



Slave School

Slaveworld Book 3

SILVER
MOON 
ADULT FICTION

Stephen Douglas

SLAVE SCHOOL

Slaveworld 3

Stephen Douglas

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INTRODUCTION

Slaveworld Contact History.

Book 1.

Spring 1998 - Britain

Professor Phillips-Webber with the assistance of five of her students creates a Gate into another dimension. This Gate links with the Slaveworld Gate created by Lord Franklin. The students, Jenny, Sarah, Charles, Andrew, Karen and Phillips-Webber explore the Slaveworld.

Summer 1998 - Slaveworld

Lord Franklin asks Phillips-Webber to marry him and she accepts. The Gate in Britain is destroyed, and her five students are enslaved so that they cannot reveal the existence of alternate universes.

Phillips-Webber, now Lady Franklin, keeps Sarah, Charles and Karen for herself. Andrew is sold to one of Franklin's research team, Lady Sybill. Jenny is given to Franklin's daughter, Lady Isobell.

Summer 2000 - Slaveworld

Lady Isobell meets Prince Samuel, the Slaveworld's Prince of Wales on a Royal hunt, where her ponygirl, Jenny, catches his eye.

Book 2.

Summer 2000 - Slaveworld

Lady Isobell sells Jenny to Prince Samuel, bringing Jenny and Phillips-Webber's work to the attention of Queen Victoria II.

Autumn 2000 - Slaveworld

Financed by the Queen, Professor Franklin, nee Phillips-Webber, creates a one-way Gate. The Queen's Lady in Waiting, Countess Svetlana, uses the new Gate seeking personal riches and a new source of sex-slaves, and is injured in a road accident while covertly exploring Britain.

Winter 2000/2001 - Slaveworld

Lady Isobell and Prince Samuel are now engaged to be married. Jenny is given to Queen Victoria II as a combined birthday present and thank-you for consenting to the betrothal. Prince Samuel is deliberately stranded in an alternative dimension (this one) by a former girlfriend who is furious to find she will not now be Queen.

AND NOW ONTO BOOK 3!

Chapter 1

Spring 2001 - Britain.

The village lane was almost a dark tunnel, a thick high hedge on one side, the towering slab sides of barns on the other. Only a single street lamp at the lane's end provided illumination, but Susan, humming softly to herself as she made her way home from the pub could see well enough by moonlight. She was merry but sober enough. Her lover unexpectedly having had to work that evening, but knowing he'd be home and horny later, she'd just had a couple of halves.

It was a quiet little village, a nice place, so when the car cruised up behind her, following instead of just sweeping past, she felt more puzzlement than the heart-pounding apprehension that would have been her first reaction when still living in a big city. She stepped up onto the grass verge, further out of the way, waving the car past, sure the driver would have seen her as she'd sensibly worn a reflective yellow Sam Browne type belt and shoulder strap. The car stopped, a powerful engine purring, harsh lights stretching her shadows away down the lane. Susan looked back, squinting in the glare, only to be further dazzled by flashing blue strobe lights. The police car was skewed slightly across the lane, pointing directly at her.

The driver's door opened. An arm across her eyes, she could just make out a peaked cap, the glint of a badge on the cap and on the uniformed man's shoulders, before the policeman's powerful torch stabbed into her eyes as well.

"Both hands up!" the policeman barked. "Above your head where I can see them. Name!"

"Uh... Susan Barncroft," she stammered, arms obediently raised, totally blinded now.

"Step down onto the road in front of the car. Turn around. Keep those

hands up!"

"What's this all ab..."

"Quiet!" he barked. "Just do as you're told. You can tell it to the detectives when I get you to the station."

The blue lights danced here and there, bouncing off the high hedge and the towering side of the barn. In the headlights she had two shadows, an overlapping X, as she stood obediently in front of the car, hands on top of her head. The police car's radio crackled, but she couldn't quite make out what was being said.

"Okay, slowly. No sudden moves! Toss your handbag behind you."

"But I haven't done anything," Susan protested. "You've made a mistake!"

"Tell it to the judge. Do it!"

Susan obeyed.

"Good! Now the coat."

She heard the unseen man rummaging through her coat pockets, her handbag emptied across the car bonnet. Now in just blouse and skirt she felt far more vulnerable, goose bumps coming up on her skin even though it was a mild night.

"Okay, good. Now, before I can put the cuffs on you, I need you to show me you haven't got a knife or something hidden somewhere. I want you to run your hands over your skirt. That's it; pull it tight!"

Biting her lip, Susan grasped the sides of her skirt and pulled it taut over her buttocks.

"Good girl. Now stroke down the thighs. Hard!"

Breathless, she obeyed.

"Very good Susan. Now up the inner thighs. Pull your skirt up to show me."

Susan made a little pleading noise, more a gasp than a word, but was ignored.

"I once arrested a hooker with a flick knife pushed down her stocking top," the police officer continued conversationally. "Not making that mistake again. Pull the skirt higher. Show me the tops of your stockings Susan."

Heart pounding, thudding in her chest, Susan felt cool night air on her backside.

"Good girl, you're doing fine. Now stroke around the waist. Good. Now squeeze between those ass-cheeks for me."

Flushed, almost panting, she obeyed. She could hardly think. This was so unexpected.

"Right, now turn and face me. Stroke down between your legs. Harder. Harder! Okay lift the skirt. Let's see what you've got hidden down your panties."

"But I can't," Susan stammered. "Not..."

"I told you to be quiet," the officer said menacingly. "Now be a good girl and I'll make sure you get a nice cell. The one covered by the entrance camera, so that the lads on night shift can't come visiting."

Susan held up her skirt and then pirouetted to order, displaying her stockings and suspenders, the night air a strangely sensual caress on her bare flesh. She was very aware she was wearing a thong.

"Good girl. Now the tits."

Without resistance now, she obediently slid her hands over her breasts, fear and perverse excitement leaving nipples swollen hard.

"No, squeeze those tits properly!" he barked. "Harder! What's the matter?"

Got a razor blade hidden in your bra? Just waiting for a chance to cut me?"

"No! I would never... I mean... No!" Susan stammered.

"Squeeeeeeeze!" he ordered lasciviously, drawing the word out.

Susan obediently kneaded, pulled and squeezed her own flesh. Her nipples were aching hard now, breasts lust-swollen, heat stirring in her belly. God, this was making her hot! Finally the still-unseen policeman called a halt.

"Okay, no weapons. Now let's find the drugs. Bend forward over the car. I'm going to search you."

Dreadfully aware she was wet, Susan obeyed.

"Arms wider, on the edge of the car. Legs wide. Wider!" the policeman barked.

Legs spread so wide her skirt was pulled halfway up her thighs, holding the edges of the police car's bonnet, Susan's body was bent forward from the waist, almost horizontal. The blue flashing lights were turned off, the headlights dimmed, but the engine still purred under her, vibrating through her hands. A long American-style police baton was stroked under her chin, raising her head.

"Don't move an inch!" the uniformed man ordered her.

"Please!" she whispered, throat exposed and spine arched as the baton pushed her chin higher.

"Not an inch. I'm warning you!"

The lights dim now, and still dazzled, Susan could only make out his shape, a hint of uniform. He was tall; big!

Behind her now, a firm meaty hand closed around each ankle, and slowly, deliberately, with a tight grip, stroked up her stockings. Bent sharply forward from the waist, she was quite helpless, could do nothing except fall forward onto the car. The sliding grip moved up her calves, over her knees, and up the

outside of her thighs, pushing her skirt up over her hips. She quivered helplessly as fingers traced and then stroked under her suspenders, the bands pulled taut across her hips by her position.

Susan squeaked in outraged surprise as fingers stroked down between her legs, actually pushing the material of her panties between her sex lips, and tried to rear up off the police car she was bent forward over. A handful of hair and one arm pushed up behind her back froze her into place.

"Do you think we're stupid in the police? Just because you stuff the drugs up your ass or snatch, you think I won't find them? That I won't dare search you properly? Twenty years ago, maybe, darling!"

"But I haven't..."

"Quiet!" he snapped.

With her legs spread wide, and bent forward, an arm pushed up behind her back, Susan couldn't support herself with one hand. Her uniformed tormentor pushed her forward and down, deliberately pushing her breasts down onto the police car's throbbing bonnet. She cried out in forced pleasure, vibration hitting her erect nipples with the shock of 240 volts. And then engine heat burned through blouse and bra with a delicious warmth.

The police officer allowed her up a moment, and then pushed her breasts back down onto the hot vibrating metal, the large mounds flattening under her, her tormentor ensuring the maximum amount of flesh came into contact. Up, and then she was forced down again, totally helpless, pleasure and humiliation strangely intertwined, her cry a confused wail. He pushed her free hand back down onto the edge of the bonnet, his free hand now resting carelessly on a bare buttock.

"Going to be a good girl now?"

"Yes, yes," she stammered.

"I prefer members of the public to address me as Officer!"

"Yes Officer," Susan gasped obediently.

He stroked her behind, then reached under her to heft and knead a full breast. Susan groaned as a nipple was pinched.

"You've no objection to a body and internal search? You consent freely?"

"Yes Officer," she moaned.

Slowly, but firmly and deliberately, extracting the maximum humiliation from the situation as well as testing his power, the uniformed man hooked his fingers under her panties and pulled up, forcing the now sodden rope of material deeper between Susan's sex lips. She squeaked when he yanked up, the thong cutting painfully deep into the soft flesh of her pussy, pulled up onto her toes. A palm between her shoulder blades - lightly, guiding not forcing - pushed her breasts back down onto the police car's bonnet again. Susan cried out helplessly in delight.

Vibration! Heat! And her poor pussy being cut in two! God, she was so wet!

The pressure on her sex was reduced, Susan allowed to come down off her toes and up off the throbbing, hot, bonnet. The officer stroked a buttock. Trained now, she made no move or word of protest when the sodden crotch-rope her thong had become was used to pull her to her toes again, big breasts obediently pushed down onto hot, vibrating metal; her only response a helpless moan. Ass up, breasts down, again and again, until she was gasping, close to sobbing, close to coming!

The search was long, slow and relentless. Standing up against her, his crotch pressing up against her, Susan could feel the police officer's erection. He reached up under her blouse, fingers sinking into her stomach, tracing the line of her ribcage. Stroking over her shoulders and down under her, the big man's fingers ever so lightly caressed her collar-bones, stroked her throat; and then his breath hot on her neck, he reached inside her bra.

It was a fantasy come to life. Susan, obediently motionless, sighed in soft pleasure as her swollen nipples were rolled between thumb and forefinger,

groaning as her breasts were pulled out of her bra, the full firm mounds roughly squeezed and twisted. It was even better than the submissive fantasies her lover had forced her to reveal to him, kneeling naked and bound at his feet, while he dripped candle wax onto her breasts. Perfectly docile, she was still as her breasts were handled, her sex lips stroked and pinched, buttocks patted and stroked.

"Head up, keep your legs wide. Dip your back a bit more. Present that ass!"

The still-unseen man standing behind her had a hand between her legs, cupping her pouting sex in one palm, his flesh hot, burning, on Susan's. She gasped as he ripped open her blouse, buttons scattering across the police car's bonnet, and then tied the remnants out of the way behind her shoulders. The night air caressed her breasts, now pushed up and squeezed together by her bra under them, and was even more exciting than it had been on her bare behind. Being naked out of doors, running the risk of discovery had always been one of her turn-ons.

Up beside her now - she could see the uniformed man's rank badges; an Inspector - he cupped her chin with one hand, forcing her mouth open. Strong fingers, tasting faintly of soap, probed around her teeth, under and over her tongue. Susan whined as a firm grip pulled her tongue right out of her open mouth, but it did no good.

He pushed her legs together long enough to pull her skirt and panties down her legs, contentedly patting her on the behind like an obedient domestic animal when Susan obediently spread her legs wide again without being told. Panties and ripped-off bra were bundled up into a ball and pushed into her mouth. Susan tasted her own juices!

Nearly naked now, wearing only shoes, stockings, suspenders, and the remains of her blouse, bent forward over the car, and mouth filled with underwear, she waited with breathless excitement. The radio crackled again, and the Inspector slid into the driver's seat to respond. Susan, the night air chill on her pussy juices, bare lust-swollen breasts swaying just above hot metal as she panted, watched through the windscreen. It never even occurred to her to run. Her abuser was a distinguished looking man, the picture of

honest probity, dark hair going to grey, a wedding ring on his finger. Easily twice her twenty-three years, at least into his late-forties! Maybe more.

Call dealt with, the police inspector rummaged in the car's boot a moment and returned, stroking her between the legs again. He ripped a strip of black masking tape off a roll and pushed it firmly down over her mouth, holding the underwear in Susan's mouth and effectively gagging her. And then, still keeping up the pretence that this was an ordinary and legitimate search of a suspect, pulled on a pair of rubber gloves.

The man was playing games, enjoying this perversion of his normal duties, though it had been obvious to Susan from almost the start that she was going to be fucked here, bent forward over the still-running police car's bonnet. Susan groaned as rubber coated fingers painfully probed and twisted deep into her anus. She groaned again as he forced his fingers into her sex, deep, to the knuckle, almost fisting her; but this time her moan was pure pleasure. The inspector peeled off the gloves in front of her face, her juices glistening on the rubber, and dropped them. He reached under her again, hefting a breast.

"Big tits. I like that."

Susan moaned as the heavy mound was slowly squeezed.

"I was hoping you'd have the drugs on you, but no matter. I've got a very special interrogation cell waiting for you tonight. You'll talk. Eventually!"

Susan couldn't help a little shiver of fear despite almost overwhelming lust. Being sexually tortured, and it would be sexual torture, she was sure, for information she didn't have went a little beyond her own fantasies. But she couldn't, had no way to, would not be allowed to, say no!

The inspector opened both front car doors and wound the windows down, snapping a pair of handcuffs closed around each doorframe, and then around Susan's wrists. She was now pulled right across the car bonnet, had to arch her back up to keep her now unprotected nipples off the hot metal. Gagged with her own underwear, wearing only stockings and suspenders, she was totally helpless. Behind her, she heard the rasp of the policeman's zip being pulled down. The tip of his cock, swollen hard, nudged between her spread

thighs at her belly.

"Are you going to tell me what I want to know?" he asked, slowly, painfully, sinking his fingers into the full weight of both breasts swinging under her.

Susan wailed helplessly. Her lover had wanted to tit-torture her from the start, delighted in disciplining her with the big globes he enjoyed so much, and was gradually training her to endure more pain, to accept longer and harsher punishments. But she still had a veto. The inspector, here, she suddenly realised, was free to hurt her as he pleased! No veto. Somehow it only made her more excited. Suddenly in the face of this reality, consensual games seemed very tame.

The inspector's hands slid down her body, resting on her hips a moment, and then back up, palms stroking up her spine. There was the lightest pressure down. Susan squealed in pain as her breasts were pushed down onto the hot metal, without the protection of clothing this time.

"Oh yes," her tormentor sighed, everything but the moment clearly forgotten now. "That's it baby. Scream for me."

He roughly kneaded and squeezed her tortured breasts, and then pushed her down onto the still-running car again. Susan cried out in agonised distress, the first tear splashing down onto hot metal, and then cruel fingers were twisting deep into the flesh of her breasts again. Her head came up with a jerk, a surprised squeak, as her tormentor thrust his cock inside her, a deep slow thrust to the hilt, thighs against hers. Her wail of pleasure became a cry of hopelessly mingled lust and pain as her breasts were scalded on the bonnet again.

Susan had never been able to really explain, even to herself, her delight in submission. How pain and pleasure fused together to become ecstasy. She only knew that straight sex was a pale imitation by comparison. So much so, that she would gladly submit to an unsuitable lover, married and old, rather than accept love and straight sex from any of the countless men her own age who asked her out. She loved being helpless, she loved a little humiliation, being kept under total control; subdued by bonds and orders. And also, the

chance of discovery, being watched!

The hands shifted to her hips, the inspector now pulling her back onto his cock with long slow thrusts, cock deep inside her, rammed to the hilt with each stroke. Firmly impaled, Susan threw back her head and cried out in gag-muffled delight. She was very near to coming, so close, but this bent-forward from the waist penetration didn't touch the clitoris. The policeman had her under total control now, knew that she would beg to be allowed to come, if he chose to remove the underwear gag.

He squeezed and twisted her breasts again, then again pushed the full globes down onto the car bonnet once more to savour her cries, scattering stinging slaps across her presented buttocks, hands roaming where and as he liked over her defenceless body. Urgently yelping behind her underwear gag, flesh scalded, Susan was pushed down onto the hot metal again.

"Oh yes, that's a good slut. Cry for me! Moan for me, there's a good girl. You want it, don't you? Can't get enough!"

Susan groaned obediently behind her gag, yelping as another handprint was left on her ass. The inspector was thrusting harder and faster now, hands tightening on her hips.

"Such a pretty little slut," her user gasped. "But I know your sort. Think all you have to do is swing your hips, flash a bit of leg or cleavage, and the world will come running. Don't you?"

Susan grunted at a particularly hard thrust, and then moaned obedient assent at another stinging slap. The crack of the inspector's palm on her buttocks seemed very loud in the still night air, not to mention her own squeaks of pleasure each time the flesh rod was pumped into her. Her breasts, swinging back and forth under her with each thrust, now brushing across the hot metal bonnet each time, nipples agony, made her louder. It didn't matter. She was so close!

"But I'm going to teach you you're nothing. You're going to kiss my feet and sit up and beg by the time I'm finished with you tonight! Hear me, bitch?"

Susan shrieked in ecstasy, wave after wave of pleasure coursing through her body, engulfing her in an overwhelming sensation that earthed in scorched nipples and loins.

She gasped for air, a little stunned. She'd didn't usually come that easily; not without more direct stimulation to her clit. The inspector had to hold her limp body up off the car until she could steady herself. The third slap on her behind got her attention.

"I said hold still a moment."

Dazed, Susan realised her abuser was out of her, pushing her coat onto the police car's bonnet under her to protect her bare, sweat-gleaming skin. Wrists still handcuffed to the car doors, she slumped down on the coat gratefully. The inspector took his place behind her again, and lifting her hips, easily thrust his cock back inside her dripping sex. Susan sighed happily as the man took his pleasure on her limp body, too exhausted to co-operate; but serene after her orgasm, quite prepared to concede he should have his fun too.

A torch stabbed out of the darkness, and over Susan's displayed body, chained limp and utterly helpless across the police car's bonnet; wearing only stockings and suspenders, tape across her mouth. And a uniformed policeman behind her, flies open, still thrusting an erect cock into his victim.

"What the hell are you doing to that girl?"

A man, probably a local farmer, wearing a dressing gown and Wellington boots, a shotgun in the crook of his arm, stepped into the pool of the police car's dimmed lights. Susan's briefly held thought had been right. They'd been very loud.

The inspector started to stammer an incoherent, panicked, explanation. No, not rape! She's my girlfriend. One of my WPC's. We're just playing! The farmer stepped back a few cautious paces, snapped his shotgun closed, and dialled 999 on a mobile phone. Susan, moaning for her gag to be removed, thought the Inspector might have been a bit more believable if he hadn't still had both hands filled with her breasts, and his cock still inside her.

Chapter 2

In a large featureless, plain grey concrete room, harshly lit, a young woman stood naked in front of a long desk. Clearly flushed with an exciting mix of apprehension and embarrassment, she wore only four inch stiletto heeled shoes, her wrists handcuffed behind her back. Behind the desk sat three men and two women, the youngest woman in her forties, the other four all much older, well into their sixties or seventies. All five wore smart well-cut suits, their expensive briefcases were on the floor beside each chair, and all had identical folders open in front of them on the desk. A second desk set at right angles to the first was at the girl's side to her left, just on the edge of her vision when she looked forward as ordered. Another man and a woman sat there, taking occasional notes, and behind her, flanking her, stood a pair of uniformed men.

"So Lance Corporal. You let the General spank you for the first time two weeks after you were assigned as his driver? Is that correct?" one of the men asked.

"Yes Sir," Amanda said softly, very aware of how hard, how swollen, her nipples were, all the eyes on the rise and fall of her breasts, on her naked body; and just how excited this interrogation/job interview was making her.

Projected onto the wall behind the five - a section of the wall whitewashed - almost life sized, a little pale in the bright lights, Amanda's own image looked back at her, tied naked to a chair, white rope around neck and waist. Her image was gagged with tape, her forearms tied to the armrests, and pushed through the same armrests, her legs were spread wide. Pussy exposed, and in perfect focus! The General had been a keen and quite competent amateur photographer. He'd shot off dozens of rolls; the same incriminating and deeply humiliating photographs the five people in front of her now flicked through.

"On your bare bottom?" another asked.

"The third time, Sir."

"And after being spanked you performed oral sex?"

"Yes Ma'am."

"Did you swallow?"

"I... yes Ma'am."

Tired now, Amanda swayed a moment, and then jerked herself back to motionless attention. The deeply personal, humiliating questions seemed never ending, and having deliberately been made to travel most of the previous night, she'd had little sleep. The first question from the panel of five had been when had she lost her virginity, and then she'd been made to describe the experience in minute detail. Then they'd turned their attention to each subsequent sexual experience, the panel slowly but expertly stripping away layer after layer of modesty.

Events had moved bewilderingly fast. One moment, caught, expecting the horrible full glare of publicity, awaiting court martial, the butt of the MP's jokes. And then out of the blue she'd been offered a quiet transfer to Security by the sympathetic and friendly Ms Carson; the youngest on the panel of five now questioning her. Only now there seemed a lot more Mistress in Ms Carson's tone, and a lot less understanding friend! The secret complex was underground somewhere, probably a fallout shelter or former cold war command centre, but Amanda had no idea where. She'd been delivered in a windowless van.

"How old are you Lance Corporal?"

"Twenty, Sir."

"Measurements?"

"Thirty-four B, twenty-three, thirty-five, Sir."

At the first briefing with Ms Carson in a London office, she'd been made to sign the Official Secrets Act, with dire warnings of what would happen if she

even thought about repeating what she was going to be told in public. And then, a fantastic revelation, it had been explained to her why the Intelligence Service, and her country, needed sex-slaves! Her 'Job Interview', in her thoughts all week, was finally here, and excitement building to fever pitch, she'd been led through a cell-block and training rooms, on her way to be stripped and handcuffed for her assessment. She had seen naked girls in humiliating bonds, at rest, work and play, in scenes straight from her worst nightmares and hottest, wildest, fantasies!

"Now you claim the General only actually fucked you three times; when the General's wife left the house early. And you were butt-fucked once, but didn't like it because it hurt? Is that correct?"

"Yes, Sir." Amanda forced herself to say.

"So, in most of these photography sessions, you were simply allowed to masturbate, and swallowed come, is that what you'd have us believe?"

"It's true, Ma'am," Amanda said earnestly.

The older woman used a remote control to click on through the series of photographs, Amanda's life size image staring back at her with increasingly lust-glazed eyes. In the next shot clothespins decorated her nipples, and then breasts, and then sex lips. Then, a fat dildo was mounted on a sucker on the chair under her, stretching Amanda's sex wide. Finally, rendering her an anonymous sex-toy, a tight hood was pulled over her head. The five flicked through their own copies of the photographs, the three men and the older woman slipping a couple of the more interesting copies into their briefcases for later study.

"Do you like hoods, Lance Corporal?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Now I notice some whip marks on your ass in these shots of you in the shower," a woman said. "With the breast bondage?" she prompted. Amanda nodded. "Is that a cane or a crop?"

"A cane, Ma'am."

"Like it?"

"No, Ma'am."

"But it made you hot?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Amanda whispered.

"Now, Lance Corporal, this video tape, would you care to tell us what we'll be watching?"

Amanda bit her lip. How had it come to this? From such a small beginning. When she'd first reported for duty, and come to attention, the General had slowly looked her over. A much more calculating look than a very smartly turned out subordinate needed, she'd thought at the time. He'd gone on to explain that as his driver, Amanda's appearance and behaviour reflected on him.

"Yes, Sir," she'd agreed by reflex.

"Then come to attention properly, soldier!" he'd suddenly barked. "Shoulders back, tits out, stomach in, ass firm."

Amanda snapped to attention, then she had been ordered at ease, then attention again, wondering what she'd done wrong as she was then marched up and down the General's driveway, the General barking orders like a drill Sergeant. A senior officer's driver was supposed to be a cushy number! Breathing hard, she'd crashed to attention again, motionless as her new commanding officer walked around her.

"Better," the General said, a hand on her stomach, pushing in. "Stomach in."

And then his hand was on her behind, lingering a moment, fingers stroking lightly down between her buttocks before pulling away.

"Now clench those ass-cheeks. Good."

She should have protested there, stopped it, but she was stunned, and surprised, as well as secretly turned on. The next day his hand on her stomach stroked down her belly as he pulled away, lingered longer on her behind. By the end of the week the General was casually hefting his new driver's breasts into place, squeezing her bottom, and patting her belly, as he trained Amanda to come to attention to his satisfaction.

"The video-tape, Lance Corporal," the grey-haired man at the long desk prompted, bringing her attention back to the present..

Mortified, excited, Amanda closed her eyes. "Sometimes the General would have me drive him home early when he knew his wife would not be in," she said tonelessly but flushed. "He would order me to strip, tie a rope between my legs to tease me; and tie my hands behind my back. And then he liked to throw a ball for me to fetch. He called me Fido."

"And?" the second woman prompted.

"I was also trained to bark, sit up and beg, and roll over and play dead on command, Ma'am."

"And?"

"The General would only come in my mouth when I was panting, Ma'am," Amanda forced herself to admit, scarlet now.

She still remembered only too well dashing naked across the wide manicured lawn, arms tied behind her, breasts bouncing; the rough crotch rope driving her wild! Trotting back to kneel at her master's feet with the grass stained ball in her mouth and laying it in his hand. The General's cock out, being stroked into stiffness. Soon!

And then the General's wife and half the WI had rounded the patio!

"Tell me Lance Corporal," Ms Carson asked, changing tack. "Have you ever had sex with a woman?"

"No, Ma'am."

The woman nodded to herself, a faint knowing smile directed at Amanda. None of the others had been introduced to her, just here to look her over! The young soldier felt herself shiver involuntarily, knowing now lust had overwhelmed caution, but still unable to help herself. The gentle servitude Ms Carson had hinted at, but hadn't actually promised at their first meeting, seemed to be receding. Replaced with something darker. More real!

"I think we've seen enough," Ms Carson decided, looking left and right down the table. The panel nodded agreement. "Refreshments while you make your decisions?"

"Tea? Capital."

"Lovely."

"Oh yes."

"Certainly," the four at the table agreed.

"Sergeant, if you will secure the prisoner," Ms Carson said to one of the pair flanking Amanda, and then spoke again softly into an intercom.

Amanda flinched as one of the men pulled her arms back and turned her to face the other, her automatic protest cut off as something was pushed into her mouth behind her teeth. She tried to twist away as the ball gag was buckled tight behind her neck, instinctively lifting a knee to the sergeant's groin, but he carelessly twisted to one side taking the blow on the thigh.

"You may punish her for that, Sergeant," Ms Carson called.

Realising she'd been stupid, Amanda pleaded behind the large red ball that now filled her mouth, but her gag-muffled pleas were ignored. The ball gag's second strap was buckled tight under her chin, a second set of handcuffs were snapped around her ankles, and then a third above her elbows, pulling back her arms and thrusting forward her breasts.

Her arms still held by the man behind her, panting now, making desperate unintelligible squeaks behind her gag, Amanda tried to twist away as the

sergeant lifted pinching fingers to her nipples. She cried out for mercy, pity, and in rising pain, as the sensitive nubs, swollen rigid by fear and lust, were brutally twisted and squeezed. The panel of five watched with mild interest and absolutely no hint of mercy as Amanda was punished, and then spun back to face them.

"Ten-hut!" the sergeant barked.

Amanda was trained to spring to attention at just that sort of barked command, but her protests died forgotten in her throat when she saw the serving slave; even almost forgot the throbbing ache in her abused nipples. The interview panel were being served tea and biscuits by a naked slave in chains.

The blonde was in her late twenties, her mouth filled with a ball gag identical to the one now strapped into Amanda's mouth. She wore identical heels, tip-tapping on the concrete floor, manacles forcing her to take small neat steps. A broad black leather collar held her head up, and a matching leather waspie corset almost cut her in two, reduced the blonde's figure into a dramatic hourglass shape. Rings set through her sex lips chained her to the tea-trolley she pushed, her wrist cuffs were secured with equally short lengths of chain to pierced nipples, and the number six had been stencilled onto her left breast and right buttock.

The humiliated and totally helpless sex-slave was the most exciting thing Amanda had ever seen in her life!

The Project was very much for real. Clearly, equally for real was the secrecy. And Amanda realised she had seen too much. They weren't going to let her go now! Like it or not, these people were going to make her darkest fantasies real. Amanda felt herself shiver again, in mingled fear and excitement, as the woman who had asked her if she'd ever had lesbian sex, Ms Carson, idly, carelessly, stroked the naked serving slave's whip-marked backside.

Ms Grace Georgina Carson, seated second on the right at the main table,

fourth in command of the Project, and in sole charge of its sex-slaves, let her palm stroke slowly over a velvet buttock, letting her eyes continue an equally leisurely inspection of the naked flesh on display in front of her. She saw understanding and the beginnings of acceptance in the new girl's gaze, though the barely suppressed panic was still there in the young soldier's eyes. Yes, very nice. Young and fit. The Project needed another ponygirl.

Her fingers lightly trailed across the raised welts on Number Six's pretty tail, the pussy-chained sex-slave motionless as she was handled, as she'd been trained to be. Suppressing a shiver of delight, Ms Carson had to force herself not to declare out loud she'd put the whip stripes there herself. The Executive, even when they dropped in on 'inspections' to have sex with her helpless charges, liked to pretend that the Project was entirely free of personal desires. Just business!

In reality, they'd given Ms Carson her own little sexual kingdom. She was in heaven, with eleven slavegirls and four slaveboys at her beck and call. Hers to use as she wished. The only fly in the ointment was the Executive's insistence that her recruits must be at least a little sexually submissive, and, seeking to serve the State, Queen and Country, they had to come from within the establishment as well. As a result Ms Carson still had several empty cells.

Hand removed from her behind, Number Six turned to face her mistress, offering the biscuit tray. The blonde froze motionless as her clean shaven sex was stroked, faded love bites were visible on firm little upturned breasts. Grey eyes met hers for a moment. They both remembered Ms Carson putting the marks on her, sucking great mouthfuls of flesh into her mouth, the beginning of a long session that had seen the former member of the diplomatic corps pussy-whipped, and made to masturbate, before being brutally fucked doggie style with a fat strap-on dildo. Only a few months ago she'd been called Gemma and had worked in Portugal's British Embassy, before Ms Carson had trained her to answer to Number Six.

She still didn't have Number Six's eyebrows quite the right colour yet, Ms Carson decided, even though she'd dyed them twice now. She stroked a biscuit through Number Six's sex for flavour and nibbled. She'd shaved the slut's pubic hair herself, and dying her hair blonde had been easy enough, much to the former Foreign Office high-flyer's horror, as she had up until

then considered all blondes bimbos. But she just couldn't get the eyebrows right.

There was still a little defiance in Number Six's eyes, Ms Carson was pleased to see, despite the number of times the pretty blonde had been whipped, the countless times she'd kissed and licked clean Ms Carson's feet, and the many times she'd cried out in pain and pleasure, tied to her mistress's bed. Sexually she was very submissive, but she'd also been a powerful career woman making real world decisions. Being the first to have her nipples and sex lips pierced had left her a little subdued for a while, but Ms Carson didn't expect the mature slave to break like the younger toys, to fully surrender, until the time came to allow pupils to brand her.

With a happy smile of anticipation, she patted Number Six between the legs and allowed her to move on and pour tea for the next man at the table. Her sex chained to her trolley, wrist cuffs chained to her ringed nipples, the former diplomat groaned softly behind her gag in helpless humiliated lust as her small firm breasts were kneaded and squeezed by the grey haired wrinkled old man with the liver spotted hands.

"I say, do you think I could...?" Sir Harold asked hesitantly.

"I'll have her chained facedown on the bed in the guest suite right after the meeting," Ms Carson assured her superior.

The almost naked slave, collared, gagged and waist nearly nipped in two by her cruel corset, closed her eyes in resignation, but didn't make a fuss. She'd had Sir Harold's eighty-year-old cock up her ass on several occasions now. Eyes like saucers, the young army Lance Corporal the five were here to assess would no doubt have had her mouth hanging open if it hadn't been filled with ball gag. She was watching Number Six being stroked, petted, and booked for sexual use, with horrified, mesmerised, fascination. Ms Carson savoured her tea.

"Ahh! Are we ready to vote?" she asked.

The vote was of course unanimous. No sex-slave got to this stage if Ms Carson wasn't already sure of them. The Executive just liked to see, and

occasionally sample, the new sex-slaves for themselves. And to make sure the new recruits, even though they would be whipped into obedience, knew how important their submission was to the Project and their country.

The young female soldier, who would now be officially listed as a deserter, and who would have the number twelve stencilled on breast and buttock with indelible ink and have a hood pulled down over her head, possibly had other thoughts on her mind. But the Executive, and in particular Sir Percival, who booked the girl for oral sex the week after, expressed their complete faith in Ms Carson's ability to train her in sexual obedience. She hadn't disappointed them yet.

Again Ms Carson blessed her luck in having been in on the ground floor, assigned as Case Officer to what she'd thought at the time was a nothing job.

The Project had been born nearly two years earlier, though no one in Security had realised what they had at the time. A retired spook teaching History at one of the better universities - and doing a little talent spotting and recruiting, making Security and the brighter, correctly motivated students aware of each other - had filed a routine report on the work of one of his colleagues. A professor Phillips-Webber had been postulating the existence of parallel universes, worlds physically identical to their own, but where history had diverged at some point in the past.

It hadn't seemed that important at the time. The spook only thought it worth putting to paper at all because the professor thought contact between alternative dimensions might be possible. And because she was a respected and brilliant mathematician and physicist, not a head-in-the-clouds theorist. Then the professor's lab had been torched, completely gutted, definitely arson, and no one had seen her or her research staff of five young students since.

The police had been quite interested. The spook filed another more detailed report. The investigators were very puzzled by a textbook on the care and maintenance of vehicles with fusion reactors found in one student's room. The medical textbooks in another, completely unknown medicines in another, and a mobile phone-sized computer, light years ahead of anything on the planet; were all quite fascinating. Security assigned a Case Officer, who

promptly relieved the police of their evidence.

Ms Carson had been the Case Officer. Unfortunately the computer wouldn't respond beyond basic functions without the correct passwords and orders from a voice it liked the sound of, and had eventually been dissected, but the budding project knew what it had now. The device was years ahead of anything seen on Earth. Science which, once it had been picked apart, would give Britain a world lead in many technologies for decades to come!

And then Security got a break; they managed to decrypt the computer diary of one of the missing research students. Sarah had described in loving detail her travels and adventures in the Slaveworld! The wonders she'd seen, and the many sex-slaves she and her boyfriend had sampled, used, teased, disciplined and enjoyed together! In an alternative reality, where for over two thousand years, almost unchanged since Roman times, when the Slaveworld's history had diverged from this one's, a feudal society of slaves, serfs, soldiers and nobles had existed. And there had been no dark age, just slow steady scientific progress, which had put the Slaveworld's technology ahead of this one's in many fields!

It was possible to make a Gate between dimensions Travel between worlds with alternate histories was possible! Research was quietly begun to recreate Phillips-Webber's work.

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 the exact 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 at the British defeat at Waterloo.

And according to Phillips-Webber's theories, travel between dimensions was quite possible, if a Gate was opened on both worlds simultaneously. Unlikely? But if there were billions upon billions of possibilities, what were the odds against two sets of scientists tinkering at once? The Project's secret lab had opened Gates into several worlds, cautious greetings had been exchanged with those worlds, though at first the technological advances secured had been disappointing. The realities visited were mostly on a technological par with their own Britain, or were willing to permit only limited contact. And they were no more interested in giving away their state secrets to strangers than their visitors were.

And then six months ago had come a bombshell. A woman admitted to a London hospital after a road traffic accident had had a very strange mobile phone with her; a puzzled policeman trying to identify her had eventually asked Security if the strange device was something to do with them. The RTA was a Slaveworld Countess! The reality which professor Phillips-Webber's student, Sarah, had described so vividly in her diary, was still in contact! Had found a way to make a one sided Gate. Aliens were strolling around, passing themselves off as ordinary folk!

A new department was created, an offshoot of an already shadowy unit that it wasn't considered necessary to even let politicians know existed. Oversight was in the hands of just three senior government ministers, and an equally senior and supposedly retired officer from MI5 headed the project. The Executive. Research into one way Gates began. The Project was born.

Ms Carson remembered that first meeting of the heads of the new unit and Executive quite vividly. A response was of course necessary. The Slaveworld was invading them, coming to steal their young and make them sex-slaves! There had been sensible talk of protecting themselves, the national interest, intelligence being the best defence; but amongst the Executive there had been an undercurrent. Her colleagues in the new section had caught it too she suspected. Halfway through the meeting, a mental lightbulb had gone off over Ms Carson's head. Suddenly she realised why the four wanted so desperately to visit just the Slaveworld when there were so many other possibilities.

The three men and one woman on the Executive were all getting on in years! The Slaveworld's technology was the most advanced the Project had yet encountered, but also what the Slaveworld had that no other alternative world they had contacted so far had, was a youth treatment that could hold back twenty or more years. They wanted that Rejuvenation treatment for themselves! On reflection, Ms Carson had decided she didn't really care about their motivation. The Project was important, and she was more than delighted with her new job. She would be running the Project's slave school!

With no first hand knowledge of the ground, customs, and no in-place agents, the Project envisaged a World War II, SOE type operation. Agents would have to be dropped into the Slaveworld through the one way Gate, to gather intelligence and set up networks, alone. Like the old days, parachuting into Nazi occupied Europe. And, in a world where a judge would sentence a peasant girl to two to four years' sexual slavery for an insolent tone of voice or failing to bow to her betters, and where she would probably next be seen in harness and bridle pulling an aristocrat's pony trap through the city streets, they would have to escape notice!

The agents could of course pose as any class, and some would pass themselves off as soldiers, merchants, artisans, or as being from the small middle-class of doctors, priests and nuns. But from the outset it had seemed clear that posing as an aristocrat, a foreign tourist on the Grand Tour for preference, provided the most freedom of movement. There were too many restrictions on the working class.

And to successfully pose as a Slaveworld aristocrat, the agent would have to blend in; preferably with a naked girl on a lead. They would have to know how to tack up a pony slave, which whip was usually used on a slavegirl's breasts, and which lash was best used on the hindquarters. They would have to be able to perform sexually in public unselfconsciously; and to not gape open-mouthed when the after dinner entertainment at a restaurant was a breast-roped slavegirl with a mouth, pussy and ass full of cock. And just like the fake American towns the former Soviet Union had built to train their agents to blend in, reality was the key. Real whips, real chains, real sex, and real tears! Which was where Ms Carson's slave school came in. She'd learnt her trade, gained her qualification for the job, playing a dominatrix, bringing

in a submissive defector; but this was much, much more fun.

After the 'Job Interview', having seen the new Number 12 locked naked, hooded and dildo-stuffed in an isolation cell, Ms Carson hurried to the guest suite. She left Number Six in her corset and collar, tying her facedown, tightly spread, a tight shiny black latex hood encasing her head, mouth filled with the hood's built-in cock-gag.

Ms Carson couldn't resist lingering a moment behind the two way mirror, watching the helpless slave being brutally butt-fucked, breasts firmly squeezed, and with cruel little sharp-jawed clamps biting into her sex lips to torment her. The lovely former diplomat; intelligent, educated, and now Ms Carson's sex-toy to enjoy whenever she wished, squirmed and bucked in her bonds as she was enjoyed. Lying on top of her, knees between female legs chained wide, the skinny, ancient Sir Harold was riding the girl, several times almost being thrown off when he released a breast to swing a slap down on a satin hip or buttock. Each time the old man pulled himself firmly back into the saddle with tighter handfuls of breast, a surprisingly hard and big cock, considering his age, pumping between Number Six's buttocks.

Ms Carson returned to her office with a happy smile. What a great job! She'd never imagined giving her all to Queen and Country could be so satisfying.

Her assistant John looked up from his desk with a smile, that was only partly due to having a naked girl on her knees in front of him, his cock deep in her mouth. Number Two was a deliciously docile nineteen year old, a former MP's research assistant. When his wife had found the politician's collection of whips and chains, the very senior MP had been forced to ask a friend in the intelligence community if there was any way his young lover could be made to quietly disappear for a while. Ms Carson had been only too delighted to put a collar around Two's slender neck.

Number Two herself still clung to the belief her self-serving, career-obsessed, middle aged lover just wanted her out of sight for a while, until he could divorce his wife, and would soon return to reclaim her. A fantasy Ms Carson allowed her as long as she was good in bed. In actual fact she knew the politician had no intention of getting a divorce - his wife was the one with

the money - and had already replaced Number Two with an equally submissive eighteen year old. Ms Carson was quietly hoping this girl would be discovered too, and she would be able to add the replacement bimbo to her collection.

Today Number Two had her wrists cuffed together behind her back, weights tied to her nipples swinging this way and that, and was firmly and painfully stuffed to bursting point; a tight leather belt and crotch strap holding in place a large butt plug and humming vibrator. Even though Ms Carson watched, the girl's lips continued to obediently slide up and down the purple veined shaft in her mouth. One of the first things Ms Carson's toys learnt, was that sex, and their humiliations, would frequently have an audience.

"Got a new sex-toy for you. Newspapers are on your desk," he gasped.

"Nice?" she asked, guessing from his tone.

"Face a little bland, but she's got tits!"

The tabloid reporters had had a field day with the perverted Inspector - married, two children - and his kinky WPC sex-slave. A story that was clearly going to run and run. One of the reptiles had even found a picture of an eighteen-year-old Susan Barncroft almost spilling out of a somewhat too small bikini on a Spanish beach. Ms Carson suspected the young WPC would very much like to be in a secret place out of the limelight right about now.

John pulled Number Two's lips off his cock with a handful of her fringe, pumped with his hand a couple of times, and splashed semen all across the pretty girl's face and into her obediently held open mouth.

"Oh yeah," he sighed, and then asked Ms Carson, "nice?"

"Very nice," she agreed. "Just what I wanted."

She didn't have a really big pair of tits in her collection yet.

"Breast clamps, tight ropes, slaps, candle wax," she sighed in happy

anticipation, suddenly feeling very horny. "You finished with that?"

"Sure," John agreed.

Still looking at the picture of the teenage Susan Barncroft spilling out of her small bikini, Ms Carson hiked up her skirt and pulled down her panties. A snap of her fingers, and Number Two, the weights still dragging down at her breasts, nipples nicely purple, crawled to her feet without hesitation; the buzz of her vibrator quite audible. A well-trained tongue flickered across Ms Carson's sex lips, and then probed between.

"Good toy," she said absently, studying the WPC's picture a moment longer, and then settling down to read the story in detail.

She knew the vibrator-tormented Number Two, head between her thighs, didn't need supervision. The pretty sex-slave, lips on her pussy now, breath hot, knew she would be punished if she failed to please. The prospective plaything she was reading about, would, she hoped, pussy and ass stretched wide by an identical plug and vibrator set, big tits slapped scarlet, the lovely hefty globes of course well roped and nipples tightly clamped, be soon learning the same lesson. Ms Carson was very much hoping she'd be able to obedience-train the young WPC in her own handcuffs!

Chapter 3

Susan was in uniform, as specified in the letter inviting her to the interview - countersigned by her own Superintendent - and insisted on by the smart young man who had hand delivered it. Hesitant, flushed, and sure the driver who had been sent for her had recognised her; nervous on a busy street, remembering only too well what seemed like hundreds of reporters and cameramen camped outside her cottage, she hurriedly entered what appeared to be an ordinary London solicitor's. Brass plate on the door, pretty receptionist behind a desk, lots of files lying about, and wilting pot plants.

Already in the waiting room was a stunning young woman in a naval officer's uniform, a sub lieutenant Susan thought, though she didn't know military ranks very well. Strawberry blonde, wide green eyes, and her uniform just had to have been tailored. Susan's police uniforms had certainly never clung to her like that! The blonde gave her a friendly but hesitant nod, nervously nibbling on a fingernail.

Susan took an offered seat and put her cap aside, flicking through but not really seeing, an old magazine. The receptionist, an obvious bottle-blonde in contrast to the sub lieutenant, kept her letter.

"May I offer you tea or coffee?" the girl asked.

"Thank you, no."

The girl stood, knocked politely on the connecting door, and took Susan's letter though into the office, Susan getting a brief glimpse of an older woman behind a large desk. She blinked, suddenly unsure of what she'd just seen.

"Did you see....?" she asked the naval officer.

"Manacles," the pretty sub lieutenant confirmed in a low husky whisper.

She paused, giving Susan a thoughtful look.

"Look at her tummy when she comes back," she suggested.

The receptionist returned, the manacles locked around her ankles, like handcuffs but with a longer chain, making her take small neat steps. The girl flushed slightly, holding herself still a moment, knowing they were looking at her, and had been talking about her. She wore high-heeled stiletto shoes, sheer stockings, a very tight and very short skirt that only just reached her elasticised stocking tops. Rounded breasts, no bra, strained against a light blouse. She looked like she'd been dressed by a man, Susan thought - she herself had had some experience of having a man select her underwear and clothing.

Then she saw what the sub lieutenant had been talking about. If you looked closely at the receptionist's skirt which pulled tautly across her stomach, there was an indentation down her belly. A crotch strap! Running down from a tight belt and pulling up just as tight between her sex lips, Susan realised. She stood, confused, not sure if she wanted to leave or be here, but thinking she should do something, only the door to the street wouldn't open.

"I'm afraid that door only opens in, Officer. You have to go out through the office," the receptionist told her, her choker looking more like a collar to Susan now.

The elegant naval officer with the cut-glass accent went first, Susan wondering if they could possibly be applying for the same position. She wanted to ask the chained receptionist, but didn't dare, nervously twisting her magazine in her hands. Flushed, embarrassed or excited, the sub lieutenant eventually returned and wordlessly took her seat.

"Ms Carson will see you now!"

Ms Carson from Security turned out to be a friendly and charming woman of about forty-five or so, who immediately put Susan at ease. Once she'd stressed the Official Secrets Act, and quite openly and honestly made plain that Susan would be buried in the deepest dungeon in the land if she breathed one word of what she was about to be told, she wasted no time in getting down to business. Susan was told about parallel universes, and the Gates between them. And she was shown pictures of the Slaveworld taken by the

otherworld Countess that Security had under house arrest, and she was shown videotaped interviews with the woman, and videos of other realities, other worlds touched on so far. It was all far too elaborate to be a hoax. And why would anyone go to such lengths anyway?

"Of course there's no point in our agents posing as slaves on their own," Ms Carson laughed. "They might get some good intelligence, maybe we'd even get one into the palace, but they wouldn't be able to get away to report what they'd learnt. What we do see a need for is an agent posing as an aristocrat with a naked girl on a lead to make his cover cast iron."

She pointed to a glossy A4 photograph, one of a pile on her desk, of a young Slaveworld Lord leading a heavy-breasted blonde down a busy city street; the girl was naked, ball gagged, arms bound behind her back, sapphire pendants swinging from pierced nipples and clitoris.

"And of course we have our own training facility to staff. Agents must not drool, or react with surprise, to public sex, a naked girl being spanked and the like. It's all in public you see, nothing hidden! And ordinary people exist only to serve! The Slaveworld aristocrats, like any aristocrats really, are parasites. They contribute nothing to society, and their world exists entirely for their pleasure. It's the natural order on Slaveworld."

Susan licked nervous lips, fascinated and more than a little turned on by the Slaveworld photographs. Ponyslaves, beautiful toys on leads, pets being exercised in parks, and merchandise in pet shop windows. And the girls were all naked in public, her own personal turn-on!

"I won't kid you," Ms Carson cautioned. "Spying is dangerous. There's no telling what might happen if you were caught. We don't shoot spies anymore, but here?" she tapped the photograph of the top heavy slave. "It might even be worse."

Susan nodded, imagining 'worse' with swelling nipples and a growing heat in her groin.

"And also, once in, you will not be allowed to leave the Project. Are we quite clear on that?"

Susan nodded agreement. A sensible precaution. If she couldn't take it as a slave, then Ms Carson would want to keep her where she could see her, under her thumb, probably filing agents' reports, answering the telephone or something equally boring.

"Now in the light of your recent rather public experiences, it should be obvious to you that you don't have much of a future in the police force?" Susan nodded again. "So I am offering you a transfer to my unit, and duties more, ahh... suited to your tastes and abilities. Though a little more discreet, out of the public gaze, where I assure you no reporter will ever find you! And also, a chance to serve your country in a vital task?"

Susan let her eyes stray back to the photograph.

"I'll do it!" she whispered, helplessly, breathlessly, excited.

Ms Carson smiled with clearly genuine pleasure.

"Number Three, come in and bring the lieutenant," she said into the intercom.

"Stand!" she then ordered her young receptionist mildly once she had entered.

Immediately the girl set her feet as far apart as the chain between her manacles would allow, and put her hands behind her head. Frozen motionless in the centre of the room, deep breaths strained the buttons on her clinging blouse, nipples clearly erect. Susan found her docile obedience to Ms Carson's casual commands very exciting. The woman from Security noticed Susan and the naval officer exchanging questioning looks.

"Yes, you have both been offered the same position," she confirmed with a sly smile. "If accepted, you might soon be seeing a lot of each other."

Susan and the RN officer exchanged glances. Ms Carson waved her hand at the motionless receptionist.

"Number Three here, on the other hand, has been with us several months

now."

The woman from Security raised a remote control and pointed it at the girl pressing a button. The blonde gasped, hips jerking, a low buzz suddenly audible in the room.

"A remote controlled vibrator," Ms Carson confirmed. "A common device on the Slaveworld. Though they do make better batteries."

She switched the vibrator off, on and then off again, the young receptionist, breasts rising and falling faster but hands still obediently behind her head, gasping helplessly, hips gyrating.

"Take the position, Three."

As if the delighted Susan and the equally entranced Royal Navy officer weren't there, the girl bent forward over a chair back, ankles together, back dipped, head up. Ms Carson pulled a cane from under her desk and gave it an experimental swish. Playing to her audience, she slowly peeled the blonde's skirt up over her hips. Buckled tight, a thick leather band running between the girl's buttocks was revealed, parting the sex lips of her pouting pussy. She had the number Three stencilled on her right buttock.

Susan licked her lips as the cane was laid lightly across bare flesh. Ms Carson swung, her cane landing on the girl's skin with a soft crack, leaving behind a faint red line. The blonde gasped. Another stroke, a faint squeak this time. With a wicked smile, the older woman used the remote control to turn on the vibrator again, and gave the docile receptionist one last stroke. A moan of forced pleasure became a squeak.

"The Project strives for realism," Ms Carson warned Susan and the breathless sub lieutenant, then ordered, "You will now kiss, bodies together, arms around each other. I want to see tongue."

The receptionist, skirt pulled up around her waist, vibrator making her hips twitch, and with Ms Carson's hand resting lightly on her bare flesh, was still obediently staring blankly at the wall. But the woman from Security was watching! Hesitantly, Susan and the naval officer stepped together, breasts

lightly touching, Susan extending her tongue as their arms slipped around each others' waists. The touch of the green-eyed girl's tongue on hers was electric, and suddenly the lovely young naval officer just melted against her. Susan, surprised, pulled back, looking into beautiful eyes from just inches away. She tried to pull out of the tight embrace, but hands slid down, clawed into her buttocks, and glued her belly to the uniformed girl's rubbing against hers. A foot was pushed between hers, breasts squashed together! She was about Susan's height, a touch under five foot three, and quite strong Susan was forced to notice. Susan was very aware of nipples pressing into her breasts, her own nipples suddenly very hard.

She saw the lovely officer's eyes widen in surprise, disappointment clear on her face as Susan pulled away, her grip on her backside relaxing. Love at first sight? Relenting, she leant back into the sub lieutenant's embrace, a delighted smile lighting up the young naval officer's face before her tongue dived back down Susan's throat.

"Susan, meet Frances," Ms Carson purred.

Susan, who had never really given serious thought to lesbian sex before, a master being much easier to find than a mistress, stood still, kissing, arms around the sub lieutenant's waist as ordered; but Frances was all over her! Licking her throat, a hand stroking between her legs through her uniform skirt, then she reached up to knead a breast. For a while, Ms Carson seemed content to let her.

Then, "Stop!"

Reluctantly Frances pulled back, flushed and clearly very excited, but with a knowing smile Ms Carson just pulled Susan's handcuffs from her belt, and before she fully realised what the older woman was doing, locked her wrists behind her. Susan sighed in pleasure, quite content now, more than used to being secured in her own cuffs. Frances's hungry eyes never left her.

"Carry on," she waved the now dishevelled sub lieutenant back.

Susan, wrists locked behind her, bit her lip as her uniform jacket was pulled open and her breasts were stroked, a thigh pushed between her legs

stroking into her crotch.

"Susan was caught having sex in public, chained across the bonnet of a police car," Ms Carson said conversationally, seemingly quite unmoved by the little sex show she had set in motion.

Frances, unbuttoning Susan's blouse, pulled back a moment, looked into her face with a look of surprise, and then gave a little snort of clearly delighted laughter, before pushing her tongue into Susan's mouth again. Nipples rigid now, breasts lust swollen, a heat between her legs, Susan held herself still and docile as ordered, the hard steel handcuffs snug around her wrists behind her back working their familiar magic. Blouse pulled open, Frances lightly kissed the upper slopes of her breasts above her bra, Susan groaning as the firm mounds were squeezed together.

"She has got quite huge tits hasn't she, Frances? Don't be shy. Give them a good squeeze!"

Susan moaned, as the girl's fingers obediently sank deeper into her lust swollen flesh.

"Now Susan, you might be interested to learn that Frances managed to become the sex-toy of practically the whole officers' wardroom on her last warship. They were practically keeping her naked in chains by the end of the voyage. Some of the seamen, out of pure jealousy I'm sure, felt forced to make official complaints. The navy were so glad of my assistance in covering up their little scandal."

Frances grinned, clearly not in the least embarrassed by revelations about her own submissive past, despite her angelic, innocent face. Hands stroked around behind Susan's body for her bra's catch, Susan shivering as fingernails trailed across her bare skin. Beautiful green eyes filled her vision as the weight of both big breasts settled into the sub lieutenant's palms, thumbs stroking her nipples stiffer.

"That's enough now. You've both passed this test. Frances, find the key and release Susan would you."

Reluctantly, the clearly disappointed sub lieutenant obeyed, letting her hands slip from Susan's flesh; and somewhat relieved, Susan pulled her clothing back into order. Wow! Ms Carson still had a casual hand resting on her receptionist's bare behind, the girl remaining motionless and bent forward throughout the show.

"Your final interview, where you will be assessed by the Executive, will be a week on Thursday. You will be collected at 8pm on Wednesday. Please do not attend unless you wish to accept my offer."

She waved them away, almost as if she'd lost interest in them now, stroking Number Three's pussy lips, the vibrator still buzzing inside the bent forward girl.

"Leave through that door. A car will be waiting."

Susan would have desperately liked to have talked to Frances, to see what she thought, and to discuss that wonderful prolonged kiss, but in an underground car park they were both hustled into the cars that had delivered them. Just as the driver was closing the car door, Susan thought she heard a muffled, desperate, scream.

It sounded as if a girl had been given a vicious, full-force cut with a thin cane across her bare behind. Harder, far more cruel than the careful, arousing, stinging, strokes the charming and friendly Ms Carson had demonstrated on the wonderfully docile Number Three. Susan laughed at her own naivety. That sort of sadism and cruelty just couldn't happen here. Maybe, between consenting loving adults, but certainly not on an official, sanctioned, intelligence operation! It was just in her imagination; because she'd been thinking about what went on in the Slaveworld, she realised.

God, she couldn't think straight! She wondered if Ms Carson had deliberately sent the pair of them away horny and frustrated; hungry for more? Quite probably, Susan decided.

Unnecessary secrecy, a temptation to think you should be skulking about,

was the bane of the intelligence world. "Keep it simple, stupid," had to be constantly drummed into the heads of bright young graduate recruits raised on spy thrillers and films. The Executive on the other hand were old enough and smart enough to know how to hide in plain sight. As long as no one knew what the meeting was about, it didn't matter that a few civil servants knew there had been a meeting.

They gathered quite openly in a conference room in the Ministry of Defence. Senior ministers knew who they were, many in the building would know Security was borrowing the room - the sweep for bugs was a giveaway - but so what? It was known different branches of the Intelligence Services occasionally held meetings on neutral turf; and no true civil servant would tell an outsider what colour the wallpaper was, let alone who they'd seen in the building.

Dame Alexandra Grange had called this meeting. The Executive had originally planned to meet twice a month, but were now seeing so much of each other on Job Interviews and Inspections at the underground complex, it had become hardly necessary. They hadn't actually realised just what a wonderful playground they were creating for themselves when they'd set up the Project's spy school. Using, enjoying, the lovely young sex-slaves almost made you feel young again! And Ms Carson was, they were all agreed, the perfect choice to command the school. Very accommodating.

Dame Alexandra, the MI5 controller, and Sir Harold, Sir Percy and George Clarkson - expecting his knighthood in the next honours list - the ministers with oversight over the Project, sat around a plain government issue table. Also present were the Project's senior officer and his deputy. Both had gone through Ms Carson's course, with occasional voluntary refreshers, just to ensure that they knew the Project top to bottom!

"So we now have a working one way Gate. We haven't managed to touch it onto the Slaveworld yet, a question of calibration the techs say. We expect contact in two to four weeks."

"Excellent! And you've selected your first agents?"

"Three operations. Two singles, and one team posing as husband and

wife."

"And these will just be short look-sees, and back. To prove it can be done?"

"Yes Sir. A success will give the agents-in-training a confidence boost. Then we can send out long term teams."

The Executive gave themselves congratulatory nods.

"We just have a last couple of queries?"

"Yes?"

"Some of our agents are young; rather idealistic. They want to know if rescuing Phillips-Webber's students, and any kids the Slaveworld might have grabbed in the meantime, is on the cards?"

Sarah's diary had detailed her plans to enter the ranks of the Slaveworld's aristocracy, and together with her boyfriend, be waited on hand and foot, in the lap of luxury, by beautiful sex-slaves for the rest of her life. It was assumed all Phillips-Webber's missing research students had followed a similar path, until the Countess Svetlana's debrief had revealed that the reality was very different. All five were now collared sex-toys, the legal property of various Slaveworld nobles.

Sir Harold fished in his briefcase and brought out the file on the five. The Countess Svetlana was a keen photographer, whole albums stored digitally on her computer, and there were even a few of the missing students in their new role as Slaveworld sex-toys in her collection. He flicked through the pictures while he thought.

"No, I don't think so," he decided, looking up and getting nods of agreement from the other members of the Executive. "The risks aren't worth it, and if we did bring them back, they'd just have to be confined to keep them quiet."

"Probably quite happy where they are by now. Settled in," Dame

Alexandra added. "It's not like they're being worked in chain gangs. As I recall, reading the transcripts of the Countess's debriefs, she was actually quite disgusted at how spoilt they were; 'pampered pets,' she called them!"

"Your agents will be instructed not to break cover under any circumstances if you encounter slaves from home. But, if it helps with the idealists, you can let them think a rescue mission will be mounted at a later date with the information they provide."

The two experienced controllers grinned. It was the sort of practical, pragmatic, mission-first, thinking they liked. You had to accept the occasional civilian casualty in the spying game.

"And the other detail. Some of our agents posing as aristocrats will occasionally need a slavegirl on a lead to establish or reinforce their cover. As discussed, we may be using Ms Carson's toys as well as slaves purchased on the Slaveworld?"

The Executive nodded.

"Do you have any objection to the prime agent leaving one of Ms Carson's girls behind? Say if he had to cut and run, or maybe using her as the stake in a bet to maintain cover, or perhaps selling her to raise cash in an emergency?"

"Clearly we'd rather not, as the girl would have some knowledge of the Project. And we would of course rather have the Slaveworld unaware of our presence for as long as possible," Dame Alexandra said slowly, thinking.

She unclasped her silver locket from around her neck, and wincing at a touch of arthritis, opened it. Another thing the Slaveworld had a medical cure for!

Inside the hand-etched antique was a little collection of human hair. Souvenirs from the girls she'd sampled at the slave school. Mostly her souvenirs were tufts of pubic hair, but she'd cut locks from the heads of those sex-toys Ms Carson had decided should have clean shaven pussies, Number's Six and Nine so far. The sixty-four year -old MI5 controller smiled, remembering bound, naked, bodies squirming under her, the plea in bright,

wide innocent eyes. The revulsion in those pretty young eyes when they were forced to please a sagging old bag of bones! Realising far too late what they'd let themselves in for! In her memory, she savoured the touch of firm velvet flesh, the taste of tears, and gag-muffled pleas.

Then she imagined those same beautiful young girls she'd so enjoyed, on a Slaveworld auction block, being sold into a life of humiliating sexual service. Could she let it happen?

"I don't really think it will be a problem," she decided. "In fact it might be a good way to raise cash on missions, and a quiet way for us to close down the slave school when we don't need it any more. No one's going to raise an eyebrow if these bimbos, with their histories, decide to quietly disappear."

"Excellent suggestion," Sir Percy seconded.

"I wasn't thinking that far ahead. In fact, I was thinking that Number Six could live in my cellar when the Project didn't need her any more," George Clarkson chipped in. "A few bars and chains, and she'd be quite secure."

The meeting broke up to good-natured laughter at this, the senior officer and his deputy taking their leave.

"Oh, I had a bell from our Ms Carson. She asked me to pass it on. She's got two new girls. Anyone who wants to attend the Job Interview should keep a week on Thursday clear."

"Anything special?"

"One quite stunning, and the other with tits like a Slaveworld poodle, she said."

Diaries were brought out and marked. They'd all seen many of the Countess's snapshots. In the Slave-owning alternative dimension, large breasts were just a simple injection away, could be grown, enlarged, to almost any size the owner wished. Many female sex-toys, poodles and pillow slaves especially, were traditionally very top heavy.

"I don't think I've seen those snaps, have I?" Clarkson asked as he put his diary away.

Sir Harold obligingly handed the folder around the table, and promised to have some copies made up. There were half a dozen photographs of each of Phillips-Webber's missing students, ranging from formal school poses to holiday snaps. Also a brief biography; and glossy colour A4 copies from Countess Svetlana's album.

"Haven't got any of the Andrew boy. Only the ones of these three. I forget their names. And quite a few of the June girl."

"Jenny?"

"Whatever. She probably answers to something different now anyway. They rename pets don't they?"

Dame Alexandra nodded, studying her picture. Dressed in the formal garb of a Slaveworld Lady, the former professor Phillips-Webber was shown inspecting a dark skinned ponygirl in harness and bridle, a blonde pair following her on a lead. All three sex-slaves, her former students, were naked. The black racing pony, reins clipped to nipple rings, a row of chastity rings down each sex lip, mouth full of bit and her body bound in a tight leather harness, was Karen. The girl's wrists were cuffed to the shafts of her pony trap, her driver's hand resting lightly on her behind, her owner handling a breast. Dame Alexandra flipped the photograph over to read the notes on the back. 'Taken at Hampstead Heath racetrack.'

The blonde pair, both quite lovely she thought, were fitted with bridle gags, arms buckled behind their backs. Phillips-Webber's split lead ran to the girls' nipple rings; the slaveboy cleverly chained to the girl. From the ring set through the tip of his cock, a chain from the blonde's clitoris running back between her legs linked the two together. Sarah and... Charles, Dame Alexandra remembered. She realised now she had seen the shot showing Phillips-Webber and her property once before somewhere but the pictures of the fifth student, Jennifer, were new.

"Are we sure this one is Jenny?" she asked.

The caption on the back of the photograph was, HRH Queen Victoria II. On the driveway of a magnificent palace the Slaveworld Queen was sitting in the seat of a little two-wheeled pony trap, whip and reins in hand, looking at the camera with a forced 'cheese' smile. Her naked ponygirl was a magnificent beast, beautifully proportioned, with large heavy breasts, a wasp waist, long legs and a lovely flare to her hips. Her face was obscured. Blinkers, a long fringe, the bit buckled tight into the girl's mouth - and from the base of the bridle running up over her head, a curb strap pulling blunt hooks into the slave's nostrils to hold her head up - hid her features.

Sir Percy looked over.

"Oh yes, that's her."

In the school and university portraits Jennifer appeared a shy, awkward looking girl, slightly mousy. A bit too tall, almost gawky. In the group photos she was always the one at the back, or on the edge looking in. And unlike the other four missing students, there were no file photographs of her with a boyfriend.

Dame Alexandra looked back to the glossy A4 picture of the Queen's human mount, harness straps digging deep into the firm weight of deliciously big breasts, a brutally tight girth and equally tight crotch strap also digging deep into ivory flesh. The Queen's young ponygirl was gleaming with sweat, slaverling around her bit, the base of the dildo on her crotch strap just visible. To Dame Alexandra the most striking thing about the Queen's lush mount though, was the obvious pride with which the helpless slave deported herself!

Clearly the Slaveworld had been good to her. Trusted and docile, Jenny had also been the Countess's native guide on her ill-fated journey to Britain.

"Do we know what happened to her after the Countess's accident?"

"We found the remains of a Gate, burnt out, in their hotel room. Apparently she enjoyed room service for a couple of days, and then just trotted back to the Slaveworld on her own, quite voluntarily. As far as we know, Queen Victoria still owns her, but that's something later missions can look into."

Other pictures showed Jenny's face more clearly, a bound naked poodle on the end of the Queen's lead at a banquet, lying hog-tied on a sheepskin rug at Queen Victoria's feet, and kneeling on all fours over a bowl, being milked by her owner. The gorgeous girl had a large orange ball gag buckled into her mouth in all these shots, but even with much larger milk-heavy breasts, a smaller waist, fuller lips and a change of eye colour, it was unmistakably the same girl as in the file photographs. Phillips-Webber's former shy-looking student.

"Now that's one ass I'd like to whip," Clarkson sighed, looking over her shoulder. "No wonder the Slaveworlders are here looking for playthings, if they think we've got more like her."

Dame Alexandra Grange laughed and nodded in agreement, brushing doubts aside.

"Born to it," she agreed with a smile, and thoughts turning to her own gratification, dismissed the lovely sex-slave from her mind. "Do we have a picture of the school's new girls?" she asked.

Chapter 4

Naked, the number Fourteen stencilled with indelible ink on her left breast and right buttock, Susan hung panting, exhausted and sweat-lathered in her bonds. She was chained standing in a wide-spread X, a collar digging under her chin when her head drooped, and forced onto her toes in stiletto heels with padlocked ankle straps. Ms Carson, whip in hand, walked slowly around her. Susan flinched as braided leather stroked her backside.

Although wearing what looked like the same plain grey skirt and cream blouse, this was a very different person from the charming, friendly woman from Security at the London solicitor's, who had told Susan about parallel universes; the Gates between them, and showed her fascinating pictures of the Slaveworld and video-taped interviews with the Countess Svetlana. Worse, she was chained in the middle of Ms Carson's office, a man called John at the other desk watching with interest; people constantly wandering in and out to see him or Ms Carson!

"I will be an obedient cunt," she promised.

Ms Carson's whip hissed through the air once again, impacting on flesh with a thwack. A blaze of fire laid across both buttocks, Susan wailed in distress, body jerked forward, arched, as far as chains and dildo pole would allow. She slumped down, and then groaned, forcing herself back up onto her toes on trembling thighs, her legs chained too wide. The pole-mounted dildo that stretched her pussy uncomfortably wide, forced itself deeper inside her body if she slumped down. A woman with a handful of paper stuck her head around the door, and Ms Carson waved her away.

"Good slut. I almost believed you that time," Ms Carson praised. "Now again, with a little more sincerity."

"I will be an obedient cunt," Susan whispered.

The lash licked across her belly with a viper kiss, braided leather landing

on flesh with a loud crack.

"Please!" Susan wailed.

Regretting it from the moment the word escaped her, but it was too late to take it back. Ms Carson spun, swinging her lash across Susan's breasts, the large globes already well marked with criss-crossed welts. Squealing, begging, Susan twisted and turned in her chains, squirming helplessly on the dildo as she jerked and twisted uselessly, trying to avoid the lash.

Gasping, tears running down her cheeks - burning, throbbing, pulsing, breasts quivering as she sobbed - Susan watched mesmerised as her tormentor sipped a glass of iced water, and again took up position in front of her. She flinched as fingers stroked through her pubic hair, now trimmed into a neat vertical tuft, the fingers then gliding lightly over sex lips spread around the fat dildo.

"You're all wet," Ms Carson said softly, stroking Susan's juices up into her pubic hair and matting the soft curls together. "Hold that!"

She pushed her long whip into Susan's mouth for her to hold, free hand now lifting a whip-striped breast to her lips, her other hand still resting on Susan's belly. Susan groaned as a tongue rasped across the full globe, Ms Carson licking tears and sweat off her flesh with evident pleasure. Taking as much pleasure in her power, as in the physical sensation, Susan realised.

Nipples straining, so swollen they ached now, Susan groaned helplessly as Ms Carson's palm pressed into her belly; it was impossible to ignore the pressure against her dildo! She was panting with lust.

"Poor baby. Are we feeling a bit stuffed?" Ms Carson teased, bouncing Susan's saliva- glistening breast in her palm. "Now squirm on your pole for me. Twist down onto that nice fat shaft I put you on!"

Susan obeyed with a helpless whimper, swinging her hips back and forth, gasping in pleasure as her abuser stroked lightly back and forth across her clitoris. Already Susan found she was desperate to please the older woman; was quietly amazed at how obedient and docile she'd been trained to be in

such a short time. She cried out in delight as lips closed over an erect nipple, Ms Carson's fingernails sinking painfully deep into the heavy mound of her breast. Her moans of lust became a rising wail of pain as her clitoris was unexpectedly pinched between sharp fingernails.

Ms Carson retrieved her whip and forced Susan's mouth open with a tight grip under her jaw, pushing her fingers into her mouth and over her tongue, letting her taste her own juices. She scooped more fluid off the dildo pole, coating Susan's tongue again.

"You'll get to like it," her abuser promised. "There are going to be lots of dildos to lick clean, and women to please, in your future."

Susan moaned as her dildo-stuffed belly was stroked again, her breast lifted and licked.

"And aren't you wet? A sex-toy as hot and wet as you are shouldn't have any trouble with my little test," Ms Carson admonished, winking to her assistant. "It's very simple. You just have to believe it yourself. Now once more!"

"I will be an obedient cunt," Susan promised as sincerely as she could, voice husky.

Susan squeaked as the lash left another line across her buttocks. Ms Carson stroked the raised welts criss-crossing her haunches with clear satisfaction.

"Almost, but I didn't quite believe you. Again!"

Tears running over the upper slopes of her burning breasts again, dripping wet, and so close to coming if only the bitch would let her, Susan promised again. The lash left a burning trail of pain across her belly.

She had totally lost track of time, had no idea how long she'd been a sexual slave now. A real slave! Ms Carson wasn't playing games, content to parade the odd naked girl or two in chains past her pupils, as she'd hinted at the fake solicitor's office. The agents-in-training going through her school were getting the real thing to practice on, Susan had realised, far too late.

She was familiar with the techniques of brainwashing in theory. Isolation, sleeplessness, hunger, extreme discomfort, pain and the alternation of kindness with cruelty. Somewhere around the fifth day she'd made up her mind to demand to be released, but somehow there was always a ball gag or a cock in her mouth. Now finally she was allowed to talk, but only to say what Ms Carson wanted to hear. Ms Carson squeezed her breasts together, nibbling on her straining nipples.

"Again!"

"I will be an obedient cunt," Susan gasped, a tongue flicking across the now oh so sensitive nubs.

Ms Carson gave her breasts several stinging slaps, heavy flesh bouncing and swinging with each blow, scarlet splotches marking the large pant-heaving globes. Susan was gasping now, so close to coming! Ms Carson's palm struck her flesh with another loud crack.

"I will be an obedient cunt," Susan promised.

"Good girl. I almost believed you that time. Again!"

Chained in a taut X, dildo impaled, Susan wailed as Ms Carson gave her three quick whip strokes to the upper swell of her buttocks.

"I will be an obedient cunt," she groaned.

Susan had already been taught that these were the only words she was allowed to say. "No, Stop" and even "Please," got her breasts whipped.

Ms Carson's tongue trailed up her sweat-gleaming body, from juice-matted pubic hair, up her stomach, between reddened, whip-striped breasts.

"Believe it! You have to believe it yourself if you want me to," she coaxed.

"I will be an obedient cunt," Susan sobbed. "I will be. I will be!"

"I believe you," Ms Carson finally said in soft satisfaction, patting her belly.

Ms Carson's hands went to Susan's hips, pushing down, forcing her further down onto the huge dildo; driving the fat shaft deeper into her body. Forcing her to gasp into her mouth, as she lightly touched her lips to Susan's. A tongue probed between her lips, into her mouth, but pulled away when Susan tried to respond.

"Bad girl!"

She was slapped. Susan obediently held her mouth open, motionless, as a tongue explored her mouth, a suddenly rough silk blouse rasping over her whip-tender breasts. A surprisingly gentle hand stroked between her legs. Fingers stroked over the sex lips her dildo parted; inner thighs quaking now, muscles fluttering in her belly - finding her clitoris! Susan shrieked in ecstasy as she was finally made, allowed, to come.

Ms Carson pulled away, holding up Susan's head with her hair to look into her eyes, and then nodded in satisfaction. The woman walked around her trembling, gasping, sweat-gleaming, conquest, stroking whip stripes, tweaking nipples, pushing her palm firmly into Susan's belly, and finally thoughtfully weighed a large breast in her palm again.

"I thought you'd be easy to house train," she said contentedly. "I think I'm going to make you my own personal little plaything for a while. What do you think of that?"

"I will be an obedient cunt," Susan moaned.

"Of course you will!" Ms Carson laughed. "And now don't go getting ideas above your station. Being my sex-toy makes you about as important as my vibrator around here; and you exist for the same reason."

The woman chuckled. "You may now respond to questions. You will not lie. You will not speak unless spoken to while in this complex. You will answer to the name Number Fourteen from now on. Understood?"

"Yes Ma'am." Susan agreed.

Still spread in her chains, still mounted on the huge dildo, body whip-

marked, aching, and drenched with pleasure, Susan was patted on the head. Ms Carson buckled a strap around the base of each breast, squeezing the full mounds out into shiny taut spheres, and clipped a sharp-jawed, weighted nipple-clamp to each straining nub.

"You'll be serving me in my bed this evening," Ms Carson told her. "And if I do not enjoy you, you will be punished. For now I want you to just stand there and look pretty - keep the moans down - while I do some work. I have some people to see."

The woman pushed an earplug into each ear and forced a tight featureless latex hood down over Susan's head. Blind, deaf and dumb in the shiny black restraint - a built-in penis gag filling her mouth - she discovered the shaft she was mounted on was also a vibrator. Susan groaned as a deep throbbing vibration turned her insides to jelly, her unruffled mistress giving her a final kiss on each bound breast.

The Project's newest acquisition, Number Fourteen, tried to stifle another moan, obediently doing her best to endure the next instalment of her servitude quietly. Real slavery was even better than she'd fantasised. She wondered if they would set rings through her nipples and pussy lips like the serving-slave she'd seen.

Ms Carson hadn't been lying about this being a working office either. Throughout the long and exhausting morning that followed, hands, sometimes several pairs at once, explored her body. She could only imagine the eyes.

Above the complex, reached by an armoured-vehicle sized lift that popped up to become the floor of the garage, was a rambling old manor house set in a hundred or so secluded, wooded, acres. Locals at the nearby village had been encouraged to believe the manor was the holiday home of a former Prime Minister, a potential terrorist target, hence the fences, dogs and security. "And do please report any strangers asking questions!"

It was actually the safe house where the Slaveworld Countess Svetlana was

being held/entertained. It irked Ms Carson a little that at any one time a third to half of her collection of sex-toys would be waiting on the woman hand and foot; often doing no more than just standing around in chains, as decoration, "To give the place the right ambience." But the Executive had been quite insistent. The Countess was to be kept happy!

As the lift rose, Ms Carson gave Number Thirteen's lead a little yank, making the naked girl square her shoulders and hold her head up properly with a jerk to her collar. At least the Countess could have no complaints about this plaything. Naked and bound, the former naval officer was absolutely stunning!

A large orange ball gag held in place with a bridle filled the lovely blonde's mouth, a plain broad collar - polished black leather - with the number-tag Thirteen, snug around her throat. A tight, matching belt, digging deep into peaches and cream flesh was padlocked around Frances's waist, and a chain from the front of the belt ran down through her pussy, up between firm buttocks, and was secured to her wrist cuffs, holding her arms down her back. A pair of leather bands around the upper arms above the elbows were also padlocked together, pulling back the former RN officer's arms and thrusting out her breasts.

Ms Carson idly kneaded the pink-tipped mounds, nipples straining erect, as the lift rose. Not nearly as large as the magnificently top heavy Fourteen, but still very nicely full, firm and rounded. More than enough to rope or clamp. Standard manacles and high stiletto heels completed the package, the beautiful sex object groaning softly as her breasts were handled. Ms Carson patted a chain-bisected sex. When you looked closely there was just the lightest dusting of freckles across her nose and the upper slopes of the former officer's breasts.

But what made Number Thirteen a really interesting sex-toy to Ms Carson, besides the obvious, was that Ms Carson knew her mother, Angela. They'd been at university together. She hadn't yet decided if she would tell the lovely sex-slave of the connection, but she certainly intended to look up Angela and renew their acquaintance. It would be great! She could meet her old friend for tea, casually ask how that lovely daughter of hers was doing;- in the Navy now isn't she? And then come back to the complex, tie the gorgeous Number

Thirteen face down on her bed with a mouth full of panties, and slide a strap-on dildo into her ass!

It wasn't that Angela had been cruel, spiteful, stolen a boyfriend or anything of the kind. Ms Carson vaguely recalled her as being quite friendly. In fact, in all honesty she didn't remember her all that well. They'd taken different subjects, not really moved in the same circles. But the idea of meeting the unsuspecting woman for lunch now, and then going home and whipping her angelic daughter to orgasm on a dildo pole, as she'd just done with Fourteen, thrilled her.

Frances had been through the same brainwashing-based softening-up technique as Susan, and had responded well. An excellent screw according to John and the other staff members who'd been working on her while Ms Carson had supervised Susan's breaking in. It had been hard to choose between them, and Frances was truly beautiful, but in the end big tits had won. Squeezing a buttock, stroking a satin thigh, fingers following the chain digging into Number Thirteen's belly, and then slipping hands on flared hips a moment while she bit and sucked the strawberry blonde's nipples a little more swollen, Ms Carson was positive this was one sex-toy the Countess wouldn't be able to find fault with.

One of the Countess's loudest complaints had been that her slaves were too ugly. They weren't of course, ranging from very nice to lovely in Ms Carson's opinion, and that was if you didn't consider any naked girl in chains automatically attractive, which she did. But the Countess had different standards. She came from a world where an owner, if they could afford it, could choose a fashion model face out of a catalogue for her property. Where cosmetic surgery was so routine, safe and commonplace, slaves' waists were frequently nipped, legs stretched, a little shaved off or added to the hip-bones, breasts enlarged and skin made flawless velvet. Every last freckle, mole and hair follicle except eyebrows, head hair, and if the owner wished, pubic curls, removed.

The Countess complained when her slaves weren't made up, and complained when make-up smeared. On the Slaveworld semi-permanent lip dyes and finger polishes, lasting up to six months, were applied. Eyes could be dyed any colour, teeth were always perfect and hair could be made to

grow through any colour the owner wished. Wealthy Slaveworld aristocrats expected their playthings to be stunning, as a matter of course. The Countess, given real people to play with, had been convinced she was being slighted. Only the lower nobility, one step up from mere artisans themselves, couldn't afford to give a girl a new face or body if nature hadn't quite done the job, in her world.

It was a measure of Ms Carson's desperation that she was giving the woman Frances as a pet, before she'd really had a chance to enjoy the delicious green-eyed girl herself. The barrage of complaints and demands had only increased, as the otherworld woman recovered from her accident.

With a soft thump, the whine of powerful motors abruptly cut off, the lift rose up into the garage and seamlessly became the oil-stained concrete floor. Ms Carson led the Countess's new poodle into the house through the connecting door, her lead clipped to Thirteen's collar. She wondered if she should have put some sort of painful or decorative nipple clamps on the girl, but it had seemed a shame to detract from the lovely pale pink nubs.

The house had a staff of ten at the moment, not counting the perimeter guards who kept themselves invisible. Four of hers, and six agents-in-training posing as servants and household troops. Also about somewhere, were two slaveboys and five slavegirls; and the two teams of debriefing officers trying to extract every last detail of Slaveworld life they could from the Countess also lived on the premises. Finally, posing as husband and wife, playing an aristocratic Lord and his Lady, were the Countess's 'houseguests', one of the teams shortly to be dropped onto the Slaveworld.

Being the Countess Svetlana's guest, or on her staff, was the final exam for Ms Carson's agents. The aristocrat with her constant complaints that her staff weren't obsequious enough and sufficiently diligent in their duties; that her 'guests' were peasants who didn't know which fork to use at the dining table, was unwittingly, a superb teacher. She gave the agents soon to secretly penetrate the Slaveworld that final polish.

She found the Lady holding court on the patio with one of the debriefing officers, who was hanging onto the Countess's every word with apparent fascination, every word and gesture of course being secretly recorded. Ms

Carson pulled Number Thirteen back into the dining room a moment. She pushed the unresisting girl face down over the dining table, and gave her a few light slaps to the backside. Not that hard, just enough to put a little colour into her ass cheeks. Frances, who now knew what a real whipping felt like, didn't make a fuss, lying still and silent, drooling quietly around the large orange ball strapped into her mouth, breasts flattened under her.

Ms Carson pulled a small vibrator from her pocket, the bound girl bent forward over the table quivering involuntarily for just a moment, even though she couldn't see Ms Carson behind her, when she heard the now familiar hum. Broad leather cuffs padlocked tight around her wrists, the chain that held her arms securely down her back pulled taut through her pussy, the naked slave flinched, gasping behind her gag, head jerking up, as Ms Carson lightly stroked the vibrator over her sex lips. The slavegirl twitched and groaned as Ms Carson stroked the buzzing tip here, touched there, withdrew, and then stroked again. She did so love teasing the sex-slaves!

Pushed deeper, the vibrator suddenly buzzed harshly as the tip encountered the metal chain that linked the girl's wrist-cuffs to the front of her waist-nipping belt. Squirming on the table now, legs obediently spread as wide as her manacles allowed, Frances whimpered. The blonde sex-toy now aroused, she was ready to meet her new mistress. Ms Carson pulled the lovely plaything to her feet, Frances urgently pushing her sex into her palm when Ms Carson put a cupped hand between her legs.

"Tits!" she ordered.

The bridle gagged girl dropped to her knees and pushed full firm breasts, warm and silky, into waiting hands, nipples hard against Ms Carson's palms. Number Thirteen wailed as she was pulled back to her feet with painful handfuls of breast, but held herself docilely still, only gasping a little, while her nipples were twisted.

"Are you going to be an obedient cunt?" she asked, slowly kneading firm breasts.

Her helpless, bound, victim nodded obediently, eagerly, saliva running down her chin, juices glistening on the chain pulled into her sex. The green-

eyed girl was nicely flushed now, but quite calm, only placid acceptance in her wide innocent eyes. Ms Carson felt a thrill of almost sexual power. What would Angela say if she could see her beautiful daughter, naked in humiliating restraints, being led out into the sunlight, about to given to the Slaveworld's Countess Svetlana as a sexual pet? To use, abuse, punish, and enjoy as she pleased! She really would have to take some time off to look the woman up.

Countess Svetlana was in a wheelchair, one propped-up leg in plaster. Another source of complaints! In her own reality, the Slaveworld, she'd have been in bed a day or two, and up and about, walking with a stick in five. It had taken a long time to convince her six months in a plaster cast wasn't just a plot to keep her helpless and in their control. Stepping out in front of a London bus, she'd also broken some ribs and a collarbone.

Carefully never mentioned by either party - the Countess wasn't particularly bright, but having been raised on palace intrigue, she did understand manoeuvre and machination - was the fact that the woman hadn't actually committed any major crime in Britain. She was just an illegal immigrant, and legally all the British government could do with her was send her home. Of course first she had to get well, and until then was an honoured guest. It had been suggested getting home might happen a little quicker if she removed the passlocks from her personal computer, and allowed Earth's doctors to study the medical techniques in the machine's encyclopaedia; but the Countess wasn't that dumb. So far she was holding out for a hundred million pounds for the information in her mobile phone-sized personal computer.

Security's bid was up to twenty million. They would of course go higher if necessary, but who knew? They might get past the encryptions, or the agents sent to the Slaveworld might bring back the information for free.

Kneeling on all fours in front of the wheelchair, used to pull the Countess's wheelchair around the house and garden, were two of Ms Carson's slavegirls. Both naked slaves were hooded, the black polished latex, form-fitting and very tight; were driven with a whip, and steered with reins clipped to nipple rings. Mouths held wide open with ring-gags - a metal ring buckled behind the teeth to hold the mouth permanently open - the blind and deaf pair, a

gentle breeze playing on naked flesh, were both slavering helplessly on the flagstones. The only other opening in the shiny restraint was a hole at the back for threading through ponytails.

The pretty pair had poles strapped to their lower legs at ankle and calf, just behind the knee, running forward. At the front end of the pole, projecting out beyond the knee, was a ring for locking the girls' wrist cuffs to. It kept the wheelchair pullers on all fours, and forced them to move right and left arms and legs together, giving the toys a neat swaying gait as they scuttled along the floor, breasts swaying prettily under them. On all fours, the pair's pussies of course pouted nicely between firm thighs, and Ms Carson noted with approval the base of a fat dildo projecting from each girl. The heavy shafts were held in place with a thin strap running from the front to the back of a waist-nipping waspie corset.

The Countess's collarbone was now long since healed well enough for the Slaveworld aristocrat to swing a whip, and many lines criss-crossed both haunches, the firm hemispheres also marked with a number two and a number seven. She was much happier now; hadn't been satisfied using shock dildos to drive her various wheelchair slaves, and for once Ms Carson had sympathised. You could grade pain much more accurately with electrodes, got a nice squeal and tears with a shock dildo, but it just wasn't the same as the crack of leather on flesh. The ripple running across a buttock as the sex-toy gasped! Seeing that perfect line left on golden flawless flesh!

Svetlana was being kind today. No butt plugs or weighted nipple clamps this morning, though arms and breasts glowing an angry red, marked with dozens upon dozens of little white blisters, showed she'd clearly driven the helpless hooded pair into the overgrown flowerbeds' stinging nettles at some point. She had insisted on nettles; even if they had to be imported or grown in a greenhouse, and then transplanted. "Any real Lady always has access to nettles!" Kneeling beside her wheelchair, a table surface strapped to his back, was a naked slaveboy. And male slave Number Two, the aristocrat's favourite pet, was being allowed to push a swollen cock, shaft and balls strap-bound, into a ball gagged slavegirl hanging face down in chains from a purpose built frame. When not enjoying sex themselves, the Slaveworld Lords and Ladies liked to watch their reality's favourite spectator sport.

Standing between chain-spread legs, his handcuffed hands resting on a corset-clinched waist, the girl gasping each time his cock pumped into her, the attentive male slave obediently thrust harder and faster, or slower, slapping already scarlet buttocks, to command. The young slavegirl hanging facedown, a former soldier, had her newly ringed nipples tied to a ringbolt set in the ground under her. With each thrust, a rigid purple cock ramming into her body to the hilt, her breasts were pulled into cones, nipples and surrounding areola cruelly stretched, as she swayed forward and back.

The Countess barked a command, and the male slave obediently forced more air into the tube disappearing into the hanging sex-toy's anus with a squeeze bulb, pumping up her inflatable butt plug. The blonde wailed behind her gag, squeaking loudly as the slave's cock pumped into her now. Ms Carson was sure the old General would be pleased to see how well his former driver was settling down to her new duties. Number Twelve, eyes glazed, had a rope woven into her hair and tied to a ring on the back of her corset; to hold her head up so that the Countess could see her face during her performance.

Another of the Countess's complaints. British slaves were too quickly, too easily, exhausted! The Slaveworld had an effective aphrodisiac that was surgically implanted into their sex-toys along with a contraceptive, slowly dissolving into the girl's bloodstream. It kept her hot and always ready for use. Once treated, a frigid slavegirl who hated sex, could be whipped to orgasm and trained to love whatever sexual use she was put to. A hot girl became a bitch on heat, constantly craving sex. And when a genuine submissive was treated, you had a hopelessly devoted slave who loved and worshipped the ground her owner walked on! Ms Carson was very much hoping the agents sent to the Slaveworld would bring back the formula, and she could turn her collection of submissives into true sexual property. Mindlessly obedient, desperate to please, fucking machines!

The Slaveworld aristocrats also had a milder version of the aphrodisiac that they used themselves. Increased stamina, but without the desperate craving! She quite wanted a sample of that drug too.

"Lady Carson. How nice to see you again."

The Countess knew she wasn't an aristocrat of course, but as the

Slaveworld Lady refused to deal as an equal with peasants, it was a little fiction they'd had to work out between themselves.

"My Lady. I hope you're keeping well?"

"Much better thank you. Your doctor says the cast can come off next week, though I'll still need the crutches a while. A new toy?" she asked, eyes on the bound, naked, girl Ms Carson led.

"A present for you actually," Ms Carson said passing over Frances's lead. "I hope she's more to your tastes."

"For me! You shouldn't have!"

Ms Carson settled herself down onto the back of the nearest kneeling wheelchair slave, watching with relief, as the Countess examined her beautiful young bridle gagged present with genuine delight. Frances was almost perfectly docile as she was stroked between the legs, her bottom patted, breasts squeezed, and nipples twirled. Her ball gag was making her drool on her breasts now, but Ms Carson already knew Slaveworld aristocrats considered that cute. The only sign of nerves from the pretty blonde as the older woman intimately examined her, was the chain to Frances's wrist-cuffs digging deeper into her belly, pulled up harder between her sex lips, as she flexed bound arms behind her.

But her ankles stayed neatly together. Ms Carson was proud of her. A soldier was whistled up to lead the new sex-toy up and down the garden past them, like an expensive racehorse being led past new owners on a leading rein. Frances was smart enough to put a little sway into her stride, breasts jiggling nicely. The number Thirteen stencilled on her right buttock rippled in a most attractive manner as she tip-tapped past in her high heels. Ms Carson, sitting on the back of a hooded girl kneeling on all fours, toyed with the dildo that impaled her human stool as she watched the show. One thing both she and the Countess agreed on wholeheartedly, was that a well-filled pussy made for a better sex-toy. A dildo-stuffed girl never forgot her place.

"Thank you; she's lovely," the Countess finally sighed. "Have you sampled her yet?"

Almost unnoticed behind them, Number Twelve, still hanging face down in her bonds, mouth full of gag, her new nipple rings tied to a ringbolt on the floor under her, buttocks scarlet and ass well-stuffed, wailed in ecstasy as she was made to come. The Countess, intent on her new plaything, barely gave the sweat-gleaming former General's driver a second glance.

"I've been a little busy," Ms Carson replied.

"Would you care to share her with me? It's ages since I shared a slave with a friend," the aristocrat, alone on a strange world and suddenly sounding a little wistful, asked. "And then this afternoon we can tack her up, and take her and that older girl you like for a drive?"

What the Countess wants...!

And she'd been quite looking forward to further humiliating that heavy-titted former police officer, Susan. Picturing the girl, still mounted on the pole in her office, awaiting further obedience training, she considered bringing forward Number Fourteen's ponygirl training, but then discarded the idea. A nice trot in the open air in harness and bridle would do the former WPC's attitude the world of good, but Svetlana might like and want her too! She was going to keep the top heavy toy under wraps until she'd had a chance to thoroughly enjoy her herself first.

"I'd love to," she replied brightly. "Just got to make a quick call. Delegate a couple of jobs."

Svetlana smiled, ordering the man in the uniform of a Slaveworld household trooper, one of Ms Carson's agents-in-training, to take number Thirteen to the playroom and secure her. While the debriefing officer excused himself, giving Ms Carson a little nod of approval - anything that gained the Countess Svetlana's trust was excellent as far as the debrief team were concerned - she hurriedly called the office. Telling John to take over her lecture, have Number Fourteen put to work, and ordering Number Six to be brought above ground, in harness and bridle for the afternoon.

The Countess swung a lash across her wheelchair-slave's presented behinds, leaving new red lines. The hooded pair, traces looped around waists

and running back between legs, were given no warning, crying out pitifully as the Countess marked their haunches. Deaf and blind under their hoods, but trained to instantly obey whip and reins, the dildo-stuffed pair were expertly wheeled around as ring-pierced nipples were yanked with a firm tug of reins, and sped off on all fours, easily pulling the wheelchair. Her long convalescence, and ponyslave driving experience, had made the aristocrat a skilled wheelchair driver. Ms Carson followed her to the playroom.

In the parallel reality, slaves were always bound during their sexual use. Aristocrats considered it perverse to bed a plaything as an equal, or allow their property any choice in how she was enjoyed. Ms Carson held the still-bound Frances in place with her breasts while Svetlana whipped a few lines onto the girl's behind. Her fingernails painfully deep in full firm breasts, nipples harder than ever against her palms, Thirteen's pretty bridle-framed face only a foot from hers, Ms Carson watched with growing arousal as their slavetoy gasped in pain again and then again. The luscious blonde's teeth were biting deep into the orange ball filling her mouth, eyes tear-bright now. She jerked with a yelp as the Countess's whip licked across the firm swell of her buttocks once more.

They weren't being especially cruel. It was just a perfectly normal bit of Slaveworld foreplay. Svetlana stroked her fingers down Frances's crotch chain, between her pussy lips, and touched the girl's juices to the tip of her tongue.

"Mmmm! She's ready. Tastes nice."

Slightly self-consciously Ms Carson took a little taste of Frances's juices for herself. The bound blonde just tasted like girl to her, but she didn't think the aristocrat was teasing her. Wine tasting had never really taken off in the Slaveworld, but from sweat, tears and juices, a Lord or Lady with discriminating taste buds could tell you how old a girl was, how long she'd been a slave, and when she'd last been made to come.

"If you don't mind," Svetlana said from the bed, patting the cast on her leg, "I'll take the bottom of the sandwich and let you do the work."

Ms Carson readily agreed. Under the Countess's directions, she removed

their sex-toy's bridle gag and released her arms for a moment and then secured them folded across her back, wrist to elbow. Her first slave sandwich! The key to her cuffs was hung like an earring from Number Thirteen's left earlobe, Slaveworld style. Slightly self-consciously she stripped off, but of course Svetlana didn't comment. The Slaveworld nobles only judged the appearance of each other's property, not each other.

On the edge of the bed, Frances was knelt over the Countess, lying down her body 69 fashion, touching her lips lightly to the older woman's sex as ordered, her own hips raised. In growing anticipation, Ms Carson strapped on a dildo. Supported on a harness around her hips and between her legs, the fat rod waggled in front of her as she walked. On her side of the strap-on dildo was a much smaller projection, almost a nub, which rubbed pleasantly against the user's clitoris as she rammed the big shaft into her helpless victim.

As their bound sex-toy lapped between her legs, the Countess was going to have an up-close view, from just inches away, of the heavy dildo sliding in and out of her present's pussy, Ms Carson realised.

"Oh yes," Svetlana agreed happily when she said so. "You can share a girl like this with a man or woman. And do please ram that dildo in hard. That way I feel her gasp."

The two exchanged a companionable glance, Frances still lying down the Countess's body, tail up, lips obediently touching her new mistress's sex, quivering as the welts on her backside were stroked. She whimpered as Ms Carson stroked fingers through her sex, lubricating the dildo with her juices, squeaking as a pear-shaped butt plug was forced into her back passage. As Ms Carson had told the agents-in-training on many occasions, a stuffed ass made a slavegirl a more responsive ride.

The elegant former naval officer, tongue now deep in the Countess's sex, wailed softly as Ms Carson, standing at the bed's edge, slid the heavy shaft she had buckled around her hips, firmly into her. Looking down her own body, the Countess's face between the blonde's spread thighs looking up at her, they both watched the fat shaft sliding inexorably deeper into the lovely slave, pussy stretched wide, forced to the hilt.

Frances, freshly whipped, arms bound behind her back, waist nipped tight and ass stuffed - making the big strap-on dildo an even tighter fit - cried out in pained pleasure as she was filled, Ms Carson's pelvis brushing her buttocks. The beautiful girl was satisfyingly loud as she was enjoyed.

In Ms Carson's office, after what now seemed forever, Susan still stood chained in a wide-spread, thigh-trembling, X. Still hooded, breasts still strap-bound, weights still dragging down at cruelly clamped, throbbing, pulsing nipples. An unseen hand patted a buttock, stroked her stomach and hefted a breast. Mouth full of the tight sweaty hood's cock gag, she gasped, snorting through the nostril holes, as teeth nipped the tip of a nipple which the sharp jaws of a crocodile-type clamp were already biting into. Still mounted on the throbbing, now dripping, dildo pole - she'd come several times on the vibrator - first one hand, and then the other was released to be pushed up uncomfortably high behind her back, between her shoulder-blades, and secured to the back of her collar with a short length of chain.

Limp as a dishrag, she almost slumped to the floor when the fat ribbed shaft was finally cranked down out of her body, but a strong grip on her arms from behind held her in place while the cuffs around her wide-spread ankles were released. At the same time another hand toyed with her pubic hair. Three people?

Even as her bound breasts being squeezed into the wooden surface made her groan, Susan was grateful to be tossed face down over a desk, bent forward, feet still on the floor. She didn't think her wobbly legs would support her upright. A stinging slap on a buttock made her yelp with surprise, hooded head jerking up, arms bound behind her twitching uselessly in secure restraints. Another slap and then another rained down on her behind. After each stinging blow, squirming and twisting on the desk, almost sure she could hear the crack of the unknown man's palm on her flesh despite the hood's earplugs; heat burned deeper and deeper into her flesh.

And then without warning or ceremony, the man behind rammed an erect cock deep into her body, Susan crying out in delight. She tried to rear up off the desk she was bent forward over, but a hand left her hips a moment,

pushing between her shoulders, forcing her back down. Susan moaned as bound breasts were squashed back onto the hard surface, somebody, probably sitting in the chair in front of her, toying with her clamped nipples!

The man withdrew, and heat splashed up between Susan's buttocks and in droplets up her back and on her arms as the unseen man came on her body. Her use had been hard, fast, and totally without consideration. Too quick for her to come, even though she'd been pulled off the dildo pole dripping wet. Blind and deaf under the shiny polished-black, form-fitting latex hood, she whined in soft frustration, knowing she'd have come easily if he'd just been a little slower; given her a little more time and consideration.

A new hand settled onto her hip, a cock nosed into her pussy and stopped, then with both hands hard on her hips, the new man slowly but firmly slid the whole length of his cock into her. Susan wailed as somebody removed her nipple clamps, blood agonisingly rushing back into crushed capillaries, grunting with each deep cock-thrust. Breasts squeezed, spanked again as she was shafted, she cried out in ecstasy, teeth clenched into her mouth-filling cock-gag as she was forced to come. The second man came inside her helpless body. She came again and again while a third man took his pleasure, orgasms merging together in one consciousness-stripping cascade of pleasure.

Panting, gasping - and still hooded, arms bound behind her, and exhausted; a little unsteady on her feet, unfamiliar four-inch stiletto heels not helping - Susan was led away with a lead clipped to her collar. She had no idea where or when the third man had come, but there was fluid running down the insides of her thighs. She'd realised she would have no say in who had sex with her, or how they would use her, but it had never occurred to her that sometimes she wouldn't even know who was enjoying her bound body! Possibly Ms Carson's assistant, John, it was his office. But the other two?

Now that the breaking-in period was finally over for both of them, Susan wondered if the former naval officer, Frances, who as Number Thirteen had the cell next to hers, was having as exciting a first day of service as she was?

Never told why, an army engineering company had been called in to build several paved paths, which looped and criss-crossed through the woods surrounding the safe house. Connecting shaded glades and small open meadows, the paths were wide enough for a pair of ponyslaves harnessed side by side to be sprinted at racing speed; and so were also comfortably wide enough for two single ponygirls to be trotted along side by side. Having set their human mounts an easy pace to keep, occasionally flicking a whip tip across nicely rolling buttocks, Ms Carson and Lady Svetlana chatted amiably.

The pony traps she and the Countess rode in, small lightweight two-wheeled carriages, were aluminium framed, with thin racing bicycle wheels and comfortable seats. The pony traps were quite easy to pull once the harnessed and bridled ponygirl got used to not being able to swing her arms, wrist cuffs padlocked to the shafts: and Ms Carson had discovered a fit, well-whipped girl, with a dildo to keep her mindlessly hot and obedient, could manage a couple of miles at a brisk trot quite easily, though her whip arm got a little tired if she didn't take a break or two!

The Countess driving her new toy, had her plaster-cast leg propped up comfortably on one shaft, seatbelt snug, an easy grip on whip and reins. With an economy of movement which Ms Carson could only envy, making the gasping Number Thirteen squeal, she was quite adept at flicking her lash up between her young mount's legs or curling the tip around a hip to bite into the soft flesh of her ponygirl's belly. Number Thirteen, impaled front and rear, slavering around her bit, lungs heaving, and yelping at every little stinging flick, became really shrill when her driver's whip bit into belly or pussy. Showing up beautifully on her peaches and cream skin, Frances's haunches now burned an angry scarlet, criss-crossed with many new lines.

By contrast, Ms Carson's own naked mount, taking deep even breaths, was keeping to her set trot with much less whip, the sting of Ms Carson's rhythmic flicks across her buttocks, and her dildo, keeping her obediently focused. Only occasionally, as much for her own pleasure as because the girl needed it, she would swing her whip hard enough to leave a welt on bouncing buttocks, her ponygirl breaking into a sprint with an obedient wail; only to have to be yanked back to a trot with the reins clipped to her nipple rings again. Surprisingly, Number Six, the twenty nine year old former diplomat

who had once answered to the name Gemma, was a superb drive; docile and very willing to please once she got a bit between her teeth!

Frances had a clamp bit screwed down on her tongue, a tug on her reins giving her tongue a painful yank. Gemma's reins, as on any ponygirl with pierced nipples, ran through the rings on either side of the bit her bridle held tightly in her mouth, down to her nipple rings. But otherwise tack and pony traps were identical. Both ponyslaves had breathlessly tight girths and crotch straps digging deep into their flesh, holding in place a small teasing dildo and large ass-stretching butt plug. Unlike the experienced Number Six, who had been whipped to a lather along these paths on many occasions, impaled front and rear, the inexperienced Number Thirteen, whimpering and groaning between the squeaks lashed out of her, was clearly finding trotting in a dildo an ordeal.

Ms Carson knew, though not of course from personal experience, that as a girl walked or trotted her internal dimensions shifted. As an introduction to the Project, she sometimes liked to jump a dildo-stuffed girl through hoops in front of a new intake of agents, and had questioned the sex-toys afterwards. If somebody strapped a dildo inside a girl, walking left her helplessly hot and bothered, being made to trot, dripping wet! When the slavegirl trotted it felt like the strapped-in shaft was pumping and flexing deep inside her helpless body. Gemma, when being driven hard, was often forced to cry out in pleasure.

Slender and taller, the elegant Gemma, having spent many hours in the gym with electrodes clipped to her pussy lips and nipples, was clearly a fitter ponygirl than the voluptuous, curvy, former naval officer. There was an attractive gleam of sweat on Six's flanks, but by contrast, the Countess's cute little green-eyed plaything was positively sweat-lathered. Sweat-soaked harness straps indented deeper into her soft velvet skin, straps digging much deeper into the strawberry blonde's bigger breasts.

"Whoa!"

Firmly pulled reins yanked back Frances's head, the girl staggering, almost stumbling, then regaining her feet. Ms Carson pulled up her own docile mount, and then looked back at Number Thirteen and the woman driving her.

Slavering on her harnessed breasts, the naked slave dropped exhausted to her knees, and was whipped back to her feet.

"Bad girl!" the Countess scolded.

Tugging on reins clipped to nipple rings, pulling up Gemma's breasts, nipples cruelly stretched, Ms Carson backed her own ponyslave back down the path to see what the Lady was looking at.

"Well really! That is disgusting!" the Countess hissed in solemn disapproval.

In a nearby meadow, naked in the grass, Ms Carson's two agents-in-training, the Countess's house guests, could be seen having sex with one of their ponygirls. One naked slave still stood harnessed and bridled between the shafts of her pony trap, but the other had been removed from her harness and was being enjoyed doggie style. Taken by the fake Lord from behind, her head between the fake Lady's thighs.

Ms Carson was furious. They knew better! The ponygirl they were enjoying had not just been freed from her pony trap, her restraints had been entirely removed! She wasn't being used, but being allowed to participate as an equal!

"You will of course ask them to leave my house," the aristocrat demanded.

"Of course," Ms Carson agreed. "Consider it done. And I do apologise. I had no idea they were perverts."

Inside she was seething. Only days away from a real Slaveworld mission, and the idiots were stupid enough to have sex with an unrestrained slave in full view. She'd told them time and time again. Ropes, straps, chains, it didn't matter, but the girl was always helplessly bound, obedience-trained, and used for pleasure. Used! You made love with people, slaves were just enjoyed! Was it too late to scrub their mission?

"Race you to the ridge?" she offered the Countess.

Svetlana swung her whip out, then in, in a wide hissing arc. With a desperate shriek, Frances lunged forward against her harness, a ripple running across her hip when braided leather landed with a crack! Ms Carson watched with a grin as the lovely ponygirl bolted forward; gasping and slavering around her bit, the Countess lashing her faster. Eyes wide - desperate! - teeth clenched tight on her bit, breasts bouncing, satin thighs pumping, the polished leather straps dug deeper into the blonde's flesh as she dragged forward the burden of pony trap and driver.

"Trot on!" Ms Carson ordered, grin wider, as the Countess weaved past her own stationary pony trap.

Ms Carson gave her first whip-swing some real bite, Gemma bolting forward in pursuit of the blonde with a lovely high-pitched squeal.

When her hood was finally removed, in a shower room, Susan quickly found herself hanging face down in chains from ankle and wrist cuffs, being hosed down by three men in ornate red uniforms that looked straight out of the eighteenth century. On the Slaveworld, royal soldiers were mainly policemen, and household troops were the noble families' slave trainers and grooms, Susan remembered from her briefing. Her large breasts swinging under her getting a lot of appreciative attention, she was thoroughly soaped and shampooed. A huge red ball gag buckled into her mouth once her teeth had been brushed, Susan groaned softly as soaped fingers twisted into her anus, soap also being firmly kneaded into her breasts, the heavy mounds, wet and slippery, sliding and being squeezed between soaped fingers.

One of Ms Carson's supervising team with clipboard held at the ready, a young smartly dressed woman, spectacles perched on the end of her nose, incongruously out of place in the shower block, observed the proceedings. A neat combination of severe and demure, in film the woman would have been perfectly typecast as the repressed librarian or village schoolteacher. She carefully made a note as Susan moaned, a soap-on-a-rope type dildo twisted deeper into her pussy. Susan shrieked in shock as an enema hose was pushed into her back passage, the contents of her stomach flushed out of her with an icy blast! She had to close her eyes as her hair was washed, to keep shampoo

out of her eyes, a new man handling her breasts now, the agents-in-training taking turns from in front and between her legs. Hanging face down in chains, she decided she really hated the Slaveworld habit of calling big breasts udders!

After liquid soap had been worked into every nook and cranny of her body with gentle but firm fingers, Susan hung limp in her bonds, luxuriating in the attention. Clearly her own body no longer belonged to her. Others would wash her, feed her, exercise her, tie her to a sun bed if she needed a tan, or keep her out of the sun if pale was considered more attractive. Others would decide how long and what colour her hair would be. And if she needed force-feeding to put on a little weight or needed to be put on a diet to be slimmed down a little, it was entirely Ms Carson's decision to make. Naked and in chains, Number Fourteen would be given absolutely no say in what was done with her, who would enjoy her, and what sexual tasks she would be made to perform. Susan gasped, and then twisting and turning in her chains, shrieking gag-muffled protest, was hosed off with a high-pressure jet of cold water.

The three uniformed men, with lots of stroking and petting, then dried her off carefully, brushing and blow-drying her hair, finally pushing her feet back into the ridiculously tall stiletto heels sex-slaves wore, snapping closed small padlocks on the ankle straps. Handcuffs around her wrists and above the elbows behind her, pulled back Susan's arms, and forced her breasts out into even greater prominence. A heavy collar was padlocked snug around her neck, broad black leather holding her head up, and still the hands explored her body. At last, reluctantly, they released her.

"Done," the sergeant with a blue tag on his uniform breast said.

The young woman with the clipboard stepped forward, eyes trailing down Susan's displayed body a moment. She thoughtfully pushed her spectacles up her nose with one finger.

"Mr Grey. Mr Orange. Passing grade, but only adequate. You would have scored higher if you had given the slave a little pain as well as groping her. Pluck out a pubic hair or two. Give her nipples a twist." She reached out and hefted one of Susan's breasts, bouncing the heavy globe in her palm. "And huge udders like this; you could have squeezed much harder without fear of

marking her."

The two agents nodded acknowledgement. The young woman, no older than she was herself, Susan realised, ran a thumb over an erect nipple and then let the breast she held drop, stroking Susan lightly on the belly with the backs of her fingers before turning to the man playing the sergeant.

"Mr Blue. You have failed this assignment. A corporal is permitted to tit-fuck a female slave in his care, a sergeant can also come in the mouth of either sex."

The man opened his mouth in protest, and then closed it as the primly dressed assessor went on.

"This is a new and attractive slave. There was no time limit, no aristo wanting her next on this exercise. And it's quite obvious watching you, you are not turned off by big, heavy, udders."

Head up and ankles together, obediently still, Susan gasped in pleasure as the woman flicked a nipple.

"She may be sold, or reassigned, before you get your hands on her again. It is highly improbable a real Slaveworld sergeant would pass up an opportunity to enjoy this..." she patted a buttock, hand lingering to stroke up over Susan's hip, "unless you had just enjoyed a girl, and my record does not show you as having had sex this morning."

"I could... would you like me to... now?" the man old enough to be the supervisor's father stammered.

"If you would, please."

Hesitant, clearly a little embarrassed in front of the other two agents and Ms Carson's young female representative, the man unbuttoned his uniform britches and pulled out a limp cock. The other two agents removed Susan's ball gag and pushed her to her knees with wide grins. Seeing the uncompromising frown on the woman's face, another note made on her clipboard, Susan took pity on the poor soul, and swayed forward and closed

her lips over the sergeant's penis, trailing her lust-swollen nipples over his thighs.

"The ability to have sex in public, unselfconsciously, is a requirement for a passing grade," the assessor continued remorselessly.

The man flinched when Susan melted against him, and then collected himself. The flesh in her mouth twitched, flexed, and then began to swell. Naked, on her knees, her arms bound down her back, Susan let her lips slide up the stiffening shaft and then back down, nose mashed into pubic hair, while the two would-be agents watched, and the woman with the clipboard made another note. Suddenly hot come splashed into her mouth.

"Don't swallow, Number Fourteen!" the woman barked. "Hold your tongue out! Show us!"

Susan obeyed, mingled saliva and semen sliding off her tongue and down her chin as she obediently held her tongue out.

"Oh dear! Premature ejaculation. I'll have to inform Ms Carson," the young assessor said primly, making a final note. "Please report to your room and wait to be called."

The mortified man shuffled out, buttoning up his flies.

"Mr Grey. Mr Orange. As I said, a passing grade, but next time, tease her. Arouse her. Humiliate her a little. Enjoy your power! I want more moans of pain, and louder moans of pleasure the next time. Dismiss."

The stern young woman watched the two leave with a faint smile. Taking her own advice; enjoying her power. She then dropped to her knees in front of Susan, scooping up both breasts.

"You can swallow now, Big Tits," she breathed, kneading heavy flesh, her face only inches from Susan's.

Susan forced herself to swallow, the thick salty slime sliding down her throat quite revolting. She didn't like being made to swallow! The delighted

supervisor held up her breasts and squeezed them together, so that Susan could lick up come that had dribbled down onto the big globes, her tongue leaving broad wet trails across her own skin. The smartly dressed woman stroked her lightly between the legs, eyes bright, magnified slightly by her glasses, as she examined the moisture on her fingers, wiping the juices off on Susan's hip.

"Stand!"

Susan whimpered as she was pulled to her feet with cruelly stretched nipples, breasts dragged up. Her ball gag was forced back into her mouth and buckled tight. She was yanked forward with a handful of pubic hair, and then a hand was stroking up her back, pulling her hard up against the fully dressed woman. A tongue fleetingly flicked over the lips which the large red ball filling her mouth parted.

First Frances, then Ms Carson, and now this unknown woman! But thinking about it, of course Slaveworld sex-toys didn't get to choose which sex they were enjoyed or owned by. A slaveboy or slavegirl might as easily catch the eye of either a Lord or a Lady, or vice versa. She just hadn't quite thought through all the implications of what she'd been told about the Slaveworld, Susan realised. But now she had; she liked it! Her new admirer, pressed against her, fingernails leaving trails across her buttocks, slave-kissed her again.

"I've got you booked for my use, a week on Saturday," she breathed - dreamy - the efficient facade she'd presented to the agents-in-training gone now. "You're going to squeal for me, Big Tits!" she promised.

Susan stood obediently still, head up and ankles together, while she was stroked and probed, thoroughly examined, by a fully dressed woman. Her mouth full of gag, arms cuffed behind her, wearing only stiletto heels, she was perfectly docile as her nipples were nibbled, breasts squeezed and slapped, and felt fingers stroke ever deeper between her pussy lips. Breathing hard, teeth clenched harder into her gag, Susan groaned in plaintive, pleading, lust, and was rewarded with a stinging handprint left on her left buttock.

Finally, led naked through the complex, a lead clipped to her collar, breasts

jiggling, deliberately putting a little sway in her stride, Susan wondered with suppressed excitement when Saturday was. Agents and staff bustling about on their duties paused to quite openly appreciate her bound, displayed, body as she was led past, heels tip-tapping, but it wasn't until she saw another slavegirl being led down the corridor towards her that she fully realised what a show she must be putting on. Number Eight was naked, in heels like Susan's, weights tied to her nipples swinging back and forth. Chains from her wrist cuffs, padlocked to pussy rings, swung against the insides of her thighs. As she was led past, the gagged sex-object met Susan's eyes a moment with what seemed almost like a silent plea, new and faded whip marks on her body, her ball gag giving the helpless girl a very attractive look of doe-eyed submission.

Susan, having a wonderful time as a slave herself, wondered what her problem was? Perhaps the girl should quit and push paper behind a desk if she couldn't take a little discipline. Firmly gagged, and forbidden to speak without permission, a sudden doubt assailed her. Ms Carson had clearly said she wouldn't be allowed to quit, at that first interview! But Susan had assumed she'd just meant the Project itself. Hadn't she?

No, it was ridiculous! Of course the slaves could quit. This was Britain, not the Slaveworld. Taken to a well-equipped gym, and handed over to the Project's PT instructor, Susan looked around in delight and apprehension, lust overwhelming worries.

An older girl, mid twenties, slaving around what looked like a horse's bit buckled tightly into her mouth, was running on a treadmill. Sweat ran in rivulets down her naked body and beaded on the Number Nine stencilled onto a bouncing buttock. The panting sex-slave had her wrists buckled to the back of a broad, tight belt, and sharp-jawed little metal clamps trailing red wires, biting into her sex lips, were swinging from either side of the machine, to hold her in place in the centre of the treadmill, and to punish her with shocks if she didn't keep up, Susan realised. A harness of thin leather straps over shoulders and around her back, digging deep into flesh, supported the trotting slave's breasts.

A male slave, also decorated with wire-trailing electrodes and teeth clenched tight around a bit, was strapped to a rowing machine. And on her

back on a padded bench, broad straps snug around her neck and digging into her stomach, another girl was slowly bench pressing weights, her wrists chained to the bar she lifted and lowered above her chest. And also naked between her spread thighs, kneading breasts, thrusting a rather small but thick cock slowly in and out of the girl he was exercising, was the PT instructor.

He looked up as Susan was led into the gym, eyes trailing down her displayed body, lingering on her large breasts, all the while still thrusting slowly into the girl on the bench. The helpless slave couldn't even look down her own body to see who was watching her sexual use, the strap across her throat forcing her to look only up. With a soft grunt of effort, clearly trained, she pushed up the bar in time with the instructor's cock sliding deep into her sex; breasts squeezed, elbows locked until the veined purple shaft was pulled from her body. Susan, naked, arms bound down her back, and waiting docilely on the end of her lead, felt heat stirring anew between her own legs.

"With you in a moment," the man called out cheerfully, still thrusting into his helpless sex-toy.

He withdrew, semen splashed up the sweat-gleaming girl's stomach, and she was finally allowed to stop lifting the weights. The hands removed from her breasts revealed the girl to be Number One. Susan groaned in soft pleasure as the man then stood and handled her breasts, sweat still on his palms. Stroking her between the legs with one hand, in a clearly practised move, the man unbuckled her ball gag one-handed with the other. Susan moaned, obediently setting her feet wider apart, as fingers probed inside her pussy.

"Aren't you a pretty toy?" the muscular man mused. "Now why don't you lick up that come for me."

With only the briefest hesitation, Susan dropped to her knees between Number One's spread thighs, and touched a cautious tongue to the strapped down girl's belly. The just-shafted slave couldn't see her!

"Lick!"

Her tongue left a broad trail over velvet flesh, Susan tasting semen, sweat,

and then leather, as her tongue trailed over the broad come-spattered black band digging into the bound slave's stomach, squeezing her belly into a taut swell. The PT instructor, a big powerful man, was standing over her now, straddling her, reaching under Susan to knead her breasts as she licked.

"Now the cunt. Lick it clean."

Number One's spread sex glistened with moisture, right in front of her face. Susan swallowed a lump in her throat, breasts being twisted painfully now, hands bound behind her clenched into fists, and then closed her eyes in resignation. Leaning forwards, lips touching flesh, she forced herself to slide her tongue between the bound slave's pussy lips. Number One moaned in pleasure.

Susan's eyes opened in surprise. She'd just been thinking of herself! But tongue deep into the helpless girl's sex now, nose mashed into Number One's neatly trimmed vertical tuft of pubic hair, she looked along the strapped-down body she was being forced to pleasure, seeing firm breasts rising and falling faster. Susan breathed deliberately, her breath hot on the girl's sex, tongue trailing up between sex lips to burrow under her clitoral hood, tasting mingled juices, semen and sweat. Number One whimpered in delight.

"She's an obedient puppy, isn't she?" the instructor still straddling Susan said approvingly, patting a buttock, and stroking her throat.

His hands went back to Susan's breasts, but gentle now, just encouraging her. Susan, head between satin thighs, licked and tongued faster, face smeared with juices. Ms Carson's young supervisor, the woman still holding her clipboard and Susan's lead, stood over her, looking down at the show with a cruel smile. Number One's hips bucked and twisted as Susan tongued harder and faster, the helpless slave abruptly crying out in ecstasy.

Still without having seen Number One's face, Susan was fitted with what the PT instructor called an exercise bit, just like a horse's bit but held in her mouth with just a strap that buckled together behind the neck. To give her something to bite on instead of her tongue when she was shocked, the man informed her. The thick rubber-coated bar her teeth now rested on was pulled hard into her mouth holding her mouth open - she couldn't spit it out.

He took her pulse, measured her blood pressure, and then untied her arms. Susan sighed, flexing shoulders, but was allowed only a moment's respite. A whip in hand, tapping her naked body here and there with the whip's tip, barking orders, the instructor made her stretch, lift and push weights, run on a treadmill, and then try to touch her toes and do the splits. He took blood pressure and pulse again; and then led her, panting gently, to an exercise bike.

Handcuffs on the handlebars were snapped around her wrists, cuffs on the pedals around her ankles, and a flat chain looped tight around her waist ran down to the front of the saddle. Susan wailed, teeth tight on her bit, as a sharp-jawed, spring-loaded, metal clamp was allowed to slowly close on one nipple. Sharp little teeth bit painfully into her lust swollen flesh; Susan's arousal making the straining nub swell ever tighter, and making the cold metal teeth bite down agonisingly hard.

Gasping around her bit, teeth clenched deep onto the rubber bar now, Susan looked up with a plaintive whine and pleading eyes at the PT instructor. With a happy smile the man stroked her spine, palm lingering a moment to cup a buttock, and then took hold of her other breast, opening the jaws of a second shiny metal clamp that trailed a red wire like the first. He paused, with the spring-loaded jaws open around her free nipple.

"They have to be sharp, so that they don't slip off when I work up a sweat on you," he explained with a sadistic grin.

Susan cried out in helpless pain as the second wire-trailing clamp bit into a fat nipple with vicious little sharp metal jaws, both tormented nubs feeling like they were being cut off now; but she managed not to pull away.

"Good puppy," her tormentor praised her, giving the breast he held an approving squeeze. "Now pedal!"

With a little moan, Susan obeyed.

"See the dial here? The white needle? That's the speedometer."

Susan, her back being stroked again, breast still being kneaded, nodded

obediently.

"Get it up to twenty."

Pedalling faster, she obeyed. His hands slipped off her body. As Susan pedalled faster she slipped forward on the saddle, the chain digging deeper into her belly, working its way between sex lips; an insistent, impossible-to-ignore teasing, as her thighs pumped.

"Now see the red needle?"

A red needle, set under the white needle that showed how fast Susan was pedalling, rose up the speedometer's dial when he twisted a knob on the control panel, stopping at eighteen mph. The chain pulled hard into her pussy now, Susan groaned assent.

"You can stop pedalling now."

Susan squealed as a jolt of agony seared her nipples, a bolt of lightning engulfing each breast! Tears stinging her eyes, panting, stunned, Susan whined softly; but there was no mercy in her audience's eyes.

"If you fall below the set speed, you will be punished," the PT instructor told her. "Start pedalling again!"

Susan quickly obeyed.

"Now, I want a nice steady fifteen mph."

The red dial was turned up to fourteen mph, just under the wavering white needle. Susan pedalled a little faster. She was patted on the behind.

"Good puppy! Now keep pedalling, and I'll be back for you later."

The smart young woman who had delivered Susan to the gym pecked the PT instructor on the cheek and left with a definite bounce in her stride, happily twirling the lead that had been clipped to Susan's collar with one hand. Clearly a person who thoroughly enjoyed her work. Bent forward over her exercise bike, her breasts swaying under her as she pedalled, flicking the

red wires trailing from the cruel electrodes from side to side, the chain cutting deeper into her pussy, Susan watched as Number One was freed, and then immediately chained to another exercise machine. She exchanged a knowing glance with the still trotting Number Nine, suddenly very conscious of the numbers stencilled on her own naked body, and concentrated on pedalling.

After many exhausting miles, Susan was turned over to another team of three in the shower block, to be made presentable for sexual use again. This time the man in charge, in the uniform of a Slaveworld sergeant, squeezing her breasts together around his cock and thrusting into her cleavage, before coming in her mouth, got full marks. Susan, feeling a little queasy now, hadn't realised quite how much semen a real slavegirl was required to swallow! Lunch was eaten out of a dog bowl on the floor, on her knees, arms again bound behind her, her lead held by another of Ms Carson's supervisors. A smartly dressed young man this time, but his smile was the same. After casually handling her naked body, he happily informed her that he had her booked for his own use, a week on Sunday.

"Lick your bowl clean now," he ordered.

Susan, unsure of what she was being fed - but it seemed to be ground up vegetables in yoghurt - forced herself to obey.

Another ball gag forced behind her teeth and buckled into place, the straps tight across her cheeks and under her chin, arms strapped together down her back, Susan groaned softly as her large breasts were squeezed, hefted and kneaded again; something she was clearly going to have to get used to! Slave keepers could be quite open about what they appreciated in a sexual plaything, Susan realised. A nice personality probably wasn't going to get a look-in with this crowd.

She was led to a classroom, her wrists then tied to an overhead bar pulling her up onto her toes, a metre-wide spreader-bar's cuffs strapped around each ankle. One of six naked, gagged, slavegirls, two rows of three facing each other, she found herself opposite the worried-looking Number Eight from the corridor earlier. Seeing the selection of whips laid out waiting on a desk, she started to worry a little herself. The instructor and six students, the agents-in-training, finally entered in a good-natured babble of conversation. Four men

and two women, in casual Slaveworld nobles' clothing.

"Okay, Ladies and Gentlemen. Today's lesson is called, 'tears'. A very simple exercise. You will whip your slave until she cries. You must pass this exercise to complete the course. Anyone who fails will be washed out, or at Ms Carson's discretion, may be allowed to begin the course again. Do you have a problem, Ms Yellow?"

"No Sir."

"Good. Select your toy... and your whip," he added.

The students chuckled dutifully.

"Whip strokes to the ass only. Do not break the skin. Anyone who draws blood will fail this test! Begin!"

Breathless, Susan watched the six make their choices of whip, one of the women taking station behind her. Opposite her, she watched the man behind Number Eight flex his whip, and then swing it across the naked slave's behind. Perched on her toes in identical stiletto heels to Susan's, a bar holding her feet a neat three feet apart and making her face forward, the girl gasped behind her gag as leather licked across supple, tanned flesh, her body jerking forward to the limit of her rope tether. Susan flinched as Ms Yellow behind her swung her whip through the air in an experimental hissing arc. Down the line another whip left a line across golden skin with a crack, then another, helpless slavegirls yelping and whimpering.

"Nice strokes Mr Black. Is there a problem Ms Yellow?"

Braided leather landed on flesh again; Susan's this time. She gasped, jerking forward against her bonds as Number Eight had, but to her relief Ms Yellow's first stroke was quite timid. Clearly she hadn't whipped nearly as many girls as Ms Carson had. The next stroke was harder. Then harder still, Susan forced to cry out for the first time, teeth clenched into her ball gag. Ms Yellow was getting her eye in! Susan squealed as the long thin lash left a burning blaze of real pain across both buttocks.

The woman wearing the yellow tag ducked around her almost hanging body, and her head jerked up in surprise, seeing Susan wasn't crying yet. She let her fingernails trail down Susan's belly, stroking through pubic hair, cupping her sex. Eyes resting a moment on the rise and fall of her large breasts, the big globes heaving as Susan panted, she saw a slow smile tug at Ms Yellow's lips.

The sting of the last hard stroke fading to a throbbing burn, a new whip stroke just above the first made Susan wail helplessly. Ms Yellow stroked the welts on her buttocks, and then whipped her again. In front of her, tears were running down Number Eight's cheeks, but Susan blinked away a sting in her eyes, suddenly and unexpectedly determined to endure.

Hands stroked across her hips, curled around her stomach, and stroked up to cup her breasts; slowly squeezing. Susan groaned as Ms Yellow's fingers sank deeper into her flesh, her nipples aching hard against the unknown woman's palms.

"You like it don't you, bitch?"

Susan moaned in obedient, docile, compliant lust.

The punishment continued. Her defenceless body was stroked, nipples squeezed, and between the whip strokes that produced high pitched squeaks, fingers stroked deeper and deeper between her pussy lips. Her tormentor stroked the whip into Susan's sex, coating it with her own juices.

"Excellent Ms Yellow. Much better. Tease your slave."

Susan tensed as the glistening whip was laid across her behind again, and she managed to swallow a sob. Ms Yellow stroked her stomach as she sawed the braided leather back and forth. Then the lash hissed through the air, and landed with a viper sting! Susan shrieked.

"Good, Ms Yellow; you can stop now."

Crack!

"You can stop now, Ms Yellow!"

Her tormentor pulled Susan's head back by her hair so that she was looking back over her shoulder. The trainee agent seemed both surprised and delighted to see tears running down Susan's cheeks, beading against the cheek straps of her ball gag. With a handful of breast, fingernails digging deep, and her free hand stroking Susan between the legs, Ms Yellow kissed her on the shoulder.

"Good. Okay; Mr Purple! We are waiting."

The last slave was finally made to sob.

"Thank you. Okay class, good job. A passing grade for you all, Mr Black and Ms Yellow, graded excellent."

"How come?" an agent protested.

"Mr Black's slave cried first, and Ms Yellow's slave was made to moan in pleasure as well as pain."

"That's not fair. The slut just obviously likes being whipped!"

"Then you should have chosen her for yourself. Now, you see how much more pain you can cause with a whip than with the paddles we were using yesterday? You get a nice loud crack with a paddle, a nice sting, and a nice red ass, but you don't get as much pain."

The students nodded agreement.

"Okay, the slaves can remain in place to recover while we have lunch, then we'll be applying some electric shocks. And to finish the course, Four, Ten and Fourteen will be fitted with nipple rings. Please note, you will be fitting the rings, not just watching! Once again; you are not allowed to fail this test! You get to do a nipple each; and anyone who looks a little queasy, gets to do a navel ring as well. Report back in an hour."

A whip hurt more than having nipples pierced. But strapped on her back on a bench, arms bound under her, watching Ms Yellow, a bit uncertain but not at all squeamish, thrusting a curved needle through the base of her right nipple, Susan discovered why fainting was called blacking out. A dark mist seemed to settle over her eyes, like someone dimming a television, before she actually lost consciousness.

She recovered to find herself in a small cage on a waist-high stand in someone's bedroom; still naked! Throbbing painfully, a thick shiny ring was now set through the base of each nipple, another through her navel. The shiny metal rings, too large and thick to be just ornamental, were perfectly smooth, featureless, and could not be removed. They would have to be cut off, Susan realised. They were beautiful!

After an hour or so, a man dressed as a Slaveworld trooper brought in her supper bowl. Reaching between the bars he handcuffed Susan's hands behind her back before he unlocked the cage, and stood over her while she ate out of the dog bowl on her knees again. Then, still with her hands locked behind her back, he brushed her teeth for her, and let her use the toilet. Groped and stroked, she was pushed back into the cage. The bedroom of course turned out to be Ms Carson's, Susan's first full day of service not yet over.

Another hour, and the Project's head herself was finally walking slowly around her cage, Susan holding still, fingers tight around the steel bars when Ms Carson reached between them to run a palm over her hip.

"I like my treats to display themselves properly. On your knees, head up, thighs spread, fold your arms behind your back."

Susan obeyed. Sitting on her heels, thighs spread wide, there was just room to sit upright in the small cage, her hair brushing the bars above her. Breathing faster, she sighed softly when Ms Carson stroked her between the legs, fingers trailing between her pussy lips, gripping her own arms, folded neatly behind her back, wrist to elbow, tighter. She winced when the older woman hooked a finger through a nipple ring. Susan cried out, a rising wail of pain, as the full firm weight of her breast was lifted with the ring, flesh cruelly stretched.

"Sore?"

"Yes Mistress!" Susan gasped.

She groaned helplessly as her big breasts were squeezed, mingling pain and pleasure. It was unbelievably painful when her nipples swelled! She was proud of herself though. Her arms had stayed neatly folded behind her back.

Like the trooper, Ms Carson bound her while still in the cage, through the bars. A thick leather collar was buckled snug around her neck and padlocked into place, two leather cuffs hanging down from the front of the collar on short chains. She dutifully put her hands up in front of her in a begging position, so that the cuffs could be buckled and padlocked around her wrists. Only then was the cage unlocked.

"On the bed. On all fours."

Susan squirmed out of the cage and then obediently let herself fall forward onto the double bed and froze into position, looking directly ahead. The chains from collar to cuffs were just long enough for her to support herself on all fours, resting on her forearms. Pussy pouting between spread thighs, she flinched as Ms Carson stroked the whip stripes on her invitingly raised bottom with cool fingers.

"Steady!" Ms Carson said, an order as well as reassurance.

Fingers stroked between her sex lips, pushing them apart, and then sliding deep inside her while a thumb penetrated her back passage. Ms Carson pulled her back, pushed her forward, and then lifted her hips. Susan hung her head and moaned, her hips swaying from side to side, back and forth, up and down, at Ms Carson's whim; totally controlled by the cruel grip. Finally, when she was helplessly hot, gasping, wet in spite of the pain it caused her nipples, Ms Carson kissed her on the base of the spine, and withdrew her fingers. She wiped Susan's juices off her fingers on a thigh, and then gave her an approving pat on the behind.

Susan was motionless while Ms Carson bustled around behind her, undressing. She tensed, feeling something push against her anus again, but

whatever it was wasn't that big and slid inside her easily. It felt soft and warm; greased? Something similar was thrust into her sex. Then came the unmistakable sound of a match being struck.

Susan suppressed a whimper, every fibre in her body urging her to bolt. As a mark of quality, she'd learnt, Slaveworld sex-toys owned by Royalty were branded with a hot iron. Please don't burn me, Susan pleaded desperately inside her head, but managed not to beg aloud. To her relief, Ms Carson slid onto the bed beside her, naked. Although quite tall, this woman who liked her sexual playthings voluptuous, who had ordered three of the Project's sex-slaves force-fed because they were too skinny for her tastes, only one put on a diet, was herself painfully thin.

Ms Carson casually slid onto the bed in front of her - she'd clearly done this before; many times - and wriggled down with her legs to either side of Susan. With a careless handful of hair, she pushed Susan's face down, hips lifting, thrusting her sex into Susan's face.

"Lick me bitch, or I'll tit-whip you again. And your lips keep touching me until I say otherwise. Clear?"

Her mouth filled with flesh, a familiar musk in her nostrils, Susan groaned assent into her user's pussy. Remembering what had made the helpless Number One moan the loudest, she dutifully set to work, lips light on sex lips, tongue tentatively probing her Mistress's pussy. Ms Carson sighed happily. Bolder, Susan licked deeper and Ms Carson's grip on her hair relaxed.

"Good toy. Oh yes, goooood!"

Tongue never still now, one minute deep inside her user's sex, the next flicking across her clitoris with the lightest of touches, Susan with her limited experience - though she suspected this would not be the case for much longer - did her very best to please. Quite unexpectedly, there was a sharp, agonising sting between her spread thighs.

Susan squeaked, surprise as much as pain, twitching away from this sudden unanticipated attack. Her movement caused more stings, stabbing at

tender flesh, a pain that burned hotter for a moment, becoming worse, before fading away. A plea in her gaze, she looked up the length of Ms Carson's naked body, the thin woman languidly toying with her own nipples. Crouched between spread thighs, Susan could feel the older woman's juices on her face.

"You stop without permission again, and I'll have to think up a special punishment for you!" she warned.

Susan immediately ducked her head back down and began lapping again, tongue deep between Ms Carson's sex lips, flesh muffling further yelps. She understood what was happening now. Candles. Lighted candles, dripping hot molten drops of wax onto her sex as they burned down; and as she moved! She recognised that scalding sting, getting worse for just that one second, before the burn faded away. The inspector had liked to drip hot wax onto her breasts.

Ms Carson was breathing faster now, controlling Susan's movements with one hand wound carelessly into her hair. Susan needed little encouragement. The rules of this new game were very clear to her. Every movement scattered new little pinpricks of agony between her spread thighs. She had to please!

Both hands twisted into her hair again, and Ms Carson's hips suddenly thrust up! The woman went rigid a moment, pulling herself upright, and then flopped down with a sigh of satisfaction. The movement dislodged fresh droplets of molten wax, Susan's hips jerking in a forlorn attempt to escape the exquisite torture. Encouraged and trained to be loud herself, to shriek ecstasy into her gag without inhibition, Susan was surprised at how quietly Ms Carson came. More a growl than a cry. The woman sat up again, squirmed around Susan, and blew out the candles.

"Now you may lick me clean!"

Susan docilely obeyed.

"Enough," Ms Carson finally decided.

Susan remained on all fours, naked, wrists chained to her collar, lips still

lightly touching sex lips, while her new owner sipped from a glass, and then used the remote to turn on the TV. She remained in place until lust faded and her newly pierced nipples and navel throbbed with just pain. Remained in place until her lips were dry and her back ached. Ms Carson sipped her lemonade and channel hopped, Susan apparently forgotten.

She wasn't of course. Finally Ms Carson tossed aside the remote, put down her glass, and knelt up over her.

"You're going to be a blonde tomorrow," her mistress told Susan, ruffling her short dark curls. "Won't that be nice?"

"Yes Ma'am," Susan agreed placidly, quietly horrified.

"And your hair needs to be longer of course. At least shoulder length," Ms Carson decided.

Most of the Project's sex-slaves were blonde, Susan had quickly noticed. Ms Carson's little fetish. But although the older woman had the casting and only vote, Susan had still hoped to escape herself. From teenage experiments on her frizzy, almost unmanageable hair, Susan knew only too well what the end result would be. Fluffy!

"With those baby blue eyes and huge tits, you'll make just the cutest fluffy blonde," Ms Carson continued, clearly thinking along the same lines.

The naked woman now stood behind her, one hand resting on a buttock while she inspected the candles. Susan felt globules of dried wax being flicked and picked away from her skin, matted more thickly into her pubic hair. The hands left her presented hindquarters, and then there was the flare of another match being struck.

"I suggest you try harder this time," Ms Carson told her with a cruel smile. "It'll get worse as they burn down."

Susan had already worked that one out for herself. It would inevitably take longer to bring her tormentor to orgasm a second time around, and the shorter the candles burned down, the worse would be her painful motivation to

please. Susan was already straining forward, tongue ready, very eager to please, when Ms Carson slid back onto the bed in front of her.

Chapter 5

"Shaken, not stirred!"

Jimmy raised a glass of water to the mirror in the small spartan room that he'd been assigned in the underground complex.

"The name's Burke. James Burke," he told his reflection, and then laughed to himself.

Imagine him, a secret agent!

Within the intelligence community the rumour mill had been working overtime for the last year or so. A new funds-rich hush hush department being set up, though no one in the rank and file knew why. Just that something big was going on, recruits/volunteers being invited to join from all sorts of agencies; even military intelligence and special branch.

This was more like it! Jimmy, after the initial excitement of being recruited into MI6 had worn off, had pretty much resigned himself to a long boring career in front of a computer, analysing political trends in the Far East. A job for James Bond, it was most certainly not. Then the questionnaire had come around. He'd filled it out without much hope, but apparently, and to his puzzlement, the fact that his parents were naturists, and he'd spent many a teenage holiday in nudist colonies, was a qualification.

He straightened the coloured tag pinned on his breast. His group was apparently the fourth intake to go through the previously unknown Project's spy school. It showed in the agents' cover names. They were running out of simple colours. He was Mr Turquoise. Jimmy checked his watch. Time to go. Following the printed directions he'd been given, he hurried down deserted corridors to the lecture room, taking a seat next to Mr Khaki.

"Now maybe we find out what's going on," his fellow agent said, Ms Violet slipping into the chair beside him.

He nodded a polite greeting to the pretty but rather overweight Asian woman. Actually, now he looked around, he recognised most of the dozen or so male and the half dozen female would-be agents from the first stage of selection; the group now thinned down a bit. The selection process had been even more bizarre than the original questionnaire. A combination nudist camp, with more sexually explicit questionnaires, and interviews; and much time spent watching SM and BD films! Speculation as to what sort of secret agent the new department wanted, and why, had been rife.

Behind them, stiletto heels tip-tapped on the concrete floor.

"Good morning Ladies and Gentlemen. My name is Ms Carson. I will be in charge of your assessment and training while you are here."

Jimmy felt his jaw drop, the people around him gasping, chairs scraping as they shuffled around for a better look. The middle aged woman who had addressed them; thin, long-faced, and wearing jodhpurs and riding boots, was riding an almost naked girl!

Her human mount, a short, heavy breasted blonde, about twenty years old at a guess, had a saddle strapped to her back and a thin-strapped bridle held a thick rubber bit between her teeth. The severe, haughty looking woman rode the blue-eyed girl piggyback style, a whip in one hand, a short loop of reins in the other, controlling the gasping ponygirl, the number Fourteen marking breast and buttock, with ease. Flicking her whip down across rolling buttocks, reins holding the blonde's head up, Ms Carson rode her pretty young mount down the aisle between the chairs, between the breathless agents. Jimmy thought the show just had to be the most exciting thing he'd ever seen in his life.

The saddle that jutted out from the girl's back was supported with a thick padded strap across each shoulder, and at the base, by a built-in corset that ran down from under her breasts, and over the wide flare of the blonde's hips; evenly distributing the weight of her rider. Laced down the front, the corset that supported the base of the saddle was clearly either brutally tight, or Number Fourteen had a tiny waist. The top heavy blonde was fitted with thigh-length boots, laced up the inside, the polished black leather matching her corset, and was perched on her toes in four inch stiletto heels. A thin strap

ran down between her buttocks, pulled up hard between her sex lips. And quivering and swaying with each step, the gasping, snorting, ponygirl's big breasts were pulled up at the tips, nipple rings chained to the rings on either side of her bit, dragged up with stretched nipples. The heavy globes swung and bounced lightly together when her rider pulled back the blonde's head with her reins.

Completing her tack, Number Fourteen's arms were bound together down her back, under her saddle. Projecting below the saddle on which Ms Carson sat, wrists strapped together, hands fluttered every time the woman's whip left a new red line down a plump buttock, chain-supported breasts quivering with each gasp. Ms Carson's thighs rested across the generous flare of her ponygirl's hips, her feet lying comfortably down the blonde's leather clad thighs.

Ms Carson rode the deliciously helpless girl to the head of the class, and then wheeled her mount around to face them, where she addressed the agents-in-training from over the blonde's head. Her mount wasn't very tall, five foot two or so, but in four inch heels, riding the blonde put Ms Carson's head higher than even the tallest agent standing. She was clearly quite comfortable in the saddle, and had no intention of dismounting. Her lovely ride, eyes glazed, teeth tight on the bar buckled firmly into her mouth, tried to stand still, ankles together and head up; but perched on her toes in heels, and with her weight doubled, had to keep taking occasional little steps this way and that to maintain her balance.

Jimmy could hardly take his eyes off the tight crotch strap pulled up hard between the top heavy girl's sex lips; digging into the soft swell of her belly. The strap glistened with the ponygirl's juices. To start with he really had to force himself to listen to Ms Carson, to watch the slides, before the full import of what she was saying penetrated.

The Project was in contact with a parallel universe: the Slaveworld! Two agents using the Project's dimensional Gate had already visited, and returned safely from missions. It was fascinating; fantastic! Ms Carson let her reins drop, unconsciously reaching down to fondle her mount's breasts as she talked. Clearly a habit! The young slave groaned softly as the large heavy mounds, swaying suspended from chained nipples, were squeezed and

kneaded.

"... so as you can no doubt imagine, any agent we send to the Slaveworld, will have to be able to take sex-slaves, public nudity, sadism, ponygirls trotting down the street and the like, totally in their stride. To that end, at my school here, we have gathered a small collection of male and female slaves for you to practice on. Most of you are clearly surprised by, disapproving of or even shocked at the way I'm treating Fourteen here. That would give you away on a mission."

She twisted her fingernails deeper into the blonde's breasts, the girl she rode whimpering softly in pain, flesh squeezed white between cruel fingers.

"I am here to teach you that this is the normal way to treat a sex-slave. And those of you who cannot learn this lesson will be washed out of the course. Yes Ms Violet?"

"Your, your... slave?"

Ms Carson idly bounced her mount's breasts together with the nipple-chains.

"The correct term at the moment is ponygirl. Her name is Number Fourteen. The Project has owned her for two months now, so she's a relatively inexperienced sex-slave in comparison to some of the slaves you will see. Number Fourteen is also my personal sex-toy, but you will all have the opportunity to give her a touch of whip and have sex with her at least once. Your question?"

"Er, yes," Ms Violet said. "Your ponygirl? The slaves we will practice on? They are volunteers, prostitutes, right?"

"Does it matter?" Ms Carson asked.

"Yes," the plump Asian woman said firmly. "We're supposed to be the good guys."

Ms Carson slashed her whip down her mount's front, leaving a vivid red

line down the front of the blonde's belly, just beside the crotch strap. The girl shrieked, trying to bolt away from the pain, and had to be dragged back into place with firmly held reins, and several little stinging whip slashes across her buttocks. When her human mount was under control again, Ms Carson dropped her reins and went back to kneading the ponygirl's big breasts, the docile girl's moans louder now.

"That is a question you are not allowed to ask. Either of a member of staff, or a slave. Doing so will immediately result in you being removed from the course. Now, you may ask yourself if your government would condone the keeping of actual slaves, their rape and torture, no matter how important the Project. You may ask yourself, can Number Fourteen leave any time she wishes?"

Number Fourteen, a bit buckled into her mouth, arms strapped down her back under her rider's saddle, and whip marks on her body, moaned in soft pleasure as her ringed nipples were rubbed together, big breasts squeezed against one another.

"But I am here to teach you that a slave is not a person, she is property. This girl exists only to be enjoyed. To be used for my pleasure, and perhaps later, for yours! You must not sympathise with her, or pass judgement on those who enjoy her! Otherwise, you will not survive undetected on your missions to the Slaveworld. Do you all understand me?"

The would-be agents, Ms Violet amongst them, all nodded seriously. She was right; and it could well be life or death for them. This was not a game. Jimmy noticed Ms Carson had quite carefully not actually said that the sex-slaves they would practice on were not real slaves, but of course the lovely girl Ms Carson rode was not here against her will. Things like that didn't happen in Britain. With growing pleasure, as he watched the woman again fondling her mount's weighty breasts, heavy flesh squeezed between her fingers, spilling out of her hands, Jimmy decided he at least would have no trouble learning to think of the top heavy Number Fourteen as a sex-object instead of a person.

Ms Carson then rode her placid ponygirl down between the chairs, letting the agents-in-training lightly spank, squeeze breasts and stroke Number

Fourteen between the legs. Breasts quivering on the end of the chains that dragged up at her nipples, the blonde was pulled to a halt in front of Jimmy. He let his palm trail over a corseted hip, and down over a creamy satin thigh to the top of a boot. Panting gently around her bit, head held up by reins and still burdened with Ms Carson's weight, the lovely sex-toy was perfectly docile as he squeezed a buttock and weighed a breast, the heavy globe settling into his palm, velvet flesh hot on his! Slightly bolder, Mr Khaki gave her a stinging slap on the behind, leaving a perfect handprint on her buttock, a ripple running across the firm hemisphere.

Ms Carson's whip flicked down across the same buttock, the girl she rode managing only two steps before she was pulled to a stop again in front of Ms Violet. Saliva ran down around the blonde's bit, dripping onto her heaving breasts, the helpless ponygirl breathing harder still after being handled and inspected by over a dozen people. Ms Violet licked nervous lips and hesitantly reached out to cup the panting ponygirl's strap-bisected sex.

"But I'm heterosexual," she protested.

"I doubt it," Ms Carson said carelessly. "In my experience, most people are bisexual, although with a preference for one sex over the other. But even if you do only like sex with slaveboys, as a Slaveworld Lady you would still be expected to appreciate a female slave. How else would you know what to look for if you were buying a girl as present for a son or husband? Or supposing somebody puts up a girl as stakes in a card game? You have to know roughly what she's worth on the auction block."

Ms Violet nodded seriously. Ms Carson did know how to make a point; get them thinking in a Slaveworld way, Jimmy had to admit. The plump woman forced herself to cup the pony's pussy, her hand very dark against the top heavy slave's ivory skin.

"What do you feel?"

"She's wet!" said Ms Violet in clear distaste.

"Of course she is. She's aroused! Now stroke down the strap. Do you feel it?"

The blonde shivered, breasts swaying on the ends of their supporting chains, dragged up at the nipple, her eyes closed in pleasure as fingers stroked down the crotch strap between plump sex lips.

"Yes, I feel it!" said Ms Violet breathlessly.

"That's the base of her dildo. A big, thick, fat shaft that I've strapped deep inside her. It keeps her hot and docile. And knowing she can't take it out herself, knowing she'll be forced to walk and trot in it, until I've finished with her, reminds her who owns her. Who has a right to ride her, whip her, and let a room full of strangers grope her. Press against her belly!"

The whole class had gathered around now, watching entranced as Ms Violet, still nervous, but with the beginnings of a sparkle in her eye, a hint of a smile tugging at her lips, pressed her palm into the blue-eyed girl's belly. The blonde Ms Carson rode groaned in forced lust as pressure was put on the shaft that impaled her.

"Good. Now stand, look directly into her eyes, and give those big tits a good firm squeeze," Ms Carson demanded.

Still hesitant, but with an openly delighted smile now, the Asian woman slowly scooped up both big breasts, the firm heavy globes spilling out of her palms, and then sank her fingers deep into the creamy mounds. Again the flesh spilling between her fingers seemed almost pure white against her darker skin tone. The blonde had her eyes closed now, her moan pure pleasure.

"Now I ask you Ms Violet. Can you imagine yourself bridled, stuffed full of a huge dildo, being ridden like an animal, moaning in lust as a complete stranger squeezes your tits?"

Ms Violet laughed out loud. "Of course not!"

She shifted her grip, squeezing the heavy globes she held together, rubbing nipples across each other. Number Fourteen whimpered in delight. Jimmy watched breathless, his own hand resting on a baby-soft inner thigh, thumb stroking back and forth along the blonde's dripping wet crotch strap.

"Would you like a ride?" Ms Carson offered.

"Can she take my weight?" the plump woman asked.

"With a bit of whip!"

"Oh yes please!"

The young ponygirl seemed to be staring blankly at nothing as Ms Carson dismounted, eyes glazed with lust, and she was quite placid as Ms Violet stepped up on a chair beside her. She gasped as the larger Asian woman slid into the saddle, clearly much heavier than Ms Carson, her knees buckling; but a quick slash across the buttocks with a whip brought her back up with a delicious squeal. Ms Carson handed up a multi-stranded whip to the short girl's new rider.

"Whip her haunches to encourage her, down the front to punish," she advised.

Ms Violet took a firmer hold on her now gasping, trembling top heavy mount, pulling the blonde's head up with a firm grip on the loop of reins, which also dragged her breasts up nicely. With a not-so lustful groan, more than a hint of despair in the sound now, a slash of the multi-stranded whip leaving a fan of new red lines down a buttock, the dildo-impaled Fourteen was set in motion.

"... so as to Slaveworld ears, we speak English with an accent, this will assist any operative posing as a foreign aristocratic tourist. However, on the other side of the coin, to pose as a soldier or a member of the working class, you will have to learn to speak with a Slaveworld accent. Diction training will be part of the course."

While Ms Carson resumed her lecture, the students doing their best to concentrate, Ms Violet at first cautiously, and then with growing confidence, walked her luscious young mount around the edge of the lecture hall, breasts swinging on chains and buttocks quivering deliciously, with every forced, dildo-stuffed, step. The whip cracked on flesh again, harder still, and the saddled sex-slave broke into a stumbling trot.

"Now playing tourist, it is important that you memorise the major family trees of the Kingdom you are claiming to come from, plus a back-up identity, in case you meet the real thing and have to switch identities. And you must know your own cover identity backwards. Any true aristocrat can tell you who his second cousin twice removed is, and list his or her family tree by marriage! It's part of the 'them and us' syndrome."

Number Fourteen, being trotted around the edge of the lecture hall for the second time now, was gasping and snorting, slavering on her superb breasts, sweat gleaming on exposed skin and plastering her hair around her bridle-framed face. Her rider was having to lash her harder now, fans of angry red lines spreading down each quivering buttock and over hips, as the nipple-chained sex-toy struggled under her weight. The dildo-stuffed blonde, tiring, staggered, and without hesitation the plump Asian woman riding her swung her lash down between her mount's legs, marking her belly with angry scarlet lines on either side of the crotch strap that dug deep into her flesh. Number Fourteen squealed, rearing up, almost bucking off her rider; and docilely settled down into an obedient trot, heavy breasts bouncing beautifully, and clearly not as exhausted as she'd thought she was.

To everyone's disappointment, Ms Carson finally called a halt to Ms Violet's ride. The sweat-lathered, gasping, ponygirl was hobbled, pulled to her knees by her breasts, a hood pulled down over her head, and then just left panting and gasping on her knees for the remainder of the lecture. Jimmy had been hoping he'd get a ride too, though realistically he was too heavy for the cute little blonde to carry more than a few steps. He brightened up no end when Ms Carson showed them pictures of the more usual type of Slaveworld ponygirl. Naked in harness and bridle, singly, in pairs, or even sometimes in teams of four or six, pulling two or four-wheeled carriages down busy Slaveworld streets. That's for me, he thought!

"The main problem you will face posing as aristocrats, is funds. While you can make small purchases in cash, and no trooper will dare ask someone who is obviously an aristocrat - someone arrogant, imperious, well-dressed, and with a naked slave on a lead - for identification, the Lords and Ladies use a combination ID/credit card to pay for restricted or expensive items. We have not yet managed to make a copy that will pass a scan."

The day ended on a high. That evening, one after the other, while the others in the group and Ms Carson looked on, they each got to have sex with the voluptuous Number Fourteen. The female agents were given strap-on dildos. The gorgeous girl was tied spreadeagled across a bed, mouth full of ball gag, nipples clamped, breasts tightly bound with rope, and with an inflatable plug stretching her ass wide to make her a tighter fit. The heavy breasted blonde seemed to enjoy the first four or five people who used her, tiring by the sixth. Number seven was Ms Violet. The gagged slave cried out in forced delight as the substantial weight of Ms Violet flopped down on top of her, driving home the strap-on dildo the would-be agent was wearing, but she was clearly starting to tire; a desperate edge in her tone.

By then, cheering each other on, queuing up for seconds, the agents-in-training no longer really cared. Their first practical lesson! Being taught that the bound sweat-gleaming girl with the number fourteen stencilled on her body, roped breasts going pink and semen dripping out of her sex, wasn't really like them; a person. She was just property, sexual property, who existed for them to enjoy.

Ms Carson, who had ordered the gang-bang, was the only person in the room dressed, and watched with a happy smile.

The weeks that followed were very eventful for Jimmy, filled with hours of long, hard, tedious study, and then the pure joy of working with the Project's sex-slaves. Between committing to memory every last fact about the Slaveworld the debrief team had been able to prise out of the Countess Svetlana in seemingly innocent conversations, he had had more sex than he'd ever had in his life. As much as you liked as long as you didn't mind being watched, having to share, and remembered to discipline or humiliate the bound girl you enjoyed before sliding your cock into her. Jimmy didn't mind at all! He learnt how to tack up ponygirls, to fit clamps, to strap dildos into groaning, bound, sex-toys, to set rings through flesh, and was given every chance to swing a huge array of whips, cats, paddles and tawses across flesh. He'd learnt to enjoy the taste of tears, the plea in a helpless sex-object's eyes, and to appreciate cries of pain.

Ms Carson was everywhere. In your own room poring over books late at night, sure everyone else was asleep, suddenly you would hear the tip tap of stiletto heels as Ms Carson rode her top heavy blonde down the corridor. There Jimmy would be, on his back on a bench in one of the playrooms, a ball gagged girl with her arms tied down her back astride him - impaled on his cock - jingling bells clamped to her nipples, another agent thrusting into the girl's ass; and suddenly there was Ms Carson watching! Comfortably slouched in her saddle, as always kneading her cute little ponygirl's melon-like breasts, offering advice.

He felt so alive! Waking up knowing a deliciously helpless slavegirl, gagged and in chains, would have to do his bidding that day, no matter how revolting or humiliating, or be severely punished, was very liberating! He truly loved just slowly sliding his hands over a bound girl, minutely inspecting her body, with just a little kiss and lick here and there. And what could beat ordering a naked, collared, vibrator-stuffed, sex-toy to kiss your feet or have her lick a dog bowl clean on her hands and knees? He'd even learnt to enjoy punishing and training male slaves, though, as was permitted as long as you could handle both, he maintained a preference for sex with slavegirls.

Ms Carson said he was a natural. For his Master Sergeant's graduation project/show, required as a household trooper to put on a stage show for an aristocratic Lady; in this case Ms Carson, all his classmates and quite a few agents from previous intakes in the audience watching, only Ms Violet had scored higher. The plump woman had turned out to be an accomplished sadist once she got over her initial reservations. In spite of only taking second place in the competition, he was still proud of the show he'd put on in the small theatre with the three slaves he'd been given. He'd put a lot of thought and work into his show, when he could have actually just been shafting the girls.

The centrepiece of the stage show had been Number Eight bent forward over a horizontal pole, legs chained wide, arms bound behind her back. Both she and the male Number Three, standing behind her thrusting a strap-swollen cock into her, had been gagged and hooded. Male Three had had his wrist cuffs chained to Number Eight's corset-tight belt, so that he could hold her hips, and really drag her back hard onto his cock. Electrodes were

attached to Number Eight's nipples and the slaveboy stood chained on a metal plate. His hands in rubber gloves and wearing rubber panties with an opening through which only his cock and strap-bound balls projected, ensured Male Three took a shock passing through both their bodies entirely to the cock.

Then came the fun bit! Kneeling behind the slaveboy, a fat anal plug and one of the remote controlled vibrators strapped and padlocked tightly inside her body, crouched Number Twelve. Number Eight could only endure; take the electric shocks to nipples and pussy with gasps of pained pleasure as she was shafted, but when the male slave could take it no more, he could pull his cock out of her and break the circuit. And then Twelve was waiting; lapping, licking and kissing his juice-gleaming shaft back into stiffness. Teasing and arousing! Doing her very best to encourage him to ram his tormented cock back into Number Eight and endure the shocks again! Her vibrator was only switched on when the current flowed through the other two! The show had gone on for over two hours.

Jimmy spoke German quite well, so as mission cover it was planned he would pass himself off as a Swiss or Austrian aristocrat; or from one of the many smaller German Principalities. Cover was quite rightly matched to ability and talents. Ms Violet for example was studying the Slaveworld's India and would pass herself off as a Maharajah's daughter, or as a Maharani. Further picking up the Project's morale, there had been several more successful Slaveworld missions, the other world clearly being completely unaware of their visitors. Tomorrow Jimmy faced his final test. He would go above ground, meet the Countess Svetlana, and be her houseguest for a few days.

Then perhaps, his own mission!

Four days later, Jimmy was having a truly splendid time above ground. Plenty of sex, sadism; and waited on hand and foot by naked girls in chains, in the lap of opulent luxury. He was beginning to feel quite indolent, though as the Countess said, if you fancied a little fresh air and exertion, there was always a ponygirl waiting to be trotted around the manor house's grounds. Best of all, he really did seem to have hit it off with the Slaveworld aristocrat.

They were getting along like a house on fire.

Presently he was lounging by the pool, naked on a sun bed, a slaveboy fanning him. His drink was on a suspended table beside him, gently swaying, an oblong board with a ring at each corner clipped to the nipple rings of two handcuffed slavegirls kneeling upright, facing each other. The table would of course move between him and the Countess, and follow them around, as necessary. Both pretty sex-toys were due a pussy-whipping, when he got around to it, for spilling his drink.

And slowly tonguing him, his cock soft in her mouth - he had come twice that morning already! - was the beautiful Number Thirteen. The lovely blonde with the cut-glass accent, arms strapped together at wrist and elbow behind her, harness belt digging deep into her waist and her crotch strap pulled up hard between whip-striped buttocks and digging into her belly, had a butt plug stretching her back passage wide and a fat vibrator humming away inside her pussy to keep her docile. Another great thing about being the Countess's guest, was you got to have sex with her personal pet, Thirteen, the most gorgeous slave the Project owned.

The Lady herself was currently in the pool, also naked, and quite unconcerned about it. The Slaveworld aristocrats had little use for modesty, just as long as there was no possibility of them being mistaken for sex-slaves themselves! Another reason sex-toys were always collared and chained during their use. Her physiotherapist had advised the aristocrat to take a daily swim once the cast had come off her leg. Somehow, Jimmy suspected this wasn't quite what the man had had in mind.

Svetlana was sitting on Number Fourteen's back, astride the swimming girl, steering her back and forth across the pool with a short loop of reins, a thick rubber bit buckled tightly between the slave's teeth. Supported by water, the pretty sex-toy's big breasts bobbed nicely, her nipple rings linked to shiny steel wrist-cuffs with lengths of chain. Unable to use a whip through water, the Countess had a short rod with a pin on the end, which she was firmly stabbing into her young ride's plump buttocks to keep the girl going. The heavy breasted sex-slave, teeth tight around her bit, snorting and gasping with every breath, her head dragged up and back with reins; swam with a powerful breast stroke.

Stencilled on breast and buttock, the number Fourteen showed up nicely on ivory flesh. The docile girl was very pale. She had been replaced as Ms Carson's personal plaything only two days previously, when a pretty new toy had caught Ms Carson's eye, and hadn't been up in the sun for weeks. Her thighs firmly gripping the naked slave's waist, the Countess caught Jimmy's eye with a grin, and then she turned her top heavy ride away from the pool's edge once more, stabbing down with her pin-tipped rod behind her. A weight suspended from the usual sharp-jawed clamp, biting cruelly into her clitoris, tormented the swimming girl, spinning this way and that from between her legs on a length of chain. She was rumoured to have been a policewoman once!

Jimmy knew there was no danger the snorting Number Fourteen would go under. As long as she was given a little pain - little red dots all over her buttocks now - she would manage the Countess's weight for as long as required. As he had discovered himself, driving her as a ponygirl on previous days, she was actually a sturdy little beast. She fooled you! Buxom, with doe eyes and full soft lips, the fluffy blonde looked soft at first glance. But in harness and bridle, dildo-stuffed, he'd discovered as long as Number Fourteen's big tits were tightly strapped up so that the heavy mounds didn't bounce about too uncomfortably, and given plenty of whip, the top heavy plaything would placidly pull her driver's pony trap at a brisk trot until she dropped.

Remembering, his cock twitched in Number Thirteen's mouth. A sweat-lathered ponygirl, her flesh hot and slick under his hands, panting harshly, still in harness, bridle, and between the pony trap's shafts - just her crotch strap unlocked and unbuckled, dildo removed - was a truly magnificent screw! Bent forward from the waist and taken from behind, he'd thoroughly enjoyed using Number Fourteen in that manner only yesterday. The Countess in the seat of the pony trap Thirteen pulled had watched indulgently, the naked harnessed and bridled girl she drove also gleaming as if oiled, slaverling around her bit on her breasts, eyes glazed, crotch strap dripping with her juices.

The top heavy sex-toy had been quite superb, almost as good as having Number Thirteen tied spreadeagled under him on a bed, but not quite.

Perfectly content, delighted with the turn his life had taken, Jimmy used the remote control to switch off Number Thirteen's vibrator. The beautiful green-eyed blonde, lying bound between his legs, looked up the length of his body, and immediately began to tongue and lick the shaft that was swelling, stiffening in her mouth, more urgently. Jimmy flicked a lash down her buttocks, the naked sex-slave's bound hands jerking, the red line he left, vertical across the Countess's horizontal welts.

The Slaveworld aristocrat preferred sex with male slaves, though she was quite happy to share a girl in a slave sandwich; but when it came to training, humiliating, punishing and watching bound slaves perform sexually, she clearly enjoyed girls far far more. After a few moments he rewarded Number Thirteen's efforts by turning on the vibrator again. She moaned in soft pleasure when he flicked the whip down her haunches again.

Jimmy had not the slightest doubt he would graduate now. Ms Carson had done her job well. He had learnt not to treat, or think, of sex-slaves as people. They were toys, playthings, pets; to be used and enjoyed, passed around, bought and sold, even cast aside!

Valuable property it was true, and the naked playthings had to be cared for; groomed, fed and exercised. They could be admired, compared, preferred, lusted after, but were never to be given a choice or sympathy. Physical control and the obedience training of sex-toys just seemed like common sense now. Humiliations taught a slave humility, and it now seemed equally natural to Jimmy to punish a slavegirl when she needed it. The tears that had welled in Number Fourteen's eyes when he let scalding candle wax run down her big heavy breasts last night, coating her ringed nipples, the way she'd gasped around her ball gag, the ropes that dug into her flesh as she squirmed, had not only been quite beautiful and very arousing, but a just and reasonable punishment for not licking clean his shoes to his satisfaction, he thought. And he'd enjoyed shafting her all the more after her punishment!

It was clear to him now that sex-slaves like Number Thirteen and Number Fourteen existed only to please! How the Project had come to own them, no longer concerned Jimmy in the slightest.

Chapter 6

Susan knew she was being considered for a Slaveworld mission when, with the help of painful scrubbing, the numbers stencilled on breast and buttock had been allowed to fade away instead of being reapplied every couple of days as was normal. When the whippings stopped she was sure, though of course she still had sexual duties to perform, and could still be disciplined with spankings, a paddle, twisted or clamped nipples, squeezed breasts and electric shocks. Yesterday, she'd been given a quick course in how to set up a receiver Gate, which was supposedly all the mission training she needed, as she was just going to be along to reinforce the real agent's cover. Then she'd been given to the agent for the night, so that Mr Silver could familiarise himself with his property.

In the Gate room, along with administration, separated from the slave school by a massive steel blast-door, Susan stood on the end of a chain lead. One end was clipped to the broad leather collar buckled snug around her neck, the leather loop of the handle around the wrist of a determined looking but clearly slightly apprehensive Mr Silver. The black man holding her lead was dressed in the turban with gold coronet and white flowing robes of a Slaveworld Sudanese Prince. Two female technicians at a complex-looking control board kept glancing up from their work to stare open-mouthed.

Susan was naked, arms secured down her back with padlocked leather cuffs buckled around wrists and above elbows, a chain running from the wrist cuffs up between her legs, secured to her navel ring, digging lightly into her belly, to keep her arms neatly down her back. Drooling gently, a bright red ball gag filled her mouth, straps tight across her cheeks and under her chin. Bells hanging from her nipple rings jingled softly with every quiver and sway of her large breasts as she walked, her hobble making her take short steps and exaggerating the sway in her stride, as she was led along the corridors. She had been fitted with the usual four inch stiletto heeled sandals, with cute little padlocks on the ankle-straps and a manacle chain.

The keys to her bonds hung, Slaveworld style, from an earring, and the

transfer of a bar code, like a temporary tattoo, had been applied to the underside of her left breast. It wouldn't pass a scan and would only last a couple of days, but she had to have the mark visible on her body somewhere. The Lords and Ladies on the other side of the Gate always put bar codes, with a serial number underneath, somewhere on their human property. Standing obediently still, head up and ankles together, Mr Silver gave her a distracted pat on the behind. If a ball gag allowed it, Susan would have grinned widely at the looks on the technicians' faces. Perhaps they were new?

Mr Silver's hand remained resting lightly on her behind, slowly kneading her buttock, the big powerful man looming over her. Eyes half-closed in aroused contentment, Susan used her wrist cuffs to gently saw the chain pulled through her pussy back and forth. She was dripping, nipples hard, breasts lust swollen!

Most of the slaves liked Mr Silver. The big man had a martial air about him, and was rumoured to have been in the army - Military Intelligence - before the Project got hold of him. He wasn't a soft touch, and would firmly punish any girl he thought deserved it, but unlike many of the agents, he was always very fair and never made up disobedience or imagined insolence. And perhaps wary of his own strength and size - Susan felt doll-like beside him - he was always very gentle during sex. Best of all, he really liked to force the girls he enjoyed to come; liked nothing more than for the helplessly bound plaything he used to cry out in forced abandoned ecstasy behind her gag!

Only Number Two a little, and Number Six most emphatically, didn't seem to like having their wrists chained to the headboard of Mr Silver's bed; perhaps a race thing? As far as Susan was concerned, Mr Silver could hood her, tie her arms behind her back wrist to elbow as he'd done the night before, and sit her astride him, impaled on his cock, any time he liked! Blind and deaf under the tight, sweaty latex hood, her buttocks throbbing hot after a good long spanking, and obediently thrusting herself onto his big cock in time with her breasts being squeezed, he'd made her come again and again before he was finished with her. She was sure she'd left teeth marks in the hood's built-in penis gag when she'd shrieked in pleasure. And he hadn't even punished her when he'd had to tell her twice, to lick his cock clean after pulling off her hood, Susan limp as a dishrag after her use.

Perhaps the man was remembering the previous night too. Still stroking her spine, loftily ignoring the two female technicians, Mr Silver hefted a breast, and then slowly squeezed the heavy mound resting in his palm; Susan placidly unprotesting as she was subjected to a carefully judged mix of pleasure and pain.

Groaning in forced lust, the man's fingers twisting deeper into her flesh, Susan really didn't understand Six's problem. As far as she was concerned, the world was now divided into people who wore collars and people with whips, not black and white. True, when she'd been tied face down on Mr Silver's bed, and he'd thrust his large cock deep into her ass, it had been very painful; but Mr Silver was as always very gentle. Slowly but firmly thrusting his cock between her buttocks, tied tightly face down, rope digging deep into her wrists and ankles, her nipples hard against his palms, and breathless under the big man's weight, he'd still made Susan come again; and she didn't even like being butt-fucked!

The older woman at the control-panel was looking faintly disapproving now, but the younger technician, fiddling with her spectacles and nervously licking her lips, was watching with excited, sparkling, eyes. Susan wondered if Ms Carson had her marked down as a potential recruit? How stupid! Of course she did!

Her breast still being painfully kneaded, Mr Silver tugging her wrist cuff's chain into her pussy at the same time now, suddenly Susan could take no more. She wailed in helpless delight, hips bucking across the tormenting chain, the bells on her nipples jingling madly. God, she loved being forced to orgasm! Panting behind her gag, and drooling on her breasts now, Mr Silver gave her a moment to get her breath.

"Well?"

Breathing heavily, nipples still erect, and so hot, Susan obediently put her ankles back together and stood up straight, and was rewarded with an approving pat on the backside. Her keeper went back to waiting, whistling happily, clearly much calmer now he'd asserted a little power. Proved he was in control! Neither of the technicians was willing to look directly now Susan saw, but she noticed both casting many a cautious sideways glance at the big

black man; and the naked, humiliatingly bound, large breasted blonde, he had on a lead.

Ms Carson entered the Gate room, riding her new favourite, Number Seventeen. Seventeen was a tall girl in her mid-twenties, full-breasted, with a pretty face and long legs. Her breasts were not nearly as large as Susan's, rumour had it she didn't take the whip as well, she couldn't manage a corset anywhere near as tight and her hips were narrower, so when saddled her hips didn't have the same dramatic flare as Susan's; which provided a comfortable rest for the woman riding her to rest her thighs across. But, she was a natural blonde; which Ms Carson really liked!

A saddle strapped to her back, bridle holding a bit tight between her teeth, head pulled back by Ms Carson's reins, and haunches well whip-striped, the former prison officer groaned and moaned between the gasps whipped out of her as she was ridden into the cavernous Gate room. Perched on her toes in the thigh-length boots with four inch stiletto heels tip-tapping prettily, Seventeen's tight crotch strap dug deep into her belly, moisture glinting between the plump sex lips closed around the strap.

Although Susan didn't actually like Ms Carson very much, or some of the uses her mistress had put her to, she had been quite upset when the woman replaced her as her personal sex-toy. The sex had been wonderful, she had got to see everything that went on in the Project as Ms Carson rode her around the underground complex; and she loved being ridden, saddled and bridled with a fat dildo strapped inside her. She had liked being stroked, teased and petted by everyone who passed by when she was tied to the hitching-rail outside Ms Carson's office, and being the boss's mount had given her status. Ms Carson's mount was always groomed, fed and punished first.

She felt slighted! Especially when the new girl had first appeared with belly, buttocks and breasts so heavily whip-marked she had had to go to the infirmary for a couple of days. Clearly she'd taken much longer than Susan to promise to be "an obedient cunt", and really mean it. It wasn't fair! Susan knew slaves who didn't please could be replaced as well as punished, but she'd never expected it to happen to her.

Her breasts swinging on nipple chains from her bit, tears on her cheeks, newly pierced flesh no doubt causing considerable discomfort - it had taken Susan's ring-set nipples and bell -button six weeks to fully heal up - Number Seventeen was pulled to a gasping halt, sweat gleaming on velvet skin. Ms Carson slashed her whip down the girl's belly when her mount's knees started to buckle, the girl she rode responding with a forlorn squeal, but keeping her feet.

Susan drooling helplessly around her ball gag now, watched with pleasure, Mr Silver stroking her spine under her bound arms again. She liked seeing other slaves punished, especially this new slut, who had stolen her place as first slave. Intellectually, she knew the decision had been entirely Ms Carson's, but emotionally, like a married woman who blames the other woman when her husband has an affair, not the husband, it was far easier to blame and dislike the new girl. And anyway, she wasn't allowed to disapprove of Ms Carson! Her former mistress let her loop of reins drop, and began kneading and squeezing her mount's breasts. The girl she rode piggyback style moaned in helpless pleasure as Susan had once done.

"Slut!" Susan hissed jealously behind her mouth-filling ball gag, trails of saliva running down her breasts now.

Mr Silver turned his head, but the gag had muffled the sound into just another moan. A new man entered the Gate room, someone Susan didn't know, but recognised; apparently Ms Carson's superior. Every now and then the man would call in at the cell block, collect a bound slavegirl, and return the naked, hooded, handcuffed, sexual plaything, several hours later.

"Mr Rudd. I must protest this gratuitous display of sadism!" the older technician called out, standing now, face red. "I did not join this department to watch helpless girls be sexually abused!"

The man stroked a hand down the satin, whip-striped behind of Ms Carson's mount, eyes on Susan's breasts a moment.

"Oh, we sexually abuse slaveboys as well," he said mildly.

"But...!"

"But I will be happy to discuss your concerns later, if you insist," he interrupted her. "For now, we have a mission to prepare, if you wouldn't mind?"

Spluttering, the woman turned back to her board. "Gate activation in ten minutes," she said.

Mr Rudd gave Number Seventeen's breasts a good grope, and then stroked the bridled girl between the legs. He looked up over her head to Ms Carson, the woman still in her mount's saddle.

"New?"

"Yes. Isn't she lovely?"

"Nice," the man agreed, and then glanced back to Susan. "Does that mean you're not keeping Big Tits locked away for your own personal use any more?"

Ms Carson laughed. "She's free, though she'll be spending a lot of time above ground. The Countess quite likes tormenting her. You'll have to join the queue to book her for a night I'm afraid. Sorry, didn't know you were interested or I'd have kept her to one side for you."

Susan shivered in fearful lust as the cold-eyed man lifted one of her breasts and hefted the firm globe in his palm as if weighing fruit. Mr Silver was still stroking her back, her lead still looped around his wrist. Ms Carson, playing with her mount's nipples, was watching the younger technician with a predatory smile. The young woman was watching Susan and Number Seventeen, both quite helpless and humiliatingly naked and bound, being handled and discussed, with avid delight.

"I'm sure she'll be worth the wait," the man decided.

Both shook Mr Silver's hand, offering last minute advice, the agent already briefed, Susan not even important enough to be told his mission. She was just camouflage! The big man was handed his receiver Gate, his and Susan's only way home. Folded down, the device and its targeting computer fitted into an

attaché case or shoulder bag, but the receiver Gate would need an external power source to be activated and connect with this Earth's Gate. And the main Gate here would have to be switched on, powered up, so that the two could link.

"Remember. Buying aphrodisiacs, or hiring a slave and the like, you have to show ID. Not because they're suspicious of you, but just to ensure controlled items are only available to the nobility!"

"Gate activation in sixty seconds!"

"... and having a blonde on a lead will not attract any undue attention. It's next to impossible to get import/export licences for slaves, and perfectly normal for tourists to buy or hire local merchandise. You're the one who's exotic so don't get self-conscious if people stare a little. You're not doing anything wrong."

"Got it!" Mr Silver agreed, nervously biting his lower lip, visibly tightening his grip on his receiver Gate's shoulder bag, and Susan's lead.

"... seventeen, sixteen, fifteen..."

"And don't slip out of character!" Ms Carson concluded. "It doesn't matter if you think you're alone in a forest, or a hotel room. Some birdwatcher might be about with binoculars, or some peeping tom might have drilled a hole in your hotel room's ceiling to watch the guests playing with their sex-slaves. Never assume you're alone! Keep Fourteen on a tight rein at all times, punish her severely if she even blinks, and try to fuck her in public at least once."

"Oh, and listen out for any rumours about the Crown Prince," Mr Rudd added. "He seems to have disappeared, maybe in exile or terminally ill. We might be able to take advantage of a succession battle."

Mr Silver nodded; and then suddenly, like a gently rippling slab of mercury hanging on its side, bordered by a copper framework, the Gate was in front of them. A second countdown was begun. A one way Gate could reliably be kept open for only about ten seconds. Two Gates linked together, one in each alternative dimension, were very stable, supported each other,

and required about as much power as it took to run a TV set. One Gate, in effect punching a hole into another universe, required a massive amount of power, the output of an entire power station, and was not in the least stable; it quickly became unbalanced and collapsed in on itself.

Apparently the Slaveworld one way Gate could be held open a little longer, but it didn't matter. Mr Silver didn't hesitate, resolutely striding forward, Susan helplessly pulled after him with collar and lead. She felt a moment of dizziness and nausea, stumbled on her hobble chain, and fell to her knees.

She was in a dark echoing space, a hard floor under her knees; somewhere near, but muffled, were faint traffic noises. The rippling Gate, reflecting weak sunlight from a dust obscured skylight, winked out of existence without a sound even as she watched. With very little fuss they were on another world!

Her heart thudding in her chest, heartbeat pounding in her ears, Susan looked wildly around her, shadows on all sides, the bells clipped to her nipple rings chiming merrily as her breasts swung. The sound was shockingly loud in the still humid air.

"Sshhh!" Mr Silver hissed.

Transported from the brightly lit Gate laboratory into a gloomy Slaveworld warehouse, the big man was just a white-robed shadow above her, but she could also tell where he was by the pressure on her collar, her lead held tightly wound around a fist. She tried to hold still, but the bells wouldn't stop jingling, her breasts quivering. Panting around the huge red ball buckled into her mouth, trembling in sudden fear, she couldn't help it!

Mr Silver reached down and put his hands over her breasts to silence the bells, the now familiar touch calming her. By now she was quite used to holding obediently still, placid and silent, while people, sometimes strangers, handled her. Used to being naked and bound. As her eyes acclimatised, she saw him clearer, his head turning this way and that as he examined the shadows. The empty warehouse was deserted.

Now Susan remembered. Ms Carson had been riding her at the time, playing with her breasts, and her tightly strapped in dildo and whip-burnt buttocks had been quite a distraction, but now she remembered the agents being lectured on insertion and extraction. On the first Slaveworld missions, agents had just been dropped into hopefully secluded places in the middle of the night, parks and the like. This warehouse location, scouted out on an earlier mission, and now leased by an Earth agent, provided a much more unobtrusive arrival and departure point.

"Up!"

Susan moaned behind her gag as she was pulled to her feet with firmly gripped breasts.

"Good girl," the agent said absently, patting her on the belly, and then stroking his fingers down her crotch chain to cup her sex.

One hand stroking between her legs, pulling her head back to make her look up at him with a handful of hair, the man who now had to behave as if he owned her or risk detection, lightly let the tip of his tongue trail over her ball gag parted lips. The soft folds of his flowing robe hooked on her erect, swollen nipples as Mr Silver pulled her closer. Arms chained down her back - wrists chained to her navel ring through her pussy - a length of chain between her ankles, and perched on four inch stiletto heels, Susan groaned in soft pleasure as the agent's hands caressed her bare skin.

Set in a small industrial estate, the warehouse district and surrounding working class housing, was some miles from Londinium proper, the Slaveworld's English capital. The Lords and Ladies saw no reason why they should have to live next door to industry! It wasn't the sort of place a tourist would normally end up, but only a hundred metres or so from the rented warehouse was a mag-lev station.

Yards, Susan corrected herself, hoping Mr Silver wouldn't forget either! The Slaveworld England used miles, feet and inches. It hadn't occurred to her before, she'd just worried she might make a mistake herself; but if Mr Silver gave himself away, was caught, in chains and on a collar and lead, she had no chance of escape either!

Mr Silver waited for a quiet moment, and then pulled Susan out into the sunlight, strolling across the road as if he owned it. Susan followed, her hobble making her take short neat steps, hips swaying, breasts jiggling and quivering, bells tinkling, snorting around her ball gag, slaverling on her breasts; and stark naked in public! The few serfs about stepped politely aside for a man who was clearly a noble, carefully not noticing Susan.

The peasant class always pretended not to notice sex-slaves, in case they saw a face they recognised. Never discussed sex-slaves except in whispers in the night. When a girl, sentenced in a court of law to sexual servitude, returned years later to her community and family, she would be taken in, and married to her childhood sweetheart as if she'd never been gone. The ticket clerk at the mag-lev station, with a regimental crest on the breast of his transport uniform, was a different case. The retired trooper openly admired her bound, displayed nudity. The families of serving and honourably discharged soldiers were exempt from sexual slavery.

"Londinium!" Mr Silver said in a bored tone, putting on a thick accent.

"Yes, Your Grace. That will be five crowns, if it please Your Grace," the clerk said, bobbing his head obsequiously.

The agent tossed a ten gold-crown piece on the counter. The coins weren't actually gold any more, some sort of plastic with a microprocessor built into them to prevent forgery. Susan swallowed a sudden lump in her throat. She had no idea if the coin was a Project forgery, or if some agent had robbed a bank, but thankfully the ticket clerk took the coin without comment.

Oh God, this secret agent stuff was terrifying! Her nipples ached, and she was so wet, so hot! It was almost the same sort of thrilling mix of fear and excitement as she got being tied up by someone for the first time, or lately, being given bound to a stranger.

"Next train in four minutes, Your Grace," the man said, offering a five-crown.

Mr Silver waved his change away with a careless gesture.

"Thank you Your Lordship. Very good of you. And that's a fine poodle you've got there, if I may venture an opinion."

The agent patted Susan on the bottom, and then squeezed her breasts together from behind, the full firm mounds sliding easily together, her saliva providing ample lubrication. Susan groaned softly in helpless lust.

"Yes, she is rather nice isn't she? Not as good as the girls we have back home, of course. Ah, such beauty you have never seen; but I'll admit your English fillies make a perfectly adequate travel-toy. You served did you?"

"Thirty years under Lord and Lady Salian. I trained show ponies," the retired soldier said proudly.

Mr Silver treated him to a polite but disinterested smile, and led Susan out onto the platform. The small, streamlined mag-lev train arrived almost silently, and settled down gently beside the platform. Reserved almost entirely for the aristocracy, the train of course had many free seats. The live-out servants, cooks and cleaners who worked in the grand Londinium houses, took the more expensive, slower, and unsubsidised tram.

Susan watched breathlessly as two heavy breasted slavegirls, hog-tied in clear Perspex packing crates with air holes, were loaded into the baggage car; first class post, and 'This way up' stickers, on their boxes. Both sex-toys were naked, hooded, had their waists cinched with a broad tight belt, and their breasts, flattened under them lay on pin-lined mats, little pinching metal clamps all over the large mounds. In a final torment, a string ran up from a crocodile-clip clamped clitoris, to a little pulley fixed to the top of the box, a weight swinging this way and that.

They were constantly subjected to painful, insistent little tugs to the sensitive nub the metal teeth were biting into, Susan realised. Every time the pet crates were moved, the little weights would swing this way and that! And worst of all, the poor playthings, bar codes tattooed on the soles of their feet and welts criss-crossing their buttocks, were suffering alone, their legal owner nowhere in sight!

The interior of the sleek mag-lev train resembled a lounge as much as

anything; with thick soft carpets and sofas and armchairs scattered here and there. A young Lady with a bound naked slaveboy on a lead looked up with a smile, her naked sex-toy lying at her feet, dozing. Mr Silver returned her smile, settling into a free chair, ordering Susan to her knees beside him with a snap of his fingers. Seated opposite them, a distinguished looking older man, his hair and a neat forked beard speckled with grey, had a naked girl on her knees, his cock deep in her mouth. The lovely young slave, a dark copper, red-head, a light dusting of freckles on her naked body, had her wrists bound together behind her, a strap running up to her collar to pull her arms up high behind her back.

Susan dropped to her knees, head up and thighs spread, sitting on her heels, as trained. The elegant Lord nodded politely to Mr Silver, his eyes trailing down Susan's displayed body, between her legs, all the while slowly but firmly, rhythmically, squeezing his property's breasts. Tit-trained, the red-head's lips slid down the meat rod in her mouth in time with fingers sinking into her breasts, head coming up as her owner's grip relaxed. Down, up, down, up, in time with her breasts being squeezed. Susan, similarly trained, also knew that twisted nipples commanded the slave-toy to lick her user's balls, squeezed nipples, his shaft.

Mr Silver reached down and unbuckled Susan's ball gag.

"My shoes are dirty," he said offhand, looking out a window.

Susan spared her master a grateful look, and dropped down onto her stomach, squirming to his feet. Real Slaveworld sex-toys didn't suffer much from jaw ache! A muscle relaxant, ligament/joint-stretching technique let them wear a mouth-filling ball gag almost permanently. As her tongue trailed across polished leather, another thought suddenly occurred to her. Perhaps he was just getting into his role, enjoying himself; not just maintaining his cover and allowing her a little early relief for the long day ahead.

It took only a few minutes for the mag-lev to reach Londinium's central station, the young Lady prodding her pet in the ribs with a shoe, and then leading her property from the train. She looked so young, Susan thought, though with the youth treatment knocking twenty years off her appearance, the aristocrat could have been in her thirties. Mr Silver stroked her ball gag

between Susan's legs - giving her a little taste of herself - and then buckled the large red ball back into her mouth. As Mr Silver led her from the train, bells jingling, behind them the elegant Lord was clearly in no hurry to move, until after he'd come in the red-head's mouth.

Her hobble making her take neat swaying steps, jingling bells hanging from nipple rings advertising every jiggle and swing of her breasts, Susan was led through the station. Another sleek mag-lev train had arrived, not a local, and a black uniformed trooper was checking the passes and ID's of the couple of skilled workers who had been permitted long distance travel. The trooper obviously never even considered asking Mr Silver for identification. Like all the other aristocrats, the tall black man in a turban and white flowing robe, with a naked chained blonde on a lead, was politely nodded through.

Stepping through the grand entrance, the Slaveworld was revealed in all its glory!

Chapter 7

Clearly as stunned as Susan was, Mr Silver just stood outside the station, looking around. Gawping actually! But he was meant to be a tourist. People were looking, but only because an African Prince in Londinium, the English kingdom's capital, was a little exotic. He covered by pulling out a tourist map of the city and pretending to study it.

Male and female, there were sex-slaves everywhere! Susan saw tall girls, short girls, slender girls, and deliciously plump girls; all naked or nearly so, bound and controlled! She was in heaven, paraded naked and chained in public herself, a fantasy come to life! But it wasn't quite as she had imagined. In her own fantasies, of course, she had always been the centre of attention. Even dressed, she was used to standing out in a crowd, men talking to her cleavage, but here she was just one amongst many, quite unremarkable. Blending in very nicely actually!

Jiggling, quivering and bouncing along, a good two thirds of the naked slavegirls had large full firm breasts. And where big boobs were just an injection away, and hair could be made to grow through any colour with just a simple treatment, there were an awful lot of top heavy blondes about. She remembered Ms Carson mentioning at one of the many lectures she'd been ridden to, the Slaveworld Lords and Ladies saw no reason at all why a sexual plaything should not look like one. Irrationally, Susan found herself resenting the top heavy toys for taking away the attention she often been annoyed by, but had come to expect

Streets in the capital city were divided into two, one lane for workers and commerce - filled with double-decker trams, electric delivery carts, and huge bulk haulers - the other, much quieter; reserved for the nobility. In between the occasional limousine and sports car, naked ponyslaves in harness and bridle, pulled little carriages. Faster in city traffic, weaving in, out and between the pony traps and limousines, occasionally cutting into the workers' lane, were tandem bicycles. A young Lord or Lady sat in the bicycle's front seat, steering and braking, a slave in the rear seat, shocked when they didn't

pedal fast enough, providing the power.

The wide tree-lined pavements were shared, but it was clear the nobles were given, and expected, priority; the working class always fading out of their way, stepping aside automatically for anyone whose dress identified him or her as a member of the ruling elite. Especially anyone who had a naked chained sexual plaything on a lead. Outnumbered a hundred to one, with just a scattering of uniformed soldiers here and there, their guards and enforcers, it clearly never occurred to a single aristocrat to worry for his or her safety in the bustling crowd. It never occurred to them that the crowds on the pavements were anything but sheep or cattle to be brushed aside; to be herded, controlled, culled, and used! This was their world!

Male and female owned the sex of their choice, though when a Slaveworld Lady dressed formally, her outfit wasn't complete without a poodle; traditionally a pretty, heavy-breasted, slavegirl. Many an elegant older Lady, splendid in her finery, and unwilling to dress casually like the younger generation, just had to have a voluptuous slavegirl on the end of her lead. Even the statues of long dead Kings and dignitaries, had naked slaves kneeling or hog-tied at their feet.

Soldiers wore uniform; retired soldiers, a regimental crest to distinguish themselves from the peasants. By comparison the working men wore rough-cut clothing, women, head to toe veils, looking through little gauze panels. The veil existed partly to reinforce class barriers, them and us, but was also part of the justice system. In the European kingdoms female slaves usually outnumbered male sex-toys by an average of three in every four, but if the judge couldn't see a girl's face or figure, she couldn't claim to have been given a longer sentence than a homely girl convicted of the same crime, because of good looks.

And there were of course distinctions within class, subdivisions of the four main classes; aristocrats, soldiers, servants and slaves. Gypsies were allowed to trade in sex-slaves, though not enjoy them, and they could also be sentenced to sexual slavery themselves. As a mark of their higher status than the ordinary working class, their women did not have to wear a veil. The wives of soldiers did not have to cover themselves, and, also exempt from slavery, it was the same for the women of the small middle class of slave-

dealers, doctors and priests.

"Punish your slaves!" a street vendor pushing a handcart was calling out in a loud booming voice. Presumably selling whips and the like. "How about you, Sir? Punish your slave! You, My Lady?"

Mr Silver, having got his bearings and recovered his equilibrium, reached down and unclipped Susan's manacle chain from her ankle cuffs, hanging the heavy restraint from her nipple rings. In one way she was grateful. A manacle was an indoor restraint, put a sexy sway in a slavegirl's stride, but there was a limit to how far she could walk in one in heels, without bruised ankles or falling flat on her face. They obviously had some distance to cover! But after only a half dozen steps she whimpered helplessly. The heavy chain swaying this way and that from her ringed nipples and pulling down at her breasts; teased, tugged and dragged down deliciously at her pierced nipples with every step.

"How about you Sir? And if I may say, that's a fine girl you have there," the street vendor called to Mr Silver, his eyes on Susan's displayed nudity. "Punish your slave?"

The man wore a regimental crest on his breast, and had a framed public trader's licence prominently displayed on the handcart he pushed. His eyes on Susan's body were openly appreciative, lecherous, but at the same time quite matter of fact. In this city you saw cute, buxom, naked girls with their mouths stuffed full of ball gag, arms strapped down their backs, restraint chains pulled up between their pussy lips, and with decorations or torments hanging from nipple rings, being led down the street on leads, every day.

There were a few slender slavegirls about, Susan saw. It was every noble's right to own the type of sex-toy that pleased them most. But she was quietly delighted to find that the tall anorexic fashion model type so fêted back home, was more of a Slaveworld fetish than a mainstream desire. Clearly here, on the auction blocks, short, cute, with curves and boobs, sold best! The aristocrats prized sex appeal over pure beauty! Susan, who had spent most of her adult life watching her weight and wishing she was taller, decided she was really beginning to like the Slaveworld.

"Perhaps later," Mr Silver decided, and imperiously waving the street vendor aside, led Susan away.

A couple of appreciative hands stroked a buttock as she was led along, an ancient looking woman patted her belly as Mr Silver waited to cross a road at a pedestrian crossing, and a young Lord, bubbling enthusiastically about how 'natural' Susan looked, asked her keeper if he could examine her breasts. Mr Silver graciously consented, Susan, bound, head up and ankles together, on the end of her lead, groaning softly in helpless lust as a complete stranger squeezed and hefted the heavy mounds on a busy city street. So far she was doing a superb job of helping the agent maintain his cover.

The disappointed Lordling was told she was not for sale, and with a rueful smile, hopped into the seat of a pony trap parked by the curb. His ponygirls, a pair of golden-skinned brunettes, naked skin gleaming as if oiled, panting and slavering around their bits, had heavily whip-marked haunches. Breasts supported in tight straps, tight girths holding equally tight crotch straps in place, probably fitted with dildos - the moisture gleaming on the lovely pair's inner thighs wasn't just sweat - the paired sex-toys were whipped into motion with the cutest little despairing squeaks.

Breasts jiggling despite the straps, buttocks rolling, and in perfect step, their owner flicking his lash across their haunches, the paired ponyslaves were steered out into the city traffic with reins clipped to nipple rings. The young Lord neatly steered his playthings around a limousine, pulled them back to allow a tandem bicycle to shoot past - a hooded girl with huge breasts chained down at the nipple, and sharp jawed electrodes biting into her flesh all over the swaying melons, pedalling madly - and then whipped his brunettes into a brisk trot. The young Lady steering the bicycle shrieked, and then laughed, at the near miss.

Mr Silver seemed to know where he was going, setting a brisk pace, Susan helplessly following her lead, her bells sounding merrily. Watching other slaves, she also began to realise she was being quite pampered in having her lead clipped to her collar. Many poodles had leads clipped to rings set through the tips of their tongues; or rings set through clitorises. She almost envied them!

A few pretty playthings, usually with nametags hanging from an earlobe or on a short length of chain from a pierced navel, had been fitted with five inch stiletto heels instead of the standard four inch slavegirl heels. Susan didn't know whether to envy them or not. Most sex-slaves were interchangeable, answered to "Hey you," or "Oi, Tits," users never bothering to learn their names. But an occasional girl, expensive for some reason, or at least interesting enough to remember, would be named. A champion racing ponygirl or mud-wrestler for example.

More often, and quite unremarkable in Slaveworld society, when an aristocrat found him or herself owning that one special girl - quite often pampering and obedience training the plaything personally, sometimes even to the extent of feeding and grooming the sex-toy themselves - the girl would be given a pet name, a name tag, and perched on her toes in five inch heels as a mark of her pet status. The affection, sometimes love, owners felt for their pets was genuine and quite sincere, the girl regarded as almost on a par with a family dog, and often quite spoilt. One of professor Phillips-Webber's former students, the Jenny girl, was now being kept as a pampered pet by no less a personage than the Slaveworld's Queen Victoria herself, Susan remembered.

Mr Silver wandered into the plush lobby of an imposing hotel, waving aside the doorman as if brushing away a fly. He really was getting quite good at simulating the arrogance and effortless bad manners of the very rich, Susan thought. A row of four naked girls were waiting to transport luggage; ball gagged, with arms strapped behind their backs wrist to elbow, and pulling small four-wheeled trolleys with a dildo-prong that curved up from the steerable front two wheels. Discreet signs clipped to each girl's left nipple said they were also available for room service.

In a glass case in the centre of the lobby was a muscular slaveboy, strapped to a post; art, or simply for sale, Susan couldn't tell. A collection of sex-toys were kneeling or standing, depending on their bonds and owners, at a hitching rail outside the restaurant. And at reception, a guest was scrolling through projected life-sized holographic images of naked slavegirls, selecting room service.

"And I'll have that one," he decided, choosing another of the ubiquitous top heavy blondes.

"Very good Sir. Your choices will be delivered with your luggage. The en suite playroom is equipped with a wide range of sexual toys, restraints, and punishment aids," the receptionist said, "And if you require any specialist items, the in-hotel shop carries a large selection of slave training equipment, or we can order in for you."

He bowed and turned to Mr Silver.

"May I help you Sir?"

"I am Prince al-Hakhiem Raj. I believe my good friend Lord Essex left a package for me?"

"Yes Your Highness. One moment please."

Moments later Susan was being led back out onto the street. At another plush hotel, slaves on hands and knees serving as stools and between them with table surfaces strapped to their backs, scattered around the lobby, the performance was repeated. Mr Silver, perhaps a simple first mission to ease him in, was clearly just here to pick up other agents' reports, or any technology they might have come across.

The initial terror and excitement had faded a little, but the now dripping-wet pussy chain linking her wrist cuffs to her pierced navel was still keeping Susan very hot. She cried out in pleasure behind her ball gag when her keeper allowed another admirer to handle her. With a grin, clearly starting to enjoy himself, Mr Silver consulted his map, and with a tug of her lead, led her on.

They took a water taxi across and down the river Tamesis, Susan glad to get off her feet and onto her knees with the agent's cock in her mouth for just a moment. Her shoes were rubbing her heels a little. She'd spent too much time as Ms Carson's pony, and hadn't had as much practice in stiletto heeled shoes as she should have had, she now realised. Also, jaw ache had been making itself seriously felt. Lips sliding up and down the big man's penis in time with her breasts being squeezed, arms strapped behind her, sweat slick under her collar, and a young couple idly watching; thick, hot, slimy semen splashed into her mouth.

Only when Mr Silver secured her lead over a hook outside a bakery, and the delicious aroma made saliva rush into her mouth, welling around her replaced ball gag and dripping down onto her breasts, was the revolting sour and salty taste of come washed away! A naked slavegirl secured to the next hook, the usual big-breasted blonde, watched her curiously a moment and then looked away. The tongue-clamped slave had a short chain linking her nipple rings, squeezing the big globes of her breasts lightly together. A T-shaped chastity rod was threaded through a set of four rings set through each sex lip, a padlock on the rod's base, and a waspie corset squeezed an already small waist - probably the work of a cosmetic surgeon - down to a neat but breathless eighteen inches. Her tattooed bar code and serial number were prominently displayed high on a buttock, and pretending to ignore Susan, she proudly tossed her long golden hair aside, revealing a pet's nametag hanging from her left earlobe like an earring. There were class divisions even amongst slaves!

A young Lordling entering the shop, and surely not old enough to legally own or handle the blonde, slid his hands up a thigh and squeezed her behind. Happily watching the blonde being fondled, it only occurred to Susan she'd been slighted after the teenager entered the shop. 'Hey, why not me!'

The voluptuous sex-slave's owner, an old man, spry but walking with the help of a cane, and taking into account the Slaveworld's youth treatment, probably at least a hundred years old, appeared from inside the shop. He pushed his young property onto her back across one of the bakery's outdoor tables and dropped a Danish pastry onto her breasts. Fastidiously settling himself down into a chair, he then placed a glass of juice on his pet's belly, her flesh squeezed into a taut swell by the waspie corset.

You didn't need a plate when you had a slave to eat off!

Following the old Lord's lead, Mr Silver pushed Susan face down across another table, dropping something sticky onto one buttock, and balancing a cup of coffee or tea on the other, the heat soon beginning to burn uncomfortably through the saucer.

"Nice animal you have there. Got a very natural look to her."

"Thank you," Mr Silver replied, his put-on accent thicker than ever, dealing with a social equal now. "Just a holiday-toy. I will... how you say... auction her?... when I return home."

"The Marquis of Westcastle," the wizened, almost bald, aristocrat introduced himself with a twinkling smile, offering a hand.

"Prince al-Hakhiem Raj," Mr Silver said, shaking the offered hand.

"Nubian?"

"Sudanese," Mr Silver corrected.

"Oh, of course. I do apologise."

"No, not at all necessary," Mr Silver assured him. "The Nubian coronet is very... please excuse my English... alike. The Royal families are, distantly, related."

"You'll be selling her when you leave, then?"

"It is possible I can get a licence to export her. My mother, and your Queen Victoria has some... acquaintance? If not, then I'll sell."

"Ah," the Marquis nodded. "Well do let me give you my card. If you do have to sell her, I'll be happy to make you an offer."

Susan face down across the table, breasts flattened under her, could imagine the agent patting his pouch and feigning embarrassment. He explained, being on holiday, he had neglected to bring communicator, cards, or credit ID; but would send a card by post at the first opportunity. She wondered idly what such an ancient, frail-looking old man wanted with another young slave? His heavy-breasted blonde pet alone looked like she could quite easily kill him off in bed if she wasn't gentle. That aphrodisiac the Lords and Ladies took must be some powerful stuff!

"So you're just looking around today are you?" the Marquis asked politely. "Mind if I join you for half an hour or so? We could take a stroll around a park? My good lady is shopping with my granddaughters. They promised to

be only four hours, but you know women and shops."

"Of course. I just have to pick up a... package?... for a friend first," the agent laughed.

Now matching the old man's slower pace, Susan was fitted with her hobble chain again. It was nice not to have the ends of the heavy manacle chain hanging from her nipple rings in a swinging loop any longer. But now she had to take little neat fast steps again, hips swaying and breasts wobbling and jiggling. Both helplessly following their keepers' leads, the nipple-chained blonde with the pussy lock, walking beside her, loftily ignoring Susan, Mr Silver led the way to another luxurious hotel.

A pair of typical Slaveworld slavegirls stood strapped to rings set into the marble walls to either side of the doors, legs chained wide. Clipped to pussy lips, hanging on short chains, each had a small polished 'tips' bowl swinging between her legs marked, THE STAFF THANK YOU. Even though gold crown coins were plastic, not actually gold, enough of them were still heavy, dragging down cruelly. Susan wouldn't have believed sex lips could stretch that much if she hadn't seen it herself, tears beaded both ball gagged sex-toys' cheeks. In the centre of the lobby on a low pedestal, room service slaves were being made to put on a sex-show, to advertise themselves and amuse the guests.

A very heavy breasted slavegirl with a beautiful shining mane of long thick auburn hair, completely naked, and with arms strapped behind her wrist to elbow, was sat astride a powerful slaveboy, impaled on his cock. Another slave kneeling behind her thrust deep into her ass, and a third slaveboy standing over the first thrust a large cock into her mouth. The girl had straps buckled around the base of each over-large breast, squeezing the huge heavy melons out into spheres, the thin leather straps digging deep into her pale flesh. She was fitted with a waist cincher just as tight as the Marquis's blonde pet's, and running down her front from collar to ringed clitoris, a tormenting chain dragged up at the pierced nub as she thrust and squirmed.

A small crowd of twenty or so aristocrats had gathered to watch. The sweat-gleaming slave's hips bucked as she eagerly thrust herself back and down on the cock of the slaveboy she was astride, encouraged by the thrust

from the hard meat shaft embedded deep between her buttocks. Yelping and gasping in high-pitched ecstasy, she was encouraged by three pairs of hands, spanking her flanks and behind, squeezing bound breasts, and twisting hard, swollen, nipples! A discreet red tag clipped to one abused nub, said she was available for the comfort of guests in the penthouse only.

"Oh I say; I think it's one of the new ones," the Marquis of Westcastle said, suddenly interested. "I'd heard the Grand had managed to get hold of one!"

"Sorry?" Mr Silver asked as the aristocrat led him closer.

"You haven't heard about this secret new slave-treatment?"

The agent shook his head.

"Some sort of powerful new aphrodisiac! Drives slaves, especially the girls, absolutely wild. Total devotion, ridiculously easy to obedience-train, and they just come and come again, until you finally screw them unconscious. There have been rumours of an improved slave treatment going about for over a year now, mostly concerning sex-toys owned by the Royal family. A few are just starting to come onto the market now. Very expensive!"

Both Susan and the man holding her lead suddenly found themselves staring very hard at the utterly gorgeous, very sexy, plaything; impaled front, back, and mouth, by huge slave-cocks. They both knew there was no new improved aphrodisiac, though from the Marquis's point of view, the rumour made sense.

What they were looking at was a girl taken from their own world, and brought to this alternative dimension where she was very much more sensitive to the drugs than the normal Slaveworld sex-slave. Perhaps only six months ago she had been a student, a lap dancer, or just bored out of her skull behind a supermarket checkout, back in Susan's Britain!

The Slaveworld aphrodisiacs had been in use a long time now. Sex-slaves were of course treated to make them hot and obedient, and the nobles used a milder version to improve their own sexual stamina. Inevitably some drugs

found their way onto the black market - there was little other entertainment for the peasant class - and as troopers had long known; tasting a slavegirl's juices being a perk of the job, the aphrodisiac was secreted in bodily fluids. The drug had been around so long it was in the food chain now, and the effects were cumulative! A girl whose parents had used the aphrodisiac was less susceptible than one whose parents had not. Parents and grandparents; and the stimulant had less effect still. Every new Slaveworld generation was slowly building up immunity. When owners said, "They don't make slaves like they used to," they were right.

It made the idea of kidnapping a girl from an alternative dimension and training her to serve, a girl with no resistance at all to the already very powerful aphrodisiac, a very attractive proposition! Especially if you'd been brought up to believe the whole world existed for your pleasure. Susan knew if she was ever treated herself, with a little firm training, she would in very short order be a totally docile little pet, pathetically eager to please, constantly craving sex, and quite content to exist purely for pleasure of others. Scary stuff!

"Ah yes, I was right," the Marquis told Mr Silver. "See the Royal brand?"

The British girl had been branded, a small crown high on the right buttock, almost on the hip, with a letter G under it. A crown to show she had been owned by a member of the Royal family, the initial, her owner. Susan tried to think of a Royal with a letter G. There was a Prince Gregor, wasn't there? Closer, Susan saw the auburn haired sex-toy with her arms strapped behind her back, gasping in lust around a cock almost down her throat, had her bar code and serial number tattooed on the underside of the breast. Like her own fake, in the usual place on large breasted property. The British girl, surely with no idea where she was, or how she had ended up in this strange warped distorted nightmare of home, had undoubtedly not been born with such huge heavy breasts, such a small waist, flawless skin, and beautiful hair. Possibly her face had been improved as well. Here, if a slavegirl was really hot, then any cosmetic bill was usually considered worth it.

Watching with a mixture of thrilled, delighted, horror, envy, and resolving to help rescue the poor slave crying out in forced ecstasy as she was made to come again, as soon as possible, Susan had to admit the Grand Hotel's

property was putting on a totally superb sex-show. Mr Silver eventually pulled himself away from the entertainment, and the exchange at the reception desk again went flawlessly.

Fortune favours the bold! Probably reminded by the three-into-one public sex-show, that the Project's biochemists really wanted a sample of the Slaveworld aphrodisiac, Mr Silver saw the opportunity his new acquaintance offered, and took it. Both of them still leading their naked, bound playthings, he casually steered the Marquis into the in-hotel pet shop.

A hooded girl mounted on a dildo pole stood spreadeagled in chains in the centre of the pet shop. Display cases of whips, dildos and the like covered one wall; mannequins, displaying restraints, and in harnesses and bridles, hitched to pony traps down the other. A ponyboy trotted on a treadmill, a mannequin in the seat of the pony trap he pulled. Specialising more in selling equipment, the whip or strap-on dildo a hotel guest might have forgotten to pack, than actual slaves, the merchandise was limited when compared to a major city pet store. Just a couple of boy toys, and a half dozen top heavy slavegirls, in cages.

They both politely waited for the salesman to finish serving a slightly flustered looking matron, a hundred years old if she was a day.

"... it's my nephew's eighteenth birthday you see, and the girl my daughter picked out has been lost in the post," she was explaining. "I only have half an hour before I have to leave for the party!"

"I'm sure we can find you a replacement," the salesman soothed, the light of commission in his eyes.

"But I don't... you see my late husband always took care of this sort of thing. What do you buy a teenager these days? What do boys like?" she asked anxiously.

"Something blonde, curvy, with big heavy tits," the salesman said positively. "Can't go wrong."

The Lady looked around anxiously for confirmation.

"Oh indubitably," the Marquis assured her with a little formal bow.

Mr Silver nodded agreement, pushing Susan forward as an example. Hesitantly the woman reached out and patted Susan on the belly, stroking a buttock. Clearly she was used to handling sex-slaves, just hadn't got to pick one for herself for a long time. Susan moaned in soft pleasure as another stranger hefted and squeezed her large breasts. A slight smile tugged at the worried looking aristocrat's lips as she held up Susan's breasts lightly squeezed together. Holding up the heavy mounds, her wrinkled old hands trembled, Susan's flesh quivering in her palms.

"My late husband always said you could tell a docile girl by biting her nipples?"

"Oh yes, he was right," the Marquis assured her.

"Feel free," Mr Silver waved careless permission.

Susan moaned in pained lust as her aching, straining, swollen nipples were nipped between sharp, probably false, teeth, fingernails sinking painfully deep in the heavy globes. She held position easily.

"She's lovely," the old lady said with a shy smile, giving Susan's breasts one last moan-producing squeeze. "But the Earl always insisted we owned tall, elegant, beautiful, girls. He wouldn't even have a dairy slave in the house. He always said sexy was just another word for vulgar."

"Now there, I'd have to disagree with the gentleman," the Marquis said sorrowfully. He patted his own property on the backside. "I take a great deal of pleasure in owning my little pet here." He gave the blonde's chastity lock a little tug. "Prince Raj?"

"Oh I have to agree," Mr Silver reassured the grey-haired woman, his put-on accent as thick as ever. "You are elegant! Your... property... exists only to give you pleasure!"

Merchandise, with wrists cuffed behind backs, was brought out of cages, paraded up and down a small catwalk by an assistant, and then

enthusiastically physically examined and tested. Susan watched in horrified unwilling arousal as the naked slavegirls were groped and stroked, squirming and moaning in delight as vibrators were pushed deep inside their pussies, and squealing in pain as shock batons were thrust into asses and then triggered. The sweet-looking old grandmother, wearing insulated gloves to protect herself, held each top heavy slave in place, bent forward over a horizontal pole, with a firm grip on the breasts, as the salesman triggered the shock baton pushed deep into the toys' back passage again and again. Until pain finally forced the tortured girls to twist out of her grip, flesh sweat-slick.

A large-breasted twenty-nine year old, with a pretty face, buttock-length honey coloured hair and a clinic-nipped wasp waist, convicted of shop lifting at eighteen and with a year still left on her sentence, was chosen as the birthday present. Mr Silver and the Marquis, as well as the salesman, offered advice. It was perfectly normal to be given a mature slave, with only a couple of remaining years to serve, as an eighteenth birthday present. An experienced sex-toy, who would placidly accept any punishment, had been used for sex in every possible way, and wouldn't even blink at the most bizarre or perverted order. Who just didn't know how to say no, and who would be totally devoted, considering it a privilege to be owned by a vigorous, sex-mad, young Lord with enough stamina and enthusiasm to screw her bound, hooded, gagged body unconscious.

It was far, far better for the young Lord exploring the new exciting world of sadism and sex, than being given a sweet young innocent and inexperienced slave, begging and pleading, who he might feel sympathy for. A young noble could learn inhibitions that would ruin his future pleasure if his first slave wasn't perfectly docile, and thoroughly aroused by every last degrading, humiliating, agonising use she was put to. As well, owning a real woman, not just a girl his own age, proved to the teenager he had arrived, had joined the adult club! And finally, as a practical consideration, being given a slave with only a year or so of her sentence left to serve, meant that if a new slave wasn't quite to your own tastes, you didn't have to offend the present giver by selling the girl, knowing she'd be gone soon anyway.

The honey blonde clearly loved being petted and took pain well, the shock baton again deep between her buttocks, stretching her anus wide as she was

tested one last time. Squealing behind a red ball gag every time the salesman pulled the trigger, gasping, wide baby-blue eyes blinking away tears, sweat gleamed on her flanks. Bent forward over the display pole her legs trembled, her hands locked behind her were clenched into tight fists, and she bucked and twisted with each shock, ribs showing with every shuddering breath. But the mature plaything never once tried to pull her large firm breasts out of the avidly watching old Lady's cruel grasp, fingers twisted deep into soft weighty velvet flesh.

Just about to pay for her lucky nephew's birthday present, flushed with excitement and clearly enjoying herself, the aristocrat suddenly paused.

"And I'll take that one for myself," she said firmly.

The impulse buy, "That one," was an eighteen-year old show pony. Show ponies competed in pairs in the dressage ring, pulling a single driver and pony trap over a ten minute performance. The ideal show pony was five feet tall, never more than five feet two inches and competition rules required a bust size twice the tightened girth size. She hadn't taken pain nearly as well as the honey blonde birthday present, but she'd come easily when the vibrator had been twisted into her, and having the old Lady lightly slapping her impressive breasts had clearly aroused her. A deliciously cute little thing with big wide eyes, huge breasts and a tiny waist, you just wanted to spank her. Well, Susan did! She still found herself resenting attention given to slaves with breasts enlarged to more than her own natural dimensions. It didn't seem fair.

The delighted Lady proudly led her purchases out of the shop, pausing a moment to watch the live sex-show. Naked, wrists locked behind backs and mouths filled with ball gags, legal property, the two sex-toys on leads docilely followed their new owner. The shop also threw in chastity belts, collars, four inch stiletto heeled shoes and hobble chains with every purchase. The honey blonde was secured to the hitching rail outside the restaurant, allowed to kneel with a hood pulled down over her head. And with half an hour still to spare before the aristocrat had to leave for her nephew's birthday party, Susan watched the pretty little show pony led up to the Lady's suite. Where no doubt her new hundred-year old owner would soon be sitting on her face, squeezing and twisting those big breasts, and pussy whipping the

gorgeous little sex-toy.

"Yes Sirs. How may I help you?" the salesman asked, clearly a happy man, having just sold not one but two slaves.

Mr Silver carelessly ordered a pack of Blues, the aristocrat's usual sexual stimulant, and then suddenly looked stricken, theatrically putting a hand to his pouch. It was very neatly done! "Oh, allow me," the Marquis said, handing over his own ID for the proscribed item. Mr Silver gave Susan's bottom a contented pat as he slipped the nobles-only stimulant into his pouch.

"Will there be anything else Sir?" the salesman asked. "We are offering free body piercing to guests this month," he offered.

Susan, all eyes on her, waited for Mr Silver to say no. To her relief, the agent didn't disappoint.

"I'm not a guest," he said.

"Oh, the offer extends to patrons of the restaurant and hotel shop," the man assured him.

"Sure, why not."

Susan sank her teeth into her ball gag!

She tried to catch the agent's eye as he passed over her lead, giving him an appealing look, but the man who was posing as her legal keeper, with total power over her, actually seemed to be excited by the idea. Almost in the shop window, Lords and Ladies passing by, she was flipped onto her back on a padded bench, lying on her bound arms, legs strapped into stirrups like a gynaecologist's, pulled wide.

"Her clit looks quite prominent," the Marquis commented, leaning over the salesman's shoulder.

"Yes Sir. Surprising she's not already ringed actually."

Mr Silver gave the man an enquiring look. "I am new to your country. You

could perhaps explain."

"Yes Sir, of course. As you know, the clitoris is not always prominent enough to set a ring through in all girls. And perhaps it's different in Africa, but in this country, having a ring set through the clit usually adds three to five thousand crowns to a girl's value. If you'd like, I can go ahead? You'll probably be able to sell her for more than you bought her for."

Susan whined softly, plaintively, behind her gag. She knew not to make a fuss. Sexual property was not consulted as to how it would be decorated. She could only hope the agent wasn't getting too into his role.

"Yes!" Mr Silver decided.

"Where did you buy her?" the Marquis asked as the salesman laid out the tools of his trade.

The agent after obligingly unlocking Susan's pussy chain, stood above her at her head, looking down her body, slowly kneading her breasts. The Marquis's blonde pet was now watching her with interest. Unlike a ball gag, you could manage a hint of a smile around a tongue clamp.

"Oh, a little Gypsy auction at the port my liner docked at," Mr Silver replied off handedly.

"Strange. They're usually canny traders, the Travellers."

Susan under local anaesthetic felt nothing as a thick shiny ring - too solid to be just decorative, a restraint! - was set through her clitoris, and then bonded into one piece. The ring was again permanent, would have to be cut off.

"She's a wet one, isn't she?" the salesman said, then inspecting a nipple ring. "I could replace these for you, while I'm at it, Sir. Rather shoddy workmanship."

Mr Silver gave his permission. Her nipples and navel already pierced, the old rings only had to be cut away, and new ones fitted. Mr Silver and the

aristocrat inspected her, complimented the man on the neatness of his work, and with her wrist cuffs' chain threaded through her new clit ring and padlocked back to her bell button, Susan was allowed to stand. The salesman handed over three small vials of medicine, one for that evening, one for each of the following days, and promised Susan would be fully healed up in the three days. Susan suspected the Project's biochemists would be getting the vials, and she would have to heal up the slow old fashioned way.

Clitoris still numb, no pain, but thinking about what had been so casually done to her, remembering her nipples being pierced, Susan swayed, almost fainting again, but this time managed to keep her feet. It helped that she hadn't been able to watch. They were so matter of fact about it all! Like shoeing a horse, or putting a ring through a bull's nose. An unimportant, everyday act! The salesman reached out and hefted one of her breasts.

"If you like, I could firm these up a little for you as well, Sir? Getting just a touch of droop."

"Sorry, my English," Mr Silver said. "You want...?"

"Just to make the tits a little larger. It firms them up."

Susan squealed in protest behind her gag.

She knew she'd made a mistake, broken cover, even before Mr Silver flipped her down over one knee and rained slaps, each a solid stinging blow, a blaze of pain, down on her behind. But she couldn't help it! Mr Silver explained she was a new, inexperienced, slave as he punished her. Buttocks on fire, blinking away tears when she was pulled back to her feet and looked up at the big man, teeth clenched tight into her gag, Susan held herself obediently still as each breast was given several stinging slaps, heavy flesh bouncing under the blows.

"Even inexperienced, it needs to be properly punished," the Marquis said with a frown.

"She will be," the agent said grimly, then turned to the salesman. "Carry on."

The man scurried away and returned with a syringe. "Two cc's should be enough, Your Grace," he said.

The black man finally met Susan's eyes. He was not only angry; but scared, she realised. She could see the fear in his eyes. Not at all the bold secret agent she had imagined. She had nearly given him away, and he'd almost lost it!

"Make it ten!" he commanded spitefully, knowing Susan had seen his fear. And didn't dare protest again.

The injection to her upper arm was the lightest of pin pricks.

Eyes unseeing, her thoughts turned inwards, teeth resting lightly on the large ball strapped into her mouth, Susan followed her lead automatically, led out of the pet shop and back into the hotel lobby, bells jingling merrily as her large breasts swayed and quivered with each hobble-restricted step. She was sure the heavy mounds already felt swollen! Please not bigger!

She almost bumped into Mr Silver when the black man and his new noble friend paused in the lobby again, watching the show. On her low stage the Earth girl, her body also 'improved', to suit the tastes of those who owned her, was licking semen off her huge breasts with every sign of pleasure. She still sat impaled astride one male slave, the second with a hard cock still deep in her ass, the big strap-squeezed melons held up to her lips. The two slaveboys were still a moment. Arms firmly strapped behind her back, her audience grown to thirty or so now, the naked sex-object licked her lips and looked around curiously. Waiting for the slaveboy who had come over her face and breasts to be replaced. Although no doubt once she'd been quite frantic for someone to tell her where this place was, this distorted England, explain what had happened to her - how she got here, and why her? - now the stunning sex-toy's eyes were quite placid, dazed with pleasure.

Another naked slaveboy, erect cock swinging this way and that, the huge shaft straining to be free from the Arab-strap buckled tight around balls and the base of the shaft, was already being led forward. Not only girls were improved! The boy-toy who had come without permission was hauled off to be punished, the tit-strapped girl's lips closed over a new cock, and the show continued. Grunting in pained lust as hard meat was thrust into her tight little

ass, again firmly thrusting herself down onto the man she was astride, hips bucking in time with slaps, yanked pubic hair, squeezed breasts and twisted nipples, the Earth girl was soon squeaking in frantic uninhibited pleasure around the obstruction deep in her mouth.

But that one glimpse of the sex-slave, without a cock in her mouth, had been enough. Susan suddenly realised she recognised the girl!

A missing person's case she'd come across when she'd still been a WPC herself. She hadn't worked the case herself, but remembered it, because there had been a television appeal for information by the girl's legal guardian, her spinster aunt. Susan remembered thinking at the time she'd have probably run away from the strict ultra-religious old tyrant herself. It had been an open and shut case. Living at home, not allowed boyfriends, sent to bed at 9:30 every night with only a Bible to read, the girl had quite clearly run off with the first boy who'd said hello. Susan didn't remember her name, but she was sure it was the same girl. The Grand hotel's very expensive and utterly gorgeous auburn haired sex-toy, had been a mousy, bespectacled, eighteen year old trainee librarian back in the real world!

The dragon aunt had been quite clear her charge was a dutiful little virgin, a quiet girl with no interest in boys, and had to have been abducted. No one had wanted to go to too much trouble for such an obvious runaway, and after the TV appeal, auntie had been patted on the head and sent on her way. Clearly the girl didn't get out much, was a bit shy and an innocent, but Susan had had to take the virgin claims with a pinch of salt. In this day and age?

Branded now, a serial number and bar code also marking her body, cocks deep in ass, sex and mouth, hands all over her body, sweat gleaming on her naked skin and performing in front of a growing audience - word spreading that the Grand had one of the 'New Ones' on show - the girl with the belt-cinched hour glass figure and huge strap-bound slave-breasts, cried out in ecstasy as she was made to come again. Clearly no longer shy or a virgin!

There was another small park opposite the hotel, and the Marquis guided Mr Silver towards it. With its wide tree-lined boulevards and many parks, few buildings higher than eight storeys, Londinium was really a very attractive little city, Susan thought. No doubt it helped that only aristocrats

were allowed to own land and so the working class could be confined to their own little ghettos along with unpleasant business and industry. The serfs didn't even dare litter, unless they wanted to experience what it felt like to wear a collar.

"Punish your slaves! Punish your slaves!"

There was a collection of the little handcarts they had seen earlier, clearly the Slaveworld version of hot dog sellers, gathered in the centre of the park. A huge bronze statue, twice life-size, was set in the middle of the central square, mounted on a two-metre high, white marble base. Immortalised in bronze, a handsome man in a circlet crown with a long sword strapped down his back, reins and whip in hands, stood in a chariot, driving a team of four ponygirls. The sculptor had clearly been a true genius. The way the sense of movement had been captured, frozen for just a moment, as in a photograph, was quite uncanny. You could almost imagine the sculpture coming to life, the powerful man swinging his whip in, ponygirls bounding forward, muscle flowing under harnessed flesh, breasts bouncing and thighs pumping.

The simple caption read, KING JOHN II.

The Marquis waved Mr Silver forward. "You can punish her here. Serious disobedience should be dealt with immediately, I've always said."

Susan looked around the handcarts with growing dread. At one a slaveboy being held in place with his penis in a screw-down vice, his wrists cuffed to the front of his collar, was having his behind firmly whipped. They weren't selling whips, they were selling punishments, she realised! A pussy-whipped slavegirl strapped across a handcart on her back, breasts quivering and dancing as she sobbed, thrashing against her restraints, was shrieking and pleading around her gag.

"You will please explain," Mr Silver asked. "This is new to me. These men are...?"

"Soldiers. Retired. Or sometimes serving, but off duty at the moment," the Marquis explained. "At home, if a girl deserves it, you would order her punished by the household troops. And even with a pet," he patted his blonde

on the behind, "sometimes, you just can't be bothered to tie her down and swing a cane yourself."

The aristocrat squeezed his property's behind, the top heavy blonde; tongue-clamped, naked and humiliatingly bound, sighing in soft pleasure as she was petted.

"So when you're in the city for the day, with no access to your own staff, these fellows provide a professional punishment at a very reasonable price," the Marquis concluded.

"It is safe?" Mr Silver asked.

"Oh yes," the aristocrat assured him. "They're all fully licensed. I've had my little pet here publicly punished many a time." He chuckled, handling a breast. "She's always more responsive to my needs after a good tit whipping."

Mr Silver dutifully laughed along with him.

"So which fellow do you like the look of?" the Marquis asked.

The unoccupied street traders calling out their pitch, suddenly aware that there was business to be had, that the aristocrat and agent strolling around the square were not just spectators, redoubled their efforts.

"Punish your slave Sir? Tit torture a speciality. Thirty years in the trade!"

"Shock dildos! Shock dildos!"

"Cunts whipped. Cunts whipped!"

"Punish your slave Sir? Full body whipping while mounted on a vibrator pole? Guaranteed to call out your name in pleasure, even while she squeals in pain!"

"Anal shocks. Ice dildos! Tits tortured!"

"Punish your slave Sir?"

Feet dragging, Susan was pulled forward by her lead.

"How much?" Mr Silver asked his choice.

The street vendor's eyes trailed across Susan's bound nudity, a brief smile tugging at his lips when he saw her blinking away tears, fear as well as lust making her ring-and-bell-decorated nipples stand out.

"Five crowns, Your Lordship."

Mr Silver nodded amiably, and passed over Susan's lead. Seeing the naked excitement in the off-duty soldier's eyes, she whined softly behind her ball gag, but didn't dare make a public fuss. A pair of old Ladies sitting on a nearby bench stirred themselves and wandered over for a better view of her punishment, an elegant Lord and his Lady walking arm in arm also paused to watch the show.

Susan was pushed face down across the handcart, lying on her stomach, her breasts pushed down between two wooden bars that screwed together like a workbench vice. Slowly, cranked tighter and tighter over the base of each breast, the bars gripped her harder and harder, the device firmly squeezing both full globes as well as holding her immovably in place, bent forward from the waist when the street vendor finished turning the vice's handcrank. Susan groaned in pleasure when the uniformed man reached under her to squeeze a clamped breast, and then yelped in distress as he touched an electrode to first one nipple then the other. She twisted and tried to rear up, but her clamped breasts held her down. There was no escape. Gasping around her ball gag at each little snap-like shock, Susan able to imagine a blue spark leaping from metal to her own flesh only too well, pain seared the straining nubs.

The torturer-for-hire nodded to himself in satisfaction, the electric shocks to her nipples apparently not a part of the public punishment, just a check to see if the breast clamp held her down firmly enough. Attracted by her cries, her audience of elegant nobles had grown to about a dozen or so now. Naked, bound, about to be sexually punished in front of all these strangers, Susan whimpered in humiliated uncontrolled lust as her ankles were chained to the handcart.

Mr Silver, as was his place as owner, removed her pussy chain and ball gag, the bright red ball replaced with a ring gag. The metal ring, buckled into place behind her teeth, also held her mouth firmly open, but unlike a ball gag; things like cocks, electrodes or juice-coated dildos could be pushed into the helpless slavegirl's held-open mouth. Panting in a mixture of fear and lust, Susan flinched when the agent stroked her behind. She'd never in her wildest pre-Project dreams imagined, dared to hope, sexual discipline might be a public event. Street theatre! The handcart vendor pulled and then buckled a strap breathlessly tight around her waist.

Under her, her breasts were dragged down into tortured cones below the tight jaws of the clamps, nipple rings chained to something. Susan shrieked as a heavy rod of ice was thrust into her back passage without warning, stretching her anus wide. After the first gasping shock, a deep penetrating cold at the core of her body slowly started to spread from the inside out. Her shriek became a rising wail as scalding hot steam wafted over her chained down and clamped breasts.

Being gentle, or perhaps just teasing her, the street vendor eased the buzzing vibrator into her presented sex slowly. The tip throbbing over pussy lips, a delicious teasing torment, he then lightly touched the tip to her newly ringed clitoris with a harsh buzz. The anaesthetic starting to wear off a little, a hint of painful pulsing throbbing in her newly pierced flesh, Susan wailed in ecstasy. Almost made to come; but not quite there, the ringed nub still half numb! The growing audience clapped politely.

A whip landed with a Thwack! Susan's moans became a squeal, a familiar blaze of pain laid across both buttocks. She was whipped again, and then again, each stripe carefully just below the last, the vendor a craftsman. After the initial wicked sting, Susan blinking away tears, leather landed on her flesh with a loud, vicious crack again, and throbbing heat burned deeper and deeper into the marked hemispheres. Panting heavily, her fringe already plastered to her forehead, Susan felt sweat trickling between her buttocks, under the chains that held in place the ice-coated dildo and vibrator.

Her hips twitching, buttocks trembling and quivering, but held firmly in place by her breasts, ankles and the broad strap tight around her waist, Susan squeaked and gasped wordlessly as she was whipped. Doing a little dance to

the limit of her chained ankles. Breasts scalded, chained down at the nipple, the icicle deep up her ass was a spreading core of cold, and her bottom was on fire, the whip delivering another viper kiss. Hot and cold! Pain and pleasure, all mingled, intertwined. Inseparable! The vibrator was making her so desperately hot. She was dripping wet around it, and worse, she knew the members of the street vendor's audience behind her could see it.

Could quite clearly see the huge buzzing shaft, stretching her pussy wide, her juices coating the ridged shaft, as well as raised welts on her trembling buttocks! Another whip-forced squeak was cut off, became a helpless gurgle, as a cock was thrust deep into her ring-gag held-open mouth. Susan took half a dozen more whip strokes, senses dulled, before she realised the penis she was gasping around, hard up against the back of her throat, was not Mr Silver. The agent must have let the Marquis sample her.

She hadn't thought her numbed clitoris was going to let her come, but the ancient aristocrat's semen splashing into her mouth, hot, sticky and revolting, was the catalyst. She shrieked in ecstasy, orgasm after orgasm consuming her will, waves of pleasure racking her bound, punished body; pleasure earthing in nipples and groin.

When Susan, sweat-lathered, panting and exhausted, finally recovered her senses, the taste of obediently swallowed come coating her tongue, she realised she must have put on quite a good show. Released from her bonds, lying on her stomach on smooth stone, licking Mr Silver's sandalled feet clean to thank him for her correction, above her the street vendor was passing a hat around and was clearly doing very well indeed.

Mr Silver and his new friend parted company, promising to get in touch again. The agent undoubtedly would, Susan guessed. The Marquis was too good a contact for the Project to let slip away; and besides, the aristocrat had promised the big man the use of his blonde pet the next time they met. The agent must have found the street theatre quite stimulating himself, because no sooner had he buckled Susan's ball gag back into her mouth and led her out of sight, than he pulled her astride him on a park bench.

Again in public, arms still bound down her back, moaning as her pink and very tender breasts were squeezed, but obediently thrusting herself onto her

master's cock in time with the heavy mounds being squeezed, Susan was made to come again. She was actually slightly amazed; she didn't think she had it in her. But the setting made all the difference.

Nearby on the grass, a heavy-breasted blonde with a was -waist and her wrists cuffed behind her to a tight belt, a blindfold over her eyes, was being enthusiastically taken doggie style by a young Lord, her face between a Lady's spread thighs. They seemed a nice young couple, and were clearly taking a great deal of pleasure in their plaything's sexual use. A pet's name tag swung teasingly under the girl on a short length of chain from her pierced clitoris, the top heavy plaything with the hour glass figure obviously pampered and well cared for. She had a gold jewel-studded collar around her neck, sapphires hanging from each pierced nipple, her hair a glossy mane, skin flawless velvet, and only a few whip lines marked her haunches and large breasts.

Susan felt a momentary flash of envy, wishing for just a second she could swap places and be owned by the attractive young Lord and his beautiful Lady; be their sex-toy. But Mr Silver led her away.

Late that night, the whole mission's duration probably not having been more than twelve hours, in a quiet back alley, the agent pulled the maintenance panel off a street lamp, shorting out the light itself, and set up his Gate using the street lamp's power. It was the work of a moment to unfold the Gate's framework, power up the computer; and then there, rippling gently, was the Gate to home. Once they were through, the device would self-destruct, leaving behind only some melted unrecognisable slag. Probably some poor innocent serf would get a couple of years' sexual service for littering.

Still naked and in chains, as she'd been throughout the mission, Susan was pulled through the dimensional portal. There was the same moment of dizzying nausea, and then the Slaveworld was a world away! She briefly wondered if it had occurred to the agent that the receiver Gate would only work if the Project's main Gate was also powered up, so that the two could link? It had only just occurred to her, that the Project could strand an agent if they wanted to.

Mr Silver received hearty congratulations from all around. The biotechs were delighted with the sexual stimulants, the healing drugs in the vials, and happily took blood samples from Susan and a biopsy from where the breast enlargement injection had been. Ms Carson herself promised the agent a commendation, her superior patting the big man on the back. It was the most successful first mission yet.

Susan's own debrief was much more low key. No one wanted to hear that Mr Silver had nearly lost it, and Ms Carson would hear no criticism of the way he'd treated her. She did manage to positively identify the slavegirl performing in the lobby of the Grand hotel as the once-trainee librarian though, and set in motion a rescue. Mr Silver hadn't noticed the girl's face at the time, but now asked what would happen.

"Well, we'll try to just quietly buy her first," Ms Carson reassured him. "If a physical rescue does become necessary, you won't be part of it though, I'm afraid. It has been decided to keep agents and the rescue team totally separate."

The black man nodded in understanding. Susan knew it wasn't a good time; naked, her arms still bound down her back, cuffs chained through her pussy to her navel ring, the agent carelessly kneading a buttock, but she had to speak now. She had to! The Slaveworld had just been too overwhelmingly seductive, it would trap and addict her, if she was made to go back. Susan found she really wanted to go back! One of Ms Carson's staff dressed as a Slaveworld trooper was already waiting to take her back to the cellblock. Ms Carson led the big man to the tunnel entrance, on his way to a well earned R and R. The woman's back was to her, but it had to be now, Susan decided, before Ms Carson's eyes on hers, her hands on Susan's bound naked body, turned her will to jelly. "Ms Carson, I would like to leave the slave school and be reassigned to another part of the Project," Susan said in a breathless rush.

The Project's head of sex-slaves turned to look back to her, her expression mild, seeming to take Susan's escape attempt quite in her stride. She suddenly wondered if the woman had actually heard her? She should have spoken more firmly! Once the agent was out of sight, Susan's ball gag was rammed back into her mouth, and Ms Carson then used a thick indelible ink marker pen and a stencil to re-apply the number fourteen to her left breast and right

buttock.

Ms Carson didn't actually say "No", she just mused out loud to her subordinate that Number Fourteen was probably in need of a little extra obedience training after the freedom of her first mission. In the woman's office, again mounted spreadeagled on the same vibrator pole, it took her only two minutes' work with a whip before Susan was sincerely promising to be an obedient cunt again. It was a good two hours before Ms Carson believed her. Sobbing softly in her cell later that night, the Project's Number Fourteen slavegirl still didn't know if she'd been heard or not, or if Ms Carson had just ignored her request. Perhaps Number Eight had been right in her fears. In either dimension, sex-

slaves were just not allowed to say no. And she knew she'd never work up the courage to ask again.

Woken in the early hours, some time after midnight, Susan was pulled from her cell by a merry group of agents, trainees and staff, and was hog-tied so that she could be made to compete in a snail race. The group had clearly been drinking. Susan found it disorientating rarely knowing what time or day it was; a deliberate part of the breaking-in process she understood, to take the slaves away from their past lives, prevent any sort of forward planning, and make them focus on and live only for the moment.

Lying naked on the smooth machine-polished floor of the cellblock's corridor, an exercise bit buckled into her mouth, she lay on her stomach, breasts flattened under her, ankles tightly tied to wrists. The snail races were one of the underground slave school's most popular non-sexual pastimes; and one Ms Carson, of course, approved of. Sums of up to five hundred pounds were bet on the competing slaves sometimes. A chalk finish line was drawn across the corridor ten metres ahead of where the slaves were placed. Susan, hogtied, would have to squirm, wriggle and hump herself to the line. It was exhausting!

Four other girls were being raced. The players could draw slaves by lots, or simply bet on their own choice, and a negotiated handicap system was in effect. As Susan's large breasts hindered her, she was started a full metre ahead of the next girl in this race. Sometimes it was more, sometimes less.

She'd been played on several occasions now. One of the agents betting on Susan in this race had wanted to give her a metre and a half, but the woman was overruled. Susan's main handicap also gave her one potential advantage over the other four slaves, as even face down, the sides of her breasts could be whipped by those who had bet on her as well as her hips, thighs and behind.

The more experienced players knew Susan could occasionally win, if she had four contestants whipping both breasts as well as hindquarters, from both sides at once. Fear and lust making her pant around her bit, pierced clitoris throbbing painfully now - but just as when crocodile-clip clamped; making her hotter - the smooth cool corridor floor was sweat-slick under her. The standing contestants clustered around their chosen playthings.

Somebody called "Go!" and Susan squeaked, braided leather biting into the sides of both breasts, the full mounds squeezed out to either side of her by her own body weight. At the same time, two crops left a familiar blaze of pain across each buttock. She rocked back onto her thighs, rearing up, and lunged forward. Contestants shouted encouragement and threats, slavegirls yelping and squealing as they were lashed down the course. The four whips bit into Susan's flesh again and again, driving her on. Each time, with tremendous effort, lunging forward, she managed to hump her bound body forward no more than two inches.

Finally, exhausted, blood roaring in her ears and spots dancing before her eyes, the four who had bet on Susan gave her a brief respite. Races usually lasted several minutes; and girls could be allowed a rest. Her players allowing her to just squirm and twist forward for a moment, making slower but much easier progress, an occasional flick with a long lash, curling down the crease between her buttocks to lick across her pussy with an agonising sting, kept her focused. Susan tried to keep her thighs spread as long as she could, enduring the pussy whipping. The finish line was still a good seven metres away and might as well have been a mile! The whip hissed through the air again, and suddenly she could take it no more, clenching her thighs together with an agonised shriek as the thin flexible lash licked across her sex again, its tip curling up under her to bite into her belly.

Then all four whips were lashing her on in a frenzy once more, Susan

desperately humping herself forward, inch by exhausting inch. On her next rest break, the sides of her breasts and her backside on fire, blinded by sweat and tears, Susan could no longer see the finish line. She could hear the next girl though, sobbing and pleading around the bit buckled tight into her mouth, almost alongside, and knew she would need to be well whipped to win!

When finally finished with, and tossed back into her cell to fall into an exhausted stupor, Susan didn't know she'd won until she found chalk on her breasts the next morning. Looking blankly between the bars, she cradled the abused mounds, wondering if they felt bigger, heavier? As Ms Carson's personal ponygirl Susan had got to watch as many snail races as she'd competed in, and unlike most of her fellows, knew why this particular slave torment was named. It wasn't just the speed at which the game was played. Susan knew that as each naked and hogtied girl was whipped along by her players, she left a trail of sweat behind her on the smooth polished floor!

Chapter 8

On her second day back from her Slaveworld mission Susan had been surprised but pleased to find herself a brunette again after a trip to the Project hairdresser; her untamed curls much longer than when she'd joined the Project, now falling over her shoulders. Clearly her next Slaveworld mission was going to be of a much longer duration, she reasoned, and dark roots on a fluffy blonde would put at risk the agent whose cover she was reinforcing. Her pubic hair of course again matched! Far less welcome, but confirming her suspicion, work had begun on a brand and serial number tattooed on the back of her neck. Fake, but permanent, it wouldn't wear away like the temporary transfer that had adorned her body on her last mission. Naturally she hadn't been asked her opinion or given a choice, just worked on gagged and with her head in a clamp. A little sore at first, she was excused collars for a while.

Over the next two weeks, given a little time off to recover, or more likely it was simply that the Project now had enough slavegirls not to need her for the moment, Susan had no specific duties. She wasn't needed in the classrooms. She was groped and performed oral sex while being washed and groomed, the PT instructor could enjoy her as he wished, and at nights of course she had staff members who had booked her, to serve. Hooded, bound, sometimes gagged, she was sure she'd been used for sex in every possible position there was by now.

In the afternoons, naked, a ball gag buckled into her mouth, her wrists locked behind her in her own police-issue handcuffs, she was on display. Or rather, her breasts were! She was Ms Carson's trophy; and the head of the slave school was clearly as pleased as punch with her prize caged exhibit. She had even mused out loud once, while sitting in Number Seventeen's saddle, toying with her mount's nipples, to her bridled mount's obvious horror, that she might even take Susan back as her personal ponygirl.

It seemed like everyone; staff, agents and even members of the Executive had dropped by, some several times, to handle her breasts. To see if they

were bigger! In her tiny cage-like cell, a narrow bed taking up half the space, a toilet and tiny sink another quarter, Susan was forced to stand in the remaining quarter, facing forward. Wearing standard four inch heels, her ankles strapped together, a choke chain looped around her neck from above held her in place, and a chain from each pierced nipple looped through the bars kept her facing forward. A breathlessly tight waspie corset, quite uncomfortable, buckled and padlocked around her waist on Ms Carson's orders, gave her hips a flare as dramatic as any waist-nipped Slaveworld sex-toy, and made her breasts appear even bigger.

The full globes, firm and weighty, feeling tight, very heavy, and deliciously swollen, were definitely much larger. To start with, as her breasts grew, Susan's skin had been stretched shiny-taut and pink, as in breast bondage, but now looked normal. Her humiliated tears running down the huge mounds, and the way her slave-breasts quivered when she sobbed, clearly delighted those examining her. Again, Susan could feel moisture between her pussy lips. For the thousandth time in the two weeks that had passed since her Slaveworld mission, Susan wondered why humiliation and restraints, being controlled, made her so desperately hot!

Footsteps! More hands reached through the bars to heft and squeeze her enlarged slave-breasts. Susan groaned in forced, deeply shamed lust, ringed nipples straining rigid, as fingers sank into the new heavy weight of her flesh. Her bonds holding her standing upright, mouth filled with a large red ball, her very own police handcuffs snug around her wrists behind her, Susan with her eyes closed, moaned in helpless pleasure as her huge breasts were handled. The chain linking her ringed nipples rattled across the steel bars as the big heavy mounds were squeezed and pulled.

"My! They're absolutely enormous now aren't they? Easily as big as that Jennifer girl. Have they finished growing?"

"Almost stopped. I've been having her weighed and measured daily," Ms Carson replied, again happily showing off her prize exhibit. "She's a G cup now."

"Delightful," the man breathed.

It was one of the Executive inspecting her this time, Master Clarkson. Susan dressed as a schoolgirl; school tie, white blouse, black skirt, white knickers and white ankle socks, had been the old pervert's plaything on several previous occasions. Sitting at a small desk, ordered to write an essay on why corporal punishment was good for a growing girl's emotional development and the like, the 'teacher' stood over her, sliding hands up her skirt and down her blouse while he made helpful comments. When her essay got the inevitable F, she would be spanked and caned, and then made to perform oral sex.

Susan liked being spanked, but sex games were beginning to bore her. The Slaveworld nobles didn't play games, they made their fantasies real! It seemed more honest somehow, and she'd found being around people who actually saw her as no more than a toy, a sexual plaything, vastly more arousing. She wanted to go back!

Susan groaned as her new slave-breasts were pulled and squeezed between her cell's bars, the heavy globes bulging out between the steel bars. The man held her in place with her nipple chain, the pierced nubs stretched out. She gasped in pleasure as Ms Carson swung a whisk-like whip down across the squeezed out melons, each stroke leaving behind a red fan-shaped mark on heavy creamy flesh

"So when are you turning our 'Prince' loose on her?"

"Tomorrow."

"Ah! Do you think I could...?"

"Of course," Ms Carson carelessly granted the man Susan's sexual use. "The classroom?"

"Oh please."

"I'll have her put in school uniform immediately," the woman assured her superior.

The pair strolled on back down the cell block, pausing to watch a new girl

lying on her bunk, hooded, breasts covered in clothespins, and her wrists cuffed through the bars of her cell, having a vibrator twisted into her sex by the duty guard. In the cell next to Susan's, Number Fifteen was hanging upside down, weighted sharp-jawed clamps dragging down at her nipples as a punishment. Dame Alexandra, the Security Service controller, had used her the night before last, and found her unsatisfactory.

Idly wondering who this Prince they were talking about was, it belatedly occurred to Susan to wonder what the pretty sex-slave now hanging upside down, had done wrong. On the two occasions she'd been enjoyed herself, she'd found the woman from Intelligence a pussy cat; as long as a girl could take a little tit torture and a fat dildo up the ass without too much fuss.

A half hour later, seated at a small desk and dressed as a schoolgirl, Susan was writing an essay on why it was a privilege to be allowed to swallow come, 'Teacher' flexing his cane as he walked around her.

At first Edward had thought it was some sort of joke when he was approached at school, and offered a very unusual summer job by British Intelligence. Him? But he knew Sir Harold fairly well - his Uncle Harold - and also knew his uncle really was in The Firm. So it couldn't be a joke. Stunned, excited, fearful, he'd been told his country needed him.

With visions of James Bond in his mind, Edward had of course instantly agreed, and it had seemed only sensible and right that his 'mission' should be kept a secret from his parents. They thought he was spending his summer holidays with friends on Uncle Harold's yacht in the Caribbean. Writing out a pile of post-dated postcards to be sent to them from various parts of the Caribbean had been quite thrilling, the sort of thing he felt a spy should do. But nothing could have prepared him for the revelations which came once he was in the underground complex. Britain was in contact with another dimension. An alternative universe where England's history had taken a different path. The Slaveworld.

Through chance, and some shared ancestors, though following very different lives, Edward was an almost perfect double for the Slaveworld's

English Prince James, Ms Carson had explained. They could have been twins; and the Project needed him to pose as the young Prince. Even without the sex-slaves he was going to be allowed to enjoy - Ms Carson's phrase - he would have readily agreed to what was clearly going to be a truly splendid adventure. And there was no danger. He would be accompanied by experienced agents to protect him.

But slaves, kept for sex! He hadn't been able to hide his erection when the strangely understanding Ms Carson showed him the Countess's photographs, and videos which agents had shot on their missions, his penis suddenly rock hard. Ponygirls trotting down public streets! Naked girls led down the pavements on leads! And they were going to let him have sex! He'd almost wet himself. Probably couldn't have said no then if his life had depended on it. He was a bit puzzled as to why he'd been instructed to wear his school uniform on his first day though.

"So would you like to meet a sex-slave now?" the head of the Project's slave school finally asked.

Would he! The nice Ms Carson was patience and understanding itself and seemed to realise he could barely contain himself, as she led him to a large, brightly lit, wooden floored room, set up with basketball hoops.

"Back in a moment," she promised.

Calm down! he ordered himself. Calm! But he just couldn't get the Slaveworld photographs out of his mind; couldn't stop imagining himself in a world where beautiful women were owned for sex!

And then Ms Carson appeared with a hooded naked woman on a lead, and all his good intentions just evaporated. It didn't matter that he'd seen naked bodies before, on the television and in traded magazines at his boarding school. It also didn't matter that he'd never really given much thought to sadism and bondage before either, though he'd thought about sex a million times in his fantasies.

This was real, not fantasy! His erection was certainly real, painfully twisted in his pants. Suddenly sex-slaves were very interesting. Edward felt

himself flushing as he surreptitiously tried to pull his clothing straight, sure Ms Carson didn't miss the action. But she courteously didn't embarrass him.

The sex-slave couldn't see anything under her taut black silk hood, a padlock hanging at her throat from her collar, but she followed her lead calmly, arms folded behind her back, wrist to elbow. And Edward was free to drink in her full glorious curves, let his eyes roam as and where they wished. High stiletto heels tip-tapped on the wooden floor, huge breasts quivered and jiggled with every step; and a still picture could never come close to capturing the sway in the naked woman's stride. A very tight, broad leather cincher belt nipped the slave's waist down into a dramatic hourglass, and there were small padlocks on her shoes' ankle-straps.

And numbered like an animal, property to be bought and sold, she had the number fourteen stencilled on left breast and right buttock! Whips, chains and the obedience that had so obviously been trained into her, suddenly seemed like a very small price for the woman to pay for his pleasure, Edward decided. He wondered why there hadn't been sex-slaves in his fantasies before. Girls who couldn't say no!

The hooded woman, led past and then around him, was the most exciting thing he'd ever seen or imagined in his life, and if Ms Carson was to be believed, he was going to get to have sex with her! Right then, Edward would have agreed to go on a mission to Hades itself.

"Stand!" Ms Carson ordered, letting the lead go slack.

The naked plaything instantly set her feet slightly apart and folded her hands behind her neck. Edward watched spellbound. The taut black hood made her anonymous, like the girls of his late night dreams. The hood was strangely beautiful, a clear symbol of control, and submission. The numbered sex-slave was like one of his father's hooded hunting hawks, he thought, waiting to be set in motion by her owner. She had rings set through her nipples, another glinting at her navel, and a fourth on her sex.

And unlike his fantasies, a real living, breathing, woman was standing before him. He could see her breathing; the gentle swell and fall of her stomach, huge breasts rising and falling as Ms Carson patted a buttock and

then unclipped the lead and tossed it aside. A dream come to life!

He tried to drag his eyes away from the silken flesh before him and concentrate on what Ms Carson was saying, but his cock was so hard, and the hooded slave was just two paces away! Ms Carson seemed to understand, and let him drink in his fill with his eyes, settling herself on a bench to watch, waiting until he managed to drag his eyes away, and turned to face her.

Finally passing over a tube, Ms Carson blandly told him his first task would be to oil the naked woman. He couldn't think of her as a girl. Girls were giggling teasing flighty creatures his own age, who more often than not wouldn't go out with him; not this calm, docile - naked! - submissive. The sex-toy with the cinched waist, perched on her toes in four inch stiletto heels, was a brunette. A braid of thick curls lay down her back from under the hood, and her dark pubic hair was trimmed into a neat vertical tuft above her pussy.

"Really?" he breathed, his voice a squeak. He was going to be allowed to touch such magnificence!

"Shyness cure number one," Ms Carson told him with a faint grin.

Of course she was serious, he realised. Oh God, it was real! In heaven, hesitantly he reached for the tube, and squeezed a pool of the thick clear oil onto his palm.

"Her name is Number Fourteen. If you want her to move, just order her in a loud clear voice. She's an experienced girl, quite used to obeying orders," Ms Carson advised. "Now if she was an inexperienced slave, you might give her a little reassurance; talk to her. The words don't matter, it's the tone, like talking to a dog."

Edward nodded dumbly to show he was paying attention, a thick coat of warm oil across both hands. He walked behind the hooded sex-toy. It seemed a safer place to start. She was motionless, just slow breathing, only a touch away now! Cautiously, half waiting to wake up or be struck by lightning, he reached out and flipped her thick braid over her shoulder. His touch left a little glint of oil behind.

"She won't bite," Ms Carson laughed. "You might, but she won't. Remember who's in charge!"

Edward nodded, and then deliberately reached out and touched the dark haired slave in the small of the back, just above the broad leather band that nipped her waist so cruelly. No lightning bolts struck, just jubilant cheers in his mind, fireworks; and breathless, he let his hands slide around her waist, under the belt now, resting his hands on the firm swell of hips that the tight belt emphasised. Her flesh was warm, soft velvet, incredibly smooth, his oiled palms gliding so easily over peaches and cream skin. With growing glee, Edward squeezed lightly, his fingers indenting silky flesh. Pulling back, he slid his palms up the brunette's spine, feeling the little knotches of her vertebrae under his fingers. His hands were drying. More oil!

"Slow down," Ms Carson told him with an easy laugh. "You've got all day. She's going nowhere until we let her."

That got through, understanding washing over Edward like a cold shower. He'd dived for the tube of oil like the hooded plaything was going to vanish if he took his eyes off her for a second. But she wasn't. The naked woman with the number fourteen stencilled on breast and buttock would remain in place until she was finished with. A sex-slave would never get bored and wander off, think she could do better and go off with someone else or say no!

She was real now, no fantasy. His touch surer now, squeezing more aromatic oil into his palm, he stroked the hooded slave's back. Again running his fingers up the little ridges of her spine, tracing the line of her shoulder blades, and then back down; feeling the play in the ridges of muscle to either side of her spine as she pushed back slightly against the pressure of his hands to maintain balance. The belt was so tight he could barely get a finger under it, but Ms Carson said it was okay as long as all visible flesh was oiled. Bolder now, he let his hands slide lower, a deliciously curved buttock squeezed and lifted in each hand. Again he felt the faint play of muscle under skin as he handled the motionless slave.

More oil! Stroking down between the firm hemispheres, he noticed lines, weals criss-crossing the woman's behind. Edward dropped to his knees for a closer look, stupidly rubbing harder, as if the welts could be washed off. He

looked up at Ms Carson with disbelief, the seated Intelligence operative calmly watching him running his hands over a motionless naked woman as he wished. She nodded in reply to his silent question. Yes, the hooded slave had recently been caned! Disciplined!

Bolder still, he slipped his hands lower, oiling inner thighs! Surely someone must stop him now, but Ms Carson just watched impassively, and the hooded plaything with her hands folded behind her neck, didn't get a vote. He'd hesitated before, unsure of what was allowed, but now it was clear. Anything was! Edward oiled his hands again, and stroked up under the Brunette, deliberately running his fingers up through her sex, probing, pushing apart plump flesh, fingers finding a ring set through flesh. Right up under her from behind until he was stroking oil into her trimmed pubic hair! The slave he was taking such liberties with quivered, a hint of a sigh from under her hood, but otherwise made not the slightest protest at the liberties he was taking with her body. Edward in his inexperience had not even been sure he was stroking through her pussy until he'd found the ring.

He stroked up and down beautifully tapered, silky smooth legs - so long! - leaving both of them oil-gleaming under the bright lights, highlights glinting on the slightest curve. With what he hoped wasn't unseemly haste, rubbing more thick oil warm between his palms, Edward moved around in front of the placidly motionless Brunette. Her nipples were swollen hard, the rings set through the base of each fat nub thick and heavy, and the magnificent creamy melons were rising and falling before him, faster now. He briefly flattered himself that his inexperienced touch was making the Brunette excited, arousing her, then noticed the damp patch on her hood in front of her face. Of course, it must be difficult to breathe under that fine silk, he realised.

Edward felt a moment's guilt at the discomfort the lovely sex-slave was experiencing because of him, and then a thrill of pleasure. Because of him!

Without hesitation now, he reached out and scooped up the full firm weight of both mounds, holding the hooded woman's breasts lightly squeezed together. Heavy flesh filled his palms, spilling between splayed fingers. The placid slave groaned softly as he kneaded and pulled, working the oil in deep; greased flesh slipping and sliding out of his grasp and between his fingers. The weight he handled thrilled, delighted and surprised him; he'd no idea

large breasts were so heavy. Fat nipples stroked across his palms, already stiff, but seeming to swell even harder when he pulled on the ring-set nubs. Head going back but still holding herself still, hands folded behind her neck, the woman he handled, who hadn't even set eyes on him - and might not even be allowed to - whimpered in lust as her nipples were squeezed. He was making her hot!

Finally, he slid his hands under the huge oil-coated globes, and just stood there for what seemed like forever, holding the hooded slave's breasts up to the light, letting reflected light play across the heavy melons, rising and falling in his palms as his delicious human toy breathed faster. His cock was harder than it had ever been in his life, Ms Carson was saying something, but in that one glorious moment, none of it seemed important. He just wanted to oil naked, hooded women for the rest of eternity.

His hands roamed freely now, wherever he wished, and with no one to say no. She was completely coated from the collar down in a thick gleaming layer of oil, he went back to the enormous breasts again and again, working oil deep into her sex, squeezed buttocks slipping out of his grasp. Edward pushed a whole handful of oil up inside the now panting slave, just because he could, then looked back at Ms Carson. But she didn't care, and the lush slave had no say, just moaned softly as her pubic hair was matted in the thick clear oil that now coated her.

Ms Carson finally stirred herself from her seat and wandered over, Edward sighing in disappointment, his long and magical introduction to sexual slavery coming to an end. But the woman from Security just poked an over-large breast with the tip of her whip.

"Tits."

She flicked the tip of her lash over a nipple standing out hard, the hooded brunette gasping in pain.

"Nipples. Though I'm sure you know that already. Okay, hold her cunt open now."

On his knees, Ms Carson crouched down beside him.

"Harder. You won't break her."

Edward obediently pulled the brunette's sex lips wider, Ms Carson using her whip's tip as a pointer.

"Clitoris here with the ring set through it. Note the position, under the hood there. The clit isn't as prominent on all slaves, and you'll not find it pierced on most of our girls. Inner and outer labia, also known as sex lips, and you can set rings through either. Reach under her now. A finger in?"

Edward nodded.

"The anus, ass, back passage, whatever. And the tight ring of muscle is called the sphincter."

The woman flicked her lash across the helpless brunette's behind, and then across her front just above the pubic hair, leaving behind faint lines. The slave jerked with a gasp at each whip stroke, big breasts quivering, but held position without protest.

"Buttocks, hindquarters, haunches; and belly. You can whip either, and thighs if you like. Never whip a slave across the spine, and I don't want you whipping tits or between the legs without supervision to start with. Understood?"

"Yes Ms Carson," Edward agreed.

He was going to be allowed to use a whip! Boarding school was never like this!

The woman waved him back to his duties, and he gave the slave's breasts another coat of oil, his plaything now moaning and gasping louder than ever when the heavy mounds were pulled and kneaded. Finally pushing more oil up into the brunette's sex and deep in her ass, he stepped back.

He could have gone on forever, but he didn't want to try Ms Carson's patience. His previous sexual experience limited to brief furtive fumbblings under clothing, he'd never fully realised before that what he really wanted

from a girlfriend, besides sex, was for her to just stand still, naked, and let him minutely examine and explore the female body! To drink his fill.

"Finished," he said regretfully, wiping his hands dry.

"Not quite," a voice said from right behind him.

Edward jumped. Totally absorbed in the gorgeous body he had been allowed to play with, he hadn't heard or seen her move. Ms Carson swung a harness of leather straps from one finger, a sly smile touching her lips.

"Fold your arms behind your back, Number Fourteen," she ordered in a loud clear voice.

The oil-gleaming slave obeyed, folding her arms behind her, wrist to elbow. He took the harness, a collection of straps and buckles from the tall woman, Ms Carson just watching with a smile while he sorted the tangle of leather, chain and buckles, holding it up this way and that. Eventually figuring it out, a strap went around each upper arm, holding them in, broader straps around wrist and lower arms. A chain going down connected to a ring on the placid, still unresisting, brunette's waist-cinching belt. And finally, a single strap ran up the slave's back to the back of her collar, pulling her bound arms high up behind her back. Ms Carson had to prompt him with the strap that ran up to the collar, but otherwise he was quite pleased with himself. Then she made him pull each buckle a notch tighter, straps digging deep into oiled flesh.

The hooded woman's arms were firmly bound behind her!

"Now give her tits another squeeze," Ms Carson prompted. "Harder this time. Hurt her."

The helpless slave's groan of pleasure became a rising moan of pain as Edward's fingers sank deeper into the firm heavy weight of her big breasts.

"Savour your power!" Ms Carson whispered. "Before she was voluntarily submitting to you. But now you have control over her!"

"Power," Edward whispered in happy agreement. He just couldn't believe this was happening to him.

Ms Carson let him twist and squeeze Number Fourteen's nipples, until she gasped and squeaked, the hood in front of her face sodden now, huge tits heaving as she gasped. The woman from Security used her whip-tip to casually point out swollen nipples and the fluid glinting between sex lips, as signs of arousal. Under her direction, he pulled the panting slave to her knees with her nipple rings. It seemed almost a natural way to control her.

"You understand she's valuable property. I can't let you have sex with her unsupervised just yet. Not until you've got some experience," Ms Carson said seriously.

"Sex?" Edward squeaked.

Oh God, yes! This was his sort of school.

"Just her mouth to start with," the woman from Security said matter-of-factly.

From behind she rolled up the tight silk hood clear of the kneeling slave's mouth, letting the roll of black silk rest on the bridge of the naked woman's nose, eyes still covered. Arms now firmly strapped behind her, Number Fourteen drew in a deep grateful lungful of air. Ms Carson waved him forward, nodding approvingly when he hesitantly reached for his flies. His bursting erection, almost forgotten, so absorbed had he been in his lesson, was suddenly back with a vengeance.

"Steady," Ms Carson soothed. "Remember, no hurry! She's not going anywhere."

Edward grinned. He'd dreamed of oral sex a thousand times, but never once in his fantasies had he imagined being watched. He suddenly found he didn't mind. Ms Carson obviously took her duties seriously. And clearly she had no interest in watching him; she was just making sure he didn't mistreat the kneeling slave. It was far more important, reassuring, that the bound naked woman couldn't see him. That might have destroyed his confidence,

even after being allowed to minutely explore her body and to hurt her.

Edward finally managed to drag his cock free of recalcitrant clothing. Ms Carson advising him to take it steady was all very well, but he just couldn't, lunging forward with his swollen, bursting cock. He bumped up against the woman's lips, and her mouth immediately opened, swallowing him. Edward cried out, delighted, but also in shock, as soft lips closed around his cock, a tongue moving on his flesh.

The oiled sex-slave immediately melted against him, heavy breasts and her belly pressing against his legs, her thighs suddenly to either side of his feet. Events totally beyond his control now - all happening so fast! - his cock flexed, and then he was jetting hard, spasm after spasm, into the bound slave's mouth, and over her face and breasts as he jerked away. Flushing scarlet with embarrassment, only then did he think that he'd have liked to have held back, to make his pleasure last. To savour the moment!

"Fourteen! Do not swallow!" Ms Carson barked, then turned to him, voice gentle. Reassuring. "Don't worry, you'll have more control next time. I wouldn't expect someone with your experience to hold back with his first slave."

The brunette was only his first? Smiling gratefully, he reached for his flies again.

"No. Leave it out," Ms Carson advised him. "Take off her hood first."

Number Fourteen's face was initially a disappointment. As he'd handled and worked oil into every crevice of her magnificent body, hefted and squeezed her superb tits and worked oil into her sex, in his imagination, she'd become more and more beautiful. She wasn't unattractive, and her baby blue eyes, widening in surprise and horror as she saw how young her school uniformed user was, no more than eighteen, were lovely. But truthfully Number Fourteen's face was a little bland. She was younger than he'd hoped as well; early twenties.

But still an adult! Obediently holding her tongue out, coated in semen and saliva, his come in globules was all over her face, collar and breasts. Not a

magazine-cover face, but real; beautifully real! Edward suddenly realised that the naked woman on her knees in front of him, gleaming under the coat of oil he'd applied to her body, arms strapped tightly behind her back, numbers stencilled on her flesh, was by far the most desirable creature on the planet. She was perfect, because she was his!

"Well, do you think you'll have any trouble controlling Number Fourteen in the future?" Ms Carson asked.

"None whatsoever," he said positively.

Ms Carson put a companionable arm around his shoulders, both of them looking down at the bound woman on her knees, his cock still hanging out in front of the gorgeous slave's face. Mingled saliva and semen was dripping off Number Fourteen's tongue now, running down her chin, dripping onto her breasts. But she still obediently held her tongue out. The head of the spy school was a superb teacher, Edward realised. He knew he would never, could never, feel intimidated by this slave again.

"You may swallow now, Fourteen," Ms Carson finally decided.

The sex-slave obeyed instantly, gulping down the thick slime and then licking her lips, eyes still on the now stirring erection in front of her face. Already? Edward loved the use of the word "may," as if the naked plaything had a choice.

"Bring her over to the table," Ms Carson suggested. "First a little discipline. Then you'll be ready to enjoy her again."

Again! Oh yes!

Edward finally allowed to zip himself up, Number Fourteen was easily pulled to her feet with her nipple rings, and followed his pull placidly. She was obviously used to being controlled with the rings set through her flesh, and the very thought gave him a new thrill of pleasure.

The spy school's head of training held out another restraint, swinging from one finger. This one was easy to figure out though he'd never heard of a

ponygirl before today. The bit obviously went into the slave's mouth, and then the rest was obvious. He didn't need to be told again to pull the bridle's straps tight; and face framed in the head-harness, even white teeth resting on the thick rubber-coated bit buckled tight into her mouth, blinkers restricting her vision, Number Fourteen looked delectable.

"Remember, there's no better toy than another person, and there's no better high than power over another person," the spy school's head told him, but almost speaking to herself.

Encouraged, Edward stroked the curve of Number Fourteen's belly, squeezed into a taut swell by her waist cincher, fingers sliding through oil-matted pubic hair, and Ms Carson just nodded approvingly. His plaything sighed softly when Edward stroked her between the legs, groaning as he kneaded her big heavy breasts again. Ms Carson gave the helplessly bound sex-toy an approving pat on the head.

Under Ms Carson's gentle direction, he then bent his prize forward over the table, and a chain threaded through her nipple rings held the bridled woman face down, lying on her front, breasts flattened under her. Edward hadn't realised up until then how prettily a pussy pouted between thighs when a girl was bent forward from the waist. Ms Carson handed him another restraint, and nodded approvingly when he figured it out at once. A long pole with a cuff at each end, it obviously went around the slave's ankles to spread her legs wide. And, he couldn't help noticing, all along one wall, there were so many more exciting harnesses, handcuffs and even phalluses hanging on pegs, waiting to be used!

He recognised the next item she handed him, though he'd never seen one for real before. A fat, heavy, dildo mounted on a length of chain! Coated with a little lubricating jelly, the bridled slave groaned and gasped as, hesitantly at first, and then with growing confidence, Edward twisted and pushed the ribbed shaft into her body. Chained down by her nipples, her arms tightly strapped behind her back, hands clenched in fists one moment, then waggling about in a desperate attempt to fend off her penetration, Number Fourteen's pussy lips gripped the fat plastic invader tightly.

The dildo two thirds in, Ms Carson handed him the butt plug, a pear

shaped device with a ring on the thin base. Edward felt himself grinning widely - could this day get any better? - and with a coating of lubricant, firmly forced the ass-plug into the slave's back passage. The tight ring of her sphincter resisted a moment, and then the fat plug almost popped in! With a shrill cry the voluptuous brunette tried to rear up off the table, but the chain threaded through her nipple rings held her down.

He really had thought the dildo was too big, that he would never get it all into the bent forward slave, but Ms Carson assured him the bound woman could manage. Fourteen groaned softly, with a plaintive wail of lust, as he screwed the dildo back and forth, deeper and deeper, into her defenceless body, and Ms Carson was proved right. The lovely sex-toy was panting heavily, drooling around her bit, and clearly in some distress, but the dildo did go in to the hilt.

One chain from the fat shaft's base was padlocked to a ring on the front of the gasping slave's belt, and the second, threaded through the butt plug's ring and pulled up hard between her buttocks, went to a similar ring on the back of the tight waist cincher. Number Fourteen's spreader bar and nipple chain were removed, and she was allowed to stand up, again obediently putting her ankles together and holding her head up, standing still as Edward once more stroked and fondled her as he wished.

Edward felt himself sigh in soft satisfaction. Even better than coming in the naked slave's mouth, stuffing the docile, big-titted slave to bursting point with a fat dildo and ass-plug, forcing the intruders deep into her helplessly bound body, padlocking them in place; was just the greatest moment of his life. And the thought that Number Fourteen would just have to placidly endure, who knew how long, until someone else decided to remove the twin invaders from her body, absolutely delighted him.

Ms Carson made no move to interfere, just watched with an indulgent smile as he again handled her delicious tits, stroking the naked slave between the legs, pussy lips plump around the chain pulled up hard between them. The chain holding her dildo and plug in place dug deep into the firm swell of Number Fourteen's belly, and teeth biting tight into her bit, she groaned in distressed lust as Ms Carson pressed a palm into her dildo-stuffed belly.

"Flick her nipples," the thin woman suggested, wiping her hand clean of oil on a cloth.

Edward eagerly obeyed, their gorgeous bound sexual plaything gasping in pleasure each time his fingernail struck the swollen nubs. She groaned louder as, following Ms Carson's example, he pushed his palm hard up against her dildo filled belly. The bridled slave's magnificent body gleamed with the oil he'd applied. Every breath, gasp and tremor, the swell of rib cage and belly, breasts quivering as she panted, was enhanced, as the bright gym lights reflected off her oiled curves. Sinking his fingers into the heavy weight of her tits again, Edward just couldn't believe the state of arousal he'd reduced the slave to. An adult; who under normal circumstances wouldn't give a teenager like him the time of day!

True the blue-eyed brunette was a trained sex-slave, but her nipples were swollen rigid against his palms, her wide blinkered eyes were blank, unseeing, and he was making her moan in uncontrolled lust! True as well, she was bound, and Ms Carson held a whip, but she'd made not one move or sound of protest. How could an adult be so easy to dominate? God, he was hard again!

"Why padlocks?" Edward managed to ask. "Her hands are tied."

"Locking the dildo and plug inside her, makes her more pliable," Ms Carson explained. "Don't ever let a sex-slave forget she exists for pleasure."

"Is she from the Slaveworld?" he asked.

"Oh no. Homegrown talent. She used to be a policewoman actually, before I broke her in."

Stunned, Edward's head whipped around to look at her, and then slowly back to his plaything, looking into her bridle framed face. No, she couldn't have been! Cops didn't have tits like these! Still kneading the oiled mounds, squeezing and pulling, the sex-slave gasped as heavy slippery flesh slid and slipped between his fingers. Hips bucking, crotch chain digging deep into the swell of her belt-clinched belly, the beautiful slave suddenly threw back her head and cried out in pleasure.

Ms Carson warmly congratulated him on making the slave come, his first forced orgasm.

"But no one was fucking her," Edward protested.

"Not always necessary," the spy school's head assured him off-handedly, selecting more tormenting restraint off wall pegs. "She's got her cunt stuffed full of dildo, and the crotch chain puts pressure on her clitoris. But more important, a hot slavegirl can come spontaneously, if she's bound, helpless, forcibly aroused, and given a little pain and humiliation!"

A short metal bar with a locking screw-down clamp on each end linked the panting former policewoman's nipples. A pair of chains in a V ran up from each clamped nipple to a ring on the front of her collar, and another pair ran down from the nipple rings to a ring on the front of the belt. More padlocks. Ms Carson carelessly explained that the Slaveworld-derived restraint was ostensibly to prevent the panting slave's breasts swinging about too untidily as she trotted, but mainly served to yank painfully on her nipples as the over-large melons bounced about.

"It's actually quite a severe nipple torture for a heavy-titted toy," Ms Carson explained with a happy, cruel, smile. "But a little pain keeps her hot, docile and willing to please."

Edward found himself returning her smile, agreeing entirely with her sentiments. He decided he was all for sexual cruelty if it allowed him pleasure, and more days like this! A long lead was clipped to one side of the sex-slave's bridle, a long whip placed in Edward's free hand. He stood in the centre of a circle, and the slave would trot and prance around him as he span around in place. Whipped on! Edward let the long lash rest on the upper swell of the former police officer's buttocks. A low bench set across her path would have to be jumped.

"I'm sure you've heard the phrase, making someone jump through hoops?" Ms Carson said happily. "Here we make fantasies real! Work her hard now, don't be soft, and I might let you screw her the next time."

Susan's arms were held firmly behind her back, pulled up to the back of her collar with one strap, the harness straps digging deep into her upper arms. With a broad collar tight around her neck, perched on her toes in four inch stiletto heels, and the waist cincher almost cutting her in two, digging deep into her flesh, she felt hot, sticky, breathless, under the bright lights and her thick coat of oil. She couldn't see the teenager holding her leading rein now, her blinkers only letting her look ahead; flinching as she felt the boy lay a long thin lash across her backside. Oh God, he was just a spotty kid!

The anal plug the boy had fitted her with stretched her back passage uncomfortably, and the dildo was far too big; made a tighter fit still by the tight band around her middle and the butt plug. The fat shaft was huge! Susan had had dildos strapped inside her many times before and been teased and obedience trained with remote controlled vibrators, her ass plugged. And as a ponygirl, ridden by Ms Carson with a saddle strapped to her back, and when pulling a carriage in harness and bridle above ground, she'd always had a teaser strapped inside her.

But those dildos had been smaller, designed to leave her dripping wet and desperately aroused. Often quite frantic to be allowed to come! But if she could stand being kept permanently sexually aroused, a bitch on heat, a slavegirl could wear one without discomfort all day. Susan had! By contrast, this dildo clearly wasn't meant to be in any way pleasant. Designed to torment as well as keep her hot and wet! Stuffed to bursting point, Susan's every step and breath caused discomfort, and the heavy ribbed shaft almost seemed to be brushing her tonsils!

It was to teach the boy he was in control, that a slavegirl was expected only to obey and endure whatever pleased her master, Susan was sure. So that he learnt right from the start that he was the master and she was the toy. Her bit was pulled back hard into her mouth, making her slaver on her breasts, the chains running up and down to collar and belt, digging into the big mounds, the bar between her nipples squeezing her breasts lightly together. Her clamped nipples, tightly squeezed, already throbbed painfully, pulsing with every heartbeat. She still couldn't believe Ms Carson had allowed a kid to grope her like that! To come in her mouth!

Ms Carson was giving Susan's young tormentor some last minute advice.

She couldn't tell how old the teenager was; maybe about eighteen. God, she hoped at least eighteen; a sixth former. He looked younger in his school uniform!

"Walk on!" her young master called.

The whip licked across her buttocks with a sting, Susan gasping helplessly.

"Knees higher! Prance!

Susan cried out with every step, teeth clenched desperately tight into her bit now. With every step, the huge tormenting dildo seemed to flex and pump painfully inside her, nipples tugged with every sway and quiver of her breasts. She was dripping wet, so hot, surely as aroused as any aphrodisiac-treated Slaveworld sex-toy. And the whip stung her behind again and again, driving her on. At the limit of her lead, forced to walk in a circle, Susan stumbled, almost fell, having to step across the bench.

"Knees higher," the teenager called.

She obeyed, each step a gasping squeak. Walking in stiletto heels wasn't the problem, even though she was expected to touch her newly enlarged breasts with her knee on each step. She'd been walked and trotted on a treadmill, in heels with her arms bound, many times now. It was the dildo that was driving her to distraction! Rubbing up against the butt plug, past the constriction of her breathlessly tight waist cincher, the huge shaft seemed to have expanded inside her body. Filling her, she could feel her juices coating her inner thighs.

"Trot on!"

A harder whip stroke, a vicious sting leaving behind a burning blaze of pain, forced Susan into a trot. Heavy breasts bouncing and swinging, her chained-down nipples were now brutally yanked with every step, and the giant dildo only seemed to pump and thrust deeper with every step. The bench was coming up again! Gasping and slaving, Susan launched herself over the obstruction, all of thirty centimetres high, her crotch chain dragging across her ringed clitoris, and only just managed to clear the jump. The

teenager whipped her back around to the bench again, making her jump again, and then again!

"She's beautiful!" Susan heard her young master whisper softly, and she realised Ms Carson had won.

The teenager would never again see her as an equal or his superior after this. No matter how or where they met again, in his eyes Susan would forever after be just the sex-toy he had dominated, controlled and enjoyed, the ponygirl he'd made come. Her head encased in a bridle, a bit tight between her teeth, and arms strapped behind her back, Susan launched herself over the jump with a despairing wail once more. She couldn't go on. Naked, dildo-stuffed, her crushed nipples chained to her collar and brutally tight belt, the boy's whip strokes across her behind were harder still, agonising, making her buttocks throb and burn now. No doubt criss-crossed with raised welts!

Every swing and bounce of her big slave-breasts gave her chained nipples another excruciating yank, the giant dildo squirming its way deeper into her body. Half blinded by sweat and tears, Susan gathered herself to leap the bench once more, the low obstruction now looming like a mountain. She couldn't, she couldn't! But a well timed whip-stroke, licking across the underside of her buttocks with a viper kiss, launched her across the obstruction with a squeal of anguish.

Susan found herself on her knees, thighs clenched tight together, internal muscles spasmodically clenching around the shaft padlocked inside her, hips bucking wildly to pull her crotch chain back and forth over her ringed clitoris just the tiniest little bit she could. Panting, gasping for breath, the boy's whip under her chin raised her head. He was allowed to whip her to orgasm twice more before Ms Carson decided Susan had had enough.

The humiliating day continued with Susan fitted with wrist and ankle cuffs, which were then clipped to the rings on the end of a spreader pole. A hook in the centre of the metal bar was used to winch her up, until she was hanging suspended, slowly spinning, watching the teenager through the V of her own legs pulled up in front of her. A ball gag strapped into her mouth again, Ms Carson still watching and offering helpful hints, her hips were invitingly thrust forward, pussy exposed.

There was absolutely nothing she could do to stop the kid standing in front of her thrusting a rigid cock into her body. He was a bit eager to start with, but with the resilience of youth, quickly bounced back. The second time, his third, he was much slower, finally taking his time, and Susan then discovered there was nothing she could do to stop him making her enjoy her use either.

When the boy finally pulled away, his hands slipping off her hips, semen leaking out of Susan's pussy, the disappointment on his face was clear. Ms Carson didn't miss his expression and was quick with a reassuring word.

"Don't worry, we're not finished with her. We'll have a bit of lunch, and when you've got your breath back, you can tit-fuck her. Or how do you fancy her ass?"

Clearly torn, the school-uniformed teenager eventually shyly decided he would like to thrust his cock between Susan's big breasts the next time. Ms Carson nodded amiable agreement. Anal sex was probably a little too much too soon, she admitted.

Susan was left hooded and hog-tied on the floor, awaiting their return.

To Susan's relief, the next morning she was given to a new group of would-be agents to practice their rope work on, and the Project's fake teenage Prince continued his studies with other sex-slaves. Squirming and twisting naked on the floor, trying to wriggle out of a cat's cradle of rope, Susan had to admit to herself that one thing a Project slave couldn't complain about, was a lack of sexual variety. Not only had she found herself serving, and being used by women as well as men, a delightful if humiliating surprise; but then one day a hundred year old Slaveworld Count was pushing his cock into her mouth, and the next, a spotty eighteen year old in school uniform!

After a long hard day spent tied to chairs, beds, whipping posts, punishment frames and other slavegirls; brightened up with teasing breast bondage and crotch ropes, the class moved on to stocks, the rack, body cages and the like. The more advanced students were allowed to use pin-lined tit-straps, mount dildos on the crotch rope and come in her mouth. Finally

finished with, Susan then found herself taken above ground to the manor house's cellblock, instead of the underground one, apparently transferred back into the care of the Countess. She flopped exhausted onto the bunk the moment the cell door was locked.

Susan woke later that evening with a hand stroking down her body. She was such an experienced slave by now, so used to being kept naked and people handling her as they wished, that she didn't flinch, pull away or even woken with a start. She groaned in soft protest, but allowed herself to be pulled up to her knees without resistance, fingers hooked through her nipple rings.

"Hello beautiful. I heard you'd been improved."

Lifted with nipple rings, the full weight of both heavily enlarged globes hung from her pierced flesh, areola cruelly stretched, the tips of her breasts pulled up into cones. Susan felt herself flush scarlet. It was Frances; in the next cell! With a delighted smile, the former naval officer lifted her breasts painfully higher, more weight coming to bear on the rings set through her nipples.

Thoroughly trained, Susan had automatically folded her arms behind her back, wrist to elbow, at the first touch. Her hands fluttered ineffectually in front of her for a moment. Frances gave her nipples a warning tug, and Susan slipped her arms back behind her back.

"You're blushing!" Frances said, clearly charmed.

Susan groaned as fingers sank into the heavy weight of her big breasts, flesh squeezed lightly together. Thumbs stroked across her nipples.

"You'll get us into trouble," Susan hissed.

"Shhhh," Frances ordered carelessly, fingernails sinking deep into Susan's flesh to enforce the order.

Susan whimpered, a mixture of pain and lust, as the girl in the next cell, reaching through the bars, twisted and squeezed her breasts harder to test her

obedience. The heavily enlarged mounds spilled out of her small hands. Frances then pulled and squeezed her slave-breasts between the cell bars, into her cell, the ring-tipped melons resting on a horizontal bar, bulging between the vertical steel ones. Susan was kneeling upright on her bed now.

"Gosh, they're huge now, aren't they?" Frances said happily. With a mischievous smile she licked Susan's breasts with long slow broad strokes. "But don't be embarrassed. They're lovely. Have you been tit-whipped yet?"

Susan slowly nodded, becoming more and more aroused now. The punishment they would both get if they were caught, only made her hotter.

"You look like a show pony! I saw them competing in an Olympic heat on my last Slaveworld mission. Utterly gorgeous! Have you seen them?"

"Yes, but not competing," Susan moaned.

Frances was stroking her between the legs now, making her squirm against the bars. She ducked her head to bite Susan's straining, swollen, nipples.

"Francessss!" Susan wailed in protest.

"I thought you were the submissive one."

"I am!" Susan protested "But you are too...?"

"Oh yes, but I go either way," the blonde told her. "Dom or Sub, I just love sex! On the ship, if I'd slept with everyone, I'd have been a slut. But a submissive, who just can't help herself? Even the Captain didn't put any blame on me when he found out what was going on. He just started punishing me himself, and tried to hush it up."

Susan gasped in pleasure as Frances flicked her nipples.

"But you, you were born to wear a collar, weren't you?" Frances teased her. "I knew it when Carson made us kiss and let me play with you at that first meeting. Do you believe in love at first sight? I just wanted to take you home and tie you to my bed."

"I... no... really?" Susan gasped, Frances's fingers twisting inside her sex now.

"What do you two sluts think you're doing?" a man barked.

For punishment, Susan and Frances were strapped together naked. Facing each other, breasts and bellies glued together, their arms pulled up above them to a winch, ball gags filling their mouths. Mounted on a revolving pole, a long thin automated whip at buttock height, would abruptly slash around in a hissing arc, and lick across firm flesh with a crack.

Susan squealed, a blaze of pain laid across her behind. With the winch pulling up at her wrists, only her toes touched the floor. Scrabbling desperately, Susan twisted and turned, and finally forced Frances's back to the whip. Toes scrabbling on the floor, she managed to keep her there for the next whip stroke.

With a stinging crack, the lash struck again. For just a moment Frances was still, then her eyes went wide, her nostrils flared, and she shrieked, lips pulled back from her ball gag to reveal even white teeth clenched hard into the orange ball that filled her mouth. The lovely girl jerked forward against her.

Their legs bound together, only feet free, Frances's toes scrabbled with new desperation, trying to swing Susan around to face the next whip stroke. The automated lash swung at random intervals, the next stroke catching them both across the hips. The blonde sex-slave's body was hot against hers, their exertions as much as the whipping, quite exhausting. There was a little slack in the straps that bound them together, allowing their bodies to squirm and rub together.

Susan was just very slightly taller than the blonde slave, or perhaps her wrist-cuffs just weren't pulled as high, but she seemed to have a bit more purchase. She managed to make the former sub-lieutenant take four strokes in a row, the beautiful slave squealing, and lunging against her, sweat slick between their bodies now. Tears ran down the blonde's cheeks and pooled a moment on her ball gag's cheekstraps.

Frances pushed her face forward, making Susan meet the plea in her green eyes. She looked beautiful in a ball gag, a picture of doe-eyed submission. Susan briefly wondered if she herself looked as good with an identical orange ball filling her mouth. Frances whined, a long soft plaintive sound, not even trying to spin Susan around to meet the whip now. She cried out helplessly as the whip licked across her buttocks again with a viper crack.

Susan tried to steel herself, but she just couldn't take the lovely slave's sobs, the plea in her eyes, and helped spin the blonde away from the whip, taking the next blow herself. And the next, and the next! Tears stung her eyes. Buttocks on fire, scalded, a pulsing heat burning deep into her flesh, Susan forced herself to take one more whip stroke, and then just one more. Then Frances would have to take over again.

Her body jerked again to the whip's crack, a strangled, gag-muffled cry forced from her throat. Sobbing helplessly now, Susan tried to twist away, but Frances was ready for her, solidly braced in position. Susan squeaked in outraged betrayal! And the lash stung her again, and again, each stroke adding to the pain, not repeating it. She was sobbing too hard to push Frances around by force now, toes slipping uselessly. Whipped again, Susan realised that Frances was squirming against her, rubbing her breasts and crotch up against her, enjoying Susan's punishment! Their bodies slid easily together now.

Leather cracked across flesh. Frances's eyes were bright, excited, as the swinging lash made Susan lunge up against her again. Her big breasts squashed up between them, lust swollen, nipples rigid, and dripping wet, so hot, Susan cried out in agony as she was lashed again.

Over the next week, she was tormented, teased and occasionally had her head pushed between the Countess Svetlana's thighs; Frances managed to get them jointly punished twice more. By the third punishment session, she knew what was expected of her, and Frances didn't have to take a single stroke, just squirmed ecstatically against her, as Susan was disciplined. Susan wondered if she was falling in love, certainly not head over heels and living in a dreamy haze; but she was more than willing to take Frances's punishments for her now. And when she noticed that both their stencilled numbers were being allowed to fade again, she found herself hoping they'd be together on their

next Slaveworld mission.

Chapter 9

Both comfortably naked, wearing only collars, sensible shoes; a combination trainer and hiking boot, and with exercise bits buckled into their mouths, Susan and Frances were led into the Gate room together. Her teeth resting lightly on the thick rubber bar pulled hard into her mouth - easy to breathe around, just a reminder that property didn't talk without permission - Susan exchanged an excited glance with the former naval sub-lieutenant, very pleased they were going on a mission together. She was sure there was delight in the blonde's green eyes too. Both of them had a large heavy rucksack strapped onto their back, which had clearly been designed for slaves. The shoulder straps and belt were broad and softly padded so that they didn't chafe on naked skin, and the backpacks had built in restraints, straps that buckled around the upper and lower arms, to keep the wearer's arms at her sides.

Two of the younger agents waited in the Gate room, being given last minute tips and advice. Susan recognised Mr Turquoise and Ms Yellow. Ms Carson told them the agents would be addressed as Master Kurt and Mistress Michelle on this mission, Susan and Frances nodding obediently. The two agents, posing as the usual tourists, backpackers on a hiking holiday this time, were talking in German, practising their cover.

Mr Turquoise, now Master Kurt, clipped a lead to Frances's collar, absently stroking her between the legs. Again, Susan reflected that Ms Carson was a superb teacher, her school was the business. All the experienced agents handled, stroked and petted naked sex-slaves as casually as you would pat a dog. Ms Yellow clipped another lead to Susan's collar, checked the fit of her backpack's shoulder straps, and pulled the waist strap a notch tighter, the broad band digging deeper into her stomach.

The woman who would have to pretend to own her for the duration of the mission was still for a moment, hands on Susan's hips, and then slowly kissed her, lips on hers, her tongue flicking over and under the bit that parted Susan's mouth. Fingernails, raked claws, dragged across Susan's buttocks as

she was pulled forward, her nipples stiffening against the agent's jacket. She now knew she much preferred being kissed by Frances to anyone else, but she just couldn't help but respond with sexual arousal to any dominant.

"Good toy!" the agent breathed, pulling away and giving her over-large slave-breasts an approving squeeze, fingers sinking deep into the ring-tipped melons.

Susan groaned helplessly as the full firm weight of her flesh was handled, nipples aching and rigid now. Frances's eyes were on her too, Susan realised. She still found the size and weight of her newly enlarged tits humiliating, but didn't mind nearly so much now she'd discovered Frances liked her more than ever with udders.

"Two minutes to Gate activation!"

From the last minute tips and advice the agents were being offered, Susan learned that this mission had no specific goal. Another exploration job; to seek out jump-in points outside Londinium where a Gate could be activated unnoticed, and to try and develop more noble and dissident contacts.

"Remember! Stay in character," Ms Carson said offering a last piece of advice.

And then, in the blink of an eye, the Gate was shimmering in place, the doorway to an alternative universe. Susan followed the pull of her lead into the Slaveworld.

She gasped, shivering involuntarily. Cold air made her suddenly very aware of her bare skin, wrapping itself around her naked body like a wet towel. Her aching nipples stood out harder still. It was almost dawn, just a hint of light in the eastern sky and there was dew on the grass underfoot. They seemed to have jumped into a field somewhere. As her eyes acclimatised, she became aware of Frances gasping quietly in pleasure, flesh slapping on flesh.

"What are you doing?" Ms Yellow hissed.

"Staying in character," Mr Turquoise replied complacently.

The agent had pushed Frances down onto her knees, rucksack still on her back, face pushed into the grass, taking her doggie style. Susan watched his juice-glistening shaft pumping in and out of her friend's sex, Frances with her arms strapped to the backpack gasping louder as her breasts were squeezed in time with her user's thrusts.

"The road should be over there," he grunted, hips pumping fast and hard. "Go and have a look will you."

Ms Yellow snapped her fingers, and Susan obediently sank to her knees, thighs spread wide and head up as trained. Also staying in character, the agent pulled a tent peg from Susan's pack, stood on it to push it deep into the earth, and then padlocked Susan's pierced clitoris to the tent-peg with a short length of chain. You couldn't deny it; Ms Carson's training was superb!

Frances's gasps of lust around her bit became squeaks and yelps as the agent enjoying her started to spank her behind, the crack of his palm of flesh shockingly loud in the still morning air. The sky seemed lighter now. Susan could see Frances drooling around her gag-bit.

But the danger was past now, if no one had seen the Gate. In fact the loud sounds of a sex-slave being enjoyed by her legal owner would probably keep any nosy up-early farm worker well away. A serf could be sentenced to sexual slavery just for being in the wrong place at the wrong time, if a noble decided a lowly peasant watching him using his property had detracted from his pleasure. Ms Yellow returned.

"Yeah, we seem to be in the right place. Come on, hurry up!"

Frances was pulled up to her knees so that the agent could come over her face, and Susan was released from her tent peg. Then, chatting amiably in both German and English, as if nothing had happened, the pair led their slaves to the road.

The two agents, unlike the naked slaves they led, were unencumbered by backpacks, but fortunately set an easy pace, just strolling along. The sun

came up slowly, Susan soon became painfully aware, with every step she took, of every jiggle, quiver and sway of her bigger breasts, as every fifteen minutes or so, to amuse herself, Ms Yellow kept turning back to her and slapping the heavy mounds as a punishment for flaunting herself. Quite how a naked, bound, slavegirl with huge breasts, being publicly displayed, led down a road on a lead, didn't flaunt herself, Susan couldn't begin to guess. But her flesh soon glowed the same scarlet as the rising sun, the big globes throbbing. Sunlight warming her naked skin, being cruelly teased, she'd forgotten how much she loved the Slaveworld.

"Look at her! The bitch just loves to be the centre of attention," Ms Yellow said happily.

The woman was clearly enjoying herself. Arms strapped to her sides, teeth tight on her bit, snorting through her nose, Susan obediently put her ankles together again and held her head up as a breast was lifted by a nipple ring. The full weight of the heavy globe hanging from her pierced nipple caused just enough discomfort to make Susan sigh in pleasure, and then another stinging slap yanked the ringed nub out of Ms Yellow's grip. Heavy flesh swung and bounced with each blow, heat burning into her punished breasts. Frances on the end of her own lead, dried semen on her face, watched placidly. Glad it wasn't her, or wishing she could join in, Susan wondered?

Their first test, a young red-uniformed soldier exercising a pair of svelte racing ponygirls, was easily passed. Pulling the small two-wheeled pony trap in which their driver sat, the sweat-gleaming ponygirls flashed past in the opposite direction at a fast trot. Both harnessed and bridled toys were slender, smoothly muscled with the firm high breasts typical of the breed, crotch straps dragged deep between sex lips. The soldier paused in his whipping, touching his cap, before again swinging his lash back and forth across bouncing buttocks. The firm hemispheres were criss-crossed with welts, some whip marks curling around hips and thighs, the paired slaves squeaking and yelping with each stroke.

"Lovely!" Ms Yellow sighed as the pair were lashed out of sight.

Susan exchanged a glance with Frances. The blonde's eyes flicked to her reddened breasts a moment and she knew what the green-eyed sex-slave was

thinking. Susan, even without her breasts enlarged, would never have been fast enough to make a decent racing pony. She was actually quite happy about that, more than content to be saddled or driven as a carriage pony. While a carriage pony was almost a purely sexual toy, only usually harnessed and bridled for short city journeys, racing ponies were serious athletes. And so because of all the physical training they did they got less sex; and for maximum speed, the poor things didn't get to run in dildos either!

"Do you ever think you might like to stay here?" Mr Turquoise asked wistfully.

"Sometimes," Ms Yellow admitted with a sigh.

A limousine purred past with a polite wave from the young Lord in the back seat, a chained slaveboy on his knees in front of him with a mouthful of cock. Even though the pavement was wide, the road two lane to make passing slave-drawn vehicles easier, a big fusion powered bulk hauler slowed and gave them plenty of room. Like a teacher, driving was a high-risk profession on the Slaveworld; though by workers' standards, highly paid. The job was only open to a man who had at least one child, preferably two, in the eighteen to twenty-five year old range. If convicted of a driving offence, and of course a noble's word would always be given more weight in court than a peasant's, the driver's son or daughter would be naked on an auction block within a week. Sold to the highest bidder!

Another limousine purred by, a ball gagged slavegirl with big breasts squashed up against the side window, visible a moment. Possibly being spanked, whipped or having something pushed into her ass? Another ponyslave trotted up, coming up from behind this time; a slaveboy driven by a young Lady. She pulled her panting mount to a stop.

"Hello! Looking for Stonehenge?" she asked.

"Er yes," Ms Yellow replied, the veteran of five missions, not troubling to put on much of an accent, as she knew that to Slaveworld ears she already had one. "How did you know?"

"Oh you often see lost tourists around here," the girl laughed. "It's not very

well posted. Straight on about a half mile, and take a little lane to the left."

"Thank you."

You had to be careful with the Slaveworld aristocrats, as with their youth treatment they could often appear much younger than they really were, but Susan thought this girl really was quite young. Probably not much over eighteen. Her mount, wrists cuffed to the shafts of his pony trap, erection straining, bursting, around tight straps, looked about thirty.

Susan didn't usually give slaveboys much thought. She'd performed sex with them on command a couple of times, but otherwise they didn't really enter into her life. Just background scenery. Now though, with her use by the Project's fake Prince still in her mind, she could feel a little sympathy for a mature man, owned by a rich spoilt teenager!

The girl swung out her whip, and then paused.

"Actually, have you got a hostel or camp site picked out for tonight?"

"Nothing planned," Mr Turquoise said cautiously. "Thought we'd camp on the plain."

"It's a bit windswept up there," the teenager said brightly. "Feel free to camp anywhere around here if you come back this way. It's all my family's land. Just say Ann said so if the groundskeeper asks."

"That's very kind of you," Mr Turquoise said with a half bow. "I'm Kurt. This is Michelle."

No titles, all just friends together, Susan noticed. If you had a sex-slave on a lead you were one of them. Automatically trustworthy. Susan suspected that without herself and Frances naked on leads, the pair would have had a much tougher time gaining acceptance. The girl whipped her ponyslave back into motion with a happy wave.

They took the shaded tree-lined lane the young Lady had directed them to; as Mr Turquoise said, "Might as well do the tourist bit for real."

Traffic was much lighter off the main road, and the only wheeled traffic they saw was again the pony trap they had first encountered. The racing ponies were clearly being looped around in a circle, back to wherever they had started from. The lane was narrow, and the young soldier politely pulled his gasping ponygirls to a walk to pass, their breasts cruelly dragged up with reins clipped to nipple rings, the ringed nubs painfully stretched. He nodded courteously, again touching his cap, Mr Turquoise giving him a curt half-nod in return. The harnessed and bridled ponygirls were sweat-lathered now, slavering on their breasts, eyes wide, desperate, bits foam flecked.

Susan caught her breath, a mixture of envy and sympathy. Racing ponies may not have had to trot in dildos, but any aphrodisiac-treated slave, forced to trot in a tight crotch strap, would soon be desperate to be allowed to come. So deliciously cruel! A tight strap across the clitoris provided stimulation, but lubricated by the pony-slave's own juices, little prospect of relief. And despite exhaustion; whip-burnt buttocks and yanked nipples would just make the poor sex-toys hotter.

They were clearly on the tourist trail now though, encountering other backpackers as the morning progressed. Sign language greetings were exchanged with a young Spanish Lord who spoke no English or German. The young Lord was leading a pair of raven-haired girls, both beasts of burden with big heavily enlarged breasts, almost as big as Susan's, quivering and swaying with every step. His naked sex-toys had jewelled pendants swinging from pierced nipples, arms strapped to their backpacks in the same manner as Susan and Frances, and were fitted with tongue clamps.

A bar, screwed down tight over and under the pulled-out tongue, cruelly squeezed the thick muscle. The lead girl had her owner's lead clipped to a ring set through the tip of her tongue, and a swinging chain padlocked to each ring-set clitoris linked the pair, making the second follow the first. Both lush bodied playthings had love bites and candle wax burns marking their big breasts; and their glazed eyes and the juices running down their inner thighs, clearly indicated that they were torturing each other to distraction with the clit chain!

Later an African noblewoman from the Ivory Coast, her skin so dark it seemed almost blue, exchanged pleasantries and confirmed they were on the

right trail. Her English was perfect; her curvy sex-slave, weighty breasts supported in a light chain harness, thin chains digging deep into the full firm mounds, whimpering when her owner pulled her to her knees with her lead. The voluptuous ash blonde carrying her backpack was pussy-locked, with breasts, buttocks and belly heavily whip-marked, and was led with a split lead clipped to clamped nipples.

Thanks to Mr Silver's spiteful action, Susan found she no longer had to resent top heavy slavegirls. Once again, she now stood out, even in this crowd.

Around midday they encountered a trio of French backpackers having a lunch break under the shade of some trees, exchanging hesitant greetings in broken English, and were invited to join the three Ladies. Gay and carefree on holiday, passing around a bottle of wine, the three elegant young aristocrats sat comfortably on the backs of their naked slaves. Relieved of their packs and kneeling on all fours, the sex-toys, tent-pegged down, were being used as stools.

Susan dropped to her knees at a snap of Ms Yellow's fingers, gratefully slurping water around her bit from a plastic dog bowl that the agent put down for her. Freed from her rucksack, pushed onto all fours, nipple rings and pierced clitoris chained to tent pegs, Ms Yellow finally settled herself onto Susan's back. The two agents exchanged food and drink with their new friends, their cover identities accepted without question.

One of the French Ladies was stunningly attractive; the voluptuous, doe-eyed, blonde she sat on impaled with a fat dildo, tanned an even light gold. The fat shaft was secured in place with a tight chain around the slave's waist, pussy stretched wide. After they'd eaten, idly stroking the blonde's behind, a huge pink ball gag filling her property's mouth, full breasts tightly harnessed, Susan didn't know whether to be terrified or disappointed when the beautiful aristocrat offered a straight swap, her sex-toy for Susan, and Ms Yellow after a heart-stopping pause, sadly refused!

"But she's not a pet, is she? Just a holiday slave?" the Lady asked puzzled. "My girl, and two thousand Crowns? Final offer," she said in her lovely lilting accent.

Susan felt her breasts again swell with lust, nipples aching hard, a raging heat in her groin, as four pairs of eyes inspected her naked body, very aware of the weight of Ms Yellow on her back. The Lady's eyes held Susan's, mesmerised!

"Compete! Race them!" one of the aristocrat's called, the slaveboy she sat on, hooded and with a ring set through the tip of his penis, chained to another tent peg.

"Yes! Compete them," the third Lady called. "Winner take all!"

Susan gasped silently in horror when Mr Turquoise said, "Yes, why not."

"Really?" Ms Yellow asked.

"Sure why not," the agent said in a leading tone.

"Ah!" Ms Yellow caught on.

Susan remembered then that the Project wanted to get their hands on a couple of real slaves, but was having trouble figuring a way around having to show ID to transfer ownership. Oh God, she was so wet!

Susan and the French Lady's slave each had a length of rope tightly tied around, over and under each breast, running down their stomachs, and pulled hard between sex lips. Back to back, about six feet apart, the ropes running back between their legs, they were tied to each other. Susan's arms were pulled up high behind her back with a short length of chain to her collar. Her roped slave-breasts were swollen, squeezed into spheres, skin shiny-taut, nipples forced to protrude. Mr Turquoise tied a length of string to each straining nub while Ms Yellow gave a whip a few experimental swishes. Susan groaned in lust as her nipples were squeezed when the knots were pulled tight.

The agent pulled the strings out taut, pulling Susan a step forward, crotch rope tight, rough rope fibres dragging through her pussy. Ms Yellow laid the crop across her behind. A carriage whip laid on the ground between her and the blonde behind her marked the tug-of-war's finish line.

"Ready?"

"Ready!"

Susan gasped as a hissing whip stroke left a blaze of pain across her buttocks, the rope that linked her to the blonde dragged painfully hard into her sex and dug deep into her belly, pulling down on her roped breasts. Ms Yellow's whip slashed her again and again, Susan squeaking, backside on fire now, Mr Turquoise pulling her forward with the strings tied to her nipples. She wailed around her bit in agonised delight, breasts squeezed so tight they must surely burst, nipples brutally stretched, the rough crotch rope sawing back and forth through her sex now dripping wet. Behind her the blonde squeaked and yelped as she too was whipped forward.

Susan felt a foot slip on the grass, losing purchase, but Ms Yellow had cleverly just eased her in, acclimatised her, on the first strokes. The next whip stroke was full force and felt like someone had laid a red hot poker across her behind. With a maddened cry, suddenly tear-blind, teeth clenched hard into her bit, Susan lunged forward.

The crotch rope went slack for a moment, her pulled nipples guiding her forward two paces before it was tight again. The blonde must have gone down on one knee! Susan leant into the rope, dragging down at her roped breasts again, crying out helplessly at another vicious whip stroke. Trying to blink away tears, staring blindly ahead, buttocks on fire, she realised that the snail races were standing her in good stead now! Nipples agonisingly stretched as Mr Turquoise pulled her forward, whipped again and again, she dragged the blonde backwards step by sobbing step.

The French Lady took her loss with good grace; after all the blonde was only a holiday slave, not a pet. But of course, even on a hiking holiday, a Lady couldn't be expected to carry her own rucksack, so they made their way on to the ancient monument as a group - Stonehenge believed to be an early slave market - and then returned to a nearby village together. The place was too small to support a pet shop, only a monthly slave-auction, but the French group already knew a Gypsy Caravan, where a sex-slave could be bought, was passing through.

The Caravan, five brightly painted wooden caravans pulled by a dozen or so naked slaves each, was preparing to move out. Gypsies, dealing in sex-slaves, were not well liked by the serfs who worked the land, and it wouldn't be prudent to stay in the village overnight. An imperious wave from the French Lady brought the Caravan to a stop, the aristocrat walking up and down the line, stroking cocks erect, squeezing balls, handling breasts and tasting slavegirls' juices, while the headman extolled the virtues of his stock.

The slave teams pulling the brightly painted caravans were not harnessed and bridled like real ponyslaves. They pulled with a shoulder harness, wrists cuffed behind them, all linked to a central rope like a dog-sled team, following the lead slave who was led with a cock-strap. A young man or woman walked on each side of the team, whipping the naked merchandise along as necessary. Not pulling, secured to the back steps of a caravan with a collar and lead, a dairy-slave with her arms strapped down her back, a gag-bit buckled into her mouth, and screw-down clamps cruelly tight on her nipples caught Mr Turquoise's eye.

The pretty strawberry blonde was clearly badly in need of milking, her breasts painfully swollen, bigger than Susan's! She groaned in pained lust when the agent hefted her milk heavy udders, Ms Yellow squeezing a buttock.

"Is she for sale?" the agent asked.

"Of course My Lord," the headman replied. "To you, special price, twenty eight thousand?"

The agent had made a mistake, Susan realised! The law did not allow Gypsies to own sex-slaves for their own pleasure, just to trade in them; though what went on in the brightly painted caravans by night was open to conjecture. But legally, in public, he just couldn't refuse to sell a girl if the asking price was met. Any true Lord would know that!

Her own lead still looped around Ms Yellow's wrist, the man already having given her bound naked body a slow look over, no doubt gauging her worth on the auction block, Susan was sure the slip hadn't gone unnoticed. The headman seemed very shrewd.

The French Lady finally bought herself a pretty boy-toy, and after strapping her backpack onto her new purchase, good-naturedly handed over the voluptuous blonde's lead. Ms Yellow took her details and assured her she would register the transfer of ownership; the French Lady didn't need to trouble herself.

The beautiful Lady allowed herself one last look at Susan's naked body, breasts and belly still rope-marked, and regretfully shook her head, shaking Ms Yellow's hand.

"Good match. We must do it again." She patted the blonde on the backside. "I hope you enjoy her as much as I did."

"I'm sure we will," the agent assured her.

"Are you staying at the hostel here?"

The agents were clearly tempted, Susan saw, but they had to get away from the French trio now. Any true aristocrat would register the blonde's change of ownership, the moment he or she got near a vid-phone.

"No, it's a nice night. Under the stars tonight I think," Mr Turquoise decided.

That night, camping in almost exactly the same spot they'd met the young Lady Ann; Susan and Frances lay happily snuggled up together in the same sleeping bag - unfortunately in chastity-belts and handcuffs - listening to the two agents sampling the new sex-slave. The buxom blonde, bound and gagged, gasping and squeaking in pleasure, was fucked again and again, with cock and strap-on dildo, through the evening and long into the night.

Finally sated, exhausted, the two agents wrote up a joint report, and in the early hours Mr Turquoise led the naked handcuffed girl off to a power point he'd spotted for his receiver Gate; an illuminated road sign, and returned without her. The blonde's kidnap from her own reality to an alternative world didn't especially trouble Susan. Hooded, pushed through the Gate to be thoroughly poked and prodded in a lab, and then bewildered, questioned exhaustively about the most mundane everyday aspects of her society and

life; she would probably be returned to the Slaveworld eventually. Once back she would be sold by an agent posing as the French Lady who had owned her to raise Slaveworld cash for the Project, without her ever knowing she'd been on another world. And even if the Project did decide to keep her for some reason, she would still find the transition far easier than, for example, the Grand Hotel's former librarian, Susan thought.

Thinking how carelessly she'd nearly been sold into a life of sexual degradation, Susan couldn't suppress a little shiver, snuggling up closer to Frances's sleeping form. It did confirm one thing for her. She now felt she owed the Project and the agents whose camouflage she was, no more loyalty than they had shown her. From now on, if the shit hit, it was going to be every girl for herself!

Unsurprisingly the two agents slept in late the next morning, and didn't exactly hurry breakfast, or feeding and grooming their slaves, and then breaking camp.

"God, it's nearly half eleven," Ms Yellow said sounding surprised, as she finally lifted her rucksack onto Susan's back, pulling the straps snug and securing her arms. "I could really use a shower. Hostel tonight?"

Mr Turquoise nodded agreement. He was still packing his backpack, Frances waiting on her knees to be loaded, when an off-road vehicle approached, bouncing over the fields.

"Company!" the agent called, not because anyone could have missed the four-wheel drive, but a reminder to stay in character.

The man driving pulled up his open vehicle, a two-seat cross between a small jeep and a large quad bike, and hopped out. Tall, distinguished, a touch of grey; maybe in his fifties back on Earth, but probably in his eighties here when you took into account the Slaveworld's youth treatment. He was dressed casually, but his easy confident manner in the presence of slave-owners, and his appraising eyes on Frances and Susan's naked bodies, said a noble.

"Ah, hoped I might catch you. The Duke of Boscombe," he introduced

himself. "Are you the two my granddaughter Ann said could camp here?"

"Yes, that's us. Count Kurt Phillip Haskel," Mr Turquoise bowed formally. "And may I introduce the Countess Michelle Couburg."

"Hiking holiday? Ah, that takes me back."

The man stepped forward, Susan complacently waiting for him to grab her big breasts as usual, but to her surprised embarrassment, he lifted Frances's pack, thoughtfully weighing it.

"They make camping gear light these days don't they? When I was a youngster, touring the Algarve, my brother and I needed three slaves to carry our gear."

He gave Frances an absent pat on the head.

"So, working holiday, or pure holiday. Only I might have a little job offer for the pair of you," the Duke offered.

"Oh we don't mind a little work, if something suitable comes along," Ms Yellow told him.

Translation: if the job wasn't beneath an aristocrat's dignity.

"Excellent," the man said. "So tell me, have you ever heard of working history?"

"Sort of like a historical re-enactment?" Mr Turquoise asked.

"Yes. I run a small farm separate from the estate, run as it would have been a thousand years ago. A little pet project of mine. Open to visitors, as we get quite a few tourists around here, visiting the ancient monument."

He stroked Susan's belly, fluffing her pubic hair, then turned his attention back to the agents.

"No mains electricity, no tractors, just slave-power, so of course the farm needs supervisors. I can, and sometimes do, use household troops, but the

slaves need sex occasionally, and offering summer jobs to backpackers like yourselves spreads the word. We get more visitors every year. Interested?"

The two agents exchanged glances.

"Yes actually, I think we might be," Mr Turquoise beamed.

The Duke's working history farm was a half day's hike away, but the agents decided to take their time. Enjoy the sights, get a night alone, and arrive in the morning. On one of the main hiking trails in the English Kingdom, between Stonehenge and the ancient Roman city of Bath, they encountered more backpackers, Susan getting quite used to the sight of young Lords and Ladies leading the naked sex-slaves who carried their packs; though it still thrilled her to be on a collar and lead, naked and bound - admired; lusted after! - in public herself. The villages along the way catered to the aristocratic hikers, offering cheap plentiful food, hostels, tea-rooms with slave-grooming services; and here and there, there were occasional temporary Gypsy slave auctions where sexual playthings, becoming boring, no longer interesting, could be traded in and part-exchanged.

A Thai Princess, who obviously hadn't quite caught on to the concept of roughing it, already leading four lovely blondes loaded down with her camping equipment, chained neck to neck, tried to buy Frances. She was politely refused. Later, while the two agents enjoyed lunch at an inn, in full view of those passing on the street, Susan and Frances were given an overdue wash and brush-up outside. Hanging upside down from her ankles while the innkeeper, a retired soldier, thoroughly soaped her down; big breasts swinging awkwardly, Susan squealed when she was rinsed off with a cold hosepipe. Her arms pulled out behind her and secured to a wall-ring, cold soaped water forced into her sex and ass with a giant syringe, bowels bursting, she could see Frances, also swinging upside down awaiting her turn. Hanging them upside down wasn't cruelty; it just made it easier for the old man to wash their hair in bowls under them.

Dried off, naked, on her knees, wrists cuffed behind her, Susan joined several other slaves at the inn's communal trough. A quarter filled with a

disgusting gelatinous off-white slime - that no doubt resembled semen deliberately - Susan forced herself to gulp the horrid stuff down. She was starving! A water trough ran above the food trough, and face smeared with slime, Susan tried to wash away the taste. On her right knelt a tall slender slaveboy, a bursting erection trying to escape chastity rings, eating with resignation. The copper haired slavegirl on her left was sobbing softly. Young, clearly a new slave, possibly no more than eighteen, the naked sex-toy was dusted with a light coating of freckles; beautiful, long-lashed, wide green eyes brimming with tears. Her big breasts quivered as she sobbed, chains linking nipple rings to her collar swaying gently. An unseen man's footsteps sounded on the boards behind them, and Susan prudently gulped down another mouthful of the disgusting slime.

"I thought I told you to stuff yourself!" the unseen noble barked.

The redhead raised her head, the start of a whine cut off as leather cracked down on flesh. The girl squealed. Looking back out of the corner of her eye through her hair, pretending to drink, Susan saw the crop lick across the redhead's buttocks again. The pretty plaything managed to hold position, back dipped and haunches presented for the first six whip strokes; clearly used to six of the best, despite her obvious inexperience. But as the punishment went on, the crop slashing relentlessly back and forth across her buttocks, the lovely, helplessly handcuffed slavegirl, ended up sprawled on the floor, twisting ineffectually on her stomach, squealing, begging and pleading.

Strangely, she didn't seem to have much of an accent to Susan's ears, and the peasants usually had even stronger regional accents to British ears than the indigenous nobles. Susan risked a quick look back, disguised as flicking her hair out of the trough. Puppy-fat plump with a dramatic wasp waist and huge breasts, as big as Susan's, the girl had a Royal brand high on her right hip. Another British girl!

Her owner dropped to his knees between the sobbing girl's legs, and pulled her back up to her knees. She groaned in despairing forced pleasure as the man's hands slid down her body, fingers sinking into the full firm weight of her freckled slave-breasts.

"Eat bitch! Stuff yourself," the naked girl's owner coaxed, voice soft now. "I like some meat on my property."

The girl gasped as she was penetrated, body soon rocking to her master's deep hard cock-thrusts. Balanced precariously on her knees, wrists cuffed behind her back, her face was pushed deep into the trough with every thrust. The girl spluttered and gasped around the slime, breasts squeezed and haunches slapped as she was fucked, obediently gulping down great mouthfuls of the slave-gruel in between yelps of pleasure. White sticky slime sprayed out of her mouth as she was forced to squeal in ecstasy, but the moment she'd recovered from orgasm, still being ridden, the redhead forced herself to gulp down another semen-like mouthful.

The young girl's unseen master forced his branded sexual property to a half dozen more orgasms, making her eat until her stomach bulged, before finally withdrawing his shaft from her body and stepping up between Susan and the girl. Masturbating, his semen jetted into the feeding trough. The unseen Lord laughed as Susan and his slave butted heads, the redhead now desperate to lap up her owner's come.

The freckled toy was patted on the head and footsteps faded. The deliciously plump British girl, her accent unmistakable now, gulped in the water trough, and then looked at Susan with lust-glazed eyes, heavily enlarged breasts swaying to the limits of her nipple-chains as she panted.

"Where is this place?" the young sex-slave whispered, whip stripes criss-crossing her backside and semen on her tongue. "Please tell me where I am? How did I get here?"

Susan risked a quick look around.

"What's your name?" she asked.

"Alison," the redhead blurted, pathetically grateful. "I'm a medical student; studying at Newcastle University. I met a boy on holiday. I think he drugged me, and then I woke up in the palace cellblock! And this isn't my body, my face, and I need sex all the time!" she wailed.

"Shhh!" Susan soothed. "Think of his cock in you!"

"Oh yes," the British slave sighed.

"You love it don't you? You want more!"

"I'll be a good girl," the slave promised automatically, lust calming her.

The redhead forced herself to gulp down another mouthful of slave-gruel. The slaveboy on Susan's right side was clearly very puzzled by this by-play, but Susan ignored him. A contact in the Royal Family was worth taking a risk for if she could find some way to tell the agents one of the backpackers in the inn was actually a Slaveworld Prince, without breaking cover.

The girl had to be owned by Royalty, Susan realised. The delicious, lush, plaything was gorgeous! Not to mention too young and inexperienced to have been a palace sex-toy for anywhere near long enough to become boring, and get herself sold. Verbally tiptoeing, aware she could give herself away, Susan spoke softly, reassuringly.

"Who's your owner?" Susan asked, still pretending to eat.

"Prince Alfred. He likes to tit-fuck me. And he says I'm the best butt-fuck he's owned in years," the redhead admitted with shy pride, voice soft and husky now, her eyes sparkling. "And I'm very easy to whip to orgasm. He's going to compete me professionally; train me himself!"

Her brief moment of post-orgasm lucidity past, again helplessly aroused, the naked, formerly British, slavegirl gulped down another mouthful of the gelatinous off-white slime with every sign of pleasure. Unfortunately by the time Susan was pulled from the trough, and by hiccupping three times in a row - the emergency signal - finally managed to get Ms Yellow to lead her somewhere unobtrusive so that they could speak, the half-seen Prince and his property were long gone. As she was again led down the tourist trail, Susan found herself wondering just exactly how many girls from home the Slaveworld had taken?

Later they joined up with a pair of Venetian Lords for a while, each

elegantly dressed backpacker leading a slender, stunningly gorgeous slavegirl, both clearly very expensive and not the usual cheap and cheerful holiday slave. Venice, though this was occasionally disputed by Prague and Paris, set the style and fashions of Europe. In clothing, in entertainment, in architecture, and sometimes in slaves. Currently, one of the young Lords informed the agents, the slavegirl to own was exactly five feet four inches tall, with small rounded breasts and slim kitten hips. The young man let his eyes roam over the heavy weight of Susan's breasts and the generous flare of her hips.

"That figure is just so twenty years ago," he dismissed her.

"I like her," Ms Yellow demurred, stroking Susan's body. "She's fun in bed."

"Well yes, in the bedroom, you use what pleases you most," the Venetian Lord agreed seriously, "but I feel you have to dress to your station in life. Always consider style and elegance. I simply would not have an unfashionable slave on my lead in public." The two agents, casually dressed, as apart from the Venetian backpackers, almost every other noble hiker they'd encountered had been, waved away this earnest proclamation with a laugh.

"I've seen no shortage of toys with curves here," Mr Turquoise argued.

He reached out and hefted one of Susan's breasts, the big ring-tipped mound filling his palm and spilling between splayed fingers. Naked in the afternoon sun, arms strapped to her backpack, Susan sighed softly around the bit buckled into her mouth as she was handled.

"A few with tits even bigger than these," the agent added.

"Oh well, the English!" the Venetian Lord said dismissively. "They're not the most fashion-conscious people when it comes to slaves. You only have to look around - top heavy playthings everywhere."

"I don't know," Ms Yellow demurred. "I think I prefer to put sex appeal before style."

"Ah, but then you're from Bavaria," the Venetian Lord said triumphantly. "The German Principalities spend almost as much on breast enlargement drugs as the English do."

The good natured bickering went on until they reached the next village, where promptly negating his brother's arguments, the second of the pair shyly asked Ms Yellow if she might be interested in a quick swap. The agent and the young Lord sat side by side on a park bench in the middle of the village green, peasants passing by pretending not to notice, each with a slavegirl's head between their thighs. Mr Turquoise, with the other Lord, wandered off to check the local hostel.

Naked on her knees, her arms still strapped to her backpack, Susan let the young Lord's grip on her breasts control her mouth. Sliding her lips up and down the length of his cock in time with the big globes being firmly squeezed, fingers sinking painfully, deliciously, deep into her flesh. She licked and kissed his shaft when her nipples were twisted, his balls, when the ringed nubs were squeezed. It wasn't only Ms Carson's agents who were well trained.

Being led around with a collar and chain, naked and bound, was one thing; but actual public sex! Susan was in heaven, desperately hot, longing for the young Venetian Lord to shaft her then and there, but knowing it probably wouldn't happen with the pack on her back in the way. Her breasts lust-swollen, nipples hard against her user's hands, Susan's head bobbed quicker, lips tight around the meat shaft in her mouth, as cruel fingers squeezed her big heavy slave-breasts harder and faster. She was dripping wet, and couldn't help a little sigh of disappointment when hot come splashed into her mouth. Remembering with envy, the way the redhead at their lunch-stop had been made to come and come again.

That night, in their hostel room, Susan and Frances were hard used by the two agents, the pair not just maintaining their cover, but really getting into their roles as owners. The bound sex was humiliating and degrading, with many punishments for failing to be docile, pleasing or willing enough. Finally, standing tied to attention, hooded, exhausted, tightly bound to one of the four-poster bed's poles, where she would spend the night, whipped breasts throbbing, semen slowly leaking out of her pussy and the tube of an inflatable

butt plug still trailing from between her buttocks, Susan was sated. Satisfied!

She knew she wouldn't really ever be satisfied, couldn't be, would always crave more, if she was treated with the Slaveworld's aphrodisiac, but the ease with which treated slaves could be forced to come, still darkly fascinated her. Her thoughts kept going back to that plump redhead! What would it be like to own a beautiful sex-toy that could actually be whipped to orgasm?

They reached the working history farm the next morning, about midday, semi-expected. Many of the modern Slaveworld farms worked slaves alongside agricultural machinery; for the amusement of owners, to break in unruly young males, and as a visible reminder to the peasant class of what could happen to any serf who forgot his or her place. But this estate recreated a time when slaves also had an economic value.

Naked, bound, whipped, slaves! Jimmy, with Number Thirteen docilely following the pull of his lead, looked around him in delight. He just loved the Slaveworld more and more! Ms Yellow, again amusing herself tormenting Number Fourteen with her huge tits - dipping into a bag of sharp-jawed little metal clamps and adding another to the generous collection already adorning the big heavy ring-tipped globes - caught his eye and returned his grin. The top heavy slavegirl; naked, arms bound to the rucksack strapped to her back, was gasping a little around her gag, clamp decorated breasts heaving, but was taking her punishment as placidly as any real Slaveworld plaything.

It was almost like she belonged here.

In one nearby field a team of eight harnessed, bridled and blinkered slaveboys pulled a plough, turning over stubble; in the next, teeth tight on the bits buckled into their mouths, naked young men were pulling a combine harvester with the blades offset to one side. As the Duke had said, harvest was a busy time. Naked girls mounted on dildo-poles, arms outstretched and bound to a pole strapped across their shoulders, stood as scarecrows in a rippling field of unmown wheat on the other side of the path.

The heavy work being done by male slaves, teams of four ponygirls pulled

the hay and grain wagons. As they were working animals, their drivers didn't sit on a seat on the wagon as with a modern carriage or pony trap; but walked alongside the naked slavegirls, swinging a whip. It meant there was less weight for the teams to pull, Jimmy realised, and the team-master was able to work the harnessed and bridled slavegirls harder, as he or she could whip sweat-gleaming breasts, bellies and hindquarters, unhindered.

On previous missions Jimmy had discovered that what he really liked seeing was naked, helpless, women being worked hard, far more than he enjoyed watching the many sex-shows, and even uninhibited aristocrats enjoying and punishing their property in public. A lovely pair of ponygirls were pulling a two-wheeled water tank down the path towards him - drinking water for the working slaves. Tits heaving, eyes wide, sweat-lathered and slaverling around their bits, bodies whip-striped; they were just simply delicious. It was almost as good as sex. A pretty young Lady leading the hard-used pair along with a lead clipped to nipple rings, whip in hand, gave them a cheerful hello.

Jimmy returned her wave, cock stirring as the sweet looking young aristocrat flicked her lash back between the helpless pair's legs. The matched ponygirls - petite hazel-eyed blondes - were about thirty years old, their tormentor appearing no more than twenty. They had the cutest squeaks. He had seen slave-power used on modern Slaveworld farms alongside tractors and the like, but this was even better. Here the agricultural equipment and wagons - no doubt period authentic - looked clumsy; inefficient. Harder work! Harking back to a time when slaves had been both sexual playthings and working animals.

A thousand years ago the use of slaves had still been in transition. They had not been quite the pure sex-toys of the modern Slaveworld, who were only worked for their owners' amusement, rather than because their labours had any economic value, but they had been close to that. It had been a gradual evolution from Roman times, when although using slaves as entertainment in the arena was commonplace, and property could not refuse an owner's sexual advances, the vast majority of slaves were just unpaid labourers. Never saw a whip or chains.

The historical farm recreated an age when slaves had become first and

foremost sexual toys, but still did real work. The passage of time showed up clearly in the harness design. The naked slavegirls were harnessed with broad wide straps, the easier to pull their burdens, like today's racing ponies, but quite different from the lovely sexual playthings he'd seen pulling pony traps on the streets of Londinium. Today's ponygirls had thin tight crotch straps pulled up hard between their sex lips and digging deep into enlarged breasts, the better to tease and torment them. Usually with ass-stretching butt plugs and fat teasing dildos. Not one of the ponygirls he saw here had reins clipped to nipple rings, or her girth pulled down to the attractive, but breathlessly cruel, owner-pleasing, eighteen inches of a city pony. Jimmy found he didn't mind; because the slave-toys here were clearly being worked harder than the pampered sexual pets he'd seen pulling carriages on the streets of the Slaveworld's English capital.

Jimmy's heart had beat faster, worry gnawing at his belly, when the Regimental Sergeant in charge of the farm's complement of troopers didn't seem to know who they were, but it turned out the Duke was in the habit of offering jobs to most backpackers he encountered passing through his lands. Many tourists just said they'd think about the offer, or changed their minds later after accepting, and some didn't stay after a look around the farm, so the Duke saw no point in passing on details. You just had to turn up and say you'd been offered a job. A useful thing for future missions to know!

The red-uniformed man, not servile, but polite and very respectful, clearly a man who believed he was in the presence of his betters, offered brunch and a tour. The two agents unloaded their backpacks from their slaves and dropped them carelessly beside a barn, but kept their slave-toys on leads with them throughout the tour. It was the Slaveworld thing to do. No noble would dream of stooping to petty theft, but a pretty bound slavegirl left alone on a hitching rail might be fair game here. After a brief "May I?" the Sergeant pulled a pair of straps from his belt and secured their slaves' arms together behind backs.

A thousand years ago the Slaveworld had had the telegraph, steam engines and the electric light bulb, but of course none of those things would be in evidence on a working farm. The Sergeant showed them the stalls where the slaves slept, the kitchen where a peasant cook and her assistants worked on a

wood-burning range, and pointed out a naked girl trotting inside what looked like a giant hamsters wheel; pumping water out of a well.

A low shack-like building contained the only technology on the farm; also powered by the giant hamster wheel, a vid-phone in case of medical emergencies. If an ambulance needed to be called.

"But don't worry, this is just for the tourists and farm-slaves," the uniformed man assured them. "The staff dormitory over there, where you will be living," he waved to the roof of a low building off the farm, just visible over trees, "has all mod-cons. The only thing is, we like to keep our slaves period authentic. So your property is either kept in the dorm, or rented to the farm while you're here. The Duke pays a very reasonable daily hire rate."

"And the farm slaves?" Ms Yellow asked with feigned boredom.

"The farm manager - the duty Sergeant - decides what work they do, and any supervisor uses any slave for sex in whatever way he or she fancies. They're not pets, your two, are they My Lady? Just holiday scraps?"

The agent let her fingernails trail over the forest of clamps decorating Number Fourteen's breasts, the naked brunette groaning in distress, teeth tight on her bit. Gasping now, eyes tear-bright, the heavy globes quivered beautifully as the naked sex-toy gasped, sharp little metal jaws biting deep into her creamy flesh. Almost covering both breasts now, her areola were no longer visible under the forest of clamps. She moaned in soft pleasure as her sex was cupped in the agent's free hand.

"No, nothing special," Ms Yellow said blandly. "It'll do them good to be put to work."

The agent squeezed a buttock, the hand cupping Number Fourteen's sex then stroking slowly up the bound girl's belly, the brunette's lead still looped around the agent's wrist.

"But I don't want her losing any weight. I don't want her skinny! I like curves."

"Not a problem my Lady. I can have her force-fed for you. Even put on a bit of weight on her if you like?"

"Excellent! Say half a stone?" Ms Yellow said happily. The man nodded. "What will you have her doing? One of those wagon ponygirls?"

The Sergeant pursed his lips.

"Your blonde, yes Sir," he said to Jimmy, "but I'm afraid your brunette will have to go in the mill, My Lady. Her tits are too big. Period harnesses don't have tit-straps. Breast-enlargement drugs were only invented two hundred years ago, so they only had the occasional top heavy plaything to contend with back then."

"That must have been quite terrible for the owners," Ms Yellow said. "Imagine owning a slave whose appearance displeased you, and not being able to have her improved!"

"Many of our visitors have said the same, My Lady. That's partly why the Duke thinks so highly of this project. He said it's important nobles don't take their present lifestyle for granted. Aristocrats should not forget how their ancestors were deprived in the past."

"Quite right!" Jimmy agreed. "Though I noticed some rather prominent ponygirls in the fields?"

"Well, yes My Lord," the Sergeant agreed ruefully. "Everyone improves the tits on their property a little these days. Firms them up. We have to use what we can get."

He led them past a pair of whipping posts set in the centre of the courtyard, and then to where dairy slaves were being milked behind the kitchen. A girl with huge breasts, easily a match for Number Fourteen's spectacular new dimensions, was bent forward from the waist, head and wrists locked in a set of wooded stocks. Under her a bowl rested on a wooded table, and seated at either side of the low table, each with a breast in their hands, a young Lord and Lady were milking her. Handcuffed, linked neck to neck, their milk-heavy breasts painfully swollen, clamps screwed down on their nipples, a row

of three more naked girls waited their turn.

The dairy slave in the stocks was gasping and moaning in a helpless mix of pain and pleasure, as fingers twisted deep into her heavy udders, teeth clenched onto a wooden bar tied through her mouth. She had a sweet, innocent-looking face, a beautiful plea in her eyes, her cries deliciously forlorn, and came almost immediately when as a treat for being good, the Lady who had been milking her rammed a dildo into her pouting sex.

"Fresh milk every day," the Sergeant said matter-of-factly.

Even a thousand years ago it seemed, the Lords and Ladies had been able to enjoy slave-milk.

The mill was a squat hexagonal building, with what looked like two later add-on buildings going off on two sides. Jimmy, Ms Yellow and the two slaves they led, paused in the entrance a moment, eyes acclimatising to the dim interior after bright sunlight. Leather cracked on flesh, and a girl yelped. One of the slaves they led gasped behind him.

"Oh my," Ms Yellow said softly.

In the centre of the mill two large millstones were grinding away, making a steady rumble, four heavy wooden beams radiating out from the top millstone forming spokes. And two to a spoke, in pairs, eight naked girls pushed the heavy stone around and around. The young Lord supervising, another backpacker on a summer job as they were supposed to be, wandered in and out of his charges, flicking a whip across presented behinds.

"This mill has been in continuous use, with a few rebuilds and replacement parts, for twelve hundred years," the Sergeant informed them proudly.

The slaves could not see them. All wore leather hoods that left only the nose and mouth clear. Their wrists cuffed to the beam they pushed, each girl was bent forward from the waist, leaning into the beam. To keep her there, a pole ran down from the beam in front of each slave, two lengths of chain from its base tugging down at nipple rings. Judged too top heavy to work the fields as a ponygirl, all these sex-toys had very large breasts, big heavy tits

swaying this way and that, to the limit of the nipple-chains, tugging on pierced nipples with every step! Unlike the working ponies, each girl was impaled front and back with a huge, fat, crotch-strap-mounted dildo, and a smaller butt plug. In their enforced bent forward position, the bases of the invaders projecting between the girls' rolling buttocks, and stretching wide pouting pussies, were clearly visible.

The Sergeant informed them that the twin shafts were period authentic. This mill had been worked by dildo-stuffed slavegirls, chained down with nipple rings, blind and deaf under hoods, and driven on with a firm whip, since records began. Some of the original hand-carved ivory dildos still survived, and were on display in cabinets in the farm's small museum, they were told. The young aristocrat supervising the mill gave the Sergeant a friendly wave and started over, pausing to swing a long thin lash backhand across plump buttocks.

The naked girl he'd whipped yelped, hooded head jerking up, big chained-down breasts stretching into cones as she tried to rear up. Her squeal was quite clear over the rumble of the mill. Under a cracked caking of flour dust and sweat, occasional rivulets of sweat running down her body's flour coating, whip-striped hindquarters swaying, the slave-toy with her wrists cuffed to the beam laboured on past them. The flour dust had caked dry particularly heavily on her pussy and inner thighs, the large fat dildo making her juices flow.

The Sergeant called something Jimmy didn't catch, but the young Lord must have, because he began going around his charges tapping them between the shoulder blades. Obviously a signal to stop. Panting gently, dildo impaled, two naked bent-forward girls were right in front of him, hooded heads turning blindly this way and that.

"The reason they are all suddenly so attentive, is because the mill wheel only usually stops when somebody wants to shaft one of them," their guide explained.

As if it was the most natural thing in the world, sliding a heavy dildo out of the hooded girl he'd just swung a whip across and sliding his cock into her, the young Lord explained his duties in the mill. The five of them watching,

hands light on her waist, hips pumping, he told the agents to help themselves to any mouth or cunt they liked the look of. Jimmy exchanged a knowing glance with his fellow agent, reaching under the grunting shafted girl to knead and squeeze a breast. By that afternoon Number Thirteen was trotting in the giant hamster wheel, and top heavy Fourteen had been put to work in the mill.

Being accepted by their fellow backpackers got off to a slow start. Both of them made mistakes in little ways, like not owning a whip, sipping tea before having a house-slave dip a nipple in the mug to test the temperature first, and not being up on current slave-auction prices in their supposed homeland. But of course they couldn't be anything but noble; they owned slaves!

And to begin with their sex-slaves had also appeared a little wrong. Number Fourteen was just too cute, and Thirteen, quite simply beautiful! They appeared too expensive to be the usual, 'buy when you arrive, sell when you leave', holiday sex-toys. Real backpackers, on a budget, bought and sold cheap! But when their fellow holiday workers discovered Number Thirteen couldn't be whipped to orgasm mounted on a dildo-pole, and Number Fourteen would only come once or twice while being shafted, all was explained in their eyes. Frigid slavegirls always fetched a poor price, no matter how attractive. Holiday slaves after all!

The fact that their camouflage sex-slaves were hot, wet and submissive enough to almost compete against the real aphrodisiac-treated thing, was a source of wonder and some amusement to Jimmy and his fellow agent. They both couldn't help wondering how aroused, how eager to please, and how desperate to be allowed orgasm the pair would be if ever treated with the Slaveworld stimulant. He'd seen Number Fourteen in the mill, hooded, wrists chained to the beam she pushed, her ass whip-striped, being taken from behind several times now; sometimes with a cock in her mouth at the same time. Anyone who liked the look of her was free to screw her. And although the top heavy brunette was being made to work for her keep, and never got to see the men, and occasional women, who used her, she seemed to be enjoying life as a farm animal.

By the end of the week, Jimmy and Ms Yellow thought they were doing pretty well. They were getting on well with their fellow holiday workers,

their cover identities accepted, and had even breezed past an Austrian Lord who knew the Principality they claimed to be from quite well. The two agents knew they were really in when they were invited to an orgy, up at the big house.

For Jimmy the orgy was pure heaven on Earth! Two dozen slavegirls, half a dozen slaveboys and twenty or so noble guests. All naked, all in a tangled pile on the soft, deeply padded floor of a large softly lit circular room, a continuous circular couch running around the wall. The slave-toys all had their arms strapped behind their backs, folded wrist to elbow, and were all hooded. Anonymous sex-objects! Like those used in the farm's mill, the hoods left mouths and nostrils free, the girls' pony-tails pulled out of a hole in the back of the hood, but were made of tight shiny form-fitting latex instead of leather.

There were no training or punishment instruments in use at the Duke's very relaxed orgy, no whips, clamps or shock batons; though the nobles considered spanking, squeezed breasts or balls and twisted nipples normal foreplay. Any Lady who wished, could use a strap-on dildo, and fat pear-shaped butt plugs hung from the slaves' collars, ready for use. Slaves not in use in the writhing pile of silken flesh, had their faces pushed into each other's crotches.

Surrounded by, buried in, a heap of lush, helpless, velvet-skinned - and very willing! - slavegirls, Jimmy thrust his cock deep into the ass of a hooded girl, his hands full of firm heavy breasts. His hooded plaything squeaked with each thrust, squirming under him, her ringed nipples hard against his palms. A Lady on her knees beside him was spanking a girl across her lap, the twisting yelping slave-toy's buttocks scarlet. At his girl's head another pretty plaything, sitting astride a young Lord and impaled on his cock, reared and bucked, tossing her hooded head.

Jimmy popped his head up for air, seeing Ms Yellow sitting on a male slave's face a few bodies away, eyes closed in dreamy contentment. He rolled off his face down slave, pulling a slender blonde's mouth onto his cock, working her obedient tongue to a frenzy with cruelly twisted nipples. A recently tit-slapped slavegirl on her knees, big slave-breasts glowing an angry throbbing scarlet, being taken from behind with a strap-on dildo, was pushed

aside, and Jimmy grabbed her. Sliding astride her body, he squeezed the heavily enlarged mounds around his shaft and began thrusting his cock between her slap-reddened flesh. The svelte blonde he'd had licking him just a moment ago, hooded head turning this way and that blindly, was flipped face down and her butt plug forced into her ass even as he watched.

The Lords and Ladies sighed, moaned and grunted as they came, mostly quite quiet, fluid gleaming on the bare flesh of many of the bound hooded slaves now. The sex-toys were much louder as they were forced to orgasm, shrieking and crying out in uninhibited ecstasy. When taking a break, mostly the Lords, but also the occasional Lady, would sit on the circular couch, watching, chatting, a slave tonguing them, aroused again, waiting for the sexual stimulants to kick in again.

Jimmy came between the anonymous slave's enlarged tits, semen coating the heavy mounds and splashing up her hooded face. He'd come six times already, and was tiring, but still felt ready for more. Those 'Blues' were the real thing! He briefly wondered what it was like for the slaves, their surgically implanted stimulants slowly, permanently, dissolving into the bloodstream, easily four times as powerful! Probably heavenly during actual sex, but a desperate, longing torment the rest of the time. Forced to become bitches on heat!

Sitting still astride his panting girl a moment to catch his breath, his come on her tits, Jimmy looked around again. For a moment he couldn't see his fellow agent. Oh, there she was! Ms Yellow's back was to him, sitting on a slavegirl's face this time. A good time was being had by all. Finally, one by one, the nobles pulled themselves from the pile, until all were seated around the room on the couch, idly watching the still unsatisfied hooded slaves, arms bound behind them and writhing in a heap, desperately tonguing and screwing each other.

The conversation turned to a bizarre incident that had taken place in the capital that day. Two Royal Security Police troopers calling at a Londinium hotel to arrest an imposter posing as an African Prince staying there, had been physically overpowered. When their back-up had tried to arrest the fleeing man in the hotel lobby, he had shot his way out of the ambush with an illegal, lethal, and still unidentified handweapon, injuring one trooper

critically; and then somehow vanished from the locked suite he'd eventually barricaded himself into.

Two days later, it was common knowledge amongst the farm slaves that an imposter posing as a foreign noble had used lethal force to escape arrest, and had then spectacularly disappeared from the locked hotel suite he'd then barricaded himself into. Slaves, of course, were only exposed to their owners' influences, what the Lords and Ladies were currently preoccupied with; what their users were mostly talking about. And the working history farm allowed slaves to sleep together in stalls, in groups of eight to a dozen, as they had once done a thousand years ago. Kept naked, secured with collars and chains - of course in chastity belts - the system encouraged the gossip grapevine.

It was not unknown for the Slaveworld's working class to try and pass themselves off as aristocrats. Sometimes, in a vain attempt to escape a sentence to sexual slavery. Occasionally, a young lover hopelessly trying to rescue a loved one from the auction block. The Lords and Ladies didn't mind the latter; they thought it was romantic. After being given a long sentence, the young lovers were always allowed - made to! - marry. Married slaves, who by law could not be broken up and had to be bought or sold as a pair, were quite rare, expensive, and always in demand. A couple in love could be tormented in ways two strangers could not be!

The point was, imposters never lasted long, some no more than a couple of hours. No one took them seriously. This was something new!

Susan was sure the imposter was Mr Silver from the moment she heard the story. The agent had probably been a good soldier before joining the Project, but courage took different forms. The man who would stand and fight, if necessary take that fight to an enemy, aggressively defend what he believed in; did not guarantee a good secret agent. The secret agent, she had come to realise, was sneaky, underhand, passive, avoided confrontation and often worked alone with no back-up, he or she was endlessly aware of the hundreds of eyes around them, wondering if they knew! Under this constant pressure, waiting for betrayal or discovery, she could imagine Mr Silver smuggling a gun through the Gate: and then the RSP had come for him. She had tried to

tell them the man was a loose canon!

Both Susan and Frances expected the agents to immediately bolt for home, and were amazed when they woke up in their stall again, still on the farm, three days after the incident. Surely somebody who knew about the first contact between Phillips-Webber and Lord Franklin, would put two and two together, and realise Mr Silver had escaped with a dimensional Gate. And now that the Slaveworld security was looking for agents posing as nobles, was aware of the possibility, it was going to be a lot harder to blend into the crowd. It would take more than just a naked, bound, girl on a collar and lead.

Perhaps knowing, that like Mr Silver, they could even escape from locked rooms, the two agents didn't consider themselves too much at risk. Susan hoped it wasn't just because they were enjoying themselves as Slaveworld aristocrats too much. She didn't mind the delay herself, having a wonderful time as a farm animal working the mill, but she was worried about Frances.

The lovely girl seemed a bit down, and wasn't enjoying the farm nearly as much as Susan was. She'd posed as a pillow-slave, a purely sexual plaything on her last Slaveworld mission, and at the Project she'd been Countess Svetlana's prized pet. Special! Here though, growing to hate the giant hamster wheel, she thought she was being worked too hard, and punished too often, for not enough sex.

When news that an RSP sweep had picked up three - or five; the story was garbled - more imposters, the two agents finally got smart and decided to pull out. The Project was clearly compromised! The next morning instead of being put to work, Susan and Frances stood waiting, fed and groomed, secured to a hitching rail, their agents' rucksacks again strapped to their backs. Naked, her exercise bit once more strapped into her mouth, arms strapped to the backpack, fitted with walking shoes again, Susan dozed in the warm sun. Mr Turquoise and Ms Yellow were probably saying goodbye to their fellow holiday workers. The usual stuff. Shaking hands, patting backs and promising to write or call even though they knew they never would.

Urgent shouts snapped her eyes open. Mr Turquoise, desperately running, was tackled and brought down by a black uniformed man. Another Royal Security Police trooper piled on top of the two. The agent, kicking and

fighting, was dragged back in the direction of the holiday workers' dormitory. Her heart thudding in her chest, Susan realised Mr Turquoise had been running towards her, and Frances, and the receiver-Gates they both had in their backpacks.

Suddenly finding herself trembling, Susan waited to be arrested as well. A long black car sped past in a cloud of dust. An RSP officer talking into a radio walked past in the direction of the holiday workers' dormitory, without sparing the two naked slaves a glance. Could they have been missed? No! Even if the RSP thought they were real slaves, they would still want to question them, and examine the contents of their backpacks. Perhaps forgotten for a moment, somebody would eventually get around to them.

Just metres away, the nearest power-source for a Gate was the emergency vid-phone in a low shack, electricity provided by the hamster wheel Frances had spent so many unhappy hours in. Today, another naked girl trotted in the wheel, providing power, and pumping well water for the kitchens and slaves' water troughs. Susan met Frances's panicked gaze. Both of them had the means of escape in their backpacks, but were helplessly bound; collared, their leads tied to the hitching rail.

Ms Yellow must have been thinking along the same lines. The agent appeared out of nowhere, quickly untied Susan's lead, and dragged her into the shack. For just a moment Susan was grateful, but then realised she'd been taken only because she was closest, Frances left helpless on the hitching rail! The agent probably wasn't even interested in rescuing her, Susan realised, it had just been quicker to pull her into the shack, than to rummage in the backpack in the open.

Swearing under her breath, the agent dragged the pack off Susan's back, ripping at the straps that held it in place, then pushed Susan aside.

"She's here!"

A black uniformed man stood in the doorway. The agent pivoted, spinning around, a foot slamming into the man's chest with a thud. Winded, the trooper

went down, but managed to grab at her, grappling, as she tried to pull him in out of sight. The two rolled out into the sunlight, Susan shrinking back into the shadows as another man joined the fray. Screaming insults, Ms Yellow was dragged away.

When it finally became obvious no one had noticed Susan in the gloom, she stirred from her corner, quietly barred the door and began to set up the receiver-Gate. Feeling strangely guilty about it, she removed the bit buckled into her mouth, and then cautiously peeped out of a grimy window. Frances still stood secured to the hitching rail, people milling around now. Susan decided she would have to wait until the Gate was set up and no one was about, before she tried to pull her in. But she would be safe herself until somebody came for them, and found only one girl.

Susan was just about to yank the wires out of the vid-phone and connect up her Gate, when she paused. An insistent, insidious, thought, that had been at the back of her mind for a while now, suddenly wanted attention!

Could she? She wanted to so badly! And Ms Carson had had fair warning! Susan had tried to tell her how seductive she found the Slaveworld, when she'd tried to leave the Project, but the woman hadn't listened. It wasn't really treachery, if you gave people fair warning, and they still wouldn't listen! Heart pounding faster than ever, Susan turned on the vid-phone, and asked the operator for RSP headquarters.

To begin with she had to deal with a puzzled underling, but once he realised she had important information about the imposters, she got through to a greying colonel.

"I know you can trace this call," Susan said straight away, "but you can't cut off my power without warning."

She spared a quick reassuring glance at the still turning giant hamster wheel. She could just see the top.

"If anyone tries to force their way in here or cut my power, I'll just vanish from this room. Does that make sense to you?"

"It makes sense," the colonel agreed. "You have one of Franklin's Gates."

Susan nodded, satisfied she was dealing with the right man now.

"I want to make a deal," she said.

"I'm interested," the man agreed.

"You know I'm a spy from another world, another reality?"

"Yes."

"I will freely tell you everything I know about the intelligence operation."

"We have truth drugs, and prisoners."

"We have one of your people captive as well. And I will help you in any way. As a double agent if you like? If I get what I want!" Susan promised.

"And what is it you want?" the colonel asked.

"Oh the usual. Money, citizenship, a title. And to live where people can be owned!"

Susan looked up out the window. The slavegirl in the hamster wheel was still trotting unhindered, but the RSP officer with the radio to his ear was now looking directly at the shack, and Frances was being led away by a trooper. Damn, they were quick!

"And one of your prisoners will have to be released to me," she added.

"I can't authorise..." the colonel started to say.

The screen suddenly split into two, and it was obvious the colonel could see the newcomer too.

"I am Captain Scott, equerry to His Majesty, and I speak for the King," the scarlet uniformed man said without preamble.

"Spy, your bargain is accepted, provided you now freely help us to the best of your abilities, and have not tried to deceive us in any way. Give yourself up to the colonel." His eyes flicked away. "Colonel, please transport the spy to the palace with all dispatch."

"At once Captain."

"Hold on. How do I know I can trust you?" Susan asked.

"I speak for the King," the Captain repeated. "This bargain is made in his name!"

"Agreed," Susan said.

It was as much reassurance as she was going to get, and might just be enough. Nobles set great store by their word. It was important to them, a question of honour. She cast one last look at the still dormant receiver-Gate, and then unbarred the door. The risk was worth it!

Wearing a terry robe she'd been given, still naked underneath, slightly bewildered at the speed with which events were moving, Susan found herself in the Royal palace in Londinium that afternoon. The King's equerry dealt with her himself. Only able to see her face over the vid-phone, the Captain hadn't realised Susan was posing as a slave, not an aristocrat; but as, confirmed with a lie-detector, she hadn't intended to deceive, the deal was allowed to stand. As a mark of good faith, Susan's half of the bargain was dealt with first.

First she identified Frances from a mug shot; confirmed that the beautiful blonde was the one she wanted. She was giving the former naval officer no choice, but having seen and experienced the Slaveworld, Susan was sure Frances could be persuaded to enjoy Susan's plans for her. She would love her new life!

Then they got down to price. A small north country estate - a hundred acres - a ten bedroom town-house in Londinium and five million crowns was apparently the going rate for treachery. Stunned, Susan was instantly suspicious. It was too much, far more than she'd imagined possible.

The King's equerry then explained that the only title she could be offered, was Baroness. There were five levels of nobility under the English system, Baron and Baroness the lowest. When he explained that Baroness was absolutely not negotiable, Susan finally understood, suspicion fading. To them the rank had far more value than money. But there were always a few spare titles about, to be dispensed as the King saw fit, as occasionally aristocrats died without heirs.

Having secured her thirty pieces of silver, Susan set about creating the perfect sex-slave. The Captain, after initial reservations, got into the swing of things, and offered help and advice. Telling her what turned him on. A doctor from the city clinic was also on hand, offering more impartial advice. So real you felt you could reach out and touch, and Susan's hand went right through the image when she tried, the life-size hologram of a very familiar, naked girl, stood before them. The 3D image changed to display options, and her choices; eyes going through blue, grey, hazel, brown and green; breast, waist and hip dimensions growing and shrinking.

"So, of course you want the youth treatment?"

"Oh yes."

"Sensors? Satellite tagged?"

Susan agreed to the coin-shaped sensors, to be surgically attached to the skull, that would monitor a specific brainwave frequency, and record every orgasm on the owner's personal computer. She didn't think slaves should be allowed to masturbate no matter how wet and hot the surgically implanted aphrodisiac made them. A satellite tag, the device about the size of a pea, implanted in the breast, would also allow that same owner to track the location of a tagged slave to anywhere on the face of the planet within five metres.

Lips a little fuller, cheekbones just fractionally highlighted, a slightly more pointed chin and the cutest button nose, made the hologram slavegirl quite lovely. Not beautiful; but sexy! The problem came when the Captain suggested longer legs.

"It's quite safe," the doctor assured her. "Just stretch the lower leg bones a little, cut the femur in two, and put in an insert. The merchandise is back on her feet within a week."

Then the Captain realised the problem.

"Oh! You want a show pony," the scarlet uniformed man realised.

"Well yes," Susan agreed, desperately excited, but embarrassed by this clinical process.

Susan had been thinking about show ponies, ever since Frances had said how much she liked them. Show ponies, pulling a small two-wheeled pony trap, competed in pairs in public competitions; a cross between a beauty contest and a display of well-trained obedience. Dressage rules required a bust measurement twice the tightened girth size, but also, show ponies were always cute little things, never more than five foot two tall.

"Oh that's no problem," the doctor assured her. He checked his computer. "Just over 5'3" now. So we whip out a couple of vertebrae, and we can still add half an inch to the leg. That gives us five two, exactly."

Biting her lip, still not believing this was real, Susan hesitantly nodded. They moved on down the checklist. When it came to her side of the bargain, at first quite unconcerned about being fitted with a lie detector, Susan realised something was horribly wrong when she described the Project. The Captain was soon talking urgently into a vid-phone. The word 'Sire' peppered his speech.

The horrible truth began to unfold. When she'd offered help extracting "one of their people," from the Project's clutches, the King himself had thought she'd meant his son, Crown Prince Samuel; not Countess Svetlana. Susan remembered someone saying something about the Prince of Wales having gone missing. Apparently, Slaveworld Security thought he was through the Gate, in Britain. Susan realised her deal was dead, even before she was led away.

Chapter 10

Her time in the clinic a drugged haze, Susan had no idea how long had passed since she'd tried to make a deal with the Slaveworld's Security. How long had passed while they'd turned her into a noble's toy. A sexual plaything to be bought or sold, just like a whip, hood, gag, or vibrator; and perhaps even of no more importance to some owners, than those items! Just another purchase that an aristocrat had to make, to satisfy his or her lusts.

She knew at least a week had to have passed, for them to have had time to stretch her legs, and for cosmetic surgery on her face to fully heal. Finally finished, she'd woken up clear-headed for the first time that morning, very horny!

Now merchandise - property! - like any other slavegirl about to be publicly auctioned or handed over to her owner, Susan was given a final quality check. Naked, a large cherry-red ball gag strapped into her mouth, and wearing only four inch stiletto heeled sandals with the usual cute little ankle strap padlocks, very aware of several pairs of male eyes on her displayed body, she was poked, prodded and scanned. She could now touch her toes, even in four inch heels with her legs straight, without problem, and her elbows could be strapped together touching behind her back easily. She'd slept the previous night hog-tied and with a mouth full of ball gag, in perfect comfort. The clinic had stretched, twisted and flexed every last joint, muscle and ligament in her body. Owners liked supple sex-toys, who could sleep happily in restraints, and didn't whine because their jaw ached when wearing a gag twenty-two hours a day.

Running her finger tips lightly down her own legs, she'd found herself stroking smooth flawless satin, every last hair follicle permanently stunned. Only eyebrows, a thick mane of waist-length hair and a neat vertical tuft of pubic hair remained. Even her own arms against her sides, and her legs brushing, slid together with a seductive velvet whisper! People had been stroking and petting her all morning, dozens so far! Finally, measurements taken, and breasts weighed, the information entered onto her pedigree, the lab

technician in the white coat turned her over to a pair of troopers to be restrained.

The two red-uniformed men buckled and locked a collar snug around her neck, a heavy broad leather band that forced her to hold her head up, and matching black leather cuffs went around wrists and above elbows behind her, holding her arms neatly down her back, elbows touching. She was fitted with a breathlessly tight waspie corset, and a short, steel, chain hobble, the leather cuffs around her ankles matching the wrist cuffs. As a decorative torment, squeezing her big breasts lightly together, a too-short chain linked her ringed nipples, and Susan nearly came on the spot when they fitted her with the pussy lock!

A T-shaped curved rod was threaded down through the five new rings set through each sex lip, the shorter crossbar lying comfortably across her belly. At the base of the rod, a small padlock was set through a small loop, making it impossible to pull the rod back up through the rings set through her flesh. Quite comfortable, but desperately humiliating; when fitted, her sex was locked closed, plump pussy lips held together. The key, one size fitting all her restraints, hung from her earlobe like an earring.

Helplessly aroused, panting gently around her gag, nipples aching hard, breasts lust swollen and feeling moisture between her legs, a raging heat; Susan hadn't realised just quite how totally all-consuming the aphrodisiacs surgically implanted in a slavegirl's body would be. Now quite desperate, almost frantic, to be permitted or made to come, she remembered with disbelief how she'd been casually amused when the Project's agents and instructors had used the phrase "a bitch on heat," to describe aphrodisiac-treated slavegirls. The drug slowly, permanently, inevitably, dissolving into her bloodstream; lust consumed her thoughts.

Since waking with a clear head for the first time that morning, she hadn't stopped thinking about sex once! The very idea of getting through the next hour - the rest of the day! - without being allowed release was simply impossible! She knew each and every single orgasm would have to be hard earned through docile respectful obedience, painful submission, and humiliating, bound, forced sex; but that no longer mattered to her. Anything, to be permitted pleasure! She knew that even when she was not in chains, she

wouldn't be able to masturbate! Under the skin, wafer thin coin-shaped sensors surgically attached to her skull monitored her brainwaves. Any orgasm would be monitored, recorded, and unauthorised pleasure punished.

One of the troopers scanned her bar code, and then signed for her. The permanent tattoo with her serial number underneath was high on her right buttock now, the fake that had been on the back of her neck removed. A lead was clipped to her collar, and she followed its pull helplessly. Susan now legally existed, and would be used solely and entirely for the pleasure of others!

Almost trotting as the trooper led her down a corridor, her hobble making her take small neat steps, hips swaying and breasts jiggling and quivering, Susan could feel her juices oozing between her locked together sex lips. So hot! She was led to one of the clinic's reception suites, where she was signed for again. By the King's equerry!

The scarlet uniformed man ordered the trooper to clip her lead to an overhead hook, and then dismissed him. Standing naked, bound, totally in the power of a man she'd been negotiating with from a position of strength only a week ago, Susan felt herself tremble; lust, anticipation and fear warring in her mind. The Captain stood and walked slowly around her naked body, inspecting her. Breath ragged, Susan gasped in pleasure as her nipples were tugged.

The Captain nodded to himself, squeezing a buttock. His hand on her flesh was cool, grip firm, Susan groaning helplessly.

"Nice job," he mused, hands light on her hips as he finally looked into her eyes. "I'd buy you myself if I could afford you," he decided.

Without hurry or urgency, almost gentle, he unclipped her lead from the hook, pushed her kneeling, face down, onto a padded bench, and then quite unexpectedly, rammed his cock into her back passage! Susan cried out in pain at the brutish penetration, anus suddenly deeply filled, sphincter stretched painfully wide. She'd thought she was going to be spanked! Her chained together breasts were squashed under her on the bench, one of the equerry's hands was twisted into her hair to hold her head up, his free hand

pushing down hard in the small of her corseted back. Susan was forced to wail in pained lust with each thrust. Chained behind her, her hands fluttered helplessly as the meat rod was rammed into her body again and again.

The butt-fucking was hard, fast and brutal, Susan shrieking in uninhibited ecstasy as she came, white hot pleasure cascading through her body, earthing in nipples and groin, the waspie corset seeming to concentrate sensation above and below the waist. Shattered, stunned at the intensity of her orgasm, Susan was amazed to find she wasn't sated - she still wanted more! - but was given no time to recover. Still naked, bound and gagged, the Captain who had just so perfunctorily used her, pulled her back to her feet, and without a second glance, led her out of the clinic's entrance with a firm pull on her lead.

Helplessly following the tug of her collar, heels tip-tapping on the pavement and breasts jiggling as she struggled to keep up with the Captain's stride in her hobble, Susan was led down a busy city street. Acutely aware of the eyes on her bound, displayed, voluptuous, nudity; and the hundreds, the thousands of people around her, Susan, ass clenched tight, could feel the officer's semen slimy inside her. Pausing on the end of her lead at a pedestrian crossing, groaning as a young Lord hefted a breast and stroked her bottom, Susan realised she didn't just *want* more sex. She *needed* more!

The Captain led her to a familiar hotel two hundred or so metres down the road. This time a plump little olive-skinned eastern-looking slavegirl, arms strapped behind her back, cocks deep in mouth, ass and sex, was performing on the pedestal in the centre of the lobby; not the top heavy British girl Susan had seen the last time. The Captain paused a moment to admire the show, and then led Susan to an elevator.

In a comfortable and very grand suite, seemingly totally at home in the opulent luxury, an elegant Lady in a pretty summer dress sat on a couch, a slaveboy at her side serving refreshments. The Lady was idly handling the strap-bound genitals of the boy-toy holding the tray, a pair of slender, very top heavy blondes with whip-marked buttocks kneeling at her feet, each licking clean a shoe. Cutting deep into firm weighty flesh, both were fitted with what looked to be fishnet bras at first glance, but were actually made of fine chain. Both had their wrist cuffs chained to tightly clamped nipples; and from a tight belt, the base of a fat humming vibrator, chained into each

pouting sex, was visible.

"Baroness, your property!"

The Captain unclipped Susan's lead from the front of her collar and re-attached it to the back, clipping the handle to a winch hook. At the touch of a button the winch whined, the collar cutting in under Susan's chin as her lead was pulled up. Arms strapped down her back, she could only stand tautly upright in the centre of the room now.

Pushing aside a naked blonde with a foot, Frances - Lady Frances! - sat upright, a coy, delighted, smile on her face as she looked over Susan's body, displayed helplessly bound for her admiration. The King's equerry settled himself onto the couch, making himself at home. Desperately aroused, Susan felt saliva running down her huge breasts, her ball gag making her drool. She allowed herself a relieved sigh. She'd been almost positive her deal was dead, but a faint chance had remained. After all, she hadn't tried to deceive the Slaveworld's Security in any way. They'd just got the wrong end of the stick. And to a noble, his word was his bond. A King's word meant everything here!

In the room's mirror, Susan could see the cosmetic surgeon had altered her exactly to order. Wide, dark violet eyes, a cute snub nose, lips now fuller and permanently dyed a seductive blush pink, and just gentle curls in the shiny auburn once-frizzy hair that spilled over her shoulders now. Her nipples had been bleached pink to match her lips, and the bar code and her serial number were exactly where Susan had requested, clearly visible on her behind, marking her as property for all to see. She'd had to force herself to go for cute, not beautiful, remembering everything Frances had ever said to her about sex-slaves she'd seen and liked. The restraints she'd ordered, recreated a pet she'd seen on a mission.

There was only one thing she'd wanted which she hadn't been able to have. Susan would have liked to have had herself perched on her toes in five inch heels when first introduced to her legal owner; but the King's equerry had been adamant that slavegirls did not choose to become pets, they were selected!

A dramatically sculpted wasp waist and her elbows touching behind her, made her enlarged slave-breasts appear quite enormous. The waspie corset was very uncomfortable, felt like it was cutting her in two, but looked absolutely spectacular. She hadn't actually needed to be able to cinch a girth or corset down to eighteen inches to qualify as a show pony – twenty-two inches would have done it - but Lady Frances liked severe hour glass figures. If Susan was to be her sex-toy, she felt she should look the part! And finally, also to ensure she could qualify as a show pony, she was now five foot two tall exactly. Expecting to be kept in a pet's five inch stiletto heels when not competing as a dressage pony, Susan didn't expect to miss the inch her height had been reduced by too much.

The newly ennobled aristocrat stood, walking slowly around Susan's almost motionless form. Susan was very aware of the rise and fall of her squeezed together breasts, the saliva trickling down between the large heavy ring-tipped mounds, moaning in soft pleasure as her legal owner stroked a thigh. She groaned in lust when her pussy lock was tugged, almost coming with a pained cry when her beautiful Mistress lifted her breasts with the nipple-chain, the full weight of both heavy melons hanging from their pierced tips, flesh cruelly stretched.

Susan had originally just fantasised about defecting, sure the Slaveworld would be happy to put a collar around her neck; would be pleased to get their hands on another one of the new British girls who could be trained to such new heights of hot, wet, docile, submission. From her point of view, the Slaveworld was everything a submissive could ever dream of... and more.

But she hadn't totally lost her sense of caution, the 'and more' bit could be a problem. She'd seen just how cruel some of the Lords and Ladies could be! In the hut, setting up her receiver-Gate, a solution had occurred to her. Why not arrange matters so that she had a Mistress who loved and would cherish her, not one who would be bored in six months, and sell her on to God knew who. And she could rescue Frances into the bargain!

Thanks to Susan, Lady Frances, now had a fine country estate, a magnificent town house and five million crowns in the bank. She was rich, powerful, and almost untouchable now, in a society that would allow her to legally own sex-slaves. If she wished, and circumstances allowed, she could

even skip back and forth between worlds; returning home for the odd visit. The best of both worlds! Susan didn't expect verbal thanks, but was sure Lady Frances would reward her in a suitable manner.

A smile tugged at the new aristocrat's lips as Susan wailed in pleasure, fingers sinking deep into the heavy weight of her big breasts.

"Boy! Get me a whip."

The serving slave scurried to obey. The former naval officer, spy, sex-slave and now Baroness, stroked the long thin lash back and forth across Susan's buttocks. Teasing her! Susan panted harder around the large cherry-red ball filling her mouth.

"I own her?"

"She is your legal property, My Lady," the King's equerry confirmed. "You may use and enjoy her in any manner that pleases you."

Also sell her, though Susan knew the thought would probably never even occur to the young woman in the pretty dress. But Susan had wanted to show her total devotion, demonstrate total surrender, even though there was no real chance of ending up on the auction block with Frances owning her. And she wasn't surprised to see the Captain had latched onto Frances. An officer could marry up into the aristocracy, the ultimate reward for loyalty, and Lady Frances was as he knew, now very rich. From her point of view, an alien in a strange society, a guide and friend would undoubtedly be welcome. Whether anything would come of it in the long run; who could say?

The whip hissed through the air and landed on Susan's flesh with a thwack. She squealed, a burning trail of agony left across both buttocks; throbbing, pulsing heat, burning deeper after the sting. Gasping around her ball gag, breasts heaving, tears stinging at her eyes, Susan forced herself to put her ankles together and hold still again. God, it hurt! But in a strange fusion of pain and pleasure, she found herself hotter, wetter, and more eager to please than ever. She was suddenly grateful that she was bound and gagged, or she might have begged.

Mistress laid the lash across her behind again, Susan feeling herself trembling lightly, fearful, eager, aroused! With her free hand, Lady Frances pointed a remote control at one of the blondes, the hum of her vibrator suddenly cut off. Kneeling on all fours, hips twitching, eyes blank and her steel wrist cuffs linked to tight locking clamps screwed down onto her nipples with short lengths of chain, the golden skinned plaything whimpered in a mixture of relief and disappointment.

"Puppy! Come here!"

The blonde, her bra of fine fishnet chains squeezing the flesh of her heavy breasts into little diamonds, dragged herself to her feet. The belt holding her vibrator's chain in place dug deep into her waist, and Susan realised with a flash of jealousy, she'd been perched on her toes in a pet's five inch heels. The two were identical twins! There was fear and uncertainty as well as uncontrolled lust in the lovely girl's eyes. Even with the youth treatment she couldn't have been more than a few months past eighteen years old.

The lush young slavegirl snapped to attention in front of Frances, head up, ankles together and as she'd no doubt been trained to, holding her big breasts up; offering the heavy mounds for further punishment. The heavily enlarged globes, as big as Susan's, spilling out of her small hands, were whip-marked, and there welts across her belly as well as her backside. On her breasts her skin was a shiny pink Susan recognised, temporarily stretched taut as if bound. The young slave had just recently had her breasts quite substantially enlarged!

The thin lash still resting on Susan's backside, Lady Frances pushed the young slavegirl's face close to Susan's by grabbing a handful of thick blonde hair, their breasts touching.

"Susan, I want you to meet Puppy."

Susan and the young slave exchanged looks of equal hatred.

"Isn't she beautiful? Just eighteen! She's very affectionate, loves being butt-fucked, though her sister, Pooch, prefers me sitting on her face to a dildo up the ass. I bought them last week. I'm going to have their waists trimmed

down too, just like yours."

She stepped back, pointed her remote control at the girl, the blonde suddenly squeaking, Susan simultaneously gasping around her ball gag. Puppy's remote-controlled vibrator was obviously a shock-dildo as well! Their breasts a contact point, the electric shock was transferred to Susan through her body.

"What do we say, Puppy?"

"Thank you for punishing me, Mistress," the young slave gasped.

The blonde's accent was pure Slaveworld.

"And?"

"Thank you for doing me the honour of buying me, Mistress."

"And?"

"Thank you for making my tits grow bigger, Mistress."

A single tear ran down the eighteen year old's cheek. Over her shoulder, Susan could see her twin, Pooch, gasping as her chain-wrapped breasts were squeezed, her mouth full of the Captain's cock.

Susan was upset. Of course she expected Frances to own a houseful of slaves, and the twins were gorgeous, but it hadn't occurred to her that her Mistress would start without her. She'd expected Frances to wait for the clinic's cosmetic surgeons to finish modifying Susan herself. The lash bit into her flesh again, making her squeal and jerk forward against the blonde's naked body. The whip's kiss was a delicious and familiar torment, but intensified by the surgically implanted aphrodisiacs slowly dissolving into her bloodstream, Susan found herself forced to heights of arousal she hadn't dreamed possible. The whip landed again with a viper crack, heat burning deeper into her buttocks. Susan wailed in helpless protest when the blonde was set to chewing her swollen nipples, squeezing and pulling her slave-breasts, the sound becoming a squeal of ecstasy as the whip struck again.

A cascade of pleasure racked Susan's body, earthing in nipples and groin, separated but strangely intensified by the breathlessly cruel corset that was cutting her in two. Arms still strapped down her back, mouth filled with her cherry-red ball gag, Susan could feel her juices oozing, flowing, around her pussy-lock. She'd never come like that!

Shattered, gasping, realising in horror she still wasn't done - needed more! - Susan watched in dismay as Lady Frances, still with a hand wound into her property's hair, kissed the blonde on the mouth. Her tongue deep down the young sex-toy's throat a moment, she then gave each of her property's huge chain-supported breasts a light kiss, clearly delighted with her purchase. A pet's name tag, engraved PUPPY, hung from her left earlobe, a one-size-fits-all key on her right ear like Susan. And Susan, jealous and hurt, blinked away tears, watching the slender blonde still holding her hugely enlarged breasts up, wailing in pleasure as her remote-controlled vibrator was turned back on.

Her nipple chain removed, Mistress then looped a long, thick length of rope over and under Susan's breasts, not that tight at first, but slowly squeezing out her flesh just from the amount of rope that was used. Finally she had a cat's cradle of rope easily as thick as her arm. The winch whined and pressure was taken off her collar.

Susan whined plaintively as Lady Frances threaded a thick leather strap down her front, under the rope between her breasts, and then hooked the loop over the winches hook. No! She couldn't! Susan squeaked in protest as the winch started to slowly whine up, her Mistress carelessly slapping her face.

"Puppy and Pooch don't protest when I hang them up by their tits!" she admonished softly.

Susan whimpered as her breasts were pulled up, squeezed together again, crushed tighter and tighter as her weight came onto her toes; but managed not to protest again. It hurt, as bad as any squeezing, cruel fingers twisting deep into her flesh, but no worse. A gagged, helplessly bound slavegirl could endure it... for a while! Her toes came clear of the carpet, and trying to hold as still as possible, Susan found herself spinning slowly, hanging from a chain, all her weight on her tightly squeezed slave-breasts. The heavy mounds started to go purple almost immediately.

A spreader bar, a metre long pole with a hook or clip on each end, replaced her hobble and Susan now hung with her legs spread wide. She nearly helplessly came again as her pussy lock was removed, feeling her pussy spreading slowly open as the T-rod was withdrawn from the rings set through her sex lips. Pooch now finished with, semen on her lovely face, was sent to join Puppy and the twins were instructed to hold Susan in place with a nipple each to stop her spinning. Flesh squeezed beyond endurance, lips closing over her nipples, sharp little teeth biting down firmly on her straining nipples, pulling her body back around to face Lady Frances, was the straw that broke the camel's back. Susan squealed in ecstasy, forced to come again.

Lady Frances watched with a happy smile as tremors ran through Susan, suspended from a winch chain, bound breasts pulsing balls of pain, Susan positively slaving around her ball gag now. She handed her whip to the King's equerry.

"Would you lover?"

"Of course."

Mistress knelt between her spread legs, the first touch of her breath on Susan's defenceless spread sex pure heaven. She moaned in delight. The twins, still firmly biting down on a ringed nipple each, shuffled slightly further apart, to allow her more room. The Captain laid the whip across Susan's still throbbing backside. Lady Frances's tongue stroked up through her sex lips, probing deep, flicking over the chastity rings, finding her clit-ring just as the first stinging whip stroke landed in a blaze of agony.

Wave after wave of pleasure coursed through Susan's tit-suspended body! Held in place by bitten nipples, her body bucking as she was subjected to repeated orgasms, she was forced to twist and jerk, pulling harder on her cruelly roped breasts. The twins bit down harder! Overwhelmed by multiple orgasms, at the end of endurance, the torture went on and on, Susan caught helplessly between whip and tongue. The gag made her pleas unintelligible.

Forced to cry out in agonised ecstasy again and again, whipped and tongued, she could feel her self, her will, slipping away. Collared, gagged, waist cruelly cinched, arms strapped down her back, hanging suspended from

her tightly bound slave-breasts, with her last shred of consciousness Susan realised there would be no respite. Her legal owner was deliberately, coolly, cruelly, seeing how many times she could be made to come.

Frances stood and stepped back, wiping Susan's juices off her face. At the touch of a button, a remote controlled shock was delivered to the twins' dildos and with cute little squeaks, the well trained Puppy and Pooch dropped to their knees on either side of her. She'd bought eleven sex-slaves so far, but the eighteen-year-old twins were still her favourites.

The Captain let his lash lick across Susan's scarlet buttocks twice more, but eyes unseeing, lust-glazed, the heavy-titted brunette barely flinched, just gave a little gag-muffled whimper. Slowly spinning under her winch chain again, hanging from bound tits, squeezed together and dragged up, her moan became louder, plaintive, as Frances gave her bound flesh a light lick. The lights were on, but no one was home. Susan's hair was plastered around her face, juices ran down her thighs and every inch of exposed skin gleamed with sweat.

They'd screwed her insensible!

She exchanged a grin with her lover, Captain Scott, the King's equerry. The twins could be whipped to orgasm, made to cry out in hopelessly mingled pain and pleasure as she used and enjoyed them, but Susan was so much hotter. So much more susceptible to the Slaveworld aphrodisiacs implanted in her body, and already very submissive, she had no resistance; her pleasure so much more intense, all-consuming! But so would be her craving for sex. She'd made her mind a prisoner of her body! Frances removed the spreader bar, threaded the T-bar of Susan's pussy lock back through her chastity rings, locked it, and then lowered the limp, spent, sex-object to the floor.

She'd enjoyed herself, the ease with which Susan could be controlled with her lust was delightful, but the sexual torture wasn't quite as satisfying as it should have been. Compared to other slaves she owned, she'd held back; been inhibited! Frances felt she should be able to put her own pleasure first, so she

just couldn't own a slave she felt guilty using hard. She nodded to herself. Susan had made her bed, and now would have to be chained to it!

"She'll have to go," Frances decided regretfully. "You were right. I feel I should be pampering her."

"I did warn you, having known her as a person, might detract from your pleasure," the officer said.

"You were right, but I wanted to give her a fair chance to try and please me. Will she fetch a good price at auction?"

"Oh yes!" her lover grinned.

Susan couldn't be sold for a week, time for the marks to fade from her body; and a chance for Frances to change her mind. She didn't! In the end, she just couldn't resist going to the auction, but remained standing at the back with the slave-traders where she wouldn't be seen. The seats were exclusively for nobles.

"Lot Seventeen!"

Susan was completely naked, perched on her toes in four inch stiletto heels, a ball gag in her mouth and with her hands cuffed behind her back. A white card tag with her lot number on it was tied to her left nipple with a piece of string, and a young man dressed as a page-boy led her down the catwalk with a lead clipped to the ring set through her pierced clitoris. She was beautifully docile.

"Lot Seventeen is a twenty-three year old brunette; youth treated, all standard implants. She is five foot two tall exactly, and there is a reserve price of 50 thousand on this slave."

An excited whisper swept the auction hall. One of the new ones!

"Lot Seventeen has pierced nipples, navel, clitoris, and five pairs of chastity rings. The bar code is on the ass."

Following the insistent, teasing, tug of the lead clipped to her clit-ring,

Susan was wheeled around at the end of the catwalk to give the buyers a rear view.

"As you can see, the tits on this item have been quite heavily enlarged," the auctioneer said, hefting one of Susan's breasts as she was led past, the full heavy ring-tipped mound spilling out of his palm. "Admittedly unfashionable; but think of the fun you could have with them. She has a twenty-one inch waist, easily belted or girthed down to a pretty eighteen inch waist with natural thirty-six inch hips."

Bright spotlights were aimed at the catwalk, so that the buyers could clearly see the merchandise. Susan was probably only able to see the elegantly dressed nobles in the first two or three rows of seats.

"That's the one. Please buy her for me Daddy!" a young Lady in a red dress in the front row pleaded.

Frances edged forward a little for a better look at the young aristocrat. She was slender, very pretty, her tone unconsciously haughty. Just a kid! A spoilt teenager, used to getting exactly what she wanted. Frances felt a shiver of guilty delight run down her spine. Susan would be put through hell with her as an owner, and Frances herself would be several thousand crowns richer!

The auctioneer gave Susan a stinging slap on the backside.

"As you can see, firm and toned haunches, perfectly spankable. Who will open the bidding on this magnificent young animal?"

"Thank you! Fifty, Do I hear fifty five?"

The page-boy was ordered to lead Susan up and down the catwalk again, the voluptuous naked slavegirl moving with an easy, sexy, grace. Her lover had told her the auction house would have had Susan doing little except walking on a treadmill with a dildo inside her, arms bound and locked into stiletto heels, since delivery! Her ball gag was making her drool.

"Sixty! Thank you!"

Susan's naked body was stroked, the auctioneer enthusing about her silky-soft velvet skin, pointing out to the buyers how stiff and swollen her nipples were. Her clit-ring was tugged again and she set off back down the catwalk with an audible gasp.

"Sixty-two? Sixty-two for this superb slave? My Lords and Ladies. Look at the swing of those hips, the way those huge heavy tits quiver with every step! Can't you just imagine her chained to your bed? Fighting in an oil-pit? Or in harness and bridle, dildo-stuffed, pulling your pony trap down the Strand!?"

The auctioneer took more bids. When he stroked his fingers up through Susan's sex, matting her juices into her pubic hair, and the buyers saw how wet she was, the bidding became a flurry. Trembling in a mixture of fear and excitement, looking dazed, probably still unsure why Frances had put her up for auction but determined her next owner would enjoy her, Susan looked back and forth at the people calling bids on her, the page-boy now slowly but firmly kneading her big tits from behind.

"My Lords and Ladies. I draw your attention to page two of your programme," the auctioneer called. "This slave has been whipped to orgasm on a dildo-pole only four seconds off an Olympic Qualifying time! Imagine what you could do with her, with professional training! I can't let her go for just seventy-eight thousand crowns. Do I hear eighty?"

The bidding was between a buyer for the Grand hotel group, and the father of the young Lady in the red dress now. Frances's palms were sweaty, heart pounding. Less the auction house's five per cent, she was going to make a fortune!

"Daddy! You promised!"

"Oh, all right!"

The girl raised her hand.

"Sold! To the young Lady in the red dress."

THE END

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