pushed half a dozen into his property's back passage, forcing them all finger deep. A few palm-stinging slaps, the crack of his palm on flesh echoing in the still morning air and leaving behind nice handprints, made the hazel-eyed toy squirm as his free hand pressed hard into her belly and stomach; settling the ice cubes in place deep inside her. Moaning a little, her teeth no doubt clenched deep into the ball that filled her mouth, Treasure took another half dozen ice cubes up the ass easily enough; though she whimpered anew when he reached between her spread legs and pressed his fingers hard up into her stomach a second time. He stroked his palm lightly back up over her satin belly, silky soft pubic hair and trailed his fingers up through her sex lips. Treasure sighed in soft pleasure.

With the Prince's hands on her firm, beautifully flared hips, her sex dripping, the voluptuous brunette was very easy to penetrate. His cock slipped easily, lightly inside her; and in one thrust he filled the pussy-chained slave to the hilt, the helpless toy's head coming up with a gag-muffled gasp. She grunted each time he rammed his cock into her while he settled down into a slow steady rhythm, not rushing his pleasure, thrusting his cock hard and deep on each stroke. Riding his chosen plaything slowly.

The pussy that enveloped his penis felt hot at first, and felt so again when he partially withdrew, but he gradually became aware of a fascinating sensation. At the tip of his cock, especially when he lingered a moment with his shaft deep inside her, he could feel cold through his slave's body. It was an unusual but very stimulating sensation, the ice inside the moaning girl's body separated from his cock by only a thin membrane of flesh formed a spreading core of coolness! Sex could be hot, hard, fast, sweaty, leisurely or satisfying, as the owner wished, but 'refreshing' was a completely new description.

Samuel, thoroughly enjoying the novelty, could always pull his cock back and warm it between hot pussy-lips, so for him the shafting never approached discomfort. On the contrary it was quite superb. Feeling quite invigorated, he thrust harder and faster thoroughly enjoying himself; though the long shafting possibly wasn't quite as pleasant for his ride. The top heavy sex toy seemed to have trouble coming more than once during her use.

He had to give Treasure a few more stinging slaps to the backside, leaving both buttocks nicely reddened and give her large breasts a couple of good nipple-twisting squeezes to make her come a second time. A little disappointed in Treasure's first reaction to an ass full of ice, he didn't come in her back passage as he'd planned to, just pumped his semen into her sex when he felt ready. He sighed happily as he came. There was nothing like a good slave in the morning to wake you up.

Samuel removed the panting brunette's gag long enough for her to lick her juices and his semen off his softening cock, and then tightly buckled the ball gag back into Treasure's mouth. Still with the lovely girl bent forward over the table, he pushed an anal lock into her back passage, then turned and withdrew the key. Treasure squeaked. The ass lock was a fat T shaped device, the top bar resting between buttocks so that it couldn't be pushed or pulled inside her too far, the longer shaft was the one that actually penetrated the slave. Turning the key caused blunt triangular upward-facing prongs to open out of the rod.

The device was somewhat uncomfortable for the wearer, but would do no damage inside Treasure unless she, or someone, tried to remove the lock by pulling it out of her through the narrow orifice of her anus. It simply

couldn't be done, without ripping the girl to pieces. Treasure's ass was locked closed until the key on Samuel's bracelet, or a master-copy, was again inserted in the anal lock. When turned, the prongs withdrew leaving a smooth rod that could be again withdrawn from the slave's body. It would give the collared girl a chance to acclimatise to the ice, and the cold water it would become; practice for the next time he chose to enjoy her in this manner.

"You can stand now," he ordered the well-fucked slave.

Graceful as ever in her bonds, Treasure swayed back upright, eyes tear bright. Panting helplessly now, her big breasts quivered quite delightfully. Jam and honey smeared the full mounds, and stroking the girl's belly lightly, Samuel licked her golden flesh clean, tonguing, sucking and nipping erect pink nipples with his teeth. Despite an ice-packed back passage, Treasure whimpered in pleasure. Alice reappeared below his balcony whip and reins in hand, riding in the seat of a small carriage which her new ponyboys were pulling.

"Oh, almost forgot," she called up. "What's it called?"

"I haven't decided yet. Her last owner called her Treasure which will do for the moment but I think I'm going to change it."

"Owned a Treasure before?" Alice asked.

No owner ever used the same pet name on different slaves. It just wasn't done.

"No actually. I just want to call her something cute, say, 'Honey', or 'Baby'?"

The Princess waved a careless goodbye, and lashed her harnessed and bridled slaves into a brisk trot. Samuel turned his attention back to Treasure. Breasts lust swollen, nipples so hard they ached, juices flowing, and desperately hot and wet, a tear ran down Treasure's cheek and pooled against the cheek-strap of her ball gag. For some reason slaves seemed to find being re-named by new owners a little traumatic.



""Poppy'?" Samuel mused, "Or 'Daisy'? Those are nice names."

The Prince having finished with her, Treasure was stuffed into a slave elevator, what she would have called a dumb waiter back in the Realworld, and lowered down to the cell block in the cellar. It was a tight fit. The horrible ass lock still stabbing and prickling at her insides, the ice cubes now a queasy bowelful of ice water, she was pulled from the little box by her breasts.

Two troopers, a corporal and a private, working with the practised ease of men who handled and controlled naked girls every day, removed her bonds while a third private held her in place by her breasts. Treasure groaned softly as the man who'd pulled her from the slave elevator, clearly enjoying himself, kneaded and squeezed the big globes. It was an everyday cell block occurrence no matter who owned her. Some of the troopers were gay, but they got themselves assignments looking after the male slaves. Few of the straight or bi-sexual troopers she came into contact with seemed to be able to resist a grope. And it wasn't as if there was any actual reason for them to keep their hands off her. It was allowed.

Her collar, gag and the wrist cuffs padlocked to her clit ring were removed, the corporal deciding he didn't have the authority to remove the locked ass plug. Treasure was quite calm as the three men went about their duties, used to the attentions of the scarlet uniformed men. There was nothing to be frightened of. They were professionals and she was the very valuable property of a very powerful man. Beyond the little humiliations and teasing she'd come to expect, they wouldn't dare put a mark on her. Only the Master-at-Arms, or in a larger household, a Sergeant of the Guard was allowed to issue and administer serious punishments.

Her wrists were strapped together behind her back and winched up behind her until her arms were almost perpendicular to her body, another strap around her ankles keeping legs together. Finally a choke chain looped around her neck and pulled up snug, held her head up, and still in five inch stiletto heels, Treasure was forced to remain standing in place. Her breasts still being pulled and hefted, the corporal ran an appreciative hand across her backside.

"Got a nice ass, hasn't she?" he murmured approvingly. "Born to be whipped."

"She's a bit big," the second demurred, toying with Treasure's pussy rings. "Too tall. I don't like having to look up into a girl's eyes."

"If she was tied spreadeagled to a bed under you, you wouldn't care how tall she was," the corporal replied. He patted Treasure's belly. "And the way they've nipped in her waist, and those long legs. Mmmm! You don't know quality when you're stroking it boy."

"Have you tit fucked her yet, corporal?" the breast-man asked eagerly.

"Oh yes!" their superior told his two breathless subordinates with a knowing grin. "Now, when's she due on show?"

"Two thirty."

"Okay, you two get off and report to sergeant McReath."

Hands slipped reluctantly off her body and Treasure watched resignedly as the corporal half-filled a bucket with a sour smelling, off white, gelatinous slime which oozed more than flowed. The bucket was then hooked above her head and a wide tube running down from its base was pushed behind her teeth. It held her mouth open and was strapped and buckled firmly into place with a bridle-like head harness. Then the tap was turned.

The first mouthful was always the hardest. The slimy gloop was nutritious - she'd been fed little else except bread and table scraps for over two years - but deliberately tasted and looked like semen. Treasure gulped, a slimy globule sliding down her throat, more of the revolting stuff immediately pushing slowly but remorselessly into her mouth. She gulped again and again, knowing from experience the tube was too wide for her to push her tongue over its end and stop the slave gruel filling her mouth.

"I gave you an extra pint today," the corporal, who would have to remain to ensure she didn't choke, teased her.

His hand between her legs, snorting through her nose, Treasure forced herself to swallow again. The greying soldier, old enough to be her father lifted a breast to his lips and slowly, firmly, sensuously, sucked and tongued a ringed nipple, free hand stroking her belly. A choke chain holding her head up, arms pulled out hard behind her, ankles strapped together and still perched on her toes in her pet's heels, naked and helpless, she whimpered as her keeper licked her breasts.

How could they do this to a person?

"And to keep your stamina up, there's some of the lads' come in there too," her distinguished looking tormentor continued to tease her. "Prince Samuel's orders. Anyone wants a wank, it goes in your food!"

Treasure gulped and gulped and gulped, while the corporal now on one knee, pulled her buttocks apart for a closer look at the ass lock. She'd wondered if Samuel knew what his men did to her, but of course he did! Her drink, a pint of water, also went into the bucket to wash the last of her disgusting slimy meal into her mouth. Uncomfortably swollen, feeling a little queasy, Treasure groaned as the corporal pressed his palm into her stomach. She was very grateful when he removed her head harness but was still aware she still had two more feedings to get through today.

But then whoever said being fed was supposed to be fun? It was just meant to be fast, efficient and humiliating. Treasure much preferred being allowed to lick a trough clean instead of being force fed, but the choice wasn't hers.

The corporal gave her enough slack on the winches holding her arms pulled out behind her and the choke-chain holding her head up, to lower her to her knees; and then once she was kneeling he pulled her arms and head up again. Once more freezing her into position. With her ankles still bound, she was just as helpless as she'd been on her feet.

The corporal now standing in front of her unbuttoned his fly, pulled out a rather small penis and without ceremony squeezed her breasts tight around the stiff shaft. Her more than ample flesh enveloped him completely, Treasure groaning softly as fingers sank into the firm weight of her breasts.

The choke chain still holding her head up and forward, she could see nothing except the corporal's uniform bulging over his stomach in front of her face. But she felt him, his cock hot and hard between her breasts. Her user thrust faster, fingers squeezing painfully now, she heard him begin to gasp a bit. He was old for his rank and probably wouldn't make sergeant and win the right to put his cock down her throat, she thought.

Treasure felt heat, and then moisture, the flesh rod suddenly sliding easily between her squeezed together breasts.

"Oh yeah!" her user sighed.

He didn't seem to notice how hard her nipples were against his palms, or perhaps it just didn't matter. A corporal was not allowed to force a slave to orgasm without permission.

"Good girl!" he patted her head.

The sated man held up her breasts for her so that Treasure could lick his semen off the heavy mounds, and then he buckled an exercise bit between her teeth. Once her heels had been removed she was locked in a sauna box for an hour and then the ass lock was finally removed, to her great relief and she was allowed to use the toilet. Treasure was then made to swim five lengths of the pool, weights clipped to pussy, navel, and nipple rings threatening to drag her under. Two miles on an exercise bike, twenty minutes lifting weights to maintain muscle tone in her usually bound arms and a nice massage later, she was ready to be hosed down, thoroughly soaped and shampooed, blow-dried and brushed; ready to face the day's next trial.

It was a busy life for troopers in a Royal Household.

Since being delivered to the Summer Palace in a crate by his Majesty's Postal Service, Treasure had spent much of her time in the presence of her new owner. Sleeping with wrists chained to his bed's headboard or locked in a corner cage in his quarters when he wasn't enjoying her. Her visits to the cell block had so far been brief; just a few exercise, feeding and grooming sessions which had given her little chance to connect with the Summer

Palace's slave grapevine.

In time she would learn the routines; which troopers were pussycats and which were the sadists, which slave was the inevitable troopers' pet, and the likes and dislikes of the resident nobles. But for the moment she was the new girl. Taking pity on her, or perhaps teasing; she didn't know him well enough to tell, the Sergeant who took her to the Pit told her what was in store for her.

When hunting, Prince Samuel usually drove a powerful pair of Nubian ponyboys. Treasure had seen them and had pulled her former owner, Lady Isobell in a pony trap alongside the African pair. What little international travel the Slaveworld working class were permitted was always tightly regulated and there was almost no immigration. Some European Kingdoms had been established in the Americas and Asian Kingdoms had spread to Australia, but that had been centuries ago. As a consequence, foreigners were nearly always aristocratic tourists, and foreign slaves were incredibly rare; very expensive, exotic imports. Usually gifts between Royal families.

European Royalty gave African slaves; Asian or Arab monarchs, peaches and cream, blue-eyed, blondes as presents for their coronations, or at the birth of an heir and the like. And foreign rulers in their turn made gifts of their own serfs, peasants or whatever they termed their working class. Each of the black slaves was worth twice what Treasure would be on any auction block; together they were worth literally a King's ransom. No doubt the Nubian King was equally appreciative of the four full-breasted blonde ponygirls who pulled his carriage on state occasions; the English Crown's return gift.

The Prince usually used the pair himself, or had them perform together as entertainment, but on occasions, his - heterosexual before being broken-in - mounts were allowed a treat! And now the two African slaves, naked, bridles holding bits between teeth, eagerly strained forward against their chains as Treasure was led past. They were both big and powerful; oiled torsos gleaming. Knowing they were due 'a treat', but having had to wait several days for Prince Samuel to get around to it; according to the talkative Sergeant the pair hadn't been allowed to come in over a week. And hadn't had a girl in over four months! Arab-straps, buckled tightly around cock and balls, further tormented the eager pair.

The Pit was a small stone amphitheatre, dating from Roman times. A semi-circle of seats, each tier rising above the next, allowed all a good view of the action below. Treasure had an audience of a half dozen or so nobles seated on plush cushions in the front row, and about twenty or so off duty soldiers, some more slipping into free seats as she watched. From overheard comments, she realised that most seemed to be here to see the African pair perform, not her.

"Look at the udders on that," one of the young aristocrats said, her high neighing voice carrying easily across murmured conversation to Treasure's ears. "Isn't that just so Last Decade?"

Treasure felt herself flush as the young Lord beside the girl, neither of them older than she was, turned to say something to her and the young group broke out in laughter. Frequently on display, made to flaunt herself, almost always naked, Treasure always thought it was very unfair when people made fun of her voluptuous, sexy, figure. It wasn't as if she'd chosen it herself.

The middle of a single rope was used to tie her wrists and elbows together behind her, elbows touching, then the ends were looped tightly several times around her waist to secure her arms down her back, the thin white cord digging deep into her flesh. From elbows, the twin cords went up, several times around her neck, and then down, to be looped tightly several times around each breast. Treasure's young fan club cheered as flesh bulged, the heavy mounds squeezed out into almost perfect, shiny-taut, spheres.

"Look at those nipples straining out! And the slut's dripping wet. That's why you buy a toy with tits, Suzi!"

Breasts lifted and squeezed, the white cords went back up to the rope collar, then down her front, under the tight waist-belt of rope, and the ends threaded through each pussy-ring, before finally being tied off tight around the top of each thigh. They pulled her pierced inner lips wide open, exposing her sex. Treasure shivered in a mixture of lust and humiliation.

In the centre of the Pit, where over the centuries thousands of slavegirls had been publicly fucked for the entertainment of the Lords and Ladies - and their lackeys, the soldiers - a low couch of carved stone stood between two

stout wooden poles. Pushing and straining against each other to be first, one of the African slaves was selected and secured to a ring set into the top of the carved stone chair by his bridle collar. Feet secured to a floor ring, he sat facing the audience, hands free, strap-bound erection straining up.

The rings were old, not original but they had probably seen a couple of centuries' use. They were rusted on the outside, but worn shiny-bright on the inside where countless ropes had been threaded through them. Earlier, when being fed Treasure had briefly wondered at the way slaves were treated. How could they do it to her?

The answer was simple. No one had decided. They'd just been doing things like this to their sexual slaves for centuries. And there was no reason to change.

Treasure was sat astride the African slave, also facing the audience, her back to him, his big heavy cock nosing her belly. Her ankles were pulled to either side, secured to more rusted ring bolts set in the flagstones and a chain from the two posts was threaded through her nipple rings and winched taut to help hold her in place. Finally the black slave's wrists were chained to the ring set through her clitoris, as her own had been earlier. The chains were long enough for him to hold her hips or spank her and squeeze her breasts if she needed encouragement.

Naked in the bright sunlight, the sun of course being in her eyes for the comfort of her audience, her body tightly bound, and panting in eager lust around her ball gag, Treasure met the eyes of those she was here to entertain. The troopers at the back on the upper tiers, were a uniform splash of scarlet. There were about thirty of them now. And at the front, laughing, joking, horsing around, the young Lords and Ladies. She saw lust, anticipation, pleasure and amusement in their eyes, but no pity or mercy. Nipples aching, rope digging deep into her lust-swollen breasts, she whined plaintively, eager for the show to begin. Her pussy pulled open, she could feel her juices seeping out of her, the ball gag inevitably making her drool.

"Isn't she lovely," one of the young Lords said softly, serious for a moment.

The huge cock against her belly flexed and twitched a couple of times, but the well-trained ponyboy knew he wasn't allowed to start without permission. His body was hot under her where their flesh touched.

Permission finally granted, hands on her waist lifted Treasure bodily, and slammed her down on the swollen, straining, erect cock. She squeaked as the big shaft stretched her pussy wide, but with the man's hands on her hips now she was forced easily down the massive length of cock. Not only slavegirls were physically modified to suit their owners' whims.

Treasure wailed in helpless pained delight as she was filled to the hilt. She'd had bigger dildos, but usually only as a punishment. Sitting astride the male slave, bobbing breasts pulled up slightly by the chain, her legs pulled wide and the rings pulling her inner labia open gave her audience the perfect view of the black cock pumping into her. The desperately hot, frustrated, slave gave her no chance to establish a rhythm, or even to obey the rhythm he set her. Hands on her hips, he just rammed her up and down, hard and deep onto his cock, coming with a strangled cry in seconds. The second ponyslave quickly replaced the first, and once again Treasure's shafting was hard, fast and brutal.

His initial desperation over, her second ride impaled on the first slave's cock was a much more relaxed affair. No longer ramming Treasure down onto him, the African made her thrust down onto him, controlling her with short, sharp, clit-tugging slaps on her backside, making her wail as he twisted nipples and handled her swollen breasts. Responding to her use with high pitched yelps of pleasure, hips bucking, pushing herself up onto her toes, Treasure obediently thrust herself down onto the giant cock in time with his slaps and squeezes. Her own juices and the slaves' semen coated her thighs and sex.

Then the fun began!

After letting him get hot and hard, into a rhythm, the audience got to see how much the black ponyboy really wanted that second orgasm! Electrodes were clamped to Treasure's nipples, red swinging wires trailing away to a small hand-cranked generator. Powerful but well spaced out, shock after electric shock was delivered to her nipples, each a bolt of agony transferred



through her body by contact to the slave she sat astride. And of course through his cock deep inside her. The free ponyslave got to turn the crank!

Grunting a bit each time the shock hit, it obviously never even occurred to the slave she sat astride that a few electric shocks weren't worth the chance to come again. His hips pumped up again and again, his final cry of pleasure was almost as shrill as her own. Sweat-gleaming, gasping, she was secured astride the second ponyslave without pause, and the show continued. Tiring now, reddened buttocks slapped harder to keep her going, Treasure's gasps of pleasure were more forced now, but totally uninhibited. Even with her breasts throbbing from shock after shock, nipples pulsing agony, Treasure suspected the tugs on her pierced clitoris would keep her hot no matter how long the show continued. Drooling helplessly, coated in sweat and saliva, her roped breasts now slipped out of the African's hands unless he squeezed hard. And squeeze hard he did; eventually coming with a relieved cry. The shocks were coming faster now!

Growing bored, two of the young Ladies stood to leave at that point. The troopers were taking bets on which male slave would last the longest. Both ponyboys managed to endure the shocks in order to come again but after that things got a little hazy for Treasure. When she flopped limp in her cell that evening, she was shattered. She had no idea how many times she'd been made to ride the African pairs' cocks, how many times they'd come or how many times she'd cried out in ecstasy herself. Typically with electric shocks, her nipples which had felt scorched off, looked almost unmarked. Just a little swollen.

But then with pain, as with sex, the Lords and Ladies had proved time and time again that they were far better judges of her stamina, her capacity and her willingness to please, than she was.

The following day, for Princess Alice's amusement, Treasure with her wrists pulled over her head and secured to the back of her collar, and a dozen or so sharp-jawed little metal clamps biting into each breast, had to lick all eight of her available blonde toys to orgasm; one after the other while the rest of them lashed her with horsehair whisks. Her entire body was pink - very tender between her legs - and her tongue was aching by the time the Princess was ready to butt fuck her with a strap-on dildo.

Treasure was held down on the bed instead of tied down, two of the interchangeable blondes to each wrist and ankle. After which, by now well aware of what turned the Princess on, she got to give all eight slaves six of the best with a cane for not holding her down tightly enough. It was quite fun.

# CHAPTER TWO

Under the Palace of Londinium, in the heart of the capital, at 6:30 a.m. precisely and to the accompaniment of little gasps and squeaks, bright floodlights clicked on in the cell-block, one after another down a corridor between a row of small cage-like cells. Shocked awake by the same switch that turned on the lights, electrodes attached to nipple or genital piercings, the Royal Family's sexual playthings looked up between the bars of their cages with apprehension, tears of shame, or eager lust, depending on their natures.

Flanked by two corporals, the Sergeant of the Guard nodded to the private at the switchboard before marching into the corridor. Stopping between the first two cells, he raised an electronic notepad. Behind him more switches were thrown, illuminating the polished steel troughs in the feeding room and reflecting off the scrubbed white tiles in the shower block, chains hanging ready for use. Tack and equipment rooms were revealed; with their rows of neatly hung ball gags and racked whips. Dildos, vibrators and anal plugs lay in piles on shelves, there were cupboards full of restraints, slave-decorations and torments. On pegs beside small two-wheeled ponytraps and larger four-wheeled carriages hung polished harnesses and bridles. The final light switch was for the gym with its treadmills and exercise machines waiting with manacles or straps hanging open. Electrodes on the ends of neatly coiled lengths of red wire attached to control boxes, also waited. All slaves, diet controlled, kept up with the exercise regime they were set.

He looked into the first slave's cell and checked his notes. As well as the day's worksheet, he was able to call up pedigree, previous punishments and any general notes regarding treatment and behaviour that the owner might have recorded. There were three more corridors of cells like this one for him to get through, two also containing slavegirls, the fourth, slaveboys. A fairly normal ratio of male and female slaves in a large mixed household. As well as slaves in the cells, many more would be scattered about, chained to owners' beds, lent to or borrowed by friends, or in the case of the Queen Mother, left forgotten tied to a hitching rail somewhere. And until eight o'clock, it was his duty to account for them all; to feed, groom, punish and

exercise the valuable playthings. Sergeant of the Guard was a responsible position. Over his eight hour shift, he was answerable only to the Captain of the Guard, the cell block otherwise his and his alone.

Many of the naked slaves had well established physical, sexual or obedience training routines, more often a combination of all three and the system would take care of them. His first duty of the day was filling orders. When the King wanted his favourite blonde chained face down on his bed for lunch, or Princess Philippa wanted her ponygirls waiting, harnessed to her pony trap in tit straps and dildos, on the driveway at 9:30 exactly then it was the Sergeant of the Guard who would have to explain himself if they weren't on time, in place, and in the correct restraints.

He came across the new slave halfway down the second row, a heavy-breasted, leggy, brunette, with placid eyes lying on her stomach in a tight hogtie and gagged with a cherry red ball gag. A new purchase by the Prince of Wales, transferred in overnight. He let his eyes roam over her naked form a moment. Actually, not bad! Curious, he called up her pedigree.

Strangely she was classed as a hunting hack. The ponygirls used to pull a hunter's lightweight pony trap were usually much more overtly athletic and usually came in matched pairs. If he'd had to guess at what sort of bit she'd previously had buckled between her teeth, he'd have guessed a carriage pony's. They were mainly bedroom toys, sexy, but occasionally expected to pull larger carriages in teams. Perhaps she'd been misclassified? Perhaps deliberately? It was possible. The Prince, the owner of several mud wrestlers, might be keeping a new contender under wraps until he was ready to compete her.

Twenty-two years old though she barely looked eighteen after having been given the youth treatment; two previous owners so sleeping in a hogtie and gag shouldn't bother her as she'd been through the clinic. He frowned, the treatment to loosen up her joints had been well over two years ago and she was a bigger-boned girl than many of the stock, a half inch under five eleven tall, her pedigree said. And those tits were huge! He made a note to himself. Better have the vet check her over to see when she next needed another session on the racks and if she was having any back problems. He reached through the bars and thoughtfully slid a hand under a breast, sinking his

fingers into the flattened mound. The doe-eyed slave moaned in soft pleasure, her flesh, flattened under her by her body weight pressed firmly into his palm. Heavy, warm, velvet. She was going to be a delight to tit fuck.

It took just a simple injection to make tits grow bigger, the bigger the dose; the bigger the bust. Many aristocrats liked large breasts to play with and while petite slaves had become more fashionable over the last decade in some circles, still a good third of slavegirls could be called big. There was a place for slender - it was every Lord and Lady's birthright to own the type of sex slave that pleased them most - but at the end of the day, most wanted at least a handful when they were using their property sexually. And as the saying went; a sex slave should look like a sex slave! A tiny dose, with a booster injection every six months or so, continually making breasts grow fractionally larger, also kept the older slaves' breasts firm so it wasn't unusual for a slave nearing thirty and the end of her sentence, to be quite top heavy.

Somebody had started top heavy on the Prince's new plaything. Unusually, her original measurements weren't listed on her pedigree, but she'd had one normal dose, and then more unusually, a second much larger dose. A big girl, she didn't look out of proportion - or rather, out of proportion for a sex slave, he corrected himself - but he did wonder if the owner who had had her improved, had realised that those tits were going to have to be made even bigger as the years went by to keep them firm. Possibly the hogtied brunette didn't know it either, but as slaves weren't permitted opinions, she didn't need to.

Her wide eyes and the cute way she drooled around her cherry red ball gag were certainly appealing though, leaving aside her magnificent body. No doubt a few of the young, impressionable, recruit soldiers would be fooled into thinking the lovely animal was a real person with desires and wishes of her own and would want her to like them; not realising their Liege-Lord's legal property was just a bitch on heat, a sexual toy that existed only for his pleasure.

He shrugged realising he was going to have to issue several punishment whippings on those heavy tits to teach the youngsters her true nature. The experienced slave would no doubt expect it; the price of being gorgeous.

"This one to Sergeant Walen for branding. Notice to all members of the Royal Family," he ordered.

The Prince of Wales, on a state visit to the Kingdom of Scotland for the week, had left orders for his new property to be branded and made available to any family member. Possibly he would have liked to take her with him but it was only acceptable to take a pet of long standing on a state visit. Bringing along your own sex slaves otherwise implied that the playthings your hosts provided for your entertainment and comfort were not of an acceptable standard. Three cells later, he'd brushed the new slave from his mind.

"Where do you want her, Sarge?"

RS Walen looked up from his brazier where hot coals were glowing orange. A young soldier in his best dress-reds was leading a bound, naked and hooded girl into his workshop. Walen frowned. Jimmy was a good lad, just a bit irreverent sometimes. But their noble masters, the Lords and Ladies, did not appreciate irreverence in their guards and slave keepers and the boy's informality was especially out of place for a trooper serving in the Royal Household.

"That's Regimental Sergeant to you, Recruit-private," he corrected firmly, waving to his workbench. "Over there."

The hooded girl docilely followed the lead the young private had clipped to the ring set through her clitoris. She was tall, well-built; unlike some of the skinny waifs that seemed to be in fashion at the moment. With sleek, voluptuous curves, lovely long legs, and big over-large and obviously heavy breasts, she was every inch Walen's idea of a Royal pet.

Prince Samuel's property had her arms pulled up high behind her back, secured to the back of her collar with a too-short length of chain. She was perched on standard 'House' four inch stiletto-heeled sandals with locking ankle straps, and a short polished-steel hobble kept her steps short and neat. Pulled back into a pony tail by her form-fitting latex hood, the shiny black restraint broken only by nostril holes, a thick dark mane of hair just brushed the upper swell of firm, taut buttocks. The bright workshop lights reflected

copper highlights from her hair.

"Nice huh? She's new," the twenty-year-old recruit-soldier grinned, patting a thigh, only then belatedly remembering to add, "Regimental Sergeant."

Walen nodded in apparent professional disinterest, letting a cool, unhurried gaze trail over her breasts, the thick silver rings set through the girl's nipples and a neatly trimmed vertical tuft of pubic hair over a plump sex. Many slavegirls were clean-shaven, but some owners liked a little decoration and something to yank on to get the girl's attention. To Walen's eyes, by far her best feature was a trim waist, about twenty two or twenty three inches at a guess; possibly corset trained, but more likely the result of a cosmetic surgeon's work. A wasp waist made her tits appear huge and dramatically emphasised the flare of her hips.

Very nice indeed, though he was too experienced a trooper to drool over her like young Jimmy. Working in the palace, all the slaves he dealt with were of course quality merchandise, no auction house scraps. He'd seen, handled, branded, tit-fucked and come down the throats of better. Though to be honest, not often. The tall, hooded, brunette was as spankable as anything he'd seen in several seasons.

She was clearly an experienced slave because despite being hobbled, wearing heels and being blind under her hood, the top heavy sex toy followed her lead trustingly, without hesitation, her restraints putting a nice sway in her stride and adding an enticing quiver and sway to her heavy breasts. The big, ring-tipped globes would undoubtedly wobble even if supported by a body harness's straps, Walen thought, but he doubted her display was just natural talent. That truly edible jiggle and the sway in her stride just had to have been trained into her through long hours on a treadmill; in heels, hobble and with her arms bound behind her.

He could barely take his eyes off the full globes. In fact... moisture glistened on golden flesh! Her guide had obviously been licking the firm melons in the privacy of the service elevator, or had handled the slave's heavy breasts after he'd had his fingers inside a very wet pussy.

"Jimmy, for the Gods' sake!" Walen muttered in exasperation. "This one belongs to Prince Samuel himself. Did you have to leave finger prints all over her?"

To his credit, the young soldier didn't try to deny it.

"I just gave her a little feel. That's allowed?"

"You didn't...?"

"Fuck her? Gods, no! I'm not stupid."

Walen nodded, relieved. Slaves like this existed only for the pleasure of the noble Lords and Ladies. For a trooper, entrusted with the care of an aristocrat's plaything, there was no greater betrayal than to use one sexually without permission. Rank and the privileges that went with it had to be earned. Loyalty proved.

"It's allowed," he agreed, "but if you ever want stripes on your sleeve, grope her on the way back to her cell, not from it. Play with her in her cell, the showers, the gym, when she's got her head in the feeding trough if you like. But not when she's on her way to her owner!"

"But the Prince is in Scotland."

"Think boy! Why do you think you're wearing dress-reds for this detail? Only Royalty are allowed to brand with a hot iron, all other owners have to just tattoo their marks on their toys. So they all like to watch sometimes, even if the slave's not theirs. Sometimes Her Majesty the Queen herself attends!"

Jimmy nodded contritely, looking suddenly thoughtful. No soldier wanted to complete his ten years still a private, and not be offered another ten.

She was nice though and Walen quite understood the lad's temptation. He ran a hand up a thigh and over the taut swell of a buttock; old, faded whip stripes criss-crossing the hooded toy's hindquarters. Her skin was silky soft, warm, flawless satin and quite lovely to stroke. Definitely not a scrap. Using



a laser and electrolysis to burn and permanently stun every last hair follicle on the body was a laborious, time-consuming and very expensive treatment.

He wrapped her lead around his left hand, gently tugging up on her clitoris. The sex toy whimpered under her hood as sensitive, swollen, flesh was pulled up. Walen let his free palm glide across the gentle swell of the slave's belly, another sound escaping her when he teased, plucking at the taut chain clipped to the ring set through her stretched flesh. Ankles neatly together and hooded head held up - she was deliciously docile - the naked toy's large breasts rose and fell faster as he stroked her pussy, fingers trailing lightly over her sex lips below the cruel, tormenting, clit tether.

"Can't you just imagine fucking this though?" Jimmy said dreamily, scooping up the girl's breasts from behind and rubbing his crotch between her buttocks.

The Prince of Wales's property moaned in pleasure, the young recruit-soldier's fingers sinking deep into her flesh as he lifted, kneaded and squeezed together her heavy breasts. She squeaked in surprised delight, hips twitching as Walen's fingers penetrated her. Tugging on her ring-set clitoris with her chain lead each time he thrust into her, she squeaked louder, his fingers sliding easily in her juices. Like any aphrodisiac treated slave, her arousal was almost instant, total, and totally beyond her control.

"Just don't do more than imagine it," he warned Jimmy aloud, and silently in his own mind, himself.

The hapless sex toy, naked, her arms dragged up high behind her back and secured to her collar and her mouth filled with the hood's built-in penis gag, snorted and gasped harder through her nostril holes as she was teased. The chain dragging up at her clitoris was now lying taut across her belly, while Walen's free hand on her hip steadied her as her pelvis bucked while his wet fingers twisted deeper inside her tight pussy. Without warning the teased slave threw back her latex-covered head and cried out in ecstasy, shudders racking her body before she finally slumped back against Jimmy.

She was a hot one! Some took to the surgically implanted aphrodisiac better than others.

"Oh wow! I love seeing them made to come," Jimmy breathed, slowly relaxing his grip on the docile slave's breasts. "That's the first time I ever helped," the young soldier added shyly.

Walen nodded understanding, allowing the lad a conspiratorial grin. Gags, hoods, whips and a multitude of restraints and humiliations were fun to administer and provided control, broke in the new sexual plaything and obedience-trained the experienced. But only in forcing a gorgeous young slave like this to unasked for, unwilling orgasm, did you achieve complete surrender and total victory. With a grin the young trooper ran his fingers between the bound girl's sex lips and then licked, savouring her taste.

"It's not an aphrodisiac you know," Walen said, resigned.

"That's not what my girlfriend thinks," the recruit-soldier said with a grin.

Walen groaned. That old wives tale had been around when he was a lad too; probably a lot longer. Maybe even going back to the original troopers, the Legionaries of Ancient Rome.

"That's not what my girlfriend thinks, Regimental Sergeant," he corrected resignedly.

"Yes Regimental Sergeant," Jimmy agreed with a grin.

Incorrigible.

"Take off the hood," he ordered.

Still grinning, the young trooper peeled the tight hood up off the brunette's face, the girl blinking in the bright workshop lights as Jimmy pulled the shiny, now inside-out, latex restraint down her pony tail. She caught her breath, huge wide innocent-looking eyes, a pretty light hazel, widening in fear when she saw the hot coals glowing in the brazier and then closing in resignation. She'd known why she was being brought here. The only question was, would she make a fuss?

Walen hefted a breast, bouncing the full globe in his palm and then rubbing his thumb across an erect nipple. Long-lashed eyes dreamily opened. Very nice!

"You're not going to give me any trouble are you, Big Tits?" he asked, giving her clitoris another little yank with the chain lead.

"No Sergeant," she gasped in pleasure.

The heavy-breasted slave had a slight accent, her face matching her body. Not beautiful, but quite lovely, with full lips and a long fringe falling over her eyes. She made you wonder what she'd look like with a cock resting on her tongue, or licking her own juices off a dildo.

"Good puppy," he told her.

Walen wiped his fingers off on a waiting ball gag, and then for good measure stroked the strap-mounted ball between her legs before holding out the orange ball in the palm of his hand. The voluptuous slave, arms still pulled up high behind her back, swayed gracefully forward from the waist and daintily took the large ball gag into her mouth with just a momentary pressure against his palm as she pushed the obstruction behind her teeth.

"Private?" he prompted.

While Jimmy buckled the gag's straps behind the girls neck and then under her chin, Walen lifted first one and then the other breast by the nipple rings, looking for her barcode and serial number. He found the tattoo on the underside of her left breast, and used a scanner to call up her pedigree on his electronic notepad.

The Queen had decreed that all slaves should be branded at the moment of orgasm so that their marking was not cruel and so he needed the correct frequency to monitor her. The coin-shaped sensors, again surgically implanted at the same clinic that had performed her other improvements, would be attached to the brunette's skull at the temples. Set to measure a specific brainwave pattern, any orgasm was detected and recorded on the owner's personal computer. Some owners liked to know how many times

they'd made their toy come in a week or a night, but more important the monitored slave knew she could not get away with masturbation or unauthorised sex. With the correct frequency punched into a computer link under his workbench, a buzzer would now sound every time the top heavy toy was made to come.

Hobble and lead removed, they pulled the naked girl astride his short, padded workbench pushing her down onto her stomach, breasts hanging over its end. A craftsman, Walen now waved the young recruit-private away, the task of securing the docile slave his alone. The tall brunette was clearly a powerful beast, and her hindquarters had to be held perfectly still. No mistakes. There were many Sergeants in the Kingdom, but only one was entitled to brand slaves.

Broad leather straps were buckled around her waist and upper thighs, Walen pulling the straps tight, polished leather digging deep into the naked slave's golden skin. Her arms could remain as they were, wrists secured to the back of her collar by the short chain behind her. Next Walen chained her ankles to ring bolts set in the floor and then jacked up his workbench until her legs were stretched taut. She'd look prettier with straight legs, the eye naturally following stiletto heel to ankle, to calf, to thigh and up over the swelling curve of hip. As Jimmy would have to learn, it was the little details that got you noticed and promoted. Also contributing to the pretty sight she made, a short length of chain linking the back of her collar to the belt digging deep into her waist, held the brunette's head up nicely.

"The Lords and Ladies like to be able to look into the face of the toy they're watching being tormented," he explained to Jimmy.

The lad nodded understanding. The restraint actually took a little of the strain off the gagged plaything's bound arms, though her spine was now brutally arched. As a final bit of decorative torture, Walen attached chains from a floor-mounted winch in front of the girl to her nipple rings. And slowly, click by cruel click, pulled her heavy breasts out into painfully stretched cones. Forced to look up and unable to see what was being done to her, the girl whimpered plaintively as the winch click, click, clicked, but made no real fuss. As Walen had suspected, with those heavy tits she had to be used to tit torture. Areolas cruelly stretched, she cried out helplessly as

Walen cranked the winch one notch tighter and locked down the handle. Tears welled in the pretty toy's wide eyes.

"That must really hurt her!" Jimmy breathed.

There was no censure in the twenty-year-old's voice. Just awe and delight. Disapproval or sympathy would not necessarily have been a disciplinary offence, but the fact that he could take pleasure in humiliating pain, showed the lad was well suited to his chosen profession. The tit-tortured sex toy Walen was about to brand with a hot iron, had been legally sentenced to suffer by a court of law. The collar around her neck and the serial number and barcode tattooed on the underside of her left breast removed all her rights as a person; she was property. And as property, her legal humiliation, torment and sexual use throughout her sentence were not only right and proper if law and order were to be maintained, but justified simply for the pleasure that her use and abuse gave her Royal owner.

What she had actually been convicted of was unimportant, all that mattered was that she was paying for her crime now. It might be two years because she'd failed to bow her head to an aristocrat, five years for a disrespectful tone of voice, ten years to pay off family debts or twenty years because her parents had committed a crime. The 'why' didn't really matter.

Walen chose the largest vibrator he had to screw onto the end of the piston, a fat ribbed shaft, never once doubting this girl could take it. The inflatable butt plug he screwed onto the air hose was a standard size when not filled, but could be inflated to almost any size. She squeaked once, more in surprise than pain, when he pushed the plug into her anus.

"You're going to like this," he promised his naked victim, sliding the vibrator/dildo forward on its piston.

The bound girl groaned, a low helpless growl deep in the back of her throat as her sex was penetrated, arms bound behind her back jerking fruitlessly once. She gasped, a series of increasingly high pitched yelps of pleasure forced from behind the orange ball gag as the ribbed shaft, pushing deeper, stretched her well-lubricated pussy wider and wider. When finally the fat shaft filled her to the hilt, the hazel-eyed slave was panting gently.

The pump handle with its red-lined gauge was on the side of the workbench, allowing Walen to look into the brunette's face as he inflated her butt plug. She was superb! The voluptuous slave's eyes actually seemed to bulge, full lips peeling back from the ball buckled into her mouth to reveal even white teeth clenched deep into the orange ball as she moaned in distress. As he pumped air into her anal plug, her legs trembled and her tortured breasts swayed on their chains as her upper body twisted, but her faintly whip-marked hindquarters, secured at waist and thigh were held totally still.

He pulled the pump handle again, and then again, the butt plug that penetrated the young slave swelling larger. His strapped-down victim shrieked distress behind her gag as inflating plug and fat dildo stretched her to bursting point. Now tears did roll down her cheeks to pool against the ball gag's straps tight across her cheeks. Tethered tits trembling as she sobbed, the lovely slave's huge eyes met his in a silent plea. Walen gave the pump handle one last pull, needle well in the red now, the bound girl's cry of pain quite delightful.

He turned on the vibrator first, and a deep powerful buzz could be heard all around the room and the vibration felt with a hand pressed into her belly under her. When the top heavy slave moaned in pleasure, he turned on the piston, one hand resting on the girl's rump. Slowly, the fat buzzing shaft withdrew two thirds of its length with a hissing click, and then plunged deep back inside the brunette's pussy. Hiss, click! Faster, the piston withdrew, and then plunged back to the hilt, its vibrator-tip a blur between spread sex lips.

After the first half dozen thrusts the Prince's new acquisition was gasping in pleasure in time with her mechanical shafting. The sound forced from her was halfway between a sigh and a high yelp, her juices coating the large dildo/vibrator as she was forced again to unwilling sexual arousal despite her distress and humiliation. She couldn't move her haunches because of the straps but the buttock under his hand flexed as muscles twitched and contracted. Walen gave the firm, toned flesh a contented pat.

Usually a female slave would be given five minutes or so; just long enough to get her hot and used to being well-stuffed, then he'd turn off the vibrator and piston and wait until noon in case a member of the Royal family wished to witness the branding, when the mechanical fucking would be

resumed. It was the same with slaveboys, where branding also took place at the point of orgasm. Once they were hard, the bound slavegirl kneeling under the workbench with her head in a clamp, could be pulled back so that the male slave's cock was pulled from her mouth. At noon, her mouth would be pushed back over his shaft, to lick, kiss and nibble her fellow slave to the point where the male toy was ready to be marked.

Walen was enjoying watching the doe-eyed slave strapped astride his workbench taking it so well, he decided to give her a little extra though. Now drooling helplessly around her ball gag as she gasped and squeaked, saliva dripping onto her tortured, stretched, breasts, her eyes were glazed with lust. A nice sheen of sweat gleaming on her panting, naked, strapped-down body, an ecstatic cry of desperate pleasure accompanied the buzzer in announcing she'd been made to come again.

Curious, he called up the gorgeous young slave's pedigree on his notebook. She was called Treasure. He whistled. Sentenced to forty years for treason. He wouldn't have guessed she was an enemy of the state. By the end of her sentence having been youth-treated, she'd physically appear about thirty-five years old, but the extra years she'd been given to pay off her debt to society would be hard earned. He also found that the drooling, gasping, sweat-gleaming girl, moaning mindlessly as the piston pumped the fat dildo/vibrator in and out of her sex, ass stuffed to bursting point, had been surprisingly well educated. She was fluent in three languages and her IQ was way above his own. He patted a sweat-slick buttock again as the dildo piston hiss-clicked, and gave a heavy breast an approving squeeze. Treasure gurgled behind her gag. Not only pretty, with impressive sexual stamina, but smart as well! She really was a quite magnificent beast.

Walen checked his watch, surprised to find twenty minutes had passed while he'd been engrossed in the top heavy brunette's history. He'd only meant to give her ten, but although she was gasping and slathering a bit, crying out occasionally when the buzzer announced another orgasm, she was taking her ordeal well. Clearly born to be fucked! Another two minutes passed while he put aside the electronic notebook to stir his coals and then he started wondering if she could take half an hour?

Half an hour passed and just when he'd decided he really must give the

tit-tortured slave a break, Queen Victoria II herself and a Lady in Waiting - Svetlana, the Russian-born Countess - arrived to witness the branding. After that there was no question of the gasping brunette being allowed a respite.

"Your Majesty," Walen barked, bowing low, right hand brushing the floor and then coming to attention. "Regimental Sergeant Walen and Recruit-private Weaver on duty, Ma'am!"

"Carry on Sergeant," the Queen nodded graciously.

She walked slowly around the strapped-down, unseeing slave while her Lady in Waiting fastidiously settled herself onto one of the viewing couches. The Queen patted a buttock, trailed her fingernails lightly down a stretched breast, and then with one finger, daintily tasted sweat, tears and the juices now dripping from the piston-driven dildo.

"My, she's in a lather, isn't she?"

You never lied to a noble. Ever!

"Yes, Your Majesty," Walen admitted. "I've been tormenting her for thirty-five minutes now."

The Queen raised one perfect eyebrow in surprise at the length of the lovely sex slave's ordeal, stroking the dark shiny mane of hair that trailed down over Treasure's right shoulder to the floor. She reached under the hissing piston pumping in and out of the girl's sex, plucking a pubic hair from the helpless sexual plaything strapped astride Walen's workbench. The exhausted slave barely squeaked.

Walen watched breathless, career on the line as the Queen compared the pubic hair to the girl's dark, copper-highlighted mane for colour, and then carelessly tossed the pubic hair aside. Her gaze again swept over unseeing eyes, trembling legs, the tube that disappeared into the voluptuous toy's anus and the fat, buzzing, shaft that was still remorselessly pumping in and out of the bound girl's sex.

"Really? She looks fresher than that. Well judged, Sergeant! How much



more do you think she can take?"

Walen swallowed a relieved lump in his throat. "I'd really have to say she was near the end of her tether, Your Majesty," he said cautiously.

"Possibly," the Queen allowed, kneading a thigh experimentally.

The sweat-gleaming brunette gasped, a sound hardly louder than those the thrusting dildo was forcing from her but the buzzer sounded again. The Queen swung her hand down in a stinging slap on each buttock, the crack of her palm and fingers on each taut curve leaving a perfect handprint but getting little response. Lips pursed thoughtfully, the Queen scooped two fingers' worth of juice off the vibrator and held her fingers under the ball gagged slave's nose. Her own scent refocused the gasping plaything's eyes momentarily. Increasingly intrigued, as he had been, Walen saw a faint smile tug at Queen Victoria's lips. She patted the young sex toy on the head.

"She's got a bit more life in her yet," Queen Victoria II decided. "You can brand her on the hour; but then we'll see what else she's got. It's nice to see a bed warmer with stamina!"

The Queen crouched down at the brunette's head, hands stroking under stretched breasts. The girl was not just breathlessly snorting and slathering around her ball gag; but the chain that was holding her head up, her collar pressing hard against her throat was leaving the lovely slave red-faced, hair plastered around her face. The leather band was deliberately too broad to dig into her neck but was equally deliberately a part of her ordeal.

"My, such a big girl," Queen Victoria said handling the girls' breasts. "I bet you're fun in bed."

The clock approaching noon, Sergeant Walen stirred his brazier, setting irons in the glowing coals. Because he was expected to brand the slave at the point of orgasm, he needed several ready at different temperatures. He let his eyes roam over the girl strapped astride his workbench, now gleaming as if oiled. Nearly a full forty five minutes of sexual torment had turned the beautiful, intelligent, educated girl into a moaning, blank-eyed, mindlessly gasping bitch on heat. It was moments like this when he really loved his job.

"Recruit-private," he ordered.

Jimmy stepped forward, ready with a sterile cloth. Noon. A minute ticked past, and then another, silence broken only by the hiss-click of the piston and the desperate sounds the buzzing shaft forced from the hard-used slave. The Queen stood at his shoulder, the Countess also stirring herself from the couch for a better view of the iron pressed home.

The four of them now watched breathlessly. A fair bargain, Walen thought; the suffering of one giving pleasure to four.

Metal clicked as Walen rearranged his irons. Another minute ticked past interminably and he found his heart beating faster again; worry gnawing at his belly. The hazel-eyed slave had been made to come and come again over nearly an hour's hard use now. If she didn't have one more orgasm in her, he could face an official reprimand. Jimmy met his eyes uncertainly as, heavy breasts trembling, the exhausted slave continued to gasp and drool around her ball gag in time with the shaft thrusting into her.

With a barely louder gasp than those her mechanical shafting were forcing from her, the buzzer announced the magnificent slave was coming again. He wouldn't have been sure himself but the sensors monitoring brainwaves at her temples were never wrong.

"Private!" he snapped, selecting a cooling iron.

Jimmy was already stepping forward, wiping clean a patch of flesh high on the right buttock, almost over the thigh. Walen pressed his chosen tool down, holding the hot iron lightly in place for one second, two - a light hiss - and then stepping aside to allow Her Majesty to savour the smell of burnt flesh.

The bound slave squealed in pain, her ankle chains jerking taut with a click, breasts quivering, stretched harder by the chains that tethered her nipple rings as she tried to rear up off the workbench. A perfect three pointed crown, burned just deep enough, now identified her as the property of a member of the Royal Family.

The smell of roast meat slowly permeating the room, Walen hesitantly reached to shut off the dildo/vibrator's piston, but the Queen shook her head.

"Get me a chair, Private," the Queen ordered, settling herself beside the now branded slave's head when he obeyed.

Walen really had thought the voluptuous plaything was spent, finished, and watched spellbound as he was proved wrong. Of course just as the brunette was clearly born to be owned, Her Majesty was born to own. With a family tree of slave owners stretching back over sixteen centuries, it was in the blood and of course she could judge a slavegirl's limits better than he could. But watching her effortlessly torture the girl to one more orgasm, and then just one more, was still impressive.

Queen Victoria sat beside the slave's head, looking into her eyes as she lightly touched the tip of a short rod-like shock baton to the girl's big breasts. Each time there was a little snap-like crack and if you looked closely enough, a blue spark leapt from rod to flesh, leaving behind a pinprick burn. The heavy, tethered mounds quivered and twitched as bolt after bolt of agony was delivered here and there; underside, top, nipple! The girl yelped and squeaked, eyes tear bright, but pain was keeping her focused on her tormentor.

"Come on pretty toy," the Queen coaxed. "Just once more! One more orgasm for me. There! Such a good girl; and you want to please me don't you? Now just one more?"

Finally reaching her limit, the shattered slave broke, wailing in protest, trying to plead around her gag, the large orange ball turning her words into an unintelligible babble. Unconcerned, the Queen touched the shock baton to first one nipple and then the other. Over and over until her victim was shrieking helplessly, tears flowing. Then she ducked her head to lick and kiss the breasts she was torturing, the heavy sob-quivering mounds still pulled into cones by nipple chains.

"Don't think! Just submit!" the Queen ordered sternly, her hand under the girl's chin.

The sobbing slave whimpered.

"You've got such lovely tits, pretty toy. You can take a few little shocks on them for me can't you? To please me?" she coaxed softly again. "That's what big tits are for. You know that don't you?"

Gasping and slaving around her gag, blinded by tears, now branded, and with her ass and pussy still well-stuffed by plug and pumping vibrator, amazingly the trembling young slave still managed to nod her head against the collar-chain that held her head up.

"Good girl! Such a lovely toy!" the Queen praised, bending forward to give her victim a slave kiss; licking the soft, full lips the slave's ball gag parted.

She resumed methodically touching the shock baton with its little crackling spark here and there over the girl's big breasts. Her victim squeaked and twitched with each bolt of pain, but never again protested, eyes on her tormentor's.

"Good! Now, pretty toy, I know you want to come for me again, don't you? Just for me? To please me. Just one last time!" she promised.

The buzzer sounded again.

"Good girl. Aren't you just precious. Such lovely eyes and silky skin. I bet you take the whip well don't you? Now I want you to come just once more! Come on pretty toy. Just once more for me? You can do it!"

The Queen forced her trembling plaything to come four more times. On the sweat-gleaming slave's final orgasm, as Walen watched breathless, her eyes rolled back into her head and she slumped limp. He had a moment of terror; but no, she was a young, fit and healthy animal. Couldn't be her heart! As his pulse settled, he realised he was impressed. It was the first time in thirty-two years' service he'd seen a sex slave screwed unconscious.

Of course you heard the term used and this or that slave was rumoured to be good enough. The sex toys in question were always gorgeous, maybe

with the endurance and willing subservient natures necessary but it wasn't something an ordinary soldier usually witnessed. Only nobles. The long-legged brunette with the spectacular hour glass figure had been pushed and used far harder than any soldier would dare to treat expensive, privately owned property.

The Queen stood, giving the unconscious girl another pat on the backside, and finally switched off the piston still pumping the vibrator/dildo back and forth. She inspected the brand.

"Nice work Sergeant. Very neat." She patted the buttock again. "A powerful girl! I said she had stamina," she added to her Lady in Waiting.

"I'll never understand you English," the Russian-born Countess complained. "Why is that good? At home, pretty slaves are used for sex and strong slaves are put to work. I would prefer delicate... beautiful? What's the word?"

"Petite?"

"Yes!" the Countess agreed.

"You should widen your horizons a little," the Queen advised her Lady in Waiting, hand still resting lightly on the limp slave. "Riding a powerful animal like this in bed can be very satisfying." She turned back to Walen. "In fact, I'm not finished with her. When she's cleaned up have her delivered to my study. What's she called again?"

"Her pedigree says Treasure, Your Majesty, but Prince Samuel hasn't confirmed that yet. He may want to change it."

The Queen nodded. "On second thoughts, the stable block first. Let's see how she looks in harness."

"Very good, Your Majesty," Walen agreed, bowing low.

A little involuntary shiver ran up his spine. Of course he didn't exactly feel sympathy for the slave; start feeling sorry for the sex toys and he'd be

talking like an old man next! But she was a valuable possession; not actually the Queen's, and every slave had limits. He did have to wonder how much more the sweet-faced, top heavy, plaything could be expected to take.

Queen Victoria II and her Lady in Waiting, Countess Svetlana, took their leave and Jimmy bounded over enthusiastically, removing nipple chains while Walen deflated the butt plug and pulled it from the girl's ass. She moaned softly, eyelids fluttering.

"God, did you see how she came and came again?" the red-uniformed recruit-private grinned, hefting the slavegirl's full breasts. "She must really love being a slave!"

Walen nodded agreement, brushing faint doubts from his mind. Of course she did. Slaves were trained to consider it a privilege to be enjoyed by aristocrats. They couldn't think anything else; especially not a spectacularly hot one like this.

After a moment's thought, he took a little taste of her juices for himself. It couldn't hurt.

While Victoria had enjoyed a light lunch, palace grooms had hosed down, shampooed and blow-dried the new slave, giving her an ice water enema to perk her up before returning her for the Queen's continued amusement. A nice gleam of sweat on her flanks, breathing deeply but evenly, powerful thighs pumping and buttocks bouncing in a delicious swaying jiggle, the newly branded slave in the harness and bridle of a show pony, was trotting up the gentle slope of an exercise treadmill. Sipping white wine from the comfort of the training room's viewing couch, Victoria would occasionally stand and walk around the treadmill and trotting ponygirl. Svetlana was looking bored but Victoria found she liked what she saw more and more.

The top heavy brunette was a beautifully graceful beast with a long flowing stride, maintaining the pace she'd been set quite easily for over half an hour now. If it hadn't been throwing down with rain outside, Victoria would have had her hitched to a pony trap and be prancing her through the

streets of the city by now. She let her hand rest on the slave's hip, savouring body heat, muscles flexing and flowing under golden skin. Swinging chains, with a hidden weak link that would break if the girl fell, linked nipple rings to an upright post on the machine to keep the harnessed slavegirl in place.

The ponygirl's juices smeared her inner thighs and her squeaks when she was whipped on were more pleasure than pain, but otherwise there was no outward sign that she had a teasing dildo with flexible spines and a fat anal plug strapped tightly inside her. The tight crotch strap was pulled up hard between her sex lips. With her over-large tits she should have been ungainly, the heavy globes swinging and bouncing despite the tight harness straps that criss-crossed and squeezed her flesh. But on this powerful slave, the bounce of her tit-strapped melons was somehow actually quite pretty. A nipple bar, a short rod with a clamp at both ends that screwed down on each nipple to help the slave's breasts swing neatly together; while undoubtedly painful, did help.

Victoria reached out to the treadmill controls and turned up the speed slightly, the electric motor whined fractionally louder. The naked toy, breasts bobbing and crotch strap dripping, slavered and drooled around her bit onto her harnessed breasts but picked up the pace smoothly. She nodded to the stable's duty-sergeant and stepped back. Clearly a man who enjoyed his work, the soldier stepped eagerly forward again, swinging out a long carriage whip.

Braided leather hissed through the air and landed on flesh with a vicious crack, a ripple running across the blinkered, doe-eyed slavegirl's haunches. Treasure squealed, a new line left across both buttocks.

"Again!" Victoria decided.

Her plaything cried out in distress for Victoria's pleasure once more, mingled pain and arousal. It wasn't punishment, as the young slave undoubtedly knew. You didn't get the best out of a ponygirl, no matter how docile and willing unless you gave her a little taste of leather.

The tall brunette had been harnessed in the tack she'd arrived with. It was common practice to pass on any restraints, equipment and tack you'd had custom made to his or her size when you sold a slave, and the girl's previous

owner had obviously liked her mount tormented and very tightly secured. All the buckles had built-in locks or padlock rings, and with only one hole punched in the tongues they had to be pulled and buckled tight. The girth especially dug deep into the pretty slave's waist, a mere brutal eighteen inches. The crotch strap indenting her belly was pulled up between her buttocks to a padlock at the rear of the girth and was equally and attractively tight. It provided a constant teasing pressure against the clitoris as she was made to trot, prance and sprint and the dildo and plug were attached to the strap and could not be removed. As well as the tit straps that supported and squeezed shiny-taut, heavy, firm flesh and a bridle collar digging into the ponygirl's neck that Victoria thought a little tight, the slave also had her arms very tightly strapped and locked behind her back, wrist to elbow.

The increased speed was an improvement, the now wide-eyed, sweat-slick ponygirl starting to gasp a little. Pushed a little closer to her limit, there was more of a desperate edge to her cries, less pleasure when Victoria allowed the Sergeant to whip her now. The tack's built-in torments included pin-lined tit straps, which wasn't so unusual but tiny spines also lined the inside of the crotch strap down the belly and both inner surfaces of the slave's clamp-bit. Mostly a dressage device, reins attached to a tightly screwed down tongue clamp allowed the driver to give the pony's tongue a painful yank; which gave more control than just pulling the ponyslave's head to one side or the other by pulling a bit back into the mouth. A cruel control even without pins squeezed into either side of the tongue.

Not practical on the treadmill, but part of the tack, reins attached to nipple rings would normally also be used to steer the ponygirl when she was pulling a carriage or pony trap. A good yank of a pierced nipple would keep the most spirited ponygirl on track so the clamp bit that squeezed and pulled out the brunette's tongue - the tip of the thick muscle projecting between the tightly screwed down bars was visible - was just a decorative torment. Victoria thought she liked it.

"Another stroke please Sergeant," she decided.

Crack! The docile sex toy had a very pretty squeal, high pitched but not piercing. You didn't of course want the deeper cry of a slaveboy when whipping a girl, but too many slavegirls had a grating shriek; almost a



hysterical edge to their cries. The big brunette's yelps of pain were very pleasant.

Obviously an experienced ponygirl, she took the lash well, without fuss, understanding that ponyslaves had to be whipped to get the best out of them. Victoria wondered if the gorgeous young slave, buttocks now nicely striped, drooling on her harnessed breasts; dildo and plug impaled, realised what an honour it was to have her exertion and pain not only enjoyed but personally supervised by the Queen of England. She'd have to wire the girl up to a lie detector later to find out. Too many slaves enjoyed the sex but didn't seem to fully appreciate what a privilege it was for them to be used by Royalty.

The dressage tack; clamp bit, nipple bar, tight girth and dildo, was....interesting! Show ponies were always top heavy with wasp waists, dressage rules requiring a bust measurement twice the tightened girth size, but without exception the ponyslaves entered in public competition, from local shows to the Olympics, were all cute little things. The ideal show pony was five foot tall, never more than five-two. They also always had arms bound behind backs, the owners of dressage slaves putting looks and performance before endurance and they pulled their pony trap and driver entirely with the harness. Mostly other ponyslaves held the shafts their wrist cuffs were locked to.

"Well she's sexy, but she's no show pony," Victoria said.

"But she is proportioned like a show pony, Your Majesty," the duty Sergeant replied thoughtfully, continuing their discussion. "Just on a bigger scale."

"She is isn't she?" Victoria agreed, stroking the trotting slave's belly.

Her hand slid and bounced off sweat-slick flesh as the naked girl trotted, her breathing harsher now, getting ragged. The slap, slap, of running slippers was louder against the treadmill's whine now, the bridled toy no longer light-footed, gasping around her bit, inner thighs gleaming with moisture. Victoria took a little taste. Proper running slippers were the only other difference. Real dressage slaves were fitted with three inch heels.

From in front the tiring girl's blinkered eyes were glazed with lust, a subdued plea in her gaze when she caught her Mistress's eye. She wailed in helpless pleasure when Victoria squeezed her harnessed breasts together. It wasn't easy. Well lubricated as they were by sweat and saliva, the squeezed, shiny-taut, bouncing globes kept slipping out of her hands because she couldn't sink her fingers in. Thin straps digging deep into heavy flesh, gave her just enough purchase though.

"So if somebody decided to train a hunting hack to a show pony's standards, this is what you'd get?" she mused.

"A hundred years ago, it would have been normal, Your Majesty. It's only in the last fifty years or so that slaves have become specialised."

The power and stamina of a hunting hack, combined with a truly submissive bedroom toy that loved sex and was trained to the meticulous standards of obedience expected of a show pony? Of course it wasn't a new idea, but those who claimed to own such a plaything were usually minor aristocracy, who couldn't afford dedicated slaves. And in some circles there was a very real social stigma attached to not being able to afford specialised hunting hacks, pillow slaves, serving slaves, pets, competition slaves and all the other countless varieties that sex toys came in.

"Not just any slave would do though," the Sergeant concluded. "You'd need something a bit special?"

"Okay, whip her some more," Victoria agreed with a grin.

Braided leather hissing through the air to crack down on Treasure's pretty haunches made the top heavy toy squeak nicely again. Delicious. The Lady I. Franklin listed as the brunette's previous owner on her pedigree might be a woman worth meeting, Victoria thought. Could that be the Wessex Franklins? Svetlana, looking thoroughly bored, wandered up beside her to see what was so interesting. Her Lady in Waiting really preferred slaveboys.

"Don't you just love the way a really tight girth makes her hindquarters appear just a little heavy? Beautifully whipable!"

"Okay I suppose," Svetlana agreed.

"Sprint her!" Victoria commanded, taking the Sergeant's carriage whip from him.

The soldier took his place at the treadmill's control box as Victoria gave the whip an experimental swing. Lightly at first, gradually harder, she diagonally flicked the whip forward and back across the trotting slave's rump. Forehand and backhand, harder still in a stinging, blazing, figure of eight of pain. The treadmill whined louder as the Sergeant ran the harnessed and bridled plaything up to a lung-burning, breast-heaving, sprint.

Her strokes left raised welts diagonally criss-crossing the pretty toy's bouncing buttocks; a little ripple running across the naked slave's hips, arms bound behind her, jerking each time the whip delivered its vicious kiss. Under the lash, the full-breasted ponygirl had a surprising turn of speed and impressive endurance. After the counter had ticked off a hundred yards, Victoria regretfully decided not to run her until she collapsed exhausted. The ponygirl wasn't her property, so she couldn't really have her pulling a muscle or something.

The end of a long and eventful day saw Victoria, Svetlana, and her son's newly branded toy, entwined naked on a huge bed in the Queen's chambers. The heavy-breasted brunette currently had both aristocrats' underwear pushed into her mouth, held in place with a strip of black masking tape, though they'd used a variety of gags and tongue clamps on her throughout the sexual marathon. The Queen's aloof Lady in Waiting had finally entered into the spirit of the game, and between them, taking turns or both at once, mounting the girl on a dildo pole or having slaveboys shaft her when they felt like a break, they'd allowed the hazel-eyed slave not a second's rest. The placid toy was clearly exhausted, but still responsive.

A broad collar of polished black leather snug around her neck, padlock hanging at her throat, held Treasure's head up nicely; matching the band locked tight around her waist. Her ponygirl harness's girth had already shown Victoria her new plaything was corset trained, so with one knee in the girl's back, the slave face down on the floor, she had yanked the broad leather band

down to an attractive eighteen inches. Treasure, her wrist cuffs secured to the back of the belt, actually seemed quite comfortable with a wasp waist.

Lying on top of the bound girl, face to face and thrusting deep between her spread thighs with a strap-on dildo, Victoria savoured the squeaking yelps of pleasure her thrusts produced. Crossed ankles squeezed down ever harder into the small of her back. Except when coming, the pretty sex slave was for the most part a graceful and docile ride; but she was a big, powerful beast.

"Gently! You're crushing me!" Victoria commanded.

The lovely girl immediately loosened her legs' grip, but would have to be punished. A brutal breast-squeeze, Victoria twisting her fingers deep into the slave's large breasts until the flesh between her fingers was white, made the slave squeal in pain, tears welling in her wide hazel eyes. Still holding the full mounds together, flesh spilling between her fingers, she tongued the ringed nipples until the underwear-gagged girl moaned in pleasure again and then planted a light kiss on the collared toy's forehead to show her she was forgiven.

Her strap-on dildo still embedded to the hilt in the voluptuous slave's pussy, Victoria rolled over, pulling the naked sex on top of her, savouring the big girl's weight. She never allowed male slaves on top; always took her pleasure astride their strapped-down bodies, but as she'd told Svetlana, riding a powerful girl like this in bed was different. Exciting!

Surrender was always arousing. Victoria rode the young slave expertly, but Treasure could have easily bucked her off her if it had occurred to her. The lovely toy was consenting; co-operating, in her use!

The slave astride her reared up, moaning in pleasure behind the tape across her mouth as she impaled herself deeper on the shaft. Big, heavy, breasts swung above Victoria's face, the docile toy offering her ringed nipples to be sucked, licked or bitten. The large globes were spattered with dried candle wax and fresh whip stripes from the evening's earlier excesses, Victoria craning her head up to an unmarked bit of skin to suck a love bite into silky golden flesh. Treasure bucked forward with a yelp, pulling her flesh from Victoria's mouth as Svetlana swung a thin-stranded cat across her

backside. She wailed in delight when Victoria's hands on her hips and a brutal thrust up from the dildo, forced her back down onto the shaft that impaled her.

The strap-ons that both she and Svetlana were using were held comfortably in place with a soft harness around the hips and between the legs; the large, flexible, ribbed, business end of the shaft, projecting from between the legs and inviting a swagger. And of course, the dildo used on the stretched, well-stuffed slavegirl was just slightly too large, just so that she knew she was being fucked! On the user's side was a much smaller projection, barely a nub, that rubbed pleasantly against the wearer's clitoris. Victoria could quite happily use the strap-on all day. It was physically having to ram the fat shaft in and out of the slave she was enjoying that was tiring, and usually brought about a halt to her entertainment.

Of course the slave could be made to do some of the work! Svetlana lightly flicked her lash over the impaled brunette's backside again, making her thrust forward and back on Victoria's dildo with little squeals of lust and pain. Victoria let her hands glide up silky smooth thighs, over firm hips, hands resting momentarily on the belt digging deep into the stunning sex toy's waist. The panting slave gasped again as thin strands of pain licked across her buttocks, breasts swinging as the cat thrust her hips forward again.

Seeing Svetlana crawling onto the bed behind the naked girl astride her, Victoria scooped up the heavy mounds, the exhausted slave groaning in pleasure as her user's fingers sank deep into her flesh. The girl was tit trained, and squeezing and twisting her large breasts, while producing a desperate wail, had the same effect as whipping her haunches. Gasping behind her gag she thrust herself down deep and hard onto Victoria's strap-on dildo, in time with fingers sinking into the full firm weight of her breasts.

The girl had lovely nipples, a very pretty pink, presently swollen to an aching, tender, stiffness. You could easily get two sharp-jawed spring loaded little metal electrode clips on each. Squeezing large breasts together, Victoria pulled the girl down to make it easier for Svetlana to thrust into her ass, holding her in place with both nipple rings between her teeth. Her hands free, she stroked the plump pussy lips her own fat strap-on parted.

There was a squeal of pain as Svetlana rammed her dildo deep into the voluptuous toy's anus, the slave's breasts flattening onto Victoria's face and then almost dragging her nipple rings from between her teeth in response to a deep, brutal thrust from behind. Victoria felt a bump through her own dildo as the two huge shafts, separated by only a thin membrane of flesh, were thrust together. Stuffed front and back, two pairs of hands pulling at her breasts, the top heavy sex toy came again after only a half dozen thrusts into her ass, squealing ecstasy behind her masking tape gag. She slumped limp, but it took only a few tit-slaps to remind her she wasn't finished with.

Svetlana held up the heavy globes from behind, fingers hooked through nipple rings so that Victoria could slap the well-marked melons' comparatively unblemished undersides, her Lady in Waiting all the while still thrusting her strap-on hard and deep into Treasure's ass. Areolas were teasingly but not painfully stretched as the full weight of both large mounds hung swinging from the rings set through their plaything's flesh. Timing her slaps to Svetlana's thrusts, Victoria swung her hand as hard as she could from the awkward position, stinging her own palm. Heavy flesh bounced at each blow, jerked to a cruel stop at the limit of firmly held nipple rings, the undersides of the gasping girl's breasts soon glowing a burning scarlet. Even with her mouth full of dirty underwear, she still had a pretty squeak. Excitement and pleasure building, Victoria thrust her dildo into the brunette faster and harder, grinding the projecting nub across her own clitoris, finally coming with a soft sigh.

"I'm done, she's yours," she told Svetlana, spitting out a stray bit of dried candle wax her slaps had loosened from their toy's breasts.

With the ease of long practice, the Countess threaded her arms through the sex slave's bound arms and pulled her back on top of her, lifting Treasure off Victoria. The Queen wriggled clear, coming up to her knees, her Lady in Waiting now free to flip the girl face down and thrust brutally into her ass. In the manner she most enjoyed slaveboys. Treasure grunted louder as the fat shaft plunged between her firm whip-marked buttocks.

Emerging from the bathroom later, wiping a towel across her brow, she found Svetlana sitting on the girl's face, the top heavy toy now on her back, wrists still secured to the back of her belt lifting her hips invitingly. Harness

straps trailed between firm, velvet thighs; the Countess not having bothered to withdraw the strap-on dildo; just unbuckling the harness, and leaving the fat shaft embedded deep in their sexual plaything's back passage. As Victoria already knew, the big girl had a great tongue; a sure sign she'd been owned by a woman at some stage.

She flopped back onto the bed, fluffing juice-matted pubic curls, and idly toying with the rings set through Treasure's inner pussy-lips. The corset-tight belt made a taut, swelling curve of the toy's belly, four red parallel lines marking her where either her own or Svetlana's fingernails had, unnoticed, lightly scratched her. Heavy breasts flattened across her chest under their own weight rose and fell faster as the pretty plaything gasped around the crotch pushed hard into her face.

Mischievously, Victoria picked up Svetlana's discarded phallus-handled whip and brought the cat down in a hissing arc hard across Treasure's belly. The brunette squealed, almost bucking the Countess off. Svetlana looked back with a grin, gripping the bound slave's head tighter with her thighs. The thin lashes had left a spreading cone of vivid, dark red lines across the collared toy's golden skin. Further strokes made the slavegirl squirm and twist but Svetlana rode the bound girl's face easily.

Finally coming, she slumped limp a moment, still sitting astride the naked plaything's face. The way her tits heaved and her stomach swelled and flattened against her tight belt showed clearly how much difficulty the smothered sex toy was having breathing, but of course she made no move or sound of protest.

With a slightly puzzled frown, the Countess picked a length of black masking tape off her hip, the remains of their slave's discarded gag Victoria realised, and then swung her leg off the face of the girl she sat on. Svetlana must have rolled over on it at some point after having decided to use the brunette orally. Clearly exhausted, Treasure struggled up to her knees, thighs spread wide and head up, in the proper manner of a bedroom toy, awaiting her next instruction. The Countess, standing beside the bed, thoughtfully hefted one of the girl's large breasts in her palm like a serf woman weighing fruit at the market, before she ambled off to the shower.

"So what do you think of her now?" Victoria asked, still lolling on the bed.

"Not bad," her Lady in Waiting allowed, the comment tossed carelessly back over her shoulder. Clearly she still preferred slaveboys!

Victoria snapped her fingers, and Treasure obediently crawled forward to put herself within reach. Head drooping and eyes dull - it had been a long day for her - the collared brunette still managed a low moan of pleasure when Victoria, a finger hooked through the ring set through her clitoris to hold her in place, amused herself licking her heavy udders. No, she'd had enough herself, Victoria decided, vaguely disappointed she hadn't found the top heavy plaything's limits, but unwilling to drug herself like a slave to go on.

Rolling over to her bedside cabinet, she fished a tongue clamp out of an untidy collection of toys and pushed herself up to her knees as well. The young slave with her arms still bound to her belt behind her, literally melted against her when Victoria allowed her a kiss, tongue down her throat, naked, bound body pressed hard against hers. As she'd already discovered, the voluptuous sexual plaything wasn't just eager for affection, but craved it with a naked desperation. She'd seen the same before in slaves sold by owners they loved, but never with quite such passion.

"Enough now! Sit up!" she commanded, punctuating the order with a slap on the girl's backside. "Tongue!"

The lovely brunette obediently held out her tongue so that Victoria could screw the clamp down on either side of the thick muscle. Squeezing tighter and tighter, until finally Treasure's tongue was pulled out of her mouth, its tip projecting between the tightly screwed down bars.

"Good toy! I'm finished with you for the moment. You can sleep now," Victoria decided.

The exhausted sex slave closed her eyes gratefully, flopping back onto the bed, breathing deeply and heavily almost before her head hit the pillow, and Victoria thoughtfully let a palm slide lightly over naked flesh. There was of course no need to remove the hard-used toy's collar and the tight belt her



wrist cuffs were locked to the back of.....yet.

After a late supper, as was Queen Victoria's habit, Svetlana was obliged to accompany Her Majesty on a stroll around the grounds to settle the meal. The rain had left everything fresh and clean, wet gravel crunching underfoot. The newly branded brunette the Queen was so taken with, arms strapped behind back, elbows touching, perched on four inch stiletto heels and hobbled, followed the Queen's chain lead. The docile sex toy, frequently stroked and patted, was naked but for her collar and a large ball gag buckled into her mouth. Further spoiling the top heavy toy, the Queen had actually fed her their table-scrap with her own hand before taking her stroll.

As with any slave, the hobble making the girl take short, neat steps, put a nice sway in her stride and the Queen was clearly pleased with the swing and quiver of her plaything's big breasts. Reflecting off nipple rings, moonlight and palace lights didn't show up the brunette's tan and she appeared pale, skin almost translucent. The lines left by whip and cane on the large globes showed up clearly. Svetlana deliberately forced her gaze away from the bound toy's heavy breasts, annoyed with herself at the way her eyes and attention kept straying to the naked slave.

Yes okay, she was a truly sexual animal and quite gorgeous. She hadn't enjoyed a girl so much before. And Svetlana would love to be able to make her seventeen-year-old son a present of Big Tits for his next birthday, but no slave was special! Some were just worth more than others. She felt it strongly. Slaves should expect no more than to be used, and then cast aside. Should never be allowed feelings of worth. The top heavy brunette though had been allowed to believe she was gorgeous, desirable, a delight to own. And although Svetlana was reluctantly forced to admit to herself that this was true, a great screw. The delight in her eyes when the Queen petted her and the pride with which she followed the lead padlocked to her pierced clitoris, was obvious.

Svetlana let her hand stroke a taut buttock with a sigh. The trouble with these over-civilised, old, little European Kingdoms was that they'd seen no rebellion in a thousand years. Unlike her native Russia where wild slaves, sometimes uncultured for three or four generations, roamed free on the steppe

and in the wastes of Siberia, fashioning crude weapons and digging hidden pits for the vehicles of hunting parties, Europeans had forgotten you had to keep one foot firmly on the back of a serf's neck. Even the young European aristocrats who flocked to the eastern frontier each season for the thrill of hunting wild slaves, saw no danger of their own sheep looking up. Why should they when their own serfs, soldiers and even slaves, thought sex slaves and the rule of Lords, the natural order? The way things had always been and would be? And a collar was always waiting for the occasional rebel. But still Svetlana worried that English slaves were not treated harshly enough!

Then again, why should anyone take notice of her opinion? These days the position of Lady in Waiting, though traditionally requiring a Noble Lady, was one step up from a servant. Only those who desperately needed the money or wished to rub shoulders with Royalty and their expensive toys, would take the position. Her mother had warned her not to marry for love. "Love doesn't last, but the marriage does," she'd said.

But she'd been just a girl then, in an exciting new city, her father the new ambassador to England. And the King's equerry had been a dashing Captain of the Guard. Her mother and father had both tried to dissuade her. He was penniless and certainly beneath her. For while an officer was allowed to marry up into the aristocracy; the ultimate reward for loyalty, it was more usually into minor aristocracy. But she'd been in love!

Svetlana idly handled one of Treasure's breasts again, wondering why the Queen found their firm heavy weight so especially pleasing. Of course the love had faded and by then her parents had long returned home. She didn't hate him, she was fond of her husband and their two children were the pride of both of them; but she did hate having to take the menial position of Lady in Waiting, for money!

The Queen's naked pet had goose bumps all over by the time they returned to the Royal Chambers, a good excuse for Victoria to rub her all over. Svetlana of course got stuck with the job of strapping her down and hooking up the lie detector so that the Queen could question her. She went through the standard six questions to test the machine and give it a baseline.

"Are you naked?"

"Are you tied firmly to the chair?"

"Do you have electrodes clipped to your nipples?"

After the three truthful answers, she made the girl tell her three emphatic lies to test the machine.

"I have blonde hair."

"I have blue eyes."

"I am not sexually aroused."

The lie detector was a simple enough device to use, just a headband and a couple of sensors to be fitted to the slave. And a control box with a light that would show green for truth and red for a lie. After watching fondly, the Queen began questioning the brunette.

Three quarters of an hour later, the yawning head of the Royal Security Police, having been dragged from his bed, stood to bleary attention in front of her.

"You mean this girl really is from another planet?" Queen Victoria II demanded.

## CHAPTER 3

Queen Victoria II had green fingers. Several acres to the rear of the palace were taken up by her garden. A vegetable garden! Countess Svetlana could live with the idea of raising orchids or roses, though a far more fitting hobby for Royalty would seem to be racing, or perhaps becoming a patron of the arts. But peas, lettuce, carrots, tomatoes and potatoes?

There were a few flowerbeds, the occasional splashes of colour backed by the broad leaves of that most useful of slave-training plants, the stinging nettle, but mostly it was produce. Picked under Her Majesty's personal direction, the garden supplied the palace's flower bowls, little pot plants of nettles for playrooms and bedrooms, and the vegetables went to the kitchens to reappear on Royal Tables. To Svetlana's continuing bafflement, she actually seemed to enjoy working like a peasant; and even to amateur eyes the lush garden was obviously well, and expertly, tended.

The Queen of England, ankle-deep in thick, dark soil, wearing sloppy rubber boots and a scruffy old waxed jacket with padding hanging out of a torn shoulder seam, waved cheerfully to her Lady in Waiting. Svetlana sighed. Back home in Russia it could take a Lady a full two hours to dress in a manner appropriate to her station. It was all so different in these little European Kingdoms with their wealth in industry, not land.

The Queen's small garden plough was pulled by a single male slave in harness and bridle. Smallish but powerfully muscled with a vaguely oriental look, a tightly buckled cock and ball strap had swollen the naked slave's erection into veined, purple, desperate, stiffness. The steel plough biting deep into the dark soil was obviously exhausting to pull, the young slave leaning hard into his harness, teeth clenched tight around his bit; but the Queen's firm whip strokes kept him going easily enough. Victoria pulled her slave up with a sharp yank on the naked toy's reins, paused to look back down the last furrow and nodded to herself in satisfaction.

Svetlana watched with concealed impatience while the Queen uncorked

a water bottle swinging on a strap from one of the plough's handles and poured water into the slave boy's mouth over his bit. Tending to the comfort of a slave before taking time to talk to a Countess! Sometimes the English habit of coddling their sexual playthings could become downright irritating! Most of the clear sparkling water ran down the panting slave's face and neck, but a bobbing Adam's apple showed he'd managed a couple of mouthfuls. Ducking down to hobble her young beast of burden, Victoria gave the bound toy's balls a playful squeeze, the harnessed sex toy crying out around his bit in pain; and in desperate, pleading, frustration.

The garden's naked scarecrow, Svetlana wasn't at all surprised to find, was the top heavy brunette the Queen was so taken with. More so than ever now, now that she'd proved to have such an exotic past. A traveller from an alternative dimension!

The tall slavegirl had her arms spread wide by a long wooden bar with cuffs on the end locked around each wrist and a length of rope looped behind her neck held the centre of the bar tied through her mouth. A dildo pole kept her neatly mounted in place on a small waist-high circular pedestal with a surrounding wooden bench. The pole, small and smooth to allow little stimulation, rotated so that the slave perched on five inch stiletto heels could spin herself around to face in any direction. But with her ankle cuffs padlocked to the rotating pole's base, she couldn't raise herself enough to push up off the dildo. Reflective spirals, little more than metal foil, hung from both nipple rings, catching sunlight as they span in the wind and with the slave's movement and breath.

While Svetlana had run errands any servant could have managed, the Queen had found time to enjoy the top heavy slave again. A thin lash had recently left new, and undoubtedly painful, raised welts on the bound sex toy's large breasts and on her belly. Only a couple though, Her Majesty being either fatigued, quickly satisfied, or more likely starting to consider the state of her sexual plaything's hide when her son and the girl's legal owner, Prince Samuel, returned to reclaim her. He wouldn't necessarily expect his property to be unblemished, but after yesterday's sexfest! In the normal course of events the girl would have been exhibited in a glass display case in one of the palace halls or dining rooms, or left in her cell, until the marks faded and she

was ready to be enjoyed again. A blank canvas for her owner to work his art on!

Again, it was a status thing. Established pets, sleeping at their owners' feet, being fed scraps under the dinner table and taken everywhere on a lead, could carry a few whip stripes and candle wax burns without comment. But for the most part, the assumption when seeing a slave with day-old, or more, marks on her, was that the owner didn't own enough slaves to allow one to fully heal up before the next one was ready for use. It could make them seem only minor aristocracy, or worse, a Noble House fallen on hard times.

Long dark hair rippling in the light breeze, her hour-glass figure silhouetted against the sky emphasising the delicious swell of her hips and the pure spankability of her haunches, the top heavy Treasure did look quite edible Svetlana had to concede. But special? No!

Victoria led her over to the scarecrow's pedestal, waving her to take a seat on the bench. The naked slavegirl with the spreader bar tied through her mouth, arms outstretched, swivelled around on her dildo pole to face them as they approached, her crotch at eye level. Victoria, almost lovingly, ran a hand up a golden thigh before seating herself in the slave's shade. From below the eye could follow the pole impaling Treasure's pussy right up inside her, and the barcode and serial number tattooed on the underside of her left breast were clearly visible.

It wasn't special! It had a number.

Just property, Svetlana told herself. But after the questions and revelations of last night, confirmed by the commander of the RSP, she was suddenly finding the big-titted brunette a lot more interesting herself. Especially interesting to Svetlana was the fact that the slaveslut had expected to get rich in her own world by taking technology commonplace here, back to her own dimension to sell. And also, slightly perversely she had to admit; now that the hazel-eyed sex toy had become more of a person, with a history and her own wishes and desires, Svetlana was finding Treasure more interesting sexually as well. She was actually looking forward to the next opportunity to play with her. It had simply never occurred to her before - slaves were part of the scenery - but if the bound, helpless sex toy she

enjoyed didn't actually want to be used for sex, then that would make her a very exciting toy indeed!

When questioned, hooked up to the lie detector, Treasure had placidly, and without the slightest hesitation, agreed that, yes, it was a privilege to be used sexually by the Queen of England. Victoria should have called her Jenny, not Treasure, Svetlana now realised. Then possibly the lie detector's light might not have glowed so steadily green for truth. But they'd both been stunned at the revelation that their sexual plaything was not just some peasant's daughter, taken in lieu of unpaid tax, but a scientist from another world! An alien!

The King and the Royal Privy Council had decided that because of the risks of contamination, there should be no further contact with Treasure's home world, and then later had restricted the use of the Gate further, to just exploring other worlds. No visitors. Svetlana might have to work around that if she was to carry through her budding plan to sell a few trinkets like a personal computer or a cancer cure for a king's ransom. They'd also both initially been surprised that the former professor Philips-Webber's - now Lady Franklin's - students hadn't been segregated, but on reflection, there was no need. Slaves didn't discuss their past amongst themselves and even if an owner questioned one of the five at some point, who would believe such a fantastic tale anyway? A delusion, just a variation on the common wish-fantasy of most slaves, hoping it would be discovered they were the illegitimate child of an aristocrat, and could then be set free to own their own slaves.

Svetlana was all for keeping aliens with dangerous notions of freedom and equality off her world, but the RSP were taking no chances; the one working Gate in the country was firmly under their control.

Possibly she could get past them, but creating her own Gate seemed the ideal solution. There were enough people about who knew how to make one and she only needed one of them. Lady Franklin and her five lab-rats from the alternative Britain. On this side, her husband Lord Franklin and his team of six, which had also included his daughter Isobell, Treasure's previous owner, not to mention the Royal Security Police's team running the current Gate. She could surely manipulate one of them, though it would be far easier

to just own one of the five slaves. Where were the other four now?

She wasn't greedy. She just wanted enough gold to be comfortable and take her proper station in life. A small country estate, a modest town house and thirty or so slaves, wasn't much to ask for really. And now the means were almost in her grasp!

Svetlana reached out, idly toying with the small padlock that secured the ankle strap of one of Treasure's five inch stiletto heels, stroking a firm calf. She'd got a couple of questions of her own in last night while the Queen had been busy with the commander of the RSP. The velvet-skinned toy, strapped tightly to a chair, sharp-jawed electrodes biting painfully into her swollen nipples and still on the lie detector, had explained with gasps and moans how a Gate worked. Svetlana, amusing herself thrusting her fingers deep into the bound toy's pussy and making her lick her own juices, occasionally shocking, slapping and squeezing her over-large breasts, hadn't understood one word in ten of the technical explanation. But it didn't matter. Treasure couldn't lie to her, and was sure she knew how to make a Gate. In fact, the pretty slave, moaning softly when Svetlana had rubbed her ringed, electrode-clamped nipples together, had seemed positively eager for the chance.

"Well?" the Queen asked.

"Lady Franklin was not on the family estate. I talked to the steward."

Victoria shrugged.

"Better," Svetlana continued. "She's here in the city. Got a pony girl running in tomorrow's five hundred-single at Hampstead."

The Queen smiled. "Do I own anything running tomorrow?" she asked, and then waved away her Lady in Waiting's answer. "If I don't, buy something suitable. Suddenly, I feel like going to the races."

"Yes Your Majesty," Svetlana grinned. She pointed up. "Shall we take Tits? It'll give you an introduction and let Lady Franklin know the secret's out. Sort of a calling card?"



Queen Victoria reached up to pat her scarecrow's firm backside.

"Why not?" she agreed happily.

The other revelation of the night, almost missed in the excitement, had been the discovery that Treasure had two sisters. Identical twins, who would be coming up for nineteen soon. With the possibility that she could keep Treasure, while Prince Samuel got a pair of hunting ponies from the same superb stock in return, it was obvious which alternate reality Her Majesty Queen Victoria II would like to visit. She could already see her son driving the identical, dildo-stuffed ponygirls across the rolling grasslands of the Royal Hunting Preserve. They would prance along in perfect step, heavy breasts bouncing neatly together, beside the slave pulling her own pony trap; Treasure.

It could only make her own task easier, Svetlana reflected, still toying with the padlock. The dildo-mounted girl had been promoted, she belatedly realised, by five inch heels! Dressage-ponies competed in three inch heels, and four inch stilettos were everyday wear for a slavegirl. But an occasional, favoured pet, displayed with pride and sometimes even love, wore five inch heels. Being perched on their toes was something most female toys aspired to. To be publicly acknowledged the cream of the crop!

When Svetlana returned late that evening, the now collared and chained oriental slaveboy was sprawled asleep on the blanket beside the tool shed/tack-room's kennel, and Treasure, in harness and bridle, was pulling the small garden plough. The slaveboy had to have been allowed to come two or three times. When she'd seen him worked that morning he'd been so hot, his cock swollen so hard, that sexual frustration would have prevented him falling asleep no matter how exhausted, Svetlana knew. His come had no doubt gone into Treasure's ass or mouth.

The big girl, leaning hard into her harness, breasts heaving and teeth biting down on her bit, gasping and squeaking as Queen Victoria lashed her on, did take the whip well though; no doubt about it. Haunches striped, thrusting her pretty pink, ringed and swollen nipples forward, her wide eyes desperate, the powerful slave's crotch strap dragged deep between her sex lips actually seemed to disappear inside her. Nicely wet as usual.

"Help me perk her up a bit; she's getting tired!" Victoria called cheerfully.

The Queen swung her whip out in a wide arc, slashing it in with a flick, Treasure squealing as braided leather left a new line across her buttocks with a stinging crack. The sweat-gleaming girl was clearly exhausted and was being pushed harder than the slaveboy had been, quite naturally because the Queen, very taken with her, enjoyed her exertions more.

"I've only got this one last bed to do," Victoria encouraged, knowing her Lady in Waiting's opinion of gardening. "No dildo in her, I think is the problem. She ran harder on the treadmill when I had her well stuffed front and back!"

Another whip cut, the tip of the lash curling around a firm hip to bite into the silky soft flesh of Treasure's belly, forced the panting brunette on another half dozen steps, barefoot in the dark soil. Victoria was right. She did have the most pretty squeak of pain. With a sigh, Svetlana pulled on her gloves and plucked a handful of the stinging nettles backing a nearby flowerbed. Gingerly, she touched the dark, damp, soil with the tip of her shoe. Hand tooled white leather! The stains would never come out.

The trick with nettles was to stroke gently, lightly; not slash as with a whip. And feeling quite vindictive because it was the hazel-eyed slut's fault that her shoes were being ruined, Svetlana wanted to cause maximum pain. The harnessed brunette wailed distress around her bit as Svetlana stroked her swaying breasts with the lightest of touches - no tit straps on the unisex harness, as well as no dildo. But the girl was well enough trained to let the pain redouble her efforts to drag the steel plough through the thick soil rather than try to back away from the stinging nettles Svetlana held, as an inexperienced sex toy might have done.

Resigned to being in the mud now, Svetlana walked alongside the harnessed slave, close enough to see ripples run across the flesh of Treasure's hips when Victoria's whip landed on her swaying buttocks again. Another touch with the bundle of nettles here, a stroke there, and the gasping slave was soon whimpering and moaning between the yelps the whip forced from her. Her big, heavy breasts soon glowed an angry scarlet, dotted with dozens

upon dozens of little white blisters, each marking a single sting. So many stings on the large globes must have been agony because when the Queen finally stood in the end of the last furrow and they gathered to lick the tears off Treasure's cheeks, even having her udders lightly stroked or squeezed made the lovely toy wail in distress. Hefting Treasure's tortured breasts, the full sob-quivering mounds filling her palms and spilling between splayed fingers, Her Majesty decided not to share the brunette with Svetlana that night.

Most roads in the capital were divided into two, one lane for aristocrats and one for commerce. Where there was only one lane, it was exclusively for the use of nobles. Traffic moved slowly; trams, bulk haulers and electric delivery carts because of the sheer weight of traffic in the workers' lane; limousines, because they shared their uncluttered lanes with much slower ponyslave-pulled carriages, and slave-pedalled, aristocrat-steered, tandem bicycles. Besides, rush and hurry, were for the peasants.

The Queen's limousine had two built-in slave cages beside the driver's front seat and securing rings in the trunk for a further three; hogtied. But today Her Majesty had allowed Treasure to lie on the floor and with her shoes kicked off she was resting her bare feet on the naked girl. There was just a hint of autumn in the air today and for the first time that year a few of the chained slaves Svetlana could see being led along the pavements with collars and leads were wearing transparent mesh or fishnet bodystockings. Some of course, like the prancing pair of ponygirls pulling the carriage alongside, driver's whip licking across pert tails, needed no covering on their sweat-gleaming skin.

Svetlana let an envious gaze roam over the clearly expensive pair and the elegant older Lady driving them from the comfort of a sleek, gold-trimmed carbon fibre pony trap; the latest design. Plumed bridles pulled thick blonde manes back into dancing ponytails. Her eyes automatically flickered over tight crotch straps, secured arms and foam-flecked bits, full breasts bobbing despite the criss-crossed straps that bound them. Gleaming as if oiled as they maintained a fast trot in perfect step, the blinkered pair's harsh panting and the crack of a light whip licking across firm, swaying, haunches,

was clearly audible through Svetlana's half-open window as the limousine came alongside.

The ubiquitous buxom blonde had become commonplace since the advent of reliable, safe, cheap, cosmetic surgery; and while the pretty pair wouldn't be Svetlana's first choice to use in bed, she knew she'd have to buy one or two when she took her rightful place in society. When you offered a guest entertainment, "Something blonde with tits," was almost always acceptable. And if the girls weren't quite to your own sexual tastes, then what better way to publicly display your expensive property, than as carriage ponies?

The haughty Lady driving her youthful sex toys looked about a hundred years old, perhaps more; it was difficult to tell with the rejuvenation treatment. Certainly her whip work was firm and accurate, raised welts left across both her ponygirls' backsides, a clear eye and firm hand evident in the confident way she wove her pony trap and team in and out of the city traffic. And her air of haughty satisfaction at the performance of her sweat-gleaming, gasping, property was evident. She had never had to count pennies or wonder where the next crown was coming from in her entire life, Svetlana thought with a flash of anger.

Treasure on the limousine's floor, arms bound behind her, was facedown, the Queen's bare feet resting on the firm warmth of her buttocks. Svetlana pushed the pointed toe of one of her shoes into a heavy breast flattened under the brunette by her own weight, making the gagged slave look up. You're going to build me a Gateway to riches, bitch, she promised silently. I'm going to make you!

Hampstead Heath racetrack was a happy bustle, the entertainments including gypsy sideshows and a dressage ring. The car park was crowded, but the Royal Standard fluttering gently on the end of their limousine's long black bonnet cleared a path to their reserved space. Lords and Ladies in their finery, many with naked, bound, slaves on leads, strolled this way and that. Respectfully stepping aside for their betters, uniformed soldiers, both active and retired, accompanied by veiled wives, were allowed to mingle with the aristocrats. Slaves existed entirely for the pleasure of nobles, but in competitive events like racing and mud wrestling, soldiers and their families

were also allowed to watch and place bets. Consequently, a racetrack always brought out a good crowd.

"And they're off!"

Paired ponyboys, erections bobbing, tore down the 200 yard racetrack, drivers lashing hindquarters without mercy. For the 200 paired event, the harnessed and bridled slaves could be lashed at practically full speed down the track in a frenzy of whipping. The 500 single Svetlana and the Queen had come to see required much more driver skill. There the pony trap driver had to hold his mount back to begin with, conserving her strength but staying with the pack, only whipping her to a sprint in that last 75 to 50 yards. The Queen didn't have any ponyboys running today, so they ambled off into the sideshows.

Behind them the crowd roared its approval, as neck and neck, four naked, bound and harnessed slaves, pulling little two-wheeled carriages, were lashed over the finish line.

"And here's a fine Lady! Try your luck, Your Grace," a showman called.

His tone was almost challenging, barely respectful, his bow little more than a brief lowering of the eyes rather than a proper show of respect. Svetlana would have wanted him in a collar for the next twenty years when she'd first arrived in the Kingdom of England, but she'd come to realise that the show folk knew their place well enough. They were just playing the part expected of them. Even down to his black curly hair, a red bandanna and single gold ear ring which this grinning young man wore like a uniform. Gypsies were expected to be rough and ready, irreverent and with a hint of exciting dishonesty about them. It was part of the fun of the fair.

"Why not," the Queen agreed with a laugh, handing over Treasure's lead to Svetlana.

The stall holder probably had no idea who he was addressing. Just another aristocrat to him, though the cut of Victoria's clothes and the diamond studs on the ball gagged Treasure's gold collar, not to mention the naked and obviously expensive plaything herself, said a rich one. In five inch heels, the

tall, heavy-breasted brunette did have a certain presence, Svetlana reluctantly noted.

A row of four hooded slaveboys were strapped loosely to poles at the stall's far end, tight straps keeping throbbing cocks erect and random electric shocks kept the bound slaves twisting and turning. Tossing hoops with a happy laugh, the Queen eventually managed to land one of the plastic rings over an erect penis, winning a dildo-handled tawse worth only a fraction of the coins she'd handed over for the hoops. With a triumphant grin, she swung the strap across Treasure's backside with a loud crack.

The brunette gasped around her ball gag, breasts bobbing as the sting pushed her up onto her toes, a broad red mark left across both buttocks. Today Treasure was fitted with just a simple jewelled collar and lead, wrists cuffed behind her back and a pet's stiletto heels again. As a decorative torment, a short length of chain dragging up at her clitoris, was padlocked to the rings set through both her navel and the tormented nub.

"Go on, have a go," Victoria pressed Svetlana, tossing another gold crown onto the counter.

Grinning despite herself, Svetlana took the offered set of three hoops. Four tries later she managed to get two over the same slave's cock, winning a pair of weighted nipple clamps as cheap-looking as the tawse. Treasure was pushed down across the stall's front bench under the showman's appraising gaze - no doubt accurately calculating her worth on the auction block to within a few crowns - and Victoria rammed the dildo-handled tawse deep into her anus. The helpless slavegirl squeaked in pain as she was penetrated without lubrication.

"You hold onto that for me," the Queen ordered the top heavy toy with a pat.

Wordlessly, Svetlana handed over the weighted clamps which the Queen attached to the brunette's plump sex lips. Just some cheap metal painted black and not lead as they should have been, the clamps didn't drag down at her flesh very much when Treasure swayed upright; probably causing her little discomfort. The black leather strap hung down between her legs behind her

like some strange, sexy tail.

At the next stall, slavegirls this time, they won a fat vibrator and a riding crop. The naked stall slaves at the booth's far end had red wires disappearing into anuses. Hung from their wrists they were hooded and they twisted and turned as they were supposedly randomly shocked. As well as unexpected twitches to contend with, the target circles on breasts and buttocks had been drawn smaller than they would be in the parlour game this stall was based on. But both Victoria and Svetlana had whiled away many a rainy winter's afternoon with blow-pipe and darts.

All the Queen's buttock-shots were in the target circle, the stall slaves squeaking nicely as the little steel-tipped darts embedded themselves in flesh, but the thick eye-protecting hoods probably weren't as effective blindfolds as they looked. The girls seemed to twist away more from blow-pipes aimed at their chests. She scattered a few red tufted darts across trembling, bouncing breasts, but only managed two in the areola, and one shriek-producing dart in a nipple. Svetlana did almost as well. No nipples - the bonus points - but all of her yellow tufted darts decorated her chosen toy's twitching breasts, three in the areolas.

The vibrator, switched on of course, went into Treasure's pussy, its base clipped to her pussy rings to hold it in place, and the crop was hung from a nipple ring. It wasn't a very powerful vibrator, Svetlana barely able to feel its vibration through flesh when she rested her palm on the naked girl's belly, but it was enough to make the voluptuous sex toy groan in forced pleasure behind her mouth-filling gag.

Strictly speaking, only aristocrats were allowed to own and enjoy sex slaves, but a Royal Charter granted in the eleventh century to encourage competition gave gypsies the right to trade in slaves and hold auctions; up until then the sole preserve of the aristocracy. No doubt many of the stock were used sexually in the privacy of the gypsy caravans, and against all good business practice some of the merchandise might not see an auction block in years; but everyone loved a circus. There had been occasional crackdowns and audits over the centuries, but as long as the travelling folk were discreet, always willing to buy and sell, a reasonable man could argue that circus and fair slaves were just a form of advertising; stock being displayed!

And they were canny traders, no doubt about it, renowned judges of the worth of slaveflesh. The travellers had done well since the Royal Charter was granted, and would do nothing to jeopardise their position, Svetlana knew. Besides, at the end of the day, they knew better than most that only the families of soldiers were exempt from the auction block. As a mark of their special status, gypsy women didn't have to wear a veil as did the women of serfs and soldiers. There was no danger of being mistaken for an aristocrat or a slave; but still only the married gypsy women took advantage of this. They didn't want a teenage daughter's beauty catching the eye of a Lord or Lady any more than a worker did. They knew their place well enough!

At another stall they launched hogtied slavegirls down an oiled steel ramp, to slide to a target circle across an oiled floor; a variation on the ancient ice-played aristocratic game of curling, in which the object was to try and get the bound girl to spin to a stop with her crotch directly over the target circle. Victoria laughed in delighted frustration as another oil-gleaming, tightly hogtied girl slid across the target circle and off the course. She tossed another gold crown onto the counter. The two stall holders hefted another hogtied slave up onto the ramp's top for Svetlana's turn, and dropped her onto her stomach with a ball gag muffled "Ooof!" breasts flattened under her. Determined to get a good grip on the oiled girl this time, Svetlana sank her left hand's thumb as deep as she could into the slave's ass, fingers raking oiled buttocks. The stall slave grunted. All four of Svetlana's right hand's fingers sunk as deep into the hogtied girl's sex as she could for a firm grip, she cautiously slid the girl backwards and forwards a little to test her grip and then eased her onto the ramp. Unlike the gentle upper slope of a curling course, this ramp was deliberately too steep, and even though her clawed fingernails made the stall's slavegirl cry out in pain, her game piece slipped out of her grasp almost immediately.

"That's more like it!" Queen Victoria called as the girl came to rest, her crotch just grazing the target circle.

They eventually won another whip which was hung from Treasure's spare nipple ring and another pair of clamps, linked with a chain this time, which further decorated the placid plaything's sex lips.

Other collared pets with prizes decorating their naked bodies were also



following owners' leads, but Treasure did turn more heads than most, Svetlana realised now she was looking for it and was more aware of the girl herself. At first she thought it was just that the tall Treasure stood out from the pack in high heels. And she was worth a second look because she had fading and fresh marks on her body - clearly she'd been used and enjoyed and she should be on display in a case - but it was more than that.

Svetlana still didn't really see it herself but clearly for many others there was something exotic about the tall girl; besides a pretty face, animal grace, big tits, a nice body and matching personality? The old gypsy grandfather running the nearby 'Pin The Donkey's Tail,' stall where a young couple were trying to ram a dildo on the tip of a flexible, eighteen foot pole into the ass of slaves secured bent-forward over a bar, was practically licking his lips. Though maybe it was gold he was seeing, not sex.

No matter; it would make her own plans easier to bring to fruition. Just the possibility that there were more like Treasure at home would be a compelling argument to re-visit her world!

Svetlana was a good shot, but to her disappointment the shooting range had run out of both slaves and prizes. The Caravan's entire stock, not currently in use on the stalls, was now sprawled semi-conscious on the grass behind the range. A boy cleaning and racking tranquilliser dart rifles explored Treasure's naked body with his eyes as she was led past.

The slave auction was also long over, but Victoria bought herself and Svetlana a raffle ticket. The caged prize, to be drawn in the new year after the Caravan had toured the Kingdom, was a cute little blonde with heavily milk-swollen breasts almost as large as Treasure's, squeezed between the bars of her tiny cage. A young aristocrat who surely wasn't old enough to legally own her, bought a handful of tickets from the automated dispenser, and then shyly, both hands around one large udder, squeezed slave-milk into his mouth. Svetlana shuddered, remembering her first week in the Kingdom. She liked slave-milk well enough, and bringing a girl to milk broke spirits faster than any whip; but the English she'd discovered, put it in tea!

The test of strength stalls were more of a male preserve, so they just watched, joining a group of young Ladies who were calling encouragement

to their escorts. Two of the young aristocrats in shirt sleeves, one at each end, were thrusting a pump handle up and down, trying to get just a little water to remain in a large raised drum-like container full of holes. An enema tube ran from the leaking bucket into the ass of a pretty redhead, kneeling with her ankles chained wide, nipple rings chained to a floor ring. Her wrists were pulled up behind her, also forcing her to bend forward, well-stuffed pussy pouting. The object of the game was to force enough water to run down the tube into her ass, to squeeze a dildo out of her sex, but the big bucket literally leaked like a sieve, the enema tube was quite narrow and the redhead had probably been trained to hang onto weighted dildos. The game was almost impossible to win without two men on each pump handle.

The young Lords were having more success on the traditional test your strength, sledgehammer. You just needed the knack of giving the long-handled hammer a good overhead swing so that it came down on the raised button from the maximum height. The hammer slamming down on the broad button blasted a wire-trailing dildo up a vertical railing by compressed air; graded into the traditional categories of WIMP, FEEBLE, WEAK, AVERAGE, and STRONG. Mounted astride the top of device, her legs spread wide and with bells jingling merrily from the nipple rings adorning her quivering breasts, a young blonde girl sobbed around her ball gag, shrieking each time the dildo delivered an electric shock to her bruised pussy. A really hard stroke, should in theory, actually drive the hammer-propelled dildo inside her body, but nobody had yet managed the grand prize.

Knowing the show folk, she probably already had some obstruction stuffed inside her, the Queen whispered aside to Svetlana, but the young aristocrats were having such fun trying it seemed a shame to spoil their fun by mentioning it. One young Lord recognising Queen Victoria, graciously presented her with a pair of tit straps he'd won, the leather bands lined with tiny, pinprick spines. His own escort looked a little put out, Svetlana noticed, but her girl's breasts were already bound in the tight straps of a tit harness.

Treasure groaned softly as the tormenting straps were buckled tight, her large breasts squeezed out into taut globes, a pair of chains from the side of each strap running up and clipped to her collar, also lifting the squeezed melons nicely. At the dexterity stall, a cat-o-nine-tails was added to the

collection hanging from her nipple rings, and making the handcuffed slave gasp a bit, a weighted clamp attached to her already chain-tormented clitoris, just behind the ring set through her flesh.

The dexterity stall required manoeuvring a large copper hoop over the body of a slave suspended horizontally, by wrist and ankle, across the front of the stall without touching her. A wooden handle on the wire-trailing hoop protected the user and if the copper hoop touched flesh, allowing current to flow through the slave's body, a buzzer sounded. To make winning more difficult, small electric motors revolved the naked girl like a roast pig on a spit, and she also twisted and thrashed, thanks to a pussy full of vibrator and an ass full of shock baton.

She was an older slave, Svetlana saw, looking with mild interest into her tear-streaked face, mouth stretched wide by a large red ball while Victoria took her second turn. Mid-thirties, she guessed, and probably a few months away from the end of her sentence. Making the game harder was the swing of the slave's huge breasts as she rotated and squirmed, the repeatedly shocked mounds fully as large as Treasure's. Older slaves were often top heavy, as making tits grow fractionally larger throughout the sentence, kept the full globes firm, even when frequently unsupported, roped and slapped.

Treasure having been decorated, Victoria set off in the direction of the next game, another hoops over cocks stall; this time the slaveboys strapped on their backs on rotating turntables. Svetlana had had enough while clearly Her Majesty was just getting her eye in and was determined to play every single game. So they parted company, arranging to meet at the racetrack. It was still ponyboys running, ponygirls racing in the afternoon, so she wandered off to watch the show ponies.

The competition was just a local event, nothing serious, and many Lords and Ladies were driving their own property instead of letting a professional driver take the reins.

Dressage slaves performed in pairs, pulling a single driver in a lightweight pony trap over a ten minute performance. A combination beauty contest and a display of training and obedience; dressage ponygirls were first and foremost sexy; endurance coming a distant second. Always cute little

things, top heavy with wasp waists and dildo-stuffed, show ponies were supposed to be amongst the most sexual of competition slaves. Almost on a par with purely sexual animals like pillow slaves. Not quite to Svetlana's tastes of course, but she could appreciate a well-trained girl.

Especially as the ultimate society put-down which she aspired to was to ask a guest if they wished to use a whip on the entertainment she was providing, adding. "Only I'd rather you didn't mark that one. She's got an Olympic qualifying heat on Monday."

The cute little show ponies prancing neatly in step. All had brutally tight girths, a bust measurement twice the tightened girth size was required for the girls to be eligible to compete. Controlled with reins clipped to nipple rings and tongue-clamp bits, the teams of lovely young slaves pulling their drivers' two-wheeled pony traps were all panting harshly, gleaming with sweat and slavering on their harnessed breasts by the end of their performance. The whips used were broad straps, which left buttocks reddened and made a nice loud crack for the audience's appreciation, but didn't bring up raised welts like a true carriage whip.

A new pair of brunettes were pranced into the ring, breasts bouncing prettily, and Svetlana was immediately struck by their similarity to Treasure on the treadmill. The straps digging deep into large heavy breasts, nipples linked together with the nipple bar and the crotch straps digging into the girth-taut swell of the young pair's bellies, were almost identical. Even down to the juices that coated the dildo-filled pair's inner thighs as they were wheeled, pranced and cantered around the ring. If the Queen ever did take the dressage-trained Treasure out as her hunting pony, it would almost certainly create a new breed of slave.

Reminded again that the top heavy brunette had a past, had once been a real person, it occurred to her to wonder for the first time what it must be like to be a slave. It wasn't a thought that came readily or easily. She'd been raised to know what to look for in a slave, what to expect from one, how best to train them, what to pay for one, but empathy? It wasn't like it could ever happen to her! Aristocrats were never collared; not even for treason. The dignity of the axe waited for those who could contemplate overthrowing a king.

But what must it be like, to have a fat dildo and plug strapped inside you and buckled tightly into place? Made to prance naked in front of a crowd, controlled with whip and reins? Forced to unwilling arousal by the spoilt, rich, young Lord or Lady driving you from the comfortable seat of the pony trap you pulled? A truly delicious hell! Svetlana really did hope Jenny was still inside Treasure somewhere.

A cute pair of strawberry blondes got the winners' rosette pinned to their breasts, Svetlana's brunettes taking third place. Checking her pocket watch, she found it was time to make her way to the racetrack's owners' enclosure. She found Queen Victoria almost immediately. Treasure had more cheap slave-training junk hanging from her body piercings and clamped to her pussy lips. And, the Queen having obviously run out of room, a double dildo was tied with a length of red ribbon to one nipple ring; a matching butt plug to the other.

Curious, Svetlana gave the voluptuous slave's vibrator-stuffed belly a gentle stroke under the teasing clit chain, but the ball gagged sex toy just responded with a soft sigh of pleasure, totally docile as she was petted. She let her fingernails trail over faded whip stripes on the naked brunette's backside without response; Treasure just standing neatly on the end of her lead, head up and ankles together, as she was supposed to. It occurred to Svetlana, that even hooded, she'd never seen the big girl flinch. Have to get her alone sometime!

Queen Victoria's head groom and jockey had obviously been warned she was coming and stood to a slightly apprehensive attention beside her tacked up mount. The naked ponyslave that Svetlana had purchased over the phone the day before, now harnessed between the pony trap's shafts, was smoothly muscled and raven-haired. The racing pony trap was similar to other single person two-wheeled carriages, but pared down to the minimum; ultra-light.

With easy, practised, confidence; she did own the girl after all - signed, sealed, delivered and paid for - Victoria handled her mount's firm pointed breasts, kneaded firm thighs and stroked her fingers down a tight crotch strap. She licked her fingers thoughtfully. For speed, racing ponies didn't run in dildos. But a tight crotch strap, lubricated by the ponyslave's juices and sweat, provided a light pressure against the clitoris as the girl was whipped to

a sprint. Not the overwhelming stimulation that left a dildo-mounted ponygirl incapable of rational thought, blindly obeying reins and whip, but more than enough to keep the racing slave completely responsive to her driver's wishes. Treasure's lead was still looped around the Queen's wrist as she inspected her new acquisition.

"She tastes quite nice. Is she fast?" Victoria asked the groom.

The man squeezed a firm buttock thoughtfully.

"A little longer in the leg than I'd prefer, Your Majesty," he mused. "And I'm afraid she's not quite as fit as she should be. I ran her on a stopwatch last night. I think it's possible her last owner had her chained to his bed a little more often than to a treadmill."

He hooked his fingers under the crotch strap pulled up between the ponygirl's buttocks and tugged the leather band deeper between her sex lips. The bound slave gasped around her bit, even white teeth resting on the rubber bar, blinkered eyes sparkling bright as the Queen twirled her nipples.

"But I'd say you were only slightly overcharged for her. With proper, hard, training, she might just make a champion," the soldier concluded.

"And today?"

He pursed his lips. "Not going to beat that black pony. And maybe not the blonde second to the end. She'll come in second or third in this pack I think," he predicted.

In some things the European way was an improvement over her native Russia though, Svetlana acknowledged to herself. No Russian trooper would have dared speak so bluntly, would have instead said what he thought she wanted to hear. Victoria cupped the smooth-shaven ponygirl's crotch, stroking softly.

"Do you know who I am, Pony?"

The bridled girl hitched to the pony trap bearing the Royal Colours,

hesitantly shook her head.

"I'm your new owner. Now in the race, when that whip lands on your pretty tail, I want you to imagine I'm the one swinging it. Can you do that for me?"

The naked ponygirl nodded her head, moaning softly as her sex lips were squeezed around her crotch strap. Victoria patted her mount's hip, and stepped aside to let the grooms continue. Two men were soon rubbing her down with bare hands to keep her warm, while the driver settled himself into the seat of his pony trap and adjusted the seat belt. Victoria, still leading the prize-festooned Treasure, wandered on up the enclosure where other racing-ponies entered in the 500 single were being tacked up; checking out the opposition, just like any other owner.

Treasure's otherworld former professor and first owner, now Lady Franklin, wasn't that hard to pick out as, unusually, she owned a black pony-girl. Slaves were not supposed to be imported or exported. The justice system required that the sentence of the court be carried out, but equally importantly, that the slave be set free at the end of that sentence. Something that could not be regulated or controlled if slaves were in foreign hands. Foreign slaves were almost exclusively diplomatic or personal gifts to a Kingdom's Royal family, from another monarch.

The plump aristocrat bustling around her naked mount projected an air of cheerful absent mindedness, getting in the way of her clearly resigned grooms as she checked the fit of her ponygirl's bit and pulled on buckles they'd already checked. Further complicating the operation, she had two naked pets following her on a short lead, one of which was already entangled in a loose rein. Her jockey, a young Lady in a white silk jacket, not the usual red-uniformed soldier, was smothering a grin while the corporal in charge tore at his hair.

The African slave was strikingly different from the run of the mill blondes. Tall, smoothly muscled, and with a racing pony's typical high pointed breasts; but she had a superb light coffee skin tone Svetlana had never seen before. She had fine North African features, but Arab influence in the pedigree usually resulted in more of an olive skin tone, not that lovely

light brown. Expensive! Her nipple rings and a row of silver chastity rings down each sex-lip, through which a rod could be threaded and locked, stood out vividly against her dark skin. And showing she was a working animal, her tattooed barcode and serial number were prominently displayed high on the right hip with no attempt at concealment.

Following slightly behind Her Majesty. Svetlana was in a position to notice Treasure's stride falter just slightly, her placid gaze suddenly riveted on Lady Franklin and her ponyslave and pets. The aristocrat and her black ponygirl, who yelped as her ringed nipples were yanked, her owner checking her reins were secure, had not yet noticed the approaching group.

The Franklin woman's two pets were more to Svetlana's personal tastes than the voluptuous, top heavy, Treasure. A male and female, both small, lithe, attractive blondes, clearly a matching pair. Ah yes! Both had gold wedding rings set through their noses. The pair also both had identical purple leather collars, matching bridles holding mouths open, ring gags strapped behind teeth, and identical wrist to elbow straps binding arms behind backs, also in matching purple. The slavegirl had a large ruby set in her navel, the slaveboy an emerald, either stone worth a king's ransom. Clearly the Franklins were a wealthy family. Lady Franklin's lead, a fine chain splitting into two halfway along its length, ran via one chain to her slavegirl's nipple rings; while the second chain ran back between the blonde girl's legs from her pierced clitoris to the ring set through the tip of her slave-husband's penis. An elegant arrangement. Just one lead, and no doubt the slaves frequently tormented each other.

"My, what a truly splendid animal. What an unusual skin tone," Queen Victoria said conversationally, yanking Treasure forward with a tug of her own lead. "Is she another one of these?"

The Lady turned, blinking in surprise, recognition finally dawning on her face as she eventually looked past bound breasts, prize-festooned nipples and the large orange ball gag that filled Treasure's mouth, focusing instead on the naked brunette's face. In the unexpected moment of silence, the faint hum of the vibrator still buzzing away inside the handcuffed girl was just audible.

"Er yes. But I really can't discuss... That's a state secret you see!" Lady



Franklin mumbled. "Sorry, you are?"

"Her Majesty, Queen Victoria the Second," Svetlana hastily filled in.

"Oh, I see. Well, I suppose that's alright then?" Lady Franklin continued, still looking rather doubtful.

Before she could continue, her jockey, with a sudden look of enlightenment bounced forward and grabbed Treasure's teasing clit chain in one hand and a handful of hair in the other.

"Hello Pony! Remember me?" she asked, planting a light kiss on one of Treasure's bulging strap-bound breasts.

"Excuse me young lady. That's my property you're handling," Victoria said, clearly amused.

"Oh, sorry." the young aristocrat said bashfully, reluctantly releasing Treasure's clit-chain. "This was my eighteenth birthday slave. She sort of stuck in my mind."

Her first, Svetlana realised. Yes, she could see it. The placid, and very sexy, Treasure would undoubtedly be a superb first ride for a virgin. More than ever she was determined to obtain the top heavy plaything for her own son's first sexual experience when he turned eighteen. Could she get her?

"My husband's God-daughter, Lady Abigail," Lady Franklin explained helplessly.

"Good was she?" Victoria asked.

"Heavenly!" the girl agreed.

As Svetlana had predicted, Treasure turned out to be the perfect calling card. Within minutes, Lady Franklin was handling Treasure's bound breasts, reminiscing about the first time she'd tit-whipped the slavegirl, having to elbow her young jockey aside and inviting Queen Victoria to inspect her own property. The blonde pair, as well as the black ponygirl, also turned out to be offworlders from Lady Franklin's home dimension. The four bound, naked,

slaves; rings set through flesh and forced to docile, compliant, sexual arousal, watched each other almost... puzzled? Reminded what had been done to them?

"Beautiful skin," Victoria said again, stroking the racing slave's dark skin. "Quite lovely. What's she like in bed?"

"She's got a good tongue," Lady Franklin replied. "And responds quite well to a butt fucking. But nothing that special in bed. These two," she gave her chain lead a yank, "are much more responsive. I turn them loose on Beauty every time she's first past the post."

A steward called the pony teams onto the racetrack; Lady Abigail settling herself into her pony trap and buckling up her seat belt, casting one last longing look at Treasure's naked body before taking up her whip and reins. Queen Victoria and Lady Franklin, falling naturally into step as if old friends, comparing notes on their sexual playthings, wandered out to the owners' box together. The ring gags that held the blonde pets' mouths open jaw-achingly wide, still allowed a tongue to be pushed out of the mouth if the slave stretched. And while the vibrator-filled Treasure moaned and sighed, the Queen's hand lightly on her rump, Lady Franklin's bound pets licked and nosed at her dripping, clamp-decorated pussy as ordered.

With occasional light trots to limber them up, the ponygirls were walked to the other side of the oval racetrack, 500 yards away. Franklin's dark mount, driven by the white-jacketed Lady Abigail among the red-uniformed soldiers driving the other racing-slaves, was easily picked out of the pack.

"Is it safe to let Abigail drive?" Victoria wondered.

"She is quite good, though I wish she wouldn't," Franklin admitted. "And it's clearly no task for a Lady. But at that age you can't tell them anything. If I didn't let her drive my girl, she'd just enter her own property. At least driving Beauty, she's at the front of the pack where it's safer. And it's rare for a jockey to be hurt overturning a carriage these days."

The pony traps were manoeuvred into a line, the crowd suddenly breathlessly quiet.

"No more bets!" a bookie called.

"And they're off!"

500 yards was half the oval racetrack. Too long for a sprint, the drivers jockeyed for position at a fast trot, whips flashing through the air. The black ponyslave being driven by the inexperienced Lady Abigail was boxed in on the railing as the pack swept around the curve, the Queen's raven-haired ponygirl being whipped along in a comfortable outside third position.

The crowd roared as sixteen naked girls, steered with reins clipped to nipple rings, pulling the pony traps they were hitched to, were whipped into clear view. The pack was starting to spread out now, the blonde the Queen's groom had picked out extending her lead. Beauty was right behind, panting down the neck of the jockey driving the blonde. Victoria's raven-haired entrant, whose pony trap had been alongside the black girl, now slipped back enough to allow Lady Abigail to weave out and attempt to come up alongside the leading carriage.

Treasure moaned as she came, her orgasm only noticed by Svetlana, the Queen slapping her hand on the girl's rump in time with her cries of "Go, go, go!"

But it was clearly between the blonde and Franklin's black slave now! The leading blonde was lashed harder as her lead slipped away, her panicked driver making her yelp and squeak so much he was probably making her breathless. Lady Abigail's squeal-producing whip strokes were all perfectly timed to land when her mount was breathing out. The crowd was on its feet as Franklin's wide-eyed, sweat-gleaming, entry, accelerated up alongside the faltering blonde; but the finish line was coming up! The pair swept over the line together, the Queen's new purchase just managing to hang onto third place.

"By a nipple, Black Beauty. Please wait for the photo-finish to confirm," the tannoy announced.

There was a breathless wait, the ponygirls gasping and slavering around their bits, were circled back around and brought to a panting halt under the

owners' box, drivers unbuckling seat belts. To cheers Lady Franklin was quickly confirmed the winner. While the common soldiers mobbed the bookies, the delighted Lady accepted her cup with a wide grin. She was of course quite happy to accept an invitation to a dinner party at the palace.

## CHAPTER 4

The dinner-party was just a small affair; a few friends, a good meal, and conversation over a drink. Not the orgy the young Lady Abigail, casting occasional hopeful looks at Treasure, had obviously been half hoping for. Only the slaves were naked.

Palace slaves served drinks and had waited on and cleared the dining table, the Queen's new racing pony chained under the table, providing oral sex for those guests who felt like a little light relief. Performing during the meal, and still chained on the separate revolving centre of the circular table - so that all guests got a good view but their meal wasn't disturbed by vibration - was Lady Franklin's victorious pony, Black Beauty. As her reward for winning the slave was strapped to a metal framework on all fours, and was being thoroughly shafted by the Lady's married blonde pets. The pretty toys were both hooded, the slaveboy with his wrists chained to Beauty's nipple rings, thrusting his cock into her mouth as he squeezed the black ponygirl's breasts; the slavegirl had her wrists chained to Beauty's tight belt loosely enough to spank her as she thrust into the black girl's pussy with a strap-on dildo. White on black made a nice contrast, Svetlana thought, and the black racing-slave's loud moans and gasps as she was shafted, spanked, and her breasts were twisted and squeezed, were clearly appreciated by the guests.

Queen Victoria and Lady Franklin finished up in tall wing-backed chairs by the fire, savouring brandy and with a table between them. Svetlana invited herself into the cosy chat by grabbing a comfortably plump stool slave and pulling her on all fours over to the fire by the chain clipped to the half-hooded girl's nose ring. Settling herself onto the well-padded slavegirl's back, she idly stroked her fingers in and out of the comfortable toy's equally plump sex.

Most of the guests had drifted into a friendly, low stakes card game - only the use of slaves being bet on, no titles transferred - a few chatting or tormenting the serving slaves and human furniture. And through the half open door of an adjoining playroom, the pained gasps of a slaveboy being

enjoyed could be heard, an Earl having liked the look of one of the serving slaves. Leaving a door ajar was not only an invitation to others to come on in and join in the fun, but common courtesy when using somebody else's slave. The host could tell valuable property wasn't being damaged by an over-enthusiastic or inexperienced guest and they shared the sounds of pain and pleasure which formed a pleasant background noise at any party with the other guests.

Treasure, who had started the evening standing strapped to attention in a glass display case in the hall where she belonged, big tits squashed up against the glass, was now draped over the table between the Queen and her guest. The golden skinned sex toy had her hands secured behind her back, chains linking the steel bracelets locked around her wrists to her pussy rings under her with padlocks, and her mouth was filled with the usual large orange ball gag. But again, no hobble, no collar chain and not even a decorative torment, if you didn't count a tiny waspie corset. The girl was being allowed too much freedom, Svetlana decided with concealed disapproval. It always happened when the Queen had a new favourite and it wasn't fair on the next owner, who, seeing the Royal brand and expecting a slave rigorously trained to the peak of perfection, unknowingly bought an idle, pampered, house-pet.

Victoria reached out and with a thick black marker pen, drew two new parallel crosses on the naked plaything's velvet skin. The Queen of England, and a scientist who had travelled from another world were playing noughts and crosses on Treasure's flesh as they talked. Lady Franklin put an X in a corner, Svetlana quite failing to understand why Her Majesty was getting on so well with a common-born woman who was only a Lady by marriage.

"So the girls from your world are actually better slaves?" Victoria asked, drawing a circle.

"Yes, I've tested them in my lab. You see you've been using the aphrodisiacs you surgically implant in your slaves' bodies for a very long time. And the milder stimulants we use are sometimes available to soldiers and to serfs and peasants on the black market. The chemicals are in the food chain now, and your toys have built up a resistance over the generations. This," she patted Treasure's thigh, drawing a new game board on a buttock, "has effectively received a dose almost two thirds more powerful than

normal. So she's hotter and more obedient because she's absolutely desperate to come! When people say they don't make them like they used to, they're right."

The Queen chuckled. "So girls taken from your world will always make more responsive, hotter, sex toys?" she concluded.

"Any other world that hasn't developed your aphrodisiacs. But yes, my home reality too," the professor agreed.

This was certainly good news for Svetlana's plans. Another reason for more Gate use; but the rest of the conversation wasn't so welcome. It turned out that to travel between alternative worlds, two sets of scientists working together had to open a Gate in each world. Two Gates! Then, like magnets coming together, the Gates would find each other.

"Theoretically, you can just punch a Gate through to another world, but it's a question of power. I ran my original Gate off the mains. I had a back-up generator in case of a power cut but for two linked Gates you need no more than it takes to run a TV. For a single Gate I'd need a big reactor just to open a Gate for a few seconds."

"But you could send somebody through, to set up a Receiver Gate to link with it in those few seconds?" Victoria asked. "You can visit any world you want to?"

Franklin looked thoughtful. "Yes actually," she agreed. "I hadn't thought of it like that. But I never had enough power to test my theory and the RSP have taken over Gate exploration now. So it's just a theory."

Her back covered in black ink games, Treasure was flipped over, Lady Franklin holding up a large breast by a nipple ring and drawing a new game-board on the side of the heavy, nipple-stretched mound with her marker pen. Victoria gave the gagged toy's belly a fondly possessive stroke, fluffing her neatly trimmed vertical tuft of pubic hair.

"So how many seconds would it take for somebody to go through a Gate with enough equipment to set up a link?" Svetlana asked. "How much

power?"

The scientist pulled Treasure onto her side and jotted some calculations on the slavegirl's hip and down her thigh.

"This is rough, you understand, but I'd need one of Londinium's power stations for a good half hour."

Svetlana and Victoria exchanged glances. Not something that could be done on the quiet, but now they knew what they needed. And what a Queen wanted, a Queen tended to get.

Victoria edged closer. "I may be able to help you test your theory," she said softly. "I've a mind to visit your homeworld. We'll discuss it further when I've talked to some people."

Clearly surprised but pleased, Lady Franklin nodded her thanks. Treasure, now almost covered from neck to toe in played games of noughts and crosses, obediently spread her legs so that her unmarked inner thighs could be used. Victoria slashed two more grids on the toy's golden flesh with her marker pen. Like some strange and cruel sexual jewellery, the shiny padlocks on her pussy rings and the chains that ran under her to her wrist cuffs were now fully and enticingly exposed. Eventually, with no more clear flesh on the brunette's body, the Queen relented and took pity on the hovering Lady Abigail.

"Oh alright, you can play with her," she said handing over a handful of Treasure's long, dark, copper-highlighted hair as a lead. "But don't wear her out. I'm planning to enjoy her myself tonight."

"Oh thank you, Your Majesty," the young aristocrat blurted, taking the offered handful of hair while Svetlana looked on sourly.

Typical! A cute, helpless, little-girl smile, and she gets life handed to her on a plate. Svetlana's human stool whined in pain as her fingers twisted deeper. And here she was, a Countess, forced to live almost in poverty. It wasn't fair!



Lady Franklin thoughtfully handled one of Treasure's large breasts, gave the slavegirl's chained pussy one last pat and then let Lady Abigail pull her naked prize to her feet. Franklin let a hand trail over a whip-marked buttock, drawn all over in thick black ink now, before the big-breasted sexual plaything, drooling around her ball gag, wrist cuffs chained and padlocked to her pussy, was pulled away.

"I must admit it was so nice seeing Jenny again," she said. "Being treated with exactly the care and attention I hoped for when I brought her here. What is it she's called now? Treasure?"

"Yes, but I think I'll change that to Precious when she's mine," Victoria decided.

"I'm sure you'll enjoy her," Lady Franklin agreed, raising her glass. "To pleasure!"

"To pleasure," Victoria agreed.

Treasure's first squeal of pain was shortly heard through the half open door of a playroom.

Treasure moaned softly into her ball gag as the young aristocrat ran her hands lightly over her naked body, needing no order to know that she was to remain motionless as she was inspected. Fingers lingered a moment on the healing burn on her hip, then her brand was kissed lightly. The corset that forced her figure into a perfect, owner-pleasing hour glass, rigid as steel, was experimentally squeezed. A tongue fleetingly explored where the cuff chains were padlocked to her pussy rings, a broad lick leaving her neatly trimmed pubic hair matted on her belly. Finally, fingers sinking into the heavy weight of Treasure's breasts, the beautiful, elegantly dressed Lady lifted ringed nipples to her lips to kiss.

Treasure gasped as soft lips closed over her nipples, the rigid nubs swollen so hard they ached, heat stirring in her belly and heart pounding faster. Being called Pony again by the haughty and thoroughly spoilt young aristocrat brought back memories. She hadn't known the Lady's name the first

time she'd been sexually used by her, on the girl's eighteenth birthday, but remembered her as quite an enthusiastic sadist despite her inexperience. Waiting breathlessly for the now twenty-year-old aristocrat to hurt her with the flesh she held up to her lips, Treasure was surprised at how gentle Lady Abigail was being. She groaned as a tongue was hooked through her nipple rings and the nipple itself was tugged lightly, between the nips of sharp teeth.

"I asked Daddy to buy you for me, you know?" she asked, hefting the lust swollen breasts that spilled out of her grip.

Treasure obediently made an inquiring noise behind the large orange ball buckled tightly into her mouth, excitement rising. Being the focus of any owner's attention always made her hotter.

"But then you were given to Isobell, and she didn't want to sell you. I was very cross!" she said with a petulant pout.

Lady Abigail's fingers sinking deeper into her breasts pulled Treasure to her knees, the aristocrat then holding up her head with a handful of hair and giving her a slave kiss. Lightly licking the lips Treasure's gag parted.

"But I'll own you one day," the aristocrat promised.

The menace, the hint of a threat in her tone, was the birthday girl Treasure remembered. She remained obediently still on her knees, looking forward, thighs spread and head up, while the aristocrat undressed and explored the contents of the playroom's cupboards and whip racks. Very aware of eyes on her naked flesh, and longing to be allowed to come now she could feel herself getting wetter as Lady Abigail gave this and that whip an experimental swish. Braided leather, with its promise of pain, hissed through the air.

"Cunt!" the aristocrat finally ordered, turning back to her waiting sex toy.

Wrists locked behind her, Treasure rose to her feet and pushed her sex into the Lady's cupped palm, practised fingers slipping inside her as she gently rubbed her crotch onto the Lady's hand.

"Tits!"

She dropped back to her knees, pushing the heavy globes into waiting hands to be squeezed and pulled.

"So obedient, and so lovely," Lady Abigail whispered softly, kneading Treasure's breasts. "I own some lovely girls, with tits just as big as these, but they never seem to enjoy me using them for sex as much as you did; no matter how hard I whip them. Up!"

Pulled back to her feet by her breasts, Treasure put her ankles together and held her head up when the cruel fingers left her. Lady Abigail slapped her left breast first, her arm swinging around in a wide arc, palm landing with a stinging crack, heavy flesh bouncing under the blow. Then right, then left, heat burning into the abused mounds with every palm-stinging slap. Treasure gasped at each blow, but held position easily. It wasn't punishment; just foreplay. With a delighted smile, eyes sparkling, the aristocrat held Treasure's breasts still by the nipple rings and rubbed her cheeks against the burning, scarlet, flesh she'd just been slapping.

"My mother says you're nothing special. That I just thought you were because you were my first," Lady Abigail breathed. "But we know better, don't we? My girls were trained to enjoy being owned, used and tormented. But you're born for it, aren't you?"

Treasure nodded obediently, wailing in delight as her slapped breasts were roughly squeezed. She'd been sexually submissive long before she'd been fitted with her first collar, no doubt partly the reason why she'd fetched such a high price. And before giving in to the Prince of Wales's over-generous offer, her previous owner Lady Isobell, had had countless offers to buy her. Pride was punished, but it still secretly delighted her, when on public display, Lords and Ladies openly desired and admired her bound nudity.

The key to her restraints, the usual one-size-fits-all, hung from her right earlobe like some strange ear ring. Lady Abigail unlocked the steel bands around her wrists, but left the cuffs and chains still hanging from her pussy rings; the teasing weight dragging down, quite delicious. Treasure immediately snapped into the position for a standing, unrestrained slave;

hands behind her head, fingers laced, and feet set a neat eighteen inches apart.

"Bend down and hold you ankles," her beautiful young Mistress ordered.

Treasure obeyed, setting her feet further apart, gripping the ankle straps of her five inch stiletto shoes tightly, little padlocks digging into her palms and keeping her legs carefully straight. Just because she was about to be whipped, was no reason not to look good. Her heavy slave-breasts, so pleasing to owners, swung awkwardly down. She much preferred being tied down when being whipped, rather than just having to hold position, but sometimes the Master or Mistress liked to test a plaything's obedience or tolerance to pain.

Bent deeply forward from the waist, her waspie corset dug uncomfortably into her belly, though Treasure still loved corsets. She knew she looked spectacular with a wasp waist, she always felt more firmly under control with the crushing band squeezing the air out of her lungs and leaving her excitingly breathless. Best of all, sex was better in a corset. Being squeezed almost in two strangely separated, concentrated, and intensified pleasure above and below the waist. Somehow magnifying and making more powerful the orgasms she was forced to, while leaving her breasts more sensitive to every delicious slap, squeeze and lick. And of course it went without saying, that being bent forward pulled her buttocks taut and eliminated the padding she had when standing upright so the lash would be more painful!

Hair trailing to the floor, perched on her toes in her stiletto heels, gripping ankles and holding her legs perfectly straight, Treasure waited with breathless anticipation for the whip's first cruel kiss. She moaned in soft frustration as the now naked aristocrat walked slowly around her motionless body and stroked her backside. Gently panting, Treasure gripped her ankles tighter.

Braided leather hissed through the air again and landed on soft, lightly tanned skin with a crack!

Treasure squealed, a blaze of pain burnt right across her backside, the vicious sting, slowly, imperceptibly, fading, and leaving behind a deep heat

burning slowly into her flesh. If she'd really gritted her teeth and braced herself, she might just have been able to prevent her shriek of distress; perhaps give just a gasp. But she'd been trained not to be inhibited, and it had never really occurred to her to try. Owners enjoyed the sound of their sex toys' pain, just as much as causing it! Panting harder she braced herself for the next stroke, wrist cuffs hanging from pussy rings by chains, swinging lightly against her thighs as she trembled. Lady Abigail stroked her fingers between the stretched sex lips.

"You like being whipped, don't you, Pony?"

Treasure nodded obediently, breasts swinging; pleasure stabbing through her as the aristocrat's fingers twisted deeper into her pussy. It would be more accurate to say that being whipped forced her to new heights of sexual arousal, than that she actually liked being whipped, but you didn't argue semantics with someone who owned you or the friends they chose to lend you to. And besides she wasn't actually lying which was always a consideration when you might be checked up on later with a lie detector. Slaves had to choose their thoughts as well as their words carefully. Treasure did desperately love sex and being whipped was part of sex for a pleasure slave she reasoned; so the Lady was, as she wanted to be, correct without Treasure having to lie to her.

She cried out around her ball gag as the whip landed with another viper crack, then another and another, now a flurry of slashes that stung her eyes, too quick to count. For the same reason she never tried to hold back a cry of pain, she never tried to hold back tears. The whip slashed down again on her burning, throbbing flesh; fanning the heat in her belly into a raging flame. And with every blazing stroke, fingers twisted deeper, to the knuckle, inside her sex, making her hotter still.

The pretty aristocrat whipping her paused in her torture to stroke her handiwork, her palm on Treasure's trembling buttocks cool and silky. Treasure groaned in forced pleasure as hands stroked down her hips, over the unyielding corset, and fingers sank deep into her breasts again.

"Good Pony," her aristocratic tormentor breathed in the distinctive, cultured, cut-glass tones of her class, rubbing her pelvis lightly against

Treasure's crotch. "You'll come if I whip you any more won't you?"

Treasure nodded eagerly, moaning assent behind her gag.

"On your knees. Lock your wrists back behind your back," Lady Abigail decided.

Treasure whimpered in soft protest, knowing how close to coming she was but obeyed automatically. She'd been trained to believe, and had reluctantly come to accept, that only the pleasure of the person using her was of any consequence. If she was good she might be granted the privilege of being allowed to come; but only might be!

Breasts heaving, sweat slick under her corset and collar now, and pussy dripping wet, she sat on her heels, head up and thighs spread wide, the whip-heat off her buttocks burning into her calves. Fumbling under herself for the cuffs, she found the metal bands and obediently snapped them closed around her wrists behind her, gasping at the lightest inadvertent tugs through the chains padlocked to her labia.

Saliva dripped onto her breasts for the first time as the young aristocrat whose entertainment she was, stroked her whip lightly between Treasure's sex lips. She stroked the juice-glistening whip across her palm, and then flopped back into a chair, legs carelessly spread.

"Heel!"

Treasure crawled to her feet, and her gag was removed, more strands of saliva dripping onto the rise and fall of her heavy breasts as the large orange ball fell from her mouth. She'd hoped she'd get used to them eventually, but ball gags still made her drool just as much now as the first one had done. The look of doe-eyed submission a ball gag gave her was well worth it though, and most owners actually seemed to find a slavegirl drooling on her own breasts quite pretty.

Treasure cautiously explored her own lips with her tongue. They were soft and moist as always - the grooms used a combined lipstick-type moisturiser and lip gloss on her - but she was used to wearing a ball gag or

bit, occasionally a tongue clamp or a hood's built-in cock gag, up to twenty-two hours a day. Her lips felt strangely numb and rubbery, like after a dentist's injection.

"Lick my feet now," her mistress for the evening commanded.

Treasure dropped instantly onto her belly. Taking a moment to savour the sensation of her breasts squashed under her, nipples trailing through the carpet as she squirmed closer, she began licking with broad, firm, strokes. It was actually a task she quite enjoyed, despite, or because of, the fact that it frequently led to punishment for tickling. Slaves were teased, never owners!

Lying naked on the floor, wrists chained to her labia behind her, decorated with collar and corset, and covered in thick black ink from the games of noughts and crosses, she performed her task as she did all her duties; carefully, diligently and with total devotion. The young aristocrat had quite pretty feet, but Treasure's tongue found fluff between her toes and her nails needed trimming; something the soldiers who exercised, fed and meticulously groomed Treasure herself, would be disciplined for if an aristocrat happened to comment.

"Sit up!"

Treasure obeyed, moaning softly in pleasure as her breasts were hefted and kneaded again. Another reason she liked gags. It gave her something to bite down on.

"My, aren't we a big girl?" the Lady handling her whispered in pleased tones. "So heavy! I bet these get whipped a lot, don't they, Pony?" she asked, squeezing the breasts she held for emphasis.

"Yes Mistress," Treasure agreed placidly.

The aristocrat tied the ends of two lengths of string around each of Treasure's nipples, crushing the swollen nubs with a delightfully cruel pressure when she pulled the nooses tight. Treasure gasped as her breasts were lifted up by her tied nipples, groaning as the Lady amused herself making the heavy mounds bob on their tethers, and then swinging the strings

in and out, bouncing Treasure's breasts together.

The beautiful aristocrat even somehow managed to look elegant and unflustered, sprawled naked in a chair, a bound and very flustered slavegirl kneeling between her legs. Treasure whimpered, as against the not inconsiderable weight of her breasts, quivering with every pull, her brutally stretched nipples were jerked and yanked this way and that. Lady Abigail had a wide grin of delight on her face.

Treasure so desperately needed to come now but held herself passively still and silent, apart from the little moans of pain she was allowed. No slavegirl would dream of speaking without permission while being enjoyed. Participation was for lovers; for slaves there was only obedient endurance. The little spark of defiance that had allowed Treasure to even consider escape, flickered briefly again. She didn't mind whips, chains and humiliation, and of course the owners using her had to enjoy themselves, but sometimes the amount of torment she had to endure before being allowed to come did seem just a little unjust.

"Lick me!" the sweet voiced Lady ordered.

Treasure swayed forward, plunging her tongue deep into her mistress's sex, nose mashed into pubic hair. Lady Abigail sighed happily, the strings tied to Treasure's nipples loose in her grip now, slumping down in the chair allowing Treasure to look up her body into her eyes. With a lazy smile, the aristocrat gave Treasure's nipples another painful yank, just to remind her who was in charge, Treasure gasping onto her flesh. While Treasure watched Lady Abigail's face as she kissed and licked, breathing hot onto the aristocrat's pussy, the Lady's eyes drifted closed in dreamy pleasure. After over two years in a collar, Treasure was quite expert at oral sex. Lady Abigail sighed softly as she came, but then for her, orgasm was a release. Slaves, addicted to sex, were never really satisfied no matter how loudly they were made to squeal in ecstasy.

"Oh... Good Pony!" the aristocrat breathed.

Treasure kept her lips lightly touching the aristocrat's sex, until pushed away; as she had been trained to. The Lady slumped back in her chair a



moment while she got back her breath, lightly touching a dew-chilled glass to her lips.

Treasure was then pulled to her feet with the string tied to her nipples, led behind the chair, and pushed forward over its back. With practised fingers Lady Abigail tied the stings to the chair-legs, holding her sex toy bent forward over the chair back, toes just touching the floor. Treasure's corset-nipped waist provided a useful notch to hold her in place.

"Now put your hands on your backside, and pull your cunt open for me," the aristocrat demanded. "Like that! More! Wider still! I want to be able to look right inside you. Good Pony!"

The chains linking her wrist cuffs to her pussy now pulling her inner labia wide apart, Treasure whimpered in frustration as her tormentor fumbled with the ring set through her clitoris. She was so very desperately hot, but the birthday girl was clearly a much more experienced slave user now, and would not let her come by mistake. Another length of string securing her clit ring to the chair further pulled her pussy open for the aristocrat's inspection, and held her, desperately panting with lust, firmly immobile.

The aristocrat patted a thigh, fingernails trailing between Treasure's buttocks, and then she stepped into and buckled up the harness of a strap-on dildo right in front of her face. Treasure could have counted every ridge and fake vein on the fat shaft; longing to be allowed to come now, but knowing her shafting was going to be brutal. Too big; it was going to hurt to start with! Lady Abigail turned on the playroom's cameras and sound system so that the moment could be savoured again later, walked slowly around her panting victim a couple of times, admiring her bent forward prize from this direction and that; and then settled her hands onto Treasure's hips. The fat invader the aristocrat wore nudged her spread sex, but did not penetrate.

"You want to be ridden by me, don't you Pony? To be fucked?"

"Oh yes please, Mistress," she breathed.

"Beg!" the aristocrat commanded. "Tell me how much you want me to ram this big fat shaft into your cunt. How much you want it to hurt. How

much you're longing for it!"

"Please fuck me Mistress," Treasure moaned obediently. "Ram it right into my cunt. I need it! I want it!"

"More!" Lady Abigail demanded.

"I'm so hot Mistress! So wet, I can't wait any more. Please fuck me hard!" she gasped, obediently pleading but meaning every word.

No slave ever dared lie. She might be checked up on with a lie detector later.

"Split me with your shaft! Make me squeal; I'm longing for it!" Treasure begged. "I exist only for your pleasure, Mistress. Please use me!"

"Good Pony! Tell me what you want me to do to you!"

"Spank me while you fuck me, Mistress. Deep and hard! Make me squeal and squirm. I deserve to be used brutally; so that you enjoy me more! You can squeeze my big heavy tits while you fuck me to make me more responsive," she coaxed. "Heavy-titted slaves love having their udders hurt!"

"Good Pony! More!" her tormentor demanded.

"I'm a bitch in heat, Mistress," Treasure invented desperately. "Ride me like the animal I am! Tame me! I need a firm hand to get the best out of me. Please, fuck me, whip me, hurt me! I have no desires or thoughts of my own, just animal lusts! I exist only to be enjoyed. For your pleasure. Oh, please Mistress, use me! I don't think I can stand any more!"

Treasure squealed in pain as the big shaft was slammed into her sex, the strap-on dildo rammed deep, then to the hilt in one more brutal thrust, hands tight on her hips dragging her back onto the shaft. A bolt of agony from the nipple-strings tethering her breasts, holding her bent down over the chair back, added to the intensity of her shriek as she tried to rear up when penetrated.

"What do we say, Pony?"

"Th... Th... Thank you Mistress," Treasure stammered, blinking away tears.

"Don't stop slut! Tell me how much you like it. How much you want it," the spoilt, rich, young Lady demanded in her beautifully cultured voice.

The fat shaft withdrew half its length, and then plunged back in, slowly at first, gradually faster and deeper as Treasure obediently moaned, gasped and begged, for her user's pleasure.

"Oh God!" she cried. "Please, I... Please, I..."

"Try to be coherent Pony," Lady Abigail laughed.

"It hurts!" she wailed.

"But you want more, don't you Pony?" the aristocrat demanded, squeezing Treasure's breasts as she thrust now

"Yes Mistress, thank you Mistress. Thank you for squeezing my tits Mistress," she gasped.

"And what are you?"

"A bitch on heat, Mistress. The rutting animal you are riding. Please fuck me harder, Mistress. I need it!"

"Good Pony," the aristocrat laughed.

Treasure's fingers were raked claws in her own buttocks as she forced herself to hold her padlock-chained labia apart. The dildo was sliding easily in her wetness as she acclimatised to the huge shaft, her cries mingled pleasure and pain as the invader plunged in and out of her pussy now. Her squirms and twists and Lady Abigail's thrusts tugged deliciously at her tied down clitoris.

"Thank you... Oh!" Treasure cried in sudden pain as her noosed nipples were rolled between fingers. "Thank you for hurting my tits, Mistress."

"What sort of tits are we talking about?" her user demanded, laughter in her tone.

"Big, heavy, udders, Mistress," Treasure stammered. "Please torture my nipples more. It makes me so hot. So wet! Please squeeze and twist and... oh God... my udders... I... some more...! I'm coming!"

Treasure squealed in ecstasy as wave after wave of pleasure consumed her body; orgasm on top of orgasm, pussy clenching around the shaft impaling her in a sudden spasm. She was done, spent, but still her shafting didn't stop.

"Thank you, Mistress. Thank you, Mistress. Thank you, Mistress," Treasure mumbled as the aristocrat continued to ride her.

The now dripping dildo slammed in and out of her with ease, rocking her body back and forth and yanking painfully on the strings tied to nipples and her clit ring. Recovering her senses a little now she'd been made to come. Treasure tried to push herself up onto her toes to take some of the pressure off her tormented nipples, but the young aristocrat riding her just squeezed and pulled her breasts all the harder or yanked her head up with handfuls of hair.

Pain and pleasure merged and fused in a whirlwind of sensation that overwhelmed her. She cried out once more in helpless, desperate, pleasure; made to come again and again, obediently parroting whatever phrases her user wanted in mindless gasps and pants. Agreeing without question that, yes, she was a big-titted slut who loved to be fucked. A bitch on heat who loved pain. That she was a beautiful animal who should only to be ridden and trained to the peak of sexual perfection by Lady Abigail herself.

Each orgasm was an explosion of sensation, but in no way compared with her first, shattering, all-consuming, multiple-orgasm. Though she was sweat lathered and gasping now, the aristocrat continued remorselessly riding Treasure to her own leisurely climax.

"Such a good Pony," the Lady crooned as Treasure was forced to cry out in pleasure once more. "You'll enjoy being owned by me!"

The brutal fucking went on and on, until Treasure could only mindlessly grunt and gasp helplessly at each thrust, unable to verbally humiliate herself any longer no matter how hard her breasts were squeezed, her nipple tethers yanked or how deeply the strap-on dildo was rammed into her, her consciousness finally submerged and overwhelmed by lust. When Lady Abigail finally came herself, her plaything was long past noticing and Treasure flopped limp the moment the dildo was withdrawn.

A half dozen whip strokes to the backside soon brought her back to alert attention. Sex was never over until the owner said so.

Treasure hung from her wrists, mouth again filled with her familiar and comfortable orange ball gag, toes just brushing gently steaming water. The electric winch above her bath allowed Queen Victoria to pull a slave completely out of the water to soap or dry, to lower her sexual plaything completely into the water, or anything in between. Treasure was in heaven, Queen Victoria already naked in the bath, slowly but firmly soaping her legs. A bath! The soldiers who soaped, shampooed and hosed her down in the shower block were efficient but there was nothing gentle or luxuriant about the process.

When the Queen had worked a satisfactory lather up and down both legs, at the touch of a button, Treasure was lowered into the hot water until her knees just touched the bottom of the huge tub. She swayed as she found her balance, her weight taken slightly off her wrist cuffs, and with a happy smile the Queen lifted one of her breasts and lightly touched her lips to a ringed nipple. The winch chain pulling her arms taut above her, Treasure moaned in soft gag-muffled pleasure as a soaped hand stroked between her legs, gentle fingers parting pussy lips and penetrating.

It had been a long, hard week for Treasure. Normally a toy used as hard as she had been would be put back in her box for a while, she knew. On display or in her cell, until she was unmarked and fresh, ready to be enjoyed again. The Queen, now toying with her ring-set clitoris, flicking semi stiff nipples properly swollen with her free hand, obviously realised her sexual plaything was exhausted.

"You're tired aren't you pet?" she asked softly, planting a light kiss on Treasure's navel, clawed fingernails sinking into Treasure's buttocks to pull her toy's hips forward. "Don't worry. I'm going to be gentle with you tonight."

She ducked her head, taking a nipple ring between her teeth and lifting a heavy breast, almost to Treasure's gag-parted lips before letting the full mound drop with a bounce.

"I'll only whip you if you need it," she concluded kindly.

The soap-on-a-rope was dildo shaped, the slippery smooth invader sliding easily inside Treasure's sex and back passage underwater. Letting the winch chain take more of her weight, she strained down onto the soap rod being thrust into her pussy. She tried to grip the shaft twisted in and out of her, but her insides, front and back, were full of soap and the dildo just slipped out of her. The Queen pressed up against her as she thrust the soap dildo here and there, leaning on her and rubbing her own naked slippery-wet body against her moaning toy's as she worked.

Her nipples now so hard they ached, breasts lust-swollen, and the spark in her belly that never really went away fanned into a raging flame again, Treasure panted gently as she hung from her wrist cuffs, forced arousal temporarily banishing her exhaustion. Expecting the soap to be washed out of her, feeling how slippery she was inside, front and back, Treasure was surprised to see her Mistress reaching for a long-handled brush to scrub her back with. If she hadn't been so tired she would have been thinking more clearly, and realised the brush was long, rod-like, with short bristles all around the lower twenty centimetres. A phallus of bristles!

Treasure whimpered as the inside of her back passage was scrubbed, the short, flexible bristles twisted firmly this way and that, pushed in and out, scratching at soft internal tissue, the rod-like brush particularly painful as it was pushed in and dragged out past her tightly puckered anus. Her pussy less fragile but more sensitive, the scrubbing brush, even lubricated by a mixture of soap, water and her own juices still hurt as it was twisted in and out of her sex. Her breasts quivering as she gasped, yelped and twisted, Treasure's cries were as much pleasure as pain. The scrubbing brush dragged back and forth

across her clitoris made her cry out in desperate delight.

"Ready to be fucked again now?" her mistress asked.

Treasure nodded eagerly, pushing her body up against her tormentor to the limits of her winch chain, soft broad bands digging into her wrists as she tried to squash her breasts harder against her user's body. The Queen laughed, Treasure's display of compliant affection earning her a pat on the hip, before she used the winch to lower Treasure further until she was sitting on her heels. The woman soaping her and using her bound body for her own sexual gratification was smallish, slender, with a touch of grey in her hair, and laughter lines around her eyes. To Treasure's eyes she looked to be in her forties, but in this world where they could hold back ageing she could be well into her sixties.

Older women, while no less cruel or sexually demanding of their property, seemed more relaxed about sex to Treasure. The Queen for example seemed quite content to enjoy a slavegirl at her leisure, unhurried when swinging a whip or sitting on her toy's face, secure in the knowledge that the top heavy sex toy, or another just as good, would still be available to dildo-fuck the next morning. And a little tit torture or honing the bound, naked, pet's oral skills, could always wait until the following evening. Quite unlike the twenty-year-old Lady Abigail, who had wanted to do everything at once.

The Queen spent an age soaping her breasts, the water tepid by the time the heavily soap-lathered globes had finally been kneaded and squeezed between soap-slippery fingers for the last time, and Treasure's back, arms and face were given a quick scrub. Hanging limp and totally passively from her winch chain, moaning softly behind her gag, pussy still tingling from its scrubbing, Treasure was winched out of the water, rinsed off, and left hanging by her wrists to drip dry while a slaveboy carefully patted the Queen dry with a soft fluffy towel. After Her Majesty had put the bedroom slave in his kennel for the night and enjoyed a light snack, Treasure found herself on her Mistress's bed, wrists chained to the headboard.

The Queen sat astride her, artistically placing clothespins on her breasts. With a sharp bite, the pinch of each wooden clamp springing closed on her flesh was actually quite pleasant; when there were just a few. But the Queen

had a bag full! Her breasts and heavily clamped nipples throbbing with a dull pain, Treasure knew the worst was still to come. When the clothespins were removed, and blood rushed back into crushed capillaries, then the pain would be even worse.

As she worked, the Queen mused aloud on the changes she would make if Treasure became her legal property and she could rename her Precious. Her hair would have to be trimmed, the Queen decided. The long mane, while pretty on a ponygirl, got in the way a bit in the bedroom where Precious would be spending most of her time. Precious would also have to have her tongue pierced and fitted with a tickler, to make her better at oral sex. And a pussy lock, a row of rings set through each sex lip through which a rod could be threaded and locked, like on Lady Franklin's Black Beauty, would be a very attractive adornment, she decided. The Queen was also toying with the idea of bringing her to milk, but worried Treasure's breasts were too large.

Two in one day! It was lovely to be wanted, but she hoped Her Majesty wasn't too set on the dairy slave bit, a humiliation she had hoped to avoid during her sentence. A dairy-slave was easy enough to create. A vat-grown gene-altered gland, releasing the necessary hormones into the body, was surgically implanted; and two weeks later your slavegirl needed to be milked twice a day. Every household had a couple of the poor things, sometimes just for their tasty produce; more often doubling as pillow slaves. Many owners enjoyed milking their property by hand, the hooded girl on a table kneeling on all fours over a bowl; and for some, a plaything with breasts swollen heavy with milk, was not only pretty to look on, but a very sexy toy to bed. Treasure knew that sadistic owners only milked their sex toys a little or once a day, so that the dairy slaves' breasts became, hugely, painfully, swollen.

The Queen finally stopped applying clothespins, but only after she had run out of flesh on Treasure's breasts, not clothespins. Both large mounds were now completely covered under domes of clamps, like some sort of wooden-spined hedgehogs. Treasure groaned as her Mistress lightly ran her fingers over the forest of clamps, each touch magnified into real pain where wooden jaws bit deep into flesh. Tossing aside her bag of clothespins with a smile - nobles always liked a little moan of pain - the Queen settled herself astride Treasure's left thigh and pulled her right leg up high, Treasure's ankle



over her shoulder; and then began slowly but firmly thrusting her crotch against Treasure's.

Treasure cried out in delight behind her gag, gripping the headboard her wrists were chained to, as the Queen's pussy was rubbed back and forth across her own. The three rings set through her own flesh, clitoris and inner-lips, were deliciously tugged, rolled and pushed this way and that. It wasn't at all how she'd expected to be enjoyed! Slow and gentle; it was almost like making love! The clothespins decorating her chest rattled gently together as her breasts swayed, rocking with her body.

Treasure was allowed to come three times before her mistress was finished with her, the clothespins, as she'd known they would be, were agonising when they were removed. Whimpering and gasping at the pain, she was hot again by the time her flesh was bare, but despite a little forlorn whine, knew she would not be allowed to come again today. The wooden clamps left little pinch-marks all over her breasts, but she knew the Queen had been kind. She could have removed the clamps during sex!

Lying bound on the floor, Treasure was allowed to eat the cold and congealed scraps from the Queen's meal, and then, still bound, allowed to use Her Majesty's toilet. Queen Victoria wiped a soft cloth between Treasure's legs herself quite unselfconsciously. As any young noble was told; if you were going to keep pets, occasionally you had to clean up after them. Her final duty of the day, was to be allowed the privilege of serving as the Queen's bed warmer.

In the still of the night, lying naked, facedown, wrists once again chained to the headboard, but no ball gag, the Queen snuggled up against her body's warmth, Treasure let her mind wander back over an eventful day. For the first time in a very long while, the future held choices. Four of them! Jenny, Pony, Precious and Treasure!

Who did she want to be? Admittedly only the chance to become Jenny again was hers to make, and it was a slim chance at best, but if that came about she might get a chance to bolt for freedom,. But now in the future she might have to answer to Treasure, Precious or even Pony! And perhaps because the different possibilities prevented her becoming fixated on one

Master or Mistress; she found it was still possible to entertain forbidden thoughts like escape. She'd expected to be totally brainwashed by now.

Treasure was woken in the early hours when Her Majesty reached under her, grabbed a fistful of pubic hair, and pulled her onto her side, snuggling into a spoon position. As a combination bed warmer, hot water bottle and cuddly toy, Treasure was used to being pulled around in the night, often by breasts or pussy hair. Knowing she would be punished if she woke the Queen, she was careful to make no sound, keeping her breathing slow, deep and even. She'd spent many nights with her wrists chained to the headboards of various beds and her experience told her that the Queen was not really awake. As naturally as she had once rearranged a pillow in her sleep, a noblewoman could pull or push the naked, chained, slave she slept with into a more comfortable position for herself without fully waking.

Treasure liked being used as a bed warmer. The comfort of another's body heat, breath and pulse on her flesh, being stroked by half asleep hands and just the privilege of sleeping without body restraints or gag, beat lying hogtied in her little cell every night of the week. Sometimes she drifted into dreamy consciousness finding herself already being sexually used - Lady Isobell had been quite good at gently easing a vibrator into her without waking her until she switched it on - and sometimes, dreaming of sex, the sleepy person enjoying her didn't even realise what they were doing. The night before last, the Queen had straddled her in her sleep, gripping tight with thighs, nuzzling at her breasts and then pulling her over on top of her, had only then woken fully and demanded to know what Treasure thought she was doing!

She'd spent the night hog-tied on the cold marble tiles of the bathroom floor for that one, a spiked mat under her breasts. But mostly bed warmer was a fun task. If she was to be a dairy slave she'd have to learn to sleep with tight clamps on her nipples, she realised. So that when the Queen pulled her about or handled her in the night, she didn't stain the silk sheets.

## CHAPTER 5

"Mother, what have you been doing to my new slave?" Prince Samuel asked. "She's got whippings on top of whippings on top of whippings. I can't take her out in public in that state!"

Treasure's owner had returned to Londinium that morning on the night train, greeting her by tying her face down on his bed and coming in her ass with twin handfuls of breast while Treasure squeaked around a latex hood's built-in cock gag.

"Well, I was enjoying her so much and you were only away for a week," Queen Victoria replied offhand, Treasure able to imagine her careless shrug.

The conversation was taking place above her head, Treasure under the breakfast table on her knees, arms zipped into a single leather sleeve behind her back, straps over her shoulders. She'd never actually laid eyes on the King of England, just seen his stern, forbidding face on coins, banknotes and in portraits in guardrooms. It didn't look like that was going to change today. The Royal penis deep in her mouth, His Highness occasionally handling her breasts or giving her nipples a little tweak, Treasure eavesdropped shamelessly while she licked and kissed, sliding her lips up and down the shaft.

"She's got a nice mouth," the king agreed, his cock flexing on Treasure's tongue.

"Hey, I found her!" Samuel protested. "Get your own toys."

"I'll trade you," Queen Victoria offered. "Angela, and any other slavegirl you chose for her?"

"Nah, Angela's getting on a bit. I'll trade you the quads for her?"

"Samuel! The only identical quadruplets in the Kingdom? She's not that

special. I'll give you the twins and Angela for her though."

"Oooh, no fair!" Treasure's owner protested, clearly tempted. "Let me have a chance to enjoy her first."

The banter was friendly, would never lead to hurt feelings or offence. Possession of a mere slave would never be put before family.

"You will let me take her hunting though?" Victoria pressed.

"Oh yes," the Prince of Wales agreed. "I thought you'd want to as soon as I saw her in harness. Have you taken her out for a trot yet?"

"Just a little drive. She's very willing, but she's a little nervous in traffic I found. Needs a firm hand on the reins."

"Yes, she's a country pony. Takes good whip though, doesn't she?"

The cock in her mouth twitched in a sudden spasm, hot come splashing into her mouth. Treasure obediently swallowed and licked the king clean. She was patted on the head and then pushed away.

"So how was Scotland, son?" the king asked with a sigh.

"Damp and cold. I can't imagine why King Charles ever wanted to invade the place. They do a nice redhead though."

Treasure licked her lips and looked around. She'd tentatively applied voices to the lower bodies she could see. Princess Alice had her skirt up ready, and Prince Gregor also had his fly open. The Princess was next.

After two weeks spent mainly on show in a glass display case in the palace's main hall, Treasure was feeling very frisky, her body now unmarked, lightly tanned and toned. To keep up muscle tone, the grooms had strapped her to exercise machines under sun lamps in the mornings and evenings, electrodes clamped to nipples and clitoris to make sure she kept up. NCOs were keen to exercise their rights - the Queen had kept her very busy the first week - and though the line waiting to come in the palace's voluptuous new

slave's mouth or between her breasts was sometimes six or seven long, all the eligible soldiers wanting their share in case she was sold on, she was still well rested having been put to bed at eight each night. And, only having been allowed to come a half dozen times in the whole two weeks, she was now positively eager to be used in whatever sexual manner her owner chose to enjoy her. Just thinking about Prince Samuel made her nipples swell and her pussy tingle.

Pulled from her cell early one morning, the floodlights not on, other hogtied and ball-gagged girls still sleeping by the duty guard's nightlight, she didn't get particularly excited. A trooper had been newly promoted to corporal and probably wanted to exercise his rights before the day began, she thought. Her heart leapt as she was led past the guard house to the shower block, three yawning troopers suspending her face down at about waist height with soft, broad wrist and ankle cuffs from the shower block's chains.

Treasure squealed as the nozzle of the irrigation tube was pushed into her anus, the lubricating jelly ice cold, swaying in the chains as she was given a reassuring pat on the backside. In front of her a sleepy trooper in waterproofs settled himself onto a stool, rubbed his face against her breasts hanging under her to wake himself up and then squeezed toothpaste onto an electric toothbrush. Treasure obediently held her mouth open to allow water to be squirted into it, followed by the buzzing, rotating bristles. She could feel her stomach swell as warm water was pumped into her back passage, the third trooper pouring a pool of liquid soap into the small of her back ready for use. Teeth clean, a final blast of cold water rinsed her mouth out, and while the contents of her stomach were flushed out of her, she was fitted with her ball gag again. Treasure was shampooed, then came the nice bit, three pairs of soaped hands, slowly, firmly, remorselessly, kneading the liquid soap deep into every crevice and over every inch of her skin.

Rinsed off with a cold high pressure hose, she was hung from her wrists in the industrial sized dryer, twisting slowly under her chain while giant, slowly thumping, six foot fans blew hot air across her naked body, her hair streaming out behind her. With a full crew working on a production line of delivered slaves, the shower block could leave ten slaves clean enough to eat off every five minutes. The three young troopers who had tended her lounged

around chatting, occasionally amusing themselves swinging her body this way and that by nipples and pubic hair, or pushing her up against the fans' protective mesh screen, squeezing her flesh into little squares.

Shampooed, blow-dried and brushed, moisturiser on her lips and her body piercings given a quick polish, Treasure was taken to a tack room. Pony traps and carriages all around her, a hood was pulled down over her head and padlocked snug around her neck, and arms and legs still free, she was left. As with all cell blocks where slaves were mainly kept naked and barefoot, the air was warm and the carpet underfoot was soft. Treasure obediently settled into the correct unrestrained position, feet set apart, fingers laced behind her head, able to imagine eyes on her naked flesh only too well. She waited.

His ponygirl was facing away from him, motionless, where she'd been left, her naked form familiar now but far from commonplace. Treasure was breathing slowly and deeply, calmly, under her hood. Prince Samuel paused, drinking in the lovely plaything's glorious curves; the swell of breasts to either side of her body visible even from directly behind, and her slender waist flaring out into her beautifully firm, spankable, rounded behind. His eyes trailed down the superb length of her legs and back up, a hint of fluff visible between firm tapering thighs. She shivered just a little when he stroked between her legs, nipples hard against his palms when he squeezed them, but was obediently motionless and silent.

He pulled her harness's straps over her shoulders first, buckling her girth tight, the broad leather band digging deep into silky soft flesh as Treasure obediently exhaled, and then he buckled her arms behind her back, wrist to elbow. The more he'd worked Treasure, the more he decided he liked seeing a ponygirl pulling the full weight of her pony trap with just the harness, no hands on the little two-wheeled carriage's shafts. He let his hand trail up a thigh, squeezing a buttock. You needed a big powerful girl though; and the gorgeous Treasure fitted the bill perfectly.

With her arms secure, he pulled tight and locked the rest of the straps on her harness, leaving only the crotch strap, mounted with butt plug and spined dildo hanging down behind her from the back of the girth. Treasure blinked in the bright light when he pulled off her hood, sighing in pleasure behind her

ball gag when she recognised him, and delightfully, leaning into his grip when he petted her now. It was a lovely touch. Letting him know she was subservient with the troopers, but far more eager to be enjoyed by her rightful owner. He gave her a slave kiss. The hazel-eyed brunette really became more delicious every time her used her.

After removing the ball gag Samuel pulled her bridle over her head, Treasure whining softly when he screwed her pin-lined clamp bit hard down on her tongue, perfectly docile as he buckled and locked the bridle's collar snug, the leather band digging lightly into her neck. Being tacked up was clearly exciting the tall slave, her eyes sparkling, heavy breasts rising and falling faster now. The tack her previous owner, Lady Isobell, had designed was almost perfect, but he'd wanted to add his own little touches. On his orders, the palace harness maker had added some slight improvements. A strap running over the top of Treasure's head now pulled two long blunt metal hooks into each nostril. Padlocked to the back of her collar, the new strap on her bridle permanently held the docile ponygirl's head up proudly now. With a pleased smile he squeezed the breasts Treasure could no longer look down at, producing a low moan of pleasure from his sexual plaything.

After a light kiss to each nipple, he pulled up the tit straps. The thick bands, lined with little tormenting spines, that were buckled around the base of each heavy melon, squeezing the flesh out into globes were linked to the harness proper with just chains. The criss-crossed supporting straps that looped over, under and around the large globes though, were an integral part of the harness. The effect was quite dramatic, his ponygirl's breasts now squeezed out nicely as well as supported, nipples forced to protrude. He attached reins to the rings set through the straining nubs.

Samuel lingered a moment, stroking her trapped flesh, knowing how sensitive binding a slavegirl's breasts made them. Treasure whimpered when he licked and kissed her bulging flesh, squeaking when he gave her nipple rings a yank to settle the straps into place; but held herself docilely still. The Prince gave her pussy a quick approving pat, his plaything groaning in delight when he nipped her swollen nipples between his teeth. Treasure panting gently now, held her balance easily as he slipped a running slipper onto first one and then the other foot.

Kneeling down behind his property, seeing up close just how deeply his lush toy's girth dug into her waist; moisture glistening between plump pussy lips, he was reminded again what a truly sexual animal Treasure was. Identical twin ponyboys and the lovely Angela was a tempting offer, but then he wouldn't be free to enjoy this whenever he liked. He stroked Treasure's now neatly healed brand, a very neat job, and happily bit into a golden velvet buttock. Decisions, decisions!

"Bend forward!" he ordered, holding onto Treasure's crotch strap to stop her overbalancing as she obeyed.

The voluptuous sex toy tensed when she felt the greased plug pushed against her anus, Samuel having to push quite hard until the large pear shaped plug disappeared inside her with almost a pop. Treasure gasped.

"Good girl," he praised her softly.

Thoughtfully he hefted her spined dildo in his hand, closing his fist around the shaft and feeling the flexible little spines dig into his palm, rubbing the thumb of his free left hand down the little pin prick spines lining the front of the crotch strap that would dig into Treasure's belly. It seemed a little cruel, but the pretty brunette undoubtedly understood that he'd only get the best out of her, enjoy her to the full, if he used a combination of pleasure and pain to leave her mindlessly obedient. A ponygirl's performance suffered if she was allowed to think.

Another addition made to Treasure's already elaborate harness on his orders, was two new straps running under her. From the hip, a thin strap, lighter than the thick crotch strap, ran down under each buttock, lifting and supporting it before briefly joining the crotch strap under her, and then splitting away, running up either side of her pussy. The intended effect was to squeeze her sex lips even tighter around the original crotch strap pulled deep into her sex, as an extra torment. And Treasure would surely look prettier with three tight straps indenting the firm swell of her belly.

Handling the cruel, teasing dildo he was about to insert into his property, imagining his whip licking across the firm, previously unblemished, buttocks he was leaving little bite marks on, he suddenly decided he had to have her.



"Who's a lovely pony then?" he breathed into her ear, standing close behind her.

With her bit in, Treasure of course knew better than to try and speak and didn't even open her eyes. Her lips were curled back where she was biting down hard on her bit, bound breasts rising and falling rapidly now. She gasped in pleasure when he pulled her over to a bench by her pubic hair, butt plug inside her but straps and dildo still trailing down between her legs. Prince Samuel manoeuvred his almost tacked-up mount astride a bench and hobbled her.

Giving Treasure one last pat on the firm backside he'd soon be cracking a whip over as he drove her through the streets of Londinium, Prince Samuel slipped out of his breeches, and lay down on the bench, pushing his feet under his waiting slave. Standing awkwardly astride the bench, Treasure waited patiently, unable to look down at him because of the curb strap's hooks pulled up into her nostrils. He used the reins hanging from her nipple rings to make her shuffle forward with little tugs, until she was over him.

He didn't bother to order her to lower herself, just pulled her down with hands on her hips. He released the reins a moment, guiding his stiffening cock inside her, and Treasure subserviently let her weight settle fully onto him, driving his shaft deep into her waiting sex. She moaned in lust around her bit.

He usually preferred sex with his ponygirls at the end of a drive, his mount standing, bent forward from the waist and still hitched between the shafts of her pony trap. Then he could savour the body heat her exertions had forced her to; flesh almost hot to his touch. With a pretty sheen of sweat on her, buttocks nicely marked, and panting with lust as well as exhaustion after being trotted stuffed full of dildo front and back, the hot pussy he plunged his penis into was guaranteed to be nice and juicy! Not to worry. He could ride Treasure again after her workout.

The curb strap holding Treasure's head up was definitely a good idea, he decided. He was not only free to explore her body with his hands as always, but also with his eyes, where now even that was denied to his lovely mount. He let his hands trail up her thighs, digging thumbs lightly into her belly and

making his cock-impaled toy groan. His fingers stroked flesh squeezed above and below the brutally tight eighteen inch girth, tracing the line of her ribcage and then cupping her strap-bound breasts. Hard, swollen-tight, flesh filled his hands, so unlike the normal heavy sway of the pretty slavetoy's flesh when her big breasts weren't bound. She jerked with a squeak, harness straps digging deeper into her upper arms when Samuel gave her constricted, shiny-taut flesh the lightest of squeezes.

A groom led another pair of ponygirls into the tack room, a pair of slender ash blondes, both watching Treasure being shafted impassively while they were fitted with their own tack for an early morning workout. The trooper of course affected not to notice; all brisk, bustling, business as he inserted dildos and buckled bits into mouths. Treasure was gasping and moaning around her own bit now, hips twitching as she was handled, but was still obediently holding herself as still as she could, awaiting his order to begin. Samuel released her breasts and took up her reins in one hand, a firm handful of pubic hair in the other. The only real problem with roped tits was you couldn't give them a really good squeeze or slap during sex which was always guaranteed to goad a heavy-breasted toy to greater efforts when she was being shafted. Though so far he'd found Treasure a compliant and delightful fuck, so it shouldn't matter too much.

"You may begin now," he told her, giving her a sharp yank on both nipple rings.

With a groan of relief, Treasure pushed herself up, crying out in delight when Samuel yanked her back down onto his cock with her pubic hair, impaling to the hilt on his now rigid shaft. The hazel-eyed brunette was totally responsive to his wishes, the slightest tug on her reins bringing instant compliance. After a few thrusts he released her pussy hair and with a tit rein in each hand, allowed Treasure to docilely thrust herself down onto him in time with her nipples being yanked. Obeying his will implicitly, with no thought of self, the lovely slave's rhythm was totally controlled by his tugs on two small rings set through her flesh.

With a gasp of pleasure each time she thrust herself onto his cock, Treasure was soon slavering around her bit. He thought maybe he could feel his cock rubbing up against the fat plug stretching her back passage wide, but

it was probably just his imagination. Only when she came did Treasure's single-minded obedience falter for even just a moment, but Samuel couldn't really fault her. She recovered from each orgasm quickly and in moments was once again mindlessly thrusting herself onto his cock in time with his tugs on her reins. Could he really swap her for Angela and the twins? The twins alone were worth far more on the auction block, but how could you put a price on such total devotion to giving him pleasure. When he came, it was long and hard; quite perfect.

Her master yanked Treasure off his cock with the same handful of pubic hair he'd originally used to pull her down onto the shaft. The hobble making her stand awkwardly bow legged over the bench, arms securely buckled behind her and the new curb strap, pulling the long blunt hooks into her nostrils, holding her head up, she heard and felt rather than saw him slide his legs out from under her. Her breasts, dragged down against supporting harness straps, by nipple rings, bobbed back up as her owner relaxed his grip on the reins he'd used to control her during sex.

"Whewww! That was good," he said, patting a thigh.

His hands on her girth-nipped waist, Treasure's owner pulled her back down to sit astride the bench, sitting astride it facing her himself now. Panting softly and slavering gently around the tongue-clamp bit buckled through her mouth, tongue pin-tormented and stretched out of her mouth, its tip squeezed between the tightly screwed down bars, she couldn't look down at his cock which was undoubtedly soft now and coated with her juices. But his tone, his smile, and the easy unhurried way he licked her bound breasts, kissing her lightly over her bit as he squeezed the bound melons so that Treasure would gasp into his mouth, were the actions of a satisfied man. All urgency gone now; just lazy, self-satisfied contentment.

Treasure of course was nowhere near satisfied, still eager, desperate, to be used further for his pleasure, despite having been allowed to come as she was enjoyed. Mentally she'd eventually got used to and accepted the idea that she would rarely be physically satisfied during her sexual use - had only ever been screwed to exhaustion at orgies, and once while being branded - but physical craving could not be suppressed; it just had to be endured. Aphrodisiac-forced lust always left her hungry for just that one more orgasm,

no matter how hard she was used.

And then just one more! She would never be really satisfied as long as she was a slave she knew. And while orgies, or performing with teams of three male slaves at once on a stage, were fun, she was emotionally conditioned to desire a single owner. She was desperate for elusive love. She thought perhaps of all possible owners Queen Victoria II might be the one to love her, which was partly why she was so attracted to the older woman, and not her son. Treasure moaned in pleasure as her rein-trailing nipples were nipped between teeth. On a brighter note, if she was a docile, willing and obedient ponygirl, her master might choose to enjoy her again after his ride.

He reached under her, pulling forward the spined dildo mounted on the crotch strap running down between her buttocks, presently anchored under her at the butt plug that filled her back passage. Pushed onto her back, thighs already spread by the bench, Treasure groaned helplessly as the shaft was slowly but firmly pushed into her, squeezing out her juices and Prince Samuel's come. Firmly stuffed, she felt the cool leather crotch strap lying across her belly as he threaded the buckle, crying out desperately in pained, forced pleasure as he pulled her back upright by her nipple rings. The Prince made her rock back and forth on her pussy, all her weight forcing the spined invader to the hilt inside her. Only then was the crotch strap buckled tight, digging deep into her belly, Treasure whimpering when she heard the click of the twin shafts being padlocked inside her.

Next her legal owner pulled tight the two new, pussy-lip squeezing straps that had been added to her harness. The final item of torment and control was a nipple bar, a weighty steel rod with a clamp on each end that was screwed down over the nipples to link them together. It was a feared item of tack amongst experienced ponygirls, only usually used on dressage slaves. When one breast bounced at a trot or sprint, the other was pulled with it by the nipple. With nipples also yanked about by the driver's reins, a second set running through the rings on the ends of her bit to the nipple rings, the longer Treasure was worked, the more agonising each tug of the reins became. They would become impossible to ignore; no matter how hot, exhausted or unwilling a ponygirl was.

Her hobble released, Treasure stepped over the bench she'd been

thoroughly enjoyed on, and was led over to the Prince's pony trap; low and sleek, polished aluminium with black carbon fibre wheels. Standing naked between the shafts, body harnessed and head encased in a bridle, Treasure's girth was padlocked to the shafts on either side. Two additional straps in a V ran down from her harness just above her bound arms to the shafts on either side; allowing her to pull with her upper body as well as just the girth and crotch strap.

The dildo's soft spines, pushed down flat when the dildo had first been inserted, were now starting to make themselves felt. Had sprung up as Treasure walked, and were now poking unkindly into her flesh, teasing the tender inside of her dripping pussy with a tormenting, desperately stimulating, prickle that was going to get far worse when she was made to prance through the streets. As she was only too well aware, any movement with even an ordinary dildo strapped inside her altered her internal dimensions, making a strapped-in dildo feel like it was shifting; flexing and pumping inside her. As she trotted against the weight of her driver's pony trap the spined dildo, already constricted by her tight girth, would rub up against the huge plug stretching her back passage wide and would drive her wild with lust.

Treasure whimpered in fearful anticipation as a buttock was given a reassuring pat, the sound a mixture of shame for wanting to be driven in the terrible dildo, sexual frustration and excitement. She loved being a ponygirl! Especially pulling a pony trap on a hunt; flushing slaves out of cover, whipped to an exhausted, sweat-lathered sprint in pursuit of her driver's naked prey across the open grass, and then being yanked to a brutal, gasping, nipple-stretching, dildo-stirring halt for the shot. The crack of her driver's rifle, a tranquillised slave stumbling to his or her knees, a climax that almost rivalled an orgasm!

Treasure felt her driver's weight through the shafts as Prince Samuel settled himself into the pony trap's seat. Breathless with fearful excitement, aware of the eyes of the soldier tacking up the blonde pair on her naked body, Treasure held her ankles neatly together, breasts rising and swelling against the constriction of their straps as she waited; ringed, clamped nipples swollen into aching stiffness.

"Sergeant! Would you?" Prince Samuel asked. "Treasure. Walk on!"

She sighed as the sting of the first lash licked across her backside, the whip's kiss light, a caress, not yet the blazing pain that would be needed to keep an exhausted mount at the expected level of performance.

The beating of her heart a rapid, deep, pounding in her ears, dildo prickling with every step, Treasure obediently leant into her harness. She groaned helplessly as her girth dug into her middle, dragging her crotch strap deeper into her sex. The new straps lifted and held her buttocks perfectly presented for the lash, and in front squeezed her sex lips together around the crotch strap with an insistent teasing pressure that was impossible to ignore.

The two slender ash blondes who'd watched her used for sex while they were harnessed and bridled themselves, were now hitched blinkered and with bits buckled into mouths side-by-side to a slightly larger carriage. They still watched without any real curiosity or sympathy, one idly chewing on her bit. They knew it would soon be their breasts heaving, braided leather leaving lines across their buttocks, their juices soaking into crotch straps. Experienced slaves, they had their own upcoming use to think about and nothing they'd seen done to Treasure was new or remarkable. Just another day at the palace.

The sergeant opened the first of a set of two doors, the airlock arrangement to keep the heat in. Treasure was yanked to a lust-panting stop by clamp bit and ringed nipples in front of the second set and then flicked on with her driver's whip when they were opened. Running into a wall of cold, as if she'd jumped into icy water, she cried out in shock but the whip drove her on and the soldier swung the doors closed with a crash behind her pony trap. It was still dark.

There was frost on the ground, crunching under her running slippers, her breath hanging in a cloud in front of her face. Teeth clenched tight around her bit, Treasure felt herself start to shiver, goose bumps coming up all over her naked skin. The groom stroked her belly, fingers lingering on the crotch straps digging into her flesh.

"A cold one today, Your Majesty," the man said slowly. "Need to keep

her at a trot once you've limbered her up," he suggested diffidently.

"Yes," Treasure's well dressed, blanket-wrapped owner agreed. "Walk her for five minutes first would you say?"

The city was almost totally still, hardly any traffic noise, and it was far too early for birds. The soldier patted Treasure's belly, kneading a thigh with his free hand.

"I'd say two would do, Your Highness," the sergeant said, clearly pleased that his advice was being sought. "I helped exercise her yesterday. She looks pampered. The tits and pretty face fool you, but she's really quite fit."

Treasure shivered. Cold, not lust, as her breasts were handled. The groom's hands felt almost hot.

"Oh, I know that," Prince Samuel laughed. "You can fuck her for hours on end and she's still fresh as a daisy. It's just she's a big girl. I thought she might take a little longer to warm up than the usual hack."

The soldier bobbed his head in apology for being foolish enough to try and tell a noble, born to own, how a slave should be used and enjoyed. It was the first time in a long while that her bound, defenceless body had been handled by a stranger without her becoming helplessly aroused. The icy cold had blasted away the cobwebs in her mind. Lust lurked just beneath the surface though. If she was going to escape, it had to be soon!

"Perhaps," the soldier agreed. "Best not to take any chances with a filly as nice as this. A pulled calf muscle takes forever to heal up, I do know that."

Valuable property had to be cared for, and her owner was just taking good care of his lovely possession; had her best interests at heart, as he walked her around the palace. Even so, Treasure had never been so grateful to be whipped into a trot in her life. Breasts bouncing uncomfortably despite the straps, crotch strap digging ever deeper into her wetness, and a steady flurry of whip strokes across her haunches ensuring that at least her buttocks were warm, wiped all thoughts but docile, placid, lust from Treasure's mind.

The on-duty traffic-soldier at the palace gates stopped a single bulk hauler and a couple of traders pushing a cart to market in the workers' lane, as Treasure pranced through the gates pulling her trap and driver into the night. On tarmac the pony trap was easy enough to pull, especially with braided leather occasionally licking across her haunches. Prince Samuel was much heavier than the Queen or Lady Isobell, but she'd been driven hard on grass and even sand before. Settling into an easy trot down The Strand, the air still frosty on her bare skin, but warm inside now, Treasure admired her reflection in the shop windows she could see.

Her blinkers, bridle and reins didn't allow her to turn her head or look anywhere but directly ahead, but at T-junctions she caught occasional reflected glimpses of a naked beast of burden harnessed to a small two-wheeled carriage, a man bundled up against the dawn chill driving her. Large, heavy, strap-bound breasts bobbing, waist nipped tight by a broad girth, and firm powerful thighs pumping; long hair flicking this way and that, teeth clenched tight on a foam-flecked bit and eyes wide and desperate, staring, Treasure realised she looked spectacular! It was the first time she'd seen herself in harness.

Spurred on by her owner's whip, her tortured nipples and the twin shafts strapped inside her were forcing her to urgent, frantic, arousal. So hot! Give up this? She'd have to be mad! Before her own first taste of the bit, she'd found a well-whipped, sweat-sheened dildo-stuffed ponygirl simply delicious, and her own reflection was everything she'd lusted after and admired when watching ponyslaves perform as a free woman. And more!

In the silent morning air, the slap, slap, of her running slippers on the road and the crack of her driver's whip on her flesh, each stroke a stinging, burning, blaze of pain, were very loud, echoing back off the silent buildings. The occasional night worker on a bicycle, troopers checking curfew papers, would look up when she gasped and yelped at a whip stroke, and then hastily look away. Occasionally a man's eyes would freeze, arrested by her naked, bound body for just a moment, and then he would remember himself. Workers, peasants, traders and artisans never usually looked directly at slaves. It just wasn't done; in case they saw a face they might recognise! When a slave's sentence was up, and he or she returned to his home village



or city district, neighbours, friends and family would treat them as if they'd never been gone. Sexual slavery wasn't something the working classes publicly talked about or acknowledged, except in whispers in the night.

The soldiers looked of course. Teasing the man whose papers they checked by speculating aloud on Treasure's worth on the auction block and the size of the dildos she might have strapped inside her. They had rights! And proper or not, Treasure was an experienced enough slave to know that many a worker would be covertly watching her helpless, humiliating control, her nudity and sexual restraints, in reflections and out of the corners of their eyes. Sweat-gleaming now, buttocks on fire and juices running down an inner thigh, she didn't begrudge the peasants and workers the small pleasure of looking. Their station in life would never allow them to own one of the naked ponygirls they so coveted and they knew it. Standing panting at a red traffic light, Treasure heard another pony trap come up alongside hers.

"Good morning," Prince Samuel said politely.

"Good morning," a Lady replied graciously.

Forced to look directly ahead, Treasure was unable to see the team that had pulled up beside her with a merry jingle of harnesses. But as well as the slap, slap, of shoes and the crack of leather on flesh, Treasure hadn't realised quite how loud her own panting must be until she heard the new team gasping for breath. A pair of ponyboys, it sounded like.

"Nice animals," Prince Samuel complimented politely. "I like the linked cock chains."

"Thank you. Yours too. Lovely haunches. Have her legs been stretched?"

"Just a little. You like?"

"A bit too much up front for my tastes; although my husband would probably love her. Why, is she for sale?"

"Not at the moment," Treasure's owner replied. "But I've had rather a

good offer for her. I'm trying to decide whether to keep her or not."

"Let's see what she can do then," the unseen Lady suggested as the traffic light changed.

Treasure squealed as a vicious double lash, back and forth across both buttocks, made her lunge forward against her harness, the ponyboys alongside echoing her cries. The blaze of pain burning into her flesh was overlaid with more and more strokes, forcing her to a desperate, lung-burning, breast-bouncing sprint; pumping thighs making her spined dildo twist and squirm inside her. At the edge of her blinkered vision, after fifty metres or so, she caught a glimpse of one of the harnessed and bridled ponyslaves she could hear being lashed alongside. With another piercing squeal as her driver's long whip curled around her body to bite into the tender flesh of her belly, Treasure managed to pull back up alongside for a moment, but the power of the two male slaves pulling a comparatively much lighter load soon told. She trailed into the next red light a good ten metres back.

Gasping and slavering on her breasts, eyes stinging with tears and sweat, another agonising yank on her tortured nipples brought Treasure to a neat stop beside the harshly panting pair. Panting too hard herself to hear what was said about her to start with, her juices coating both inner thighs now, Treasure only caught the tailend of the conversation. Prince Samuel was going to be a kind owner she thought. Lady Isobell would have whipped her breasts as well as her belly if Treasure had fallen behind like that when she was driving.

"...but she's a powerful beast though isn't she?" the Lady concluded. "My pair don't usually get that much sport from a single mount. Do you race the lights often?"

"Not as often as I'd like. Duty. But I do like to see the dawn occasionally. Everything's so peaceful."

"Me too," the Lady agreed. "It's my favourite time of day. In the city, it's the only time you can really savour each and every yelp you whip out of your ponies. I'm often about at this time when we're not on the country estate. Perhaps I'll see you again?"

"Perhaps," Prince Samuel agreed politely. "Good day, My Lady."

The other trap turned off down a side street and Treasure was whipped back into her original gentle trot. She was dripping wet now and it was at times like these that she wished she wasn't so well trained and conditioned that she found it impossible to come in harness without permission. Only with an owner's permission, or when she was being used sexually.

There was gradually more and more traffic on the streets as the sky lightened in the east, more electric carts whirring along in the workers' lane, and the first tram of the day, well loaded with the early shifts. In the noble lanes there were more pony traps for Treasure to compete against at the traffic light races. She was quick off the line but as Prince Samuel kept matching her against paired ponyslaves, she was usually beaten to the next light unless it was a short straight.

With all the whipping they had received, Treasure's buttocks throbbing and burning, must have been a highly stimulating sight for her driver, because without warning she suddenly found herself steered into the workers' lane, reins as always impossible to ignore. A big fusion powered bulk hauler hissed to a halt in a cloud of steam, a tram just pulling up to a stop squealing on wet rails. Directly in front of the forty or so workers waiting at the tram stop, having brought traffic in the workers' lane to a complete standstill, Prince Samuel dismounted and stepped up behind Treasure, fumbling with the lock on her crotch strap from behind.

Oh God, he wasn't? Not in front of all these people!

Still hitched to her pony trap, just the back strap released so that she could be bent forward, Treasure's owner nudged her feet wide apart. Her crotch strap unlocked, he yanked the dripping dildo from her body and tossed it onto her back, once again leaving the huge butt plug in place. Treasure wailed in delight as Prince Samuel plunged his cock deep into her, his whip and total, humiliating control of her as he'd driven her through the streets ensuring she was dreadfully hot, aroused and eager to be used again. A tight girth and a well-stuffed back passage, made him a giant. In front of an unwilling audience, his hands now on her strap-bound breasts, she thought the cock thrusting, urgently, deep in and out, would surely split her in two.

Desperately aroused, she came almost immediately, crying out in ecstasy around her clamp bit, her owner's hands on her body cool, almost cold. Prince Samuel's cock continued to plunge in and out of her, her master stroking and spanking whip burned buttocks and squeezing harnessed breasts harder still. Saliva trailing in a strand to the road, Treasure's reins swayed gracefully under her from pierced nipples. Legs spread obediently wide, Treasure bent forward from the waist could just see her unwilling audience's feet shuffling uneasily. None of them dared show disrespect to a Noble Lord by turning away, but were socially conditioned not to notice the naked, harnessed and bridled ponygirl being taken between the shafts of her pony trap right in front of them. Her owner's cock pumped easily into her now that she'd had a chance to relax; it was just she'd been too hot and exhausted to realise he really was going to shaft her here at first that had made it seem like he was stretching her pussy so wide.

"She likes having her tits squeezed," Prince Samuel said conversationally as he forced another cry of pained delight from his harnessed ride. "But not as much as a pussy full of cock. Isn't that right Treasure?"

She gurgled something unintelligible around her bit. Her owner must have sensed her rising excitement though, felt it in the body he controlled, used and enjoyed; heard it in her rising squeaks and moans. The Lords and Ladies were all quite expert at manipulating and gauging sex slaves.

"You can come again now Treasure," he commanded.

As her owner continued to remorselessly thrust his shaft in and out of her in front of the workers, having literally brought the street to a standstill, white hot sensation again coursed through Treasure's body, earthing in nipples and groin, waves of pleasure consuming her, leaving behind mindless, gasping, devotion.

Her master withdrew before coming himself, splashing hot semen across her flesh and then smearing it across her buttocks. Tenderising her for the whip, he told his unwilling audience. Treasure didn't remember much of the return journey to the palace, beyond the fact that she'd needed quite a lot of whip to maintain a satisfactory pace.

# CHAPTER 6

A couple of days later - or maybe three, it was easy to lose track in the cell block - Treasure was surprised to find herself in the first group of slaves for grooming. She hadn't expected to be enjoyed again until the whip marks from her dawn drive and the traffic light races had faded from her body. Once again clean enough to literally eat off, as that might be what her legal owner wanted to do with her next, she was led to an unfamiliar tack room.

Wearing only the usual five inch stiletto heels, shoes not sandals this time, a hood pulled over her head, Treasure was winched up and suspended from her wrists. Working slowly up from her toes, two troopers methodically sprayed her in a quick drying latex-type rubber solution. The latex coating on her shoes was dry by the time they reached her waist and she was lowered to her feet. Her wrists were released and she was ordered to hold her arms out, fingers spread.

The rubber coating on her naked skin became hot as it dried, contracting tight, pulling up between buttocks and sex lips, pleasantly warm afterwards. Under her hood Treasure groaned softly behind the usual ball gag, as her breasts and pussy lips were gently but firmly squeezed as her rubber coating tightened up. She stood obediently still as the spraying troopers reached the base of her hood and then worked out around each outstretched arm.

When her hood was removed and her hair brushed out, a polished steel collar padlocked around her neck, Treasure was entirely coated from the neck down in what appeared to be a black latex figure-hugging catsuit with built-in shoes and gloves. Her nipple, navel and pussy rings were carefully cut free, the silver contrasting sharply with the black where her body piercings lay on the sprayed-on catsuit; inevitably drawing the eye to her individually coated and clearly visible pussy lips, nipples, and the heavy sway of each over-large breast.

The troopers carefully sprayed on a little more rubber around each cut to prevent splits, and then had Treasure touch her toes, perform a full splits, and

pulled her elbows back to touch together behind her back as a final quality check. Using small handheld electric polishers with soft rotating pads, it was the work of moments to polish her black skin-tight coating to a high gloss. It tickled; especially being polished down her sides, her inner thighs and up between her buttocks! The final touch, wrapping her up into a nice neat little package, was cuffs locking wrists and elbows behind her and a matching hobble, all in shiny steel to match her collar and rings.

Silver on black, the only splash of colour a cherry red ball gag, Treasure suspected she looked absolutely spectacular and wished she could see herself in a mirror. She had to make do with a half seen glimpse of herself reflected in the side of the limousine she was led to. She was secured on her knees, sitting on her heels on the limousine's floor, facing one of the passenger seats, the ring set through her clitoris padlocked to a floor mounted ring bolt under her, with a short length of chain.

Then she waited.

Eventually a driver appeared, the trooper checking over and warming up his vehicle, before turning his attention to her. Sliding onto the seat in front of her to amuse himself, he discovered there was enough stretch in her shiny black coating to get his fingers inside her sex up to the second knuckle and there was no real limit to how hard Treasure's breasts could be twisted. Chained on her knees, arms bound behind her and whimpering around her gag, Treasure looked up with a wordless plea through tear-filled eyes at the man tormenting her. He chuckled softly, but allowed her breasts to drop.

"God, I'd love to own you," he said softly, wistfully, giving her a light pat between the legs.

The driver took his place behind the wheel. On her knees Treasure could see very little when the limousine was driven around to the main palace entrance, and it was another good half hour or so before Prince Samuel escorting a Lady finally appeared. Her new friend, the driver, standing ready beside her door kept her occupied telling her, through the open window how he'd like to hurt her. He was just describing how much he'd love to use hooks to stretch her anus open and pour candle wax inside her, when surprised, he had to snap to attention with a muffled oath. The Prince assisted his Lady into

the spare seat and then slid himself into the seat in front of Treasure, running appreciative hands across her figure-hugging latex catsuit.

"I told you she'd look adorable in rubber," Prince Samuel commented, bouncing Treasure's breasts in his palms and then sliding his hands under her to squeeze her buttocks.

Treasure sighed in docile pleasure as she was examined, the chain padlocking her clitoris to the floor gently plucked.

"She's still a heifer," Prince Samuel's beautifully dressed escort said in haughty disapproval.

"She is not a heifer," Prince Samuel said, clearly irritated, "It's just she has a figure. Unlike those skinny waifs you seem to prefer!"

The path of true love did not seem to be going smoothly. Now Treasure remembered the aristocrat. Countess Kattrena! She'd been made to compete against one of the Lady's sex toys in a slave-game at the hunt orgy where Prince Samuel had bought her. Prince Samuel was expected to marry and produce an heir at some point and the Countess was the latest in a long line of eligible Ladies being pushed his way, if Treasure could believe the slave block gossip.

"You're just still miffed because you lost 4000 crowns on her," he concluded.

"Pocket change. As if I'd notice."

Treasure's owner shrugged, unsealing his fly as he ordered the driver to take a circuitous route to the college. A normal enough instruction; giving himself time to come in Treasure's mouth. Under the Countess's sardonic gaze, as soon as her ball gag was unbuckled, Treasure obediently ducked her head forward and swallowed down as much of the half-erect cock as she could get into her mouth. Being watched while performing oral sex always turned her on, and under the stimulus of an eager tongue, her master's penis in her mouth stiffened, the hot shaft actually pushing out of her mouth as he swelled larger. Finally swollen rigid, with the head hard against the back of

her throat, only a third of his length remained in her mouth.

Looking down at her with a fond smile, her legal owner slowly, firmly, painfully, squeezing her rubber-coated breasts, Treasure closed her eyes in resignation, and relaxed her throat muscles as she'd been trained to. On the first day of the training course she had been trained to swallow small honey-coated dildos, which had left her looking forward to the next lesson. Naturally after that the lubrication had always been her own juices, spread over larger and larger shafts pulled from her own dripping sex, as she gradually acclimatised, eventually working up to a full sized penis. Lips sliding ever deeper down the vein-throbbing shaft, the head of the Prince's cock sliding down her throat, Treasure didn't stop until her nose was mashed into his pubic hair. It was of course impossible to breathe with her throat plugged, but she waited outwardly placid, heart pounding, rigid nipples straining up, stretching their latex coating until the grip on her breasts relaxed. Permission to withdraw.

"Good girl!" her owner praised her lavishly, probably more to annoy his escort than because Treasure had done anything special, she suspected. "Pretty lips and a gentle mouth. Just perfect!"

Treasure was made to swallow his shaft twice more, her user making a point she thought, before he settled down to enjoy her more conventionally. In Treasure's experience taking a whole cock into her mouth was a novelty, one for the photo album, men usually then preferring the stimulation of tongue and lips.

"You really don't think she's cute?" he probed.

Held in place with her nipple rings, panting gently around the Prince's cock resting lightly on her tongue, Treasure met the Countess's eyes. The aristocrat prodded Treasure, none too gently, in the belly with the tip of her pointed shoe.

"Somewhat too hefty for my tastes," she replied. "She belongs in front of a plough."

Treasure was being mocked. Or more accurately, the Prince's choice in



sexual plaything was being mocked. While lightweight garden equipment; rollers, lawn mowers, and small half-weight ploughs for use in flower beds were designed to be pulled by ponyslaves of either sex, heavy agricultural machinery was and always had been pulled by teams of male ponyboys. And over the centuries the phrase "Only suitable to pull a plough," had come to symbolise graceless rough trade, more brawn than brain. Slaves that weren't worth having sex with.

"Yes you're right," Samuel said with a sly half-smile, scooping up Treasure's breasts. "My mother thinks Treasure looks good in front of a plough as well. She keeps trying to borrow her to work in her garden. I'll be sure to mention to her that you share the same tastes!"

Treasure was tit-trained, and under the Countess's venomous gaze, allowed her master's grip to totally control her actions, sliding her lips up and down the cock in her mouth in time with her breasts being squeezed. Her lips slid down in perfect time with fingers sinking cruelly into the big heavy globes, and back up as Prince Samuel's grip relaxed, her tongue never still. Twisted nipples meant she should lick and nibble at the veined purple shaft, squeezed nipples, lick and kiss her user's balls. After watching a while, the Countess sniffed in haughty disapproval, and pointedly turned her attention to the passing city streets.

"Good toy!" Treasure's owner breathed softly.

In time with her breasts being squeezed harder and faster, Treasure's head obediently bobbed quicker; straining to the end of her clit chain, hands cuffed behind her clenched into fists, and saliva coating the sour-tasting cock in her mouth now. It was also getting a bit sticky under her latex coating, her juices were flowing and she could feel the seam of her sprayed on catsuit squirming between her pussy-lips as she pulled on the chain that secured her to the limousine's floor. She squeaked in obedient pain as her nipples were twisted again, desperately lapping at her user's balls as the abused nubs were then firmly squeezed.

"Are you sure you don't want to use her?" Prince Samuel offered his escort one last time. "She does have a beautiful mouth!"

"Really, no. Not my type."

"Your loss. Driver, you can head for the college now. I'll be coming in a moment."

"Very good, Your Highness."

Gasping around the cock she was lapping and sucking on, her abused breasts used to drive her to still greater efforts to please, Treasure, fingers twisting deep into her defenceless flesh, felt the cock up against the back of her throat flex on her tongue. Soon! She swayed forward, giving herself a little surreptitious tug on her chained-down clitoris, and then again. Head rising, lips coming up his shaft as Prince Samuel relaxed his grip, Treasure was still for a moment, tongue flicking across the head of her owner's cock in her mouth. She wailed in pained pleasure as the Prince's fingers again sank and twisted into her big breasts, forcing her lips back down the length of his cock once more. There was a layer of sweat between her and the skin-tight black rubber catsuit now, the heavy globes Prince Samuel used to control her sliding under the rubber with each squeeze. Only her nipple rings seemed to be holding the sprayed on covering in place.

"Oh yes!"

Again and again Treasure swayed to the limit of her tethering chain, savouring the delicious torment, gasping in pain and lust as her user's finger twisted ever deeper, his orgasm approaching, finally crying out helplessly as she came herself. Hot come splashed into her mouth in jet after jet as pleasure coursed through her body. Even her toes tingled! Remembering herself, as she docilely gulped down the slimy, salty, fluid in her mouth, she shuffled back a little so that the chain padlocked to her pierced clitoris swung loosely again, finally settling down to lapping up what she'd missed, as she'd been trained to. And to think that once she'd thought oral sex was revolting!

Serene in the post-ecstasy afterglow, come still coating her tongue as her ball gag was buckled back into place, Treasure felt suddenly guilty. She was allowed to come when the person enjoying her did, but probably should not have been yanking on the securing chain padlocked to the ring set through her clitoris, as it was purely a restraint. You were allowed to be aroused by

bonds, but a slave toy was not actually supposed to come from restraints alone. That would allow the slaves far too much fun! And while obviously she was hotter than Prince Samuel had realised, as she'd already been aroused by his driver's abuse, that was really no excuse.

But though she did feel a little ashamed of herself, Treasure was amazed to find herself wondering if her new owner really did need to be told? After the masterful way he'd driven her on his dawn ride the other morning, her total physical and mental surrender, the sheer joy she'd felt at being trotted through the city streets pulling his pony trap, responding effortlessly to whip and reins, and then the climax, the way he'd so publicly shafted her? She'd expected to find herself totally devoted the next time he enjoyed her.

Treasure was surprised at herself. She would never have expected her previous owner, Lady Isobell, to allow her to take such liberties, so why should her new master? With Lady Isobell she would have confessed without hesitation, just as soon as she was next given permission to speak, and docilely accepted the pussy whipping, having her breasts shocked or being sent to her cage without any sex, without even a thought of protest. In fact she'd always been rather proud of the fact that she got more punishments than other slaves through her own confessions of misdeeds and inappropriate thoughts. That she could even consider not doing so now, proved that total loving devotion to Prince Samuel was a long way from being conditioned into her just yet, though she did hope he'd enjoyed her. She'd fallen under Lady Isobell's spell much faster!

"Did you enjoy that?" the Countess asked.

"Very much, thank you."

"Oh Samuel! I really do think you could have taken the trouble to provide a poodle more to my tastes," she huffed.

So that was what had put her back up! Treasure had wondered why she was so sulky. On social, especially public, occasions, a high born Lady was expected to dress the part and no outfit would be complete without a pretty, decoratively-chained pet, naked, on the end of the Lady's lead. When a couple were courting, the man provided the poodle and Countess Kattrena

clearly didn't consider Treasure up to standard.

It obviously never occurred to her that her escort wasn't slighting her; that when applied to female property, a tall, long-legged, gracefully powerful ponygirl did actually represent the Prince of Wales's idea of perfection. That the voluptuous top heavy sex toy with a wasp waist, kneeling helplessly bound in a black rubber catsuit at their feet, had genuinely been offered as a compliment. Prince Samuel, for his part, was clearly becoming increasingly irritated that his new purchase was not being admired and appreciated as he'd expected.

Treasure, gently panting around her ball gag as she listened, was careful to keep her head submissively bowed and her eyes lowered. A strand of semen she'd missed was slowly stretching down from her chin to a gently rising and falling rubber-coated breast. The Countess wasn't being too bright in her opinion. If you wanted to attract a member of the opposite sex, sharing their interests was always a good start. If their positions had been reversed, Treasure would have accepted the use of an offered slave's tongue, and asked if she could take the bound sex toy home to play with at the end of the day. The aristocrats, while unfailingly polite to each other, were not good at compromise. They had little use or need for romance in their personal relationships and were too used to getting their way. As the pair continued to bicker and snipe at each other's sexual tastes, Treasure thought it unlikely the woman would be the next Queen of England, though the Countess would probably have been surprised at her assessment.

"Remind me again?" she asked wearily. "Why is a Royal visit to this low class college necessary?"

"The minor aristocracy play an important role in our society," he replied with mock patience.

She sighed. "The sort who have to send their children to this sort of college are one step up from peasants themselves. Why pander to them?"

"Don't you know anything?" he demanded exasperated. "You think a king just waves his hand and everybody scrambles to obey? The Royal Family rules by consensus, not decree; and only with the support and respect

of the lower tiers of nobility. The Barons and the Viscounts! These 'peasants' as you call them are the backbone of our support and my family has ruled for over a thousand years by not neglecting them."

"You don't need to raise your voice!"

Treasure kept carefully motionless as she watched the slowly stretching strand of semen finally touch and stick, aware that she could easily end up on the receiving end of any stray anger or frustration here. There were fingerprints all over her breasts she noticed, many smudged but a few showing up quite clearly on the polished surface of both black latex-coated globes. She sighed in relief when the driver finally announced they were approaching their destination and cautiously raised her head. The noble pair were both now looking ahead out of the windows, professional smiles plastered onto faces.

The driver opened the Prince's door, who in turn opened the Countess Kattrena's and assisted her from the car. The driver then unlocked Treasure's pierced clitoris from the floor mounted ring bolt, pulled her upright and attached a lead to her collar before handing the lead to the Lady with a bow. Suddenly, horribly, very aware of the sway of her big breasts, every jiggle and quiver, the way her catsuit had moulded itself around and worked up between her sex lips, Treasure found herself facing a welcoming committee of teenagers! The sign said Northwood School was a sixth-form college! She felt herself flushing scarlet again as the eyes of three boys and three girls, aged sixteen to nineteen, trailed over the polished, shiny, skin-tight, black latex clinging to her body like a second skin.

It was a cold day, rain being driven in under the welcoming party's entrance awning by an icy wind; but blushing furiously, still hot and bothered from her use in the car, Treasure would have appreciated a little walk naked along the rain-obscured streets to cool off before facing the school. Oh well, at least none of the little horrors would be getting their hands on her. An older boy in best tie and tails stepped forward and bowed politely.

The head boy, clearly proud of his position as host, only a slight nervous tremor in his voice, thanked the noble couple for their visit and bade them welcome. "May I do you the courtesy of relieving you of your poodle during

your visit, My Lady?" he concluded.

The Countess spared a pointed glance towards Prince Samuel.

"Of course you may. What a thoughtful young man, don't you think Samuel? And do feel free to let your friends inspect her. It's not mine, as you can probably tell from the unfashionable figure, but I'm told it's very docile."

Prince Samuel smiled sourly, Treasure whining softly behind her ball gag as her lead was passed over. It always happened! Whenever she made the mistake of thinking she'd seen it all, that nothing further could be done to degrade her, then like a magician, with a flourish the Lords and Ladies effortlessly produced a new humiliation!

The young Lord, clearly just being polite and not expecting to actually end up holding Treasure's lead, gingerly took the offered suede leather handle that hung at the end of the heavy chain clipped to Treasure's collar. Both amused in their own way, the Prince and Countess watched and waited expectantly. Hesitantly, the young Lord now holding Treasure's lead, ran a cautious hand down her behind, stroking on down a thigh.

"A magnificent animal if I may say so. Don't you think so Jessica?" he prompted, a 'help me' look on his face.

A girl of about eighteen or so, yellow ribbons in her hair, was nudged forward out of the line by her friends. The young head girl shuffled reluctantly forward, looked back to the Countess for reassurance one last time, and then hesitantly laid her hands on Treasure's hips. When no lightning bolt fell, she slid her hands in, thumbs sliding up Treasure's belly and digging lightly into her stomach, scooping up both breasts quite naturally. The over-large mounds spilling out of the girl's small hands, Treasure groaned in obedient pleasure behind her cherry red ball gag as the big heavy melons, the cause of so much pleasure, pain and shame were gripped more firmly and squeezed together. A slowly blossoming smile of pure delight spread over the young aristocrat's face, totally transforming her rather plain features.

"Isn't she beautiful?" the girl breathed, clearly entranced.

"Yes, I think so," Prince Samuel agreed.

The pair exchanged conspiratorial grins, the Prince of Wales at least approving of the girl's taste. Treasure groaned obediently again as her already well-bruised breasts were given another longer, harder, squeeze, the boy behind her inspecting the cuffs that held her elbows together behind her back now. Another boy, perhaps eighteen, stepped forward and stroked Treasure between her legs, fingers catching on her rings as she docilely swayed forward, pressing her crotch into his palm. The other three started to press eagerly forward, but the Countess's cold, disapproving voice stopped them.

"Well, we really must be getting on! Let's not waste any more time on this rather ordinary poodle. I'm sure we've all seen a thousand just as good being led down the streets on leads, haven't we?"

The welcoming group, slightly reluctantly, broke up and led the Royal visitor and his Lady to a hall where a cinema sized, 3D projector screen had been set up. About fifty or so young aristocrats of the same age group as the welcoming committee, were seated or milling about, a half dozen teachers fluttering around nervously. The headmaster was introduced and saw the group seated, Treasure on her knees on the floor, and then took the podium and stumbled through a welcoming address. Prince Samuel's 'Thank you for having me,' speech to the school was much smoother, clearly practised.

The headmaster was undoubtedly an intelligent, articulate, witty and highly qualified man, but even without a Royal visit, at the best of times being a teacher was a high-risk job. It was certainly the best paid job a worker or serf could get, Treasure knew; but it was danger money! To qualify to teach aristocrats you had to be under thirty yourself, or have children of a slave-eligible age. In the years in between, a teacher had no choice but to work in the serfs' and workers' schools for low pay, teaching no more than the rudimentary three R's.

Once qualified; set too much homework, or be a little sarcastic in class once too often, and a young teacher could find him or herself the legal property of a former pupil if the student complained to Daddy loud enough. Treasure certainly thought the two female teachers she could see - veiled, but clearly young - were taking a big risk for their money. More than one student

was openly watching the swaying hips of one teacher in particular, as she walked down the aisle of the auditorium. If this school was anything like the Slaveworld universities Treasure had seen, then there would be a stable block at the rear, for those pupils over eighteen who wished to drive a pony slave to and from school or travel by slave-powered tandem bicycle. She wondered which would be worse. Knowing your daughter was one of the pony girls in the stable? Or actually being driven through the gates one morning, pulling a pony trap; naked, in harness and bridle, the legal property of one of your former students? Prancing proudly in dildo, plug and tit straps in front of your former class, perhaps lent out for a drive or ride in the breaks? Treasure shivered in delight, suspecting the young teacher with the swaying gait and slightly too tight robe knew exactly what she was doing. Nobody could be that naive.

"Ah, Your...ah, Majesty. This is Miss Harper. It was her class project that led to our, our... school's extraordinarily successful class project," the headmaster introduced the veiled woman.

The young teacher, completely hidden under the veil and robe of the peasant class, curtsied, but her voice and actions were bubbly, enthusiastic, she was even younger than Treasure had thought. Perhaps no more than a year or so older than some of her pupils! Perhaps having plugs stuffed into her body fore and aft, a bit buckled between her teeth and a whip stinging her buttocks as she was pranced naked around the school courtyard in front of her cheering former class, would come as a surprise to her!

The Countess just sniffed haughtily, but Prince Samuel was gracious enough to allow a working class teacher a small nod and her say, though he didn't feel it necessary to rise from his chair.

"...well of course I don't actually approve of slavery as recreation. The sexual aspect, you understand," she chattered happily, the cutest little lisp in her voice. "Of course while it is right that criminals are punished, it sometimes appears to me the desire to own, the sexual thing, is put before society's retribution. Now I've always thought that building roads for example would be a far more productive use of slaves, than," she waved to Treasure, the head boy still holding her lead, "pets for example."



"Do go on," Prince Samuel said in stunned fascination.

"Miss Harper came to us from a convent a few weeks ago, Your Highness," the headmaster explained with a slightly pained look on his face. "She feels so strongly that teaching is her vocation that she renounced her former class for the chance to reach the minds of our young nobles."

That explained it, Treasure thought, an enlightened look on Prince Samuel's face as well. The small religious groups were exempt from slavery, but only as long as they stayed within their orders. Cosseted and protected all her life, the former nun's obviously heart-felt desire to spread the word had, for the first time in her life, left her vulnerable to the auction block. Boy, was she going to be one surprised ponygirl! Probably all the over-eighteens and a good half the seventeen year-olds in the school had put their name down for first choice to own her. In an extra, wicked, little bit of Slaveworld cruelty, teachers were usually sold by lottery to former students, not auctioned off.

"So buying this girl as a class project was your idea?" Prince Samuel asked incredulously.

"Oh yes. I thought the boys and girls should experience for themselves how much work actually goes into maintaining a sexual pet; so that the class could see for themselves how much more logical it would be if she could pay for her crimes, and serve the nobility, as for example a nurse or nanny!"

"An intriguing point of view," a clearly fascinated Prince of Wales murmured, reaching down to Treasure kneeling beside him, to gently knead a breast and toy with her nipple ring.

"Of course I hadn't actually realised exactly what they were doing with her all those hours in the stable, or I'd have had to put a stop to it. But can you imagine how surprised I was when our little class project made the qualifying heats of the European Championship!"

"I think I can," Prince Samuel said earnestly. "I really think I can. I'll have to return in a couple of months or so to see how you are doing!"

The veiled teacher made 'you're flattering me' noises.

"Oh no. I assure you I'm more than interested in seeing how you interact with your class in the future," Prince Samuel assured her quite seriously.

The young teacher left visibly preening, clearly pleased at the impression she thought she'd made, the headmaster allowing a brief look of resignation to cross his face. The Prince released the breast he'd been handling and pulled Treasure's head up with a handful of hair, making her meet his eyes.

"So that's what you were like before you were collared and marked," he said in tones of pleased revelation. "I'd wondered what made you different, but that's it, isn't it!" He looked up at the Countess who was listening. "You see! Most kids grow up with slaves all around, knowing it could be them if they step out of line. But Treasure never saw a slave until she was nineteen, and never imagined she might be one, until it actually happened!"

"So?" Countess Kattrena asked, clearly interested despite herself.

"So perhaps that's why Treasure's so well suited, temperamentally, to being sexual property. So docile, hot and willing to please! You've seen how easy she is to whip orgasms out of! Most treated slaves can manage one or two at best."

"So she's a natural submissive?" the Countess suggested, lifting and weighing a breast with one of Treasure's nipple rings; interest on her face for the first time.

"Could be, but we really need to see if there are any more like her at home. Collect a dozen or so for testing!"

"She's not local produce?" the Countess asked puzzled. "Well, where is she from then? Even with cosmetic improvements, she's clearly European descended."

Prince Samuel just smiled, "State secret."

"The Americas? A castaway of some sort? Shipwreck survivors growing up wild on a desert island?"

The giant screen came to life, silent to start with. Pupils began to take their seats as the sound slowly came up.

"Not even close. Hush now. The show's starting."

The Countess looked down at Treasure thoughtfully, idly bouncing up and down the breast she was lifting with a finger hooked through one of Treasure's nipple rings. Another aristocrat who wanted to hook her up to a lie detector and question her about home, she realised.

Treasure recognised the event the slaves were being competed in straightaway. She'd been played herself on occasion; the last time, at the hunt orgy where the Countess had lost 4000 crowns betting against her! This was the European Championship though, not a parlour game, and the entrants were all expensive, exactingly trained, thoroughbreds. Usually. Treasure was starting to realise from the commentary, the previous mention of a class project and the chatter around her, that somehow Northwood School had an entry in the European Championship! The assembled pupils happily booed and hissed each entrant.

Within the projection area of the giant screen, focus and colour perfect even though the lights hadn't been dimmed, the life-sized image of a hooded slavegirl, wrists cuffed behind back, was led onto a stage by her trainer. The man's choke chain around her neck was pulled warningly taut, but not tight.

"And here we have Sweden's second entry being brought up to the post," one of the commentators said in hushed tones. "All her country's hopes are now riding on this girl with the unfortunate disqualification of her team mate."

The naked slave was perched on the usual four inch stiletto heels, and at a tug on her choke chain, obediently put her manacled ankles together, holding herself still for examination. She flinched when the scanner's needle was pushed into her thigh, her red competition numbers stencilled on left breast and right buttock appearing almost black in the harsh stadium lights. The mandatory drug test took only moments, and cleared, she blinked, obviously dazzled by the bright lights when her hood was pulled off.

The helpless sex toy was a slender redhead, mid-twenties, her mouth filled with a red ball gag. Her eyes flickered this way and that, momentarily looking directly out of the screen; no doubt flicking over all the many cameras focused on her naked, bound body. She had to know the programme went out worldwide, how many around the world were watching! Her eyes were tear-bright with shame, but well-trained, her nipples stood out hard and a lingering close-up showed moisture glinting between her sex lips in the bright lights. The pretty sex toy obviously couldn't wait to be competed.

"Number forty-two; Anna, twenty-six years old. This is her third year of competition, but never placed higher than fifth. How would you rate this filly, My Lord?"

The next voice was young, the typically haughty, well-educated, cultured tones of the Slaveword aristocracy. No doubt another young Lord playing at having a job.

"Well Sergeant, I've never actually been a trainer on a national team of course, but I know what I like to whip. If she was mine I'd like to see her panting a little more, and she should be wetter. Of course some slaves surprise you once you get them on the dildo pole," the young Lord continued pompously, "but she's being pushed a little hard. With Olympic and national qualifying heats, this is her sixteenth competition this year."

"A good point My Lord," the gravelly voiced older man agreed.

The Sergeant continued to feed his young charge straight lines, making him look good, while still getting the essential information across to the English speaking audience. On the stage the trainer was securing his girl in place with quick, practised movements.

A pair of cuffs, set quite wide, were lowered on chains for her wrists, her ankles chained wide to the floor, leaving the pretty Swedish entrant helplessly spread in a wide X.

"Interesting use of a clit chain there," the Sergeant prompted his co-host.

Competition rules permitted an anal plug, bound breasts or nipple

weights, and a clit teaser. A stuffed ass undoubtedly made the competed slavegirl a stronger performer, made her rather more aware of her dildo than she'd otherwise be. Though, Treasure remembered with shamed pride, when the Prince had competed her at the hunt orgy, Countess Kattrena's slavegirl had proved, unknown to Prince Samuel until after the competition, to have her back passage stretched wide by a huge butt plug; and Treasure had still won!

Few professional trainers went in for breast teasing, as it prevented tit whipping, but opinion was divided on clitoral torment. Many considered a nice heavy weight suspended from a sharp-jawed clamp biting into the clitoris, or a chain stretching up from the sensitive swollen nub to the navel, far better. Sweden's entry had just such a chain. Her choke chain was secured to a third winch, links digging lightly into her neck, to hold her head up for the cameras.

The crowd of active and retired soldiers, and their families, roared its approval as the girl's trainer, kneeling behind her, forced a butt up between firm unmarked buttocks. Directional mikes picked up and broadcast her ball gag muffled gasp, over the crowd's boisterous cheers. Treasure, still kneeling beside her owner, gently drooling around her ball gag, the Prince unconsciously stroking her hair, found herself admiring the clit chain lying taut across the publicly displayed sex toy's belly. She'd been trained and teased in similar fashion herself on many occasions, and knew the torment could be quite simply delicious. Though a little overwhelming!

The pretty slave toy spread wide in her chains on the screen was gasping helplessly now, a plea for mercy in her wide eyes, but all that met her gaze was a 400 strong crowd baying its approval as a fat dildo pole was cranked up under her, and the cameras relaying her humiliation to a worldwide audience. She wailed behind her gag as the huge glistening invader touched her sex lips, and was cranked up further. Slowly, remorselessly, pushing up inside her.

Finally, stuffed to the hilt, the gently panting slave stood alone in the spotlights, the crowd now breathlessly quiet. Rarely allowed to watch slave-based entertainments herself, more often a participant, Treasure watched fascinated. The Swedish slave's hips swayed, almost imperceptibly, as she

screwed herself down onto the fat ribbed shaft impaling her; and her stomach fluttered - muscle contractions involuntary or deliberate? - pulling on her chained clitoris with the chain that nestled in her copper pubic curls.

The drama was being played out in the Austrian capital of Vienna, slaves from all over Europe, with a scattering of entrants from North African and Arab Kingdoms competing. The audience again bayed its approval when the trainer gave his long, thin, whip an experimental swish. Though an expensive, well-trained, thoroughbred slave was a must; as every fan knew - and realistic owners who would have probably liked to swing the whip themselves, were reluctantly forced to concede - the final, vital, ingredient in any winning team was the man swinging the whip. The whip man. It was an art!

The men who could judge a slavegirl's level of arousal as they whipped her to orgasm, gauge her squeaks and yelps, look into a ball gagged, tear-stained face and know when that one last vicious whip cut across the nipples or clitoris would force the bound, impaled sex toy to orgasm, were the rock stars of the Slaveworld. And like a champion racing pony jockey, the man who brought home a European or Olympic champion could expect to be rewarded for his skill with wealth, perhaps even a Captaincy. Years of training having led up to this point, the Swedish guardsman laid his whip lightly across his mount's rump and an expectant hush fell over the stadium.

The long whip hissed through the air, landing on flesh with a brutal crack! The girl jerked in her bonds like a hooked fish, eyes suddenly wide, and then squealed in a long drawn out desperate wail behind her ball gag. Treasure released the breath she didn't realise she'd been holding, the crowd in Vienna and the young students around her cheering enthusiastically. Spread by her chains in a taut X, head held up for the cameras by her choke chain, and dildo impaled, the competition slave could do no more than twitch as the whip landed again and again on her behind, squeaking helplessly as a flurry of slashes from the whip man left vivid red lines across her previously unblemished golden skin. A lingering close up of the twitching, bouncing hemispheres, showed the lines marking the smooth swell of her flesh were raised welts.

The whip man spun, leaving a line across his slave's stomach, a couple

of slashes across her upper thighs, just below her plump pussy, and then returned his attention to quivering buttocks. With almost contemptuous ease, the guardsman flicked his lash up between the slavegirl's legs from behind - once, twice! - on either side of her dildo, directly on top of parted sex lips and leaving a line up the belly on either side of the tormenting clit chain. The redhead cried out in agony as she was made to come, a loud buzzer and flashing light announcing her orgasm to the audience. All competition slaves of course had sensors surgically implanted at the temples to measure brainwaves.

Glassy eyed, tears spilling down her cheeks, and breasts quivering as she sobbed now, the slave was given a few quick strokes across her backside to re-focus her. The first orgasm had been fast and hard, a good time, but didn't really mean that much. Any slavegirl treated with the standard aphrodisiacs could be whipped to one orgasm, and she'd undoubtedly been kept in a chastity belt or otherwise prevented from coming for anything from one to three weeks, depending on her trainer. It was the second and third orgasms that separated the thoroughbred from the scrap.

Treasure herself could be whipped to three orgasms quite easily and had competed in local shows, but her times weren't fast enough to compete at a national level. On the 3D screen the Swedish entry shrieked as her breasts were whipped for the first time, inner thighs as well as buttocks taking a lot of punishment now, juices running down the dildo pole that held the fat invader the girl was squirming on, deep inside her. The gasping, sweat-sheened, trembling, sex toy; quaking breasts marked again, looked directly into the camera with tear-filled glassy eyes, pleading for mercy. The crowd roared its approval as the buzzer sounded again, a vicious whip stroke just below the chain dragging up at the slave's swollen, tormented clitoris doing the trick. The Swedish girl's eyes actually seemed to bulge out of her head when the whip landed, she held still for a moment, and then she threw her head back, teeth clenched tight into her gag as she shrieked in mingled agony and ecstasy. The NCO commentating breathlessly informed the 3V audience that the team's time was just two seconds off the Olympic record!

Two, three, then four stinging stokes across the buttocks quickly re-

focused Sweden's entry again, her trainer skilfully spinning this way and that, never still, whip never striking twice in the same place now. Breasts, sex, thighs, but always coming back to the redhead's backside, the spread slave toy squeaking loudly. One final, long, drawn-out shriek, and the hall in Vienna erupted! A new European record had been set, and the pretty slave had been whipped to her third orgasm just 1.7 seconds off the Olympic record!

Next up was France's first entry, a mature blonde with a large orange ball gag filling her mouth and a Royal brand marking her upper left thigh. The commentary informed them Monique was a thirty-two year old, in her last year of competition before retirement, the property of the young French Crown Prince. The Prince was the nephew of Austria's Queen, which made the French blonde almost a local girl, so the crowd gave her a big welcome. She was a cute little thing with peaches and cream skin, large breasts and wide blue eyes. The crowd enthusiastically applauded a particularly high-pitched squeak as a fat, spined dildo was pushed into the blue-eyed plaything's back passage.

To Treasure's eyes the French girl took the whip well and with evident pleasure, the dildo she was mounted on completely inside her, only the pole visible. A heavy sharp-jawed clamp swung from her clitoris, and her big breasts were heavily whip-marked by the time she'd been ruthlessly driven to her third orgasm; a disappointing two minutes off the pace. The whip man, clearly not expecting to be placed, ruefully gave his whipped-to-exhaustion entrant a pat on her marked hindquarters, and hooded and unchained her, locking wrists behind her back before leading her off the stage. The camera followed. Waiting in the wings, just turned eighteen and clearly delighted with his first competition slave, the French Crown Prince hefted and squeezed his property's well-marked breasts, running hands over her naked, bound, whip-striped body. Everyone watching knew they were seeing a slavegirl about to be thoroughly shafted.

From all over Europe, one after another, naked, chained and totally helpless, slavegirls were mounted on the dildo pole and whipped to orgasm. Today there were no more heats, just the best time to three would take the prestigious European championship.



"And now we have an entry that has really captured the imagination of this Vienna crowd. From England, a scrap bought cheap at a gypsy auction as a school project! Competing with the best in the world!"

"From my very own Londinium. And I'll tell you Sergeant, we didn't have this sort of project at my school or I might have spent a little more time there. You wouldn't believe the sort of money that's being offered for this slave."

"A quite amazing success story," the NCO agreed.

The school's project was a plain looking, slightly skinny brunette, who obviously couldn't wait to be competed, squirming herself onto her dildo before the first whip stroke even landed. She actually seemed to come as she was being secured in place, but the sensors implanted at her temples weren't yet being scanned. The whip man started off on her buttocks; the first orgasm coming easily, and then he moved on to the rest of her body. The time was good! Excited whispers and advice called uselessly at the screen from behind Treasure accompanied the lash licking around thighs, across belly and over breasts, the girl squeaking without inhibition. The second orgasm came only three seconds off Sweden's entry!

"Whip the slut harder!" a female student behind Treasure called out loudly.

The students around Treasure were on the edge of their seats now, desperately, ecstatically, cheering their property on. The class project twitched and jerked in her chains under her whip man's skilful strokes, crying out pitifully but still screwing herself onto her impaling dildo in time with braided leather cracking down on her flesh. Her squeaks became higher pitched as her nipples were struck for the first time, then a flurry of pussy strokes followed which did the job.

The school hall erupted! Northwood class project was lying in second place. Silver medal!

Caught up in the excitement herself, Treasure groaned along with the young Lords and Ladies as five slaves later, Spain's second entry, a slender

young Moor with body tattoos and dark eyes, pushed the school entry back into third place. With seven entrants still to be competed there were no cheers and jeers around her now, just breathless whispers. One after another, more chained, naked, sex toys were mounted on the pole, but no whip man managed to drive his entrant to that all important third orgasm in a faster time. To the disappointment of the home crowd, Austria's last entrant was off her form.

And then there was only a very lovely, puppy-fat plump, Arab girl, fine criss-crossed chains digging deep into her heavy breasts, squeezing flesh out into little diamonds. A heavier chain linking ringed nipples also forced the bound globes to touch lightly together. More chains looped down either side of plump sex lips from a tight steel-linked belt, and two chains in a V linked her clitoris to the belt. The pretty young slave also had her nipple rings chained to the ring set through her clitoris, in addition to which, the swollen nub was also weighted down with a gold ingot. And as a final torment, her ringed inner sex lips were pulled open with more fine chains linked to the steel bands around the olive-skinned sex toy's upper thighs. Chained in a taut X, panting lightly around a purple ball gag that nicely complemented her lip dye, she seemed pleasantly surprised when the dildo pole was cranked up under her. She slid onto it very easily!

"Well I think gold and silver are safe from this inexperienced filly," the NCO commentating said as the fat ribbed shaft slid deeper and deeper, into the chained slave. "And unless she's something very special, possibly England's amazing bronze is safe too. Especially as she won't be used to the dildo, My Lord?"

"Oh, of course," his co-host blurted. "The Eastern Kingdoms don't mount their entrants on dildos in competition, do they?"

Because of her teasing and tormenting chains, the voluptuous young Arab entrant had to take all her whip strokes to the buttocks, squeaking in pained pleasure each time the lash landed; the commentator drawing attention to the attractive ripple that ran across her hips each time braided leather left another raised welt across plump buttocks. To the relief of those in the school hall, the helpless sex toy was whipped to her first orgasm in a poor time, a full five seconds off the pace.

A pity, because Treasure really liked the chains that linked pierced nipples to clitoris. As the competition slave twisted and jerked on her dildo pole, the bounce and swing of her heavy breasts was yanking on the ring set through her clitoris. Treasure's own breasts were clearly slightly larger, so in theory the delicious teasing torment would be increased. But if the chains proved to be more decorative than practical, when Treasure was next competed in an amateur show or as a parlour game, she was unlikely to have her own nipple and clit rings linked. Shame. It looked like fun!

The whip man swung again and again, his lash landing with a stinging crack, each stroke leaving behind a new line. Gleaming with sweat now, long dark hair plastered around her face, the bound plaything on the giant 3D screen, obviously hot, wet and hitting her stride now, was quickly lashed to her second orgasm. Stunned and disbelieving groans swept the school hall around Treasure. Each successive orgasm was supposed to take more time, not less!

"That was fast!" the Sergeant commentating said in obvious surprise.

Whip stripes criss-crossed quivering buttocks now, the olive-skinned girl's juices flowing like a champion's. Not running down the dildo pole as had so many other slaves, but glinting and running along the fine chains that spread her inner sex lips wide. The life-size projection was so perfect you really felt you should be able to reach out and touch the naked, breast and pussy-chained slave, now gasping and drooling around her ball gag.

Treasure didn't feel the least bit of sympathy for the competed sex slave; just faint envy. No doubt her owner enjoyed her very much, and despite lust and pain, the way the doe-eyed girl's eyes kept flicking to the cameras showed how proud she was to be competed publicly. The spreadeagled slavegirl, jerking each time her whip man's lash left a blaze of pain across her backside, saliva and sweat glinting in the furrows caused by the fine chains digging deep into her big breasts, was quite simply delicious. Treasure wondered idly if there was any way she herself could be made to come quicker under the lash?

It was probably too late for her to compete at a national level, Treasure decided regretfully; as most of her own training had concentrated on her not

coming without permission. Even when whipped. Especially when being whipped harnessed between the shafts of a pony trap! Too bad. She loved performing, and being admired, in public. What would it be like in front of an audience of hundreds of thousands?

On the stage in Vienna, the heavy breasted Arab plaything, chained naked in front of her audience, was forced to her third, helpless, humiliating, whipped, orgasm. The actual orgasms undoubtedly overlapped, but the competed slaves were timed from the start of orgasm, not how long their whip-forced pleasure went on for. Alerted by the buzzer, the whip man looked up to the scoreboard, closed his eyes in resignation a moment, and then nodded ruefully to himself, turning the movement into a bow to the audience. The school hall around Treasure erupted in delight. The Arab girl had been beaten by a mere 0.7 seconds. Northwood's scrap had taken bronze!

On screen, ribs showing as she gasped, chained breasts heaving, hindquarters heavily marked, and gleaming as if oiled, the spreadeagled girl was totally passive as she was hooded. The whip man pulled the restraint down over his entrant's face, pulling laces tight up the back of the olive-skinned girl's head, moulding red velvet to her face, before releasing her from her chains and binding her arms behind her back with leather thongs. No one else was paying much attention, the pupils all on their feet now, shaking hands, clapping backs and in some cases even hugging, but Treasure was quite impressed by the young Arab girl with the unpronounceable name. Just eighteen, with only two months in a collar, it was natural talent not training that had to have won her her place in the championship. What would she be like with a couple of years' training behind her?

In the now boisterous crowd in the school hall, Treasure's lead was passed from hand to hand, celebrating students taking turns to inspect and handle her as she was pulled by. The rubber coating was actually quite an effective protection against slaps and pinches, though her breasts were easily squeezed, twisted and pulled and her sex lips could be painfully pinched between fingers and thumbs. The young Lords and Ladies, inexperienced, and mindful that Treasure was not only valuable property, but of who owned her, were for the most part quite gentle. One boy did make her squeak, reaching around from behind her to yank her sex lips open with her pussy

rings, but arms cuffed together down her back, on high heels, and fitted with a short hobble, trying not to fall flat on her face was her main concern! Especially when she found herself being pulled in two different directions by her nipple rings, a third by her lead, while she was held in place with a handful of hair and by someone behind her with a finger looped through her clit-ring from between her legs!

"Go on, feel how heavy her tits are."

"God, they're huge aren't they? I bet she can't sleep face down."

"Here, let me too! Don't hog her."

"And feel how firm her ass is!"

"Her legs as well. Squeeze on the inner thigh there. Just under the crotch."

"Of course she's not a ponygirl," one authoritative but unseen voice arguing with another said while Treasure's eyes closed. "Her tits are too big!"

"Get out of the way squirt. You're not old enough to be groping that slave anyway," the second voice said, a new hand hefting a breast. "She could still be a carriage pony. They're allowed to be top heavy. And she's obviously well exercised." Another hand slid up Treasure's thigh and up over a buttock, finally coming to rest on her hip. "A full time poodle would be more pampered."

Up to a dozen hands on her body at once, Treasure groaned softly behind her ball gag as her breasts were squeezed lightly together. Dreamily, she let her eyes drift open. The boy stroking her behind was stunningly attractive; a Greek God! Tall, athletic, with tight blonde curls and blue eyes.

"So when did you get to be such an expert on slavegirls? You like boy-toys don't you?"

"I've driven my mother's carriage ponies often enough," the young Lord responded haughtily.

His startling blue eyes lingered on Treasure's body, but saw her as no more than property, she realised sadly. Gauging her worth on the auction block, or assessing her as a birthday present for his mother, but in no way attracted to her as a person. The pair wandered off, leaving her lead to be passed on, more eager hands reaching for her body.

"Okay, that's enough of that. Have you forgotten she is our guest's property? Give me that lead, and back to your seats. The headmaster will want to address the school."

Panting gently with helpless arousal, nipples aching, breasts lust-swollen and her catsuit slicker than ever between her legs, Treasure looked up to see the young head girl with the yellow ribbons in her hair being reluctantly handed her lead. The last exploring hand slipped away from Treasure's bound body, the snap of command in the head girl's voice had real authority behind it, despite her youth. There were five tiers of nobility, so Treasure assumed she outranked her fellow pupils socially, though mostly the children of the upper tiers of aristocracy had private tutors. Perhaps a great family fallen on hard times?

Docilely following her lead, grateful to be out of the crush Treasure was surprised to find herself bundled into a classroom, a chemistry lab by the look of it, the head girl closing the door behind them. Heart pounding with lust and slightly fearful anticipation, Treasure passively allowed herself to be led to the centre of the room, putting her ankles together and neatly holding her head up when her lead was dropped, the heavy chain hanging between her breasts. The leather loop of the handle brushed lightly back and forth across her upper thighs as it swung to a stop. It occurred to Treasure to wonder why panting in gentle lust around a ball gag was always so much more stimulating than a tongue clamp, or underwear taped into her mouth.

The girl walked slowly around her, trailing fingernails across her stomach, over hip, in a curve over the upper swell of each buttock, hip again, and back to navel ring. Her hand slid slowly down, palm pressing lightly into Treasure's belly. Treasure groaned softly.

"Have you got a shaft inside you, pretty toy?"

Treasure shook her head.

"Then shut up!"

The hand stroked between her legs, pulling on pussy rings, kneading thighs, reaching around her to lift and squeeze buttocks. Treasure couldn't help gasping when the strange young aristocrat toyed with her clit ring, which was apparently acceptable. But groaning when her breasts were again hefted and squeezed earned her several slaps to the heavy mounds. It didn't actually hurt, the latex coating on each over-large globe taking the sting out of the aristocrat's slaps, but Treasure had learnt not to disappoint. She gave an obedient little whimper at each slap which seemed to please her would-be tormentor.

The young Lady seemed quite entranced by the way Treasure's flesh bounced to her blows - and with Treasure's docile acceptance of her correction - and as the punishment went on, Treasure's whimpers became more real. She was protected from the sting of the girl's slaps, but between them and the bruising Prince Samuel and his driver had given her, her breasts were more than a little tender. It was turning into a bad boob day!

Lust swelling her flesh and the catsuit's constriction only made the heavy mounds more sensitive, and Treasure moaned in helpless pleasure, the first tear running down her cheek, as strong fingers twisted deep into her big breasts. An experienced toy, she felt no resentment at her treatment; just surrendered herself to sensation. This was, after all, why, along with the other improvements her owners had had made to her at the clinic, she'd been given such large heavy breasts in the first place. For the pleasure of aristocrats. Panting more heavily now, drooling around her ball gag and held lightly in place with nipple rings, the head girl pulled her lightly this way and that.

She was admiring the play of light on the curves of her body, Treasure realised after a moment. She'd been admired in much the same fashion on many occasions; when wet, sweat-sheened or oiled. And despite many fingerprints, her black skin-tight covering still had quite a high gloss on it.

"Lovely. Absolutely lovely!" the girl breathed.

Oh no, not another one! Men, Treasure could cope with quite easily. They just wanted her for sex, spiced with a little pain, obedient humiliation, and her bound, chained, total and utter helplessness. But she did seem to have this unfortunate talent for attracting the attention of really intense women! Holding her in place with a handful of hair just behind her steel collar and the strap of her ball gag, the young Lady again lightly stroked the swell of Treasure's belly. It seemed she was now allowed to moan softly in pleasure, because no further punishment followed.

"Legs apart!"

Her hobble was quite short, the shiny chain linking the polished steel bands padlocked around her ankles no more than thirty centimetres long, but Treasure eagerly obeyed as far as her restraint would allow. The hand woven into her hair pulled her head back further until she was forced to look up at the ceiling while cautious fingers probed between her legs. The girl with the yellow ribbons in her hair was short, and with Treasure perched on five inch heels, her head didn't even come up to her plaything's shoulder. A perfect height to bite, aching, lust-swollen nipples. Treasure wailed in helpless delight as the ring-set nubs were nipped.

The girl's touch was inexpert, fumbling, but she couldn't really go wrong, when each stroke between Treasure's pussy lips rubbed back and forth over the ring piercing her clitoris. And she was already hot. She'd only come once on the floor of the limousine, the European Championship she'd been allowed to watch had been very stimulating, and then she'd been groped by practically the whole school! In fact she was dripping wet. Her head was pulled back harder, spine arched and breasts heaving now, Treasure suddenly very aware of the steel cuffs that held her elbows and wrists touching behind her and the mouth-filling ball gag she was gasping and drooling around. Oh God, she was going to be made to come by a mere girl! The strangely intense head girl was a fast study, quickly discovering what made her latex-coated plaything moan the loudest. Fingers probed deeper, stroking harder and faster between her sex lips.

Treasure cried out in forced ecstasy, shudders racking her body as wave after wave of pleasure coursed through her. Her knees went weak, but a painful yank of her hair held her upright, and then the young Lady was



pushing her back to a bench, and then onto it. Gasping, her pleasure-drenched body lethargic Treasure flopped limply onto the polished surface, lying on her back with her bound arms under her. Her aristocratic keeper hopped up lightly onto the bench, Treasure gasping as the girl, settled herself none too lightly onto her stomach.

With a hand lightly resting on each breast, the full globes flattened across Treasure's chest by their own weight, the girl sitting astride her bent forward, looking into Treasure's eyes from just a hand's span away, eyes sparkling. Treasure felt the soft caress of her breath, cold on the saliva running down her chin.

"Are you for sale, pretty toy?"

Treasure held still.

"Not sure?"

Treasure nodded, nipples stiff against her users palms.

"I probably couldn't afford you anyway," the girl decided.

She swayed forward a little more, lying down the length of Treasure's body now, and slowly, sensuously, delicately, began licking her plaything's ball gag parted lips. The young aristocrat was in no hurry, the slave kiss going on forever, as passionate as any Treasure had ever been allowed. Even from Queen Victoria, and she knew the Queen's interest in her was more than just lust. Arousal fanned into heat again, Treasure found herself wishing rubber and fine clothing would melt away; leaving just naked flesh against her own bound, naked, body. Always bound! She knew, even in her fantasies, that no noble would ever use her sexually without restraints.

To Treasure's disappointment the long slave kiss, breasts lightly kneaded, eventually came to an end, the young Lady finally having had her fill of the taste of Treasure's lips. The chain clipped to her collar was used to carelessly pull Treasure back to her feet, the head girl giving her a last little pat on the behind, and then without a backwards glance - finished with her now - Treasure was led back through the school and her lead returned to

Lady Kattrena with an apology.

The Countess, clearly not in the least interested in where her poodle had been, snapped her fingers, the signal to 'heel', and Treasure obediently drooped to her knees beside her. On second thoughts, perhaps being an eighteen year-old's plaything might not be all bad. She'd heard the age of majority for nobles in the Flemish and Danish Kingdoms was sixteen, fifteen in one of the Arab kingdoms; though peasants, serfs and artisans worldwide still had to be eighteen to be sentenced.

Treasure shivered in thrilled horror, imagining herself the legal property of the proud, haughty, petulant and totally spoilt, - a description that fitted all young aristocrats in her experience so far – head girl. Subject to the capricious whims of a teenager! But there had been delight in the girl's eyes, only boredom in the Countess's and Treasure was willing to bet the young Lady would drive a mean pony trap! It was a shamefully, deliciously arousing idea really.

Treasure suddenly realised with a cold chill, she was going to experience near enough the reality of her little sexual fantasy. She was just twenty- two years old now, four years older than the intense head girl, but with rejuvenation treatments, she still had thirty-five to forty years of collared use left in her yet. Even well into her fifties, she'd appear to be physically no more than twenty-five or so! So even if the English Kingdom didn't legally lower the age at which young Lords and Ladies were allowed to own and use slaves, eighteen at present, at some point she was possibly going to end up the legal property and sexual plaything of nobles literally half her age!

It had occurred to her before, but reality had never struck home with such intensity! "What happened to that escape plan you were working on?" she asked herself. "Haven't been thinking much about that lately, have you?"

She tried to clear her mind of lust and concentrate on the possibility of a life without an owner, but her thoughts kept slipping elsewhere. Imagining herself, thirty years from now, harnessed and bridled, naked, between the shafts of a pony trap, her sixteen year old owner tightening the straps around her breasts and pulling her crotch strap up a notch to drive a fat dildo just that little bit deeper, finally giving her a quick pat before taking her seat in the

pony trap, whip ready. On her knees, bound, collared and gagged, Treasure sighed softly in lust and longing.

Back at the palace, finally cut and peeled out of her rubber catsuit and hosed down - it had been getting a bit sticky - Treasure was hoping to be taken to her owner's bedroom as he hadn't enjoyed her mouth again on the return journey, but more realistically she was expecting to be taken back to her cell. It turned out to be neither. Two troopers led her naked with wrists cuffed behind her, wearing only familiar heels, hobble and ball gag, into an unfamiliar playroom. Two hangman's nooses of rope hung down ready from the ubiquitous ceiling winches in front of a plush, padded armchair of brushed dark blue velvet.

"So what's she done then?" one trooper asked the other.

"Hh?" the other muttered, more interested in stroking his fingers down between Treasure's buttocks, probing for her anus.

"Why's the Countess want her punished?" the first repeated.

"Oh I don't know. Maybe Boobs here wasn't attentive enough. Maybe nothing. Hasn't she got a superb ass though? I like them firm! Go on, give that a squeeze!"

The second uniformed man obligingly grabbed a buttock.

"Nice," he agreed. "She must have done something though?"

"Not necessarily. Perhaps her Ladyship just wants to vent a little steam by swinging a whip. Relieve some tension and stress. Nobles often do."

"Poor cow," the second said, running his hands up Treasure's body. "Nice tits though."

The nooses, which Treasure had hoped were going to go around her wrists, were pushed over each breast and pulled snug. The winches whined briefly, and the nooses were pulled tighter, white cord digging deep into

heavy flesh. Treasure's breasts were now tightly squeezed, bulging out in almost perfect spheres, skin taut and ringed nipples forced to protrude. After one last stroke from the ass man, fingers briefly penetrating her back passage, Treasure was left alone and helpless, held in place under the winches by her roped breasts.

Her roped flesh felt hot and heavy, very swollen, but she'd had her breasts roped and clamped tighter. It was quite a pleasant sensation usually, especially during sex. Her only concern with this arrangement was that if she was made to pull against her restraints somehow, there was nothing to stop the nooses getting tighter and tighter.

She found herself studying the armchair, the only thing in the room apart from the usual whip racks, and glass fronted cabinets of dildos, vibrators, butt plugs, clamps and the like. Stuff she'd seen a thousand times before. She'd been bent over the back of quite a few chairs to be shafted or whipped, often both. She'd knelt in front of many more, a cock in her mouth or performing cunnilingus, and she'd been laid across the lap of many a seated aristocrat for a spanking, but she couldn't for the life of her remember the last time she'd actually sat in an armchair. She decided she wasn't missing much. As she'd been taught, it wasn't her place; and naked slavegirls looked much better on their knees. The Queen had liked her hogtied on a sheepskin rug at her feet, Treasure remembered dreamily, so that she could rest her bare feet on the warmth of Treasure's behind. And she'd been just as comfortable on her rug as she would have been sitting in a chair.

"Hello slut!" a familiar voice said behind her.

Treasure's handcuffs clicked together behind her as she flinched, biting down on her ball gag as a chill ran up her spine. She was glad she was gagged though. As an experienced slave, she knew that sometimes she would be punished not for misdeeds on her own part but simply for the pleasure of her abuser and she preferred not to have to plead and beg unnecessarily to a Lord or Lady she didn't like. It was almost as bad as being made to experience orgasm during sex with an aristocrat she wasn't keen on. A surprisingly gentle pair of hands slid around her waist from behind, stroked down through her pubic hair and probed between her legs.

"Good slut. Nipples hard, clit swollen, and dripping wet! That's what I like to see." She stroked the ropes digging deep into Treasure's heavy breasts. "Now when I hurt you, don't be inhibited. Don't hold back. I want lots of noise and tears. Understood?"

The aristocrat toying with her ringed nipples now, Treasure nodded obediently. Kept almost permanently naked, again, even after over two years of sexual slavery, Treasure found herself acutely conscious of others' clothing brushing up against her own naked flesh. The hiss of silk or the rasp of velvet and the faint smells of washing powders and liquids always turned her on. The Lady's long skirt, formal evening wear, brushed against her calves. She didn't miss clothing but it was thrilling on others!

The Lady's exploring fingers paused on Treasure's brand, stroking gently back and forth. The crown shaped emblem that had been burned into Treasure's flesh, high on her right buttock, almost on the thigh, was perfectly healed now, helped along with a healing salve. Actually the same stuff the grooms used on her heels to stop stiletto shoes chafing. Now there was just a faint indentation when you stroked, but the brand showed up clearly, white against the normal light gold of Treasure's skin. She thought it was quite pretty and was very proud of her crown. It literally marked her as something special.

The Countess ran a small scanner over the barcode tattooed on the underside of her left breast, but the rope nooses squeezing out Treasure's breasts had so distended her flesh, stretching her tattooed barcode and serial number, it took the Lady four goes before her scanner took a reading it liked. The aristocrat then called up Treasure's pedigree and stored it on her own personal computer.

Next she attached an electrode to each of Treasure's straining nipples, a little smile tugging at her pursed lips when Treasure squeaked as the tiny metal jaws bit painfully into her nipples. Trailing red wires, the clamps were spring-loaded; electrodes were never taped on as sweat could loosen a contact point. Countess Kattrena settled herself into her armchair, fastidiously laying out her skirt beside her. The red wires ran to a control-box she held, a heavier dark cable running to the mains.

"Oh, how sweet! You're trembling. Now, I want your legs as wide as your hobble will allow. Deep breaths, and you can squeeze those tits a little bit more for me."

Treasure obediently swayed back on her rope tethers, the nooses digging deeper into her flesh, her breasts feeling swollen fit to burst now. Her clamp-tormented nipples throbbed in time with the beating of her heart, her tormentor unconsciously licking her lips in anticipation, excitement clearly building now. Power was a heady drug. The eyes on Treasure's naked, bound, body darted eagerly this way and that.

"You stupid slut!" she suddenly hissed venomously. "You exist for sex, to be used and enjoyed by your betters, and for no other reason. Did you really think you could get away with trying to humiliate me? Twice!"

The aristocrat pressed a button on her device, and Treasure squeaked in surprise and pain as a bolt of agony was delivered to her nipples, exploding out into her trapped breasts, finally leaving the heavy globes tingling and throbbing. Gasping around her gag, Treasure realised the nooses were digging even deeper into her flesh now, pulled tighter as she'd tried to jerk and twist away from the pain. A much more powerful shock than those she'd taken with the Prince's ponyboys. The clearly delighted Countess stroked the button she'd just pressed, Treasure watching, mesmerised.

"Did that hurt, slut?" she crooned. "As you've got such large udders, I thought I'd best shock you at full power to make sure I got them all; but I don't want to be too cruel. After all, you're not to blame if you're not properly housebroken; it's the fault of whoever trained you. Isn't that right?"

Drooling, panting, stomach fluttering, and stiletto heels clicking on the marble floor as she nervously twisted this way and that, Treasure nodded cautiously.

"Though Samuel says you take good whip! Is your master a liar, or do you like a bit of pain really?"

Naked, hobbled and perched on her toes, held in place with now tightly bound breasts, and red wires trailing away from her agonisingly clamped

nipples to the control box the Lady held, Treasure had no choice. She existed to be enjoyed, in whatever way most pleased her owner. And whoever he chose to lend her to! Even though it would get her shocked, it was her duty to nod her head. The Countess's thumb stabbed down in time with Treasure's nod.

Treasure squealed, pain again engulfing her rope-bulging breasts, a lightning bolt searing her clamped, swollen, nipples. The big, heavy, throbbing, globes were going pink now, the nooses tighter than ever. Her ball gag as always making her drool, Treasure's saliva splashing down onto her heaving roped breasts, and trickling down distended, shiny-taut, flesh. It tickled!

"Like that did you? Good bitch!"

Treasure was made to squeal again as another bolt of agony was delivered through the sharp-jawed clamps biting into her nipples. Another shock followed, and another! Her breath was ragged now, sweat on her flanks, roped breasts aching and pulsing in time with her heartbeat. Her breasts were often shocked, but it was never easy. And here the nooses were devilishly effective at limiting and concentrating the full agonising effect of each shock into each large heavy melon. The elegant Lady tormenting her put aside her glass of chilled white wine and reached forward, stroking up between Treasure's sex lips, stroking wetness into her pubic hair.

"You do like it don't you, slut? Dripping wet!"

Another jolt of pain made Treasure cry out again, teeth clenched tight into her ball gag, the first tear running down her cheek. She moaned in delight as her ringed clitoris was toyed with between shocks, tears flowing freely as the Countess shocked her twice more. Half supporting her as she twisted and turned; her knees kept sagging when she was shocked, the breast ropes holding Treasure in place were brutally tight now. Treasure wailed as her nipples were seared again. Vision tear-blurred, her pleas muffled and distorted by her gag, Treasure desperately wished she had smaller breasts. The big heavy mounds, throbbing and purple and feeling as if they were swollen to twice their normal size, were subjected to shock after shock!

Countess Kattrena put aside her control box a moment, reached for her wine glass and settled back to study her sobbing victim.

"The Queen's right. You do have a pretty squeak," her tormentor decided, "but you're not pretty enough to keep. Top heavy and cute? And too tall. I ask you! That figure is just so unfashionable!"

The red wires trailing from her clamped nipples swaying as she gasped and sobbed, legs trembling, Treasure groaned in pleasure as a finger was run between her sex lips, the Lady sampling her juices' taste. The Countess stood and unbuckled her ball gag.

"Now Big Tits, I want you to tell me all about yourself. The stuff not in your pedigree. And don't leave anything out. You know I can check on you easily enough."

Treasure again related the tale of how she had come to be branded, collared, sexual property; barcoded with a serial number on the Slaveworld. Explaining she was a scientist from another dimension, the real world, and describing who Jenny had been, was starting to sound unbelievable even to her.

"I don't approve of peasant girls being educated," the Lady mused, stroking Treasure between the legs once she'd finished her tale.

Treasure whimpered in pleasure as all four fingers penetrated her pussy to the knuckle. The aristocrat twisted and thrust, and then held her fingers to Treasure's mouth, making her lick her own juices off all four fingers, before pushing the ball gag back into her mouth. The mouth-filling restraint was buckled tightly back into place, her roped breasts were then squeezed, making her wail in pained, pleased, anguished delight.

"No," the Countess decided. "I suppose you're a nice enough fuck, but as soon as I'm Queen, you get packed off to the farm where you belong. Pulling a plough with seven ponyboys on my family estate! They'll like you," she giggled. "Agricultural slaves don't get as much sex as they need."

She patted Treasure's hip.



"It's for the best really. You're not attractive enough to be a pet in my household, and you'll probably like the farm. Hard work by day, and seven hunky team mates screwing you in turn all night long? Doesn't that sound yummy?" she coaxed.

Another agonising shock made Treasure nod in eager obedience.

The Countess clearly had no difficulty in shrugging away her novel past, concerned with only the here and now. And here and now Treasure was a sex toy, not a person, the elegant aristocrat's to enjoy at whim. By Slaveworld mores, nothing out of the ordinary, legally or morally, had taken place in the playroom. More agonising shocks engulfed Treasure's breasts, until finally sobbing helplessly again, she'd totally lost count of how many times the now smiling Lady had pressed the button on her wire-trailing control box.

"My, Big Tits, you're all sweaty," the delighted woman crowed.

She walked slowly around Treasure, admiring the sweat gleaming on her plaything's naked body, running a finger down her panting, trembling, toy's spine, and tasting.

"Now, just a little something to remember me by!"

The Lady selected a long, thin, whip from the rack, and swung it through the air in a hissing arc. Treasure squealed one last time, a stinging blaze of pain laid in a line across both buttocks; scorching into her flesh, heat slowly burning deeper and deeper. It matched the throb in her now deep purple breasts, nipples pounding. Without having to see, Treasure knew a whip stroke that hard would have left a thick raised welt across her backside.

She was very grateful to be finally put to bed, hog tied in her little cell, for the night. Definitely a bad boob day! Her much-abused breasts and the new line across her behind throbbed long into the night, until exhaustion finally claimed her, but it wasn't pain that had kept her awake. She kept thinking about the playroom. Couldn't get it out of her mind. Not the fact that Lady Kattrena hadn't seemed to be able to grasp the fact that the top heavy plaything she'd amused herself with could have ever been an intelligent, educated, independent, person. But that after all that exquisite torture, the

bitch hadn't let her come!

# CHAPTER 7

The Royal Security Police may have thought the Slaveworld's England was better off without further contact with the parallel universe Lady Franklin née Phillips-Webber and her five students had come from, and presumably the King had endorsed their decision at the time. But a feudal system has a very clear command structure. Unless the King chose to oppose her, what the Queen wanted, the Queen got!

The only limit placed on Lady Franklin was that the project should be as small and as secret as possible. That wasn't difficult. Lord Franklin, her husband, a respected scientist in his own right, was well versed in Gate technology, and his daughter Isobell, now the former professor's step-daughter, had been on Lord Franklin's original Slaveworld research team. Further keeping it in the family, Lady Franklin still owned three of her own original research team from the Realworld, Charles, Sarah and Karen. And completing the set, the Queen had persuaded her son to lend Treasure to the effort.

A week later, with access to one of Londinium's power stations by night, the project to re-establish contact with Contact One - what Treasure thought of as the Realworld - was well under way. Lord and Lady Franklin provided the brains, Lady Isobell supervised the slaves and the collared sex toys did the repetitive, tedious, testing and calibrating.

Finding herself in the presence of two of her former owners, both the Ladies Franklin, Treasure working naked and chained, had expected a lot of sexual fun. In fact she'd already had sex with everyone in the room. She'd been made to perform sexually with the three former students often enough, and the older Lord Franklin had enjoyed many a ride. It was going to be just like old times!

She was disappointed. Now the property of another, the Prince of Wales, to her frustration she found she was actually there just to work; not play. Occasionally stroked between the legs, patted on the behind, nipples tweaked

and the like, but for once Treasure was required for her mind not her body. Which wasn't to say the aristocrats had changed in any way, or saw any reason to deny themselves sexual release while they worked. Charles, Sarah and Karen were frequently teased, tormented and shafted. Nothing had changed, except Treasure was no longer on the menu.

She found it very easy to immerse herself in a scientific project again; she had worried that slavery might have dulled her intellect, but it wasn't a problem. On reflection, being at all times pleasing, being totally subservient to another, took just as much intellect and concentration. Even doing the grunt work, the project was so fascinating she sometimes forgot she was naked, gagged, and chained to her terminal by her nipple rings.

Two Gates joining together from different dimensions, alternative realities, provided a very stable portal. Finding each other like magnets, each Gate needing little more power than it took to run a TV set, you could step between worlds with ease. The connection was only broken when the power to one Gate was cut.

To Treasure's surprise, a single Gate punched through to another reality alone wasn't too difficult; it just required a lot more power. A whole fusion reactor's worth! The problem was that the portal wasn't stable, it would reliably last only about sixteen seconds, possibly twenty and was an absolute pig to aim.

Sixteen seconds was more than enough for a man carrying a folded up Receiver-Gate to step through and set up a stable connection, the Receiver-Gate and its computer fitting into a small attaché case. Some of the worlds they touched on trying to aim the thing at the Realworld, explored by a pair of RSP officers, might not have a handy power source, so the explorers also had to take along a slightly bulkier generator.

The Queen was possibly a little impatient that her sponsored project was only working alternate days and one or two nights a week, but no doubt recognised that the Franklins couldn't be expected to totally give up their social life. In fact she and Lady Franklin were clearly fast becoming firm friends, frequently seen together at the better night spots.

Treasure, while occasionally thoughtfully eyeing the Gates she helped set up, couldn't help but be aware she was missing out on a lot of sex on the nights she was working. Although she was returned to the Prince of Wales at the end of each shift, sometimes Samuel didn't feel like sex in the morning, or had duties. He'd also just bought a new racing pony, a pretty redhead, and training and bedding her was taking up a lot of his time. Treasure wanted to scratch the skinny bitch's eyes out.

One duty that was hers and hers alone now, was to be Countess Kattrena's poodle whenever she and Samuel had a date or function to attend. Clearly, just to annoy her! Naked, on a lead, Treasure had been led around a flower show, two art galleries, a hospital opening and had knelt at the Countess's feet at the opera.

To annoy Prince Samuel in turn, so that he couldn't take Treasure out in public and would have to lock her away to heal up, the Countess had taken to finding the time to leave her poodle heavily whip marked by the end of each increasingly fraught date. Much to Treasure's relief, she judged the two wouldn't be together much longer, Samuel only putting up with her, because if he broke up with her his parents would immediately wheel out a replacement.

It had been a normal enough day's work at the lab. Over lunch, quite indifferent to Treasure watching, Lord Franklin had taken Karen from behind bent over a couch, the slender racing pony with her arms bound behind her, a fat plug up her ass; Lady Franklin, sitting on Sarah's face on the same couch. Chatting to her husband, she'd occasionally nipped Karen's nipples with her teeth, while idly flicking a cat-o-nine-tails between Sarah's legs. Isobell had enjoyed Charles elsewhere.

Day's end saw Karen twisting and squirming hogtied on the floor, a harness tight around her waist and between her legs holding twin shock dildos in place. She'd missed a decimal point in one of her calculations. Pussy and ass stretched wide by the tormenting invaders, Treasure's former friend squeaked and yelped helplessly around her gag, wide brown eyes tear-bright; pleading. Their former teacher standing behind Treasure, slowly kneading the firm weight of her breasts as she checked her work, Treasure could do nothing but watch.

Their work was in fact excellent, it was simply that the woman who now legally owned them enjoyed teasing and tormenting them, so Charles and Sarah were then made to fight with whips. The slight former lovers, naked and gagged, had been tied together left wrist to left wrist with a length of rope, each of them held a long thin carriage whip in their right hand. They'd lashed each other's backsides unmercifully.

The blonde pair had been exactly trained. Once devoted, they were now constantly competing for their owner's favour, trying to make the other look bad and reporting on each other's slightest misdeeds. Treasure had seen that Lady Franklin sometimes let them punish each other and both clearly relished the opportunity.

Charles was judged today's winner. As the loser Sarah was tied to a post facing him, arms and then legs pulled behind the post, feet off the floor. Lady Franklin was leaning against her now, breath hot on her neck, Treasure holding herself breathlessly still as they both watched, her former professor happily calling encouragement and advice to Charles as she handled heavy silken flesh. Slowly masturbating, Sarah's one-time lover brutally whipped her small rounded breasts. The beautiful girl, gag removed to allow her audience to better savour her cries, shrieked and thrashed, but the tight ropes held her easily. Tomorrow, given the chance, she would lash Charles just as hard, free hand between her own legs.

Now in the presence of a Gate, Treasure's thoughts had inevitably again turned to escape. She'd had no opportunity to talk to her fellow slaves and former friends, all of them wearing mouth-filling ball gags almost permanently, but it had occurred to her that the former students might be of help, or could be included in her plans. Watching Charles methodically marking Sarah's trembling flesh, she dismissed the idea. They couldn't be trusted anymore having clearly been trained to worship the ground their owner walked on. Karen was clearly very proud of having been made a champion racing ponygirl, loved the crowd calling her name as she competed, and equally clearly, the only part of their treatment Charles and Sarah would change, was the amount of time Lady Franklin spent on the other. They hadn't had the wakeup call of being bought and sold having had just the one owner.

She remembered quite clearly Lady Franklin telling her once that the devoted and loving blonde pair wouldn't be allowed sex together as her property until they'd been trained to hate each other. Lady Franklin released Treasure's breasts to clap her hands and reluctantly, Charles dropped his whip, stepped up to Sarah still tied to the post, hanging in her ropes and thrust into her.

"Bitch, bitch, bitch!" he hissed venomously as his pelvis pumped, cock deep inside her, twisting and squeezing Sarah's whip-tender breasts.

"Hate you, hate you, hate you," the blonde girl gasped back, the breath forced out of her on each brutal thrust of his shaft. Her cry as she was forced to orgasm was more distressed than any the whip had forced from her.

With a victorious cry Charles pulled away, masturbating again, semen splashing up Sarah's bound body.

"I won!" he crowed.

"Heel!" Lady Franklin ordered.

Within moments, Charles was on his knees kissing his Mistress's feet, quite docile as he was chained and gagged again. To an outsider, it was obvious from the smile on the aristocrat's lips who the real winner was. On the floor, dark skin gleaming with sweat now, Karen continued to twitch and whimper.

Unusually, instead of the regular trooper assigned to collect her at shifts' end, Prince Samuel himself arrived to claim Treasure that day. Lady Isobell was giving her a light spanking, Treasure across her knee, wrists secured to the back of her collar.

"Has she been a bad girl?" Samuel asked amused.

"No, just a little fun," Isobell replied honestly.

She was clearly not in the slightest discomfited by the Prince of Wales finding her with a naked girl with a pink bottom across her lap. His naked

girl! She gave Treasure a last few stinging slaps, and let her drop to her knees on the floor.

"Running your own errands now?" she asked in a slightly puzzled tone after a moment's thought.

"You were on the way," he shrugged.

Isobell nodded. "More to the point, do you think she's a good girl? How are you enjoying your new purchase?" the aristocrat asked, finger through a nipple ring, lifting a breast.

Samuel patted Treasure on the head.

"She's quite delightful," he said. "Needs to be kept on a short chain, and lots of whip - don't let her think too much - but she was born for this."

"I thought you'd take to her," Isobell said approvingly. "Though I like to think my training had something to do with the end result."

"Oh, don't misunderstand me. While she's a natural slave, it's obvious she's been beautifully broken in."

Treasure was made to stand, Lady Isobell toying with her pubic hair while Samuel cuffed her wrists and elbows together behind her back, hobbled her, checked the straps on her ball gag, and finally clipped a lead to her collar.

"On the way to where?" Isobell asked, lightly stroking pink buttocks now, Samuel's hand between Treasure's legs.

She groaned behind her gag as fingers probed inside her sex, Lady Isobell's hand stroking lightly up her spine now. Grinning, Prince Samuel lifted one of Treasure's breasts, and the petite aristocrat lightly touched her lips to the offered melon with a return grin. Standing perfectly still, cuffs digging into her wrists and upper arms behind her, the straps of her ball gag tight under her chin and across her cheeks, Treasure suppressed a whine of frustrated lust.



It was moments like this that made sexual slavery so exciting. You never knew if you were going to be stroked, whipped, or thrown facedown over a table and firmly fucked!

"Actually, I'm on my way to mud wrestling trials at The Dome," he replied. "It's amateur night. I thought I'd take Treasure along and see how she does, see if she's got the right temperament. I think I once told you I thought she had the physique."

Isobell nodded. An idea seemed to occur to Samuel.

"Would you like to come?" he added.

Isobell hesitated.

"My Lady, your poodle," Samuel offered formally, holding out Treasure's lead.

"Thank you My Lord," the aristocrat replied equally formally, holding back a grin. "Just my type actually," she added, reaching up to brush Treasure's long fringe out of her eyes.

"Yes she is, isn't she!" the Prince of Wales said, glancing from petite aristocrat to naked slave and back, suddenly looking rather thoughtful.

They left the lab in the care of two RSP troopers from the squad of eight assigned as security. The force was being kept small to keep down the numbers of those who needed to know that there were Gateways to other worlds, other possible realities. Naked, mouth filled with gag, arms cuffed behind her back, Treasure was led away from her only hope of freedom to a waiting limousine. Kneeling at the elegant pair's feet, her big breasts slapped and squeezed, nipples twisted and crushed between cruel fingers, her ball gag was finally removed to allow her to please the Prince and his Lady with her mouth.

It had been so long. The taste of Isobell's juices once more honey on her tongue, quite content, Treasure let her lips slide down the length of Samuel's erect cock. She groaned in pleasure as he used her breasts to control her

mouth.

"What?" Isobell asked. "You're grinning like she was your first slave."

"It's just it was nice to see her head between your thighs; to see you enjoying her. Not turning down my offer to use her."

Isobell squirmed back into her underwear, tugging her dress's skirt back down.

"Why on earth would I turn you down?" she asked, slightly puzzled.

His cock deep in her mouth, her breasts in his hands, looking up his body, Treasure saw her owner smile, felt him relax.

"Why indeed?" he whispered, squeezing his fingers into the full heavy weight of flesh he held; harder and faster.

Naked at their feet, arms chained down her back, she was just a toy to them. Head obediently bobbing harder and faster, in time with her breasts being squeezed, her swollen, aching, nipples hard against her Lord's palms - both watching her! - hot come splashed into Treasure's mouth. She was ordered to hold her tongue out for inspection, semen and saliva running down her chin, before finally being allowed to swallow.

The Dome proved to be a combination clubhouse, training ground, auction hall, bar, and arena for those into the sport of mud wrestling. It was circular, with a series of tiers, tables and chairs facing in and leading down to the central pit. Dimly lit apart from the spot lit pit where bouts took place, the music a heavy thumping beat, and food eaten with fingers; it was clearly the sort of place where the drink of choice would be beer, not champagne. Isobell, though clearly slightly overdressed for the venue, entered gaily into the spirit of the occasion.

Tuesdays at The Dome were amateur night. Where new untried girls could be pitted against other amateurs, or professional wrestling slaves, to see what they were made of. Trainers and owners, always on the lookout for new

talent, and a chance to size up future opposition, were always on hand with their views on a novice.

The rules to mud wrestling, like the sport, were simplicity itself. The naked slavegirls, one on one, were fitted with strap-on dildos, and grappled and squirmed in a pit lined with a deep layer of clear, thick, oil that coated the body on contact. The dildo's harness straps, tight around the waist, ran down between the girl's legs in a single crotch strap, and split into two under her, running up under the buttocks back to the waist-band. There was no time limit; the first slavegirl to anally penetrate her opponent being the winner. Punching was not allowed, ball gags prevented biting, and scratching was not a problem as slavegirls were not usually allowed long fingernails anyway. In the heat of passion, they could far too easily scratch an owner. Otherwise, it was anything goes.

In The Dome it was common practice to hang the naked slavegirls up by their wrists from ceiling beams, before and between bouts; to allow the gamblers and opposing owners to get a measure of the competition. Hanging with her feet twenty centimetres clear of the floor, cuffs tight around her wrists, hands explored Treasure's body. Sometimes the touch was blatantly sexual, but most of the aristocrats here were fans and were assessing her worth as a fighter. They were more interested in body weight and muscles than how big her boobs were. Suspended from a hook near Samuel's reserved table, Treasure got lucky; and had a clear view of the pit. Being near the action meant she probably got groped more than a girl hung at the back, but being able to study the bouts and pick up pointers was well worth it she thought.

Samuel and Isobell seemed to be having a wonderful time, the short doll-like Lady listening intently while Samuel had explained his favourite sport to her. Now, with much laughter, a chicken drumstick in one hand and a beer mug in the other, she was cheering on her chosen girls with the best of them, she and Samuel betting against each other in each bout. The normally fastidiously elegant Lady drained her mug and waved a serving slave over.

Isobell tossed a Gold Crown into the open pouch hanging clipped to the girl's nipple rings and she returned in moments with two full mugs. All the serving slaves were for hire, and so were gagged and locked into chastity

belts, The Dome supplying their services but not giving them away. Treasure would have grinned if her ball gag had let her. She knew full well Isobell wasn't all that keen on beer. She was much, much, smarter than Countess Kattrena!

In the pit, both completely coated in gleaming oil, it, bodies slipping and sliding together, two naked girls fought to the crowd's cheers. The smaller girl, busty with a wasp waist and nipple rings, probably a show pony by day, was the more aggressive, but her bigger opponent's weight bore her down every time she got too close and she had to desperately wriggle clear. Crying out in pain around her gag as fingers twisted deep into her big breasts, the smaller girl seemed about to lose; but suddenly had the upper hand!

Instead of trying to break the hold, she endured it, her own hands free of her opponent's blocks for a moment. The bigger girl was almost thrown then tripped, and in moments sprawled face down in the oil with fingers twisted into her hair and the show pony's dildo quickly rammed into her anus.

Her victim squirming ineffectually under her, the winning slave's hips pumped hard and fast, forcing the dildo deep and hard between oil-gleaming buttocks. The crowd came to its feet, voicing its approval at the brutal anal shafting. One hand still twisted in the bigger girl's hair to hold her head up for the audience, gasping around her ball gag, her own large oil-shiny breasts flattened between their bodies, sliding across slippery flesh as her hips pumped, ramming the dildo home again and again, the smaller girl gave a loud victory cry as she came. Lady Isobell won that bout's bet.

The loser was hosed off and hung from a beam at the back of The Dome. The winning slave, strap-on dildo unbuckled from her hips, was winched up above the pit itself, and hanging naked from her wrists, was auctioned off. Still panting from her exertions, gently spinning, the pit's spotlights reflected off and highlighted the oil-gleaming slave's lush curves.

The cute little sex toy sold for thirty-seven thousand Crowns, a good price, and Lady Isobell made several bids. Knowing her, Treasure suspected it was more the size of the girl's breasts that attracted her, rather than the suspended plaything's prowess in the pit.

Treasure watched several more bouts, two more of the girls auctioned off afterwards, before it was her turn. Naked in front of the crowd, she stood placidly while the judge checked the fit of her ball gag and strapped the dildo's harness on around her hips and under her. The belt was tight, digging deep into her waist, the twin straps running up from under her, splitting to leave her anus clear, tight up under each buttock.

On the other side of the pit, watching her warily was the girl she had to sodomise. And who would in turn try and force her own dildo into Treasure's unwilling body.

Her opponent, a pale, blue eyed brunette, was about her own height, or slightly taller; but with short hair, much smaller breasts and no nipple rings, she offered less in the way of handholds. She would have to try to keep her own hair, a thick rope woven into a braid that reached down to her buttocks today, out of the way Treasure realised. Professional mud wrestlers always had short hair and were often shaved bald she knew.

The other girl's eyes were on her, assessing her just as Treasure was taking her measure, but she seemed a little inexperienced. Her eyes kept flicking back and forth to the crowd; to the dozens of Lords and Ladies with their eyes on her own naked body. Treasure by contrast loved crowds, loved being admired, and never more so than when she was the centre of attention. The main attraction!

Treasure's physical regime, the hours she'd spent on exercise machines with electrodes clipped to nipples and pussy lips to make sure she'd kept pace, had honed her to a peak of fitness she hadn't realised was possible while she had been free, but her owner had always wanted her sleek and powerful, rather than as strong as she could be. The other girl had clearly been exercised hard, was much more muscular than the usual bedroom toy; and clearly had a weight advantage Treasure realised. No doubt some owner had decided she'd make a good mud wrestler from the start of her sentence. The announcement that the blue eyed girl would be auctioned off after the bout confirmed it. Probably she'd been taught some holds and throws as well.

Treasure suspected she was being thrown in at the deep end. The final obvious difference between them was that the blue eyed girl hadn't had her

figure trimmed down into an owner-pleasing hourglass by a cosmetic surgeon. Treasure didn't have enough experience, just a few bouts against other bedroom toys, to know if a twenty-two inch waist made her more vulnerable, easier to grapple and hold onto, when she was oiled and slippery. She resolved to keep her distance. Maybe she'd be able to use the busty show pony's trick.

The judge patted her on the bottom and she stepped forward, kneeling in the oil-lined pit. The oil itself was cold and slimy, the spotlights hot on her bare flesh. Treasure flexed her arms and fingers, unused to having her arms free. She spent so much time with them bound behind her, or with her wrists in cuffs chained to bed headboards and the like that it had become almost normal. Samuel and Isobell were betting heavily on her, in partnership now, calling advice and encouragement down to the pit. The blue eyed slavegirl gingerly stepped into the pit opposite her, but remained on her feet.

Treasure suddenly realised she was excited! Not just from the contest, but sexual excitement, nipples hard, a heat in her belly. The crowd's cheers and calls, the naked body she would soon be squirming against right in front of her, and the very real prospect of anal sex, thrilled her. Poor Blue Eyes, now trembling lightly, had spent too much time learning wrestling holds and being exercised, and not enough time on the end of a lead at banquets and balls, naked and chained as Treasure had, people handling her breasts, patting her belly and stroking her behind, saying, "What a delicious toy. Is she for sale?"

Suddenly realising how easy it was going to be to win for them, Treasure cast a triumphant glance at her owner and his date. She scooped up two handfuls of the thick, heavy, oil and began kneading it into her breasts, fingers working the oil deep into her skin, her flesh slipping and sliding out of her grasp as she worked. The crowd roared its delight; whistles, cheers and hoots raining down on the pit, as Treasure trailed oiled hands down her stomach and over her hips. Her opponent, blinked uncertainly, looking puzzled.

Treasure scooped up two more handfuls of oil, and leaning forward from the waist, sitting on her heels in the oil now, thighs spread wide, let her breasts trail through the oil as she worked a shiny coating over and between

her buttocks. A young Lord wolf whistled, and the audience was clapping when she swayed upright and smeared a coating of oil onto the strap-on dildo jutting up from between her legs. A tear rolled down Blue Eye's cheek as Treasure began working oil into her lust swollen breasts again; flesh spilling out of her hands. They were so big!

Thoroughly enjoying herself, even though she knew she would be punished for playing with herself without permission later, Treasure's fingers worked oil into her breasts. For two years as Isobell's property, she had never once been allowed to touch the large ring-tipped globes except with her tongue, and the firm, heavy globes which her petite owner had kissed, held, squeezed, slapped and roped so often, still humiliated and thrilled her now. She'd been stunned when Samuel had allowed her to squeeze her breasts while he whipped her. It had almost been worth being sold for.

Blue Eyes was crying now, totally demoralised. Poor baby! Did you really think you were a fighter? That you could take pride in your service? Ponygirls, serving slaves, mud wrestlers? - it made no difference! A slave was first and foremost a sexual plaything. Treasure's opponent seemed to have only just realised that. But surely her trainer and owner had used her sexually? Or did they think she'd fight better if allowed pride?

The buzzer sounded, and Treasure, feet on the pit's edge, launched herself forward, arms around her opponent's waist, bearing her down into the oil with a smack. The air went out of the big girl with a whoosh. Hands scrabbled ineffectually at Treasure's body, but she was already coated in oil by her own hand. Blue Eyes couldn't get a grip although the girl's dildo poked her painfully in the stomach for a moment.

Snorting through her nose, teeth clenched tight into the large orange ball buckled into her mouth, Treasure was suddenly very aware of her breasts squashed up against her opponent's body as she squirmed against her, flesh hot on flesh. Legs tight around the girl's waist, a hand twisted into the short hair that should have been shaved bald if her owner was serious, Treasure twisted her face down, finding herself sitting up astride her opponent. She dived down on top of Blue Eyes, one hand still in her hair, the other twisting an arm up behind her back.

God, she was strong! She would have easily won if she hadn't gone to pieces. And still might, she would buck her attacker off her in moments if she was just allowed to think for a second, Treasure realised. Her dildo stroked down between buttocks, probing and prodding, the girl under her sobbing, crying out for help or mercy behind her gag. Squirming under her as Treasure had squirmed, tied facedown to many a bed, a cock or dildo pumping between her buttocks. She just couldn't quite get the dildo into the tightly puckered entrance she sought without taking a hand off her opponent.

Treasure started pumping her hips, stabbing down with the dildo, jabbing it into flesh, the crowd's roar louder, and eventually, inevitably, she found her target. The girl under her squealed in outraged horror as her anus was penetrated, almost throwing Treasure off as she thrashed and twisted. Treasure hung on, thrusting harder and deeper, and it was over; the big girl was broken. Her inexperienced conquest sobbing limp under her now, Treasure could relax her hold, and reach under her to twist and squeeze breasts. A normal enough part of being taken up the ass, as she knew from her own experience, and guessed it was what the audience wanted to see.

They did. Treasure continued to thrust her dildo hard and fast between the sobbing girl's buttocks, desperate to come before she was pulled off. Unlike an aristocrat's strap-on dildo which had a little projection, a nub, to rub against the user's clitoris as she enjoyed her slave, Treasure just had to make do with a crotch strap tight through her sex, coated with oil and juices, rubbing against her clitoris. She just managed to come in time, a pole with a hook on its end hooked through her ball gag's neck-strap and used to pull her to the pit's edge.

Prince Samuel had so enjoyed watching her lose the last time she'd been in a pit that Treasure had forgotten how much fun mud wrestling was when you were allowed to win. It had been absolutely ages since she'd been allowed to shaft another slave. Hosed off and again hung by her wrists from a beam, she found many more Lords and Ladies wanting to handle her while they discussed and examined her displayed nudity, after her win. The blue eyed slavegirl she'd so thoroughly ravished was then auctioned, but fetched a poor price.

Treasure won her second match easily enough, pitted against a much



smaller girl, and scraped through her third against another body builder after a long, exhausting struggle. Bruised, sore and exhausted, the losers banished to the rear of The Dome, she hung panting from her wrists again.

"So what do you think?" Prince Samuel asked a group of assorted trainers, experts and friends.

"The tits are too big. She's going to take far too much punishment at a professional level," said one.

There was a murmur of agreement.

"And she's not aggressive enough. Too docile. She was hot, and just fighting to please you out there, not hungry to win."

A hand on her belly, stroking pubic hair, Treasure groaned as she was pulled around to face another man by her nipples.

"Would you say she's a good screw, My Lord?"

"Superb," Samuel replied.

"Excellent!" Isobell overlapped him.

"There's your problem, My Lord," the new man said, hooking a finger through Treasure's clit ring and making her squeak. "A champion mud wrestler is usually a rather poor ride."

"A good screw surrenders herself, she wants you to enjoy using her," another clarified.

"We could train her to be vicious, but she'd never be as good in bed again. And while you might make a *good* mud wrestler out of her, I couldn't guarantee *superb*."

He nodded to Isobell.

"Or excellent."

The man patted a buttock.

"I trained Lord Soame's last season's winner. We were constantly having to punish her for molesting the other girls, poor performance in bed, and even once for refusing to swallow after I came in her mouth."

"You can have a girl who takes pride in winning, or in how much her owner enjoys her in bed, but not both?" Lady Isobell concluded.

"Exactly, My Lady."

Slightly disappointed at this less than ringing endorsement of Treasure's prowess in the ring, and to punish her for touching herself without permission, the Prince of Wales allowed Treasure to be thrown to some trained girls once the amateur bouts were over. They knew all the moves, and five times in a row, usually still trying to work out how it happened, Treasure found herself face down in the pit, big oiled breasts being squeezed, as a dildo was pumped into her back passage.

All five amazons, two crew cut and three shaved bald, were allowed to butt fuck her until they came, Treasure's gag-muffled cries of pleasure seeming to goad the professionals to be more brutal than ever. Probably they'd have enjoyed her more if she'd sobbed like the brunette from her own first match; but that was Treasure's problem. The trainer had been right. If it pleased her master, she enjoyed losing just as much as winning. Both Isobell and Samuel cheered her on, clearly pleased with the helpless, cries of pleasure forced from her as she was brutally used, but had more sense than to bet on her against the professional mud wrestlers.

Prince Samuel invited Isobell back to his chambers at the palace for a nightcap, Treasure, wrist cuffs chained to her clit ring again, slipping into serving slave mode as easily as she switched from poodle to mud wrestler. You just had to be what your owner wanted you to be.

The two, no doubt setting many tongues wagging, talked long into the night.

"I really must be going," Isobell finally said.

Samuel looked up over his brandy, reaching out to idly coil Treasure's pubic hair around a finger.

"Would you like to stay? We could share her," he offered.

The Lady's eyes lingered on Treasure's breasts a moment, clearly tempted.

"Probably best not to," she decided regretfully.

Clever, clever, Isobell, Treasure thought. Much smarter than Kattrena.

"Tell you what though," she added. "I'll show you a great position to screw her in before I go. Got any rope?"

Prince Samuel smiled indulgently.

"Help yourself," he offered.

Treasure's arms were tied together down her back, elbows touching. Working swiftly and with practised ease, the aristocrat pulled her over to a whipping post and pushed Treasure's head down so that she was bent forward from the waist, her arms up the post. Rope looped around her wrists, arms and neck, she was soon firmly secured, hindquarters presented, head down, looking back between her own legs upside down. A spreader bar set her feet apart.

"I've had her bent forward over tables and things, and used her with her arms pulled up behind her to a winch," Samuel mused. "Is this that different?"

"A little," Isobell told him with a sly smile, selecting a strap and stroking it across her palm. "With her head between her legs, she can actually see your penis entering her!"

Samuel laughed understanding as Isobell patted Treasure on the behind.

"Trust me. She'll love it," the aristocrat promised him.

Treasure quivered in anticipation as Isobell stroked her lightly between the legs. Drooling around her customary ball gag, she was so tightly secured to the post it put a strain on her neck, and she'd have been forced onto her toes even if she hadn't been wearing stiletto heels. Looking up between her own breasts, Treasure was able to see fingers pushing apart her sex lips; penetrating her.

"I like it," Samuel chortled.

The strap hissed through the air and landed on Treasure's backside with a loud crack. She gasped, breasts quivering, pussy clenching involuntarily around Lady Isobell's fingers; the aristocrat's hand inside her to the knuckle. The broad leather strap left a wide blaze of pain across both cheeks, but didn't have the vicious bite of a crop or cane. Isobell swung again.

Crack! Treasure gasped again, but being warmed up with a strap was closer to being spanked than whipped. She liked it. Isobell was just putting on a little show, leaving her buttocks nicely pink rather than trying to bring tears to her eyes. Making sure she would be dripping wet when Samuel enjoyed her. She squeaked again, barely able to even flinch in her ropes, as the strap landed again.

Isobell stroked her burning behind lightly a moment; then gave her three more fingers pushing and twisting deeper inside her. Treasure obediently yelped, the strap's crack on her bare flesh louder with each stroke. The last one was really hard. Treasure wailed!

"All yours. Firmly roped, bum pink, and dripping wet!"

Treasure groaned in lust, watching her upside down owner approach through the V of her own spread legs, his penis already swinging free. He stroked her burning behind a moment and then without ceremony, thrust the shaft into her.

Treasure wailed in delight around her gag as she was penetrated; able to not only feel the rod of flesh sliding slowly but firmly into her body, but now

forced to watch as well. Awkwardly looking up between her own breasts, neck hard against the whipping-post, rope around her throat, Treasure watched mesmerised as the cock she'd licked and kissed so many times was thrust to the hilt between her own parted sex lips. And then withdrawn, pumping slowly in and out.

"I'll see myself out. Enjoy!" Isobell called, having stayed just long enough to see the Prince's shaft pushed into Treasure to the hilt.

He paused, cock deep inside Treasure, hands light on her hips.

"Sure you won't stay for seconds? Or something fresh?"

"Thanks anyway. Must be off."

"Okay. Good time though. We'll have to do this again. Show me what else she likes?"

"Sure," she promised.

Isobell left, and the Prince started to thrust again. Long deep strokes, taking his pleasure slowly, in no hurry at all. Totally helpless, unable to resist or co-operate, Treasure could only grunt in pleasure each time he rammed his cock into her, watching the veined purple shaft now coated with her juices sliding in and out and in and out of her own body. Her first cry of forced ecstasy didn't slow him down.

Three days later Treasure was working a day shift. The weather was glorious, a last breath of summer and Prince Samuel invited Isobell along on a picnic lunch. Seated on the grass in a nearby park, Treasure kneeling on all fours with plates on her back, acting as their table, the two chatted about nothing, watching the world go by. Many nobles had had the same idea, the lovely day bringing out a good crowd.

Sweat-sheened ponyslaves, with whip-marked hindquarters and bits buckled tightly between their teeth, panting, gasping and yelping as they were lashed, pranced by on the park's wide winding paths, harnesses jingling

merrily. Isobell and Samuel compared tastes.

"How about that one?"

"Nice butt, but his cock's a little small."

"That one?"

"Oh, isn't she cute!"

Treasure shivered, carelessly spilt ice cream trickling down between her buttocks and into her sex. Hanging under her, the tips of her breasts were pushed into the tops of the jam and butter pots as lids, to keep insects at bay.

"Now there's a nice team," Isobell said.

The two blonde ponygirls gleamed as if oiled, tight harness straps digging deep into big heavy breasts, crotch straps pulled up hard between sex lips, their girths pulled brutally tight. Driven hard by a single man in a two seat carriage - being given plenty of whip - the lovely pair were gasping and slavering around their bits, eyes wide, staring blankly: but were perfectly in step and easily maintaining their set pace. Treasure watched the driver's whip licking across bouncing buttocks with a stirring of lust and envy, but not the slightest sympathy. They knew they looked good!

The occasional tandem bicycle wove in and out of the prancing ponyslaves and the carriages and traps they pulled. A young Lady or Lord in the front seat, steering, braking, and controlling speed; the slave chained in the rear seat doing all the pedalling. Nearby a young Lordling was throwing a stick for a mature naked slave to run after and fetch, her arms bound behind her, a rough rope tied through her clean shaven sex no doubt tormenting her to distraction. She looked to be in her mid-thirties, surely only a few weeks away from the end of her sentence, while the aristocrat exercising her was no more than eighteen.

Drawn out by the bright sun, couples, individuals and families strolled here and there, many with sexual pets on leads. Knowing they wouldn't be able to keep their playthings naked much longer, that winter would bring out

mesh body stockings, rubber and spray-on catsuits if it was wet or really cold, few seemed willing to let such a good day slip away. As the mood took them, totally unselfconsciously, the occasional aristocratic owner would just throw his or her slave to the grass for sex. It was their right. They ruled this world!

Isobell and the Prince being in no hurry to return to the research lab on such a glorious day, wandered down to the playing fields to watch a polo match, the picnic-pack strapped to Treasure's back. Treasure, arms bound and her tongue clamped, had no choice but to follow the lead clipped to her collar. They had to detour around a couple throwing a Frisbee for a slaveboy, and almost had to step over an older grey haired noble enjoying a hooded, breast-roped slavegirl doggie style, the skinny ancient's voluptuous young sex toy with her wrists handcuffed around a sapling. They paused a moment to admire a slavegirl hanging upside down by her ankles from a rope thrown over a tree branch. Her master lay on the grass under her, hands behind his head, a hat over his eyes, his cock in her mouth. The poor toy with her wrists pulled up between her shoulder blades and secured to an ass hook, looked a bit red in the face to Treasure.

Polo was mainly a game for slender Ladies, no heavyweights, though a slight man could play if he wished. The powerful male slaves – bridled and with saddles strapped onto their backs - were actually ridden and had to dash back and forth between the goals while bearing their owners piggyback. Even though each Lady would swap between a string of mounts during a game, usually four, the big polo ponies could only keep up with the ball if lightly burdened and well whipped.

Lady Isobell, idly toying with Treasure's body while she and Samuel watched, recognised one of the players and her friend trotted her mount over to say hello at the third quarter. Treasure, starting at the bobbing, straining, erection and working up, looked over the slaveboy's naked body in open admiration. Yummy! He was well over six foot and had spent a lot of time in the gym. The Lady riding him held his head up high with her reins, whip and mallet in free hand, feet in stirrups, her saddle held in place with waist and shoulder straps. He was clearly under total control and had no doubt been thoroughly broken in long before a small delicate Lady was allowed to ride him.

The gasping slaveboy started with the large breasts Lady Isobell was carelessly squeezing and kneading, and let his eyes trail down to Treasure's pussy, and then on down her legs; clearly liking what he saw too. Finally lifting his eyes to her face, Treasure saw her own desire mirrored in his eyes. They were both naked, forcibly aroused, only two feet apart; but knew their owners were unlikely to ever want to watch them having sex together.

A whistle blew, and lashed unmercifully, the sweat-lathered slaveboy was sprinted back to the away team's hitching rail, Isobell's friend hopping lightly off him and into the saddle of a kneeling fresh mount. Obviously stimulated, Samuel pushed Treasure to her knees and thrust his cock into her mouth, so she didn't get to see the end of the match. Later, and more cautiously this time, he offered Isobell Treasure's use that night but did not offer to share. To Treasure's delight, Isobell accepted graciously.

Prince Samuel and Lady Isobell's third date was the traditional candle lit dinner, Treasure chained under the table providing oral relief and being fed titbits by Isobell. The restaurant's entertainment was a slavegirl and three slaveboys on a small stage, the slaveboys proving several times that three into one will go.

On their fourth date, Samuel invited the petite aristocrat to accompany him to see the Naples choir, one of the best in Europe, which was currently touring the English and Scottish Kingdoms. In her usual role of poodle, feeling as proud of the pair as if she'd invented them herself - she had brought them together after all - Treasure was quite pleased with her role in the courtship. In what was becoming one of their date's usual entrée's, Treasure made the limousine journey bound, on her knees, her mouth full of cock when not licking pussy.

The choir had been set up in a large concert hall, a long and involved task. Along with other audience members waiting for the show to begin, Isobell and the Prince walked around and between the Instruments. Stiletto heels tip-tapping on the polished wooden floor, her hobble making her take short steps, Isobell's lead clipped to her nipples today, wrist cuffs chained under her to her navel ring, the single chain through her sex, Treasure followed.



The slave-choir was made up of forty or so slavegirls and ten slaveboys. All were naked, bent forward with head and hands locked into heavy wooden stocks, mouths held open with ring gags. Each helpless sex toy had electrodes clamped to genitals and nipples. Red wires trailed out from between buttocks, and out of the bases of fat dildos that stretched the slavegirls' pussies wide. The miles of red wire had been braided into cables, and stapled down, so that the audience didn't trip when inspecting the Instruments.

The stocks all faced inwards in a semi-circle, mounted on rising tiers, so that each slave faced the audience and the musician who would play them. The Maestro played standing, back to the audience in the manner of a conductor, on an electronic keyboard. The layout of which was similar to a regular piano.

"My Lords and Ladies. Will you please take your seats."

Treasure knelt on the floor at Isobell's feet, the Prince of Wales's reserved front row seats giving her a good view. According to her master, who was reading Isobell the programme, each key of the keyboard could shock a single slave, some would shock a section of five, another a block of ten. Notes played sharp triggered a shock through the butt plugs, notes played flat sent a jolt of agony coursing through the slavegirls' dildos. The Maestro, an accomplished musician playing chords, could run through his whole choir in seconds.

Fifty fearful faces, mouth held wide open, sharp jawed little metal clamps biting into their flesh, faced the expectant Lords and Ladies. The elegantly dressed audience seated on plush chairs, chatting, flicking through their programmes, many with naked pets on leads kneeling at their feet, numbered about forty. Trying not to drool on her breasts around her ball gag, Treasure knew there wasn't a noble in the room who didn't think the Instruments' coming ordeal more than justified if it entertained them.

The Maestro bowed, and then turned to his keyboard. A hush fell, and in the silence a single girl cried out, a long, drawn-out wail, as he pressed a single key. Then another added her cry, and another and another, in a swelling crescendo of pain.

To Treasure's surprise, the mass torture did actually produce a discernible tune. Perhaps melody was too strong a word, but the Maestro was undeniably playing music. To Treasure's ears the performance had more than a hint of opera about it, but with more passion. The long drawn out wordless cries, rising together, one section overlapping the first and then itself being replaced; no intelligible words, just sound, rising and falling in a strange harmony, was almost familiar.

One girl shrieking was just noise. Forty together, with a base section of ten deeper voiced slaveboys, was actually quite good! And to Treasure's biased ears, female opera singers usually sounded like they were being branded anyway. At least these girls had something to shriek about. The Maestro let the slaveboys' cries fall away and left just a single slavegirl at a high pitched keening wail a moment, before lifting his hands and turning to bow to the rapturous audience. Both Samuel and Isobell rose to their feet clapping.

Even Treasure was impressed; the Maestro was clearly a superb musician who had practised long and hard on his chosen Instruments. A virtuoso performance; and it would have been so easy to have just made a noise with the keyboard, not music. Grinning, the Maestro tossed his hair back and turned back to his keyboard, fingers poised. A new heart-rending cry echoed around the breathlessly still hall.

That night saw Treasure with her arms strapped behind her back, wrist to elbow, head encased in a tight, form-fitting, black latex hood, a cock gag filling her mouth. Snorting through the hood's nostril holes, her pony tail pulled out of the only other hole in the restraint behind her, she could hear nothing but her own breath, ear plugs rendering her deaf. Weights tied to her nipples a delicious torment, she sat astride Prince Samuel, impaled on his cock, Lady Isobell thrusting into her ass with a strap-on dildo.

Treasure had been the meat in a slave sandwich many times before, but had never been shared by lovers or friends with this sort of urgency, this passion! She'd just known the two were made for each other.

Again perched on her toes in the familiar decorative five inch stiletto

heeled sandals, a tongue clamp through her mouth screwed down tight to remind her that slave toys didn't have any opinions worth hearing, Treasure was led naked into the banquet hall. Her lead's suede handle was looped around Lady Isobell's left wrist, its end clipped to the ring set through her clitoris, her arms strapped together down her back, wrist cuffs chained to her pussy rings, two loops of chain swinging against her inner things as she moved. It was the Queen's official birthday; the real thing being actually two weeks later so that she could have it to herself with the family.

Freshly scrubbed, shampooed and blow-dried, her pubic hair trimmed into a neat vertical tuft above her sex by the Captain of the Guard himself, a new and uncomfortably stiff collar of broad black leather forced Treasure's head up proudly. A large emerald hung sparkling from each nipple ring, and further decoration, a black leather waspie corset with a row of six padlocks down her spine, had trimmed her waist down to a breathless, owner-pleasing, eighteen inches. Isobell said she looked good enough to eat.

"His Royal Highness, The Prince of Wales. And Lady Isobell Philippa St-John Franklin," the Master of Ceremonies called.

Heads turning, a hushed whisper spread across the room. No doubt the gossips in Royal circles had known Samuel was seeing Isobell, but the banquet was an official occasion. It put an official seal on the relationship! Kattrena was publicly out. Isobell was in. Samuel had even provided the Lady's poodle for the occasion.

It was time for the nobility to meet their next Queen!

Kattrena was going to be absolutely livid, Treasure suspected. Presumably Isobell had had to ditch her own fiancé as well, but as that had just been a passionless arrangement between the two families it probably hadn't caused her too much trouble. Isobell gave Treasure's pierced clitoris a cruel little yank with her lead to make her squeak. Making sure the assembled dignitaries noticed her tall, top heavy poodle, and the Royal brand high on Treasure's right buttock. Even if they missed the new engagement ring on her finger.

The crowd parted for them as the pair stepped forward, Isobell's arm on

Samuel's, Treasure following. She was well aware of the 'fuck me' sway in her stride as she was led forward, the neat way she put one foot almost in front of the other even when not hobbled and the enticing quiver and heavy sway of her big breasts with each step; though it required no conscious effort. She'd been taught to display herself to best effect long ago, by Lady Isobell herself actually. Long hours spent on a treadmill in heels, arms bound, sometimes hooded or dildo stuffed. The aristocrat had often found the time to flick a whip across her breasts, belly and behind herself.

Desperately aroused, very aware of the eyes on her nudity, she appreciated that every mile she'd toiled up the treadmill had clearly been worth it. Many Ladies had naked, chained, poodles on leads, but they were looking at her! The first hand lightly stroked a buttock when Isobell paused, and Treasure froze motionless, ankles together and head up, the centre of attention. Basking, luxuriating, in the attention, she moaned softly as another hand stroked between her legs.

The King was still trailing a little behind events when Isobell was introduced to him, but the Queen knew who the petite aristocrat was. Knew her through her new friend, Lady Franklin, Isobell's step-mother, and through Treasure, her former property. She seemed quite happy to approve if it meant Samuel was finally going to settle down and produce an heir.

To Treasure's delight Her Royal Highness Queen Victoria II had not forgotten or lost interest in her. And in front of half the Royalty of Europe and the best families in the Kingdom, Her Majesty lifted a breast to her lips, and nipped an emerald-hung nipple between her teeth.

"I think we should jointly give Treasure to your Mother for her birthday," Isobell suggested later. "You were right when you said she liked her."

They were in a small half hidden alcove, tying Treasure's lead to a wall ring so that they could dance. A dozen or so other slavegirls were already standing waiting on the end of their leads, their Ladies on the ballroom floor.

"Sure, but I thought we'd keep her. Why?"

"Sort of a 'thank you' for accepting me. Treasure was actually a gift to me from my step-mother for helping arrange her wedding and making her welcome. It seems sort of fitting to pass her on in the same way. Return the favour?"

"I can see that I suppose. But we've been having such fun with her. Don't forget I've just got her. You owned her for over two years."

"Just a thought. Don't decide now, just think about it?" Isobell suggested. "I really do want to get on your Mother's right side though."

Then the Countess arrived, and all hell broke loose.

"You bitch!" Kattrena snarled.

"Don't make a scene, Kat," Samuel warned.

"A scene! She tries to steal you away from me right in front of everyone, with that top heavy slut you like so much as bait. And you say don't make a scene!"

"I didn't steal anything," Isobell reacted angrily.

Hanging onto every word, a buzzing crowd hovered around the alcove's entrance pretending not to notice what was happening.

"Go to hell," Kattrena snapped. "I'm the Queen. It's going to be me! Not you. Me! My Daddy promised."

"Oh, go away Kat," Samuel finally muttered exasperated. "Whatever our parents may have discussed, you know I never once said I wanted to marry you, or asked you. We were just seeing each other."

The Countess turned shocked, betrayed, eyes on him.

"You too! Both of you! You'll regret this day," she promised, and stormed away.

"That went well," Samuel said weakly.

In Treasure's absence, The Gate research project had managed to establish the Realworld's correct co-ordinates, an RSP team briefly exploring the alternative reality. It was now possible to simply activate the Gate and step through into the parallel world Treasure called home; though anyone wishing to return to the Slaveworld would need to take a Receiver gate with them, so that a stable portal could be set up for the return journey. Lady Franklin was already working on a list of former students she wanted to see naked and in collars.

Taken from her cell in the middle of the night and handed over to the Queen's Lady in Waiting, Svetlana, Treasure was questioned exhaustively about her home world, and fitted for suitable clothing. A woolly jumper and waterproof jacket were easy enough. Working boots and a man's re-tailored work trousers looked enough like hiking boots and khaki jeans to pass unnoticed, and with a rucksack on her back she'd appear to be just another tourist hiker in the Realworld.

Being made to wear clothing again was horrible; scratchy, itchy, restricting. She felt smothered. Even finding a bra in her size had been no trouble - there were many large-breasted former slaves about - but it was dreadfully uncomfortable; hot, sweaty and it pinched. A tit harness was far more comfortable. And the boots! After so long in delicate stiletto heels, used to walking on her toes, it felt like she had lead weights tied to her feet.

Electrodes clipped to nipple and pussy rings, and a large fat shock dildo strapped firmly inside her provided the means for the Countess to control or punish her by remote-control. The equally large battery pack, in the shape of a butt plug, was pushed into her back passage, wires running from her anus, under her to the dildo, to the rings set through her inner lips and up to her nipples. Treasure was feeling very stuffed, groaning helplessly when the Countess pressed a palm into her belly.

When the dildo was used to shock her, the jolt hitting deep inside her body, she was to immediately stand still. A shock to her ringed inner pussy lips was walk on, and shocks to the nipples turned her left and right. The remote control was on the Countess's wrist, disguised as a wristwatch. A

second, simple, remote control was in Treasure's mouth. Sort of an electronic gag. She had to bite down on a switch to keep a contact closed or the shock dildo would be activated. Outwardly she looked normal, but couldn't open her mouth without punishing herself.

In the early hours of the morning, Countess Svetlana paused outside the lab, reaching up under Treasure's jumper to give her breasts a painful squeeze. Treasure groaned, but even though her hands were free, a bizarre sensation, she remained docile and still. It wasn't her place to question if she needed punishing, and she would never dream of resisting. The aristocrat was dressed as she was, but only Treasure had the heavy rucksack.

"Now you behave yourself bitch. Or I really will hurt you. Understood?"

Treasure nodded obediently. The two RSP troopers on duty were not too happy about the Countess taking a jaunt through the gate alone, and her taking a slave with her, but didn't actually have the authority to oppose her. She was the Queen's personal representative, and this was Her Majesty's project.

The aristocrat gave Treasure a remote-controlled jolt to the pussy lips, and shocked her to a halt with the dildo just in front of the currently inactive Gate; the command for Stand. Her left nipple suddenly seared; she wheeled on the spot, another bolt of agony inside her body from the dildo freezing her in place again. Suddenly breathing hard through her nose, mouth firmly closed, sticky under the horrible clothing, like a toy soldier, Treasure was marched back and forth across the lab. Without a word spoken.

"See! I've got it totally under control."

A call to put the power station on standby, a half dozen switches thrown, and a computer powered up; and suddenly, rippling gently, a slab of mercury turned on its side and floating in the air appeared inside the copper projection frame. Inner sex lips shocked again, Treasure stepped through, experiencing a familiar moment of disorientation.

Cool night air enveloped her, she could hear distant city noises despite the late hour. A deer crashed away through the undergrowth. Lady Franklin

had thought Richmond Park by night might be the most discreet way to enter London by Gate. She was home!

Another shock through the dildo brought Treasure to heel. They lay low until the park opened, the offworlder doing a creditable job of hailing and directing a taxi. Her counterfeit money, copied by the RSP from a few notes Lady Franklin and her students had had on them at first contact, were accepted without a second glance. It never seemed to occur to her that idly stroking Treasure between the legs during the journey might be in any way out of the ordinary, though the cabbie's eyes almost popped out of his head when he looked back over his shoulder at journey's end.

At the hotel she remembered to order a room with two beds, but the hand resting comfortably on Treasure's behind raised more than a few eyebrows. Basically, the Countess wasn't too bright, but no one was going to suspect she was from another world; an alien! Although she quite wrongly thought she was being inconspicuous, the aristocrat was going to get away with her deception, Treasure realised. The Slaveworld was just too fantastic to even suspect, let alone believe in.

A base established, somewhere to leave the packs, the next step was exploring London. It was clear the Queen's Lady in Waiting was only planning to keep Treasure around a day or two, just until she found her feet.

Being made to walk around London's streets stuffed full of dildo and plug was making Treasure hot and wet; the crotch of her khaki jeans damp, though hopefully not yet noticeable. Trying not to gasp too loudly as she was brought to heel again with the shock dildo, she reflected that as a Slaveworld ponygirl, she might be patted or praised for juices running down a thigh. Certainly she would never be expected to suppress a squeak or yelp of pain.

It was all too horrible. In clothing, just like she always used to, she felt awkward, gawky, too tall and very self-conscious. She'd been trained to take pride in her public use, had learnt that sexual abuse was entertainment and that she existed to be enjoyed. But no longer displayed naked and bound, the assurance she felt as a pet on a lead, strangers hefting her breasts or tasting her juices, was gone. In harness and bridle, pulling Prince Samuel's pony trap, her driver with whip and reins in hand on streets just as crowded as



these, she had revelled in the attention she was given. Knew she was stunningly graceful as well as deliciously sexy. These eyes just made her uncomfortable!

Remote-controlled, wishing the Countess wouldn't keep patting her on the bottom in public, a fresh jolt of pain through her dildo made Treasure stop at the kerb, waiting for permission to cross the road. Still biting down on the hidden electronic gag inside her mouth, she of course couldn't speak.

Treasure saw the bus coming, and had been considering escape, but it wasn't deliberate! She was sure it wasn't deliberate. The Countess really did take her by surprise looking the wrong way, and just stepping out like that. Slaveworld traffic drove on the right!

In the screams, confusion and sirens, Treasure slipped quietly away.

Back at the hotel, she put the phone down with a relieved sigh. The hospital said their RTA had a broken leg, broken ribs and a broken collarbone, but would eventually be fine. She had the Countess's spare keys, the bulk of the Countess's money, and was free. The Slaveworld would never find her again.

With a thrill of guilty pleasure, Treasure called room service and gorged herself, and then for the first time in two and a half long years, masturbated! It wasn't as good as she remembered, though she did need to come.

Free? The question was, who did she want to be now? Treasure had led a very exciting life, had been subjected to continual stimulation, the uncertainty of never knowing what the next day might bring. And great sex! In retrospect, even the unspoken fear, living under the constant threat of being sold, had been darkly thrilling. But both Samuel and Isobell seemed to have moved on to other playthings; had discussed giving her away. No more Treasure.

Jenny? She knew she couldn't go back to being Jenny. Jenny had been a boring little mouse, who'd lived a very dull, if safe, life. She knew she would have to find a new name for herself as well as a new life. The only other alternative was learning to answer to Precious. And while the sex with Queen

Victoria had been delicious, she'd be a fool to voluntarily put herself in the hands of a haughty, noble sadist who wanted to milk her and put a lock on her pussy. Who might grow bored and sell her at any time. Who had fallen in love with her while watching her being branded!

No, not Precious, she decided.

# CHAPTER 8

## *THREE MONTHS LATER*

Sleet lashing the palace windows out of a grey winter sky, Her Majesty Queen Victoria II was holding a small function in her chambers. Mainly a get-together for all those who would be involved in the Royal wedding in the spring. And formally introducing Prince Samuel's fiancée to any friends and family she hadn't yet met in a relaxed social setting. The serving slaves, identical quads, between having their big breasts played with and licking their own and each other's juices off fingers, were working the room with a well-trained quiet efficiency. In pride of place, prominently displayed in the room's centre, was the Queen's favourite sex toy.

Precious knelt on all fours on a low pedestal, secured in place with wrist and ankle cuffs, and a strap buckled over each calf just behind the knee. She was naked, a ring-gag buckled behind her teeth holding her mouth open, a black velvet blindfold laced tightly over her eyes. Her head was pulled hard back, her collar chained to a hook pushed into her anus, arching her spine and thrusting her breasts forward between her arms.

More to tease than required to further secure her in place, a chain ran down and forward from her clit ring to a little hand-cranked winch under her, the sensitive pierced nub cruelly stretched under a pussy lock. And from one of the ubiquitous ceiling winches above, a second chain pulled her tongue stretched up out of her mouth, clipped to the new ring set through her tongue.

A new pet's nametag hung from the bound slave's left earlobe, PRECIOUS engraved on one side, her serial number and owner listed on the other. Lady Isobell let her fingers trail lightly over the helpless toy's pussy lock, a palm gliding up a satin thigh and on up over presented hindquarters; probing at the blindfolded slave's waist cincher. In front of the girl her stepmother lifted Precious's breasts, the large globes milk-heavy and clearly painfully swollen. The brunette groaned, Her Majesty looking on with a fond

smile.

The Queen had had Precious's nipple rings removed when she'd decided her toy should be a dairy slave and a clamp was now screwed down on the base of each nipple. Clearly long overdue a milking and undoubtedly experiencing considerable discomfort, the kneeling slave's flesh had so swollen, that the clamps appeared embedded in her nipples' areola. With a delighted smile on her face, no doubt wondering which of her former Realworld students could be milked if the RSP could track them down, Lady Franklin hefted the milk-heavy globes. Precious whimpered.

The ring through the naked sex slave's tongue was new, and the former Treasure, once Jenny, now had shoulder length hair and pale ivory skin. She'd also been branded again, a new V burned into her flesh under the crown high on the right buttock; setting a new trend. All members of the Royal family now wanted their initial as well as the traditional crown, marking their property. Isobell unconsciously licked her lips. She couldn't wait to be married, to be granted Royalty's privilege to press a hot iron against her bound and gagged property's naked flesh. She fully intended to perform the task herself!

A smooth and almost featureless iridium band now trimmed Precious's waist down to an attractive and permanent eighteen inches. The broad metal waist cincher, like body piercing rings, would have to be cut off to be removed, and troopers had to use a high pressure water jet to wash under it, Victoria happily explained. The only feature was a pair of small D-rings front and back, for strapping dildos, plugs and the like inside the lovely toy. And of course as Precious no longer had a navel ring, you needed something to chain her clitoris to, to tease and torment her, Victoria explained.

The twin rings Treasure had worn so long through her inner labia were gone now, instead Precious had a row of six rings through each pussy lip and a curved rod threaded through them to lock closed her sex. The rod was T-shaped, the top bar lying across the slavegirl's belly, with a ring in its end through which a small padlock was set. It was quite comfortable, could be worn permanently, but the device couldn't be removed without the correct key. Queen Victoria had the only one.

"I always meant to put a pussy lock on her," Isobell said. "Just never got around to it."

Reaching between the kneeling slave's legs, Isobell stroked her belly. Precious was now clean shaven. Personally Isobell thought the naked plaything had looked better allowed to retain a little decorative vertical tuft of pubic hair above her sex, but the girl didn't belong to her any more. And some of the other changes were definite improvements.

"Are you still going to hunt her with those tits?"

"She pulls a carriage as a part of a team without too much difficulty," Victoria replied. "I might let the milk dry up in time for the next hunting season though. Haven't decided yet."

She fondly patted her property on the backside.

"And she's such fun to milk."

"Milking machine?"

"Oh no! I milk her by hand. Traditionally; hooded and kneeling over a bowl. It's surprisingly relaxing, and very satisfying, twisting your fingers into her udders and squeezing the milk out of her. She makes the cutest little noises."

"I think she's perfect," Lady Franklin breathed. "This is exactly what I wanted for my little students when I brought them here." She caught Isobell's eye. "No offence dear, but she always seemed to be having too much fun as your pet."

She bounced Precious's swollen breasts in her palms, making the girl kneeling on all fours groan again.

"I feel quite inspired, motivated, to make life more interesting for my toys," Lady Franklin said thoughtfully. "I haven't been inventive enough!"

Victoria and Isobell chuckled, all of them looking forward to breaking in their first Realworld slaves. The poor virgins, especially Lady Franklin's

former students, were not going to know what had hit them. Unlike the first batch, they weren't even going to know the Gate existed. They would just be quietly drugged, and wake up naked, collared sex toys in a Slaveworld!

"Have the exploration teams managed to track down Svetlana yet?" Isobell asked.

"They seem to have mislaid her a little, actually. It's rather embarrassing. She was transferred to another hospital after Precious here came trotting back home on her own, but they can't quite find out where. It's her own silly fault! What she was thinking of wandering off on her own like that, I can't imagine."

"Speaking of missing," Lady Franklin asked Isobell, "Isn't your fiancée supposed to be meeting us here?"

Isobell looked at her watch puzzled.

"Must have been held up," she said.

One of the Gate's RSP guards was out cold; dart shot. The other one with Prince Samuel was helplessly looking down the barrel of a tranquilliser gun. Kattrena was flanked by the two masked gunmen. One was wearing an officer's uniform, the other an aristocrat's finery, but whether they were or not, he had no way of knowing.

"Kat, what the hell are you playing at?" he demanded, though with a sick feeling in his stomach, he knew.

The Countess grinned with pure malice. The Gate was powered up, just waiting to be activated.

"I told you I was going to be Queen," she said.

"My brother would never agree to this!"

"Your brother doesn't know," she grinned. "But once he gets used to your mysterious disappearance, I'm sure he'll like it. And I'll be sure to

console him. We've always got along well."

Stalling for time, Samuel desperately tried to formulate an objection, but the lab was deserted, no one knew he was here, and the message to meet here, supposedly from Isobell had actually come from the Countess. His driver was in on it too, and the limousine would be found nowhere near the Gate's lab. By the time anyone thought to look for him in another reality, a parallel world, it would be too late!

His driver entered, leading a hooded slavegirl nicely displayed in a mesh body stocking, wrists and elbows cuffed behind her. He'd bought the blonde that afternoon as a present for Isobell, and she'd been in a packing crate in the limousine's trunk. She was a cute little thing with large, heavy, breasts, a trim waist, very spankable haunches, and a tight crotch strap holding a buzzing vibrator in place was digging deep into her belly. Her lead was tossed to him - Kat was leaving no witnesses! - the remaining trooper was ordered to pick up his unconscious comrade in a fireman's carry, and the Gate was activated.

"Be careful not to get yourself noticed, Samuel," Kattrena laughed as they were waved through. "Strangers in other worlds are not always treated gently."

In a blizzard on a dark windswept hillside, Prince Samuel watched the Gate flicker out of existence behind him. He tossed his cloak over the almost naked slave, the hooded girl starting to shiver. The trooper carrying his unconscious fellow was looking around bemused. No, this wasn't London, the alternative Londinium! The bitch had altered the co-ordinates. No matter!

"Should have had the guts to kill me," he said softly to himself.

Perhaps her mysterious accomplices wouldn't have stood for it? Or perhaps it was Kat who was squeamish? Again, it didn't matter. He resolved no matter how long it took, he would ask the question personally!

Arms and legs spread wide, mouth full of ball gag, Precious was tied face up across the Queen's bed. An unobtrusive winch built into the headboard allowed the bed to double as a rack, and her naked body was tautly

spread, Precious only able to move her head, fingers and toes. Breathlessly excited, she watched as her naked mistress bustled around the bedchamber, brushing her hair, finishing off a camomile tea, strapping on a dildo, setting the alarm, and putting out the cat.

The older woman crawled onto the bed between her widely spread legs, hands lightly trailing up thighs, over hips, scooping up and lightly squeezing breasts. Precious shivered in delight, nipples throbbing more painfully as lust made them swell against the clamps screwed down on them. She moaned as the Queen ducked her head, planting a light kiss on her belly, the permanent metal waist cincher forcing her flesh into a taut swell.

Precious nearly came on the spot when her mistress unlocked the rod threaded through her pussy rings, her sex lips slowly opening out like a flower as the Queen tossed aside the padlock and slid the rod out of her chastity-rings. She was wet! The pussy lock was actually quite comfortable, but Precious was constantly aware of it and couldn't forget for more than a few seconds at a time that her sex was padlocked closed! She was actually getting lots of sex, but the key the Queen wore on her bracelet was becoming an obsession! A constant reminder she needed to be more docile, more devoted, and more pleasing to be permitted the pleasure she craved.

Precious was in love!

Her beloved lit a candle and dripped hot wax onto her breasts, Precious too tightly tied down to do more than twitch, the heavy mounds quivering. A cruel smile tugged at Victoria's lips as Precious squeaked and twitched.

She gasped behind her gag, her breath catching in her throat, as clamped nipples were stung, and then coated in wax. As always, candle wax hurt where it landed, but then burned hotter, more painfully for just that one moment, before the wax started to cool. She moaned as wax ran down her breasts, the rivulets freezing dried halfway to the bed.

Droplets of pain were scattered across her belly, on her thighs, teasingly circling her pussy. Precious panted harder behind her gag, knowing what was to come, wanting it, fearing it, longing for it; and quite helpless to resist.



She squealed in agony as hot molten pain was dripped inside her spread sex, thrashing and twisting uselessly against her bonds, tears stinging her eyes. In almost one movement, her tormentor stubbed out the candle on her hip and dropped down on top of her, ramming home the strap-on dildo while Precious was still crying out in distress. Her shriek became a long drawn out wail of pained release ending in a breathless grunt, as the dildo slid home, stretching her pussy wide as it finally rammed in to the hilt.

The Queen's naked flesh was hot on hers, her beloved lying on top of her. Gasping, the fat invader filling her, Precious could barely raise her hips to meet her user's thrusts as the dildo was firmly forced, rammed, in and out of her defenceless body. A hand fumbled behind her neck with the strap of her gag, and the big orange ball was suddenly and unexpectedly pulled from her mouth.

Precious moaned in delight as a tongue plunged deep into her mouth, the dildo still pumped and she responded to the kiss eagerly.

"What do we say, pretty toy?" the Queen asked her.

"Thank you mistress, thank you mistress, thank you mistress," Precious moaned ecstatically; kissed again, milk-heavy breasts painfully squeezed as the dildo rammed harder and faster into her.

She needed milking again, her breasts were swollen, her clamped nipples throbbing and aching, but she eagerly lifted her hips to meet each remorseless, pitiless, stroke as far as her bonds allowed. Precious's first orgasm was too loud and her beloved found it necessary to buckle the ball gag tightly back into her mouth. After that, not allowed to talk any more, she could only helplessly gasp and groan as she was firmly fucked. Was brutally used and enjoyed, totally helpless!

There had been a moment there in the Realworld hotel room, where tasting freedom, she'd very nearly chosen to be Jenny. Had almost bolted. It had been close! Tautly spread across the bed, naked, bound and gagged, under the woman who now legally owned her, had branded her with her initial, Precious could only wonder why? But the answer was that she had found the mistress she wanted and deserved.

The Queen rammed the dildo harder and deeper, sweat slick between their naked bodies now. Precious knew she was just a plaything to the Noble Lady happily ramming the fat ribbed shaft into her; sexual property to be teased and tormented at her whim. She had been renamed again, further humiliating physical alterations made to her body, and she knew she would be cruelly punished or even sold if she failed to please! Jenny forgotten, cast aside; Precious could imagine no better fate.

THE END

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