



Slave Lord

Slaveworld Book 5



Stephen Douglas

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PROLOGUE

The envelope, postmarked London, had a British stamp on it, with Airmail written across the top left corner by hand instead of the usual blue stick-on tag, and it had taken four days to reach Australia. As the busy editor of a proudly pro-feminist magazine, Kelly of course didn't have time to read all the mail that came in, but this one had been addressed to her personally, not to the magazine or The Editor.

It contained a short handwritten note and a half dozen quite disgusting Polaroids. The handwriting was familiar though, recognition coming when she got to the signature, Jo, signed with a big swoop off the J. Joanne was a freelance journalist and friend who occasionally wrote features for the mag., though she preferred to chase current news stories.

'Am onto the story of the century. See attached disk, Jo.'

Kelly looked in the envelope again just to make sure. No disk.

With a grimace of distaste, she spread out the photographs. The pictures were all of the same naked girl, a clearly limber young blonde, not overweight, but with a hint of one too many chocolates about her. The girl's hair was a gorgeous thick golden mane, while her breasts could charitably be described as exceptionally large. She was bound, her head in a tight black form-fitting rubber hood that left the only the mouth free, in all the shots.

In one photograph the blonde was tightly hog-tied, lying on the centre of a dining table, in another her breasts were tightly bound, with weighted clamps hanging from her nipples. Another showed the girl seated, her wrists in handcuffs in front of her, pushing a huge dildo into herself, the cameraman making her hold her head up with the tip of a long whip under her chin. In the fourth she was bent over a chair, displaying whip marked buttocks.

The cameraman must have taken the fifth shot down his own body, lying on his back, the hooded girl with a mouth full of cock. The final photograph showed

the hooded blonde on her knees, mouth held open wide, saliva and semen dripping off her held-out tongue.

Kelly shuffled the photographs back together. The really strange thing was that at first, just for a second, she'd thought she was looking at pictures of Joanne herself, face hidden under a hood, cruelly bound, humiliated and violated.

She wondered what on Earth had made her think that? Even with her face covered by the tight black rubber, at a glance, the full figured girl in the photographs was clearly younger than Joanne, with much, much bigger breasts! If anything, Joanne, who worked off her excess energy in the gym, was a bit skinny. And the curvy girl in the photographs was not only top-heavy, but clearly - if amazingly - naturally big breasted, not the recipient of a boob job. Silicon just didn't squeeze like that.

With a disgusted sigh, she swept the lot into the bin. At least this pile of filth hadn't come with the usual half legible scrawl.

'I'd like to do this to you, you lesbo bitch, you ruined my marriage. My wife was perfectly obedient until she started reading your rag, etc, etc...' was pretty typical.

What on Earth was Joanne doing sending her this degrading smut? She very much doubted it was a new sexual direction for Joanne. The two of them went back a long time, to university together. They shared, respected and preferred to report the same uncompromisingly feminist point of view, but while Kelly was now blissfully happy with her chosen life partner, poor Joanne had the bad luck to be heterosexual. And as a decent man was practically impossible to find, her love life was of course a series of disasters. But Jo into SM? Not a chance! The last Kelly had heard of her she'd been in Africa, doing a corruption piece on some dictator!

Kelly looked in the empty envelope one last time, then tucked Joanne's note into a drawer. No disk and no mention of England or Polaroids. Clearly someone had got to Joanne's letter and pulled a switch. Hopefully just a cruel joke, not done with malicious intent, but somehow Kelly doubted it. Those pictures looked awfully real! Joanne was smart and fearless, but unfortunately, she also had a rather large character flaw. She just would not, could not, let go of a really good story. No matter where it took her.

Intuition, a hollow feeling in the pit of her stomach, told Kelly there was more, that her friend might be in trouble, but she eventually decided there really wasn't any point in going to the local police, never mind trying to get in touch with the British police through the embassy. All she had was some DIY porn and a feeling. She wasn't even sure Joanne was in Britain!

Kelly thought a moment more. Perhaps there were a couple of people she could talk to without turning the whole media pack loose on what could be a very embarrassing wild goose chase. A certain type of reporter, while always interested in the mysterious disappearance of a journalist, could also be counted on to be secretive and discreet as well. Conspiracy nuts had their uses!

CHAPTER 1

Waiting at the edge of the stage to make her entrance, Joanne shivered helplessly. Behind the curtain, a baying crowd roared enthusiasm as the next contestant was led out.

As a feminist, Joanne was of course opposed to beauty contests in principle, as well as being personally rather offended by the idea of attractive young women parading themselves like cattle for the edification of the male chauvinist pigs who ran, organised and watched such events. Beauty contests were no more than pet shows for two legged poodles, and the women who defended them were brainless fluff, seeking fame at any price and too stupid to see how much damage they did the cause of women's rights.

In the normal course of events she would never have even considered actually attending an event so degrading to women, except as part of a protest, or if she was following a really good story. Sometimes a reporter had to make sacrifices, but even for a Pulitzer prize, the idea of ever entering a beauty contest herself, was just laughable.

A jerk on her collar, her lead held by a young English girl called Annette, a full eight years her junior, reminded Joanne to put her ankles together, and hold her head up, standing neatly to attention in her bonds; as she'd been trained to. She was completely naked, the girl holding her lead wearing a smart charcoal-grey two-piece suit with a burgundy blouse. Reluctantly admiring the top-heavy Barbie on the end of Annette's lead in the floor-length mirror set up opposite them, just off-stage, Joanne had momentarily forgotten to display herself properly! Her bound and gagged reflection had a huge cherry red ball-gag filling her mouth, straps tight across her cheeks and under her chin, giving her an appealing look of innocent, doe-eyed, submission.

Because entering a Beauty Contest of her own free will was flatly impossible, and being entered into a Pet Show for sex-slaves by a master the stuff of her darkest nightmares, Joanne had of course never even considered the possibility that she might make a truly beautiful sex-slave.

While feminists were usually disinclined to parade themselves naked in stiletto heels in front of mirrors - body fascists being another enemy of women - Joanne had for the most part always been satisfied with her appearance. She'd kept herself fit, lean, and she'd always thought she had rather good legs.

Naked in five inch stiletto heeled sandals, in silhouette or looked on direct, the sex-slave looking back at her from the mirror had superb legs! They went on forever - the eye starting at the hip on a naked slave in heels, not the hem-line as Joanne was used to - before trailing right down to the toe, her feet forced into an uncomfortable but pretty arch! Her thighs were firm, calves a delicate sculpture of muscle, her buttocks, marked with a half dozen decorative whip-stripes, also plumply firm.

A broad polished steel belt, a cruel and breathless eighteen inches, fastened with a padlock in the small of her back, cut deep into her flesh. From it, a chain digging into the firm swell of her belly and pulled up in between her sex-lips, ran down her front and under her, to emerge pulled up taut between her buttocks behind her. A built-in chain turned her stiletto sandals into manacles, and steel bands padlocked together around her wrists and upper arms kept her arms neatly together down her back, elbows touching. A thin tight collar was buckled snug around her neck, a pet's name-tag hanging at her throat, and her master had of course had her nipples pierced, a decorative chain swinging between the rings.

Joanne was well aware that by local standards she was a walking wet dream, not a feminist's nightmare, but she'd never imagined she could be brought so low as to actually admire herself; like this! As a chauvinist male might! But after only four weeks on a planet where slavery was legal and commonplace, her perspective, her sense of what was attractive and any ideal of feminine beauty she had ever had, were under constant and sustained attack. It didn't help that her jailers and sexual abusers were constantly telling her, and each other, how gorgeous she was!

No longer allowed the lean, smoothly muscular figure she had long maintained, her diet and exercise now controlled by her self-proclaimed owner, and force-fed when she didn't lick her bowl clean, Joanne's figure now inclined more towards the lushly curvaceous. She hated the very idea that she was more attractive voluptuous!

The ball-gag was making her drool, and already the first trickle of saliva was

running down one of her breasts. Joanne was well aware she was now in the hands of people who found a helpless slave-girl slaverling down her own naked body amusing and arousing. And also, that they liked their tits big!

Her enlarged breasts were the worst aspect of her new figure, but now that she found herself living in a male fantasy, she wasn't entirely surprised. Her master, the British ambassador to this awful Slaveworld, had injected her with a growth hormone - several times! - to make her boobs grow larger and then larger still. The full globes were both now quite huge, a firm but heavy teardrop shape.

She should have hated what they had done to her; she had at first. Being in the control of someone with power to turn her into a top-heavy, sexual plaything. But in unguarded moments, as now when she'd looked in the mirror, when once she should have felt nothing but horror, humiliation, or defiance; increasingly, her feelings about slavery were..... disturbingly ambiguous!

The problem was, if she looked at her own naked, gagged and humiliatingly bound reflection with Slaveworld eyes, then she was undeniably, quite stunningly beautiful, where on her own Earth she'd been rather ordinary! Compensating for the 'mousy' label she'd had as a child with interest.

The question that puzzled her was, since when did she want to be beautiful, much less a beautiful slave? A central tenet of feminism was that you did not judge a woman by her appearance! Even while Joanne silently rebuked herself, she couldn't deny that when Annette had brought her to heel with a jerk of the lead clipped to her collar, she had been turning herself back and forth, admiring her own reflection in the mirror. To find any naked, gagged woman in chains attractive was a betrayal of her life's beliefs. And when she was looking at herself....!

The swinging chain linking her ringed nipples drew attention to the slightest movement of her newly enlarged breasts, the way the full globes rose and fell with every waist-cinched breath, the eye also drawn to the swell of her stomach against unyielding steel. Joanne was still surprised at how delightfully a wasp-waist emphasised the flare of her hips and made her now hugely overlarge breasts seem positively enormous. The cuffs touching her elbows together behind her back also squared her shoulders and forced her to thrust out the ring and chain decorated melons just that little humiliating bit extra.

Beautiful? She was every feminist's nightmare. A creature who existed purely for the sexual pleasure of others.

At least she didn't have to blame herself for being horny; an aphrodisiac surgically implanted under the skin, slowly dissolving into her bloodstream, kept her helplessly hot and wet. Trying to distract herself, Joanne tried to imagine how a free woman of Earth, her best friend Kelly for example, might see her. No one would believe her enormous slave-sized boobs were real until they'd given her a silicon-free squeeze, and to Earth eyes, a cinched waist added to the already generous flare of her hips made her appear a little heavy around the hindquarters; while her bound, forced to attention, posture, also made her shoulders look a little too broad, too powerful.

But that was Earth; another world. Joanne had been here long enough to know that by Slaveworld standards, she was the perfect carriage pony. Without the stamina and pace of a pure bred country pony-girl, the carriage pony was a city slave. She was first and foremost a docile, well trained, masochistic, bedroom sex-toy, but she was also regularly used to pull a carriage as a part of a pair or 4-team over short city distances.

The carriage pony had first been recognised as a distinct breed some 200 years ago; owners cross-breeding the powerful, athletic, country hacking pony with the more lush, top-heavy, pillow-slave: a pure sex-toy. The original carriage pony had still been a lean, spirited animal, but over the years owners had bred for a more placid, sexy slave. Today the breed was known for big full breasts and docile sex, a mature example considered by many the perfect first ride for a young lord or lady on his or her eighteenth birthday. A good specimen could sometimes fetch poodle prices at auction.

Joanne sometimes wondered if the peasants and workers of this world knew their lords and ladies looked on municipal and village birth and death records as stock books! Pedigrees! Her own master had had her appraised by several slave dealers. She'd stood in her bonds while strange hands had stroked and probed over a dozen times now.

The first thing the experienced owner looked for when buying a carriage pony was firm, powerful haunches. Big breasts were a must of course, and the ability to take good whip. The new purchase also had to be docile, obedient and aroused by degrading, sadistic sex. A cosmetic surgeon could add a pretty face if

necessary. The carriage pony was not required to be intelligent or have any opinions! Some might never be allowed to speak throughout their years of service.

Joanne felt her nipples stiffen slightly, lust swelling her breasts, her clitoris an itch her restraints would not let her scratch as she mentally described herself; not just a pleasure toy! A pony-girl of all things!

In Joanne's feminist days kinky had equalled degrading to women, and she'd never been sexually adventurous. She'd never even heard of a pony-girl before her enslavement, and she'd been shocked to the core when she'd first been introduced to harness, bridle and pony-trap. Now, prancing down city streets, pulling her little carriage and driver, she sometimes almost felt exhilaration! It was as much freedom as this world would allow her.

Her reflection's eyes were wide, a startling bright baby blue, slightly glazed, her hair a thick shiny blonde mane, and - to hell with feminist principles! - she looked damn good in a ball-gag! Joanne blinked away shamed tears. Perhaps one day she would even learn to like herself with huge, firm, udders, not just naked in chains! The three went very much together on this strange, cruel Slaveworld.

A uniformed man looked around the curtain. "You're next, My Lord," he told the young Lordling before Annette. "Two minutes!"

The nineteen year old English girl took a deep breath through her nose and squared her shoulders, preparing herself for the crowd. She patted Joanne on the backside, her hand lingering to stroke and squeeze.

"You next," she whispered.

Her free hand stroked Joanne's belly, fingernails trailing lightly to either side of Joanne's tight crotch chain, her touch familiar, blatantly sexual and also a confirmation of her total power. Joanne stayed neatly to attention as a hand stroked up her body, one of her slave-size breasts hefted, bounced in the young girl's palm, the heavy globe spilling out of her grip even with fingers splayed. The girl was not only reminding Joanne that she was a helplessly bound slave, but of the power Annette had over her; reminding her that sex at whim, and all manner of cruel, humiliating, sadistic punishments - punishments against which Joanne had no appeal - were just a moment away.

"Going to be a good girl?"

Joanne nodded obediently, already looking beyond her keeper, trying to see the arena around the curtain. Annette slapped her face!

"Look at me when I'm talking to you, you top-heavy slut!"

The sweet looking girl, just nineteen years old, scooped up her breasts, twisting and squeezing, fingernails sinking deep. Joanne's helpless moan of lust was soon punctuated by whimpers of pain as fingernails twisting deep into her lust swollen breasts were used to punish her. Cuffed hands clenched into tight fists behind her, biting hard into her ball-gag, Joanne of course remained neatly at attention as Annette squeezed and twisted her huge boobs harder still, relenting only when the first tear ran down her victim's cheek.

Gasping around her mouth-filling gag, Annette just gently kneading her breasts now, the heavy globes bruised and throbbing but still aching with lust, and oh so sensitive, Joanne could feel her tear pool against the cheek strap of her ball-gag. She gasped in delight as her nipples were tugged.

"You're not a reporter any more, you're just a fuck-toy; a beautiful, top-heavy vibrator on legs. You exist only to please, you should have no other thoughts in your head, so I do not expect to see you looking around like a tourist when I'm displaying you! Understood?"

Joanne nodded obediently, and submissively lowered her eyes. She'd forgotten herself. She was allowed to look at a person speaking to her, or directly ahead when standing to attention on a collar and lead, nothing else! The English girl nodded approval, gave her a pat on the hip and then planted a light kiss on each of the heavily enlarged breasts she'd just so casually punished. The once confident career woman inside Joanne raged at the docile pleasure slave she'd become, but her nipples stood out even harder.

The next contestant in line, a young lord leading another naked, gagged and helplessly bound girl stepped forward. His carriage pony was a lovely green-eyed brunette, with breasts that would have been described as large and heavy except in comparison to Joanne, her height, weight and figure otherwise a close match. Perhaps a little bit more power around the haunches and thighs, her buttocks a little firmer; but then not so spankable. The judges looked for these things!

"May I intrude a moment my Lady?" he asked.

"Sure," Annette said brightly.

"I couldn't help but notice your entrant's pedigree when I signed in, and...." he waved an uncertain hand.

And, Annette's name, accent, dress and behaviour, marked her down as a foreigner, Joanne mentally filled in.

"I was just wondering if your slave was a British girl?"

"Yes, she is."

"Superb," the young aristocrat sighed. "May I?"

"Be my guest," Annette said with a grin.

Her guest! Of course no one thought to ask the bound and gagged slave if she wanted a complete stranger hefting her breasts, pulling and twisting her nipples, squeezing a thigh and then patting a buttock while he stroked his fingers down her crotch-chain between the folds of her pussy-lips. Joanne tried to keep her sighs soft and her moans down as she was examined.

Joanne was actually an Australian citizen, but any girl kidnapped from her own Earth, the real Earth, and brought to this awful planet was referred to as a British slave here. British slaves were expensive, rare and, as the locals had quickly discovered, made absolutely superb pleasure slaves!

"Is she for sale?"

It was the third time she'd heard those words now, a hundred times in her dreams, and each time was more terrifying than the last.

"I don't think so, but you can pass an offer on to her owner if you want to. I'm just showing her."

The young lord was about twenty years old, far too young for her in an Earth relationship, but not here. Joanne, still savouring the cool strong warmth of his hands on her naked body, was desperately trying to tell herself she didn't find

him attractive. He fished out a tiny personal computer doing double duty as the fob on a key ring, and hooked his finger through the ring set through her left nipple. Her breast was pulled up, nipple painfully stretched, the bar code and serial number tattooed on the underside of the heavy mound revealed. The aristocrat's microcomputer beeped cheerfully as it scanned the bar code, downloading Joanne's pedigree from the central net. An offer to buy her would automatically be sent to her owner, the ambassador, by e-mail.

He was called, leading his green-eyed beauty on without a backwards glance, and then Joanne and Annette were at the front of the queue. The young English graduate, snatched out of university by British Intelligence and given a post on Britain's secret offworld embassy to the Slaveworld's English Kingdom, and a 27 year old former Australian reporter, here, a legally owned sexual plaything. Both of them on a world they had not been born to, and both of them fitting in far better than they should have. Annette amused herself teasing her charge, flicking Joanne's nipples with her fingernails and plucking away a couple of stray pubic hairs.

Then it was her turn! Trembling with fear, eager humiliated lust and clinging to a faint remnant of feminist indignation, Joanne was led into the brightly lit arena.

The stiletto sandals' built in hobble-chain made her take small, neat, steps, ensuring she walked with a fuck-me sway in her stride, her big breasts unsupported by harness or bra, jiggling, bobbing and swaying enticingly. She so desperately wished they didn't have to be quite so big, but she'd stopped sobbing herself to sleep at night after just her first week. And to her lasting shame, sex with the huge melons in clamps, tight bondage or simply slapped a burning scarlet during foreplay, was just fantastic. Listening to the enthusiastic hoots and whistles of the crowd and their calls, she was forcibly reminded once more that enormous boobs made her a very attractive, desirable and expensive slave-girl indeed.

The dildo mounted on her crotch-chain was also uncomfortably large, not just a teaser, a real pussy stretcher, making her gasp softly in helpless distressed lust with each step. Within moments of hitting the bright lights before a live audience of over 600 and a TV audience perhaps into the hundred thousands, her juices were running down her inner thighs. With every step she was forced to take, following Annette's lead, the big invader thrust, twisted and flexed inside

her body!

After being paraded past the crowd twice - the mostly male audience not just admiring her bound nudity, but actually placing bets on which of the entered sex-slaves would win - she was led before the eight judges. Before the Slaveworld, Joanne had never once doubted that an enslaved girl would be anything other than the victim of male abuse. But to her continuing bafflement, male sex slaves were also entered into competitions like this. And given the chance just as many women like Annette seemed to enjoy abusing her as did men. Incredibly, she had finally discovered true equality, as a sex-slave!

As the Londinium Pet Show was a prestigious national event, there were eight judges instead of the usual four. Four rather elderly, two lords and two ladies, and four teenagers just turned eighteen, from the local sixth form college; performing their first civic duty! The three young lordlings and a plumply pretty lady were clearly having a wonderful time, their older guides - anywhere from eighty to a hundred years old - watching the youngsters indulgently.

One of only half a dozen people naked in the huge arena - all of them bound sexual slaves too - feeling breathless, almost faint, gasping and drooling around the huge red ball strapped into her mouth, saliva running down both her breasts now, perched on her toes in tall heels and being made to take every hip-swaying, breast-bobbing, hobbled step with an enormous dildo chained into her, Joanne came neatly to attention at a snap of Annette's fingers. The pressure of her crotch chain on her engorged clitoris was teasing her to distraction, the dildo had stirred a raging heat in her belly and her nipples were so impossibly sensitive she was dreading having them pulled and squeezed again - knowing it would hurt deliciously - while her breasts were so heavily lust swollen, they ached.

To qualify for the competition, she was required to bend forward from the waist and place her breasts on two round pin-covered metal discs on a small table. A ripple of prickles ran over her breasts, dozens, hundreds, of pins tormenting her as the firm weight of her breasts settled. Obediently dipping her back and spreading her legs to the limit of her manacle chain, her breasts flattened over the metal discs as more weight was brought to bear. She could feel a little throbbing tingle, an electric current running through her flesh from one contact point to the other.

One of the older judges tapped her buttocks with a crop to let her know the

stroke was coming. Braided leather hissed through the air, striking with a crack and a blaze of pain. Joanne gasped behind her gag. She braced herself in position for the next stroke. If she moved more than a twitch, tried to pull away or reared up, the electric circuit - the current running through her breasts - would be broken. To enter the competition, she had to take six strokes without pulling away.

She squeaked at the second blow, eyes stinging, wailing helplessly at the third. Her throbbing buttocks were burning hot now, twitching involuntarily as the crop stroked her again. Crack! Joanne squealed in pain, deliberately pushing her breasts down harder onto countless little pins as she was whipped again, then again. Her pained cries echoed around the huge hall, entertainment for all. Gasping for breath around her ball-gag, her whip-burnt backside on fire, she looked up into Annette's rapt face, blinking away tears.

She wasn't being punished. This wasn't foreplay. Six new lines of pain now marked her behind just to test how docile and obedient she was. To see if she took good whip! Grinning, Annette pulled her back to her feet with a tug on her lead.

Joanne whimpered as one of the teenage judges pressed his palm into her dildo stuffed belly, then groaned in helpless, humiliated, forced pleasure, biting hard into her ball-gag, as fingers again sank deep into the full heavy weight of her breasts. A delighted smile on her face, fingers twisting deeper into Joanna's flesh, the young lady turned back to one of the older men.

"Uncle, you've got to give these tits a squeeze. They're huge!"

A helpless sob made Joanne's breasts bob in the girl's hands, more tears stinging her eyes. She could feel herself blushing, her ball-gagged face flushed. Then there were hands all over her naked body, the four teenagers all over her. The girl in front, between twisting and kneading the heavy weight of Joanna's big breasts kept bouncing the full mounds in her palms, obviously delighted. Another was holding her in place with a handful of hair, when one of the other teenagers touched a hot iron to her right hip. Joanne squealed in distress as her competition number was burnt into her flesh; not as deep as a permanent brand, but a mark she'd have to carry for a few days.

Again with a firm grip on her prize, fingers deep in Joanne's flesh, both

overlarge breasts squeezed together now, the plump teenager in front of her closed her lips over both of Joanne's nipples, tonguing and nipping the straining nubs between her teeth.

Floating 3DTV camera globes buzzed closer, and Joanne tried to ignore them. Annette had explained to her with positive glee that any aristocrat could download a holo-image or order a poster printed from a chosen still, if they wished to. If Joanne took Best of Breed, by tomorrow there would be thousands of poster-sized photographs of her pinned to teenagers' walls all over the Kingdom - naked, bound and stuffed full of dildo - as well as holographic projections standing neatly to attention beside beds and in stable stalls. Until her image was replaced by the next fancy, the new 'must have' slave!

One of the young lords was trying to get a finger into her anus, pushing under the crotch chain pulled hard up between her buttocks, a hot hand cupping her sex, hands stroking the welts on her behind, and finally Joanne could just take no more teasing. So very aware of her stimulating and enforced nudity, the many exploring hands, her own arms chained together down her back, the dildo, the huge ball-gag that filled her mouth and Annette still holding her lead, she wailed in gag-muffled delight as she came. Ecstasy coursed through her helpless body in an overwhelming tsunami of pleasure.

Blinking away humiliated tears, the hands locked behind her clenched into tight fists, Joanne stifled another sob. Incredibly, being put on display naked in chains, in a gag and dildo, was not especially noteworthy anymore. But being made to come on public TV, after a whipping - and she'd come so easily - was just too utterly humiliating. Reminding her of how well trained she was, making her all too horribly aware of how easily obedient arousal now came to her, even when groped by a pack of strangers.

No woman likes to think of herself as 'well trained'. But she was. A well trained, docile, willingly masochistic, sex-object! Everything a feminist was taught to despise.

Joanne wasn't entirely sure how she'd ended up as a spectacularly top-heavy, doe-eyed, beautiful, legally owned, pleasure-toy, on another planet - she'd overheard her master talk of Gates between dimensions, travel between parallel worlds, of Earths with different histories - and days like this left absolutely no doubt in her mind she was not on the planet of her birth. This world of slaves

was not her Earth.

But as always, there was little time to dwell on her situation. Ahead of her, other carriage ponies were being put through their paces. The day's humiliations had only just begun.

Joanne knelt on the floor of the embassy limousine, still in her show bonds, Annette's skirt over her head, slowly lapping between the English girl's sex lips. The car was Slaveworld built - a car from the real world would have attracted too much attention - and there was plenty of room between the driver's seat and the back for a kneeling slave. It was in the design specifications. It was late evening by the time the car rolled back into the embassy. She made her nineteen year old keeper come twice.

Joanne was actually feeling rather pleased with herself when she was led into her owner's office, still naked, bound and dildo-impaled, but with a rosette for Best of Breed pinned to her left breast! She'd nearly taken Best of Show as well, but another British slave entered in the poodle category, a stunning former law student who now answered to Glory, had pipped her at the post. Another British girl, a gorgeous redhead who had been re-named Puppy, once a medical student but now a show pony, had taken third. Even though she'd been youth treated, Joanne had still been quietly amazed and not a little delighted to find herself considered on a par with the two lovely nineteen year olds at twenty-seven herself.

The Slaveworld's medical technology was well ahead of Earth's, and their rejuvenation treatment could set back the clock for twenty years! In coming here, Joanne had added thirty years to her lifespan. The downside was, the only reason to keep a slave young was so that you could enjoy her longer. Then she saw the letter her master was turning over and over in his hands; her disk and note to Kelly, and all other thoughts slipped from her head.

Joanne felt her pussy clench around the dildo chained into her, a shiver stroking down her spine with cold fingers. Her punishment would be cruel!

She'd put the disk together over a week, a scrap here, a paragraph there, when she was supposed to be working on her journal. It had always been a long shot, slipping it into the ambassador's out-tray, and hoping no one would notice - one in a hundred at best - but she'd had to try.

"You may leave us, Annette," her master said softly.

The punishment chair was made up of a sturdy metal frame with four legs and three lengths of smooth polished wood. One provided a backrest and the shorter two, in a V, ran out horizontally from its base, to form the seat. Tight straps around her waist and neck held Joanne glued to the upright, and a second pair of straps around upper and lower thighs on the V boards meant she had to sit with legs spread wide, pussy on display. Her ball-gag still filled her mouth, leather straps tight across her cheeks and under her chin, her ankles were strapped to the metal frame's legs to prevent kicking and her wrists were cuffed to a rope pulley above her head.

She'd known punishment was inevitable if she was caught, and that the usual begging, squeals, gag-muffled pleas and tears would follow, but the photographs the ambassador staged, and told her he intended to send to her friend in place of the disk, seemed unnecessarily cruel. Kelly was the last person from her old life she wanted to see her as a compliant sex-toy. It had almost been a relief when he'd strapped her to the punishment chair, and laid out his tit-torture kit.

Almost!

Joanne squealed as a twin bolts of lightning exploded inside both her breasts. Then again! Her electrode-clamped nipples were seared, both the large heavy globes suddenly balls of agonising pain. Electric current ran through her breasts for just a few seconds in real time; but subjectively, she experienced an eternity of pain! Blinking away tears, snorting for breath around the huge red ball strapped into her mouth, Joanne tried to relax her jaw. She guessed she was probably leaving teeth marks in the ball-gag every time she was shocked.

Gasping for breath, she focused on her tormentor once more, the man who had decided he was her master, her owner; allowed to do so in this bizarre land. The ambassador held a black plastic control box, his thumb caressing a red button. Fear made her punished breasts quiver, Joanne trembling and gasping, the red wires that trailed from the control box to the electrodes clamped so cruelly tight on her nipples, swaying as her breasts heaved. The look of dreamy, contented absorption on her master's face reminded her of a small boy pulling the wings off flies.

She had steeled herself against the possibility of punishment if her letter was found. It had seemed worth a go, but she wondered if she'd have dared try, if she'd known she faced tit-torture rather than the whip. Naked, gleaming with sweat, both huge breasts throbbing mounds of pain, gasping for every breath around her gag and with a dildo up her ass, Joanne met her tormentor's eyes. Hell yes! He wasn't going to break her that easily. Bucking in her restraints, she squealed as her breasts were shocked again.

The only good thing about electric shocks was that the pain was over instantly, unlike a whip stroke, which burned long after. And reluctant as she was to admit it, while the shocks were agonising, the throbbing ache after was actually quite wonderful. Her boobs also burned a stinging scarlet from the outside in, a penetrating heat, the punished mounds also well whipped, slapped and scalded with candlewax. Every stroke and lick was an acid sear now, but lust still caused the tortured melons to swell larger, heavier, and oh so deliciously more sensitive. She was forced to cry out in humiliating delight when her big breasts were squeezed.

There were a dozen or so pins stuck into each, but her breasts had taken so much punishment now, Joanne only felt the pins as an added sparkle when she was shocked. The ambassador scooped up a crop and slashed it across the quivering scarlet mounds, letting the flat tip crack down on flesh, here, there, leaving vivid red splotches behind. She wailed softly, but clearly not loudly enough. The crop was replaced with a thin lashed whip, the tip lead-weighted. Joanne squealed as expert strokes curled the whip end around her breasts, the weighted tip stinging with a viper bite. As she gasped and begged the ball-gag made her drool all the more, and she could feel both tears and saliva dripping and running down, over and between, the two pant-heaving globes.

Her tormentor gave her another shock and then put his remote control aside a

moment, beside the paddles, multi-stranded whips and burnt down candle stubs. Blinking away tears, trembling, Joanne watched him lift an ordinary looking aerosol. For the first few seconds she was in heaven as a cooling white mist was sprayed back and forth across both burning hot breasts. Back and forth, back and forth. The tears and saliva dripping down the punished globes froze solid, her nipples tightening into hard points of frozen agony. Colder and colder. Joanne wailed in agonised distress, trying to beg around her ball-gag again as her tortured breasts, only a moment ago burning hot, were methodically frozen!

The ambassador tossed aside his spray can and cocked his head, admiring his work. Her boobs unbelievably cold, Joanne couldn't believe how wet she was, how hot she was. She could only pray he didn't think to use the can between her spread legs. That would surely kill her arousal stone dead!

Her breasts were still pulsing hot under the white coat, frost quickly becoming a thin coat of ice with another spray. The ambassador lit another candle and started melting little holes in the ice with drops of scalding hot wax. Where the candlewax burned through the ice, pin-points of heat touched flesh frozen even more sensitive, and then as candlewax always did, burned hotter for a second, searing her flesh like molten lava. Joanne bucked and squirmed in the punishment chair, but the broad straps held her easily. Cracks formed in the thin layer of ice as she gasped and sobbed, breasts heaving and quivering. Broken up, the fragments of ice then slid off her punished-hot flesh.

Her master dripped a few final drops of molten agony onto each nipple, grinning at her strangled cry, and then thrust the candle into her dripping sex to extinguish it. He reached forward and scooped up both punished mounds, her scarlet flesh strangely both chilled and burning now, impossibly sensitive. Heavy, weighty, tortured flesh spilled out of his palms and between splayed fingers as he slowly squeezed the abused melons together. His hands felt so hot! Joanne moaned in helpless lust, experiencing little stabs of pain as some of the pins still embedded in her flesh were pushed deeper. Unable to help herself, she pulled down on the rope secured to her wrist-cuffs, and a huge dildo thrust itself deeper up inside her back-passage.

The overhead rope went up over a pulley, then down the back of the chair to a lever. A girl in the punishment chair couldn't help jerking down on her wrist-cuffs when her breasts were shocked or whipped, forced to ram the invader into herself. A horny slut was able to deliberately butt-fuck herself. She was a slut!

The ambassador squeezed and pulled her enormous breasts in clear satisfaction a while longer, gave each heavy globe several more painful stinging, slaps, and then scooped up the abused melons once more. He shifted his grip so that he could tongue and suck on both of the electrodes clamped to her nipples at once, Joanne again deliberately pulling down as hard as she could on her wrist-cuff pulley to ram the punishment chair's dildo painfully deep into her own ass as her crushed nipples were sucked.

She whimpered ecstasy in a strangled, gag-muffled cry, knowing her juices were dripping out of her spread pussy onto the floor below. Her master's tongue, following whip-strikes, was like wire wool. Trailing saliva across the ample expanse of her squeezed together boobs, the throbbing mounds ice-burnt, his tongue actually stung her burning hot flesh on welts.

Joanne sobbed helplessly, her growing arousal leaving her frantic for release. While she was more than a little self-conscious about the humiliating size her breasts now were, the way tit-torture made her hot was a thousand times more shameful! In that moment she couldn't blame the ambassador in the slightest for the heavy dose of growth hormone he'd injected her with. Clearly an insatiable, shameless, slut sex-slave and big heavy tits were a match made in heaven. For owner and slave!

Despite sadistic torture, the huge breasts her master handled and was licking, squeezing and kneading, were undeniably swollen with lust, electrode trailing nipples standing out perky, hard and begging to be squeezed. She was moaning in helpless pleasure as her master amused himself.

She desperately hoped that Kelly would not recognise her as the hooded girl in the photographs that the ambassador had cruelly swapped for her disk, even if it meant her old friend might send for the cavalry. Not like this. Please not like this, aroused by her humiliations, bonds and punishments! Better to never escape then have her old friends and colleagues see her transformed into a docile, willing, sex-object.

Spectacularly top-heavy, with flawless peaches and cream skin, a thick shiny mane of gold hair any teenager would kill for and at least two stone heavier than she'd been as a free woman, hopefully she'd been unrecognisable in the pictures. The hood should have helped a bit too.

Her master dropped one breast, hefting the other in a palm, and selected a flexible paddle. He slapped the leather band down on the breast he held with a vicious crack, again and again. Squeaking at each stinging blow, Joanne forced herself to relax her clenched arms and let the dildo slide out of her backside once more, just its tip resting inside her. The ambassador gave each side of her firmly gripped breast a stinging blow, and then transferred his attentions to the next. Finally satisfied, he tossed his paddle aside and gave Joanne one last shock to get her attention. Again she jerked helplessly against the broad leather straps that held her, squealing as a bolt of lightning went off in the centre of each expertly tortured boob. Joanne could feel the full mounds quivering as she sobbed, and she'd rammed the dildo deep up into her ass again when she'd been shocked. She let the heavy rod slide down out of her. There was no way she could not yank down on the pulley rope when her master gave her boobs a max power shock.

The red wires still trailed from her nipples, the fat nubs now crushed, pulsing balls of agony. Lust had made her nipples try to swell larger against the implacable clamps, after the shrinkage of being frozen. The ambassador let his trousers fall around his ankles and then pulled down his underpants. He stepped up between her helplessly spread thighs, an almost fully erect cock nosing her spread pussy and grabbed twin handfuls of the breasts he had so methodically punished. Caught in a helpless fusion of pain and animal lust, forced to arousal against her will by a combination of bondage, humiliation, pain and a surgically implanted aphrodisiac, Joanne whimpered in delight as her abused boobs were mauled.

The ambassador thrust, once, twice, three times, each stroke deeper, and then he was hard inside her. Belly to belly, master and helpless slave looked into each other's eyes. His flesh was hot on hers, huge tits spilling out of his grip and she felt his cock flex in an involuntary spasm deep in her pussy. For just one dreamy second she allowed herself to imagine they were lovers.

The ambassador was quick to break the moment! He pulled back a little and then held up her breasts by the red wires still trailing from her nipples. Joanne squealed in pain as the full weight of both over-large breasts hung stretched from the tight electrodes clamped to her nipples. Her tormentor let the tortured globes spin this way and that a moment, held up with a loop of wire in his left fist while with his right thumb he methodically pushed home a couple of the pins his slaps, squeezes and the paddle had allowed to half push out

"Let's have that plug up your ass now," he commanded. "I want you tight!"

Suddenly made very aware of the straps that held her in place, her throbbing, aching tits, her wrists secured above her head and the huge ball strapped into her mouth, Joanne obeyed. Pulling down on the pulley rope with her cuffed hands, the dildo slid up higher and higher into her ass. Tight up against her master's cock, the two invaders just a membrane of flesh apart!

He took a moment to lick tears off her cheeks, and only then let her nipple-tortured breasts drop. Joanne still couldn't help herself moaning softly in pleasure as her punished but deliciously lust-heavy breasts were hefted and groped again, but she knew her owner had no objection to helpless animal lust. He just didn't want his sex-toy fooling herself that she was in any way a real person in his eyes.

Her master thrust slowly to start with, Joanne matching his thrusts with the butt-plug as long as she could. Her first orgasm came fast, then another, another, a blizzard of white hot pleasure, one climax rolling into another. Only the fact that she was strapped to the punishment chair enabled her master to continue his far more leisurely use of her as first she bucked and twisted, came again, and then finally hung in her bonds, panting, limp and quite insensible.

She knew that when she was finished with, glassy eyed, placid and totally limp, the dazed sex-toy the ambassador had used and abused would then be hosed off and shampooed by one of the efficient grooms on loan to the embassy. And then left kneeling, hooded and bound, on padlocked collar and chain, at the foot of her owner's bed. Ready for the next time the ambassador wished to play with her!

CHAPTER 2

With its standardised issue furniture and notice boards, the Slaveworld Driving Test Centre was drab but functional. The waiting room could actually have been any one of a hundred doctor's, dentist's or public government offices back home on Earth. Sometimes Marie found the similarities of this strange alternative reality to her homeworld - the Slaveworld physically indistinguishable from the world she'd been born on, but with a very different history - almost as surprising as the utterly bizarre differences.

The pile of 'What Slave' magazines on the table for example, a gorgeous ball-gagged blonde, naked in chains, on the cover of the top copy. Fliers advertising the private sale of sex-slaves were pinned up alongside pet shop advertisements and details of upcoming livestock auctions on the notice board. Helplessly fascinated, Marie let her eyes roam over some of the For Sale adverts.

BLONDE POODLE. 23 years old, huge tits with waist nipped to 22 inches by reputable cosmetic surgeon. Genuinely masochistic, loves sexual torture and being shared - superb orgy fodder. You won't buy a better ride! K35,250. Box 821.

RACING PONY-GIRL. 19 years, 4 wins, 2 seconds, 4 thirds, in county and national races under the name HOT POKER UP HER ASS. Very fit, but little sexual training. Won in a card game, hence K27,000 for a quick sale. Box 634.

FOSTER'S LIVESTOCK. Sole Londinium importer of Tuscan Tack, whips, harnesses and bridles of the finest handcrafted Italian leather. Always genuine bankrupt stock. Female, male. All ages, all sizes, all prices. We have the pleasure toy for you! Box 277.

JAKE'S PET AND PONY, Londinium's premier pet store, are pleased to announce the sale of a single 18 year old British girl. One previous Royal owner (branded with crown and initials). K75,000 ONO. Viewings by appointment only. Box 502.

BEAUTIFUL FEMALE CARRIAGE PONY. 26 years, blonde, blue eyes. Busty and pretty. Superb oral sex, takes good whip and loves a deep butt-fuck. Our son's devoted pet of four years, no longer required, as he is now attending university on the continent. K20,500. Box 445.

Grinning helplessly, Marie looked up and met the eyes of a young lord nervously chewing his lip. A second young aristocrat, a slender lady, was leafing through a book of road signs. Both the teenage nobles were, like her, nervously waiting to take their Driving Proficiency Tests. It seemed a driving test was an ordeal in any dimension. The boy had watched her sign in with open curiosity, and was probably wondering why Marie at twenty-one had waited so long to take her test; city nobility usually taking their tests as soon after their eighteenth birthday as possible. Out in the more remote parts of the country, it was rumoured, they took up the reins even earlier.

She nodded politely to the young lord with a reassuring smile, surprised at the hollow ache in her own stomach. While she'd only had a couple of lessons in city traffic, she'd had lots of practice off-road and knew she could handle a pony trap well, so proving she could do so in the city should be just a formality. And compared to a real car test back home, this should be a piece of cake.

So why was she so nervous?

"Lady Marie?"

A Regimental Sergeant in an immaculate scarlet dress uniform, brass polished bright, stood in the doorway. Marie was not actually an aristocrat, but as an accredited diplomat on the staff of the British Embassy here, she counted as one in her dealings with the locals.

"May I see your identification, My Lady?"

Wordlessly Marie passed over her diplomatic ID, licking suddenly dry lips.

"Thank you, My Lady. Please lead the way to your carriage."

Marie's pony-trap, a small two wheeled carriage with a brushed aluminium frame, lightweight racing bicycle wheels and a single seat, was parked neatly beside the kerb along with two other small carriages and their mounts. The two young aristocrats taking their tests at the same time had taken the easy option,

and had selected a single pony-boy to pull their carriages. Londinium's nobles almost always used a single pony-boy on their driving tests. A single mount was easier to control than a pair of slaves, and unless you had a petite driver and a powerful pony-girl, you usually needed two pony-girls to match the power of a single pony-boy.

Marie, to her regret, wasn't all that light, and in fact was once again on the 'On' cycle of her semi-permanent off/on diet trying to get back down to nine stone. And her lovely human mount, while a clearly fit if top-heavy pony-girl, at just 5'6" looked like she should be just half of a team. Her examiner and fellow candidates, seeing a single girl in harness and bridle might even suspect she couldn't afford a pair of girls. But if they'd known Marie's lovely mount was a British slave, then they would not have been at all surprised to see a single pony-girl hitched to her carriage!

In pet shops and auction houses all over the city, the one subject, the only topic of conversation, was the newly fashionable, fabulously expensive and very rare, British slave girl. Suddenly all the rage, sex to die for; physically, the breed was characterised by a slight accent, wide eyes, very large and weighty breasts and a neatly nipped waist. A British pony-girl could take any amount of whip without bolting, and would run until she dropped.

It was possible her friend Lady Isobell might have lent her a pony-boy or her lovely favourite, Glory, as a test mount, if Marie had asked. But she didn't want their friendship to be too one sided, so she'd borrowed her blonde from her boss, the British Ambassador, instead. She knew from extensive personal experience that the top-heavy plaything was very obedient and would be just as easy to control as a single pony-boy. True, without the stamina of a pony-boy, the lovely sex-toy would need a lot more whip than a pony-boy to maintain the brisk pace city driving demanded, but Marie was sure her pretty pony-girl could take the extra lashes she required easily enough. Aristocrats who had taken their tests or driving lessons had warned her that a pain-maddened, forcibly aroused, utterly exhausted, pony-girl might bolt, or might just be too overwhelmed to obey whip and reins promptly enough for the examiner's tastes, but Marie had few worries on that score. She knew her pony.

Dozing in the sunlight, standing hobbled between her pony-trap's shafts, her blinkered eyes half closed in lazy contentment, Marie's human mount looked up at her approach. The harnessed and bridled blonde was of course naked, her

spectacular breasts slowly rising and falling with each breath. Reins hung in swaying loops from pierced nipples, the overlarge melons bound and supported by a tight cat's-cradle of thin, leather harness straps that cut deep into the firm ring-tipped globes. Perfect white teeth rested lightly on a rubber-coated bit, and the pony-girl's hips twitched minutely back and forth as she unconsciously squirmed on the large dildo strapped into her. Her girth was corset-tight, a standard eighteen inches for British girls, which cut deep into her waist, the crotch-strap indenting the firm swell of her belly.

Whip stripes marked her buttocks.

The mature slave had clearly been injected with a very large dose of the growth hormone that made breasts grow bigger - her owner's choice, not hers - when he'd taken her to have her nipples ringed. A cosmetic surgeon had trimmed down her waist to a pleasing hourglass, dyed her once dull grey eyes a stunning baby blue and plumped out her lips - once habitually, disapprovingly pursed - into an inviting pout. Completing a truly delicious picture of female subjugation, the naked pony-girl had wonderful long legs with nicely firm thighs, plumply curved buttocks and a delicious flare to her hips. Her superb hindquarters and legs were entirely natural, and beyond a stiff exercise regime - she was worked out in the gym with electrodes clamped to her nipples twice a day if not used as a pony-girl - her haunches had required no cosmetic improvement.

The voluptuous sex-slave's pedigree was a source of continued cruel delight to Marie; and knowing that the gorgeous blonde was a twenty-seven year old Australian from her own world, a once respected journalist - stridently feminist in her views - who had stumbled onto the story of a lifetime, was almost just too wonderful to believe.

But the existence of the Slaveworld was a story she couldn't be allowed to tell! Now with huge tits and a wasp waist, kept naked and bound, she was a sexual plaything, with a surgically implanted aphrodisiac dissolving permanently into her bloodstream to keep her hot and always ready for use. Owned purely for the pleasure that her use, humiliation and torment gave others; the lush blonde's knowledge of alternative realities and the Gates that could be built to travel between them, of this world of slaves that Britain was secretly in contact with, were entirely useless to her. As a legally owned sex slave here, she had no way to tell her story! The ambassador had trained her to answer to Sheila, but Marie wasn't sure it suited her.

Behind Marie, the young lord and lady led their respective examiners to their pony-traps. The teenage lordling's pony-boy was parked just behind the little two wheeled carriage Marie was to drive, the girl's carriage parked in front of hers. And naked on a public street, for anyone to admire, the three helpless sex-slaves waited in harness and bridle between the pony-traps' shafts. The young lord's pony-boy's harnessed erection twitched eagerly at his young driver's approach, the young lady's mount, his ass a mass of welts, flinching as his young mistress flexed her whip.

"If you could read that number plate over there for me, My Lady?"

Marie stuttered out the letters and numbers, her heavy breasted mount momentarily meeting her eyes quite calmly. The naked pony-girl with reins trailing from her pierced nipples had been given beautiful, wide eyes, but her blinkers and bridle only allowed her to look directly ahead. So she couldn't see Marie as she moved beside her, or hopefully, see how nervous she was!

The boss had another pair of slaves, a housewarming loan from the Slaveworld Queen, and as the ambassador's p.a. Marie frequently got to play with his Australian sex-toy when he was occupied with the two of them. The former reporter would now kiss her feet and perform oral sex on demand. With her face tear-streaked, she would sincerely thank Marie for punishing her, even when just moments before she'd been fighting her bonds, begging and pleading around her gag. She would bend over without hesitation, needing no ropes to tie her down when Marie decided she needed to be caned, and Marie had spanked and dildo-fucked her several times. For foreplay she liked to touch a cattle prod to those huge tits or drip scalding wax onto the blonde's pussy.

It was impossible that a formerly respected career woman from the real world, Marie's world, now a legally owned and totally subjugated sex-toy, standing naked on a busy city street in harness and bridle, between the shafts of a pony-trap, could not be completely broken in. The humiliation had to be crushing! It had to be! But Marie's own mouth was dry, she was desperately trying to ignore a hollow ache in her stomach, and worse, her pony-girl had noticed her nerves.

The one time firebrand feminist had a bit buckled into her mouth, her body and tits tightly harnessed, reins clipped to her nipple rings and she'd had had a huge dildo and equally fat butt-plug forced into her body, strapped and

padlocked tightly in place. She knew that Marie was about to lash her through the streets, driving her with whip and reins like an animal, but in that one moment of eye contact it was clear she was more amused by Marie's incipient panic attack than in her own predicament. There were hundreds of people about, many casting admiring glances over her bound humiliation. How could she not care?

Not that Marie actually wanted to drive a hysterical, panic stricken, pony-girl, but a little trembling and a few self-pitying tears would have been nice. After all, the top-heavy bitch hadn't been born into this world any more than Marie had!

"Thank you, My Lady. Please remove your mount's hobble and make yourself comfortable in your pony-trap."

Marie obeyed wordlessly, dropping to one knee to unclip the blonde's ankle straps. The Sergeant patted her pony-girl's buttock and then carelessly slid a hand down between the woman's legs. The big breasted plaything sighed softly but made no move to pull away. She was now far too well trained for that. The man then ran his fingers down between whip-striped buttocks, following a tight crotch-strap.

"A superb animal. I'm sure she won't give you any trouble. I am required to inform you that your pony-girl does not have to have a dildo or anal plug in her for the test. Do you wish to remove them before we start?"

"No. She's more docile when she's hot," Marie replied as she stood, more sure of herself now.

Marie knew from even her limited experience that a mix of pain and pleasure would make it harder for her lush mount to think for herself or remember the person she'd been. Forcing the top-heavy plaything to endure a fusion of agony, arousal and physical exertion, ensured that sensation and animal lust would overwhelm rational thought. Within a block the ambassador's pet would blindly obey Marie's whip and the reins yanking her nipples this way and that. If she was pushed hard and fast from the start, and not permitted to think about the chance, the temptation, she'd been given to humiliate her nervous driver on their driving test through overt disobedience, she could be counted on to be a good girl.

A blush touched the former journalist's cheeks as she was reminded that

thanks to the implanted drug she was now a bitch on heat, easily forced to unwilling arousal. Being made to trot in a dildo and plug, tits squeezed in tight harness straps and her ass whipped scarlet, was going to drive her quite frantic with frustration! Reminded her also that within half a block she was going to be maddened with lust, slaving around her bit, eyes glazed and with her juices running down her inner thighs.

Standing directly in front of her helpless pony-girl, Marie settled her hands over the blonde's huge tits and gave the heavy globes a light squeeze. The flesh under her palms was warm velvet, but was squeezed out taut by the tit-straps, the tight leather harness straps really making the humiliatingly enlarged globes balloon out. She trailed her fingernails lightly over bound flesh, reminding herself and her pony-girl of all the times she'd punished the heavy ring-tipped melons, the shocks, the slaps, twisting her fingers deep into the spectacular globes while she'd rammed home a strap-on-dildo!

Looking directly into her helpless mount's eyes, a woman six years her senior silenced by a bit in her mouth, she let her fingernails nip and cut into erect straining nipples, until a tremor of fear ran through her mount's naked body. Marie laughed, patted the former reporter's dildo-stuffed belly, and turned away. Feeling happier still, feeling she'd regained the whip hand her brief attack of nerves had threatened, Marie settled herself into her seat and pulled tight her seat-belt.

The Sergeant gave a faint approving nod at her decision to leave her voluptuous mount dildo and plug impaled, and gave one of the blonde's large strap-bound breasts an appreciative squeeze himself, before fixing a two-way radio trailing earphones onto the pony-trap's seat railing behind Marie's right shoulder. He checked the back of her pony-trap to make sure she had an L plate displayed and then pulled an electric bicycle out of a rack.

"Right, My Lady. Your test is about to begin. I will be following you during the test by bicycle, and I will give you instructions over the radio. Please make your turn and lane-change arm signals clearly and in good time, and maintain a brisk pace in traffic. Obey all road signs and markings, and try not to use the workers' lane unnecessarily. Please try to land the majority of your whip strokes on your pony-girl's buttocks. You will not be penalised for marks or welts, but try not to draw blood. Do you have any questions?"

"No, I'm ready," Marie said, pulling on her earphones.

The whip in her hand felt sticky, but thankfully the leather grip mostly soaked up her palm's sweat. Marie took up the slack on her mount's reins, pulling the blinkered pony-girl's breasts up by her pierced nipples, deliberately bouncing the naked woman's bound breasts up and down with little tugs on her nipple rings, first one, then the other. The familiar weight bouncing on the ends of the leather straps and her mount's pained whimpers, calmed her further.

The harnessed and bridled sex-slave knew she was just being teased and remained motionless, head up and ankles neatly together. After long, hard, exacting training, the blonde now knew that only when both breasts were pulled up together, was she being signalled to back up. The young Lady in front of Marie's carriage lashed her mount out onto the road, cutting across a delivery cart, her pony-boy bolting away with an agonised wail.

"Drive on when you're ready," Marie heard through her headphones.

Marie swung her own whip more cautiously, leather licking across toned buttocks with a familiar and delicious crack! Her pony-girl squeaked in shock and pain, and broke into a neat trot from a standing start. The blonde's wrists were fastened to the pony-trap's shafts, her upper arms strapped to her sides, but she also pulled with her harness, the shafts padlocked to her corset-tight girth at either side and to a V-strap from between the shoulders.

Angling across the workers' lane, waiting her chance, working-class drivers melting out of her way, Marie flicked her whip across rolling buttocks to maintain pace, the firm hemispheres she marked with angry red stripes, jiggling delightfully. Then with a decisive squeal-producing whip slash, she neatly slotted her pony-trap into the nobles-only lane behind a limousine. Tits bouncing, and squeaking at every whip stroke, the naked, dildo-stuffed former journalist she was driving smoothly picked up the pace. Damn, Marie cursed silently! Should have used an arm signal to change lanes. Had he noticed?

"Please take the next road to the left," her earphones told her.

Marie looked back over her shoulder, seeing on her inside a young Lady driving a pair of pony-boys. She crossed her whip arm across her chest, pointing left with her whip. Good! Nice clear signal. The young Lady had noticed her L plate and the examiner trailing her on his electric bicycle, and with a sympathetic

grin, waved her in. Marie gave her pony-girl's left rein a good hard tug to peel her away from the back of the limousine, and then an extra yank accompanied by a familiar gasp of pain, to turn her blonde mount left. Heavy breasted pony-girls, even with tight straps supporting their tits, bounced about a bit. So you had to give the reins a really painful yank or a long firm pull, to make sure the sex-slave noticed the pull on her ringed nipple.

City driving was harder than hunting across open glades or brisk trotting in the park, and Marie was starting to wonder if she should have taken a bit more practice. Red light, red light! Shit, red light! The helpless woman pulling her pony-trap squealed in protest and pain as Marie's cruel yank on her reins dragged up both more-than-ample breasts painfully high. The pony-girl's reins ran through rings on either side of her bit, and Marie's panic braking had probably stretched both nipples right up to the corners of her mouth! But at least Marie had stopped her at the line.

Heart pounding, Marie risked a look back. Oh shit. Another limousine, right behind her. She would have to lash her dildo-stuffed mount into a sprint from a standing start if she was to avoid getting marks for holding up traffic. The woman she drove was panting harshly now, sweat gleaming on her velvet flanks and her juices were smeared across her inner thighs as Marie had expected. The blinkered blonde was perfectly docile now, obeying whip and reins without conscious thought, totally under Marie's control. Any thought of rebellion her mount might have had, the brief light of intelligence in her eyes outside the test centre, had surely slipped away now, the chance to defy Marie long gone. Now just like any other day over the last month, the big-titted blonde was merely a sexual plaything for Marie to enjoy, as and how she wished, without a hint of protest.

Green light! The dildo impaled sex-slave squealed in agony around her bit and bolted forward with a pain-maddened wail as Marie repeatedly lashed her delightful tail, putting some real bite into her whip strokes now. Perfect pull-away! Marie laughed aloud. Calmer now that she was finally enjoying herself, she put a couple more lash stripes across her gasping mount's desperately juddering buttocks just for the fun of it. Her pony-girl was clearly tiring a little, Marie setting a fast pace, and the sweat-gleaming blonde was a little slow away from the next light, only really picking up speed after half a dozen or so whip strokes. Marie swung her whip out in a wide arc, and then slashed in, the whip-tip curling around her pony's hip to bite into the soft flesh of her belly. The

former journalist squealed, Marie curling her whip around the opposite hip to bite the tip into her mount's belly again. The big titted sex-toy obediently picked up the pace, her cries becoming quite shrill and turning many appreciative heads. Marie flicked her whip-tip here and there, then higher, across her pony-girl's tightly harnessed, but still bouncing, breasts to keep her pace up as they passed the royal palace. At a third traffic light, the gasping blonde, her ass now scarlet and criss-crossed with angry stripes, bolted away from the lights with no trouble at the first lash. Confirming what Marie had suspected, that the dildo-impaled sex-toy had been trying it on at that second light. Marie gave her naked pony-girl two more full force strokes across her quivering buttocks, and then flicked her whip tip up between the blonde's legs to punish her. The Australian reporter squealed again as she was pussy-lashed, but after that, totally broken, she didn't try to hold back or put a single foot wrong.

Possibly her mount had just been getting her second wind, but Marie felt no guilt. There was no such thing as unnecessary punishment where sex-slaves were concerned. Slaves could not always distinguish between being whipped for their misdeeds or simply being whipped for their owner's pleasure, and so were trained to believe they deserved whatever they received.

Ordered to turn into a quiet pedestrianised side road and park, Marie then performed a perfect three point turn followed by a flawless parallel park. The one advantage of a pony-girl over a pony-boy on test, was that they were easier to manoeuvre in a confined space, being much more responsive to the reins. A tug on a pony-boy's pierced tongue with a set of reins didn't even come close to the controlled pain Marie could apply to her mount's pierced nipples; yanking them against the substantial weight of those enormous tits! Her harnessed and bridled beast of burden was sobbing softly by the second manoeuvre, but she couldn't help but obey the tugs on her reins, her nipples yanked this way and that, pierced flesh agonisingly stretched.

"May I give her a little relief before we continue, Sergeant?" Marie asked.

She'd been told it was in the rules, but it didn't hurt to check. At his nod she hobbled the blonde again, clipping her ankle-straps together - letting a pony-girl run off without you, an embarrassing test fail - and then stepped around her pony-trap's shaft. Standing in front of her softly sobbing mount Marie loosened off the blonde's tit-straps and then calmly and methodically squeezed, pulled and twisted her pony-girl's hugely enlarged breasts until she was moaning in

pleasure. The naked woman was trembling, panting harshly and drooling over and between her breasts as she gasped. Gleaming with sweat as if she'd been oiled, her eyes were glazed and quite blank. Sweat and saliva-slick flesh slid out of Marie's grip as she squeezed and pulled on the helpless woman's melon-like tits, weighty flesh spilling out of her grip. The blonde's reins of course still trailed from the nipple-rings they were clipped to.

Slowly the dazed sex-toy managed to focus on her, Marie giving her mount's impressive tits a few stinging slaps to make sure she had her attention. The blonde's belly was equally sweat-slick and her crotch-strap so tight, it took Marie two attempts to get her fingers under it. The pony-girl, helpless in harness and bridle between the shafts of her pony-trap, gasped in shocked pleasure at the first brutal yank. Marie tugged on the crotch strap again, and then again, pulling the dildo in even deeper and the crotch-strap harder between the folds of the blonde's sex. But also minutely tugging the strap slightly back and forth across the clitoris of a woman almost driven insane with lust; desperate for release. The tormented blonde's climactic cry as she was forced to orgasm in public, wave after wave of pleasure, combined both longed-for release and forlorn surrender.

The Sergeant nodded approvingly and made a note on his clipboard. Marie quickly pulled her utterly humiliated conquest's tit-straps tight again, released the blonde's hobble and resumed her seat, feeling very pleased with herself. She'd been slightly self-conscious in front of an audience of at least fifty as she'd performed her reversing manoeuvres and then made her pony-girl come. To get away from traffic, the Sergeant had had her perform the reversing manoeuvres in a shopping precinct walkway! With a dreamy smile, she wondered if the woman she drove had been aware of her audience. Have to hook her up to a lie detector and ask her!

At the test's end, the phrase beginning "My Lady, I'm pleased to tell you..." had never been sweeter, or in Marie's opinion, better deserved. She received two minor marks for not confining all her whip strokes to the buttocks, and one for her panic braking at the first traffic light. Her control of her pony was rated, 'Excellent'!

Her sweat-lathered mount, once again parked on the public street outside the test centre, still of course secured between the pony-trap's shafts, was gasping for breath on her knees. Whipped to complete exhaustion but once again forcibly aroused, the lovely blonde was helplessly slaving down her harnessed breasts.

The tightly bound melons were now a nice deep shade of pink and her juices were visibly dripping off the crotch-strap pulled up hard between her pussy lips, onto the tarmac under her.

"May I ask you a question, My Lady?" the Sergeant asked as he handed Marie her pass certificate.

His gaze on the top-heavy blonde was now openly admiring.

"Sure."

"I was just wondering if your pony-girl was one of the new British girls?"

"Oh, yes!" Marie replied happily.

The man nodded. "First one I've tested. I'd heard they were hot."

He would probably never understand the reason for Marie's delighted laughter.

Two almost identical worlds, but in different dimensions. The same fish in the sea, the same birds in the sky, the same contours on a map, just a very different history, the two worlds diverging in Roman times. Two alternative realities, and now, for good or bad, connected to each other by the Franklin Gate.

All Britain had that the Slaveworld's English Kingdom really wanted, was a superb new breed of sex-slave. All Britain wanted from the Slaveworld was their superior technology, which they were understandably reluctant to give away. Now that the immediate danger provoked by paranoid spying, and the, 'you don't nuke us and we won't nuke you', mindset was past, the official point of contact was small. A single British Embassy in the Slaveworld's English capital, Londinium. A chance for the two realities to take stock of each other, and work out how they might accommodate each other, now that contact had been made.

Britain's ambassador looked around him. It still seemed a little strange to him that the eight rather ordinary people sitting around his embassy's conference table were his Earth's representatives to an entire new planet and civilisation. The four members of The Executive, senior civil servants with project overview, were Dame Alexandra, and the knighted Sirs, Harold, Clarkson and Percy. Sean McCloud and Malcolm Raft were the two Intelligence spooks formally in charge of the day to day running of the Project, and Georgina Carson and the ambassador himself completed the set. True, there were a couple of politicians in the know, but all present were agreed they could be weeded out any time soon. Now that the project was no longer a danger or a financial drain, and was in fact financially self-supporting thanks to some patents on Slaveworld technology, the politicians had mostly lost interest a bit.

Governments change, politicians are voted out, resign or just die off. Once out of power, the politicians who had been in the loop would naturally and wrongly assume that the Intelligence community was reporting to someone else in their place, when in fact they were not. It wouldn't be the first time.

The scientists who had developed Britain's half of the Gate for the spooks had already been moved on, now happily working on projects with large research grants that they were allowed to talk about, write up and become famous for. A mixture of patriotism and the threat of their generous new research grants being cut off, ensured their continued silence. And even in the intelligence community, The Project was becoming a forgotten backwater, overshadowed by the more urgent threat of world terrorism.

The Ambassador checked his watch.

"Are we keeping you?" Ms Carson asked sarcastically.

"Not at all. My p.a. Marie, you've met her?"

Heads nodded.

"She's taking her driving test as we speak. I was just wondering how she was doing."

Smiles lit up the conference table, leaving only Carson's frown. They all knew what a driving test in this city was like.

Carson's task before the embassy had been established, had been to run The Project's spy school, a small private prison, where secret agents were taught the ins and outs of bondage, discipline and sadistic sex. It was a place where Earth's secret agents had learned to blend into a society of nobles, soldiers, servants and slaves, that had endured since Roman times; to take the Slaveworld's very public sexual slavery in their stride. The school was now officially just providing orientation courses for embassy staff and visitors, though the ambassador was sure they were still training the odd spy or two on the quiet. Carson had always assumed she was the Project's number three, and hence the ambassador's superior. He had decided it was time to challenge that assumption!

Unless taking the long view, a man might wonder, did it matter, considering he was as far down the food chain as he was? But the ambassador had come to realise that the Executive were less and less interested in policy by the day. With the youth treatment he had personally secured for them, part of the advanced technology the spooks had been very interested in right from the start, they were not going to get any older for the next twenty years. And it wasn't just the youth treatment. Slaveworld medicine was decades ahead of Earth's. Lungs, livers and kidneys had been flushed out, hearts reconditioned, joints relined.

All four were enjoying a second childhood, skiing holidays, scuba-diving and hiking. The only reason they hadn't resigned en-masse, was because, with a stamina undreamed of in recent decades, they were all busy fucking Ms Carson's slave collection senseless, whenever they pleased. It was only a matter of time before they became non-executive directors.

With the four members of the Executive gone, he was suddenly a lot higher up the food chain, and Sean McCloud was not a young man any more either. He wouldn't be around forever, which put Malcolm Raft into the driver's seat within a few years. On a purely practical level, if the ambassador pushed Carson aside, that moved him into the number two spot. One place away from calling the shots; and riches and power undreamed of. Besides, he hated the Carson bitch!

All his proposals, while carefully phrased and thought out to sound, not only good for The Project, but perfectly reasonable, were in fact designed to undermine her position or powerbase, and to improve his. The sole reason he'd called this meeting.

".....so I propose we move two thirds of the Slave School's stock to the

embassy's care. For the use of guests, and to provide the right ambience, to show the locals we're becoming more like them, that we're not uptight about sexual slavery. It's their justice system, and if they want to sentence shoplifters and tax dodgers to the auction block, who are we to criticise?"

"Out of the question," Ms Carson snapped. "I need those slaves to....."

"I thought you were just providing orientation courses now? Acclimatising visitors? Surely you don't need.... how many is it you've got now? Thirty slaves? Surely you don't need thirty slaves for that?"

Exchanged glances around the table told him The Project was still training some spies, he'd expected nothing less, but Ms Carson's empire was clearly larger than it needed to be.

"You've got nowhere to put them," Carson snapped.

"Yes, I propose allowing the embassy staff to live out. I really feel the security restrictions are becoming excessive, especially having to go everywhere in pairs and having to report our movements. That will give us room for a cell block, playrooms and guest quarters."

The ambassador paused, looking around before delivering his final point; assurance for his superiors they would still be able to play with the wonderful collection of sex-toys that Carson had so laboriously built up, even if they were to be in his charge.

"Suitable guest quarters will allow any of you to stay here in appropriate comfort when your duties bring you to this world."

Dame Alexandra and Sir Percy nodded to each other, Raft giving a 'why not?' cock of his head. Got them!

"I further propose we release the Countess..."

"Out of the question," Carson snapped. "We're still getting good intelligence from her."

The spooks had stumbled upon a Slaveworld Countess who had managed to get herself run down by a London bus on a clandestine visit. Looking after

Countess Svetlana was Ms Carson's secondary responsibility, the Lady being held in luxurious captivity and served by the school's slave-toys, in an isolated manor house.

"As a goodwill gesture. I really think it's the only gracious response to your free rejuvenation treatments. And if contact continues to develop well, we'll get the technology anyway. Without offence," the ambassador replied.

"I agree," McCloud chipped in, as the ambassador had thought he might. Getting on himself, and seeing how frisky the treated Executive now were.

"You've clearly been giving this a lot of thought, Joseph," Carson said with a speculative look in her eye, clearly now realising she was under a sustained and planned attack.

"Yes," he grinned. "Furthermore, I really don't think my staff and I need to be spied on any longer. Perhaps your man John could be reassigned? I mean, we do all know why he's here."

Carson's deputy was supposedly the embassy's Security Officer, but really, he was and always had been her eyes and ears in the embassy.

The spook's eyes blazed, but her voice was quite calm. She was clearly furious at his attempt to dismantle her empire, knowing it was personal, but for the moment, she'd clearly been caught off balance by his carefully planned campaign.

"And these other ideas of yours?" she struck out. "Recognising the legality of their British slaves? Most of those girls were kidnapped!"

"Their ruling class will be happily indebted to us if we can help clear up their current little legal difficulty."

"And you're going to provide them with even more girls?"

"Psychological profiles are an exact science on this world, not guesswork like on ours. We simply test for sexual submissives, find them some sort of job here, call it cultural exchange or some such bullshit, and wait for them to get themselves arrested. Our hosts get more British girls to put on the auction block, and in turn, they allow us to buy advanced technology with the auction

proceeds."

"You would do that to British girls?" Carson snapped.

"The Slaveworld government here would accept that?" Raft over-rode her. "Would enough girls get themselves arrested to satisfy demand?"

The ambassador laughed. "Oh Yes. Remember, while we all thoroughly enjoy ourselves here, this place is a submissive's paradise. And we will only be selecting genuine submissives. They won't be able to help themselves!"

"Preposterous!" Ms Carson snapped.

He cited the examples of Queen Victoria's Precious and Lady Isobell's Glory, both former British students who had voluntarily returned themselves to slavery after being set free.

She tried to continue, but the ambassador had timed the meeting perfectly. Audible through the open windows, braided leather landed on flesh with a stinging crack, accompanied by a delicious female squeak. They all turned to look. Big tits bouncing despite the straps that bound them, crotch-strap pulled up hard between her sex-lips, slaverling and gasping around her bit and her naked skin gleaming as if oiled, Marie's gorgeous human mount was driven into the courtyard below.

"Ah, I see Marie is back. Shall we adjourn a moment, and see if she passed?"

The ambassador decided to celebrate a rather good day with a night on the town. All his proposals had been provisionally accepted. He'd cut the ground right out from under Carson, and she hadn't even seen him coming!

The Branded Slave was a popular Londinium soldiers' tavern, situated near the City Palace and mostly frequented by troopers of the Royal Household Regiment. The name came from the fact that only Royalty were allowed to brand

their property with a hot iron, ordinary nobility having to make do with pet-tags and tattoos. Naturally only the finest slaves found themselves in the palace cell-block and the scarlet uniformed men in the tavern - those retired or off-duty wearing regimental crests - were proud of the fact that the sex-slaves they groomed, fed, exercised, punished, teased, harnessed and stuffed dildos into, were amongst the finest in the Kingdom.

On the tavern's brightly lit stage, the boisterous but good-natured crowd calling encouragement and bets, were two young men, identical twins, both tightly strapped to upright posts. Naked, with swinging cocks on display. They faced away from each other, both with a heavy black velvet hood pulled down over his head, and each had last been allowed to come a full half hour ago; within seconds of each other. The twins' owner, a sly looking Gypsy trader, had sworn at the start of the evening on a lie-detector, that neither had been allowed to come more often than the other in the past few weeks of competition.

The pair could not yet see the other half of the show. On either side of the small stage, each facing a twin, stood two completely naked slave-girls. At the crack of the judge's starter pistol, each female slave, suitably encouraged with a pair of whips, would try to make her bound slave-boy come. The tavern crowd was betting on which girl would get a mouthful of semen first. It was a popular local pub game!

Both of the girl-toys were helpless, bound and on collar and lead. To one side a tall slender brunette had her arms strapped behind her, wrist to elbow, in a tight cats-cradle of straps. The dark eyed beauty was being competed against a shorter, lushly curvy, impressively full breasted, blonde. The blue eyed toy had her wrist cuffs secured together behind her back, and held in place with a chain from the cuffs, running between her legs and up under her, padlocked to her navel ring. The taut chain linking navel ring to cuffs, was pulled up hard into her pussy and digging lightly into the swell of her belly.

The lovely slave was trembling, adding a beautiful quiver to her enormous tits. A centre-parted mane the colour of ripe corn and pulled into a loose ponytail spilled down her back, she was tanned an even light gold all over - no tan lines on a Slaveworld plaything - and her skin was flawless velvet apart from the welts and whip stripes that already criss-crossed her buttocks, The ambassador was sure she was the sexiest slave to have ever graced this pub's small stage! Utterly gorgeous!

Of course he was biased. The former journalist was his personal property, the same sex-slave he'd lent to Marie that morning for her driving test, which accounted for her whip-marked ass!

A raised balcony ran down one side of the room, allowing the officers and nobles who had entered their human property into the competitions to eat sitting, but still get a good view of the show without having to rub shoulders with commoners and other-rank troopers. Looking over the heads of the mostly uniformed throng, the ambassador could see clearly how stiffly his pussy-chained entrant's nipples stood out, he could even see the glint of juices dripping off her crotch-chain. Sometimes he still couldn't believe he quite legally owned the beautiful creature. His pleasure-toy, his property, to enjoy and abuse as he wished, whenever he wished. As he wished!

The lovely slave-object had once been called Joanne, but he'd trained her to answer to Sheila now. With what could charitably be described as a trim figure - truthfully, a bit skinny! - mousy brown hair and hostile, cold grey eyes, before she'd been improved, the former journalist would not have turned that many heads on a city street back home. Here, transformed into a genuine blonde with a DNA retro-virus - and she would now pass on those genes to any children - her eyes dyed a beautiful baby blue, given a little nip and tuck at the local cosmetic surgery, very much curvier now that she was no longer allowed to starve herself and with much bigger boobs and a few body piercings, the once rather drab feminist had been transformed into a walking fantasy!

The sex-slave who now answered to Sheila, shamefully and teasingly bound in front of an audience of fifty to seventy fully dressed men and a scattering of women, was now quite stunning. Whether she liked it or not!

Forced by a handful of hair to the edge of the stage, his property was turned this way and that so that the baying crowd could better admire her firm haunches, chained pussy, lush curves, big weighty breasts and piercings. Sheila was gasping for breath around her ball-gag, adding a further delicious quiver to huge, pant-heaving tits. She cast a brief panicked look back at the whipman holding her pony-tail as hands stroked up her legs, fingers sinking into her firm thighs, but the man just laughed, bending her forward from the waist so that the outstretched hands of the audience could grab her tits as the heavy mounds swayed forward, bell-shaped, under her.

The ambassador sat upright, concerned a moment, as it looked like his plaything might get pulled into the crowd. The second whipman came forward, the two men holding an upper arm each. After a brief tug of war with her breasts, the Landlord bellowing threats to bar anyone who didn't let go, the woman with her arms bound behind her was pulled back onto the stage. The ambassador suspected she was going to have rather bruised tits by tomorrow. Excellent! In the morning he'd bind the heavy melons in tight rope, and take her face-down on something firm!

Drooling helplessly down the ring decorated globes as her ball-gag was removed, Sheila unconsciously licked her soft, full lips, her eyes sparkling with excitement. The crowd bayed its approval! Oh yeah! She knew how hot she was; knew that at that moment, every man in the audience would give his last penny to own her! And she was loving it!

Part of the reason the ambassador liked to enter the former journalist into humiliating public Slaveworld events like this, and a large part of the fun, was so that everyone in the room knew she was his; and could envy him appropriately. And as this audience consisted mostly of Royal troopers, more harem keepers than fighting soldiers as the ambassador knew them, men who dealt with expensive slave-flesh every day in the course of their duties, they would know quality when they saw it.

The other reason he put Sheila on display, reducing her to nothing more than a fetish-object, surely every feminist's worst nightmare, was simply because he could. Superb payback for girlfriends he'd never been able to obedience-train as he really wished, when living back in what his staff still called the real world. Payback for the co-workers he'd had to carefully address as 'Mizz' over the years, the under-qualified women promoted over his head because of PC quotas. Ample revenge for the years of faint but persistent terror spent working in the PC environment of a government department, knowing that just one wrong word, a thoughtless glance down a girl's cleavage or at a shapely ass could have him counselled for sexual harassment, instantly sending his career to Siberia!

Only an outsider, a visitor to the Slaveworld, could truly appreciate how special this moment was to both of them. The one time reporter was from his own world, had been raised in a safe prosperous democracy as he had. An Australian citizen. Sexual slavery just wasn't something that happened to real people in her experience! The abject humiliation the lovely blonde undoubtedly

experienced when he entered her into events like this, immeasurably added to the pleasure the ambassador took in entering her. Far more keenly felt than a local girl in similar circumstances would experience, he was sure. Because for the Slaveworld natives, sexual slavery was quite unremarkable, just the justice system at work.

He knew that the tavern's audience, while thoroughly enjoying the evening's entertainment, actually took these magnificent spectacles that the Roman Games had evolved into, quite for granted!

Clearly a very hot animal, nipples standing out hard and her juices visibly dripping off the pussy-chain that linked her wrist-cuffs to her pierced navel, the blue-eyed sex-slave was only getting odds of two to one against the slender brunette despite that girl's Royal brand. The ambassador raised his glass to Captain Scott across the table, the officer, equerry to the King of this version of England. Two worlds, so very different, and just a step away.

When the Slaveworld, another world, was being described to him, the ambassador had at first imagined journeying starship-like to another planet; but the reality of travel between alternative universes was much less dramatic. You simply stepped through a dimensional Gate into another version of your own Earth. A world that was physically similar to the one you knew, but with a very different history. The Slaveworld was a technologically advanced world, and so far their rigid social order of nobles, soldiers, serfs and slaves had proved enduring.

The way it had always been and always would be! Even the rural peasant classes and urban workers, while hoping they would never see their own sons or daughters sold naked to the highest bidder on an auction block, accepted the Slaveworld justice system and the automatic superiority of the aristocracy, as the natural order. A few young rebels were quickly broken in by degrading sexual slavery, and there were fewer still older rebels. If you were too old to enjoy, then your children or grandchildren served your sentence for you once they turned eighteen! The crime rate was amazingly low, working-class parents usually grimly determined to raise dutiful, polite, law-abiding children; and most slaves were actually sentenced for trivia like failing to bow to a noble, or taken in lieu of family debts.

Over the heads of her audience the doe-eyed, pussy-chained blonde caught

the ambassador's eye a moment, and a silent plea was exchanged between them. Even though the voluptuous sex-toy knew she was born to be owned - he'd hooked her to a lie detector and made her admit that she'd never had better sex, in her first week here - and even though she knew how much he loved parading her in public, in teasing and obedience training her, riding her long and hard in bed; she still clung to the fantasy that he would show mercy one day. Just because they were from the same world and had been raised in the same sort of society.

But then the gorgeous creature he'd now trained to answer to Sheila, who would eagerly perform any sex act on command and without hesitation, and who had been whipped to orgasm many more times than she could remember; was still not quite fully broken in. She held back a little of herself, still did not quite believe she'd found her natural home in this unbelievable parallel dimension, as the ambassador knew he had. She'd stumbled onto a story she knew she could never be allowed to tell, but she still clung to the faint hope that one day, somehow, she could return to her old life.

There was no going back, but it amused him to allow her, her delusion. Out of contented benevolence, he was allowing his new sexual plaything to keep an uncensored journal, offering her the possibility that her story might one day be told. He'd had to punish the lovely blonde quite cruelly for her first efforts, Sheila describing the Slaveworld in detail, but not her own part in it. Making her sit on a dildo with a cattle prod up her ass, shock after shock going off deep inside her body if she didn't keep typing, he'd made her rewrite her first draft again and again, gradually stripping away the former journalist's last few inhibitions. Now Sheila described in loving detail her training, her humiliations, the punishments she endured and the sexual acts she was made to perform, as a matter of course.

So that her story would be complete, the ambassador was determined his blue-eyed pet should experience every possible aspect of Slaveworld life. In the coming weeks he had her entered her into several more pet shows and competitions, she was booked for another three driving tests with embassy staff and he had her booked into cock sucking and show-pony training courses at the local college. Sheila had also been hired out as the prey in several upcoming hunts, as hotel and cruise liner room service and had even landed a spot on the prestigious What Slave TV program. Marie had had to start keeping a diary for her.

Truth be told, he loved reading the former journalist's detailed descriptions of her sexual service. The degrading sex she couldn't help but be aroused by. The punishments and endless humiliations. He experienced an extra thrill when the lush sex-slave described sex with her master in her journal, and he was that master!

As well as great sex, his total control over the lovely toy delighted him; especially his freedom to physically improve the former journalist! Quite naturally, the first thing he'd done to his legally owned property was to make her breasts grow larger. On this world, big tits were just a cheap, simple injection away, and he'd been unable to resist giving the horrified feminist another dose of the growth hormone, and then another. Sheila was now an absolute delight to tit-torture, screw and her tit-fucks were superb; and while everybody here said that a naked girl in chains and a gag always looked superb with really big boobs, he wondered if he'd gone just a little too far.

He'd never dreamed he could think such a thing, his libido totally delighted with his property's huge melon-like tits, but it worried him might be being a little gauche by local standards. He'd seen a few in his diplomatic travels, the revolutionaries or drug lords, become presidents or government ministers. The hick at the embassy reception slurping 500 wine like lemonade, using the wrong cutlery and telling sex-jokes in mixed company. He didn't want to be that guy.

He just hadn't been able to help himself. He'd wanted a slave with tits as big as Lady Isobell's Glory - a former British Law student - but he'd forgotten she was a big, powerful girl. By comparison, at 5'6", Sheila was a more cute plaything. Bar a couple of punished dairy slaves, long overdue a milking, he had yet to encounter a slave bigger. But her Best of Breed win at the Pet Show had been heartening. When the Kennel Club recognised the British slave-girl as a distinct breed - it was only a matter of time - he intended to lobby hard for enormous tits to be the recognised standard for the breed.

A local pet shop and a cosmetic surgeon Scott had recommended had done the usual stuff; surgical implants, slightly fuller lips and pulling Sheila's eyelids back a little to give her that appealing, wide-eyed, innocent look. The two most expensive jobs had been trimming down her waist to a nice neat 21", so that she was comfortable in a girth or corset at a wasp waist, 18 inches; and the youth treatment. The technique was a secret, but the Slaveworld's Rejuvenation treatment was available to any noble who had the money, part of a package of

advanced technologies it was the ambassador's job here to try and secure. Now treated, Sheila would barely age over the next twenty years, then age slower than normal over the next ten. Longer for him to enjoy her! When she'd first realised what he'd done to her, surely no slave's tears had ever tasted sweeter.

The ambassador had a few more improvements in mind, a surprise for his top-heavy pet, but they would have to wait a few weeks, until he could book her into a French clinic. The Slaveworld English considered the remote control of sex-slaves cruelty to animals, and no reputable Londinium vet would perform the work he wanted.

On the stage the hoods were pulled off the boy-toys, both blinking in the bright lights a moment before each automatically focused on the naked girl placed in front of him. Both would have probably licked their lips at the lovely sight if they hadn't been gagged. The judge raised his starter pistol, and the four whipmen, two to each girl, swung their lashes experimentally.

The pistol was fired with a firecrack discharge and a puff of smoke. Both slave-boys had come three times already in previous competitions, and although given stimulants, they were both still just semi-hard, clearly some way off coming. Both teams of experienced whipmen had already realised that their male slave would have to be stimulated and they didn't immediately order their girl to her knees, cock in mouth. At a barked command the slender brunette stepped up to her twin and began rubbing her naked body across her slave-boy; but the ambassador really only had eyes for his own entrant.

The naked blonde cried out softly as the first whip stroke licked across her already well marked buttocks, a second stroke a moment later cutting her across the stomach, just above the top of the cuff-chain pulled up between her legs, linking navel ring to wrist cuffs. Her ecstatic squeak was audible right across the tavern in the sudden breathless hush. Surgically implanted with a powerful aphrodisiac, from the first whip stroke, the pussy-chained blonde's arousal was instant, total and completely beyond her control! The two men whipping Sheila were actually on her side; had bet on her, as had the two working on her slender brunette opponent.

As any experienced slave trainer knew, seeing a lovely girl being punished would not only quickly stimulate the twins watching, but make the whipped slave herself hotter, wetter and quite desperate to please. And here the

ambassador's property had a secret advantage despite her opponent's Royal brand. The audience knew Sheila was what the Slaveworld labelled a British slave, the label applying to any girl from the ambassador's Earth regardless of her actual nationality there, but few knew what that really meant; beyond rare, expensive and really hot! What probably only he and Captain Scott in the room knew, was that girls from his own world were so much more susceptible to the sexual stimulant used on slave-girls than the local talent. The former journalist had received a dose of aphrodisiac effectively twice to three times as powerful as any local slave. Sheila, with dried tears on the page, had candidly described herself as a 'bitch in heat, constantly craving sex,' in her journal!

Wearing nothing but 5" stiletto heeled sandals and a broad heavy collar that held her head up nicely, hands cuffed behind her back clenched into tight fists, the whipped woman performed a swaying dance in front of her slave-boy, braided leather licking across her buttocks, the lash-tips occasionally curling around her hips to bite into her belly, keeping her focused. New red lines overlaid the raised driving-test welts criss-crossing quivering buttocks as the golden skinned blonde danced under the lash, deliberately swaying her hips and making her large, full, slave-sized breasts swing and jiggle enticingly. It was a stunningly erotic performance from an ugly-duckling feminist who had only ever had three sexual partners before she'd been collared.

The relentlessly whipped sex-toy's cries became louder, plaintive gasping yelps, each stinging lash adding further to the marks on Sheila's buttocks, each stroke driving her a few centimetres closer to the slave-boy strapped to a post in front of her. Clearly entranced, the gagged slave-boy's cock twitched and stiffened upright as he watched tears run down the naked plaything's ring-tipped breasts. Whipped closer, then closer, the lovely slave-girl was forced to squeeze her breasts up against the bound boy-toy, the full mounds flattened between them, Sheila squirming up harder and harder against the slave-boy's body as she was lashed. Crotch to crotch!

A swollen rigid cock now nosing between her legs, naked flesh hot on hers, forced to perform under the gaze of over a hundred eyes, the continued blazing sting of two whips still making her rub herself up harder against the bound, gagged, slave-boy's body, the ambassador's collared property finally broke, could just take no more, and cried out in ecstasy as she was forced to come, momentarily slumping limp against the lithely muscular slave-boy's naked body.

The two whipmen worked quickly, a handful of hair pulling the one-time reporter to her knees facing the audience, her back to the slave-boy. Totally pliant now that she'd been made to come, Sheila let herself be pulled into position and obediently arched her head back, her face between the boy-toy's legs, and took both his balls into her mouth, tongue working overtime.

With her spine arched back hard, the blonde's large breasts were now perfectly presented to be whipped. The pussy-chained sex-slave cried out in distress around the flesh in her mouth as the first whip-lines marked the firm globes. Tits trembling and heaving as she gasped for breath, a nice sheen of sweat on her naked body, the ring-tipped mounds quivered each time braided leather landed with a soft crack! Kneeling with thighs spread wide, as she'd been taught to display herself, the tortured blonde's hips bucked and twitched as she helplessly sawed the chain pulled through her sex back and forth over her clitoris.

Looking down his own body, clearly further stimulated by the lovely blonde's tit-whipping, but probably rightly terrified a too hard whip-stroke might cause the whipped girl to clench her teeth and castrate him, fear inevitably added to the experienced boy-toy's arousal. Grunting and squeaking around his gag in increasing panic, he tried to let the two whipmen know he was about to come. Her sob-quivering udders criss-crossed with whip stripes now, every one a viper kiss, the voluptuous sex-toy on her knees made no move to pull away from her whip wielding tormentors, still tonguing and slavering around the balls in her mouth. Back arched, tits presented, a twitching, flexing, cock was now rigid above her face! God, she took good whip!

The crowd's rustling, shuffling feet and excited whispers, sometimes even drowned out the crack of leather on tortured breasts, but his property's high-pitched, flesh-muffled, squeals of pain still carried clearly to the ambassador. At some signal he missed, the two whipmen pulled the blonde around to face her twin, and still on her knees, the boy-toy's cock was flexing and pumping come into her mouth almost the moment her lips closed over the swollen shaft.

Victorious cries erupted across the tavern floor from those who had won their bets, disgusted losers throwing betting slips to the floor. The victorious slave was pulled to her feet, looking a little dazed, some come on her face and running down her chin, but she remembered herself enough to hold out her tongue properly to display the semen that coated it. The brunette girl with the Royal

brand was still on her knees, head bobbing with a mouthful of unresponsive cock.

With a wry smile, Captain Scott handed over a Five Crown note. The scarlet uniformed officer, having had the opportunity to sample more than one British girl for himself on occasion, had been unwilling to bet more.

"Her Majesty is concerned her bargain with you has not been fulfilled," the officer said, finally getting down to business.

The ambassador was suddenly all attention. Having been blackmailed into his present position by British Intelligence, specifically, by that bitch Carson, because they wanted to control him - when he would have happily killed for this wonderful job - he was still somewhat loyal to Queen and Country in a jaded sort of way but he felt little to no loyalty towards his spook employers. He had done a little deal on the side with Her Majesty, Queen Victoria II, a month earlier. A third world dictator he knew well from a previous diplomatic posting had been willing to supply a couple of exotic, and here in the English Kingdom, very rare, African slave-girls for a reasonable amount of gold bullion. His finder's fee was twenty per cent. The Queen's half of the bargain had been to allow two of her slaves, former British girls, to return to the Realworld to perform some unspecified task for her. Entering through Africa and then flying to Britain, the Gate used would be out of range of British detection, and then the pair should be able to re-enter the country unnoticed on expertly forged papers.

The ambassador had seen no harm in it, and as planned, the deal had opened up new channels of trust and communication. The Executive, his ultimate superiors, were delighted with his progress, especially after he'd secured free youth treatments for the four elderly members as a goodwill gesture, so his position was secure for the foreseeable future. His blackmailer and - so she thought - immediate superior, the Carson bitch, had clearly been suspicious of him right from the start though, and she was sure to be more suspicious of him now. Her spook John, was still lurking about, hadn't packed his bags yet, so the ambassador had arranged his usual alibi for his night out even though he probably didn't need it.

His alibi for the evening, as she'd been for many others, was his personal assistant Marie. She actually still thought he was covering for her, and was presently celebrating her driving test pass, enjoying a slave-girl with a noble

Lady she thought she'd befriended. In reality, Lady Isobell was betrothed to the Queen's son Samuel, and while tolerantly amused by Marie, she only lent her property to Marie at the Queen's request, to cover for the ambassador's clandestine meetings and not out of any real friendship. The slave-girl Marie most liked to borrow, a British girl she'd known at university, was actually the same top-heavy Glory/Ruth that he'd modelled Sheila's tits on.

Hopefully, after today, an alibi would no longer be necessary. And so far he'd done well playing both ends off against the middle. He was serving his country well, getting rich and enjoying slave-sex whenever he liked. But as he well knew, when playing both sides, it was important to keep all parties happy. This was not good news.

"A problem with the African girls?"

"No, no, no! Not quite as hot and willing to please as the white girls...."

The ambassador nodded understanding. The British girls recruited before the embassy had been established had been carefully screened. Psychological profiles, disguised as market research papers in universities around Britain, had targeted the secretly but genuinely sexually submissive. And when you took a sexual submissive from Earth and added the Slaveworld aphrodisiac the slave you got was utterly superb. The African girls by contrast, had been pro-democracy protestors.

"...but they trained up nicely, and the exotic colouring adds to their value. The problem is, the Queen had not heard from her two....ah, agents."

"How?" the ambassador asked. "There's no contact between our worlds except the Embassy Gate and the Africa Gate. Isn't there?"

"Newspapers. The girls were supposed to place an ad in one of the personal columns when they arrived in your Britain."

"Ah!" the ambassador sighed.

Very clever. One of his own initiatives, passing on papers, to allow their hosts to better understand them. It had seemed like a fair trade at the time, as the embassy was on the Slaveworld side of the Gate.

"Is it possible your African General decided to keep them instead of putting them on an aircraft as he was supposed to?"

The ambassador thought a moment. "Possible but unlikely. More likely British Intelligence picked them up. But I'll go through and talk to him."

"Good," the King's equerry agreed. "I'll have the Gate set up for tomorrow afternoon."

The ambassador nodded. Business concluded, they both turned their attention back to the stage. One of the whipmen was squeezing and kneading Sheila's breasts from behind now, the sweat-gleaming and now well whip-striped mounds spilling out of his hands and sliding easily together, lubricated by both semen and the saliva dripping from the blue-eyed blonde's still held-out tongue. The other man was stroking her between the legs, but the ambassador knew their actions weren't as overtly sexual as they looked. Just as a jockey back home would give a winning horse an approving pat after a race; so Sheila, naked, wearing only a collar and with her wrists still cuffed behind her lash-marked body, was being rewarded for her docile obedience. For the money they'd won betting on her.

Coming out of her daze a little, the two whipmen still handling her, discussing her, examining the whip-stripes they'd put on her, still holding out her come-covered tongue, the blonde saw the tavern keeper obsequiously bowing his way into the booth the ambassador and Captain Scott occupied. Again, there was that cute little plea in her eyes, even though she could guess full well her reward for winning this game. This was the last match of the evening, but the tavern still needed entertaining. After haggling a moment for the look of the thing, the ambassador rented out his pussy-chained property for 200 Crowns, for the rest of the evening.

The tavern keeper, an honourably retired soldier and licensed slave-dealer, was allowed to keep slaves to provide slave-based entertainment in his establishment. Everyone loved a sex-show, and the man wasted no time in getting the heavy breasted blonde mounted on a pedestal in the centre of the tavern where everyone could get a good close look at her. A tight strap around the base of each breast squeezed flesh out into perfect spheres, skin shiny taut. With the wrist-cuff chain released from her navel ring and then secured to the back of her collar behind her, Sheila's arms were pulled up high behind her back,

and she was once again ready to perform. A fair bargain the ambassador thought, the pain and humiliation of one giving pleasure to well over fifty others!

Sat astride one slave and forced down the length of his cock, crouching forward, another thrusting deep into her ass when she was settled, a third standing slave finally thrust into the lovely sexual plaything's mouth from one side. The ambassador watched happily for a while, three cocks sliding slowly in and out of his bound, whip-striped, sweat-gleaming, property at once. The three hooded slave-boys, clearly experienced, thrust their cocks into the bound blonde with a slow, easy, measured pace, the surgically enhanced shafts stretching Sheila's sex, ass and mouth wide. Knowing they had to fuck her for a half hour at least, before they were permitted to come and another three would take over, they were in no hurry.

Despite the tears of shame that ran down the helpless blonde's cheeks, and her pained squeaks when her ass was first penetrated, she was easily and quickly forced to come, and then again and again. The aphrodisiac treated sex-toy couldn't help herself, gasping pleasure around the cock in her mouth as she was ridden in front of a packed crowd. Wearing nothing but a collar and stiletto sandals, cuffed wrists now pulled up high behind her back, the tavern patrons were free to stroke the whip-stripes on her haunches, twist her swollen hard nipples, flick hot candle-wax onto her body and heft and squeeze the lust-swollen weight of her bound breasts as the three huge cocks slowly, remorselessly, pumped in and out of her.

Possibly, before the bound slave's eyes glazed with lust, tears forgotten as she bucked, gasped and panted between the three male tavern-slaves, she'd been reminded that the three now riding her, never mind the many wandering hands and the slave-boy twin she'd had to suck off, represented the sum total of her three lovers as a free woman. Moreover these three slaves were just one third of a relay team of nine, who were going to take turns to screw her to exhaustion long into the night. If she didn't remember, he would have to remind her!

The ambassador almost hugged himself. On her low pedestal, the crowd pushing closer, hands reaching up to explore her body as cocks slowly pumped in and out of her ass and pussy, he saw his property was being throat-fucked. The standing slave, with two handfuls of hair, was deliberately ramming his cock deep down Sheila's throat, the slave-boy pumping into her ass also helping to hold her head still with both hands around her neck. Helpless with her wrists

secured high behind her back, her tit-straps cutting deeper into her lust-swollen flesh as four, then five, then more hands squeezed each melon-like tit, Sheila was forced to gag, cough, slaver and splutter as she was deliberately choked on a hard cock for the crowd's amusement.

In the press of the crowd, the ambassador could only see his property from the waist up now, the hulking slave-boy pumping into her ass crouched over her small body. Everyone wanted a feel, a taste, to be able to say they'd had their hands on a real British girl. The former feminist squeaked in protest as a length of string was tied around a nipple, the knot yanked tight. A second impromptu rein quickly followed. The ambassador laughed out loud. Tits too big? What a ridiculous thought! Sheila though, had clearly again reached the end of her tether, bucking and twisting between the slave-boys fucking her, then crying out in cock-muffled ecstasy as orgasm after orgasm hit her.

He could still hardly believe he actually owned the insatiable slut! Could life get any better?

Finally returned to the embassy late that night, hog-tied in the boot of the embassy limousine, Joanne was handed over to the three night shift grooms. The men quickly had her hanging by her wrists in the shower block, hosed the dried semen off her, gave her a quick scrub and shampoo in case anyone else might want her that night, and then dropped her into a hot tub to soak for an hour or two before actually putting her to bed.

Household troops were personal guards, slave-trainers and grooms to noble houses. These three, members of a platoon of six troopers, two corporals and a sergeant, were on loan to the ambassador until he had his own arrangements up and running. The ambassador, not wanting any of Ms Carson's professionals on his turf, was attempting to make grooming slaves a part of his staff's duties, guided by the nine professional Slaveworld troopers. For while they were of course far more trustworthy than any of Carson's people, the troopers the Queen had lent him were still a force inside his walls that owed him no allegiance. He needed his own grooms.

So far he'd had mixed results! The staff were all more than happy to volunteer when Joanne needed punishment, or a drive in the park to exercise her, but less eager when it came to grunt work like polishing her harness and bridle afterwards, or giving her hair the full hundred strokes it was supposed to be brushed with after each and every wash. And when it came to working a night shift?

Well, look around! Only the paid professionals were on duty!

To her surprise the corporal didn't tit-fuck her, which was his right as a corporal, sergeants were also allowed to come into the mouth of a slave-girl in their charge, the junior NCO and two troopers were clearly more interested in their card game than in her tonight. That said, she didn't think for a moment that she'd been dumped in the tub, instead of being put to bed, as a quick way of getting her out of the way, though. The men were professionals and she really did need a soak. She ached all over, and sliding down into the whirlpool of hot bubbles was just heavenly.

They laid a long pole across her shoulders and straps around her upper arms, above and below the elbow and around her wrists, secured her with her arms outstretched on either side. It was the first time Joanne had experienced this cruciform form of bondage, and already she could see the possibilities. She was helpless to cover or protect her body, front or back, and on her feet, had no choice but to display herself. Running was out of the question; she would have to slow and go sideways through any door or corridor. And on her back she would be as helpless as an upturned tortoise, easy sexual prey.

Tonight though, it seemed the pole strapped across her shoulders was just to make sure a totally exhausted slave-girl didn't lose consciousness, and slip under the water and drown. With the ends of the wooden bar resting on either side of the hot-tub, the pole too long to get just one end in, Joanne could slide down as deep as her chin, but no further.

It was the sort of professionalism household troops spent years learning. She'd heard that a trooper had to have served at least three years in the ranks before he could be even offered a chance to sit the corporal's exam, winning promotion to the coveted rank of tit-fucker. She remembered the sergeant's horror when he'd caught Annette leading her from the shower block on a choke chain, in high heels on wet tiles. A groom could face serious criminal charges,

assault up to manslaughter, if a slave in his charge was injured through negligence.

Joanne, having seen the pro's at work herself, very much doubted a few happy amateurs with a couple of weeks training could do the job properly, and was hoping the ambassador would allow the professionals to stay on. Even though the six troopers were free to tease, torment and grope her as they wished, even though the two corporals were free to spank and tit-fuck her as they wished and the sergeant had the legal right to come in her mouth and issue more serious punishments, at whim.

She slid down the side of the tub to the bottom, her back up against one side, with a heartfelt groan. God, she ached, most especially her pussy, back-passage and boobs. The swirling water actually supported her abused breasts, lightly lifting them, allowing her to forget for a moment or two just how dramatically top-heavy she now was. Joanne let her feet slide out further into the pool, putting more weight on the pole across her shoulders, and taking it off whip-punished buttocks. Heavenly! Just heels touching the bottom, head falling back, she was almost lying on her back in the water, water jets pushing her legs and body this way and that.

She woke in dreamy, unexpected, contentment, and without the usual pang of conflicting shamed lust, fear and resentment when she remembered where she was. She'd heard something! Joanne managed to get her knees back down under her and sat up. Sweat stung her eyes; the water quite hot. By pushing her body right forward, almost standing, she was able to duck her head under the water and rinse off her face. Blinking water out of her eyes, she saw a young Lordling with the corporal.

"Yes, that's the one."

Fight or flight! Instinctively Joanne had put her feet under her and stood, ready to bolt, but there was no escape from the Slaveworld. Standing waist deep in the water, her arms stretched out wide, the teenager admiring her shiny wet body unconsciously licked his lips. She tried to meet his eyes, but feeling a familiar burning in face and cheeks, soon dropped her eyes. Her breasts were bright pink, whip lines showing up a lighter red. In fact her whole body from the undersides of her arms down, was a tender pink. The water had been a little too hot, but she felt wonderful. Pussy, anus and boobs still a bit tender, but that was

only to be expected.

The slender teenage lordling handed over a wad of Slaveworld currency, and the corporal bowed and left. A bow, not a salute! Royalty? The boy had dark limpid eyes, a devilish grin tugging at blush lips and a long blonde fringe that he kept brushing back out of his eyes. Captivated, she felt her nipples tighten, while sternly telling herself the boy was a spoilt child, that she was nothing to him but a living, breathing, sex-doll, did nothing to kill her arousal. His shy smile took her breath away, his quite extraordinary beauty almost feminine. She guessed in loose unisex clothing he might be mistaken for a lanky girl, and she suspected he was too young to legally do to her what he undoubtedly intended.

The young prince, he had to be a prince she realised, turned down the hot tub's heat with a flush of cold water and then reduced the whirlpool effect and the bubbles. He wanted to see her body under the water as well as out of it, she guessed. He undressed calmly without any apparent rush, far more self-possessed than any boy from her own Earth would be in his place, she was sure. He threw his clothing aside without care, brought up never to count the cost of something as trivial as clothing, and in the knowledge that there was always someone waiting to clean up after him.

Definitely Royalty.

As well as a feminist, Joanne had always been a staunch republican too. Fucked both ways!

Watching the teenager's already erect cock swinging eagerly back and forth as he moved, noting the fine blonde down between his legs, but not a single hair on his chest, Joanne forced down a hysterical wail in the face of rising arousal. He's just a boy! The prince laid a small shoulder bag at the hot tub's edge, which unrolled like a workman's toolkit to reveal little pockets and clips, holding in place tools of a sort.

Joanne's eyes shied away from dildos, clamps, a coiled whip and more. Not a boy, not on this world; a Master! She felt the water surge, a wave spilling across the edge of the tub and into the drains in front of her, as the boy slid into the tub behind her. The straps securing her arms to the cruciform bondage pole suddenly seemed tighter.

Hands slide across her hips, fingers sinking into her stomach, trailing up her

rib-cage before sliding up to scoop up her breasts. Joanne groaned softly, nipples already stiffening, lust swelling the big heavy mounds. An erect cock nosed between her buttocks as his tongue trailed across her shoulder blade, then up over the pole. Joanne let her head fall to one side as he kissed her on the side of her neck.

"I saw you performing today, and I just had to have a ride," he told her.

She quivered helplessly as the young prince shifted his grip on her breasts.

"Superb tits," he sighed happily, then added sympathetically, "a bit tender?"

"Yes Master," Joanne whispered softly.

His sympathy didn't stop him twisting his fingers deep and hard into both abused melons. Joanne cried out softly in mingled pain and lust, the nipples pressed into her young user's palms now swollen aching hard. She felt his cock flexing between her buttocks again, sure she was inches away from a butt-fucking, but the teenager pulled away at the last moment.

"You need a spanking," he decided.

A handful of hair half-pulled, half-guided her to the tub's rim, Joanne placidly letting herself be draped over the edge of the hot tub, face down. With her arms spread wide she was unable to support herself, her breasts uncomfortably squashed under her, but the white tiles were pleasantly cool on her stomach and her aching udders. She tensed as a hand stroked a buttock.

"Relax," the teenage prince commanded her.

He stroked her between the legs until her hips were twitching, and then having distracted her, delivered a stinging slap across her right cheek. Joanne gasped in delight, the crack of the boy's palm on her ass shockingly loud in the echoing shower block. He gave her another stinging slap, then again, then again, to each buttock in turn. A hand resting in the small of her back did not so much hold her in place, as remind her to hold herself in place!

Hips twitching, squirming on her stomach, her nipples stuck in gaps between the floor tiles now, Joanne held position easily. The boy lent forward and trailed his tongue between scarlet buttocks, up her spine to the pole strapped across her

shoulders, and then lightly kissed her on the nape of her neck. Joanne quivered in delight.

"My hand's stinging! How's your ass?" he whispered in her ear.

"Throbbing. Burning hot. Very tender," Joanne said dreamily, and then belatedly remembered to add an urgent, fearful, "Sir!"

The boy chuckled, stroking burning hot buttocks.

"How old are you, pretty toy?"

Joanne's head came up with a gasp, her young user pushing a finger deep into her ass and twisting it back and forth.

"Twenty...ah....twenty seven, My Lord," she stammered.

"I'm sixteen," he said proudly. "And I know where British slaves come from. Do you think a sixteen year old should be able to do this to you?"

"I exist for your pleasure," Joanne said obediently.

Somewhat dazed, she realised she meant every word of it. Somewhere during the long night she'd been broken in at last. The whip competition, or more likely her three in one sex-show afterwards. Tits strapped so tight she'd thought they were going to burst, helpless with her arms pulled up high behind her back, the grasping hands of the audience on her and with three men fucking her at once, in front of a crowd of at least a hundred!

Or perhaps, now? Had she found the master she wanted, in a teenage Prince? She remembered him now; he'd been the one who'd tied lengths of string to her nipples at the tavern, making her look into his eyes with squeaks of pain in spite of everything else going on, almost pulling the abused nubs off.

She'd only had three lovers before being enslaved, all perfect New Men, dull PC lovers leading dull PC lives, who would have been properly, dutifully, horrified at any mention of white slavery. Now she could barely remember their faces, but she had no trouble imagining them as her disapproving judges, standing behind her as she'd performed in the pub, holding up score cards.

9 - 10. 9 - 8. 10 - 9.

The boy pulled her upright with a handful of hair again, leaving her standing in the middle of the tub. Lithe as an eel he slipped between her legs underwater. Her hips jerked again as his tongue darted between her sex-lips. And then he was on his knees, holding her hips, licking slowly up her stomach. Up between her breasts, up her throat, up under her chin; and then he did what the ambassador had never done. Slippery wet bodies sliding together, he kissed her on the mouth, his tongue slowly coiling around hers. She felt she could happily die!

The young prince fell back into the tub, pulling her down astride him. He wriggled back so his back was up against the edge of the tub, and then pulled Joanne onto his lap. His cock slid easily into her.

"Oh God, yes!" she sighed.

The teenager reached over to his unrolled slave-kit and held out a cherry-red ball-gag. The ball lay in his palm, the straps trailing off either side of his hand. Joanne ducked her head forward and pushed the red ball into her mouth, holding still a moment while the strap was buckled tight behind her neck. Secretly she was relieved, the ball-gag almost an old friend. She always said the wrong thing if she was allowed to speak.

The prince pulled her back and forth on his cock with a light grip on her waist, letting Joanne fall back into the hot tub, until she was being supported by the shoulder-pole again.

"They float!" he said in contented delight.

A large breast was lifted out of the water by a firmly held and painful stretched nipple, and given a stinging slap. Heavy flesh quivered, Joanne gasping in pained lust even as tears stung her eyes. Three more slaps finally yanked the abused melon's tightly held nipple out of the Prince's grasp. Her free breast was lifted out of the water for more of the same, this time her nipple squeezed and twisted even tighter for a better grip. Joanne's pussy spasmed helplessly around her abuser's cock each time a breast was slapped.

He pulled her close, now lightly licking the heavy globes he'd just so happily punished. Sucking in mouthfuls of flesh and marking her skin with red splotches, all the while thrusting his cock into her. He sucked her nipple into his mouth,

tonguing the ring set through her flesh, and then biting down on the swollen nub, he lifted his head so that he could meet her eyes. Joanne cried out in pain around the ball strapped into her mouth as almost the full weight of one of her huge breasts hung from a bitten nipple.

The boy laughed, and licked the tears from her cheeks. Thrusting faster and harder, Joanne wailed in ecstasy as her first orgasm rushed to claim her. Panting around her gag, lungs heaving, she recovered herself to find herself still kneeling on the prince's lap, an erect cock still in her. Oh good! He wasn't finished with her! Half cupping her face with both hands, he stroked her gag-parted lips with his thumb.

"The Goddess Venus herself must have made you," he sighed. "When I'm eighteen, I'm going to own you."

Trying to look attentive, Joanne surreptitiously tried to squeeze herself deeper down onto the young prince's cock. The boy was sharp, or he realised what he'd said sounded like to her ears, because he grinned.

"You think I'm just infatuated with the moment, don't you? Well yes, legally I'm still supposed to be a virgin. And yes, I fully intend to have fucked a hundred slave-girls by my eighteenth, when I'll have my pick of the cream of the city's pet shops and auction houses. I just think I love you. Truthfully?" he prompted, giving Joanne's breasts a squeeze. "That's what you were thinking, wasn't it?"

Joanne nodded cautiously, not sure if it was a trick question, but too well trained to lie. The beautiful boy grinned.

"But you see," he whispered, "I'm not interested in girls. I've wanted a woman of my own - intelligent, educated - ever since before puberty. You're the one!"

Joanne groaned in obedient, helpless, lust as her breasts were squeezed again, the Prince's cock flexing inside her.

"If I can't persuade my mother to make you my birthday present, then you will be the first slave I buy, no matter how much you cost," he promised, his tone quite serious.

The teenager slipped his hands down from the overlarge breasts he'd been

amusing himself with, and squeezed her waist.

"I don't think we can make your tits grow much bigger - you British girls are already wonderfully top-heavy - but when you're mine I'm going to put a sixteen inch waist on you, secured with a permanent polished steel band, and maybe we'll stretch your legs out another inch or so. You will be fed nothing but bread, water and semen - with the odd vitamin tablet - for the length of your sentence. You'll be kept in a hood when you're not being used by me personally, and your brand will be here. A crown and my initial."

When he touched her lightly, high on the right buttock, almost on the hip, she started as if actually burnt, so clear was the image in her mind.

"I checked your pedigree," he told Joanne with a dreamy smile. "Your birthday is only two days after mine. I'm going to brand you myself, on your twenty ninth birthday."

Joanne shivered, and the Prince pulled her back and then forward onto his shaft again, a clearly understood order to start thrusting herself onto him again. The boy decided he wanted her a bit tighter and reached over to his toy kit, made her kneel, and thrust a fat pear shaped butt-plug up her ass. Joanne squeaked as her back passage was stretched wide, her anus gripping the plug's stem tightly. A wider base prevented the plug sliding up inside her completely.

In moments, astride him once more, now stuffed fore and aft, Joanne came and came again. Her breasts were given a few more slaps, and when the boy wanted to thrust into her harder and deeper - draped face-down over the edge of the hot tub again and taken from behind - he gave her behind an added spanking. For the most part the beautiful young prince was surprisingly gentle with her. Far more restrained than she'd ever imagined a teenager with a helpless woman at his mercy could ever be! She tried to come as he did, but he was new to her and she was just a little too late.

Still in her cruciform bondage, again lying helpless, face down on the white tiles, draped over the edge of the hot tub, in a typical bit of Slaveworld cruelty, or an atypical bit of kindness - she really wasn't sure which! - the teenager used a scrubbing brush on her clitoris to make her come one final time. Joanne reared up, hips bucking, a shriek of pained, tortured, ecstasy echoing around the shower block.

The prince dressed, collected his plug and gag without comment, and giving her a little push with a bare foot, let Joanne slide limp back into the tub. The pole still strapped tight across her shoulders touched on either side with a click, keeping her head above water. She watched the boy dress then saunter out, almost skipping, wondering where he got the energy, and then let her weary head hang. There were love bites all over her breasts.

She was still convinced the big heavy mounds had been made to grow far too large, but to her surprise, she found she no longer cared. Joanne bit her lip, fighting down a giggle. After a moment she slipped off her knees and kicked back, so she was sitting with her back to the hot tub's side, head back on the rim, and undoubtedly, a silly grin plastered across her face.

Stupid cow, she told herself. Only total Barbies believed you had only to catch a prince to live happily ever after. She was a passing infatuation. Other helpless slaves would catch the boy's eye, and by his eighteenth birthday she would surely be long forgotten. But he had offered her a glimpse of paradise. Now Joanne knew for sure, that with the right owner, she could be a contented slave.

After a while the corporal on night duty appeared and dropped down onto one knee beside her, and then reached down to knead a breast. Joanne sighed in soft contentment, her nipples obediently rising despite her utter exhaustion. She saw the surprise on his face.

The whip had taught her not to pull away from a stranger's touch, but the grooms had become used to their top-heavy charge stiffening in hostile defiance when they worked on her, her eyes challenging, until forced arousal inevitably did its work. The way she became tense when one of them gave her tits a friendly squeeze or slipped a couple of fingers between her legs for a taste, made the NCO's realise that she lived in horror of their quick legitimate tit-fuckings. The corporal was above all, a professional, and Joanne's rigid misery, the defiance in her eyes, had saddened him.

On a more practical level, resistance was an affront to his skill. Any girl might sob a little when introduced to a new humiliation, and some girls feared punishment; but British girls were supposed to love every second of their servitude. If word ever got around that he couldn't make a helplessly bound British girl purr and rub herself up against him, then come his sergeant's exam,

he was screwed.

"So we finally broke you hey?" he grinned. "Fancy a nice tit-fuck?"

"It will be my privilege to be enjoyed by you," Joanne said softly, lust again stirring in her belly.

She whimpered in pain as she was pulled out of the water by her breasts, but knew the more gentle, rhythmic, squeezing of a tit-fuck was going to be quite lovely. Lying on her back with her arms strapped to a pole, as expected she was completely helpless. The corporal settled himself onto her stomach, gave her big breasts a contented squeeze and began to unbutton his flies.

"May I have permission to speak, Sir?" she asked.

Slaves were frequently punished for asking for permission to speak without a good reason, but the request was still almost always granted. A slave had to be able to report if she was sick or injured. The corporal nodded.

"Who was that young Lord who was here?"

"There was no one here. You had a soak, I came on your tits, you were put to bed. Nothing else happened tonight."

He gave her nipples a warning twist, a promise of pain to come, to make his point; what had taken place was a private and none too legal business deal between him and the young noble.

"Yes Sir," she agreed placidly, panting a little now. He was heavy, making it hard to breathe.

"May I ask one more question?"

"If you must," he growled, but knowing he owed her that much.

The corporal squirmed from side to side, pulling his trousers lower, and pulled out a limpish cock. He shuffled forward, and squeezed the heavy weight of both breasts tight around his penis with a sigh.

"Someone said one of the audience at my show was a prince. Mid-teens,

blonde hair, dark eyes, quite tall, but slender, not skinny. Would that be Prince Gregor?"

"That would be Prince James," the corporal said. "Now, not another peep out of you, or you get the cattle prod up your ass again."

Prince James! Joanne tasted the boy's name in her head, and decided it suited him. Lying naked and helpless on her back with her bound arms outstretched, the man crouching over her thrust faster and harder into her cleavage, with twin handfuls of breast. The cock between the pulled, squeezed, and now thoroughly abused melons slowly swelled, becoming a hot rigid pole. Her nipples were hot hard little buttons, set with steel, under his palms. Suddenly there was a wet heat, the cock between her flesh now sliding easily, breasts sliding across each other. Semen splattered up her throat and across her face as the man shifted his grip.

As Joanne had expected, her tit-fucking, although fun, did not allow her to come. The corporal pulled her up to her knees and held up her breasts so that she could lick the full globes clean of semen. No longer trying to fight her submission, she enjoyed the task immensely, the two junior troopers of the night shift looking on with hopeless longing. Dreaming of the day when they too might be promoted to corporal, or even to the dizzy heights of sergeant, able not just to punish, stroke and tease the slaves in their charge, but have the right to leave their come on their bodies.

It was just a passing thought, Joanne not really interested in the young grooms' aspirations. Her mind was elsewhere. Being branded with just a little crown and the initial J, couldn't hurt that much, could it?

She could take it, she decided!

CHAPTER 3

Shimmering like a slab of mercury turned on its side and hanging in space, bordered by a fragile looking copper generating grid, the active Gate rippled in front of the ambassador. He closed his eyes and took a step forward, experiencing a familiar moment of nausea. One step, another world, another dimension.

The Franklin Gate came in two types. Two Gates linked together, one in each different dimension, were very stable and supported each other. Allowing a permanent connection of the type that linked the British Embassy in Londinium to an innocuous looking solicitor's office in London; a Security front. It required no more power to run than a TV set needed, but did require two open Gates to link up. That the Slaveworld and his own Earth had ever found each other in the first place had amazed the ambassador to start with, until it had been explained to him that there were theoretically billions upon billions of possible alternative realities, millions of possible technologically advanced Earths with different histories, which left the possibility that thousands of scientists were tinkering with Gate development at any one time.

The second Gate type was one-way. It needed only a single launch-Gate and the user could theoretically step out anywhere on the alternative universe's target planet. The one-way Gate was difficult to aim, required a phenomenal amount of power - a fusion reactor's worth - and only lasted fifteen or so seconds; but the traveller could carry a receiver-Gate through, and then set up the other half of a stable portal. Lord-Academic Franklin, while happy to acknowledge his part in the development of the original Earth/Slaveworld Gate, always insisted his brilliant wife was the one responsible for the development of the one-way Gate, and had tried to have that variant labelled the Phillips-Webber Gate, her maiden name. The former Earth scientist was having none of it and insisted that all portals between dimensions were Franklin Gates, a joint effort. The name had stuck. Currently she was working on the theory that if you twisted a Gate portal back on itself through another dimension, a Gate could be used as almost instantaneous, if very expensive, travel to anywhere on your own world.

The Slaveworld's Gate research facility was somewhere in the city, the ambassador had been delivered in a comfortable but soundproof and windowless van. They may or may not have had more than one. The fact that the Gate linking his embassy to Earth was located in London was not a secret, but the ambassador also knew the spooks had at least one secondary one-way Gate located in a former cold war nuclear bunker and command centre, somewhere in the Shires. The jump-off point, when they'd been sending in agents, the secret location of Carson's spy school and also where the Slaveworld Countesses was being held.

That afternoon he'd used the embassy Gate to step through into London to telephone his friend in Africa, and arrange a link-up time. Then back to the Slaveworld again, and on to this Gate. Now he would be transported back to his own world again, but this time emerging in Africa. Gate travel was amazing, could totally transform the world, but he knew the spooks saw only the danger, and would sit on the technology forever.

In the blink of an eye he emerged into the heavily guarded cellar of an African Presidential Palace.

"Joseph, my friend! So good to see you again."

The general stepped forward, taking the ambassador's hand in both of his and shaking it vigorously. "And how are you enjoying that opinionated Australian blonde I gave you, hey? Getting her broken in?"

"She's learning," he replied.

Oh shit! He really had hoped British intelligence had picked up Queen Victoria's two slave-agents, but the president was obviously a little on the defensive. This was not going to be easy.

In one way, dictators were a lot like top rank film or pop stars. They quickly become surrounded by useless sycophants, and no one dares tell them when they're having a really bad idea! Direct threats were probably not the way to go. The general had a well-stocked fallout shelter, and had probably deluded himself into thinking he could weather an offworld attack, completely ignoring the fact that a dimensional Gate could drop either a single assassin or a nuke, right inside his fallout shelter. A more oblique threat was called for.

"Thank God I got to you in time. Listen, they know those two girls are still here, and the Queen of the Slaves wants blood. They were going to pump a plague virus through the Gate tonight, but I managed to persuade them to hold off a day!"

The president was all bluster and anger, but caught off balance he didn't deny he'd seen no harm in hanging on to two such wonderful sex-toys for a couple of weeks or so, before sending the Queen's slave-agents on their way.

"Anyway, plague would kill her own girls!" he protested.

"No," the ambassador said, breathlessly urgent. "It only affects men. Some sort of fungus that rots the testicles off!"

Yeah! That should do it.

The African dictator shivered, involuntarily covering his crotch with one hand. "Really?"

"Not while I'm here, and not as long as we can get those girls on the next plane to London. But maybe you might want to take a quiet holiday at your beach resort? For a couple of months?"

"Yes, I see. You're a good friend Joseph."

The ambassador suspected he'd actually just lost a friend, and also that it might not be a good idea for him to return to this country for a while. At the moment the president was off-balance, but in a couple of days he would be more angry than scared, and he would remember who had introduced him to the offworld threat in the first place. What a shame. He'd enjoyed his time here.

Susan Barncroft was officially still a serving British police officer, had just been seconded to MI6 as far as her former colleagues knew. Her current predicament, bound, naked and gagged in the general's bedchamber - where the ambassador and the African dictator had spent many a happy evening enjoying the subjugated female - might not have surprised her former colleagues as much as she'd have liked, if they remembered the reason for her sudden transfer. The fact she'd managed to find herself a mistress she was totally devoted to, would not have raised that many eyebrows either.

The bar code and serial number tattooed across one buttock, and a pet's name-tag hanging from her pierced left earlobe, were perhaps a little more real than expected. And Lady Abigail, the onetime policewoman's young Slaveworld owner, had renamed her Honey and transformed her into a blonde with a DNA retro-virus.

The cute little slave was standing in the centre of the room, bent deeply forward from the waist, big heavy breasts swaying back and forth under her as she panted around her ball-gag. Honey was wearing only 4" stiletto heels and a black leather collar. She had been fitted with a spreader bar, the restraint cuffed tight around each ankle, setting her feet wide apart. Her wrists were cuffed together behind her and had been pulled up to a ceiling beam to bend her forward, and another length of rope from collar to the centre of the spreader bar kept her upper body down, arms pulled up straight and with buttocks nicely presented for punishment. Raised welts and whip stripes criss-crossed the top-heavy blonde's firm ass, many stripes curling around firm thighs and over the generous flare of Honey's hips.

A selection of whips, canes and straps were laid out on a desk. The general selected a broad leather strap from the collection, and swung it hard backhand across the officially still-serving, police officer's haunches. Leather struck flesh with a loud crack, a ripple running across the blonde's hips as she squealed. Honey's huge breasts swung forward as her head jerked up with a flick of golden hair, one foot momentarily coming up off the floor, but she was really too tightly bound to do more than flinch. A broad red blaze of pain had been laid over the whip and cane marks on her buttocks!

Ribs showing with every gasping breath, widely spread legs trembling a little, Honey squeaked and yelped as her pretty tail was strapped scarlet. The repeated crack of leather striking flesh, the tears running down the helpless blonde's cheeks and the juices glinting between plump ring-set pussy lips soon worked their familiar magic, the ambassador's cock stirring in his pants. The blonde wailed around the fat red ball filling her mouth as the dictator's strap left another blaze of pain across her backside, a strand of saliva dripping to the floor in front of her. The nipple rings hanging under the bent-forward sex-toy's spectacular tits had been set through the base of her nipples. Nipples that were now completely rigid, the fat nubs swollen rock hard.

She was peaches and cream pale compared to his own gold tanned Sheila,

her hair a darker blonde than the Australian's; honey blonde. Her tits were superb, almost as big as his Sheila's. No doubt about it; British slaves were going to be a spectacularly top-heavy breed by the time the Kennel Club got around to setting Show standards.

The general tossed aside his leather strap, settled his hands on the blonde's hips, and without care or warning, rammed a swollen black cock deep into her. Honey's head jerked up with a gasp of delight. She'd obviously been punished long and hard before the ambassador's arrival because she came within a few thrusts, yelping in short ecstatic squeaks around her gag as she was made to come and come again.

The president came with a soft sigh, was still a moment and then pulled a softening cock out of the helplessly bound girl. He snapped his fingers and a naked black girl in chains that the ambassador had only half noticed, crawled forward to lick his cock clean. The dictator then waved the ambassador forward to the gasping blonde.

"Well, my friend. Sloppy seconds one last time?"

The ambassador grinned sadly. "Thanks."

His friend the president had clearly also realised things might never be quite the same between them again, that this might be the last sex-slave they shared! He quickly stripped and selected a multi-stranded cat and gave it an experimental swing. Nine lengths of leather hissed through the air. He gave the blonde a hard diagonal slash down across the right buttock, then the left, hard and fast, then again and again.

He hadn't had sex with this slave-girl before, but he had driven her as a pony-girl, and he knew she took pain well. Honey shrieked, cried out and tried to beg around her ball-gag, twitching, jerking and lunging this way and that against her bonds, but the ropes held her fast. His lush plaything could only cry out in pain, doing a desperate little dance from one foot to the other as the ambassador lashed her. He finished her off with a flick up between the legs, leather strands licking across her dripping pussy, the tips biting into her belly.

The top-heavy sex-object went rigid a moment, and then wailed in agonised distress as leather strands were flicked up between her legs again, and then again. The sweat-gleaming police officer, ass strapped a burning red and striped

with darker whip lines, one buttock tattooed with her Slaveworld bar code and serial number, hung helpless under her bound arms. She trembled as he let his cat's whip-tips touch and then lightly coil between her shoulder blades, before stroking down, teasingly slow. Letting the strands of braided leather trail down her back, bunching between twitching buttocks.

As his friend the general had done, the ambassador took a firm hold of the ball-gagged blonde's hips, and without care or warning, rammed his cock deep into an already well-lubricated cunt. Tight hot silk gripped his shaft. Oh yes!

He grabbed a buttock in each hand and squeezed and kneaded, Honey's punished flesh burning hot. Trailing his fingers over the cane-welts and whip-stripes decorating her backside and hips, he felt a tremor run through his conquest's body. He slid his hands up her spine and then back down to a neatly tucked waist, the skin under his palms, naturally silky velvet, where the hourglass figure was the work of a cosmetic surgeon. Reaching under the bound girl, he scooped up delightfully huge and heavy breasts, the full globes spilling out of his palms, fingers sinking deep into their firm weight. Heavenly!

He'd met Lady Abigail once before, at the embassy reception where she'd graciously allowed him to take her pony-girl, and former British cop, for a drive. The young aristocrat was very sweet, very pretty and an unashamed sadist. She was only interested in bedding a big titted girl, and he'd formed the impression that she didn't care too much about fashion or other people's tastes when it came to her sex-slaves. He twisted his fingers deeper into Honey's enormous tits, and with a groan of pained lust her pussy clenched around his cock. Lovely! He looked back at his friend the general as he thrust.

"And the other one?"

"I'll have her brought down. My second wife is playing with her at the moment. Did you know you can milk her?"

The ambassador nodded with a grin, and twisted his fingers into his cute little ride's big heavy tits again. Held in place, quite helpless in her bonds, Honey whimpered, again clenching her pussy tight around his cock. It was clearly something she'd been trained to do. Amazingly hard nipples set with rings poked into his palms. He squeezed and twisted the ring-tipped melons harder, forcing high pitched gasps of pained lust out of his victim. Honey obediently continued

to gently squeeze his cock in time with each tit-squeeze, but as the punished globes hanging under her were pulled and mauled faster and harder, eventually, she couldn't keep up. The lovely blonde he enjoyed was quickly reduced to helpless squeaking, twitches and uncontrolled pussy-spasms; trembling and drooling around her ball-gag.

The ambassador laughed, gave his voluptuous ride a pat on the backside, and grabbed a twin handful of hip again, the better to pull the lovely sex-toy back onto his cock, hard and deep. It didn't really surprise him the general had thought it would be okay to keep her a while. After all, she was clearly no longer a real person, just a sexual object. A plaything to be ridden and enjoyed.

He came deep inside the bent-forward blonde, a shattering orgasm. He thought the girl might have come again as he used her, but as he didn't own her, he didn't really care either way.

The flight from Africa was an overnight red-eye, not arriving in London until first thing in the morning. Now with the evening meal served and the lights dimmed, most of the experienced Business Class travellers were settling themselves under blankets to get what sleep they could. The exceptions were the pair in the seats in front of Thomas. The two girls were softly giggling, larking about, and were, to the sullen disapproval of the stewardess who hadn't been able to think up a good reason why not quite quick enough, just finishing off their second meal and third sweet.

He'd noticed them in the terminal of course. No heterosexual male would miss this pair; a lovely little blonde with very large breasts, and a taller, statuesque, even more spectacularly endowed brunette. The blonde was wearing sprayed-on jeans that hugged a truly gorgeous ass, with a tight belt emphasising a quite astonishing hourglass figure and she was not wearing a bra. She had pierced nipples, the rings clearly visible under a stretched taut T-shirt. Wow! With an unexpected stir of his cock - Christ, it hadn't done that since he was a teenager! - Thomas had found his mind wandering. In an idle daydream he'd imagined the fabric tearing under the strain, both of the big heavy mounds

spilling out of a rip in the blonde's T shirt into view, to then be helpfully scooped up by a passing stranger, and with much pulling, squeezing and pushing, pushed back inside the girl's T-shirt!

From the neck up, the blonde was improbably cute, with thick golden curls spilling around her shoulders, and big, wide, dark-violet eyes giving her a look of demure innocence; the sexy picture completed by slightly prominent front teeth resting lightly on her lower lip. You half expected her to lisp, her parted lips an invitation to oral sex to any man with a little imagination.

Her taller friend could not have been more different, but she was also a lonely male's fantasy from head to toe; long dark copper-toned hair framing a sultry face that you couldn't imagine had ever been innocent. She had hazel eyes, full lips, hollowed cheeks and a look of inquisitive amusement. Unlike the blonde she wore a bra, but her clinging T-shirt was also only just hanging in there, her jeans so tight Thomas had actually been able to see her sex-lips plump on either side of the crotch seam.

The stunning pair had quite clearly been aware they were turning heads, males drooling, females outraged, and were not only enjoying it, but did not seem in the slightest self-conscious. Thomas had put them down as a couple of gap-year teasers at first - everyone let their hair down a bit on holiday abroad and when unaccompanied by parents for the first time - and had been surprised to find them in Business Class. Slipping off his headphones, setting his seat back, trying to go to sleep himself now, their voices carried clearly back to him in the now quiet cabin.

"Oh yeah, bondage is wonderful, but I don't think you really get a feel for true submission until you've had sex gagged."

Thomas's eyes snapped open.

"No," the blonde replied, "For me, being whipped, was my moment of surrender. I'd always loved being spanked, but it didn't prepare me for the lash!"

"I guess," the brunette agreed, her voice soft honey.

"Any girl can take half a dozen cane strokes for a man or woman she really wants to please," the blonde stated. "But when someone else gets to decided how many lashes you deserve, and how many you can take, and you know you just

have to endure, to please them! That's the moment of surrender!"

"Yes, I suppose so. I remember when Lady Isobell first expected me to submit to punishment, just to please her. It was a moment to treasure, but I still think gagged sex was when slavery became real for me. I'm rarely punished now, of course," the brunette added smugly. "Nowadays when I'm whipped, it's just for my owner's pleasure."

"I was talking about before slavery. Games with a lover," the blonde retorted. 'Of course I don't give my Mistress any real reason to actually punish me."

"I heard your mistress had to whip you so much, she pulled a muscle in her shoulder. It was the talk of the stable-block."

"Everyone knows pony-girls need a lot of whip to get the best out of them," the blonde replied a little defensively. "And besides, we were on grass, soft ground. Even the head groom said I'm not big enough to pull a pony-trap on my own, except on a paved surface. It's just my mistress enjoys driving me so much she's didn't want to wait until she found a matching team-mate for me.

"And I'm great in the bedroom! Lady Abigail always has a wonderful time riding me!" she added.

"And how is the birthday-girl?"

"Who?" the blonde asked.

"Lady Abigail. I was her first, on her eighteenth birthday. She didn't bother to tell me her name at the time, too busy losing her virginity, so even when I learned it later, I still think of her as the birthday-girl."

"My mistress has had sex with you?" the blonde asked, sounding a little forlorn now.

"Just a few times."

The tall brunette girl put out her hand and squeezed the blonde girl's shoulder reassuringly.

"Don't worry, I'm just teasing," she assured her. "I heard she really pulled her

shoulder muscle driving a pony-boy in a professional race, but she didn't want to tell her father in case he tried to stop her racing again. And if you can keep Lady Abigail satisfied and interested, and I know for a fact no local girl managed for more than a week or two before she got bored, then you must be a superb fuck and a born masochist! I was limp as a dishrag when she'd finished with me!"

"Really?" the little blonde said, turning to her friend with a bright relieved smile.

"Sure! In fact the cellblock rumour was that the birthday-girl's father really couldn't afford a British girl out of available funds, and he had to sell off some land, been in the family generations, to pay for you. She'd absolutely set her heart on owning you."

"Thanks."

Looking back between the seats with a happy grin as she stretched, the blonde could see Thomas looking directly at her with his headphones off now. She must have realised he'd been listening to this most intimate of conversations; and he realised that far from being embarrassed, she just didn't care!

"You didn't answer my question though. What is it like being owned by Lady Abigail?"

"She's a wonderful mistress; a real sadist, but so sweet with it. She enjoys teasing, tormenting and playing with me so much, I can't imagine trying not to please her. It would be like kicking a puppy."

The brunette laughed. The blonde girl finally looked away from him, settling herself back into her seat, Thomas's eavesdropping dismissed as irrelevant!

"Does she still love tit-torture?"

"Oh God yes!" the blonde sighed, unconsciously cradling and squeezing her large breasts. "Sometimes I wish to God they weren't so big. But then, if I didn't have really huge tits, she wouldn't enjoy torturing me so much. Can't win really."

She looked across at her friend. "Well, you know how it is?"

The taller girl nodded. "But then she licks them and bites your nipples, just

before she rams that dildo into you, and you just can't imagine being anywhere else!" the brunette concluded.

The blonde nodded with a dreamy smile.

"She keeps me gagged and in a clit-chain almost permanently," the blonde added, "but I am allowed to sleep in her bed. I get lent to her friends a lot, she loves showing me off, and her sexual stamina is unbelievable. She's only four years younger than me, twenty one now, but when she gets me breathless in a corset and gag, she can screw me unconscious any time she feels like it, and she knows it. I rather wish I didn't have to be a blonde again, but otherwise I wouldn't ever want to be owned by anyone else."

"Blonde suits you," the taller girl reassured. "You're cute."

"Don't wanna be cute and fluffy, wanna be beautiful like you," the blonde girl said, mock sulky. "But I guess cute is the hand I was dealt. And I'm going to be trained and compete at Olympic level as a dressage pony when we get back," the blonde concluded. "She's already got me teamed up with another British girl."

"Oh, you're lucky!" the brunette said with real envy. "I always wanted to be entered in professional competition, but they say I'm too tall to be a show-pony and too docile to mud wrestle."

"What about being whipped to orgasm on a dildo pole?"

"I enjoy it, and I can come three times under the lash easily enough, but my second owner, Lady Isobell, doesn't like a girl to come without permission, and it's hard to throw off that early training. I'll probably never be fast enough to compete in the Olympics like you."

It was the blonde's turn to put a comforting hand on her friend's forearm.

"I'm sure there's a sport out there for you. I heard the Kennel Club wants to see every British girl in the Kingdom entered into the next Olympics."

"Really?"

"Yes. So what about your service? You've had four owners now haven't you?"

"Yeah, Lady Franklin first, you know she invented the Gate in our world? She's much more assertive now, but she didn't really push me anywhere near my limits back then. Then she gave me to her step-daughter, Lady Isobell, and that's when I was broken-in and trained properly. Total obedience, total devotion. I thought I was the perfect sex-toy, and I was in love, so I was pretty devastated when she sold me to Prince Samuel."

"And Prince Samuel?"

"Oh he was very easy to please. I'm pretty, I've got big tits, I take good whip and I'm a good screw. That's all most men want. I've found male owners are much less demanding. And then I was lucky enough to be borrowed by Her Majesty, Victoria. She decided she wanted to keep me!"

"You love her?" the blonde guessed.

"With all my heart," the tall brunette breathed. "But they were all private sales. I've never been auctioned to the highest bidder like you. It must be exciting?"

"Unbeatable! Deliciously arousing, and pure terror combined."

"Sounds like fun. Can you milk me now?" the brunette girl asked her friend.

"Can't you do it yourself?"

"You know I'm not allowed to touch myself."

The blonde reached over and casually squeezed one of the brunette's breasts.

"Gosh, they are a bit swollen. That must hurt."

"A bit uncomfortable. And the clamps feel like they're going to cut off my nipples if I wait any longer."

"Okay, come on," the blonde said standing. "Why didn't you say something earlier?"

The brunette shrugged, pushing herself to her feet.

"I'm not used to deciding for myself when I get milked," she said helplessly. "And I've been far more uncomfortable than this before. My mistress sometimes lets my boobs get really painfully swollen before sex. She likes the look, and punishing tits that are really too tender to even touch makes me more responsive to her wishes."

The brunette caught Thomas's eye as she stood, and again it was obvious she didn't care in the slightest if he'd been listening or not. The big-breasted pair made their way up the isle to the toilet, everyone else in the cabin asleep or dozing now, the trolley-dollies nowhere in sight.

Good God, what planet were the two of them from?! Clearly they were some sort of call girls specialising in SM, and he wouldn't even like to guess how much they'd cost to hire a night. And the other stuff; auctions and 'Lord' this and 'Lady' that! Owners? Kings and Queens? It had to be some sort of private club run by the very wealthy and very deviant, he guessed. Maybe a private estate or island somewhere? Thomas knew he just had to follow and try to have a look, would regret it the rest of his life if he didn't.

He released his seat belt and stood cautiously, stealthy, not wishing to wake those around him now. One toilet had an engaged light, but the red bar was only halfway across, had not been engaged properly. Jiggling the door firmly might pop the lock all the way open. Looking around, over the dull background roar of the engines he put his ear against the door.

Just audible, he could hear soft, rhythmic, female squeaks, perhaps pain, perhaps pleasure. Before his nerve could fail him he reached out and grasped the door handle firmly, shaking it back and forth. The door swung easily open.

The brunette's T-shirt had been pulled up over her head and knotted, forming a hood taut across her face and creating a bag that held her arms folded over and behind her head. A bulge at her mouth, a single white strap hanging down under the T-shirt collar, showed she'd been gagged with her own bra. Leaning forward from the waist, resting her bound forearms against the mirror, her huge tits, the biggest Thomas had ever seen or imagined, swayed over the sink.

The T-shirt-restrained brunette's breasts were very clearly painfully and hugely milk-swollen, her skin stretched shiny taut. The swaying udder nearest him had a plastic clamp screwed down tight on the base of a nipple, the firm

melon so swollen the clamp was almost fully embedded in flesh. The blonde, sitting on the toilet with the seat down, had her hands wrapped around the second globe. Even as Thomas watched, she squeezed in with her palms, fingers sinking deep into heavy flesh. The T-shirt hooded brunette, bent forward from the waist, gasped in pained pleasure as milk jetted into the sink under her. The blonde looked up from the breast she was squeezing milk out of with an irritated frown.

"Do you mind!?" she demanded.

Shocked, somehow on the defensive when it should have been these two who were embarrassed - they were the deviants! - Thomas stuttered an apology and shut the door. The lock was clicked fully closed. He tried not to think about what he'd seen as he stumbled back to his seat, but realistically he knew he'd just witnessed a sight that would be forever seared into his consciousness. Christ, he badly needed a wank. He closed his eyes, pretending to be asleep, when the girls returned.

Still a little embarrassed, he couldn't imagine what he might say, on landing in the morning he gathered his belongings without eye contact. Later he followed the pair in passport control, both of them then breezing through the Nothing To Declare customs aisle with hand luggage only. Waiting by the carousel for his bags, just for a moment Thomas considered running after them and demanding to know who they were, where this Slaveworld they talked about was. It would be a foolish thing to do, and by the time he made up his mind to, the stunning pair were long gone.

Thomas suspected he would regret his indecision a long time. Somewhere out there was a fairy tale world where sexual fantasies were brought to life; and now he might never find it!

Precious flopped back onto her hotel bed with a theatrical groan, one hand on her stomach. Susan grinned acknowledgement, feeling more than a little ashamed of the amount she'd eaten herself. They had both gorged themselves

and had probably run up a huge room-service bill. Slaves kept with clinched waists were usually fed little and often. Precious was usually fitted with a permanent 18" iridium/steel alloy belt, which had had to be cut off so that she could get through airport metal detectors. And Susan herself was usually kept in an equally tight waspie-corset or some sort of waist cincher. On top of which, most Slaveworld sex-toys were fed a slimy, sour, salty, gelatinous white gruel that deliberately looked and tasted like semen. Nutritious, but quite revolting.

Sometimes a favoured pet was allowed to lick plates clean or was fed titbits under the dinner table, but on the whole the only sensory pleasure the Slaveworld aristocrats wanted their playthings to experience, was the purely physical; taste a distraction. Faced with a whole menu, they just hadn't been able to help themselves!

Susan and Precious were both naked. Susan had dragged her clothes off the moment the door closed behind her, throwing them to the floor. After so long naked, clothes were restricting, itchy, scratchy, confining, uncomfortable and just did not feel natural. She had only reluctantly put on a robe to open the suite's door for room service. Teasing the Suit on the plane had been fun, but they didn't want to draw too much attention to themselves here. British Intelligence was still out there somewhere, looking for Slaveworld agents.

While Susan wondered if she could manage just one more chocolate éclair, Precious forced herself to her feet with another theatrical groan, and wandered into the bathroom. Running water splashed into the huge tub.

"Hey Honey. Want to take a bath with me?"

"Yeah sure."

Neither of them felt entirely comfortable touching themselves, something sex-slaves were strictly forbidden to do, but they were quite used to the hands of others on their bodies. They gently washed each other, which was much more fun.

"So do you really think we can find this Prince Samuel?" Susan asked.

"Well, I'm making a couple of assumptions, but yes. It should be quite easy actually."

"Assumption one?"

"That he's rich here. I know Prince Samuel. He's smart, he's ruthless and unlike most aristocrats, he's practical. If the Prince had his personal computer with him when he was stranded here, or one of his two men kept their communicators - even his wristwatch is technology forty years ahead of what this world has - then once he found his feet, he should have been able to patent or market the technology."

"Assumption two?"

"He'll try to build a Gate. I know the expertise he needs. A mathematician for starters. And he'll need a couple of physicists who know their way around flow mechanics, and at least one with a good grounding in quantum theory. Lots of computing power, industrial, not home PC, and again people who really know what they're doing around the computers. And a damn good electrical micro-engineer to put it all together."

"So we look at 'Help Wanted' adverts in science and technical journals?" Susan asked dubiously. "There must be thousands of legitimate job offers for that stuff in a single day."

Precious chuckled. "Ah, but you're forgetting who he is! He's going to want total secrecy. Now, if you're Prince Samuel, and you're rich enough to buy your own secret lab, how do you stop your workers telling their friends and families about this wonderful new scientific project they're working on, as well as providing yourself with all the comforts of home?"

"Slaves," Susan breathed. "His workers will be slaves."

"Yes. Now as far as your former colleagues know, you're still a serving police officer, just attached to Intelligence?"

"Yep."

"So you can use the police database to check up on missing persons - young, pretty, and mostly female university graduates, I suspect - and I'll look for ads that want people with Gate-building skills. When we cross-reference the two, that should give us the front company Prince Samuel's using to recruit his scientist-slaves."

"Hey, that's pretty smart," Susan grinned.

"Not just a pretty face and a body to die for," her fellow sex-slave grinned back.

Although neither of them had even mentioned the possibility that they might not just trot obediently back to their respective Slaveworld owners once their mission to Earth was completed, the thought had of course crossed Susan's mind. The sex was wonderful, the life both exciting and thrillingly terrifying, but obeying another's every whim, with no thoughts or desires in her head that her owner didn't put there, she'd worried about becoming a mindless puppet. It was comforting to find that an experienced and contented slave like Precious, was still mentally sharp when necessary.

Waist deep in hot bubbly water, all mixed with most of the aromatic soaps, bath-salts and shampoos on offer, they played Paper, Rock, Scissors to decide who would have her wrists tied behind her back and be blindfolded first. The breasts Precious soaped were now lust swollen, nipples erect and Susan couldn't help whimpering when Queen Victoria's very experienced property - once Jenny, then Treasure - soaped her between the legs. Susan lost, and dutifully gagged and blindfolded the former British student. After tying the big girl's hands behind her back, she got down on her hands and knees in the huge tub, her head between Precious's legs and her tongue probing between ring-set sex-lips. She'd had a fair bit of experience at performing oral sex underwater - with men and women - and had learned that she could hold her breath for a surprisingly long time.

CHAPTER 4

Hayley was a biochemist by training and choice, and a good one, but Prince Samuel had decided she'd make an even better sex-slave. Somewhat reluctantly, she was now forced to agree.

Many biochemists could have created the aphrodisiac and growth hormone the Prince wanted, but unknown to her at the time, there was more to the position she'd applied for than just the lab work. Her job interview had also included a seemingly quite innocent psychological profile. American companies did that sort of stuff, right? At the time, Hayley had no idea that she was revealing the long suppressed tendency to submission in her nature, her secret craving for sexual masochism, or that those might be just the qualities the Prince was looking for!

While he was obviously too old for her, she'd found him not entirely unattractive at the job interview, if a little distant at first. The suppressed submissive in her couldn't but help find a powerful, assertive, billionaire attractive, but she'd never for a second seriously entertained the idea that the enigmatic Mr Crown - as he'd styled himself then - was interested in her in return. She wasn't unattractive, and she had few illusions as to how many middle aged men would say no to a chance to have sex with a girl half their age, but she suspected a billionaire, even a billionaire having a mid-life crisis, would have no trouble scratching that particular itch.

In fact, when introduced, Mr Crown's young fur-and-diamond decorated mistress had been exactly what she'd been expecting. Just nineteen years old, busty, pretty and dumb as a post! A would-be starlet or model, trading a relationship for the fame Mr Crown's millions could buy her, Hayley assumed. And surely providing him with more sex than any middle aged man could desire.

What Hayley had failed to take into account was sexual stimulants. She also didn't know the prince had grown up with a harem to pick and choose in. To him sex-slaves were just another form of entertainment; and like a film or book, while you could enjoy a good one more than once, boredom inevitably set in.

Right from the first, Prince Samuel had been interviewing sex-slaves, as well as biochemists. Seeking a young, pretty girl of about her age that he could bend to his will. A girl he could teach to enjoy and be aroused by humiliation, the lash and sex in chains and a gag. Eventually turning her into an obedience-trained plaything he could not only tease, torment, use and enjoy at whim, but finally, a docile pet who longed only to please.

Hayley was her own lab-rat! He'd tested the drugs she'd spent six months laboriously synthesising, on her! The aphrodisiac was pure torment. She was so horny she had to be kept in a chastity belt or constantly restrained to prevent masturbation. She even had to be tied down to sleep. She was often desperate for even a taste of come and the growth hormone had made her breasts grow bigger and bigger, firm and heavy, now quite amazingly large.

Hayley had occasionally wondered what it would be like to have a bit more up front, conscious, as all women were, of the way so many men seemed to gravitate to a deep cleavage. Now she knew only too well! Sleeping was awkward for a busty girl, while walking without a bra or harness made the heavy mounds bounce, jiggle and wobble in a manner quite impossible for audience or naked slave-girl to ignore. Being made to trot and run - Prince Samuel liked to turn her loose in the grounds and then hunt her down with a paintball gun - was not only an exercise in embarrassment, but actually caused real discomfort.

As well, he always aimed for her tits or buttocks, and the sting was agonising!

If all that wasn't enough to make a girl wish for her old figure back, Hayley had also begun to experience backache when her posture wasn't corrected. Fortunately it was a rare day she didn't spend in a cruelly tight waspie corset, with her arms pulled back and shoulders squared by restraints. And then she'd discovered, like so many other slave-girls before her just what an inventive master could do to a really top-heavy girl he had absolute power over, Hayley was learning to appreciate her new look.

Today she was standing naked in front of and to one side of her master's desk, a diagonal shaft of sunlight from an open window hot across her buttocks and bare upper thighs. Her handcuffed wrists were secured above her head to a ring set into one of the old manor house's convenient wooden ceiling beams, a long pole with an ankle cuff around each end, spreading her legs wide. An

equally top-heavy blonde slave-girl standing off the desk's other corner was looking across it at her, her body tautly bound and displayed, in the same manner as Hayley.

They had both had a large fat dildo firmly inserted into them. In a short space of time Hayley had become quite an expert on dildos, and knew they often came with rings on the base, through which a crotch strap, rope or chain could be threaded. The ring on the base of a dildo was also quite useful for hanging weights on. Many of them! The two of them were being made to compete, to see which of them could hang on to a weighted dildo longer.

Between them, working his way through some correspondence, hardly seeming to notice their suffering, or even be aware of them, Prince Samuel sat behind the desk, pen in hand. To either side of him, two lovely slave-girls, naked, bound and tongue-clamped, were competing for the right to be fucked by him; and he barely noticed!

Hayley's opponent was called Summer, the girl she had originally mistaken for the prince's mistress. Prince Samuel had actually bought her in a pet shop, a gift for his fiancée, just before he'd been stranded on Earth. The former Slaveworld farm girl wasn't, as Hayley had first thought, entirely dumb, she just hadn't had much education. Beyond basic reading and writing, the Slaveworld's rulers saw no reason peasants and the working class should be overburdened with knowledge. They cherry-picked the brightest from each school year and gave them scholarships - Slaveworld society needed its accountants, engineers, electricians and nurses - but for the average peasant, school ended at age twelve.

In competition with Hayley, Summer had the advantage of being unshockable. To her, sexual slavery was a fact of life, and she took for granted the Prince's right to own her, to buy or sell her and use her as he wished. She had been caught undercounting the number of lambs born onto her lord's estate - planning with her brother to sell the spares on the black market later - and had been arrested, tried and sentenced to seven years' sexual service. While she regretted being caught herself, in the abstract Summer saw nothing at all unfair about her world's justice system.

Hayley on the other hand, while personally thoroughly enjoying slave-sex, was not yet ready to accept Prince Samuel's right to own her, or accept sexual slavery as in any way just. She was still determined to win the contest though.

Hayley was wearing 4" stiletto heels, stockings, suspenders, and her usual waspie corset. A tongue-clamp filled her mouth and a heavy leather collar was buckled tight around her neck. Because she had hidden her fantasies, even from herself, until the prince had started obedience-training her, Hayley had never realised before quite how beautiful a girl with her wrists secured above her head could look.

The breasts were lifted, the stomach flattened, her limbs pulled attractively taut, and any trim girl looked superb in stiletto heels. Hayley felt as if she was being presented, displayed as a prime example of female submission. And as she knew from experience, bound like this there was nothing to stop a man who was kissing her, a gentle lingering caress of lips, stroking a hand between her legs, and then thrusting his fingers up inside her as their tongues intertwined. Being simultaneously kissed like a lover and groped like a whore always left her deliciously dazed and confused.

Sometimes she imagined herself in a stockyard on collar and lead, naked in restraints and these same heels, just livestock to be bid for! Lost in her fantasy, Hayley squeaked in soft panic as her pussy went into an involuntary spasm around the dildo that impaled her, the fat monster slipping down a little. She forced her mind back to the competition, clenching her pussy tighter around the dildo. Hold it! Hold it! Hayley gasped in a lungful of air. And don't forget to breathe!

The corset was ridiculously tight, down to 22 inches now. In her master's eyes big tits were further accentuated by a cinched, wasp-waist, and overlarge breasts and an hour-glass figure had apparently been very much the coming fashion when he'd been exiled to Earth. Her waist cinched by corset, girth or belt every day, posture-trained with collar, heels, manacle and harness, forcibly exercised and despite her protests, made to put on several pounds in weight, Prince Samuel had happily informed her she'd soon be a perfect pleasure-toy.

On his world, she'd learnt, a cosmetic surgeon would have trimmed her waist down to a pleasing 21 inches or so, the final three inches then easily nipped by a corset or girth. Here, she had to be trained down the old way - her waist pulled in a little tighter every day while she was fed little and often - but Prince Samuel was quite adamant, Hayley could achieve an eighteen inch waist with a little effort. Constantly breathless, and having been fucked unconscious twice now, Hayley wasn't sure it was physically possible, but she was still more than eager

to please.

She had also learnt that stockings and suspenders on a slave were unusual. When Prince Samuel had first been stranded in this world by his enemies, his assets had included a personal computer, two loyal men and the newly purchased Summer. The information on his computer was technology years, and in some cases, decades ahead of Earth's, easily turned to cash once he had established himself. But in those first desperate days, penniless and almost starving, not knowing if the authorities were aware of his presence, the prince had made ends meet by renting out Summer as a lap-dancer. He'd developed a taste for Earth type lingerie in the process.

Hayley squeaked in terror, feeling her dildo slip a little. She clenched her pussy tighter around the fat invader, but it slipped again. The weights were slowly pulling the big fat shaft out of her body, and she could only desperately try to hang on.

The shaft of sunlight moved slowly up her body, sweat running down her spine and between pant-heaving breasts. Her spread thighs were trembling badly now, and with a helpless whimper she forced herself to clench internal muscles tighter around the huge thing pushed up into her. Feeling the dildo slip a little again.

Summer was gasping a little, but looking smug. Their dildos had little ridges on them to grip, simulating the veins of a real penis, but it wasn't enough. Aroused by her humiliation, bonds and penetration, Hayley's own body was betraying her! Getting hotter and wetter, her juices were making the invader stuffed into her vagina slippier by the second. She groaned, feeling muscles spasm inside her sex - beyond her control! - lust swelling her breasts even larger, nipples aching hard and a desperate heat burning in her belly.

Prince Samuel looked up with a faint smile at her whimper, eyes lingering on her bound form a moment, and then resumed writing. She'd never imagined herself like this, could never have imagined such desperate humiliation before she'd been collared, but now she no longer cared. She didn't just want to win. She needed to!

A self-pitying tear ran down her cheek, saliva dripping down her chin, as she was momentarily reminded she was now a sexual plaything, a rich man's toy!.

Competing in a sex-torture competition, for the privilege of being whipped and sexually abused in chains by that same man. The prize she so eagerly sought was bound, humiliating sex, with sadism for foreplay! Maybe even three into one if the master felt like sharing her with his men! Why?

Hayley suddenly realised Summer was squirming around more under her bound arms, panting a bit too heavily, no longer able to keep up her calm act! Hayley clenched herself tighter around the weighted dildo slowly slipping out of her dripping sex. She had to hang on! Nearly there, but her juices were running down her trembling inner thighs, and the tongue clamp set through her mouth like a bit, was making her drool!

It really wasn't fair! Making her compete against an experienced slave-girl like Summer. A girl born to it! Prince Samuel looked up at a loud thump, a dildo heavy with weights hitting the floor. Summer cried out in distress.

"Well done Hayley."

Panting, blinking away tears, Hayley realised her own dildo still penetrated her. Summer had dropped hers! She'd won!

"Disappointing, Summer," her master told the Slaveworld blonde.

He stood and released Summer from her spreader bar, then reached up to unlock her handcuffs, quickly securing the naked girl's wrists behind her back.

"Go and find Serge and tell him to punish you."

Hayley's young opponent, looking very forlorn, trailed out of the room. Hayley, waiting for her turn to be released, watched in horror as her master settled himself behind his desk again.

"You just see if you can hang onto that shaft for another half hour," he told her. "Then you'll be nice and hot when I'm ready to give you a ride."

Hayley looked at him speechless. He didn't expect her to....!

He did! She forced herself to clench internal muscles tighter around the dildo still inside her. The sun slowly crept up her body, drying the saliva that dripped down her huge breasts. She was almost in a trance, pussy aching, when the fat

dildo finally slipped out of her.

"Excellent," her master praised her.

Released from the spreader bar, her wrists now cuffed behind her back, Hayley knelt in front of the Prince's desk as ordered, resting her breasts on the edge of the desk. The heavy globes flattened a little under their own weight, squeezing lightly together. It was still a strange sensation. She'd never been able to touch her breasts together back when she'd been a petite size 34A. The Prince pushed six photographs, head shots of young women, in front of her.

"You'll be having some company soon."

He pointed to two of the photographs.

"These two are British, like you. And the other four are American. I do love those accents. The six of them are the scientists I need to build me my Gate home. Aren't they pretty?"

Hayley nodded obediently.

"I'll need you to make some more stimulant, enough for the seven of you now. And of course they'll all need bigger tits, so we'll need another batch of the growth hormone. And another dose of the Special, I think."

Mouth held open and clamped tongue pulled out, helplessly drooling on her hugely enlarged breasts, meeting her master's eyes with longing and devotion, Hayley tried to smother the jealousy that flared inside her. A smile touched her master's lips. Did he know what she was thinking?

With mounting disquiet Hayley realised it was going to be much harder to get the prince's attention, to win his approval or even a place in his bed, when the master had another six sex-toys to choose from. With two pretty new English girls, four fresh, young, soon-to-be big-titted Yanks and Summer and herself, there would be eight chained beauties for just three men to tease, humiliate, torment, ride and obedience train!

Plenty to go around! And the new girls would have novelty value. Hayley was going to be at the back of every queue for sex and punishment for some time to come, just a classroom prop to teach the new girls what was expected of them.

She'd seen how Summer had been pushed aside when she'd arrived herself, only then there had still been three men to two girls. Three to eight really wasn't fair!

Hayley hadn't thought about escaping herself since those first heady days of servitude, and she had absolutely no wish to leave Prince Samuel's service now. As she remembered it, she'd been pretty much broken in by the end of her first week. Perhaps she could persuade or help some of the new girls to make a run for it when they first arrived, before loyalty and a desperate need to please became second nature, rather than something whipped into them.

Hayley's arms were strapped tightly behind her back, folded wrist to elbow, a ball-gag stretching her mouth wide. She would have been surprised if it had been otherwise, having learned that noble lords and ladies from the Slaveworld considered it perverse to have sex with a slave not in restraints of some sort. Only social equals were granted equality in bed. She was out of her corset for the first time in over a week - the restraint only usually removed for bathing - Prince Samuel obviously wanting to stroke, lick or whip her all over, but it wasn't much of a relief. A huge butt-plug held in place with a chain around her waist, then running down under her behind, the chain splitting in two up either side of her pussy, was a more than equal discomfort.

After a long frustrating day, longing to be fucked hard and fast, dreaming and fantasising about bound sex, but still expected to perform her maid and waitress duties, she was finally getting her reward for her defeat of Summer in the dildo game. Prince Samuel lolled back on his bed, relaxed, unhurried, a faintly amused smile touching his lips, Hayley astride him, impaled on a big hard cock. She'd been stripped completely naked, only heels and collar remaining, and was pulled painfully upright, half suspended by her boobs. A rope from a winch mounted above the bed ran down, a coil of thick white rope looped tight around the base of each agonisingly squeezed melon. A chain trailing from each leather cuffed ankle ran to either side of the bed where they were secured under it, to keep her faced forward.

Gasping in pained lust around her gag, Hayley thrust herself back and down

onto her master's shaft, hard and deep, as ordered. Each thrust gave breasts already squeezed beyond endurance an additional painful squeeze, rope cutting deep into the lust swollen globes. Her nipples strained out, impossibly hard.

Her double penetration, while making her very wet - helpless animal arousal - was inevitably somewhat uncomfortable. With the Prince's not insubstantial cock rubbing up against the huge butt-plug inside her body, the two separated by just a thin membrane of flesh, she felt stuffed to bursting point, a dull heavy ache in her belly, but every thrust still pushed her closer to orgasm! She could almost feel the pressure of pleasure dammed up behind the dyke of her discomfort, waiting to burst over her.

Prince Samuel touched a button on the remote control he held, the winch above her whining. Hayley squealed in pain, her desperate begging muffled by her gag, as she was pulled higher by her roped breasts. Her knees still just touched the bedspread on either side of the Prince, the rope taking about three quarters of her body weight, her master's cock just nosing between her sex lips.

Her tits were almost purple now, cruelly squeezed. With a soft keening whine, Hayley forced herself to stop begging and endure. Panting now, sweat beading her forehead and trickling down her spine, she forced herself to remember her suffering was giving her master pleasure. Prince Samuel touched another button, and she was lowered, his cock thrusting back up into her. Hayley gasped in pleasure, again stuffed to bursting. It was still a little uncomfortable to be impaled front and back, but no longer so important. Her arms secured behind her, she thrust herself down harder onto the meat shaft, right to the hilt, rocking back, then again, tits still dragged up by the winch rope. The smile on the prince's face was lazy contentment now, his earlier condescending grin gone.

Hayley wailed in helpless distress as she was winched up by her roped boobs again and then again, sure she could take no more, only to yelp and squeak in desperate lust when she was lowered back down onto the prince's cock yet again and allowed to thrust herself onto him. The winch whined, and she was half hanging under her hugely swollen breasts once more, then down, a rising cock thrust up into her.

Up again! Summer had told her she would be suspended by her tits at some point, a common way to discipline and enjoy big-breasted slave-girls, but even after all the tit-torture she'd already undergone, Hayley hadn't been able to

imagine it, not sure if the more experienced slave was teasing her. Please God, let him come! She hadn't realised being hung up by her tits would hurt so much

She was gleaming with sweat now, gasping for breath around her ball-gag and slavering all over the ropes that bound her tortured slave-breasts. Prince Samuel let her hang for a moment, admiring his tit-suspended prize, and then lowered Hayley down onto his cock once more. Mindlessly thrusting herself down onto the hot shaft, the dam finally broke. Hayley squealed in ecstasy as wave after wave of pleasure coursed through her, bucking and twisting under her winch rope as orgasm after orgasm fused together.

Drained, limp, exhausted, Hayley flopped forward on the bed when the prince finally pulled the rope free of her abused breasts. Her arms were still strapped behind her, the butt-plug and ball-gag still strapped and chained into her. Her ankles still chained apart, she found herself kneeling in the centre of her master's bed, thighs spread, upper body face down on crisp white sheets.

The prince moved behind her and gave her a couple of stinging slaps to the ass to wake her up, and then pulled her upper body up off his bed by a handful of hair. Taking her doggie-style, he was the one doing the work now, and he rammed his cock into her helpless body, deep and hard. Forced to gasp in pleasure anew, Hayley could feel ripples running over her hips as her master's pelvis slammed into her. Her breasts felt strangely numb, swollen hard nipples trailing back and forth across the sheet subject to a delicious friction as the heavily enlarged globes swung back and forth under her.

The prince was so enthusiastic that she was slow to notice a new sensation - a strange tingling in her breasts - until it became overwhelming! She only managed to pull her own hair when she tried to toss her head, a handful of hair wound around a fist still keeping her kneeling in place with her back arched, Eyes almost bulging out of her head, Hayley cried out in gag-muffled distress, Prince Samuel laughing out loud. He knew what was afflicting her. Pins and needles! Quite maddening, pins and needles!

With the crushing rope finally removed from her boobs, as blood rushed back into the abused globes, and forced its way back into crushed, numbed, capillaries, her breasts had quickly become throbbing mounds of torment. Totally helpless in her bonds, the hellish prickling suffusing both enormous breasts growing to a crescendo, both exquisite and cruel beyond belief, Hayley

could only gasp in pleasure as she was ridden.

Riding her doggie style, her ankle-cuffs helping to keep her kneeling in the centre of the bed, his cock in deep, Prince Samuel reached under Hayley and twisted his fingers deep into her big heavy - and desperately prickling! - tits, as he pumped his come into her.

Summer, attentively standing to one side, as Hayley had done so many times herself, was permitted to lick his semen out of her, her arms secured behind her back in the same manner as Hayley.

CHAPTER 5

Kathy Jane was put up at the Dorchester in London for two nights. She didn't realise until she was collected that the three other American girls already there, now a group, had also been recruited by Crown Research, but she latched onto the two English girls who arrived on her second night. The three ate together and watched movies in Sam's room.

Sam was a cute little blonde, slightly plump, with sparkling eyes and a mischievous grin. Just out of university, you knew she was going to be fun to be around. Shabnam was more reserved. With sultry dark eyes, lovely skin, long jet black hair and speaking with the cut glass accent of one of the better public schools, the British-Asian girl clearly knew she was beautiful. She had graduated a year earlier, and Kathy Jane got the feeling she was very relieved to escape the tedium of a government run lab for their research project.

They'd noticed the other group of three girls, standing out from the more usual five star hotel crowd, but they didn't realise they were all part of the same group until they were collected the next morning. Two smartly dressed men driving a pair of mini-vans checked they had the right group and quickly and efficiently loaded luggage. The other three American girls were Sydney, Maria and Gemma. They had time for quick introductions before being hustled into the vans, naturally staying in the groups they'd already formed.

Sydney was a delicate looking blonde, pale and willowy tall, Gemma a pretty but obvious fake blonde with a hard-worked gym figure. Maria was no taller than Sam, but heavy boned. At the moment she was wide-eyed cute, and her cleavage attracted more attention than Sydney and Gemma put together, but Kathy Jane guessed she was going to be pretty hefty by thirty, and would have what was charitably referred to as a cottage loaf figure by forty or after her first kid. With dark curls, a marked accent and a lovely hint of copper in her skin tone, she obviously had a lot of Spanish/South American in the family tree.

The driver turned out not to speak English, and questions as to how long the journey would be or where exactly they were going, proved useless. Kathy Jane

didn't pay much attention, until she realised neither of the two English girls had a clue where they were, or where they were going. They just knew they were somewhere north of London!

"Didn't you think to look up where we were going to work on a map?" she asked.

The whole of England was a foreign country to her, so of course she hadn't bothered herself. But if the job had been in America she would have; to see which city or university she might be near, to see if any old friends lived nearby.

"My interviews were all done through the London office," Sam said. "They said somewhere in the Shires, was all. Close enough to drive home for the weekends."

"I thought the lab was near Oxford," Shabnam said, sounding slightly puzzled.

Kathy Jane looked back. The second mini-van was still in convoy behind them.

"I guess they know where they're going," she decided.

Eventually, well off the beaten track, following high-hedged country lanes, they came to a heavy automated gate that swung open before them. Crunching on gravel, the two vans pulled up outside a grand, brightly lit, stately home.

"Wow! Fancy or what?" Sam breathed.

Kathy Jane was pretty impressed herself. Mr Crown, their new employer was waiting on the steps.

"Welcome ladies, welcome," he called.

Sydney said something she didn't quite catch.

"Yes, this is where you'll be living and working," he confirmed.

Once again Kathy Jane tried in vain to place his accent.

The drivers stacked their luggage together in a heap in the hall, Kathy Jane sure there were going to be some mix ups. Mr Crown gave directions to the bathroom and invited them all to join him in his study for a drink.

"Then we can get you settled in," he concluded.

Gemma was confident enough in herself or faked it well enough, to ask for a vodka and orange, Sam taking a white wine. The others, as if they were still kids, not now adults, safely sticking to coke and lemonade.

They were all graduates! Head-hunted scientists, an elite. And about to be a very well paid elite! But the real world of jobs, wages and employers took a bit of getting used to after years of higher education. As well, there was something about Mr Crown, an air of command, undefined but none the less real, that made her feel like a student again. A student who didn't know the answers.

Sinking deeper into a comfortable armchair, Kathy Jane found she was exhausted, could barely keep her eyes open, as Mr Crown explained about the research they would be undertaking. She found herself listening almost detached, hearing the words, but not really taking them in, like when a radio was background noise. Clearly her travels had been more tiring than she thought, jet-lag catching up with her.

Her new employer told them, quite matter-of-factly, that uncounted parallel universes existed, alternative Earths with a different history from the one they knew and that he himself was actually from another world. He explained that to avoid contamination to his own stable, crime free, technologically advanced world, his presence on Earth must remain a secret. So his workforce would have to be slaves.

Exiled in their world by unknown enemies, he intended to have them build him a Gateway between dimensions so that he could return home. He added that slavery was commonplace on his world, a far better deterrent to crime than the jails they built here, and besides, owning slaves was the divine right of nobles, he explained earnestly. This bizarre speech was followed with the information that his name was not actually Mr Crown, but Prince Samuel, and that he should be addressed as Sire, Your Royal Highness or Master.

The man was nuts! The scientist in her wanted to tell him his Gates were a fantasy, while plain Kathy just wanted to tell him he was insane, but somehow

she really couldn't keep her eyes open.

Kathy Jane woke with a dry mouth and a dull headache. How did you get a hangover from lemonade? She looked around her cell with befuddled incomprehension - she was naked! - before her eyes focused on the sink. She almost fell, legs wobbly, but grabbed the sink's edge. Mouth over the cold tap, she drank and drank and drank. Finally feeling better, headache not gone but pushed aside a little, she realised her bare feet were freezing.

Kathy Jane scuttled back to the narrow bunk she'd been asleep on, pulling her legs up protectively in front of her naked body. She really was in a cell! Bunk bed, sink, toilet, and some shelves bolted onto one wall. She tried to rub some warmth back into her feet.

"Hello?" she called out timidly.

"Kathy Jane! Is that you?"

A big fan set in the wall behind a thick mesh grill howled into life, Kathy Jane soon shivering in a curled up little ball. She thought it was Sam who had called out, but experiments quickly proved the fan was voice activated. When the fan cut off for the second time, she had learned not to speak without permission. She could hear occasional coughs, snuffles and shuffles of movement, guessing her cell was one of a row of six.

Bits of yesterday came back to her. Mr Crown bizarrely demanding to be addressed as Your Royal Highness. His equally bizarre idea, he was going to make himself King in an alternative universe. A slaveworld. And here, he wanted to turn the six of them into lab-slaves, who would achieve this impossibility for him! She was in the hands of a madman.

Forcing herself to put her feet on the icy floor again, she used the toilet and then investigated the shelves. Lingerie and a pair of stiletto heeled sandals.

She was just softly telling herself, "No way am I wearing those," when there was a clicking behind her.

The two chains that supported each end of the bed were slowly clicking loose, lowering the bed flat against the wall. There was a yelp and thump from one of the other cells, presumably as one of her fellow victims was dumped on her ass. The floor was too cold to resist for long, and Kathy was soon stroking stockings up her legs.

No elastic on the tops, so she had to wear the suspender belt even though she didn't want to. Clever! The thong was tiny, barely covered her pussy, pubic hairs fluffed over the top, but it did at least cover her. The bra was a wispy little thing in matching black lace, showing a lot of flesh, but it mostly covered her up. A half-moon of brown areola peaked out over the top of each cup. The floor still freezing through the stockings, she gingerly stepped into the stiletto sandals.

She realised the cell wasn't cold, just the floor. Kathy Jane took a few cautious steps back and forth across her cell, her stiletto heels tip-tapping. She'd only worn stiletto heels with boots before, and never with a 4" heel.

Tap, tap, tap! from one of the other cells. Kathy Jane tapped back. Two! Then one! It was communication of sorts, and did not set off the fan, but she didn't know Morse code. Listening to the random taps between prisoners, she guessed none of the other five girls did either. Putting a hand through the bars to wave at whoever was in the cell next door clearly tripped some optical sensor, and the air-conditioning fan punished her with another blast of icy air.

"Bruuur!"

Kathy Jane rubbed her arms and dropped onto her hands and toes. A half dozen push-ups quickly warmed her up. Standing, she found one side of her thong had ridden up into her sex, and she slid a finger down the edge to pull her panties out from between her pussy-lips. The material was damp! She wondered what her fellow captives would think of her in they ever found out she was living one of her fantasies.

She admired herself in the large mirror mounted over the sink, wondering if it was two way. Probably not! The two small cameras, mounted with no attempt at concealment in opposite corners of the cell, probably did the job well enough. Somebody could be watching her right now, in the fuck-me shoes and slutty

lingerie she'd so effortlessly been forced to wear. Of course she was shocked and frightened - a little outraged - and in her fantasies it was usually a man or a woman with a whip threatening her into obedience rather than the frighteningly efficient fan. But this was almost as good. "Down girls!" she silently ordered her swelling nipples.

After an hour or so one of Mr Crown's men walked down the row of cells with a trolley, pausing to look over each occupant. He pushed a single plate with two slices of plain white bread on it under each door. Attempts to talk were rewarded with blasts of icy air.

Kathy Jane wolfed down her lunch, drank from the tap again, and marvelled that already she was finding captivity boring. How did real criminals stand it in jail? Her nipples were still swollen, the reality of her situation keeping her hot, but she couldn't bring herself to slip a hand down the front of her tiny panties in front of the cameras. Sometimes sitting on the toilet, the only thing to sit on with the bunk down, mostly she paced back and forth like a caged animal.

After an eternity, the same man returned. He turned out to speak perfect, if accented, English after all.

"The Prince has invited you all to dinner, where he will answer any questions you might have. Anyone who wishes to, may remain in her cell. Dinner in the cell block will be bread and water. If you would prefer the five course meal, please put on the restraints provided."

A pretty but very top-heavy blonde in a sprayed-on French maid's uniform tip-tapped her way down the row of cells, hanging a velvet bag from each cell door. She was ball-gagged, upper arms linked with a length of chain behind her back, wrists handcuffed together in front of her tiny - surely corset-nipped - waist. The short uniform skirt showed a lot of stockinged leg, and flashes of creamy skin above the stockings with each step. She had a shiny manacle chain swinging between her ankles, and was perched on her toes in 5" heels. Kathy Jane thought the humiliating little outfit was just to die for.

Investigating the bag, she found a heavy leather collar, a leash - or lead as the Brits called them - a set of manacles like the maid's, and a pair of handcuffs. The broad black collar buckled snug around her neck, leather cool on her skin, and forced her to hold her head up. After an age, with a little thrill of delight, she

forced herself to snap the padlock closed, the heavy steel lock hanging at her throat. She could only hope her thong wasn't visibly wet at the crotch. The leash clipped to her collar hung down between her breasts, the leather handle swaying back and forth across her stomach. Cold hard metal snapped around her ankles, and then, Kathy experiencing a guilty thrill as she reaching behind her own back, around her wrists.

She waited. One cell opened, and heels tip-tapped away. Then another, another, and then it was her turn. The heavy breasted blonde maid, quite impassive, perfect white teeth resting on the huge ball strapped into her mouth, unlocked her cell and led her out with her lead. She caught a glimpse of Shabnam, still in her cell. The English/Asian girl had refused to be coerced into lingerie and heels, and was huddled in a little ball on her cell's toilet seat, still naked. A single slice of bread on a plate lay on the floor.

A small service elevator took them up to the first floor, the cell block was in the basement!

Sam, Sydney and Gemma were already seated at the dinner table in an assortment of lingerie. Gemma had chosen to show her defiance by knocking the heels off her shoes and ripping open her stockings to make a boob tube and loin cloth. Mr Crown looked up from the head of the table. A second blonde with equally huge tits and a spectacular wasp-waist, in an identical French maid's uniform and the same restraints and gag as the first, stood attentively at his side.

"Ah, hands cuffed behind your back. An excellent display of submission, Kathy Jane. May I call you Kathy?"

"Yes Sir," she stammered. "What are...!"

He held up a hand. "When you're all here!" he commanded.

Kathy Jane held position as her handcuffs were removed, and then replaced in front of her body. She slipped into a high-backed chair, where the back of her collar was padlocked to the back of the chair. She noticed the other three captives were sitting rigidly upright, as she now was.

Finally, Maria was led in. The Hispanic girl was wearing stockings, suspenders and heels, but had not bothered with a bra. Her large breasts swung and jiggled as she followed her lead, and like Kathy Jane, she had handcuffed

her wrists behind her back. The copper-toned orbs were not nearly as big as the two maids, but were none the less quite impressive.

"Maria, what beautiful tits! But to what do we owe this delightful display?" Mr Crown crooned menacingly. "Didn't the bra I provided you with fit?"

"Yes Sir," the American girl said hesitantly, "But when I saw your maid, I thought you might enjoy me more like this."

"How very presumptive of you," he said softly. "You will have to be punished. Bring her here!"

The uniformed blonde led the topless girl to Mr Crown's side. Maria, dark curls spilling around her shoulders, her hobble making her take small, neat, hip-swaying, breast-jiggling steps and with her wrists locked behind her, followed her leash without protest. Desperately jealous, Kathy Jane wished she'd thought to arrive topless, wished she'd had the courage. Maria moaned in soft pleasure as the big soft globes were hefted, squeezed and kneaded.

"Lovely!" he breathed, and then took a pair of perfectly ordinary clothespins from a pocket, and placed one on each of the Hispanic girl's dark, swollen, nipples.

Maria whimpered in pain as the wooden clamps bit into her lust swollen nipples, but made no protest.

"But I approve of your attempt to please me," he mused, now holding both large breasts up by painfully stretched nipples. "So perhaps a little treat with your punishment would be just? What do you think, Maria?"

The topless girl had a dreamy look on her face, eyes glazed, her hands in cuffs behind her back not even clenched, just hanging loose.

"Whatever you wish master," she breathed.

A hint of a smile touched Mr Crown's lips.

"Whatever I wish," he repeated approvingly. "Splendid sentiments, though I hadn't expected to break one of you in so fast."

He turned to one of the maids.

"Hayley! A sucker mounted dildo for Maria. A fat one! And we'll have 10ccs of each of your potions."

Their supposed employer, now clearly their captor, stood and walked around the pretty copper-skinned girl, the clothespins on her nipples wagging back and forth as she breathed faster, breasts heaving now. Mr Crown squeezed a buttock, stroked the back of his fingers across a fluttering stomach and then slipped his fingers down inside her thong while simultaneously pulling her head back with a handful of hair. Maria's hips bucked as fingers stroked between her sex lips, a tight grip on her dark curls arching her back and making her look up.

Kathy Jane, along with Sam, Sydney and Gemma, watched breathless, one of them gasping softly as Mr Crown pushed his wet fingers into the handcuffed girl's mouth, and made her lick her own juices from his fingers. Breathless, and for her own part, watching with growing arousal, Kathy Jane savoured a growing heat in her belly. It was obvious to her now, that unlike the other poor girls, she and Maria were kindred spirits.

Hayley, the top-heavy blonde in the French maid's uniform, returned with a silver tray. In a neat row rested a giant dildo, and three hypodermic syringes.

"Do you really want to please, or are you just being clever, I wonder?" Mr Crown grinned. "Bend forward over the table!"

Maria draped herself over the edge of an unused portion of the huge dinner table without hesitation, nipple clamped breasts flattened under her. She looked up at her self-proclaimed master with wide, dark, trusting eyes. Mr Crown picked up the first syringe.

"This is an aphrodisiac," he told her. "It will turn you into a rutting animal. You will constantly crave sex, you'll come and come again, no matter what I or my men do to you, and we'll have to keep you in a chastity belt or chains to prevent you masturbating yourself to exhaustion."

He placed the syringe in one of Maria's handcuffed hands.

"Anywhere in the buttock."

Maria took a deep breath, closed her eyes, and plunged the needle into her own ass. Her thumb pressed down slowly but firmly on the plunger, as she injected herself. Mr Crown picked up the second syringe.

"This one will physically addict you to semen. If you don't get a mouthful of come at least once every two days, you will begin to suffer quite unpleasant withdrawal symptoms. Nausea, dizziness, stomach cramps and headaches. Come will of course taste better than caviar."

Maria hesitated for just a second, and then resolutely plunged the needle into a plump buttock, before injecting herself.

"Good girl. Now, one last shot. This one is a growth hormone. It will make your breasts grow larger. I'm giving you quite a large dose, and you're a big girl anyway, so we're going to see a quite dramatic improvement. Your tits will probably end up even a little bit bigger than Hayley's here."

Maria looked up at the two huge melons straining to escape the placid blonde's triple-stitched French maid's uniform, and then back at Mr Crown, a clear plea in her eyes. He placed the third syringe in her hand.

"You said you wanted to please," he said coldly. "I like my fuck-toys with big tits!"

Maria looked at the other captives sitting around the table, but padlocked to their chairs by their collars they could offer no help, and one by one, they looked away. A tear running down her cheek, she jabbed a third needle into her own buttock, and with a little sob, pushed the plunger. Looking dazed, Maria was allowed to sway upright. Mr Crown patted her on the ass.

"A couple of weeks, and they'll be big enough to leave a handprint on, when I slap them," he cruelly promised the broken girl.

The blonde led Maria to her chair, pulled it out, and rammed the sucker mounted dildo down onto the polished wooden seat. The huge purple shaft swayed back and forth once, twice, and was still. Maria was motionless as Hayley cut off her thong with a bread knife, and obediently knelt to lick the shaft; lubricating it for herself. Her handcuffs were unlocked from behind her back and replaced in front of her body.

Maria whimpered as she slid herself down the huge fat shaft with legs spread wide, her pussy stretched wide, cuffed hands pulling her pussy lips back. Finally, panting gently, she was totally impaled. Hayley helped the topless girl shuffle her chair forward and then padlocked her collar to the chair back. The clothespins still clamped to her nipples swayed back and forth over her plate and cutlery.

"Now Ladies, some of you dozed off during my introduction yesterday - the knockout worked a bit quicker than I expected - and are probably wondering why you've been brought here."

"That's obvious. You're a sick pervert," Gemma blurted out bravely, but rather stupidly, Kathy Jane thought.

Mr Crown raised an eyebrow, and nodded to his two uniformed blondes, the pair now unmistakably obedience trained sex-slaves. They brought in tray after tray of mouth-watering food. Somebody in the place could cook! Only Gemma was not served, one of Mr Crown's men was summoned to return her to her cell, and told to give her a portion of bread and water.

"Gratuitous insults will not be tolerated," he told her mildly. "I expect you to dress for dinner."

His goon pulled a hood over Gemma's head, released her collar from the chair only long enough to pull her arms over her head, and padlock then to the back of her collar, and frog-marched her away.

Mr Crown sighed. "You will sleep in your cells. You will have access to the basement shower room. Breakfast and lunch will be bread and water. You may join me for an evening meal, provided you dress appropriately and you are all polite and respectful. During the day, providing you are fitted with suitable restraints, you may have the run of the house and the immediate grounds, and I suggest that you four try to impress on your two fellow worker-slaves the importance of conformity.

"As far as your work goes, I will of course not be allowing bright, intelligent girls such as yourselves access to the internet, or to complex electronics out of which you might fashion some sort of communication device, until you are all fully broken in. Until then you will have to make do with theories, paper and pencil, and you will work in my study until I decide you can be trusted in the

lab. I will attempt to recall everything I was told about how Gates work, and feel free to ask me any questions on the subject. Shall we say tomorrow afternoon at two o'clock? Good, now let us eat."

Maria, dildo impaled and with nipples by now no doubt throbbing agony, didn't eat much. She kept surreptitiously looking down at her breasts, taking deep breaths, no doubt already wondering if they were bigger. Mr Crown finally put her out of her misery, assuring her again she wouldn't notice any swelling for two or three days yet. Kathy Jane wolfed down whatever was put in front of her, and asked for seconds. She couldn't reach beyond her own plate and glass with her collar padlocked to the back of her high chair, but Mr Crown clearly approved of a girl with a healthy appetite, and was happy to oblige. Finally he put together his knife and fork and reached for his wine glass.

"Excellent!" he declared. "Serge really surpassed himself there I feel."

Kathy Jane joined in the cautious murmur of approval. Better than bread and water.

"Now, who would like to watch me give Maria her first ride as a slave, tonight?"

"Me please!" Sydney said instantly.

"Sydney!" Sam gasped, horrified.

Kathy Jane spared the seemingly shy, quite girl, a wondering look - she'd thought the delicate blonde would be the first to break into hysterics as the reality of their situation became more apparent - before jumping in herself.

"Me too! Please?" she somehow managed to stutter.

Had the Prince somehow managed to gather together, not just graduates with the skills he needed, but six sexual submissives?

Mr Crown had a large four-poster bed, and he left the lights on so that his captive audience could see everything he did to his new sex-toy. Kathy Jane was strapped to one of the bed's lower posts, facing the bed, straps tight around her neck and waist. She stood with one leg on either side of the mattress corner, a manacle chain looped around the post behind her. Her wrists were pulled above her head and handcuffed behind the post. Sydney, also still in her lingerie, was similarly helpless, secured to the bed post opposite.

They'd both watched, spellbound and horrified, as Maria was subjected to hours of sexual torture, and fucked and fucked again. Her secret fantasies had clearly in no way prepared the voluptuous Hispanic girl for real slavery, and she'd quickly been reduced to begging and sobbing pleas. Mr Crown had merely pulled a tight latex hood over her face, a built in cock-gag filling her mouth, and laced it tight. His now blind, deaf and dumb plaything had squealed as her breasts were whipped, cried out in ecstasy as she was fucked with a fat plug chained into her ass and screamed herself hoarse when she was introduced to a cattle prod, but she could make no intelligible sounds.

Ropes tight around her wrists and ankles, Maria was finally spread-eagled on her back. The belt holding the monstrous butt-plug in place with a split crotch-chain, cut deep into her stomach, the two chains running up either side of her pussy digging into the swell of her belly. Fifty or so clothespins biting into both breasts rattled and swayed together as she panted and her pubic hair was matted with come, her own juices and dried candlewax. Sitting at the head of the bed, her latex covered head held between his thighs, Mr Crown thrust a curved needle through the base of one of Maria's nipples. Kathy Jane swayed in her bonds, almost fainting as she watched.

Prince Samuel inserted and clipped together a thick gold ring, and then pushing aside clothespins, he pulled up the helpless girl's free nipple. Maria arched up off the bed with a strangled wail as a second needle was thrust through her flesh.

Her tormentor produced a short riding crop, and began to lash the helpless girl between the legs. Maria bucked and thrashed, but her legs were tied too wide to bring them together and protect herself. Her pussy lips glowed an angry throbbing red, as the lash bit into this tenderest of tender flesh with stroke after agonising stroke.

Mr Crown pulled off his totally broken in, sweat-gleaming, sex-slave's hood, thrusting his cock into Maria's mouth. Crouching over her body, he lightly licked his victim's tortured pussy. The helpless girl jerked as if shocked, whimpering, but she still sucked more cock into her mouth. Crying out in mingled lust and pain, her whipped pussy too sensitive to touch, but desperate for penetration, Maria's hips twitched and jumped. For the first time Mr Crown looked up and met the disbelieving gazes of the girls strapped to his bedposts.

"Her tits won't look much bigger to the naked eye for three or four days yet, but already she's been taught to crave that next orgasm, and she'll never be able to swallow enough come," he explained with a sadistic smile.

With a firm grip on both thighs, Mr Crown managed to hold the spread-eagled girl down tightly enough to flick his tongue back and forth across her whipped clitoris a few times. Maria shrieked as she came, arching up off the bed, her mouth still full of cock. Mr Crown sat back at the top of the bed, pulling the dark haired girl's head back into a painful arch so that he could more comfortably mouth fuck her.

Maria whispered a soft "Please master?" around the cock in her mouth when a bundle of three lit candles were pushed into her sex. Her hips twisted and bucked as droplets of molten agony seared her whip-tender pussy lips, and she started to helplessly sob when her clothespin covered breasts were pulled up by her newly pierced nipples, but nothing could distract her from working her lips up and down her tormentor's shaft. Addicted to semen already, the pretty little Spanish/American girl was so desperate for that next mouthful of come, she was willing to endure any torment or humiliation to get it. Kathy Jane realised that she was looking at a completely broken, slave. That left five of them to go!

CHAPTER 6

Kathy Jane woke in her cell to the sound of tip-tapping stiletto heels. She was again naked on her bunk, having been forced the night before by Harold, the second of Mr Crown's goons, to hand over her lingerie for washing before he would crank the bunk in her cell upright again. One of the top-heavy blonde slaves pushing a trolley, again in the same deliciously humiliating French maid's uniform, gag and chains, unlocked her cell door and laid a plate with two slices of plain bread on the floor. The girl pulled a neatly folded bundle from the trolley's lower tray and placed it on the cell's shelves, and then hung another velvet bag on the cell's handle, barely bothering to look at Kathy Jane.

Kathy Jane wolfed down her breakfast - Mr Crown not being in any way subtle in ensuring his captives would accept his standing dinner invitation - and investigated the bundle. Fresh new lingerie, a sheer black body stocking and a bright, shiny, purple latex catsuit that was going to have to stretch a lot, as it looked about only two thirds her size. For footwear, there were matching thigh length latex boots with 4" heels for the catsuit, or yesterday's stiletto sandals. The bag, as expected, just like the last one, contained restraints. Kathy Jane poked a cautious head out of her cell.

There was no punishing blast of icy air!

Sam, also peering out of her cell and equally naked, one arm over her breasts, a hand between her legs, gave her a tentative grin, and a "What next?" shrug. A thought that had occurred to Kathy Jane at dinner the night before was only reinforced. The English girl had clearly chosen loose clothing very carefully. Naked, she was even curvier and far more buxom than Kathy Jane had thought. Very clearly just their captor's type. Sam, following her eyes, reading her thoughts, let her hands drop to her sides.

"Yeah, I know. He's probably already got me measured for one of those French maid's uniforms," she said ruefully.

She sounded almost resigned.

Frightened? Perhaps a little.

Angry? Defiant? No!

Just regarding the future with the same fearful, horrified, humiliated lust, that Kathy Jane herself was desperately trying to deny? Yes! Sam was another submissive, she realised.

The fan didn't kick in to punish her. It seemed they were allowed to talk with the cell doors open. Sydney stuck a cautious head out of her own cell, nibbling on one of her slices of breakfast.

"I think he's got us all measured up for something," Kathy Jane told Sam by way of faint reassurance.

Sydney, surprisingly enough, was quite attractive naked, not the anorexic, malnourished, skin and bone, Kathy Jane had half expected. She was naturally slender, not starving herself or throwing up everything she ate. Strangely enough, though she'd appeared shy and hesitant to open up to start with, now that she was a naked captive, she seemed quite untroubled by her situation and nudity.

"So which way to the shower do you think?" the slender girl asked. "I'm starting to feel rather grimy."

Now that she thought about it, Kathy Jane was starting to feel a little less than fresh herself. She'd scraped off her makeup as best she could in the cell's sink for dinner the day before, but she hadn't washed since the day before that, in the hotel. She scratched hair that suddenly felt lank, itchy and a little greasy.

"Just have to explore, I guess," Sam told her.

"Okay," Sydney said brightly, and wandered off down the corridor, stark naked and apparently unafraid.

True to his word, it seemed that the man who had recruited them, Mr Crown, now 'His Royal Highness, Prince Samuel,' did intend to allow his six chosen research slaves the run of the house. Some part of her suspected that the shower room was going to be another test or humiliation, but as yet she'd seen no obvious escape. Kathy Jane decided she would hold back and not make a

nuisance of herself to start with. Take time to have a good look around and get the lie of the land before attempting escape. Let one of the others bolt for freedom first and see how they did, perhaps even using the distraction to cover her own attempt.

She would assume obvious stuff like windows and doors locked and alarmed. But with six girls to keep track of and only three men, surely an opportunity would present itself. A sudden nasty thought intruded on her calculations. Five to three now, with Maria so dramatically broken in! And maybe it was five slaves to six guards, if Maria and the two top-heavy blonde maids could be counted on not only to submit themselves, but to prevent the escape of a fellow slave.

Gemma had appeared, and Kathy Jane found herself giving Sam and her fellow American graduate, a blow by blow description of Maria's cruel use the night before. Both feigned horror but were clearly fascinated. Shabnam was still on her bunk facing the wall and refusing any communication or co-operation with captors or fellow slaves; and of Maria, there was no sign.

Finally Sydney came strolling back, her pale skin flushed pink by either scrubbing and or hot water, drying her wet hair with a small towel. Too small to cover herself with, of course. She held up a bag with her free hand.

"Goody bags for all of us. Toothbrush, toothpaste, hairbrush and cosmetics," she explained.

The waif-like girl wandered into her cell, brushed out her hair and applied a light touch of make-up while she answered the same questions Kathy Jane had already answered. Yes, Maria had been whipped. Yes, she'd taken a cock up the ass. Yes, the master had made her lick come off her own tits. Yes, the screams they'd heard had probably been the cattle prod triggered inside her pussy. Almost oblivious to the three naked girls crowding the front of her own cell, she slipped into her body stocking and put on the stiletto heeled sandals they'd been allowed to keep from the day before, as if it was the most natural thing in the world. Fishing in the bag of restraints, she clipped manacle cuffs around her ankles, a heavy chain swinging between the steel bands. She buckled a collar snug around her neck, and then pulled a heavy leather belt tight around her waist, snapping a pair of padlocks closed. A handcuff was fastened to a ring on either side of the belt. Sydney snapped them closed around her own wrists, her hands now fixed at her sides. She looked up.

"There's a list of rules posted beside the lift. No one on the ground floor or above without restraints," she explained brightly.

The body stocking hid nothing. Sydney, lithe as a kitten, had small but perky breasts, her pubic hair a just visible golden down that barely showed and left both pussy lips visible. With soft full lips and wide eyes, and quite helpless in her efficient restraints, she was also quite clearly a sexual object on display. Sydney pushed herself up off her cell's bunk and stepped forward, her audience melting back before her. She seemed not to even notice the consternation she was causing her three fellow captives.

"Making the best of it, I suppose," Gemma said, more to convince herself than them, Kathy Jane guessed.

Sydney tip-tapped away in her heels, kitten hips swaying, the manacle chain between her ankles ensuring a stripper sway.

"Guess I'll go find the shower," Kathy Jane said.

"I'll see if Shabnam's okay," Gemma replied.

Sam opened her mouth, and then slowly closed it. Kathy Jane knew what she wanted to say. Shouldn't they be looking for a way out? Escaping? At least planning!

She found Sydney's 'list' of rules pinned to the wall beside the elevator call button. Just a simple sheet of A4 with, 'ALL RESTRAINTS PROVIDED MUST BE WORN BEYOND THIS POINT. GAGS OPTIONAL. LAB-SLAVES FAILING TO OBEY WILL BE PUNISHED.' handwritten across it in thick black marker pen. Following a waft of warm steam, she found the shower room.

One of the top-heavy maids, Hayley, was hanging naked from her wrists, Maria working a thick lather of soap into her peaches and cream skin with her bare hands. The second of the prince's goons, Serge, was propping up a wall, supervising.

"Don't cover yourself," he barked at Kathy Jane. "Wait there. You're next."

Maria now had a slim steel band around each wrist, her wrist cuffs linked to her newly pierced nipples with lengths of swaying chain. She had just enough

slack to shampoo the hanging blonde if she pulled up on the rings set through her flesh, tugging up her own ample breasts with little wincing of pain; and she had to drop to her knees to soap the blonde's legs. A tight leather belt cut deep into her middle, the prince already starting work on trimming down her waist. Another chain padlocked to two new piercings, rings set through her inner pussy lips, snaked across the tiled floor. Serge held the end of the pussy lead.

Naked, Hayley's breasts were even bigger than Kathy Jane had imagined, her small waist giving her an impressive hourglass figure even without her uniform's corset. She was moaning in soft, helpless pleasure as Maria twisted a dildo-shaped soap-on-a-rope deeper into her sex. Serge gave Maria's pussy lips a tug with her chain, the Spanish/American girl gasping in pain.

"Good. Now up her ass," he commanded carelessly.

Hayley gasped, her eyes up until then half-closed in lazy contentment, jerking open, as a fat invader was rammed deep into her back passage. She squeaked softly as Maria thrust the soap-on-a-rope in and out of her, but made no real sound of protest. A humiliated sob came from Maria though, when she looked up and caught Kathy Jane's entranced gaze. Naked on her knees, waist cinched, wrist-cuffs chained to nipples, a man holding her pussy-chain and forced to service another slave-girl, perhaps this much reality was not quite her own slave fantasy. It was very much Kathy Jane's!

"Good slut! Now give her tits one last workover, and we can hose her off."

Hayley groaned again in helpless pleasure as Maria worked another layer of soap into her udder-like boobs, the heavy globes squeezed and pulled none too gently, soaped flesh slipping out of Maria's grip the harder she pulled and grabbed. Maria began to sob softly, the Hispanic girl no doubt reminded by the huge heavy weight of firm warm flesh spilling out of her grip, what she would look like herself in a couple of weeks!

At her keeper's command she stepped back, placing the dildo soap beside a sink and then rinsing soap off her own hands; rubbing hard, almost as if the soap was something foul. Another command, and she took up a hose. Maria ran a little water to check the temperature, and then opened up the hose full blast. The water pressure wasn't quite that of a fireman's high-pressure hose, but would have still probably knocked the hanging blonde off her feet if she hadn't been

hanging from her wrists. The water hit the soap and shampoo-lathered blonde with a clear slap, the hanging girl helplessly spinning back and forth as she was efficiently hosed off.

"Enough!" Serge finally commanded.

Maria shut off the hose and slid a small wooden stool under Hayley's feet, giving the blonde enough slack to pull loose the broad nooses around her wrists and hop down. Well trained, broken in long ago, without a word Hayley set her feet apart and folded her arms behind her neck. Skin blasted clean and shiny pink, waiting for her next instruction. The man ignored her a moment, giving Maria's pussy-chain another yank.

"Easy enough, yes?"

"Yes Sir."

"Good. From now on it will be your duty to hose off your former friends in the morning. Until collared, they can soap themselves if they want to, you will do so if requested. Summer and Hayley, you will of course hang up and wash. Clear?"

Maria stuttered "Yes Sir," again.

The man then padlocked a chain to Hayley's pussy rings, its end padlocked to a ring set in the wall, pulled a broad leather belt brutally tight around her waist, and attached wrist cuffs to her nipple rings with lengths of chain. The blonde was brusquely ordered to take over, and Maria was made to crawl from the room on all fours, the man walking behind her giving her pussy little squeak-producing tugs up with the length of chain wrapped around his fist.

"Do you want to soap yourself, or shall I?" the blonde asked her brightly.

"I'll do it!" Kathy Jane said hurriedly.

Hayley laughed.

Hesitantly, avoiding the soap-on-a-rope shaped dildo, Kathy Jane squeezed a drop of liquid soap onto a wet flannel and started to wash herself. It was bizarre, a little humiliating and rather exciting to be watched while she washed, never

mind having to carry on a conversation. The situation was also strangely familiar, evoking memories of the women's prison films she'd always secretly enjoyed. There was always a shower scene!

"Doesn't that hurt?" she asked hesitantly, nodded to the belt almost cutting the blonde girl in two.

"A bit uncomfortable, but I'm used to it now. The only time I'm not in a corset, belt or girth is when I'm being washed," Hayley explained. "Of course it was much easier for Summer, as she's from the prince's homeworld. She was just taken to a cosmetic surgeon. Whip out the lower ribs, improve digestion so that some intestine can be removed, reposition the stomach muscles and Hey Presto. Instant twenty one inch waist, easily cinched down to 18 inches in harness or uniform. I'm being trained down the old fashioned way, fed a little and often, and nipped a little tighter each day."

She put her hands out and up to the limit the chains linking wrist-cuffs to nipple-rings would allow, and twirled around once.

"But you've got to admit, with these tits and a nicely spankable ass, I do look pretty spectacular with a tiny waist."

"Certainly dramatic," Kathy Jane agreed diplomatically. "Is it like this every morning?"

"Sure," the blonde said brightly. "Summer and I are not allowed to touch ourselves, so until now we've either had to wash each other, or one of the men does us. Once you get fucked by the prince, you won't have the choice either, so enjoy washing yourself while it lasts."

"What makes you think I'm going to be here that long?" she said boldly.

"So you're going to escape?" the blonde laughed. "Yeah, I thought that too, when I first got here."

Kathy Jane was trying hard not to notice that the blonde girl was stroking herself between the legs, free fingers toying with a nipple. Her voice was becoming husky, just a little breathless. From her accent, and what she'd said about Summer having been brought here from Prince Samuel's world, Kathy Jane guessed she was another English captive.

"What happened?"

"When you're fresh out of university, you think you're so smart, you think you know it all and you think that you're going to conquer the world! Then you're in the real world, in debt, with bills to pay, your job is deathly dull and your boss is some incompetent jerk in a suit, who takes credit for your work. When the prince approached me I just thought I'd found the position I deserved. It simply never occurred to me he was smarter than me, or that he might be manipulating me."

"I have no intention of underestimating him."

"Then this place will seduce you," Hayley told her. "You're all picked submissives. The only reason the prince hasn't already sampled you, is he's like a kid with a half dozen presents, trying to make the pleasure last. He couldn't resist Maria, ripped the wrapping off her straight away last night. But now he's determined to make the remaining five of you last, to stretch out the anticipation to the full, before he enjoys you. Before the next present gets opened! Within a week, you'll be so busy competing with each other to be the next Maria, you'll have forgotten you ever planned to escape."

"What makes you think I want to be raped?" Kathy Jane demanded.

The blonde snorted. "Maria wasn't raped. She saw she was in a race, and she took the steps necessary to ensure she got to first place."

Kathy Jane nodded reluctant agreement. She'd been there. Maria had thrown herself at the prince. She wished she'd had the nerve.

"You're a submissive too? English?" she guessed.

"Oh yes," Hayley breathed, the fingers stroking between her sex-lips glistening with her juices now.

"So why did you ever want to escape at all?"

Hayley nodded acceptance of her point.

"Having a boyfriend tie me to his bed is not the same as being taken to a world where I will literally be property. With a pedigree, bill of sale and a bar

code tattooed on my ass! And as you'll discover, no matter how submissive you are, you're in Prince Samuel's fantasy, not your own."

"How do you mean?" Kathy Jane asked, though she suspected she knew, remembering how Maria had been so carelessly pushed past her limits the night before.

"Well, obviously, the prince likes obedient, docile, friendly women, kept naked in chains and stiletto heels, who positively enjoy being ridden, trained and disciplined. I'll bet that's a turn-on for you too, but remember, I get sick if a man doesn't come in my mouth at least once every couple of days. Look around you! Huge tits, tiny waists; women physically addicted to sex and semen, trained to enjoy humiliating, degrading, sadistic, sex. This is a man's fantasy, not a woman's."

Kathy Jane nodded reluctant acceptance of her point. Still wet from her wash, Hayley had slid down the wall, sitting with thighs spread now. As Kathy Jane watched she wrapped a double loop of her pussy chain around her own breasts, back and forth, then around both, squeezing out the weighty globes, chain links cutting deep into golden, lust-swollen, flesh and forcing nipples to protrude. The chain was wrapped around one small fist, the girl holding the ring on her own collar to keep the chain tight, to keep up the pressure. At the limit of her wrist chain, tugging painfully on her own nipple with each stroke, her free hand rubbed fingers faster and faster across her clitoris.

"You may fantasise about being gently spanked, made to wear a collar," she gasped. "But I'll guarantee you, Prince Samuel is fantasising about whipping you to orgasm!"

Kathy Jane shook her head. "I couldn't!" she said.

Hayley squirmed up against the wall, one leg kicking. She emitted a strangled cry of ecstasy as she came, clearly trying to bite down on the noise. The naked girl slumped limp a moment, panting hard, and then stirred herself, looking directly into Kathy Jane's eyes. Still holding her gaze, holding the chain around her swollen breasts tight, she crawled over the hose pipe, and kneeling over the nozzle, thrust herself down onto it with a gasp of delight.

"You can be trained to enjoy anything, once they get my aphrodisiac inside you," the blonde gasped. "No escape then!"

She was thrusting her hips back and forth, working the hose nozzle in and out of her sex.

"You've seen me in uniform? Elbows cuffed behind my back, wrists handcuffed in front of my waist. Why do you think that is?"

Kathy Jane opened and closed her mouth helplessly. A gorgeous little blonde with her wrist-cuffs chained to her nipple rings, tits still wrapped in tight chain and with her waist equally tightly cinched, was naked on her knees right in front of her, ramming a phallus into her own dripping sex.

"Just enough slack to perform my serving duties," Hayley gasped, answering herself, "But not enough slack to reach my pussy."

She whimpered, ducking her head down to lick and then bite her own nipples, wailing in helpless lust and pain as her own teeth pulled at the straining nubs. Hayley came again with another strangled cry, hips bucking. Gasping for breath now, she looked up at Kathy Jane again, her eyes noticeably glazed now.

"You see, Serge made a bit of a mistake. Probably keen to get his cock into Maria. I'm only allowed hands free like this when I'm in a chastity belt, she explained, post-orgasm lucid for a few seconds, though already she was starting to thrust the hose nozzle into her dripping sex again. "Otherwise I'd happily wank myself unconscious!"

The blonde on her knees before Kathy Jane pulled the hose nozzle out of herself and lapped at her own juices with every apparent sign of pleasure. This was her idea of free hands?

"Summer's just a farm girl from the prince's world, but I was a graduate like you once, recruited just like you. I'm actually a biochemist. So believe me when I say once they get this drug in you, you'll never escape!" Hayley told her.

She laughed, and added. "I should know. I synthesised it!"

Those were the last coherent words she got from the gasping, panting, moaning writhing heap of naked slippery-wet flesh on the tiled floor. Not knowing what to do, suddenly fearful of spillover from the punishment that Hayley's disobedience would surely bring, she did the only thing she could think of. Body lathered in soap, she quickly shampooed her hair, placed the stool

under the now loose straps suspended from rings set in the ceiling, and slipped her wrists into them. Pulling the broad straps snug around her wrists, she took a deep breath, and kicked the stool away.

There was a brief jerk at her shoulders, she was taller than the blonde, toes just brushing the floor, but she was still helpless. Suspended from her wrists, totally naked, she swayed back and forth. On the floor, still ramming the hose nozzle into herself and lying curled up on her side now, Hayley whimpered and gasped like an animal caught in a snare.

After a while, Sam stuck a cautious head around the door, decided she wanted nothing to do with what was going on, and disappeared. Eventually Harold, appeared and with an irritated curse, hog-tied Hayley, leaving the heavy breasted blonde lying face down on the tiles while he hosed off Kathy Jane. The water hit hard, not quite a punch, but leaving her helplessly spluttering when her face was rinsed, and easily spinning her body back and forth, her breasts aching afterwards, as they had only once before when mauled by a drunken boyfriend.

"Anyone else want a wash, get in here now, or I'm shutting off the hot water," the man yelled.

Sam timidly edged her way in, trying to cover herself with her hands again.

"Me please."

"Soap and shampoo there. Lather yourself up," he ordered carelessly as he released Kathy Jane's wrists from the straps. "Hurry up, I don't have all day."

Gemma stuck a cautious head around the doorway.

"May I wash too?" she asked hesitantly.

The man watched the two lovely young women soaping their naked bodies with evident approval. While for Sam, Gemma and Kathy Jane it was traumatic and humiliating - captive, stripped of their clothes, and now made to wash in public - to the Prince's man, it was clearly just another day. Which wasn't to say he didn't find the display stimulating; they just weren't on the menu yet!

The prince's man pulled open his trousers, dropped to one knee, and pulled Hayley's mouth onto his cock with a handful of hair.

"Oh yeah," he breathed softly.

He flipped the hog-tied blonde onto her back, settling himself down on both knees now, the bound girl's head tipped right back between his spread thighs. Harold scooped up the slave-maid's enormously enlarged breasts, squeezing his fingers deep into the heavy mounds in time with his cock thrusting into his waist-cinched, plaything's mouth. The young biochemist, lured out of an English university into sexual slavery by a fake job offer, as Kathy Jane and her fellows had been, groaned in a helpless mixture of pain and lust as she was mouth-fucked.

Kathy Jane didn't wait to see any more. Back in her cell she had almost decided on the purple latex catsuit - sexy as hell, skin-tight, but at least she wouldn't be naked - when she discovered it had a built-in dildo! It would have to be the body stocking after all, even though it hid nothing.

Naked, she brushed her teeth and hair, and following Sydney's example, applied just the lightest touch of make-up. Any more, while wearing a transparent body stocking, and she'd look like a complete tart, not a beautiful captive. She had to admit, the choices she was being given were quite clever in their way. There was more than a hint of the old trick question - "Have you stopped beating your wife yet?" - about the cell block.

There was no way to win!

Slipping into the sheer black body stocking, and putting herself in restraints, Kathy Jane took the lift up to the first floor and began to explore her prison. The outside doors all seemed locked, the windows on the ground floor that would open were the small ones, not big enough for a person to slip through. Wandering into one of the goon's bedrooms by mistake, she found Maria wearing nothing but a waspie-corset and heels, bent forward from the waist in a set of wooden stocks, weights hanging from her clamped nipples, squeaking ecstasy around a tongue clamp as Serge thrust his cock into her from behind.

She felt herself flush red, and tried to back away without being noticed, but the man ordered her in.

"You stay, watch the show, what I do to your friend, hah? The prince say you have the run of the house, and he means it. We're not shy like you people on my world. Watch me make her come again!"

He delivered a half dozen stinging slaps to each buttock, then grabbed the dark eyed girl by the hips, ramming her back hard and deep onto his erect cock. Maria's ass glowed red, her big breasts stretched into cones by the weights clamped to her nipples. The bundles of clamps swung back and forward, pulling painfully, and there were also new whip-stripes on the copper-skinned girl's buttocks, not just the marks the prince had put on her the night before. Maria gasped in pained lust-maddened delight, as the prince's man thrust harder, coming in moments with a helpless squeal.

Clearly, once the prince had broken in a girl, his men were then free to use her too. Kathy Jane hadn't expected that! She didn't know if she liked the idea or not, but the heat in her belly was stirred anew. Careful to stay out of Maria's line of sight, she watched the man shafting her fellow American with growing fascination, this only the second time in her life she'd watched real sex. At the last moment Serge pulled his rampant cock out of the dark-haired girl, pumping with his hand, white globs of semen arcing through the air.

Prince Samuel's man released his prize from the stocks, secured her arms behind her, and then ordered her to lick his cock clean. The Spanish/American girl met Kathy Jane's eyes, her flushed face suddenly a darker copper as she blushed. Tears of shame ran down her cheeks as she closed her lips over the man's cock, dripping with her juices she obediently sucked and licked, clearly desperately trying to blot Kathy Jane out of her universe. Her user then told her she could lick up his come, if she liked. Entirely her choice!

Sitting on her heels with her arms tightly secured behind her back, kneeling forward, bit tits squashed into wooden floorboards worn smooth with centuries of polish, the corseted and collared girl's tongue trailed across the floor. Kathy Jane watched entranced, Maria sobbing softly now as she lapped up scattered droplets of semen. The floor where each drop of white slime had landed was licked again and again, the lovely girl clearly desperate to get every last drop.

Serge waved Kathy Jane away. Bolder now, she explored other rooms on the same floor, quickly finding herself in Prince Samuel's quarters. Curious, she looked around her, the room elegantly luxurious. There was no sign of her captor, but the second blonde slave-maid, Summer, was tied spread-eagled across his bed, naked but for a blindfold, come slowly leaking from her spread sex. Kathy Jane realised with a guilty thrill that the semen-addicted Maria probably wouldn't hesitate for a second, if ordered to lick her out.

The kitchen door opened into an enclosed orchard, about an acre or so, with a neglected vegetable garden down one side. She eyed the orchard wall speculatively. If she wasn't in manacles, with a running start, she reckoned she could probably vault high enough up the wall to pull herself up to the top, astride it. The broken glass set into the top didn't look nice though.

Being outside in a body stocking, was strangely erotic. She was warm enough, felt dressed, even though anybody could see all she had, but she could feel the faint breeze that stirred the trees, a light caress on bare skin.

After a while Sydney, Gemma and Sam joined her outside in the sun. Gemma, still being defiant, had turned her latex catsuit inside out, so that the dildo swung back and forth in front of her like a cock. The glued black seams and dull inner surface of the inside-out catsuit rendering it totally unerotic and she was wearing her heels with the locking ankle-straps trailing loose. She hadn't risked not putting herself in chains though.

Sam however, was wearing her latex catsuit properly, with six inches of fat penetration! She looked superb, shiny taut purple rubber clinging tightly to her every curve, cuffed wrists secured to a shiny black belt at her sides, black thigh length latex boots clinging to her legs and with a broad shiny black collar snug around her neck.

The English blonde was gasping softly, latex coated breasts heaving, beads of sweat on her forehead and sticking wisps of hair that had escaped her pony-tail to the sides of her neck behind her ears, a look of forlorn distress on her pretty face. Kathy Jane's first guess was heat stroke, Sam just too hot in neck to toe latex. Her catsuit even had built in gloves.

"Are you all right? What's wrong?" she asked.

"Can't breathe," Sam gasped.

Panic attack? Kathy Jane noticed that Sam's waist band was cutting deep into her middle. Trying to be pleasing, the lovely blonde had pulled the restraint belt very tight!

"Something's got into her, that's for sure," Sydney giggled.

Kathy Jane suddenly realised that Gemma and Sydney were not a solicitous

presence. Far from offering the distressed blonde sympathy or concern, the two were teasing her!

"It's the dildo," Sam gasped. "Every step I take, it moves, shifts, almost as if it's pumping inside me!"

"Oh!" Kathy Jane managed, feeling a grin tug at the corner of her mouth. "Perhaps you should stand still."

"I'm okay for a while if I stand or sit, but I'm so horny, it's like an itch. I have to move! Then when I move, I fuck myself!"

"Can't you ignore it?" Kathy Jane asked, grinning now.

"You wouldn't say that if you'd ever worn a dildo before, you stupid cow," the latex coated blonde gasped in frustration.

True enough, but Kathy Jane wasn't ready to stop playing yet. She'd only just joined the game.

"Well if you're going to be like that," she said mock sulky. "I was only trying to help."

"Oh, I'm sorry. Really. Please help me!"

There was naked desperation in the pretty girl's face and in her voice. Kathy Jane felt a shiver run up her spine as she realised that a part of her was enjoying teasing little Sam, the sort of power the prince enjoyed. And which he intended to hold over them all

"Well all right," she allowed. "What do you want me to do?"

"Please! Rub me between the legs! Squeeze my tits! I can't take much more."

Her hands locked at her sides fluttered for emphasis. She couldn't touch herself.

"I'm not sure if we're allowed to do that," Gemma chipped in. "I'd hate to give our pervert captor a further excuse to punish and humiliate us."

Put like that, Sam was on her own. They left the pretty blonde straddling a hosepipe-trailing tap that emerged from the house wall, whimpering softly between occasional gasps of lust, rubbing her crotch back and forth over the metal shaft, and rubbing and squeezing her latex-coated breasts up against the brickwork. It occurred to Kathy Jane that no one would ever believe that the gorgeous, chained creature in her shiny, clinging, skin-tight, purple and black outfit, hips thrusting frantically, was actually rated as one of the most talented young theoretical physicists of her generation.

Lunch was once again just two slices of bread, leaving Kathy Jane almost drooling at the thought of dinner as she obediently presented herself at the prince's study at two o'clock. It was a bizarre gathering, Kathy Jane and Sydney in body stockings and restraints, Sam looking delightfully sexy in her shiny latex and bonds, Gemma still defiantly wearing her catsuit inside out.

Sam, the English blonde was panting gently, mouth open and looking a bit vacant, but she seemed have calmed down a little. Maria, naked beside the prince, didn't get a chair. She knelt on the floor, chin resting on the table, a tight body harness securing her arms behind her back and squeezing her breasts out into firm spheres, with nipples protruding. The thin leather straps dug deep into the firm flesh of belly, thighs and upper arms, cutting deep into the softer flesh of stomach and breasts. Bells hanging from the Spanish/American girl's newly pierced nipples chimed softly.

The Prince looked around.

"Where is Shabnam. I thought I made it clear you were all to attend!"

Nobody wanted to answer, and the prince's men were dispatched to collect the British/Asian girl.

"Sir?" Sydney asked hesitantly.

Their captor nodded permission to speak.

"While we're waiting for Shabnam, I was wondering if I might ask you something?"

"You may ask," he allowed.

"I was just hoping you might consider training me to be your next slave; that's when you get bored with Maria of course," she said.

Kathy Jane held her breath. In part she felt contempt, Sydney giving in so easily, but mostly she felt stunned envy at the slender girl's audacity. To actually ask the man to break her in! To make her his slave! She doubted she would ever be that brave herself. The prince smiled.

"I'll consider taking you on next," he allowed. "Thank you for the offer."

Shabnam was wheeled in on a tea-trolley in a tight hog-tie. She was totally naked, her wrists secured to ankles, and a rope from her ankles woven into her long, jet-black hair pulled her head up. Squealing protest, she was dropped onto the end of the table with a soft "Oooph!"

The complete set was assembled. Six girls in restraints and bizarre outfits - one in her birthday suit - with the prince at the head of the table wearing an expensive but otherwise perfectly ordinary Savile Row suit. One of his slave-maids in her own sexy little French maids outfit and chains handed out paper and pencil. It had to be one of the strangest meetings in the history of scientific research!

The prince was intelligent, but not a scientist. He had no idea, and up until he'd been stranded on their Earth, no real interest in how a Gate between dimensions worked. All he had to help his slave researchers was the certain knowledge that it could be done, and half remembered conversations with his fiancée, Lady Isobell, a member of the original Slaveworld research team. Most of what she'd told him had gone over his head - too technical - and he'd been listening partly out of politeness, not actual interest. He knew for sure two Gates had to link in each possible universe to provide a stable portal, and that a one way Gate was very unstable, would only last fifteen seconds or so, and required a huge amount of power.

Sam, dildo impaled and with the latex that clung to her body scuffed over the breasts where she'd rubbed herself up against a rough brick wall, clearly thought

the whole idea of travel between parallel universes was ludicrous, the prince delusional, though obviously she couldn't come right out and say so. Shabnam, despite her attempted boycott of the prince's method of slave research, lying naked in a hog-tie on the tables end, her head held up with a rope knotted into her hair, became quite animated, and didn't see why not. They both had many questions for the Prince, trying to tease every last memory from him.

Kathy Jane's speciality was computers, the physics beyond her, but Shabnam quickly bullied Maria into agreeing a Gate was theoretically possible, and Sydney, their mathematician, was at least willing to sit on the fence and admit it might just be possible, not dismiss the idea out of hand. Gemma, like Kathy Jane, was having trouble keeping up with the theory, but her speciality was microelectronics, and her attitude was simply, 'Give me a plan and I'll build it.'

Kathy Jane felt the same way, and she thought she could keep up her end. If she'd understood even half of Shabnam and Sam's argument, this thing was going to need massive computer power, but give her the hardware and time, then like Gemma, she was sure she could program it! After an hour or so it seemed the prince had remembered everything he was going to.

"Just one problem, assuming we can put together something that works, Sire," Shabnam warned.

The hog-tied British/Asian girl, fascinated by the puzzle Prince Samuel had set, seemed to have totally forgotten her circumstances. He nodded her to continue.

"We have to try and link up with a gate in your reality. You'll never be able to get the power for a one-way shot in secret from this world. Will there be one? After all this time?"

Prince Samuel drew himself up haughtily.

"I am the Prince of Wales, heir to the Kingdom of England. Of course I have not been forgotten! Even if there is not a Gate permanently in Receive mode, waiting for my signal, then I'm sure there will be on certain significant days. My Birthday. The day I was stranded here, and the like."

He stood.

"I will of course tell you anything else I remember. Until dinner, ladies. Oh, and Gemma, please have the courtesy to dress properly, or don't come at all."

There was little more for Kathy Jane or Gemma to do until the theory types decided what the hardware should look like, and they got their hands on it, so they left Shabnam, Sam, Sydney and Maria to argue the theory.

All five of the still unbroken researchers attended dinner that evening, in the lingerie, heels and restraints their captor had chosen for them. Gemma, perhaps realising defiance wasn't producing any positive result, was for the first time properly dressed, and Shabnam, shaken out of her sulk by hunger and the fascinating prospect of building a Gate between possible alternative realities had even allowed herself to be hosed down in the deliberately humiliating shower room, after washing in front of one of the Prince's men. Her dark skin set off her white satin lingerie to perfection, Kathy Jane herself looking rather splendid in black. Sam was again in the purple the Prince obviously thought suited her, Gemma looking cool in peach with Sydney looking quite lovely in a cream basque with matching stockings and suspenders.

Maria was allowed the same food as her fellows, but she ate out of a dog bowl on the floor, on her knees, naked, at her master's side. Keeping her on all fours, as well as the now familiar short lengths of chain securing her new nipple-rings to steel wrist-cuffs, a longer chain connecting a new ring set through her nose, hung under her body and was connected to her ankle cuffs. The new chain was too short to allow her to stand!

Half glimpsed through the double doors to the lounge when one of the Prince's men entered, one of his amazingly top-heavy blonde maids was standing secured in the centre of the room, naked, arms and legs chained wide, with her wrists secured to two hanging chains. The Prince caught Kathy Jane's glance.

"I've arranged a little after dinner entertainment. I do hope you'll all join me?"

Summer was their serving girl that evening, so the half seen blonde had to be the English slave, Hayley. Kathy Jane's heart pounded faster as she wondered what he was going to do with the top-heavy slave. She wasn't surprised when all her fellows chose to accept their captor's after dinner invitation of entertainment in the lounge.

The food was again superb, even if it had to be eaten wearing handcuffs and with her collar padlocked to the back of her tall chair. When everyone was sated, they drifted as a pack, clinging together for safety behind the prince, into the lounge. Kathy Jane felt faintly delicious fear, and shame, because she knew she was looking forward to seeing the English blonde, punished, humiliated; fucked! Hayley, naked and on display in her restraints, in the centre of the room and impossible to miss, was ignored by the prince for the moment. Kathy Jane felt herself relax as he topped up wine glasses with his own hand. She wasn't on the menu herself, yet!

As Hayley had told her in the shower room, the prince wanted to string out the unwrapping of his human Christmas presents for as long as possible. But that wasn't the full story! The man was lonely, she realised! His men were loyal, and would be suitably rewarded with wealth and commissions if he ever got home, but they were still subordinates. A slave could never be treated as an equal; and he was an alien alone on a planet where every personal contact risked him ending up strapped to a steel dissecting-table in a secret whitewashed room.

His remaining five captives, until they were broken in, were real people to him. The only people he could talk to, about his own life and world, without risk!

Offered a game of chess, Shabnam quickly slaughtered the prince, which they both seemed to enjoy. The ice broken, Sam, clearly very frisky after a day spent on a dildo, flirted shamelessly with their captor. Sydney was clearly green eyed with venomous envy, but smart enough not to try and compete now that she'd got her bid in. The prince, enjoying the by-play, went on to tell them he'd discovered a wonderful game on his travels called poker - No limit, Texas Hold'em - and did any of them play?

Kathy Jane did, as did Gemma, the rest were willing to learn.

"But what do we play for?" Kathy Jane asked. "Chip poker doesn't have the edge of a cash game, even if it's only a cent a point."

For the first time she felt she had the prince's full attention, the man's eyes on her collar, lingering on her breasts, body and then trailing down her legs. Her hair was mousy brown, and tended to hang limply, lank, even just after a wash, while her face was ordinary. Not ugly, just forgettable, the girl next door. Unless

she dressed like a slut, with another girl she always got the second glance from the boys, not the first.

She knew she had a good body though, fit and lean, with breasts a little too full for her frame. On a beach, in a swimsuit, then she sometimes got the first look. She'd only ever been called beautiful by a boyfriend, and then when wearing a blindfold. She suspected the prince could imagine her only too well in a hood, She'd also always suspected she'd be more attractive bound and naked than in everyday clothing.

"You're so very right," he nodded approvingly. "We'll have to write up some I.O.U's. Say for starters, six strokes of the cane, a hundred dollars? A blow job, two fifty? A boob enlargement injection, perhaps two thousand, and the like? I'm sure we can think up a few more."

"And if we win?" Gemma asked.

"Freedom?" the prince asked, then nodded. "Say, five thousand? The winner will not be obedience trained, and will be allowed to remain behind when I take the rest through the Gate, but I'll still expect her to work on building the Gate. Fair?"

"Fair!" Kathy Jane agreed, before Gemma could speak. "Provided the others get a couple of dummy games to learn the rules first. Chips only, the first week. Then cash?"

"Yes," he agreed happily. "That's fair. Now then, who would like to see my little pet, Hayley, punished? She's been a very naughty girl."

The prince stood, and stroked a buttock, squeezing and kneading the firm hemisphere a moment. He patted the helpless girl on the belly and then tugged her nipples out a little harder with a faint smile. Bizarre as it seemed, Kathy Jane had almost forgotten the naked slave was there. She wasn't too surprised when none of her fellows chose an early night instead of staying up to enjoy the entertainment.

The naked blonde, her mouth full of a huge pink ball-gag, standing spread-eagled in her chains, cuffs tight around wrists and ankles, watched her audience placidly. The former biochemist's much enlarged tits, set with heavy steel nipple-rings, rose and fell noticeably faster with each breath after she was handled.

Apart from a glimpse of her soap-lathered in the shower room, this was the first time that Kathy Jane had seen the English girl properly without a corset or waist-cincher of some sort. She'd clearly spent a lot of time on an exercise bike with electrodes clipped to her nipples, because her thighs and buttocks were noticeably firm on such a curvy girl, calf muscles a delicate sculpture. Letting her eyes trail over a rack of whips, canes and straps, Kathy Jane hugged herself in delight.

She was going to develop a real taste for seeing girls whipped if she didn't watch herself!

Hayley sighed in soft contentment as the Prince stroked her spine. She was almost hanging from her wrists, just her toes touching the thick carpet, body tautly spreadeagled. The strain on her wrists, arms, shoulders and already trembling inner thighs, was familiar. She'd been admired and punished like this before, but being put on display before other women, most not yet slaves themselves, was new and darkly exciting.

She groaned in soft helpless pleasure as her captor, her master, her beloved Slave Lord rubbed the beginnings of an erection up between her buttocks, reaching around each side of her body to heft and squeeze her ample breasts. Deliberately drawing attention to the big, heavy, mounds, not just teasing her, but titillating and terrifying his five as yet uncollared lab rats. Reminding them that a figure like hers was just six months in a corset, and a growth hormone injection away!

The five were all studying her naked body in open, delighted fascination, clearly excited at the prospect of the punishment to come, but Hayley was still feeling pleased with herself. She'd talked to three of them, carefully planting doubts, and they'd all have heard about her desperate masturbation by now! Even a true submissive had to take pause at the thought of being turned into a bitch on heat, unable to control herself if she wasn't kept in chains or a chastity belt.

In reality, Hayley had more control over herself than the five captive

scientists now thought. Though a lot less than she'd realised! The threat of punishment and her conditioned need to please, meant that she never actually played with herself without permission before, no matter how horny; but once she'd started she'd lost control very quickly. She had been totally unable to stop herself in the shower room!

Surely one or two of them would make a run for it!

"Beautiful, isn't she?" he asked his breathless audience. "I've been to many art galleries on your world, seen the work of artists who were never even born on my Earth, but no work of art compares to a naked slave-girl, hanging in chains, on display. What do you think?"

Hayley bit harder into her ball-gag, her nipples hard against her owner's palms.

"Some people might say her tits are a little too large," Gemma bravely criticised.

"They're not large, they're enormous!" the prince said happily, his fingers sinking deeper into Hayley's boobs. "But they'd only be too big for a free woman. A pleasure slave with huge tits is quite normal."

Hayley, almost hanging from her wrists, groaned in obedient pleasure as her enlarged breasts, the topic of conversation, were pulled up by the nipples.

"That big?" Samantha blurted out, the English blonde clearly horrified at the prince's idea of normal. At what she would have to agree to, to please him!

"No," the Prince allowed with a grin. "Hayley and Summer would be considered a little top-heavy on the average auction-block, even on my world, but I like big girls."

Hayley whimpered in soft pain as her Lord's cruel fingers twisted and squeezed her nipples harder, used to pull the full weight of her breasts up, then higher still. The crushed nubs were swollen rigid now, and with moisture between her sex-lips and a growing heat in her groin, she was starting to pant. The first drop of saliva dripped down between her lifted breasts, panting in a ball-gag inevitably making her drool.

The prince finally dropped her breasts and stroked down her body, palms resting on her hips a moment, then in across her belly, fingertips just lightly stroking each engorged pussy-lip.

"Besides, no well-trained animal would ever object to having her breasts grown larger, because a slave with huge heavy udders pleases her owner all the more," he concluded happily. "Isn't that right, Hayley?"

Hayley nodded obediently, without thought. One; in his world, if you didn't like tits, then why buy a sex-toy with big full heavy breasts? It had a certain logic to it. And two, God help her, she did want to please, and the sex was better beyond anything she'd ever imagined when her master used her boobs to tease, punish and torment her.

Of course, she'd been utterly horrified to start with. It had taken her a lot of sobbing, begging and agonising punishment to reach her current level of composure. Hayley let her gaze roam over the five unbroken lab-slaves, happily waiting to watch her punished, maliciously wondering how well each of them would take to being 'improved!'

The prince stepped away from her, selecting a whip from a collection on a wall rack, which he tucked into his belt. From a glass fronted cabinet he took a pole mounted dildo, a fat shaft mounted on a telescopic pole, three wide-spread legs forming a sturdy base. The prince let her look a moment, before pulling out on a breast and rubbing the dildo back and forth across a straining nipple.

Hayley yelped. The bloody thing looked and felt like sandpaper! She guessed someone had poured glue onto an ordinary dildo and then rolled it in fine sand, because surely you couldn't buy such a thing ready-made! Hayley was beginning to suspect she hadn't fully realised just how much her first - and last! - attempt at unauthorised masturbation had displeased her master.

He knelt and set the pole between her spread thighs, cranking the sand-coated dildo up into her body. She was wet, excited, and the dildo slid easily into her sex. No pain. A little involuntary quiver of relief ran through her, her pussy clenching around the fat invader that now deeply impaled her. The prince stood, patted her now stuffed belly, and took position behind her.

Braided leather hissed through the air, and landed with a loud thwack. Helplessly spreadeagled in her bonds, Hayley jerked forward, biting into her

ball-gag with a gasp, a blaze of pain left across both buttocks. The five captive scientists, especially the three who hadn't watched Maria being broken in, who had never seen a girl whipped for real before, were on the edge of their seats.

The second stroke, just above the first made her whimper, tears stinging her eyes, the third, a viper kiss, forcing an involuntary yelp out of her. Hayley let go and squealed in pain on the forth stroke, body bowed forward and on her toes, crying out again and again as her master lashed her. She had been punished often enough before, but until now her punishment had never been a public show. Inevitably, she decided she liked it!

The crop struck her again! Twisting and bucking as far as her chains would allow, her ass on fire now - twitching, clenched, buttocks throbbing with a blazing heat - Hayley was slow to realise her delightfully stuffed pussy was tormenting her too. The Prince lashed her again and again, occasionally pausing to stroke the criss-crossed welts he'd put across her haunches.

Gasping helplessly, saliva running down sob-quivering breasts, Hayley watched the prince come around from behind her through tear-blurred eyes. He stroked his crop between her sex-lips on either side of the dildo, wetting the leather on her juices, momentarily making her moan in pleasure as he stoked her arousal hotter. The pause gave her time to fully appreciate the way her pussy burned! Squirming back and forward and thrusting herself down onto the fat monster that filled her as she was lashed, she was going to rub herself raw if this kept up! And she couldn't help herself. He laid the crop across her belly.

Hayley wailed, half in protest, half a plea for mercy. She'd half expected the crop to be blood stained, but only her own clear juices had dripped off the fine leather. Clearly she only felt like her pussy was being rubbed raw. Juice-soaked braided leather laid a red line of pain across her belly, just above the neatly trimmed tuft of pubic hair she was still allowed. She squealed desperation behind her gag, trying to spit out her ball-gag, again thrashing uselessly in her chains. The pink ball that filled her mouth was of course buckled firmly in place.

The prince gave her a half dozen more strokes across the firm swell of her belly, before turning his attention to her breasts. Hayley thrashed, whimpered and squealed as she was tit-whipped, both overlarge globes dancing under the lash as she gasped and jerked. Forehand, backhand, all over, each stroke delivering a branding iron's touch to her burning lust-swollen breasts. She wasn't

allowed to say no, in her chains she couldn't turn away and she knew she could expect no mercy. Her pussy went into an involuntary spasm around the sandpaper dildo, then another, another as her breasts were striped again.

The Prince had whipped the heavy globes many times before, but she obviously didn't bore him yet. Through her tears she saw his erection was now standing out, forming a tent in his trousers. Hayley bit down on her ecstatic cries, letting deep sobs shake her whole body, trying to make her whimpers more pitiful, to trick her master into whipping her to orgasm.

Nearly. Nearly. Oh God, yes!

Hayley squealed in delight as a whip stroke across both breasts landed just at the right moment. She jerked, rigid in her bonds a moment, and then was bucking helplessly, squirming her hips to push down deeper onto the torture shaft that filled her sex as wave after wave of pleasure coursed through her. Stars and flashes exploded behind her glazed, tear-blind, eyes.

Panting, gasping for breath around her ball-gag, she recovered her senses to find herself still hanging limp in her chains, still tightly spreadeagled, head down. Slowly, she managed to focus on her breasts, the huge globes throbbing and pulsing with pain. Whip-stripes criss-crossed the abused melons, both gleaming shiny bright under a coat of saliva, tears and sweat. She slumped down, and the sand coated dildo was pushed in her to the hilt. Prince Samuel lifted her head with a handful of hair and wiped her nose.

What? Oh yeah! Her master liked to see a punished girl dazed, panting, exhausted and gleaming with sweat as if she'd been oiled, he enjoyed nothing better than a sobbing girl's tears dripping down quaking breasts, a gagged girl drooling down her own body, but snivelling was not considered attractive.

"Sneaky little bitch! I didn't think you were ready to come yet," he whispered in her ear. "You won't fool me again. You're going to earn the next one!"

His smile was amiable and the crop was back in his belt for the moment. Hayley knew she wasn't in any more trouble than she'd started in. The master liked a little challenge to his authority occasionally. A perfect slave-girl required no training, and Prince Samuel enjoyed obedience training pretty slave-girls almost as much as he enjoyed riding them!

"So who would like to play?" he asked, turning to his five captive scientists.

Who would like to play? Hayley repeated to herself. The turn her life had taken could still amaze her.

"Me please!"

Not surprisingly it was the buxom blonde, Samantha, who had been so obviously flirting with the Prince. That was of course, buxom by Hayley's old pre-slave standard, her breasts easily half as large again as the other girl now. The English girl stood and hesitantly stepped forward, wringing her handcuffed hands. The blonde physicist was a pretty little thing, her clinging body stocking displaying a voluptuous figure. In heels, manacles, collar and with her wrists handcuffed together in front of her, she'd probably never looked or felt more submissive in her life. And yet she was having to compete for the privilege of being the prince's next sex-toy!

"Maria! Heel!" the Prince snapped, his voice a whiplash when addressing a broken-in slave, not one of his reluctant guests.

The Spanish/American girl scuttled across the floor on all fours, ripples of flickering light from the fire particularly attractive on her brushed copper skin-tone. In the lounge's soft indirect lighting, the whip-stripes on her buttocks were still clearly visible. Maria's heavy breasts swung under her, not in a natural sway, but tugged back and forth by pierced nipples with each....step? Not quite the right word, Hayley decided. Movement, that was the word.

Even if the unfortunate girl had not been made to yank her own breasts back and forth, Hayley doubted her five former fellows would have missed the heavy chains linking pierced nipples to shiny steel wrist-cuffs or her new piercing which had appeared since their afternoon work session, the ring set through her nose and lying on her upper lip a match for the two already set through her nipples. The chain linking nose to ankle-cuffs fell in a graceful curve from Maria's upper lip, down between hanging breasts and on down to the floor at her ankles. She could kneel, sitting on her heels, or remain on all fours. Trying to stand, she would be bent double.

"Oh, by the by," the Prince told his audience. "Tonight Maria is going to experience three cocks in her at once, for the first time in her life. Would anyone like to watch?"

He was inundated with cries of "Me, me." As there were only four posts on his bed to strap a girl to, Gemma was declared the loser. Punishment for her repeated little defiances. Hayley couldn't believe how easily the kidnapped girls were being manipulated. Show a little spunk girls, she urged them in her head, or you'll be drinking it for the rest of your youth! Even Gemma, the loser, looked more disappointed than rebellious.

The Prince handed Maria a glass full of ice cubes.

"Now then my pretty," he told her, "I want you to lick Hayley's asshole. Get her nice and relaxed, then when she's distracted, shove a few of these up her tail."

Hayley instinctively clenched her buttocks together, sphincter tightening. No way! On her knees, looking up at her chosen master, her eyes tear-bright but already devoted, Maria's lip quivered. She gave the Prince a beseeching look and found no mercy. Looking to her former friends she saw only predatory excitement in their eyes. Her lower lip trembling, whip-marked haunches swaying beautifully, she crawled around behind Hayley. Hayley was used to people handling her as they wished and didn't flinch when a hand on each whip-burnt buttock pulled her cheeks apart, and a tongue probed her sphincter. She gave a little involuntary jerk, biting down a gasp of pleasure as a little spasm of pleasure earthed in her groin, but kept herself firmly clenched closed.

"Be my guest," the Prince told Samantha, waving to the whip rack, and then Hayley. "Anywhere but the face."

The English blonde examined a cat, hefted a paddle and slashed several whips through the air before selecting a long flexible lash with a flat tip. Swishing it back and forth a couple of times with an audible hiss, a smile lit her face. She took a firm stance, and swung. Hayley squealed in distress as a blaze of pain licked across her stomach. With her hands cuffed together in front of her, left hand gripping right wrist, the pretty blonde couldn't really manage a wide swing; but she could give a long whip a vicious flick!

Flushed, biting her lip, clearly excited, Samantha flicked her long lash this way and that. The lash left lines across Hayley's belly, licked around her trembling, stretched taut thighs, leaving burning red stripes remaining long after the first acid sting faded away. Behind her, Maria's head and hands were in the

way of a stroke to her backside, and perhaps as another woman, conscious of just how much it would hurt, Sam couldn't bring herself to take that final step and further lash Hayley's already whip-marked breasts.

Her sandpapered pussy throbbed with pain.

"Excellent," Prince Samuel declared. "Hold off a moment.

Trembling, hanging in her bonds now, not standing; and gasping and drooling around her ball-gag all the more, Hayley watched her master kneel and lower the awful dildo out of her with unalloyed relief. Her punishment had not been quite as bad as she thought it would be, after all.

Prince Samuel took a half lemon, and twisted it onto the top of the sandpaper dildo, screwing the bright yellow fruit back and forth. Lemon juice ran all down the fat shaft, a sharp citrus tang suddenly in the air. He repeated the process with the other half of the lemon, mounted the dildo on its pole again, and cranked the lemon-juice soaked shaft up into her sex again. Penetrated right to the hilt, hanging in her chains, Hayley wailed helplessly, no longer pleading or protesting, just an anguished cry of animal hurt. It felt like a bundle of stinging nettles, compacted into a solid rod, had been rammed up her pussy!

Samantha flicked her lash around a thigh again, two of the other girls were persuaded to try out horse-hair whisks on her large breasts, and in the distraction, Maria had managed to get at least three or four ice-cubes up her rear passage. A spreading core of cold fought her stinging pussy in a contest of discomfort. The ice-cubes shifted inside her as she jerked and twitched, dancing under the lashes of three tormentors, and insanely, unbelievably, as she deliberately thrust herself onto the dildo torturing her, hips grinding back and forth!

Sobbing helplessly, blinded by tears, squeaking in anguished gasps around the ball-gag she was biting into so hard, Hayley finally achieved the only escape a slave-girl was permitted. Pleasure swept her away, orgasm after orgasm, each one rolling into the next.

CHAPTER 7

Early morning, the sun was just a brighter part of a grey sky, but as a milkman Old Philip had seen a lot of dawns. He knew once the haze burnt off it was going to be a warm, fine day in the English capital. There would be a lot of naked flesh on display on the city's streets to tempt and distract the unwary working man. The last two weeks in Londinium had seen a bit of a cold snap, with unpredictable unseasonable blustery showers, and sex-slaves had needed the protection of sprayed-on figure-hugging latex catsuits or the more traditional sheer mesh body stockings. Still tempting and leaving little to the imagination, but somehow a little easier to pretend to ignore than total bound nudity.

Old Philip signalled and then looked around carefully before pulling his milk van in beside the kerb outside the three storey government building. Delivery vehicles were allowed to cross the nobles-only lane where necessary, but if any aristocrat complained about his driving, the rights and wrongs of it wouldn't matter much to the judge. The working class were expected to know their place.

Technology might advance, but the social order never changed. The ancient Roman model of nobles, soldiers, serfs and slaves was stable and enduring, and had now mostly spread to the entire civilised world. And just lately, with a beautiful granddaughter who had just turned eighteen and who might have to serve his sentence for him if he was convicted of a traffic offence, Old Philip was more than ever aware of his station in life.

Normally he was expected to deliver to the rear service entrance, but some renovation or construction work to the building had unexpectedly put him in this exposed position. The black uniformed Royal trooper on the arched front entrance to the government building's central courtyard gave him a condescending nod of recognition as the electric van whined to a stop. The Ministry of Offworld Affairs, whatever that was, usually took a full crate of milk each day.

"Just leave it outside the second door on the left," the guard ordered.

A very familiar sound, soft rhythmic female gasping, louder pained squeaks accompanying the stinging crack of leather on flesh - the slap slap of running slippers on tarmac - made him freeze in place, a milk crate on his shoulder. A single pony-girl in elaborate harness and plumed bridle, pulling an expensive looking pony-trap, pranced into view through the arched courtyard entrance; the slight lady driving the girl, elegant and coldly aloof in formal dress, holding whip and reins. With the effortless ease of long practice, the petite, haughty-looking aristocrat controlled her sweat-gleaming human mount with reins running through the rings on the ends of the lovely pony-girl's bit, clipped to nipple-rings, and inevitably, with a long, flexible carriage-whip!

Secured between the twin shafts of the little two-wheeled carriage she pulled, the naked pony-slave was a gorgeous young brunette, tall, powerfully built, with wonderfully big heavy tits and a dramatic eighteen inch girth that looked especially cruel on such a big girl. Her blinkers framed wide baby blue eyes, perfect teeth biting down hard on the rubber-coated bit buckled tight into her mouth. And her crotch-strap, inevitably holding a fat dildo in place - forced arousal recommended by all the best training manuals as the best way to keep a spirited young animal docile and mindlessly obedient - dug nicely into the swell of the statuesque brunette's belly.

A young animal, eighteen, maybe nineteen, the hard-worked sex-toy still had her puppy-fat, a lovely ripple running across her haunches when braided leather licked across her buttocks, her comfortably seated driver giving her plenty of whip! Leather harness straps dug deep into flawless golden skin. The delicious pony-girl was helplessly drooling down her spectacular tits, gasping and slavering around her bit, naked skin gleaming as if she'd been oiled. The Ministry of Offworld Affairs was clearly just a stop on the way, not the start of her journey.

The blue-eyed slave was obviously a powerful beast and her driver light, but it was still unusual to see a single pony-girl on the city's streets. Pony-boys, yes, but pony-girls were usually worked in pairs or four-teams. That was unless the owner was too poor to afford a team, or, as was more probably the case here Old Philip thought, the aristocrat simply, cruelly, wanted to work her property just that bit harder; to the limit and then beyond! The gasping sex-toy's stride was fluid, poetry in motion, and despite the tight straps that bound and supported them, her huge tits bounced and quivered beautifully as she trotted.

Caught by surprise, and despite the risk to his granddaughter and the fact his own beloved wife had once been used and enjoyed as a carriage pony herself - sentenced to four years' service at the age of twenty two for short-changing a noble lord when she'd been a sales assistant in a book shop - Old Philip found himself entranced, his cock stirring as it hadn't done in many a month.

But then the secret, never to be spoken, truth was that while he feared for his children and grandchildren, when he was a young man he'd actually been secretly delighted when his fiancée had been arrested. Basking in the quiet, always discreet, but very real envy of his male friends, he'd always loved being married to an ex-slave; a woman who never said no to sex, who would placidly perform absolutely any sex-act he wished on demand and who had no objection to bending over and taking a few cane strokes when she annoyed him.

It had been close though! Much too close! Just two weeks before the wedding, if they'd been married when she'd been convicted, then he'd have had to have shared his wife's four-year sentence. The lords and ladies respected the sanctity of marriage, and would never dream of splitting up a married couple.

As the guard on the entrance snapped to attention, Old Philip suddenly remembered himself and fearfully ducked his head, dutifully tugging his forelock. Fortunately the slight lady driving the top-heavy brunette either didn't notice or didn't mind him admiring her lush young property.

"Oh Isobell; wait up!" an unseen lady called.

The aristocrat looked back and then pulled her sexual plaything to a halt with a sharp tug on both reins, both her mount's big breasts lifted; ringed nipples stretched up with a soft wail of pain. There were small silver padlocks on the naked girl's harness, crotch-strap, bridle-collar and wrist-straps. She'd been pulled to a stop right in front of him! Old Philip, eyes lowered, now didn't dare look away for fear of giving offence!

Large strap-squeezed tits rose and fell rapidly, the slave-girl's stomach visibly swelling over and under her breathlessly tight girth with each heaving breath. Her eyes glazed with lust, the stunning sexual plaything had obediently frozen into place, head up proudly and ankles neatly together, now loose reins swaying gently back and forth from the thick steel rings set through her nipples as she panted. Angry scarlet lines - whip strokes that had strayed from the pony-girl's

buttocks - curled around her firm hips.

She was clearly a well-trained animal; but he'd been right about the dildo! Making tiny, gentle, almost unnoticed movements, the harnessed and bridled girl was minutely twisting her hips back and forth, stomach muscles rhythmically contracting as she pulled back and forth on her crotch-strap. Squirming on the fat shaft that impaled her! Trembling, her juices running down her inner thighs; the dildo strapped deep inside the sweat-gleaming pony-slave was clearly driving her to distraction. He was even close enough to see the pet's nametag hanging from her earlobe like a real girl's earring, which announced that she'd been re-named and trained to answer to Glory.

"We've got a new girl starting Friday. Can I borrow Ruth to help with her luggage?"

The newcomer was dressed casually, but her clothing was too well cut, the colours too rich, for a peasant. And then again, only another noble would be on first name terms with the lady driving the brunette, who was clearly every inch an aristocrat. The new lady had a strange accent too, possibly a noble tourist.

"Sure, no problem," the lady called Isobell agreed with a little wave. "But she answers to Glory now, not Ruth. Do try and remember."

"Oh sorry," the foreign lady called out contritely.

"Goodbye Marie."

The petite aristocrat driving Glory looked to either side for traffic, and then swung her whip out in a wide arc, braided leather hissing through the air. The girl must have heard the lash because she flinched, eyes closing, just before the carriage-whip landed on her perfect rump with a viper crack. Her eyes went wide, nostrils flaring and her teeth clenched tighter into her rubber coated bit. Crying out in agonised distress, the lovely pony-girl lunged forward against the burden of her seated driver and the carriage she was forced to pull with a pain maddened squeal. In blinkers, her bridle secured to her harness so that she could not turn her head, the bound sex-toy could only look directly ahead, and had to trust that her driver was checking the road to either side. Lady Isobell steered her beautifully top-heavy young mount left with a firmly yanked nipple, and then whipped the tall powerful slave-girl into a brisk trot with vicious, repeated, back and forth lashes across her mount's frantically bouncing buttocks. Visible from

behind now, the juddering hemispheres were well criss-crossed with lash marks. The dildo-stuffed brunette's yelps and squeaks faded into the distance, blending into the everyday city noises.

Shaken, Old Philip hefted the milk crate higher onto his shoulder and entered the courtyard. That was a close one! You'd have thought after a lifetime of similar sights, just another day in the city, he'd be immune by now. Though honestly, Old Philip had to admit, he did like to see a really big-titted girl stuffed full of dildo. And while the lords and ladies were free to own the type of sex-toy that pleased them most; slender, plump, top-heavy or pert, this last season or two, just to make it harder on him, it appeared big tits were back in fashion with a vengeance. New slave-girls were being given injections to make their tits grow larger before they were even auctioned for the first time!

In the courtyard, tied standing spreadeagled between two sets of upright posts, a pair of naked, gagged, slaves, a male and a female, were being washed. Instead of sober, professional, uniformed, grooms; with much giggling, larking about and accidentally-on-purpose splashing each other with a hose-pipe, a half dozen young lords and ladies were performing the task.

With three fellow aristocrats working a lather of soap into naked skin, a young lord laughed as squeezed balls made the boy-toy cry out in distress, cock flexing. Old Philip surreptitiously watched as the girl's nicely large tits were squeezed, hefted and slapped, many hands vying to twist and knead soap deep into the full, firm mounds. Both slaves appeared about twenty years old or so, and were a married couple, their wedding rings set through their noses. Reminded again how close he'd come to wearing a collar himself as a young man, a fearful shiver ran up Old Philip's spine.

With gales of laughter, forcing both helplessly bound sex-toys up onto their toes, two large dildo-shaped soap-on-ropes were simultaneously forced deep up inside each of the helpless pair's rear passages, by two of the young ladies. The slave-girl already had a pussy stuffed full of a scrubbing-brush's handle. None of the young lords and ladies even appeared to notice Old Philip, or care that he watched their display of gratuitous sexual abuse.

Hidden from view until you actually entered the large courtyard, a discreet brass plaque on the second entrance to the left labelled that half of the building as, The British Embassy. The name stirred a memory. Although the lives of his

bettors were in theory of no concern to the likes of a humble milkman; there was always gossip about the doings of the lords and ladies. Working class oral entertainment thrived on it! And rumoured to be on offer in the capital's better pet-shops and auction-houses, already a favourite of Royalty; was a new and fabulously expensive breed of sex-slave called a British girl.

The British slave was supposedly a bitch on heat who craved sex her every waking hour. Masochistic and devoted, she was intelligent but had no thoughts in her head except pleasing her owner and she could be screwed unconscious with a little effort. Huge tits, wide eyes, a wasp waist and a docile demeanour were apparently characteristics of the breed. British girls were in large part responsible for the new fashionableness of really top-heavy slave-girls, he'd heard. Perhaps that stunning Glory girl had been one of them?

Quite where Britain was, Old Philip didn't know, but he was all in favour of importing foreign sex-slaves if it meant the courts sentenced fewer English girls like his granddaughter to sexual service.

There were building supplies stacked up by the door, a cement mixer humming away. Two workmen carrying a King sized mattress, another assembling shiny steel cell bars into a frame, gave him knowing 'No, I haven't noticed those gorgeous sex-slaves, either' looks. The embassy seemed to be having a new cell-block and some sort of guest suite or playrooms installed.

Placing the crate beside the embassy door, he straightened with a soft sigh, hands pressed into the small of his creaking back, and found himself looking through an open window directly into the eyes of yet another top-heavy, naked, bound and quite lovely slave-girl!

The delicious blonde, in her mid to late twenties, was seated at a desk, writing. Her left hand was pulled up high behind her back, wrist cuff probably secured to the back of her collar, her right wrist-cuff secured to her right nipple-ring with a short length of chain. A large orange ball-gag had been buckled into the blonde's mouth, straps tight across her cheeks and buckled snug under her chin. Inevitably the obstruction was making her drool, saliva dripping down her weighty tits. The firm and delightfully over-large globes swayed enticingly as her pen flitted across the note-pad. He didn't think he'd ever seen bigger tits. A British girl for sure!

Pausing, she looked up a moment, pen tapping, meeting Old Philip's eyes. The bound and gagged woman's eyes were dazed and she looked absently through him, clearly obedience-trained long past the point where she found people admiring her voluptuous servitude unusual. Tugging on the nipple her pen hand was chained to, she ducked her head and continued writing.

MONDAY 14th. I was woken this morning with the usual electric shock to my breasts, delivered through electrodes clipped to my nipple-rings. My anguished cry of pain as my nipples are seared with a bolt of agony that leaves both breasts throbbing, is my master and legal owner, the British Ambassador's, alarm-clock. An instant and brutal reminder I am no longer on the planet of my birth.

Things are done differently on this planet, this terrible, confusing, wonderful, Slaveworld.

When not chained to someone's bed, I usually sleep hog-tied, face down, on a padded bench at the foot of my new owner's bed; held in place with taut chains padlocked to the rings set through my clitoris and tongue, my boobs squashed under me and with a rope woven into my hair to hold my head up. Far from fostering sympathy, my morning squeal of pain clearly amuses and occasionally arouses the ambassador. Sometimes he flips me onto my back, straddles my head, and tit-fucks me there and then, still tongue and clit chained!

I would never have imagined I could ever be trained to enjoy licking semen off my own breasts, much less sleep soundly while tightly and cruelly hog-tied. But I'm now so supple I can be - and have been - fucked, with my ankles tied behind my neck. At the clinic, I was immersed drugged in a tank of medicinal fluid for what seemed like days, and then every muscle, joint and ligament in my body was flexed, twisted and stretched. Now my elbows will touch together easily behind my back, I can perform a full splits and I can wear a ball-gag without jaw-ache practically all day.

Sleeping hog-tied would be even easier without constant sexual frustration, half-waking dreams of bound slave-sex as I try to doze off! Surgically implanted

with a powerful aphrodisiac, the drug slowly dissolving into my bloodstream, even exhausted it's hard for me to think about anything else. And as my subconscious surely realises that my sleeping body is still helplessly bound, I only ever dream of being used only for the pleasure of others. Ridden like an animal in chains and a gag, punished and humiliated as a matter of course, sex never taking place at my own instigation!

Or perhaps it's just that now I've been conditioned to crave humiliating slave-sex!

As a free woman, a journalist, I used to take sleeping pills; worries about deadlines, debts, relationships and career keeping me awake long into the night, panic attacks sometimes waking me in the early hours. It was hard for me here at first, but now, despite unsated lust and dreams of sexual torment, even forced to sleep tightly hog-tied, chained down with my tongue and clit and with my boobs squashed under me, I usually sleep like a baby.

Seated at her desk naked, cruelly bound, Joanne paused in thought, poised. Her owner expected her to describe her own sexual abuse, not only accurately, but in the minutest detail. It was his price for letting her write her story - a Slaveworld sex-slave's story - totally uncensored. To begin with every word, every letter, every last full stop, was shaming almost beyond endurance, but after repeated punishments, she'd learnt to be explicit enough to please her keeper. Sometimes she'd almost managed to convince herself she'd won a concession; knowing that every single word she wrote was the unvarnished truth. That one day people might know what had happened to her here.

The Ambassador himself seemed to have lost interest a little lately, but she had an embassy full of loyal readers. Joanne had decided she was determined not to let the fact that the mostly young embassy staff considered her diary/journal amusing pornography, in which they were the stars, stop her writing. The truth was important. A journalist to the core, while she had always felt free to put her own feminist spin on a particular story, the facts had always been sacrosanct to her. The truth always, if not always quite the whole truth!

And without doubt, she had the story of a lifetime here! Surely any reporter worth her salt would give her eyeteeth for a chance to swap places?

Joanne made a forlorn little sound behind her ball-gag, half despairing sob, half a snort of bitter laughter. Trying to imagine any of her past female acquaintances and colleagues, voluntarily swapping places with her here and now! The treacherous thought that Kelly, her busty little magazine editor friend would make a nice pony-girl, occurred to her, and not for the first time.

Thinking clearly was hard for an aphrodisiac-treated British slave, lust sinking its claws into her consciousness. Naked astride a bench, the gently throbbing vibrator she was sat on penetrated delightfully deep. Sharp-jawed spring-loaded metal clamps on chains, out of reach of her chained hands, were painfully clamped to her sex-lips to either side of the fat invader to hold her down on the shaft; and the painful bite of metal teeth added to her helpless arousal. A fat butt-plug made the pulsing invader an even tighter fit, her anus throbbing painfully.

Joanne had always taken pride in her copy, the stories she wrote as much a part of who she was as the exposés. Now vibrator-impaled, ass-plugged, with one arm pulled up high behind her back and her writing hand chained to a nipple-ring, she was the story! And if she was to be anything other than an older man's sexual toy, if her beautiful prince didn't buy her as promised when he turned eighteen, then telling the Slaveworld story was more important than ever. Without her journal or an owner who loved her, she was just another gorgeous, blonde, big breasted, torture toy. She had to get down everything.

Breasts lust swollen, nipples aching hard, a shiver ran up her spine! Joanne wailed in soft despair behind the large orange ball tightly strapped into her mouth as internal muscles involuntarily clenched around the vibrating dildo inside her. Unable to help herself she threw back her head, crying out in ecstasy as she was made to come yet again. She'd never experienced orgasm until she'd been enslaved: and now she was forced to come uncounted times, daily, simply as part of her obedience training. To make her more docile and eager to please. To further break her in!

The old man delivering milk was gone from the window when she recovered herself, but clearly visible in the sunwashed courtyard she could see a half dozen of the embassy's younger staff members amusing themselves with the ambassador's other two sex-slaves, a married local couple called Amanda and Jacob. Alternatively, inside the room, she could watch herself on a large-projection 3V, performing the task for which she now existed. Sat astride her

master, head encased in a tight hood, wrists cuffed to ankles, enthusiastically thrusting herself onto his cock in time with another naked slave-girl - the same Amanda being washed outside - swinging a whip across her buttocks. Many of her sexual exploits were recorded. Her legal owner the ambassador was building up quite a collection.

Impassively watching herself bucking on her master's cock for a moment, Joanne decided that the breathlessly tight waspie corset made her ass look big, and returned to her writing. She no longer felt the slightest shame watching herself used for the sexual gratification of others. The latex hood broken only by nostril holes, with the same fat plug in her now pushed deep up her ass then, weights tied to her nipples and with a strap buckled tight around each big breast, Joanne didn't even remember when this particular recording had been made.

It was just another day for a slave-girl. The only bit of the recording that actually brought a little colour to her cheeks was the knowledge that the nametag hanging at her throat announced to the world she had now been renamed and trained to answer to Sheila. And of course, those humiliating, shamefully huge tits took a bit of getting used to! Joanne flipped over to a clean page to jot down a note.

I fear that all future British slave-girls have now been condemned to endure their service with obscenely large breasts! It's even partly my fault.

Big breasts and a wasp-waist were already almost universally accepted as characteristics of the breed when I arrived. The trend started when owners and trainers discovered that kidnapped British girls experienced crushing humiliation when injected with the Slaveworld's breast growth hormone. Unlike local girls, who were used to the idea, finding her breasts growing bigger and heavier by the day broke a British girl's spirit almost as quickly as whips, chains and being forced to enjoy degrading sex.

Top-heavy British slaves like Lady Isobell's Glory/Ruth, and me, sweeping the board at national Pet Shows did not help. And the final nail in the coffin was Precious, formerly Jenny, one of the first British slaves through the Gate to attract public notice. The property of Her Most Royal Majesty, Queen Victoria II, and What Slave magazines, Pet Of The Year, twice running, the former British

student is now a dairy slave with enormous breasts; and valued - for insurance purposes only, not for sale - at 500,000 Crowns.

Yesterday, several representatives from the Kennel club came to inspect me and interview my owner, the ambassador. They were canvassing the opinions of all owners of British girls, deciding on the standard for the new, soon to be recognised, breed. The ambassador lobbied hard for huge breasts, a seventeen inch waist for smaller girls, eighteen inches if taller than five foot six, tweaked vocal cords for a husky voice, and throat surgery for any girl who could not be trained to relax her throat muscles and suppress her gag reflex sufficiently well to swallow a cock; as standard. He was assured many owners had similar views.

Joanne flipped over pages, finding her original place. She'd found she wasn't so much writing a single diary or journal, but was forced to write several at once; which she was trying and failing to edit together in some sort of whole. The problem was the way she was made to write. Today was easy. The pen was in her hand! Sometimes she was allowed to type, which went much faster. But sometimes she was expected to write holding a pen between her teeth, hands bound, or type on a word-processor with her tongue. She was still only on her second page of her account of her first orgy, having to laboriously tap out letter by letter, bent forward from the waist with a swinging weight tied to her nipples.

Gently panting, sweat gleaming on her naked body, Joanne made herself resume writing, describing what was on the 3V. The actual event was still a haze of lust, pain and shame, but watching stirred enough memories for an accurate description. Excitement building, Joanne's pen skittered across the page!

After being washed, groomed and exercised, as always naked in chains like the pair now outside in the courtyard - treated more like an expensive thoroughbred horse would be in the real world than a person - the ambassador had decided to give her a quick ride before his first meeting of that day. Even the Slaveworld terms used here made her less than a person, a slave-girl often referred to as the user's mount; and sex with her, described as riding her!

Remembering her wrists handcuffed to ankles, drooling and gasping around the hood's cock-gag, her wrist-chain tugging on her pierced nipple as her pen darted back and forth across the page, Joanne forced herself to describe how

she'd been made to come and come again, sat astride a man from her own world, who here, legally and somehow without a trace of shame or remorse, now owned her.

The ambassador liked her to describe sex with him in the first person and as if she was writing when it was happening.

Blind under the tight latex hood and fitted with ear-plugs, I can hear nothing but the pounding of my own heart, my gasps for breath and my yelps of pain, my mouth stretched wide open by the built-in cock-gag. My bound breasts are so swollen and sensitive that a tongue feels like wire wool, and the weights tied to my nipples swing this way and that, giving the crushed nubs repeated painful yanks as I buck and twist on the cock that impales me. A dull ache up my back passage reminds me a fat butt-plug has been forced deep into me; as recommended in page twenty seven of the slave-owner's manual the ambassador keeps on his desk. I have been trained to thrust myself onto my master's cock in time with the strokes of a crop licking across my buttocks. The slave-girl whipping me, a pretty twenty year old local girl called Amanda, on loan to the ambassador, knows he likes me better than her, and she puts real bite into her strokes.

I come several times, orgasm an explosion of sensation with sight and sound denied to me.

Finally my master comes himself, arching up off the bed with a soft grunt. Sweat-gleaming, drooling down pant-heaving slave-sized breasts and my ass on fire, dazed with pleasure but desperate for more, I wait obediently motionless astride my owner, his cock softening inside me. Waiting to see if, like a clockwork toy I will be wound up again to be enjoyed further, or put back in my box to be used another day. Amanda strokes her crop back and forth across my behind, eager to be allowed to whip me further.

"Oh...Good girl," my lord and master finally sighs. This time I don't hear the words, but he always says the same.

I'm twenty seven years old, a mature woman, but here a female slave is always referred to as a girl. Even by teenage princes!

The ambassador's shuddering breathing slows. In the sweaty dark of the tight, latex hood, still with a mouthful of cock-gag and almost completely deaf, tears and sweat plaster the hood to my face. I wait! Finally I feel him shift under me, reaching up to heft my aching, bound, throbbing, slap-tender and wonderfully lust-swollen, breasts.

Foolishly, I still sometimes want to protest whenever I'm reminded that he had my boobs grown so much bigger and heavier for his own pleasure, reminded again that I was injected with their growth hormone without my consent! I bite harder into my gag as he rubs his thumbs over crushed nipples, the weights tied on tight. The ample weight of flesh he handles is squeezed shiny-taut, my bound flesh settling into his palms as he shifts his grip.

Amanda pulls off my hood, and in moments - I'm still blinking in the light - she has buckled a muzzle over my mouth. The ambassador still hefting and stroking my strap-bound breasts orders her to remove the ear-plugs and then take up her whip again. Already tight, the thin leather straps buckled around the base of each squeezed breast are cutting into me painfully deep now. Lust makes the heavy mounds swell bigger!

"I wonder if you'd be a better fuck with even bigger tits?" he muses. "You'd enjoy being a dairy slave, wouldn't you?"

Even knowing I will be punished, I wail in helpless, horrified, terrified protest behind the obstruction buckled tight across my mouth. Please not bigger! The ambassador's body quakes under me as he chuckles. And as humiliated, helpless, almost silent sobs rack my body, the ambassador's cock still inside me stirs anew, and I know I will be ridden again.

"Please God, not bigger!" she whispered to herself behind her gag, but it was an old reflex prayer. While she still harboured a kernel of anger towards a man from her own world who could do this to a woman from his own society, truthfully, although she'd been horrified at the time of filming, more and more, she found she no longer minded being so dramatically improved. Prince James clearly loved enormous, melon-heavy tits on his bound and gagged ride, and if that brought him back.

She worried far more that, in retrospect, the teenager had found her in some

way unsatisfactory that night in the hot tub. The possibility was a cold gnawing ache in her stomach, while to her continuing surprise she had found that she still felt not the slightest resentment towards the boy for his enthusiastic and cruel use of her that night. A product of his culture, she considered him entirely blameless. He'd only done what any sex-obsessed teenager on this world would do, if he got his hands on a submissive, masochistic, slave-girl; an obedience-trained sex-slave who, quite legally, existed only to please. In the same way, she understood the necessity of her being helplessly bound during sex, and recognised that her own humiliation, pain and her young prince's total control over a docile adult, added to his pleasure.

Her own attraction was harder to explain, but she felt warm and fuzzy just thinking about him, almost panicked at the thought of losing him. She found herself resenting the nights she had to spend sleeping hog-tied at the foot of the ambassador's bed, depriving her prince of the chance to bribe her grooms for access to her. Was this love? She didn't know. She'd never really been in love before. Wisely, she had decided to leave the young prince and her feelings for him out of her journal for the present, in case she was ridiculed, or worse, the teenager's next illegal visit was stopped.

Joanne looked around guiltily, put down her pen, and surreptitiously hefted her own left breast. She knew she would be punished if she was caught touching herself. The full globe spilled out of her small hand, spilling between splayed fingers. Warm velvet, surprisingly firm and unbelievably heavy, tipped with a swollen nipple, aching hard and set through with steel. Unfortunately she could imagine her already over-large breasts heavy with milk and swollen even bigger, only too well. She's sobbed at the time of filming when the ambassador suggested making her boobs bigger, but now she found herself wondering if the beautiful young Prince James would like to own a dairy slave?

No! a half smothered voice from her past called out, outraged that even in her fantasies she might want to be a teenager's sexual pet. For two weeks she'd firmly suppressed the desire, the very idea, but now the genie was out of its bottle! The thought had been thought. Sheila swallowed a humiliated sob, a tear pooling against one of the ball-gag's straps tight across her cheeks as she vainly tried to call back the person she'd been. Tried to remember when she'd despised sexual submissives. On the verge of another orgasm, she picked up her pen with shaky fingers.

As an added humiliation, the ambassador had let slip that he'd entered her into a local day school, to further improve her oral skills. Joanne had thought she was getting rather good at oral sex. She'd actually become quite proud of her expertise at an act she'd called disgusting as a free woman, one she'd always considered an act of female submission and sworn she'd never even contemplate doing. She was more than a little offended that the ambassador still thought she needed to attend a cock-sucking class after all the come she'd swallowed.

Twelve cane strokes to the ass for pouting!

Shudders again racked Joanne's body, her hips bucking, the buzzing shaft that impaled her impossible to resist any longer! The former journalist shrieked ecstasy around her ball-gag as she was forced to come again, rigid on her bench, back arched. Pleasure became a wail of pain! She had automatically pushed down with her feet as orgasm hit, trying to stand, to rise up off the bench, and the sharp-jawed pussy-clamps holding her down on the throbbing shaft had bit deeper.

Someone reached around her body from behind and gave one of her breasts a friendly squeeze, the lust-swollen globe spilling out of a small female hand. It was Annette, looking over her shoulder at what she'd written. Joanne quivered, frozen in place as the girl kissed her on the shoulder, then down. Kissing down, following the line of her collar bone, trailing down her right breast. Joanne sighed as soft lips closed over a nipple, the chained nub tongued a moment. Moving on, Annette kissed her way down her stomach, Joanne gasping as if shocked, subjected to an explosion of sensation when the girl's tongue flicked across her clitoris. A fleeting touch, just above the throbbing shaft she was impaled on. Teasing her! Sharp fingernails twisting deeper into the heavy weight of her left breast added pain to her pleasure, Joanne whimpering behind her gag.

They both knew she just had to sit there, on her vibrator, in her chains, with her ass stuffed full, and take it! Annette straightened up and carelessly patted her on the head. 'Good Puppy,' the dismissive gesture said.

"Guess who won the lottery this week?" the girl whispered in her ear with a giggle, before wandering off.

The weekly lottery, a little loyalty bonus of the ambassador's, gave the staff a chance to win her, all for themselves, on Sunday afternoons. Resigned, Joanne

closed her eyes. Annette could make her cry out in pain or ecstasy at whim, but like the ambassador, she could not make Joanne love her. She would obey any command, submit to any use, and enjoy it, but without the desperation, the devotion, with which she served her young prince in her dreams. She tried to concentrate on her journal.

Officially, so as to acclimatise them to living in a slave-owning society, but really a perk of the job that they have all come to thoroughly enjoy, my grooming, feeding and exercise are now the responsibility of the younger members of the embassy staff. The girls especially, while not quite so sex-mad as the lads, seem to particularly enjoy punishing and humiliating me, in having total and complete control over a helpless woman! Anette was shy, and horrified by what she saw when she first arrived, but I know that next Sunday, bound, gagged, naked and helpless, I will be thoroughly and mercilessly fucked, and then subjected to a long afternoon's degrading, humiliating, sexual torture. Total power not only corrupts, it's an irresistible aphrodisiac!

After five miles on an exercise bike with electrodes clipped to the rings set through nipples and labia to make sure I keep up, then with much teasing, taunts, and groping - gagged of course - I was washed and shampooed. A nice day, so I was worked on in the open this morning, tied in a tautly spread X between two wooden posts in the courtyard.

Breakfast as usual was eaten out of a dog-bowl, on my knees with my hands secured behind my back. A type of slime-mould - nourishing but quite revolting - the sour-smelling, off-white, salty, slime that is fed to most sex-slaves has been genetically modified to deliberately look and taste like semen. I no longer have to be force-fed, but sometimes I still need a few whip strokes to force myself to lick my bowl completely clean. I've put on weight, my hair is as glossy as any model in a shampoo advert and my complexion has never been better.

Naked and gagged, sitting on her vibrating dildo, chained down onto the shaft with clamped sex-lips, her pen-hand's wrist-cuff chained to a nipple-ring and with her free hand pulled high behind her back, Joanne paused in thought again. She cocked her head, listening to the whine of a power saw, the constant

hammering almost unnoticed in the background now. The new cell-blocks, with adjoining exercise, tack and shower rooms were almost finished, as were the new guest suites. Next week, the new slaves would be transferred in, stripping Ms Carson's collection. Joanne was looking forward to some company in her abuse and humiliations.

Spending much of her time kneeling in chains at the ambassador's feet, often under his desk with a cock in her mouth, or curled up in her dog-basket behind his desk, Joanne probably knew more about the embassy, its workings and Britain's policies than anyone else except her master. The ambassador seemed not to care what she overheard, but it just didn't seem to occur to his visitors and mostly young staff that a naked woman in chains might still be listening and taking in every word.

The ambassador only wanted her to describe the slave-sex, but the running of the embassy, the actions of the staff, were part of her story. Joanne nodded her head, and resumed writing.

Civil war has now broken out in Britain's contact program. The prize, eventual control of access to the Slaveworld. On one side, the ambassador, and his staff! On the other, Ms Carson, and the Gate crew and intelligence people.

Ms Carson is clearly down, but not out, her influence over the embassy greatly reduced now that security is being relaxed, and the staff are living out. On her own territory the Gate technicians have been cut back to a skeleton crew with no real influence, the scientists gone, and the remaining spooks who should be her allies, mostly despise her. Too many of their number are naked and for sale in pet shop windows, for which they at least in part, blame her. When the Slaveworld's intelligence service rolled up most of British Intelligence's network, the captured spies were spared the traditional reward of execution, and instead auctioned off as sexual toys.

The ambassador has established excellent links with the English Kingdom's Royalty and establishment. He is setting policy, and will be allowed to continue as long as he continues to produce results; advanced medicines and advanced technology. If his plan to allow British girls leave to appeal against their sentences gets the Slaveworld judiciary out of the hole they've dug themselves,

while not actually setting free any slaves, they'll be even more grateful. The aristocrats, convinced of the superiority of noble bloodlines over peasant stock, do genuinely think that their justice system is fair and reasonable! The scandal over the way British slaves were collared is one they want quickly and quietly resolved.

The ambassador has convinced himself that almost all British girls will choose to remain slaves. I can't believe they will. I worry that they won't.

The only other thing these people want from us is more wonderful British slaves. The ambassador's solution is to screen for sexual submissives back on Earth - they have 99% accurate psychological profiles here - and offer them make-work jobs or enrol them locally as exchange students. The girls will be told they are cultural ambassadors, that their purpose here is to show the lords and ladies that we are just like them under the skin, that people from our two worlds can be friends and get along.

Without formal diplomatic immunity, any crime will see the foreign workers, naked in chains, on the auction block, the ambassador's plan all along. He expects the selected submissives to be so seduced by the Slaveworld that they will find a way to put themselves in chains, even if not quite consciously.

A tear escaped, trickling down a cheek, splashing down onto a breast, hanging from a nipple a moment before dripping onto the page on which she wrote. Joanne swallowed a sob. Helpless in her bonds, hips squirming, she could feel the fat vibrator she was pussy-chained down onto, forcing her relentlessly towards another orgasm. Abject humiliation for the feminist she'd once been of course, and she was expected to record her feelings and thoughts too. The ultimate humiliation was how hot, wet and horny she was, not just because of the buzzing shaft that impaled her and daydreams about her prince. Her own writing; describing her experiences, was a turn on too! Not wishing to dwell on her shame, Joanne hurriedly blotted at tear stains, returned to her place and resumed writing.

If my former boyfriends, all three of them, who one after the other, so hurtfully labelled me frigid during the inevitable break up, could see me now!

Kneeling under the ambassador's desk, licking and sucking his cock with my wrists handcuffed behind my back, gives me as well as him far more satisfaction, than those passionless sterile sexual encounters ever did. Now, I realise I wanted the relationship, not the sex. I was in love with being in love!

I also realise, far too late, that I despised and pushed most men away not because I was a feminist, but because sub-consciously I feared the power of any strong individual to enslave me. Knowing, though not admitting to myself, even then, my secret nature. Naively, I thought I'd be safe in the company of women.

Silly girl!

All my adult life I've vehemently maintained a woman could do anything any man could, and unfortunately it's true. Here, in this reality, where degenerate aristocrats are free to indulge their every whim, I'm used, enjoyed and sexually abused by both sexes with equal enthusiasm. Noble men can own boy-toys, and aristocratic ladies are just as likely to buy a slave-girl at auction as a slave-boy.

Can I ever be happy here?

More and more I find watching slave-girls being put through their paces an absolute, if guilty, delight; my own servitude harder to accept until recently. The grooms are delighted to see me finally broken in - I prefer to think I surrendered - though the ambassador does not seem to have noticed that I am now increasingly a happy and contented slave. He told me once he knew I held back a little of myself with him, but he was confident that given time, he could fuck me out of the habit.

I do sometimes worry now that I might never be a perfect slave, where I used to just worry about being one. I have only one place in this stratified society, will not be allowed any role but that of sexual plaything, but fear I will never be as blissfully contented as slaves like Glory and Precious. If I am ever to find a place here, it will not be at the ambassador's feet.

Perhaps, simply, I have the wrong owner. When the ambassador gets bored with me, as he inevitably will, and puts me on the auction block, perhaps I will find love, the owner to honour and devote myself to. The man or woman to surrender myself to!

But that's for tomorrow. For today I have something else to think about! This

evening the ambassador is taking me to a party, and I suspect I am the entertainment. I know it will be awful, humiliating and probably painful, but somehow, I can't wait!

Joanne dropped her pen, sinking her fingers deep into the breast her wrist was chained to. Fingernails raking across the lust-swollen globe, left hand secured useless behind her back, she bucked on the shaft she was impaled on, surrendered to the orgasm she'd been trying so hard to hold back. Biting hard into her ball-gag, the remorseless hum of the vibrator she was pussy-clamped onto was momentarily drowned out by her strangled, ecstatic, cries. Writer's habit made her hold on hard to her pen even as she came.

CHAPTER 8

"Puppet, fetch!" Lady Abigail called.

Naked and barefoot, Alice eagerly dashed across the manicured lawn in pursuit of the bright red rubber ball that the young aristocrat tossed for her. Running with her arms strapped together down her back, her elbows touching, was awkward, and the swing and bounce of her big slave-size breasts very uncomfortable; but she was now quite at home in all manner of physical restraints. Knowing she had to catch the bouncing ball before it rolled to a stop, or she would be cruelly punished, Alice threw herself forward, sliding on her knees, and triumphantly scooped up the red ball in her mouth.

Sitting on her heels, gasping for breath, lungs heaving and spots dancing in front of her eyes, she swayed upright. There were many eyes on her bound nudity, lords and ladies out for a stroll, some just admiring the sights, others driving harnessed and bridled pony-slaves down the wide paths or exercising human pets on foot as her own mistress was.

Alice was being exercised in a public park, just metres away from a busy city street. The entire top deck of a red double-decker tram was looking down at her naked body over the park's border hedge! Nearby a young couple enjoying a picnic openly discussed her displayed charms. Grass stains on her knees and chest, panting and salivating around the ball between her teeth, breasts heaving and sweat on her flanks, Alice struggled to her feet.

"...and those tits are enormous. I'll bet she really loves having them squeezed when she's ridden," the young lord said wistfully.

"Lovely haunches too," his girlfriend agreed. "Born to be whipped. One of the New One's, do you think?"

"Could be. She is lovely."

Alice preened under their gaze, her helpless arousal growing in the presence

of such open admiration. She did so love being put on show! Tiring now, having chased the ball many times already that afternoon, she still forced herself to trot back to her mistress. Tied tight around her waist and pulled up hard between her legs, the rough fibres of her crotch rope sawed back and forth through her pussy as her thighs pumped. Her sex and clitoris felt rubbed raw, the abrasive rope dripping with her juices. She was tormenting herself to distraction on the crotch-rope - but as Alice was no longer really able to imagine arousal without bonds, humiliation and torment anyway - she imagined instead the view she was giving the two teenagers sitting on the grass. The jiggle and bounce of her buttocks as she trotted away. The thought only fanned her lust.

Four noble ladies were enjoying their own picnic on a spread blanket. Her Majesty, Queen Victoria II, and her best friend, Lady Franklin, were in their fifties; maybe. Lady Isobell, Franklin's step-daughter and fiancée to the Queen's son Samuel, was apparently in her late thirties, but had the appearance of a woman in her early twenties. Lady Abigail, Isobell's friend and Franklin's God-daughter - Alice's owner! - was the youngster of the group, appearing no older than Alice's own nineteen years, but with the Slaveworld rejuvenation treatment she too could be older.

A half dozen naked slaves in chains were on hand to satisfy the four's every whim, all of them young British girls somehow magically transported to this strange land to serve the depraved lusts of the Slaveworld's nobility, as Alice had been.

"Good girl!" Lady Abigail praised as Alice stood before her, scooping up Alice's breasts and giving the over-large globes an approving squeeze.

Alice groaned in obedient lust, motionless, ankles together and head proudly raised as her beautiful young owner's fingers sank into heavy, lust-swollen flesh. Her ringed, aching nipples swelled harder against the young aristocrat's palms, ample flesh spilling out of the lady's cool grip. Alice had quickly learned to answer to Puppet; learning to think of herself as Puppet taking a bit longer, but she was getting there.

Pets were usually re-named, and as well, there was a Princess Alice who could not be expected to share a name with a slave. Her first owner, Prince Alfred had trained her to answer to Puppy, which Alice had rather liked, but her new mistress had wanted a clean slate, so she'd had to re-named once more. She

obediently dropped the ball between her held up breasts, helplessly slavering over the squeezed together melons.

With her slave name chosen for her, physically Alice was now a typical British slave girl. Lushly curvy, just short of plump, with her breasts grown substantially larger and her waist nipped down to twenty two inches by cosmetic surgery. Her once plain brown eyes had been dyed a beautiful emerald green, frizzy ginger hair now a gorgeous, thick, shiny, waist-length copper-gold mane, and in another common and popular bit of cosmetic surgery, her eyelids had been pulled back a little to give her an aspect of appealing wide-eyed innocence. Thick shiny-gold rings were set through her nipples, and high on her right buttock, almost on the hip, she had been branded with a crown and the letter A, which she knew added an easy ten thousand to her value on the auction-block. Of course, she'd have just died if anyone from her old life could see her like this, but here, in this world of slaves, once over her initial horror, Alice had quickly realised she was a born slave.

She groaned in helpless lust as her young mistress continued to squeeze and knead her big breasts. In a public park, in full view of anyone! Alice was destined to be a show-pony. Dressage slaves performed in matched pairs, and her intended team-mate was an especially top-heavy girl called Honey, a former British police officer. Her already overlarge breasts had had to be grown even bigger to match Honey's figure. Lady Abigail, with a slender almost girlish figure herself, made no secret of the fact that she liked her sex-toys to be cute little things with enormous tits; boobs large enough to leave a handprint on when slapped.

Alice considered it fitting that her name and looks were chosen for her, as she had no other choices. Ever since that fateful day on Earth, her own Earth, when like so many others she had been paid twenty pounds to fill out a supposedly innocent and anonymous market research questionnaire being passed around the university - and had reviled her secret submissive nature - she had been given no choices. Once it had been decided for her that she would make an excellent sexual plaything, not only were the minor choices - whips, cattle-prods, dildos and public nudity in gags, hoods and all manner of humiliating restraints - out of her hands. But the major choices, like who would have sex with her - when, where, how often, how many; or even if those who enjoyed her would be male or female - would also never be hers to make again!

Alice came from a privileged background, and she would have inherited a trust fund worth millions on her twenty first birthday if she hadn't stumbled into the Slaveworld's recruiters. She'd made a conscious decision not to be a part of the polo-pony set, and even though she would never need money, that didn't mean a worthwhile career was closed to her. At university she'd found herself a little self-conscious about her family wealth, seeing some of her fellow medical students struggling to make ends meet, and she had only allowed her closest friends to know who her step-father actually was. He approved of her studies. Somewhat inevitably, being a self-made man, he believed a person should make their own way in the world and not rely on privilege.

And now she found herself the plaything of a class for whom privilege was a way of life. The very people she'd rejected. Totally unapologetic, the Slaveworld nobility not only believed, like all aristocrats, that their world owed them a living; but that the lower classes existed only to sustain their lifestyle, for them to exploit, abuse or enjoy!

From medical student to sexual pet had not been nearly as hard a leap as she felt it should have been. Alice was a little ashamed at how few times she'd had to be whipped to orgasm before she wanted more. She was clear in her own mind that a class of people who made sexual playthings out of others were of course morally despicable; but it was just so unbearably, desperately, thrilling - exciting beyond any fantasy - to be owned by one of them! Bought and sold!

Lady Abigail lightly touched her lips to each of Alice's nipples. Three pairs of eyes wandered across her displayed nudity as she sighed happily, and then returned to their own amusements. Her breasts still spilling out of the aristocrat's grip, Alice met her legal owner's gaze, the young lady's eyes sparkling with delight. If the beautiful lady had not been a child of privilege, utterly spoilt and self-indulgent, Alice thought she and Abigail could easily have been friends in her own world. Though an inventive sadist, she was otherwise a sweet natured and generous girl; charming, athletic and adventurous, with an unforgettable mischievous grin.

Beside the picnic blanket Lady Isobell was pushing a fat ridged dildo into the dripping sex of a tongue-clamped girl kneeling on all fours. Wearing only a collar and waspie corset, her statuesque pet was a very docile brunette called Glory. The petite, doll-like aristocrat was clearly enchanted with her blue-eyed pet, the powerfully built slave-girl apparently not for sale at any price. But

cruelly, Lady Isobell often cheerfully described the obviously bright nineteen year old, a Law student kidnapped out of university as Alice had been, as a big dumb animal.

Glory's wrist cuffs were secured to her nipple-rings with short lengths of chain, her hugely enlarged breasts swaying back and forth under her. A chain ran from the base of the dildo penetrating her, linking it to another identical dildo.

The dark haired girl on her hands and knees was panting gently, her hips squirming gently back and forth as her owner twisted the fat shaft just a little deeper. Fingers clenched into the grass, her breathing deep, teeth tight on her tongue-clamp, the shaft penetrating the placid brunette was now in almost to the hilt. Lady Isobell patted her plaything on a whip-striped buttock with clear satisfaction. Reaching under her property to give one of the kneeling girl's large tits an encouraging squeeze she whispered in the brunette's ear, Alice aware the slightly built aristocrat was coaxing the big tall slave to endure with soft threats.

The formerly timid vicar's daughter, almost naked on her hands and knees and with her wrists chained to her nipple rings, looked every inch a sex-slave, Alice thought. Another girl who had found her place here! Glory was breathing a little fast, moaning in soft pleasure when her huge tits were squeezed, but she clearly wasn't at all embarrassed about having a dildo rammed into her in a public park. Her humiliation was free public entertainment for anyone taking a stroll!

Alice thought Glory looked quite delectable, an eighteen-inch waist on such a big powerful girl especially dramatic, the stripes of a recent whipping curling off firm plump buttocks over her hips. She saw that the tip of the tongue pulled out of Glory's mouth and squeezed between the tight jaws of a metal clamp had been pierced and fitted with a tickler stud to make the former Law student better at oral sex with women. Alice, who had never even imagined sex with a woman before her own introduction to slavery, was very much hoping that one day Lady Isobell and Lady Abigail might decide they'd like to watch their respective toys having sex or mud wrestling!

Glory's similarly restrained, gagged and equally naked opponent - one of Lady Franklin's toys who, strangely, had been allowed to keep her given name, Sarah - was kneeling facing away from the top-heavy brunette, twisting her hips back and forth as the dildo on the other end of the chain was inserted into her.

The object of the game, the slaves facing away from each other and encouraged to crawl forward with a little light whipping or slaps to the ass, was for one slave to pull the dildo out of her opponent, in a very gentle tug-of-war. Alice had been made to compete against other slave-girls in this game, and knew she was rather good at it. She just seemed to have the knack of gripping a shaft inside her with internal muscles.

'Games' was a word Alice had learnt to be wary of. When not chained to a bed or being tormented for a noble's amusement, Slaveworld sexual toys were often competed against each other in an amazing variety of cruel, degrading, competitions. She knew the two girls before her were probably being competed in public for no more than a five Crown bet! Already a small crowd was gathering, wagers placed.

The lithe, delicate, Sarah would probably win, Alice suspected. She had the look about her of a slave who took a lot of whip, whereas even with her haunches decorated with whip-stripes, the satin skinned and wonderfully top-heavy Glory looked more like a slave you'd want to ride as often as whip. Lady Franklin inserted her dildo into Sarah with practised ease, giving the chain a couple of light tugs while she stroked her property's belly to make sure Sarah had a good grip on the fat shaft. The aristocrat looked up over the kneeling blonde's back to where her friend the Queen was helping her torment another of her girls.

A sobbing, trembling and nicely full breasted blonde in a ball-gag had been staked out on the grass between them in a tight spreadeagle, her wrist and ankle cuffs, collar, waist-cincher and pierced clitoris padlocked to tent-pegs pushed deep into the ground. A rope trailing from her pussy showed she had love-balls stuffed inside her, the base of a buzzing chained-in vibrator projecting out of her back passage. And, one insect to a test tube, each tube carefully corked, with much laughter and useless thrashing and despairing squeals on the part of the helpless slave, the Queen and Lady Franklin had been dropping fire-ants here and there onto the girl's naked body throughout the long afternoon. They were careful not to touch the vicious little insects themselves. Between squeals, occasional gasps of pleasure were forced out of the top-heavy blonde they were tormenting, when her nipples were sucked and her chain-stretched clitoris licked; the trembling and now clearly exhausted blonde providing much amusement.

Standing attentively at a nearby picnic table loaded down with baskets and bottles, ready to spring forward with fresh sandwiches or to refill drinks at a command, another young slave with milk-swollen breasts was watching the spreadeagled girl's torment with tears running down her face. The two were clearly sisters, a facial family resemblance between them plain to see. Alice didn't know their real names, and they answered to Lassie and Fido now, but she did know that in an ingenious bit of sadism, each was punished for the other's misdeeds, never her own.

The lush dairy-slave waitress, like her sister, a curvy and very heavy-breasted blonde, in stark contrast to the athletic Sarah, was another of the former British professor's students, who had offered some real or imagined slight in the lecture hall when Lady Franklin had been the girls' tutor back in the real world. The Lady's reward for the creation of the one-way gate had been the collection and collaring of a few of her former students.

Fido was fitted with chromed steel restraints, shiny metal bands around her wrists, upper arms, ankles and neck. A broader band tight around her middle cinched her waist down to the required eighteen inches of a British slave, and painfully swollen milk-heavy breasts bulged out around the restriction of two shiny steel bands secured around the base of each distended globe. Chains linked wrist-cuffs together in front of her, elbows secured to her sides, a hobble chain between her ankles. Nipple clamps biting into each fat nub hung on chains from the gently sobbing blonde's collar, a matching crotch-chain held in place a chromed steel dildo and plug set and a second pair of chains from the back of the waist cincher, looped around generous hips and linked to pierced sex-lips, tugged at her labia with every step. The steel breast rings, collar, waist band and cuffs were all linked to one another, some chains tight across her body, others swaying in graceful loops. Precision engineered, the joins on the chromed steel bands were almost invisible and they clipped together practically seamlessly. The internal locks were released with a remote control; central-locking for sex-slaves!

Queen Victoria gave the spreadeagled girl beside her a lazy pat on the stomach, and turned her attention to Glory and Sarah, kneeling on all fours and now linked by their dildos chain.

"I think she's had enough," the middle aged, and today casually dressed monarch decided, stroking her victim's belly.

She snapped her fingers at the dairy-slave waitress, raising her glass, and the naked girl in steel restraints, obediently stepped forward with a chilled bottle. Trained to answer to Fido now, a sex-slave because her former, almost forgotten, university physics professor harboured some, to her, incomprehensible grudge, the pretty blonde's juices were smeared across her inner thighs. Tears on her cheeks, today she was expected to remain obediently attentive and motionless while she'd watched her tent-pegged-down sister being tortured, ready to serve drinks or snacks on command, through the long afternoon.

Despite the humiliation, Alice saw she'd been unable to prevent herself gasping in helpless pleasure when milk was squeezed out of her hugely swollen breasts to make chilled shakes, her sister momentarily forgotten then. Flushed and breathing hard, obviously very hot and wet, the lovely blonde dairy-slave was clearly also utterly ashamed of herself.

Alice was aware that at some point she would probably be enjoyed by Lady Franklin, whether she wanted the old woman using her or not. The noble lady's friend, the Queen, was making a point of seeing to it that the owners of all British slave-girls knew who was responsible for their bounty; knew that the former British scientist who had married into the Slaveworld nobility, was the woman who had jointly invented Gates between dimensions, and then developed the one-way Gate that had subsequently allowed suitable British girl's to be harvested.

Without her work, sexual submissives like Alice would never have been brought to this world and obedience trained. She would not now be standing naked in a public park with her arms tied behind her back, her slender young owner casually dressed in a perfectly ordinary skirt, sweat-shirt and sandals, squeezing and twisting her fingernails painfully deeper into Alice's humiliatingly enlarged breasts!

Was it deliberate? Did the professor realise what she was condemning so many young British girls to when she reinvented the Gate in one-way form and re-established contact with Alice's world? While Alice couldn't help a little shiver of revulsion at the thought of someone so old running her fingers over her naked body, sitting on her face or driving a strap-on-dildo deep into her tied down body, she did want a chance to kiss the professor's feet. She was just so grateful to her!

The other serving girls in attendance in their elaborate chains and gags, waiting attentively to leap forward and offer their own naked bodies as pillows, cushions and stools, were of a type with Alice herself. All with lush curves, large heavy breasts, wide innocent looking eyes, waist length ponytails and a dramatic hourglass figure! British slave-girls, one and all! The aristocrats liked some breeds of slave to be physically distinct, and had quickly settled on 'the look' for British slaves.

The look was not mandatory of course. If a noble wanted a slender or muscular British girl, then of course he or she could own one, as long as they didn't expect her to take Best of Breed at a Pet Show. Lady Franklin for example clearly preferred the shorthaired, waif-look, on her Sarah, but most nobles wanted their expensive sex-toys to be unmistakably British girls.

Punished because her eyes had strayed from her young owner for just a second, Lady Abigail's fingers twisted deeper into Alice's breasts, fingernails painfully cutting into heavy flesh now. Alice whimpered in pain, a smile touching Lady Abigail's lips. The pretty, softly spoken aristocrat expected her property's total and undivided attention. As Alice panted the rubber ball she'd been chasing after rolled back and forth along her cleavage. She would be punished if she pulled away, but the thought barely even occurred to her. She had been taught to enjoy submission, and she liked being petted. Possibly she would never be trained to actually enjoy pain, but she couldn't help but be aroused by it. Most of all, she wanted to please. Good girls were allowed to come!

"You like having your tits squeezed, don't you?" the young aristocrat teased.

"Yes Mistress," Alice agreed with placid obedience.

She wasn't allowed to lie. No slave dared when this world had a foolproof lie detector, and with the way her nipples were standing out, her juices soaking into her crotch-rope, it would have been pointless anyway. Her voice was low and husky; very sexy. The cosmetic surgeon had also tweaked her vocal cords.

"You're such a slut Puppet," Lady Abigail laughed with delight.

The pretty lady rubbed her thumbs over erect nipples, then shifted her grip and lightly touched her lips to each ring-set nub. Alice gasped, as sensation, almost a shock, exploded through each fat nipple. She thought she might faint. Like most well used slave-girls, Alice usually had very tender, sensitive, nipples.

The pierced nubs were often clamped, twisted, squeezed, bitten and seared with shocks. They caught stray blows when she was tit-whipped, were yanked about by reins when she was harnessed between the shafts of a pony-trap and were frequently used to tie her to things.

Sometimes the Slaveworld seemed more dream than reality. These things just couldn't be happening to a perfectly ordinary Home Counties girl like her; not on any world. Lady Abigail's tongue again touched fleetingly and she almost came on the spot. Almost there! Almost there! Just a bite or tug on her crotch-rope would have done it; but her ragged gasping breath gave her away, and the angelic looking aristocrat teasing her pulled back. Didn't want her to come yet! The fingernails that had been twisted painfully deep into Alice's breasts relaxed their grip, the heavy mounds now just lying in the Lady's palms, flesh spilling between splayed fingers. Her arms tied together down her back, elbows touching, and with a rough crotch-rope pulled up hard between her legs, Alice whimpered in disappointment.

The young lady now listed on Alice's Bill of Sale and pedigree as her owner, had an uncanny ability to judge her sexual plaything's state of arousal, and grinned at the plaintive sound. She was well aware how close to coming Alice was.

"You're a lovely toy Puppet. I think I might never get tired of teasing you," she sighed.

To start with, it seemed nothing Alice did was right. She'd been taken from a master who absolutely delighted in abusing and riding her, apparently sold because she was - with even bigger breasts - a perfect physical match for a show-pony called Honey that Lady Abigail already owned. In theory that made her just Lady Abigail's type but it had quickly become apparent that the young aristocrat was a little disappointed with her new red-head. In the unexplained absence of Honey, at first she had used Alice for sex in the most perfunctory way; only willing to spend time on her at all because she needed two physically matched pony-girls if she was going to have the Olympic dressage team she wanted.

Alice had begun to hate the absent Honey. No slave could be so perfect! Rumour had had it that she was off at the clinic having a slipped disc fixed; the occasional price of over-large tits, but surely she'd been gone much too long for

such a simple operation now? Regardless, Alice had endured, and gradually Lady Abigail had come around. Last night, and still feeling smug about it, Alice had had to endure hours of humiliation and sexual torture before the pretty aristocrat had finally consented to personally tie her face down on her own bed, and then rammed a large strap-on-dildo deep into her ass. Almost ignored except when in a show-pony's harness and bridle at first, she was now the pretty aristocrat's plaything of choice. Yesterday she had been lent to two of Abigail's friends, and this morning the young aristocrat had actually gone down on her! She was now spending as much time in the bedroom as she spent pulling a pony-trap and driver in the training-ring. And the longer Honey was away, the more popular she could make herself!

Lady Abigail was clearly thinking along similar lines.

"I can't wait to get you and Honey in the same bed," she mused. "We're going to have such fun, the three of us."

Alice suspected Honey was going to hate her just as much as she hated the blonde, but with a mental shrug, she dismissed the thought. She wasn't owned for her opinions. Lady Abigail scooped up the ball from between her breasts and tossed it again, her naked, big-breasted, desperate-to-please pet, instantly in eager hot pursuit. The crotch-rope sawed back and forth through Alice's sex as she ran, increasingly painful and stimulating, her aching, bruised, slave-breasts bouncing wildly. But not, as one unkind jailor had teased, hitting herself in the face. Not quite.

Tiring, rough fibres dragging cruelly back and forth across her tortured clitoris, Alice lunged desperately for the bright red ball as it rolled to a stop, sliding on her knees and then her stomach, breasts painfully squashed under her. It was too much! Sensation overwhelmed her, stars and hot flashes exploding in her head; pleasure earthing in nipples and groin as she came, hips deliberately bucking now to work the cruel rope deeper between her sex lips. Naked for all the world to see, writhing in pleasure, bound, on the grass in a public park!

Dazed, suddenly very conscious of her arms tightly strapped together down her back, pulling back her shoulders and thrusting her over-large breasts out into even greater prominence, Alice forced herself up to her knees again, sitting panting on her heels. Her cry as she came had turned more heads. She sniffed, swallowing a sudden humiliated sob, eyes stinging with shame. Panting, sweat-

gleaming and drooling down heaving breasts, her juices welling around her crotch-rope, she found she had unconsciously sat up with thighs spread wide and head held up proudly, as she'd been trained. To display her naked body to best effect!

She knew the noble lords and ladies who had turned to look - some quite briefly, sex-slaves such a common sight in the city after all - did not see her as a person. She was a sex object, to be bought and sold - enjoyed! - her abject humiliation a source of mild amusement, not sympathy. Clear headed for just a moment after coming, she felt self-pitying tears well in her eyes as an old Lady with a slight blond boy on a lead let cold eyes trail over the firm weight of her breasts and the thick shiny rings set through her nipples.

Her Mistress called to her with an impatient whistle. The haughty, spoilt, petulant, stuck-up aristocrat no older than she was, who led her down busy city pavements on a collar and lead, naked for all the world to see. The girl who had given her to strangers to torture and fuck at a whim. The girl who liked to hitch her to a small carriage, stuffed with dildo and butt-plug, and whip her down city streets in harness and bridle like an animal. The same girl who made her lick her feet, pussy-whipped her, shocked her breasts and just loved to sit on her face, was calling her to heel with a whistle like a dog!

Alice was bright, popular, intelligent: had easily won her place at university. Now look at her! She realised she would have to try to escape if the opportunity presented itself, she couldn't go on like this! No matter how great the sex was, she just couldn't be expected to exist purely for the pleasure of another. An indolent aristocrat's sexual plaything! She couldn't!

Puppet suddenly realised she'd missed the ball, and with a gasp of fearful horror dove for it, ramming the red rubber ball deep into her own mouth like a ball-gag. Springing to her feet, she dashed back to her impatiently waiting owner, the tormenting crotch-rope and the uncomfortable swing and bounce of her heavy tits working their usual magic. Nipples straining out hard, breasts lust-swollen, the heat in her groin that never really went away once again fanned into a raging uncontrollable flame, when her legal owner scooped up her breasts and she dropped the ball into her own cleavage again, Alice was forgotten. Puppet was once again desperate to please, a slave to her own lusts.

Her moment of post-orgasm lucidity forgotten, forcibly, helplessly, aroused,

Puppet knew only that she lived to serve, to be enjoyed, used, ridden, teased or punished in whatever manner most pleased her beautiful young owner. The need to please was almost a physical thing, and totally beyond her control!

The girl she'd once been, Alice, tried to remember the one moment of clear thought, but Puppet was too busy moaning in pleasure as her big tits were squeezed and kneaded again, a shiver of delicious fear running up her spine as she wondered how she would be punished for missing the ball!

Puppet knew she'd been brainwashed, the surgically implanted aphrodisiac slowly dissolving into her bloodstream didn't affect intelligence; but knowing didn't stop her wanting to be a good little slave. It excused it! She'd been able to suppress, to hide, her shameful submissive nature in the real world - her step-father had very clear opinions on winners and whimps - but here her secret desires had been set free to overwhelm her. To overwhelm her intellect, her personality, her sense of what was right; leaving her controlled by lust, not reason!

At that moment she realised, realistically, she could never happily go back to being Alice. Participating in the most bizarre picnic she could ever have imagined, the only thing that seemed strange to her now, was that whips were not being used on the tug-of-war slaves. Lady Abigail pocketed her rubber ball. A shiver of fearful delight coursed through her, her heart thudding in anticipation as her beautiful young owner sighed.

"Bad girl. Now I'll have to punish you!"

"Doesn't she have to be in Court?" Lady Isobell asked, looking up.

The petite aristocrat was now kneeling beside her own slave, delivering stinging slaps to Glory's ass. The chain linking the tall brunette's dildo to Sarah's was now pulled taut, both slave girls trying desperately to hang on to their own ridged invader, and to pull their opponent's shaft out of her. Naked on all fours, her wrists chained to her nipple-rings, the corseted former Law student was now slaving and drooling around her tongue clamp, eyes glazed, her behind splotted scarlet. As Alice watched, the dildo slipped out of her a little, her buttocks clenching together as she tried to hang on. Glory was going to lose. Sarah's dildo was still entirely inside her sex, just the chain projecting from her.

Lady Abigail checked her watch.

"Twenty minutes yet. Plenty of time," she decided. "I'll have her pick some flowers."

Alice whimpered in horror. Her sweet-looking owner's cruel grin became wider at the involuntary sound. Lady Abigail delved into a picnic basket and came up with a device Alice recognised only too well. A large orange ball, the same size and material as a ball-gag, but with a length of chain attached to it, a clip on the chain's end. The ball went into Alice's mouth, the chain looped through one nipple-ring and was then attached to the other, Alice head down with her chin on her chest. Lady Abigail settled herself down on the blanket, lying on her side, head supported with one arm, elbow on the ground. Watching expectantly!

Feet dragging, Alice forced herself to the nearest flowerbed. There were some well-tended flowers, bright splashes of colour, but all the decorative blooms were backed and divided by the broad green leaves of the aristocrat's favourite plant; the stinging nettle! A young man in a park uniform working a hoe into the soil between rose bushes surreptitiously looked up between lowered eyelids, eyes lingering on the heavy weight of her breasts, the rings set through her nipples and sex-lips, the tuft of neatly trimmed pubic hair almost hidden under her juice-matted crotch-rope.

The working class usually didn't look full on at sex-slaves in case they saw a face they recognised. In case they saw what might happen to themselves one day, but clearly this boy liked what he saw. Closing her eyes, Alice forced herself to step in amongst the nettles.

She gasped in distress, biting hard into the ball in her mouth, as what felt like hundreds of tiny droplets of molten metal were scattered across her thighs, brushing her belly. Stinging nettles were always instant pain, not like a candle-wax burn which stung lightly at first, and then burned hotter. Even with a whip stroke, the pain, no matter how bad, didn't fully kick in all at once; it burned hot into flesh long after the lash landed. Nettle stings though, were instant full pain! Trembling, she forced herself to part her legs and take another step.

Alice wailed softly as the leaves brushed around her body, licking over buttocks with little stabs of agony; but far worse, also swayed across her sex-lips, plump and puffy around the dripping crotch-rope. She could imagine only too well the hard little white blisters on her poor pussy-lips, multiple stings

touching, overlapping and becoming larger blisters.

Molten metal wasn't right. Droplets of acid!

Tears suddenly blurring her eyes, the park gardener openly enjoying the quiver of her breasts as she sobbed for breath, Alice forced herself to grip tightly with her thighs, knees almost crossed. Mostly the broad, so-innocuous looking, green leaves were ripped off the stems, but Alice did manage to uproot a couple of plants. Waddling back to Lady Abigail, legs squeezed together, still taking a few stings, tears trickling down her breasts now, Alice dropped her offering on the grass in front of Lady Abigail.

The aristocrat, nibbling on a pasty, inspected the torn plants and then let her eyes trail up over the hundreds of agonising nettle stings on Alice's lower body, before giving a grudging nod.

"Good girl. Now the tits," she decided.

Trembling, snuffling, her first instinct was to beg. Alice knew she took the lash well tied to a whipping post, and as well as any other pony-girl with a bit in her mouth, but having to punish herself was harder, maybe beyond her endurance. She didn't think she could do it again. The pretty aristocrat just didn't realise what sort of upbringing Alice had had in the alternative universe of Britain, didn't realise that Alice had led just as pampered an existence as any Slaveworld noble. And she had not been raised surrounded by casual cruelty. This was all new to her! She wanted to wail that she was only nineteen, just a girl!

But her mouth was filled with a huge orange ball! The gag turned the first word to a damp gurgle, saliva running down her chin now. Shame calmed Alice, reminding her where and who she was, a collared slave with her arms tightly strapped together down her back, presenting her naked body for inspection to her fully dressed mistress. And realistically, why on Earth should Lady Abigail show her mercy, when Alice's punishment was giving her so much pleasure? Her throbbing nettle-stung pussy was pulsing agony, pain flaring with each heartbeat. She'd never been as aroused in her life!

Head still down, chin on her chest, Alice returned to her flowerbed. She'd torn a large hole in the nettles for the gardener to repair. Taking a deep breath to steady herself, before she chickened out and Lady Abigail really had to punish

her - the tied down type of punishment - she bent forward from the waist, firm, full udders swaying under her, and let the big heavy globes trail through a patch of nettles. Alice cried out behind her ball-gag, as tiny droplets of molten hot metal and acid - no, red hot needles! - stung her breasts.

Eyes closed, she raised her head, using the ball in her mouth to pull up the chain running through one nipple ring and clipped to the other. This pulled her ringed nipples together, squeezing her breasts firmly together around a handful of the stinging plants. Gasping for breath, Alice swayed upright, ripping a few leaves loose from the stalks between her boobs, but not pulling any plants free from the soil. Both over-large melons were now pulsing balls of pain, stung all over, hurting her even worse than shocks through electrodes clamped to her nipples. Alice watched uncomprehending for a moment as a black uniformed trooper - Slaveworld police - led away the gardener. Someone must have reported him for not hiding an erection or for too openly enjoying himself watching her punishment, she guessed.

Tears and saliva ran down her throbbing flesh now, her breasts quivering as she gasped and sobbed. She was going to have to do it again! Twice more Alice let her tortured udders trail through the nettles - more stings, the pain just as bad each time - and then raised her head using the chain that linked to her nipples to squeeze the blister-covered globes tightly together around the vicious leaves. On the fourth try, both nettle-stung melons throbbing mounds of almost unbearable pain, she managed to rip a plant loose. Sobbing with relief, keeping her head high to ensure her breasts stayed tightly squeezed together around her prize, she staggered back to her lolling young owner where she dropped her offering at Lady Abigail's feet, waiting, breathless!

"Good girl," the aristocrat praised, sitting up. "On your knees now."

Alice obeyed, flinching at the first touch then quivering as her mistress stroked her bare, nettle-marked, skin. She gasped as if shocked when her sex-lips were stroked, twitching and whimpering when her buttocks were stroked and she cried out in helpless pain when her sting-covered breasts - as she'd known they would be - were again scooped up and firmly squeezed, pulled and kneaded. Every single sting throbbed with a pulsing fire, Alice sure there were more white blisters than unmarked flesh on the nettle-punished globes.

Introduced to a new sensation, Alice cried out in pained ecstasy. The bitch

was licking her boobs! Lady Abigail was holding both of her breasts up high with the nipple-chain in one hand, the sting-covered globes squeezed tight together again, nipples and the areola around them agonisingly twisted and stretched. Far too much weight suspended from the pierced nubs! It hurt. But not as much as having nettle stings licked! The young aristocrat's tongue was like a rasp, a metal file, maybe wire wool, on Alice's tortured breasts; her free hand around Alice's crotch rope. The aristocrat began deliberately dragging the rough fibres back and forth over her clitoris.

Her pussy-lips were pulsing anguish, but her cruelly rubbed clitoris was stimulated by the rough rope and a strange fusion of pain and pleasure became a raging heat in her belly. Her ringed nipples, supporting the full heavy weight of both breasts, was a torment beyond endurance; but now the tongue trailing across the heavy globes was suddenly both at once a warm velvet caress and a venomous scald. Confused, overwhelmed, lost, Alice could take no more. Rapture consumed her, shudders racking her body, wave after wave of pleasure coursing through her body as she came and came again.

Alice recovered her senses to find herself lying on her side, arms still tightly bound behind her back, the nettle-stings all over her body now a dull, throbbing, but manageable, ache. Multiple orgasms always left her dazed. Lady Abigail stooping to clip a lead to her collar stood, gave her a yank with the lead.

"Come on lazy, get up," the pretty girl coaxed, "You don't want to be late for Court."

The angelic looking lady who had just tortured her to orgasm for the fun of it, then fitted her with a bridle-gag. A large red ball was held firmly in her mouth by a complicated arrangement of straps enclosing her head. Alice must have spat out the ball with the nipple-chain in the throes of passion, but couldn't for the life of her remember when. She obediently stepped into a pair of five inch heeled stiletto sandals, and the straps were padlocked around her ankles. The shoes had a familiar built-in hobble chain, forcing Alice to take small, neat steps.

Lady Abigail then accepted the leads of three of the serving-slaves, the first girl's lead clipped to the back of Alice's collar and so on, so that the four of them formed a line, chained neck to neck. All of them were naked, gagged and bound.

Alice glanced back. Glory and Sarah, on all fours, were still straining to pull

away from each other. Spanked on by their respective owners!

Lady Franklin, née Professor Philips-Webber, gave her stinging palm a shake, and then delivered three more hard slaps to Sarah's pert backside. The panting blonde gasped softly with each blow, but didn't let her spanking distract her. Straining slowly forward on all fours, inch by tortuous fraction of an inch with her internal muscles clenched tight around the huge invader penetrating her, her slender blonde pet was holding on tight to her fat tug-of-war dildo. The chain linking her dildo to Glory's, was pulled taut out of her sex. Two girls facing away from each other, naked on all fours in a public park, joined by a length of chain from each other's sex!

Lady Franklin spared a quick look back at her opponent, spanking her own property forward. Her step-daughter's top-heavy plaything was doing her best, Glory's ass slapped nicely red, but Lady Franklin was beginning to suspect the tall, powerful, nineteen year old was a rather spoilt, pampered, pet, Isobell quite obviously infatuated with her. The brunette had the look of a truly delicious sex toy, and was clearly very docile, but she hadn't been whipped often enough to match an excitingly trained serving slave like her own Sarah, she guessed. Sarah was one of her first, one of her former students, and after three years of training and punishment, the beautiful girl knew better than to disappoint her legal owner and former professor.

As the dildo slipped out of her pussy, Glory gave a little cry of disappointment. The big girl had clearly been thoroughly enjoyed herself while playing the picnic game in public - in contrast to Sarah's disciplined determination - but now that she'd lost, she knew she faced punishment. Lady Isobell stroked a scarlet buttock a moment, thinking, deciding! An apprehensive tremor ran through her tongue-clamped pet, but the naked girl on all fours with her wrists chained to her nipple-rings was otherwise obediently motionless. The aristocrat reached under her property from either side, giving Glory's enormous breasts a careless squeeze while she kissed the kneeling girl on the top of the head.

"Don't worry pet, you did your best," she reassured the blue-eyed slave. "You just need some more training."

Lady Franklin shook her head in a moment's silent disapproval. She had learnt early on that sparing the rod did nothing to improve a slave-girl's behaviour. For herself she simply loved having her sex-slaves, especially her former students, living in complete and absolute terror of disappointing her. She unbuckled Sarah's gag and waved her over to Glory. Still naked on all fours and with the chain to her own dildo still trailing from her sex, Sarah dived onto her opponent's dildo and scurried back to her mistress's feet. Sitting up on her knees with hands raised to breast height, like a dog begging, the former physics graduate, once one of her best research assistants, offered her prize. The dildo Sarah held in her mouth was dripping with Glory's juices.

Lady Franklin chose to ignore the offering for the moment, watching with a warm feeling of satisfaction as her noble husband's very sweet, exuberant, but rather exhausting God-daughter, Lady Abigail checked the restraints on her string of four British sex-slaves. The young lady's own buxom copper-haired plaything, Puppet, was the first of the bound, naked, girls linked neck to neck with chains. It was a source of continued, delighted, pride to Lady Franklin that nice, well brought up, intelligent girls from her homeworld made such superb sexual playthings. Their capture a tangible way for her to repay her host world and new family for their hospitality.

Isobell said her goodbyes and pulled her own equally impressive young slave to her feet, Glory perfectly docile as a lead was clipped to her collar and her wrists and elbows secured behind her back. Falling into step, leads looped around wrists and admiring the sights as they chattered, the two noble ladies strolling side by side across the park never once bothered to look back at the five British slaves placidly following their leads. All five of the lovely young sex-toys had body piercings, some impaled with dildos and plugs, three sporting royal brands burnt into their flesh; and they all had the marks of sexual abuse on them.

It was because of her invention that the five lovely girls were naked, bound and gagged, drooling around the gags, big heavy tits bobbing and jiggling quite delightfully, while whip-stripped hindquarters swayed beautifully with every hobbled step. The former students, all bright, well-educated girls, were now merely well trained animals, pets on public display - sexual playthings! -

because of her! Lady Franklin hugged herself in delight, reminded again that it was her discovery that had brought these superb creatures here and placed them in chains, where they could properly be used, abused and enjoyed as they deserved.

She looked up at Fido, and pointed a finger at her. You! To her lasting disappointment she'd never managed to learn to snap her fingers like her friend the Queen and other nobles. It seemed the right way to call a slave-girl to heel. Fido, tears drying on her cheeks, came to attention.

"A milk shake," she ordered. "Strawberry!"

The lovely girl, naked in her chromed steel restraints, stepped forward with a suppressed whimper and sorted through a picnic basket, finally offering a frosted glass with a pink rim. Pink for strawberry, a dry powder filled the glass about a third full. The steel bands around the girl's breasts were cutting ever deeper into her flesh as the day wore on, her udders heavy and cruelly swollen, producing more milk than had been squeezed out of them, while the already tight steel band tight around her middle was visibly cutting deep into her flesh with every breath.

Lady Franklin stroked a hand up her now motionless sex-toy's thigh, squeezing and kneading a buttock, the flesh warm velvet under her palm. She patted the blonde's chain bisected sex, and then pulled her to her knees with the crotch chain that held the wide-eyed dairy-slave's steel dildo and plug set in place. Badly in need of further milking, Fido whimpered in pain when her milk-swollen udders were hefted and squeezed, the clamps tight on her nipples preventing any milk leaking.

"Now you're sorry you teased me aren't you?" she whispered in satisfaction, a hugely swollen breast in each hand, her victim naked, gagged and bound, kneeling in front of her.

Lady Franklin still remembered the girl making a pass at her as if it was yesterday. She remembered the day, the date, the class she'd been going to. She even remembered what Fido had been wearing.

In a crowded British university corridor, an inconsiderate group of students in a huddle had almost blocked the passage, and they had been trying to pass each other. Face to face, the girl she now legally owned had deliberately brushed up against her as they passed, breasts unencumbered by a bra squashed into her

own, pelvises brushing across each other with an electric touch. And just for a second the lovely girl had been looking directly into her eyes, deliberately rubbing her firm young body up against her older professor's. Just for a moment, but time for a lifetime of understanding to pass between them! Then the girl had pushed away with a discreet "Oops, sorry," for anyone watching.

But Lady Franklin had looked into the girl's eyes and knew what the apparently casual, accidental, encounter really meant. She'd waited that night in her dressing gown with her door unlocked, and waited and waited, until gone five o'clock in the morning, the candles burnt down to stubs, the opened bottle of wine warm.

The next day, still willing to give her new love the benefit of the doubt, desperate to believe - the girl might have been sick or in an accident - she asked if anyone had seen her. No and no again. And then at lunchtime, arm in arm with her sister, both of them laughing, the girl she'd now trained to answer to Fido, her sister Lassie, had looked up, and again caught her eye. Nothing, no spark or pity, and the laughter had not stopped!

The bitch had been playing with her! She'd been teased yet again.

Lady Franklin let her tongue trail across Fido's milk-heavy breasts, noting with a happy smile a flicker of revulsion on her ball-gagged property's pretty young face. She rubbed her thumbs across clamped nipples, the distended globes she handled so full of milk and so cruelly squeezed by chromed steel bands, that her slave's skin was stretched fit to burst, shiny taut. She unscrewed the clamps on Fido's nipples, the lovely blonde whimpering in pain again as blood rushed back into crushed flesh. Ordered onto all fours, with Sarah holding a glass under first one breast and then the other, Lady Franklin roughly twisted and squeezed thick white fluid out of her property's wonderfully swollen breasts, Fido gasping in pained pleasure as her owner's fingers squeezed deep into the painfully milk-swollen globes. It was rather fun.

Although Fido was proving to be a delightful fuck, and her Academic husband clearly enjoyed sharing the more than voluptuous slave-girl with her in their bed, Lady Franklin's own sexual preference was still a lithe, small-breasted, slender girl, like her Sarah. She had of course bedded the girl herself several times as well as sharing her with her husband, simply because she had the power to do so. She'd thoroughly enjoyed herself, and discovered there was a certain

unique satisfaction to be had in sinking her fingers deep into a dairy-slave's full swollen-taut breasts and squeezing the milk out of them, but it was a passing fancy. In the end, she preferred her slave-girls slim.

The utter devastating humiliation experienced by British girls injected with the Slaveworld's growth hormone was an experience to treasure, both Lassie and Fido begging, sobbing and pleading in their first two weeks - promising her anything if she would just stop the process - as day by day their breasts swelled larger, heavier, bigger. Priceless! The first time she was milked, a sobbing Fido had cried out that she wanted to die, ensuring as much as physical type, that she would always be a torture-toy first and a sex-toy second.

She twisted her fingers deeper, savouring her former student's whimpers. When the glass was full of milk, capping it, a quick shake, and then pulling off the cold-tab on the base of the glass resulted in a perfect human milkshake. Waved up, sitting on her heels, tears of shame running down her cheeks again, but with only little gasps of pain, Fido held herself obediently still while her former professor grabbed first one, then the second milk-heavy breast, and screwed tight clamps back onto her nipples, snapping closed padlocks. Meanwhile, the well-trained Sarah had removed the glass's cap, pushed a straw into the now thick, chilled, strawberry milkshake and offered the dew beaded glass to her owner. Lady Franklin graciously accepted her tribute.

At the slightest wave of her little finger, Sarah, still with a chain trailing from the dildo inside her, and with Glory's dildo still in her mouth, obediently knelt beside the heavy breasted dairy slave. Physically, the contrast between the two blondes could not have been greater, Sarah delicate, small-breasted, almost elfin in comparison with the bigger more voluptuous Fido. With her huge, painfully milk-swollen breasts, lush curves and generous hips, helpless in her shiny chromed steel bands and chain restraints, so tight they were embedded in her flesh, Fido could not have been more different.

But the two legally owned, pretty blondes actually had a lot more in common than they knew. Seen from Lady Franklin's perspective, the apprehension, the fear, the desperate need to please in the eyes of her two former students, was identical! Lady Franklin gave one of Fido's milk-heavy breasts one last heft and squeeze before closing her lips over the straw of Sarah's offering and taking a little suck. Superb.

"One of your world's better inventions I feel," she told her friend the Queen, holding up her glass.

Victoria responded with a lazy grin, well aware of how much her new friend enjoyed teasing and tormenting her former students as they had once teased her. Fido claimed not to remember the incident in the university corridor, but Lady Franklin was not deceived. The girl would remain in her cruel steel restraints until she was genuinely contrite. And even when the chains came off, the well-whipped fucking-toy, already the prey in several hunts and the centrepiece of many a live sex-show - personally force-fed a pint of semen by her former professor every morning to improve her produce - was going to remain a dairy-slave with hugely heavy and painfully milk-swollen tits for as long as she was Lady Franklin's property, simply for the fun of it.

Fido's sister Lassie had not actually been one of her former students, just studying at the same university, and she claimed she had not been in on the joke, but Lady Franklin knew another lying tease slut when she bedded one. Although, not having actually been one of 'hers' did make Lassie rather less interesting. So unlike Fido, whom Lady Franklin intended to be screwing and tormenting until her dying day, once Lassie had been properly chastised, she would probably sell her. Fido would of course be allowed to watch her sister's auction, knowing it was her fault!

She took another suck of her perfect strawberry milkshake, waved away her perfect slaves and flopped back onto the blanket, using Lassie's stomach as a pillow. A perfect world!

Nettle-stung tits swaying and jiggling with every step, forced to take neat little steps in her hobble and heels, and with her rough crotch rope still tormenting her to distraction, Alice idly wondered how many people had seen her naked today. Perhaps two hundred or so? Maybe more? It was a little game she sometimes played with herself. How many people had seen her wearing a dildo? How many people had watched her having sex, or being whipped, or sucking cock? She'd once worked out that when Prince Alfred still owned her,

counting public outings as a pony-girl, over five thousand people must have seen her whipped and dildo-stuffed, but that had seemed like a ridiculously high number. Perhaps she'd got her sums wrong.

As one in a row of four rather impressive examples of chained femininity she felt she was certainly attracting more attention than usual today. Several appreciative hands had patted or stroked a whip-stripped buttock, the heavy sway of her enlarged slave-breasts attracting many appreciative glances and comments. Lady Abigail led the way out of the park, down the pavement of a busy city street, pausing at a pedestrian crossing while waiting for the lights to change. Green. The young aristocrat, with Lady Isobell leading her own Glory, led her train of four naked girls back up the opposite pavement to a building labelled MUNICIPAL COURT BUILDING - SOUTH, almost opposite the park entrance. Five stunning young women, all gagged, naked and in bondage, had just been led across a busy city street, and while many had obviously enjoyed the show, clearly no one thought it was unusual.

In the court building's antechamber were more naked girls, all gagged and bound, with the distinctive look of British slaves about them. An efficient looking trooper scanned bar codes and signed for Lady Abigail's string of four, the young aristocrat then tying Alice's lead to a wall-ring and wandering off with Lady Isobell, apparently quite unconcerned as to her property's fate. Alice's bar code with her serial number underneath, was tattooed on the underside of her left breast as was normal for a top-heavy pet. The uniformed man gave Alice an abstracted pat between the legs, hefted and groped various breasts down the line of four for comparison, and then wrote a number on each girl's forehead in thick black ink.

"Can't move for huge tits today," he joked with a colleague.

"I know. Great isn't it," the other trooper, himself holding up two handfuls of heavy flesh, laughed.

Alice guessed she was number thirteen as the other three on her string were fourteen to sixteen. Case number five, a cute, blue-eyed, big-titted blonde with a corseted eighteen inch wasp-waist, and the base of a chained-in dildo projecting down between silken thighs, was chained to a wall hook opposite. The blonde slave's juices were running down her inner thighs and her breasts were tugged up at their tips, her nipple-rings chained to her collar to teasingly stretch the fat

nubs; a little decorative torment. Still a while to wait then, Alice guessed.

Some girls had obviously been carefully groomed for their court appointment, hair brushed into shining waves, leather and steel restraints meticulously polished and fresh lip-gloss applied to full ball-gag parted lips. Others like Alice herself, and a panting, sweat-gleaming, pony-girl with the number nine written on her forehead, had clearly just been brought in fresh from play. Case number nine, still in harness and bridle and slaverling around her bit, had just been left hog-tied on the floor, big breasts flattened under her; a Royal brand clear on one heavily whip-striped buttock. Now she thought about it, Alice remembered seeing a pony-trap without a slave between the traces, parked outside. She also thought that she recognised most of the other girls from various orgies, torture parties and an all British slave-girl embassy reception she'd served at. The lords and ladies who could afford a British girl tended to move in the same circles.

A harried looking man with a clipboard approached.

"Pay attention slaves!" he snapped. "I am Mr Shepherd, the Clerk of the Court. Today I have been assigned to assist your Court Appointed Council, His Honour, the Baron Greyfell."

He waved a part-irritated, self-important, hand over to where an indolent looking young lord in a chair was being felled by a bound girl on her knees. The well-trained blonde's lips were moving up and down the young lordling's cock in time with her breasts being squeezed.

"The Baron is, er, consulting with a client at the moment. He of course does not have time to speak to you all, so I will explain what you're doing here.

"Some weeks ago a slave belonging to Lady Isobell Franklin successfully appealed against her conviction, and as a result, some irregularities have been brought to light in the way some of the so-called British breed of slave were arrested and sentenced. As a result of that verdict, a Judicial Review has granted the automatic right of appeal against your sentences, today."

The Clerk checked his notes.

"When you are taken before the judge, you will be asked for the record if you wish to appeal against your original conviction. If yes, you will be granted a

Crown Court appearance and legal assistance. In light of the precedent already set, the hearing will be a formality, and you may expect to be released within a couple of days or so, and then handed over to your embassy. Compensation has not been agreed!"

Alice heard herself gasp behind her gag. Stunned, she looked around at her fellow sex-slaves, naked and bound as she was, meeting their equally bewildered gaze. Free? Only the slave on her knees in front of the Baron didn't look around. The blonde's head bobbed obediently faster as her lawyer's fingers twisted deeper and harder into her large breasts, her wrists handcuffed in the small of her back clenched into tight fists.

"Alternatively," the clerk continued, "you may waive your right to appeal, if you agree that your sentence to sexual service was just and deserved. Five years will of course be added to your current sentence for wasting the court's time. There will of course be no second opportunity to appeal, and you will be immediately returned to your respective owners. A representative from your embassy will be on hand to offer advice."

Alice's court appointed Defence Counsel pulled his cock out of the blonde's mouth, pushed her aside, and looked around for fresh meat. He stroked a hooded, body-harnessed girl between the legs with a whip, his erection swaying back and forth, tugged a blonde onto her toes with her nipples and then homed in on a pair of brunettes, comparing them with a breast in each hand. After a moment's comparison, the bigger breasted of the two was pushed astride his chair's armrest, and the crop slashed across her backside.

Leather struck flesh with a vicious crack, the gagged girl's head jerking up as she wailed in agonised distress. In a public corridor in a court building, the young aristocrat laid a flurry of merciless whip strokes across his slave-client's ass, quite unconcerned that his erection was swinging this way and that for all to see. Alice wasn't surprised to see that the heavy-breasted slave-girl was rubbing her crotch back and forth on the armrest as she was punished. She was after all, a British slave!

"Finally, until your legal status is resolved, you may all consider yourselves the property of the Court," the clearly flustered clerk felt the need to add, by way of explanation for his aristocrat master's behaviour.

The freshly whipped brunette was pulled to her knees, her cock-gag removed, and in moments, just like the discarded blonde, with her mouth full of cock, her head was bobbing in time with her breasts being squeezed. The clerk riffled through his notes. He was clearly trying not to too publicly disapprove of his temporary superior's antics. Doing all the real work while the young baron just lent his name to the proceedings was probably not new to him, but having to deal with sex-slaves as clients probably was.

Alice was still totally off balance, the girl beside her moaning in soft pleasure as a red uniformed trooper stroked his fingers into her sex. The hog-tied pony-girl met her eyes a moment, both of them wondering the same thing. Was this for real, or just some sick joke? A group of six girls were led into a side office. And as she watched, Numbers one, two and three were led one by one into the courtroom, and all three emerged still naked, still in chains, still on collar and lead. The Baron finally tired of his chosen brunette and decided to inspect Alice and the three girls she was chained neck to neck with. He wandered up and down the line, finally pausing to look Alice up and down.

'Is this one of my cases?" he drawled.

"Yes, your Lordship," the harried clerk agreed.

Her court appointed Defence Counsel gave Alice's weighty breasts several stinging slaps, forehand and backhand, to get her full attention. The heavy mounds quivered and swung under the blows, Alice biting harder into the red ball her bridle held tight in her mouth as her nettle stings flared into pain again. Only gasping a little, she stood obediently motionless, nipples standing out harder.

"Pay attention slut," the young Lord drawled. "I don't like to repeat myself. Just plead guilty. It will go much easier on you."

He gave her rough crotch-rope a curious tug, Alice gasping in delight.

"My Lord?" the clerk put in timidly. "There is no guilty plea. These are acquittal hearings. You remember the briefing with your father?"

"Whatever," the bored aristocrat replied, clearly far more interested in the ample weight of breast spilling out of his hands than in the details of Alice's case. He unclipped her lead from the Queen's slave now marked fourteen, and

led her over to his favourite armchair. Breathless, waiting fearfully for the lash, Alice obediently straddled the armrest, her crotch-rope pushed harder into her sex.

The first whip-stroke struck in a hot blaze of pain. Alice whimpered in a strangled cry of agony, her scream caught in her throat. Another blow, a truly vicious sting, was followed by another, then another, her buttocks quickly throbbing with a blow-torch heat. By then she'd found her voice, squeaking in high pitched yelps as she was lashed. The crop strokes came harder and faster, the heat of her whip-burnt buttocks inevitably igniting a matching and unquenchable heat in her groin, Alice gasping in lust as she rubbed her roped crotch into the armrest.

Just too soon he stopped. She hated being whipped when she didn't get to come!

Pulled to her knees, her bridle-gag removed, still dazed with lust and in time with cruel fingers twisted deep into her breasts, Alice's lips obediently slid down the thick heavy cock that was placed on her tongue. It was an automatic reaction. She was now tit-trained, conditioned to slide her lips down a cock in time with her boobs being squeezed, without thought or orders. Twisted and squeezed nipples were also recognised commands.

Relaxing her throat muscles, she let the meat rod slide down her throat, nose mashed into her user's pubic hair, groaning pleasure around the hot obstruction as her slave-breasts were mauled. Looking up the young aristocrat's body, her own arms still bound together down her back, her ringed nipples hard against the Baron's palms, she saw a contented smile touch his lips. He didn't seem hugely bright, but he was clearly thoroughly enjoying himself 'consulting' with his clients.

The young Baron looked down, meeting her eyes, and released one breast long enough to give her a contented pat on the head. It clearly never occurred to him Alice might want to be elsewhere; or that serving him was not a privilege. In his world, the world he'd been born into and took for granted, a top-heavy obedience-trained sex-doll with her arms secured behind her back was never more than a finger's snap away. And in a society where those same absolutely lovely, compliant, heavy-breasted, slave-girls had practically no rights and existed only to be enjoyed, whipping a girl hot and wet, and then cruelly

squeezing her tits to control her mouth, probably seemed a perfectly normal way to enjoy oneself!

Alice bobbed her head faster, lips tight around the meat rod in her mouth as her breasts were squeezed harder and faster, tonguing the Baron's cock with increasing urgency as the young lord's orgasm approached, and as he hurt her breasts more! The globes his fingers were so painfully twisted into were swollen with lust, nipples unbearably sensitive. Alice usually found a firm squeeze, a light whipping or a good breast slapping quite delicious at this point; but her Defence Counsel's grip on her breasts, fingers painfully deep into her flesh, was now past the point where punishment was pure pleasure.

This was more complicated territory! Pain and pleasure entwined. Tears stinging her eyes, she gasped in pained lust, deliberately bucking her hips and clenching stomach muscles to drag her dripping crotch-rope back and forth across an already rubbed raw clitoris. Her oversized slave-breasts were twisted and squeezed harder still, Alice crying out in helpless pain, letting her user's cock slide down her throat again to muffle her anguished wail and trying to be more pleasing. Please come, please come, she prayed.

Gasping for breath, tears on her cheeks, she felt the straps holding her wrists and elbows together down her back cut deeper into her upper arms as she instinctively tried to bring up her hands to protect her punished breasts. Oh, please come! Still obediently bobbing her head in time with the Baron's merciless tit-squeezes, Alice was dimly aware she was being watched by her fellow slaves and court employees and that she was still squirming and twisting her hips to pull on her crotch-rope. While the punishment her boobs were taking was in no way pleasant, she still couldn't help but be further aroused by such cruel treatment.

She came first, crying out in helpless delight around the cock in her mouth; both crushed, twisted breasts now unbearable balls of pain, further stimulating a cascade of pleasure. Feeling faint, Alice swayed a moment as stars danced in front of her eyes, gasping in the great lungfuls of air she'd forgotten to take in her desperation to please. Panting on her knees, sweat slick on her flanks, her abused, throbbing, gasp-heaving, breasts were now just being lightly kneaded and stroked in the young Baron's hands. A cock still resting on her obediently held out tongue, Alice only fully realised the young aristocrat using her had come when she tasted his semen. She closed her lips over the softening shaft,

licking and sucking up the sour, salty, white slime, and then held out her dripping tongue for display before swallowing as she'd been trained to.

The Baron watched her swallow with a happy smile and then pushed her aside. He wandered up and down his collection of slave-clients again, before selecting a pretty little dairy-slave to play with. Alice was clearly forgotten by the time he pushed a vibrator deep into the ass of his new plaything. Without orders, one of the well-trained troopers pushed Alice's ball-gag back into her mouth, and buckled her gag's bridle tight back around her head.

The clerk rounded up another group of five slaves and herded them into a side office, Alice, come still on her tongue and sticking to the inside of her mouth, amongst them this time. A young woman was sitting on one corner of a large desk, playing with a riding crop, Lady Isobell's slave Glory on her knees licking the woman's shoes clean. The big girl had picked up a chained-in butt-plug and had had a couple of bells clamped to her nipples since Alice had last seen her.

Alice recognised the woman Glory was serving as one of the guests at the embassy reception where she'd been the ambassador's personal serving slave; following him around with a dildo pulled trolley. The slaves at the embassy had all been British, so most of her fellow slaves probably recognised the lady and Glory as well. Not a noble Lady though, just a lady. A girl from their own world, on the staff of the British embassy here!

"Lady Marie is a representative from your government," the clerk explained and then left, closing the door behind him.

"Line up! Let's have a look at you," the young woman ordered, her lack of an accent instantly recognisable as slave-British to Alice's ears.

The slaves obediently moved into line. Closing her eyes, it was easy for Alice to imagine 'Lady' Marie, naked in chains. It wasn't just the lack of an accent; she just wasn't nearly self-assured or arrogant enough to be a Slaveworld owner. By contrast, Alice had had teenage lords and ladies stroke her between the legs, pat her on the bottom and heft and knead the full weight of her big breasts with a self-assurance that was quite breath-taking. They were born to own slaves, and Glory was licking the embassy staffer's shoes with an indifference no real owner would ever tolerate.

I used to dress like that, Alice realised after a puzzled moment, wondering for a moment why Marie had looked so wrong to her eyes. At the embassy reception Marie had worn an evening gown, close enough to some Slaveworld fashions to pass without comment. But now, what Alice had once considered normal clothing, looked rather bizarre. Young Ladies here sometimes wore slacks when dressing casually, but the Slaveworld had yet to invent Gap T-shirts and Levi 501's!

And no cosmetic surgeon had been turned loose on her; her figure nowhere near the dramatic hourglass Alice had come to expect along with a British accent. The T-shirt was snug, the ambassador's assistant a 34 or 36 C-cup, she guessed. Alice couldn't believe how small her breasts were!

Marie let her eyes wander down the row of five naked girls standing neatly to attention before her, her eyes wandering here and there, lingering on lush curves, long legs, neatly trimmed pubic hair and the impressive rise and fall of five pairs of hugely enlarged breasts, fat nipples set with thick shiny metal rings. All the slaves were gagged and helpless in a variety of humiliating restraints. Despite having stepped through a dimensional Gate, not born to this life, she was clearly very much enjoying her power, and their humiliation.

"Okay bimbos. Here's the deal. The offer of freedom is genuine, ask Glory, you all know her. However, we can't have you wandering around loose back home, talking about this place, so you will be placed in protective custody if you decide to go back to Earth, until such time as the diplomatic situation here is resolved. So don't think you're going home tomorrow."

She wandered down the front of the line of slaves, and then behind them, stroking, petting and teasing as she pleased. Alice of course made no sound or move of protest as the representative of her country's embassy thrust a thumb into her back-passage, and with a breast spilling out of her free hand, painfully bit one of her nipples. It was no more odd than her court appointed lawyer whipping her and coming in her mouth. This was the Slaveworld, after all!

"If you choose to remain here as slaves, then you may copy out one of these letters which will be delivered to your families. Don't forget a couple of nice smudged but clear fingerprints and plenty of saliva on the stamp and envelope for DNA tests.

"I am also authorised to inform you that tomorrow their Majesties the King and Queen intend to issue a proclamation that will recognise the British slave as a distinct breed, as of the end of this month. As a mark of distinction, non-royal owners will be permitted to brand their property with a hot iron. The youth treatment will be compulsory for British slaves, and the owner will also have to satisfy some basic physical characteristics to gain Kennel Club accreditation on the pedigree, minimum breast and waist sizes and the like. Nothing any of you need to concern yourselves with. British slaves, if they choose to remain in this reality, will also be granted citizenship and university scholarships on completion of their sentence."

Marie propped herself on the edge of the desk again.

"Remember, sexual slavery is an integral part of the justice system on this world, and they consider their system just and fair. When mistakes do happen, they are corrected, quietly, and with a minimum of fuss! This will not be an opportunity for you to go public. The British Ambassador has already personally assured the Lord Chief Justice that an official protest into the legal status of current British slaves is not in the interests of diplomacy at this time."

She paused, letting them all digest her words.

"And so while the Court of Appeal is willing to correct what might have been a minor error, over-zealous bureaucrats trying to curry favour with their masters, no one is interested in hearing that you were kidnapped, cruelly snatched from your lives and careers, etc, etc, etc. Nobody cares! We all know that you sluts love it here, and for today only, it's your choice. Just state for the record whether you want to be a slave or not, and don't grandstand or try to pass judgement on this society's morals or its justice system. As the Clerk of the Court should have already told you, Glory here was released on appeal a few weeks ago, and the court has seen fit to appoint her your lay advisor."

Marie reached down and pulled the top-heavy brunette to her feet with a handful of hair, the bells decorating her breasts chiming softly..

"In case you're wondering why she's still wearing a collar, she was later sentenced to thirty years' service for assault on a noble, but that's another story. Ask her yourselves."

Marie wandered over to the window, looking out onto the Londinium street.

Glory reached behind her with her cuffed hands, and sorted through the letters Marie had been holding. Finding one with a red line through it, she set it aside. The lovely slave with the plug chained into her ass beckoned them closer, - and speaking softly and totally believable where Marie had not been - she looked into her fellow slaves' eyes and assured them the appeal was real.

"This is the letter my family was sent," she concluded. "It was posted from India."

Alice crowded closer, the velvet skin of the naked slave-girls on either side brushing across hers. The letter was rambling and disjointed, talking about finding the true way and following the path of the One. Anyone reading it would be in no doubt that the writer had joined a cult. Alice skip-read a couple more. More of the same with minor variations.

Clever really.

Alice had learned to love her service, with just a couple of reservations, and she suspected it was the same for her fellow British slaves. She'd occasionally worried that her friends and family did not know if she was alive or dead. And she'd worried that if British Intelligence refused to let her go home when her sentence was up - a very real possibility - that she might end up a rural peasant or domestic drudge. But as a university graduate, she would be a part of the Slaveworld middle class, her children exempt from sexual service. All she had to do was let the Slaveworld's English judiciary off the hook, by admitting her guilt....

....and then spend the next thirty five years as a legally owned sexual plaything, to be used and enjoyed by sadistic, spoilt, cruel, aristocrats!

On the bright side, she was already branded!

Her mind was a whirl. They couldn't seriously expect her to, to... the very idea was.... it was ridiculous! Alice was herded back into the court antechamber, three more girls led into the office for the Marie and Glory show. Her court appointed defence counsel had abandoned the dairy-slave now, and was using a long carriage whip to flick off paper-clips he'd attached to a new pony-girl's nipples.

A chain clipped to her collar secured Alice to a wall-ring outside the

courtroom. Number twelve was in front of her. As she watched, Number eleven was led into the courtroom by another trooper. The harassed Clerk of the Court hurried up.

"Don't speak unless spoken to. Just enter your plea into the record," he ordered as a trooper removed her bridle-gag again.

The girl with the number twelve written on her forehead was led into the courtroom. Her heart pounding in her chest, her nipples aching hard, her stung, aching, bruised, breasts lust-swollen and her crotch-rope now completely soaked through, Alice waited breathless for her turn. She was trembling, believing now that they were quite serious, and they would set her free if she could just bring herself to ask.

She felt a moment's guilt, knowing Lady Abigail would be disappointed not to have her to play with any more. The young aristocrat had intended to take her to a party that evening, but the pretty girl owned other playthings. One of them could take Alice's place.

Alice felt dazed, floating, as if her stiletto heels were not touching the floor. No more sexual torment. No more being displayed naked and bound in public. No more submitting to Lady Abigail's sadistic whims. No more being used for sex by people she didn't even know. She would be allowed to choose her own lovers again!

As she was led before the judge, arms strapped down her back, naked but for her collar and high heels - guilty and still a sex-slave until she asked for her acquittal hearing - Alice realised with growing disbelief that she had tasted a bit for the last time. She would never again be whipped naked down busy city streets, pulling a pony-trap in harness and bridle. Be made to trot and prance in dildo and butt-plug, tight straps around her body, between her legs and digging deep into her big breasts, steered with reins yanking at her nipple-rings! Whipped into exhilarating sprints away from traffic lights!

The judge was a kindly looking old gentleman, old enough to be her grandfather. His eyes lingered on the heavy weight of her breasts for several seconds before he looked up into her eyes with a twinkling smile.

"My, you're a big girl aren't you. Why don't you rest those big teats on my bench here."

He patted the edge of his bench in front of him. Heat growing anew in her belly, nipples harder than ever, Alice obediently stepped forward and standing on tip-toe, placed her breasts on the edge of the judges bench as ordered. The heavy mounds flattened slightly under their own weight, lightly touching together. The judge gave her nipples a tug.

"Superb!" the robed and be-wigged man breathed. "Absolutely superb!"

Alice gasped in pain as a length of string was tied around one nipple, the knot then yanked tight. She bit her lip, wishing she was gagged, as a second length of string was tied around her free nipple. The judge tied the two lengths of string off to something Alice couldn't see under his desk, her breasts now pulled forward into painful cones. For the second time in the court building she found herself blinking away tears, her nipples cruelly crushed.

"What's your name, Teats?"

"Puppet, My Lord," Alice breathed, delighted to be asked. So few nobles did!

The kindly looking old man produced a box of pins, and with total happy absorption, began pushing them into her breasts, here, there and finally, all over! On her toes, her hands secured behind her, tied in place by her nipples and desperately aroused, Alice gasped and whimpered as uncounted lengths of sharp steel were pushed into her flesh. She risked a look down, knowing she could be punished for not remaining obediently motionless, head up proudly, but sexual torture always left her helplessly fascinated.

Little round metal beads, the heads of the pins, were scattered all over both heavy globes. The pins had been pushed into her flesh all the way, the tortured melons now heaving a little as she panted, but still firmly held in place with stretched out nipples. The strings tied around the fat, now purple, nubs pulled even more painfully taut as she gasped.

The first of many tears splashed down onto a pin-skewered breast, the judge looking up with a puzzled frown. His face cleared as he recognised Alice, and for a moment she was a person again, not just the huge pair of boobs he was amusing himself with.

"I almost forgot. Do you wish to appeal against your sentence of service? Any objection to your original arrest and conviction?"

He still had a pin between the fingers of his right hand, its point resting on the upper swell of Alice's right breast with a prickle, his left hand under the punished mound.

"No, My Lord," she breathed.

"Louder. For the record!"

"My Lord, I do not wish to appeal against my conviction," Alice heard herself say in a clear firm voice.

"Good girl," the judge said with a nod, pushing home the pin he held and then giving both her pin-head decorated breasts an approving squeeze. "Five years added to her sentence for wasting the Court's time," he told the Court Recorder.

Alice gasped in pain as her bruised, tortured breasts were squeezed. Had she said yes to this? She hadn't meant to say yes, had she? At the judge's command, the trooper who had led her in buckled her bridle-gag back into place. Her mouth filled, stretched wide by a bright red ball, Alice whimpered, watching in horror as the Judge opened a new box of fifty pins. Her crotch-rope was now too soaked through to absorb any more moisture, and her juices were running down an inner thigh!

"One hour recess for lunch," the judge ordered, slamming down his gavel with a crack.

He selected another pin, taking a moment to admire the substantial breasts he was torturing, both punished melons still firmly held in place with the taut strings that crushed and stretched her now deep purple nipples. Deciding her left breast had less pin-heads decorating it than the right, he pushed the pin in part way with his fingers; and then with his thumb on the top, he firmly pushed the steel pin fully into the abused mound. Alice, happy to have a ball-gag to bite into again, wailed in contented pain. Clearly she was Lunch. Helpless, tied in place by her nipples and wondering who in their right mind ever imagined a trained slave could bring herself to ask for freedom, she wondered with fearful anticipation how many more boxes of pins the kindly looking old man had back there.

CHAPTER 9

The ambassador had a fairly friendly management style, but he still liked people to announce themselves before wandering in on him. In Marie's absence, Sheila was manning the outer office.

The heavy breasted blonde had been fitted with a tight latex hood, leaving her blind, deaf and dumb, and was tied in place, bent forward over the back of a padded armchair in the centre of the office. The former journalist was naked, her ankles tied to the chair legs, and was pulled forward over the chair back with a rope looped tightly around her breasts, running down the front of the armchair and then under it, tied to the back legs. Her melon-heavy tits had ballooned out nicely.

Sheila's wrists were in handcuffs behind her, and she was obediently holding onto a familiar rod that penetrated her back passage. The battery-heavy cattle prod was pushed into Sheila's ass by only about a quarter of its length, and would have easily slipped out of the helpless woman if she hadn't been holding it in place.

In a variation of a KNOCK AND ENTER sign, the ambassador had written across one firm buttock in black marker pen - MAKE SLAVE SQUEAL TWICE, AND ENTER.

With a happy grin, Marie grabbed the cattle-prod's trigger and pulled. Sheila shrieked, bucking in her bonds, pulling the rope nooses even tighter into the flesh of her breasts as she tried to rear up. The sex-slave's cry had been a little muffled, Marie thought, probably by a cock gag built into the hood.

The sexual plaything bent over the back of the armchair was gasping for breath now, her hood-blind head fearfully turning this way and that. Marie shocked her again. The naked blonde cried out in helpless anguish, a sheen of sweat suddenly visible on her skin, her juices running down the inside of one satin thigh. As she walked on into the ambassador's office, Marie noticed with mild wonder that the woman tied down with her breasts was still obediently

holding the cattle-prod inside her own rear passage with her cuffed hands.

The boss was not in his own office, but soft, muffled gasps and whimpers led Marie into the adjoining parlour/playroom, where another sex-slave was earning her keep. Britain's Ambassador to the Slaveworld's Kingdom of England was lounging on a couch with his hands folded behind his head. Stripped to the waist, his flies open, a pretty hog-tied girl lying between his legs worked her lips slowly up and down a surprisingly large cock. As Marie had quickly discovered, the boss was not shy.

Amanda, twenty years old and sentenced to fourteen years' sexual servitude for molesting a noble's slave was another of the Slaveworld's typical curvy blondes. Although not nearly as busty as Sheila, her breasts were full and firm, big by any other definition. Her waist was slender, but she'd just been corset trained, not worked on by a cosmetic surgeon, and again, was no match for the former Australian feminist's spectacular, hour-glass figure. A remote control box lay on the ambassador's stomach, trailing red wires that disappeared into the young girl's sex and back-passage.

Jacob, her equally naked husband, stood watching with his feet chained apart, almost hanging from his chained wrists, wire trailing electrodes clamped to his scrotum and clipped to a series of rings screwed down along the length of a swollen cock. A sheen of sweat highlighted his body and he was trembling with fear and exhaustion, but he couldn't take his eyes off his hog-tied wife. His teeth were biting hard into a rubber-coated bit.

The young couple were on loan to the ambassador from Her Royal Highness, Queen Victoria II - a housewarming present - and unlike Sheila, who had quickly become the entire embassy's pet, the ambassador had mostly kept these two to himself for his own sexual use and pleasure. It was not polite to share a borrowed sex-slave. They would have to be returned once the embassy had a full complement of its own slaves, and he was making the most of them while he still could.

"Oh hello Marie. Was that you I heard making Sheila squeal?"

Marie nodded with a grin. She let her eyes roam over Amanda's naked body. The lovely girl was lying bound on her stomach, vibrator impaled and wearing only a collar, whip-marks criss-crossing her buttocks. 'God, I love this world,'

Marie thought. The ambassador reached down to his remote control box and thumbed a button. A faint buzz sounded from inside the hog-tied girl's body, powerful twin vibrators turning her insides to jelly. The tightly bound sex-slave cried out in pleasure around the half erect cock in her mouth, helplessly squirming and twisting on her belly between the ambassador's legs. Her head bobbed faster as she obediently tried to take more cock deeper into her mouth.

Deliberately teasing the beautiful young girl who was only half his age, really making her work at pleasing him, the ambassador switched the vibrator off, and then on. Off, on, off, on, until the helpless sex-slave cried out in forced pleasure. Jacob cried out in agony a fraction of a second after his young wife cried out in delight!

Marie's grin became wider as she realised what she was watching. Oh yes; how deliciously cruel! She gave the gasping Jacob's balls a quick squeeze just to hear him moan. Many female sex-toys had coin-shaped, wafer-thin, sensors surgically implanted in them. Attached to the skull at the temples, they were invisible under the skin and set to monitor specific brain waves. The sensors could record each and every orgasm on the slave owner's personal computer. Usually the sensors were implanted for competition use, to prevent masturbation or just to see how many times you could make your property come as you rode her; but there were other uses.

The cute little blonde was a complete slut in Marie's opinion, who had carelessly condemned her husband to a sexual hell just to satisfy her own lusts, but she knew Jacob loved his pretty young wife with a desperate passion, undiminished by her behaviour. It was his job to gag her, whip her, insert dildos or butt-plugs, to tie her down for other men to enjoy and use; and then to lick their come out of her afterwards! Arrested only a week after they'd married, now kept in an almost permanent state of arousal, forced to watch his little - once so sweet and innocent - childhood sweetheart put through her sexual paces day in and day out - and clearly loving it - it wasn't too surprising he didn't see her in an entirely rational light.

Today, he was not only being forced to watch his bride sucking on another man's cock, but a massive electric shock was being automatically delivered to his genitals each and every time his hog-tied wife experienced orgasm! And while not in the same league as the insatiable Sheila - Big Tits as Marie preferred to think of her - Amanda was a hot little beast, who could be made to come and

come again on a vibrator. The shamed tears running down his cheeks were not just pain.

"So how did it go in court?"

"You were right," Marie agreed with a bemused shake of her head. "Only three of them asked for freedom, and two changed their minds within half an hour. The other one will probably cave in soon, Isobell thinks." She shook her head. "Offering an appeal seemed like such a risk though. How could you be so sure?"

"Your little friend Glory," he replied. "The Queen was absolutely sure she would not take her freedom once she'd tasted the lash. And she was right."

He gave Amanda another buzz, the hog-tied girl forcing herself to swallow more cock with a helpless gurgle.

"Ask yourself. Why are British girls so expensive, so hot, such superb toys?"

"The aphrodisiac they implant in them," Marie replied promptly. "The local lads and girls have built up an immunity over the years. People from our dimension have no resistance."

"Yes, partly. And that's why even Carson's captured agents make wonderful playthings. But more important, remember the results of a psychological profile here are guaranteed. No guesswork. The British recruits, the girls who are going to get pedigrees, were all natural submissives even before they were implanted with the aphrodisiac."

"So of course they put their collars straight back around their necks," Marie burst out. "This place is paradise for real submissives!"

"And the only thing stopping them being happy little toys, was that their families didn't know what had become of them, and they were wondering what would happen to them when the game was over," the ambassador concluded. "Now they do. The fake letters also nicely get a few nosy policemen back on our Earth off our backs, as well as letting the Slaveworld judiciary off the hook for sentencing British girls whose only crime was to be kidnapped. Now they owe us twice."

Marie nodded understanding, Jacob's cock flexing almost unnoticed in her grip. It remained to be seen if the ambassador was also right in thinking that the British girls he'd arranged places as exchange students and secured jobs for, would obligingly put themselves on the auction block.

"So your university friend Kerry comes through the gate Friday?" he asked.

Marie nodded distractedly, still teasing Jacob, deliberately squeezing his ring-clamped shaft now.

"Rather strange," the ambassador mused. "I was told we had a full staff a month ago, and we're not exactly snowed under with work here. Then we get a new staffer! Always be suspicious when head office gives you something you haven't asked for!"

Marie turned away from Jacob with a shrug. The boss was a little paranoid about the Intelligence side of the Project in her opinion. She stroked her fingers down the red wire that penetrated Amanda's anus, pushing a finger up inside the girl, until she felt the end of the rear vibrator, then she pushed the heavy shaft a little deeper inside the hog-tied blonde. Jacob's wife groaned, her hips twitching as Marie did the same to the even bigger shaft filling her pussy, but quite properly her lips never stopped working on the ambassador's cock.

"How well do you know her?"

"Kerry? She's a year older than me. More my sister's friend than mine really, but well enough."

She patted a buttock, stroking lightly

"I recommended her myself, when we were asked if we could think of anyone we knew who might fit in, after we'd been through the course ourselves," Marie added. "You've seen the report. She scored some of the best marks yet on the orientation course. I had to go through twice, and Ms Carson only just let me scrape through the second time."

"Ah yes, the delightful Ms Georgina Carson's famous orientation course," he almost spat.

Ms Carson's slave school, once a training ground for spies, now ran

orientation courses to acclimatise Slaveworld diplomatic staff to sexual sadism and a world of real slaves. In what had to be one of life's more bizarre job interviews, you didn't get posted to this embassy unless you could whip a bound, gagged, girl to tears, confidently tack-up and drive a pony-girl and watch degrading sex-shows without blushing too much.

"And remember what I was like when I first came here?" Marie added, "I was almost in tears at that first embassy reception with all those British girls on display. Besides, with John gone we are due one more body on the staff. Somebody back home obviously thought she'd be an asset."

"But why were they still evaluating staff, if we already had a full complement?" the ambassador muttered darkly.

"She's nothing to worry about," Marie assured him. "Went straight into corporate work from university. Nothing to do with Intelligence. I'm sure."

"If you say so. But whatever, I suggest you don't mention our past little arrangement."

Suddenly cautious, Marie let her eyes flick to the ornate brooch on the ambassador's jacket, hanging over the back of a chair. A present from the Queen herself, no microphone would function in the presence of the strange device. Before they'd given up in disgust, it had been driving Security, who wanted every word said in the embassy recorded, to utter distraction. Ms Carson had wanted to keep twenty-four hour tabs on every staffer.

The arrangement between Marie and the ambassador wasn't anything sinister, but the goons would probably not understand. Marie had found a noble friend in Lady Isobell, and the ambassador had kindly covered for her a few times while she and Marie had played together with the Lady's collection of beautiful human pets. At first - the rule often deliberately flouted with the ambassador's active encouragement - Security had not wanted anyone out and about on their own. Somebody had decided there was less chance of someone defecting or being turned, if the embassy staff only went out in pairs.

"I'll be discreet," she agreed, again patting Amanda's whip-striped ass.

Of course she trusted Kerry, but it would only take one stray word in the wrong ear to get her canned. With the ambassador now openly at war with his

superior, Ms Carson, the spook might not be above removing any staff personally loyal to him. While he obviously had power enough to fight his own corner, he might not have enough influence to protect individual members of his staff from the sack. Marie had no intention of getting herself fired from this wonderful job!

She didn't quite know why the ambassador was so paranoid about the project's third in command, but it was no secret now that he and Ms Carson absolutely detested each other. At the moment the ambassador seemed to be ahead on points. He had the Queen's ear and trust. He'd relaxed the spooks' grip on his embassy and staff. He'd managed to get rid of John, Ms Carson's eyes and ears in the embassy. And the one that had really put her back up, arguing that the embassy needed to be properly staffed if they were to be respected by their hosts, he'd arranged for fifteen slave-girls and five boy-toys to be transferred from her slave-school to serving duties at the embassy.

By all accounts, Ms Carson had been absolutely livid. Whether more at the break-up of her empire, or the loss of her best sex-toys, was open to conjecture.

Like Marie, her friends on the staff were not overly concerned with their superior's battle, as long as they did not come in the line of fire themselves. They were all eagerly awaiting their chance to get their hands on the first batch of sex-slaves due to be transferred to the embassy, this coming Friday, when her sister's friend Kerry would also join the staff.

Mind elsewhere, Georgina Carson let her unseeing eyes trail over the same report for the third time. Outwardly passive as she sat at her desk - no point in screaming and shouting - inwardly she was seething. In hindsight she had clearly underestimated just how much the ambassador had resented his forced recruitment, but the time-honoured method of carrot and stick had seemed appropriate at the time. The two usually went very well together, but it seemed she'd misjudged the amount of stick needed. A lot more stick and a lot less carrot would have kept the wretched man in his place! Partly she was angry at herself for letting the ambassador blindside her like that. She'd known he was building

up a powerbase of staff loyalty, and also making himself indispensable, with the contacts he was making with Slaveworld Royalty. But she still hadn't seen the thrust coming.

Worse, her own powerbase was decidedly shaky these days. Far too many captured British agents had ended up wearing a slave's collar, for her to feel she could reliably call on the Project's Intelligence community to rally around one of their own as they normally would. It wasn't much comfort to say, "Well, they could have been shot," the spy's traditional reward. And with more and more resources being devoted to anti-terrorism out in the real world, it seemed likely most of the remaining Intelligence personnel would actually be assigned elsewhere, rather than losses in agents made good.

John laid a folder on the corner of her desk.

"You might find this interesting. Passed over from Immigration's anti-terror watch."

The photographs weren't brilliant, taken from a digital CCTV camera mounted somewhere high, but they were good enough. Two young, noticeably buxom, young women strolling through Heathrow airport's Immigration. She recognised the shorter blonde instantly, a gorgeous former plaything she'd screwed, whipped, ridden, teased, trained and tormented many times. Susan Barncroft had been her personal mount for a while, as well as one of her Slave School's better classroom aids, until the still-serving police officer had defected to the Slaveworld! She was currently the legal property of one Lady Abigail.

The taller brunette was familiar only from pictures, but Ms Carson took only moments to place her, some slaves more memorable than others. The tall girl had been one of Lady Franklin's former research team, back before the one-time British professor had married into the Slaveworld aristocracy. More interesting still, according to her files, Jenny, three owners later, renamed first Treasure and now answering to Precious, was currently the property of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria II.

Ms Carson checked the date on the photographs and swore.

"Okay. I want them found. Don't pick them up, but I want max surveillance when you do find them. I want to know everything they say, everything they do and everyone they see. Get on it."

John nodded with a grin, clearly once again dealing with the Ms Carson he liked to see. As he reached for the folder, she put a hand over his, holding him in place a moment.

"Also backtrack them. I want to know which plane they got off, where they came from, who bought the tickets and when. Everything!"

"On it, Gov," he assured her.

Georgina allowed herself a small smile. She didn't know what those two were doing here, but she was willing to bet the ambassador had a hand in it. And if he did, then he'd just given her enough rope to hang him with. You didn't play fast and loose with national security for personal gain.

She chuckled. She didn't yet know if this new card made up for losing two thirds of the slave collection she'd so lovingly built up, but it was a start. And further strengthening her hand, her new mole had been slipped onto the embassy's strength with barely a ripple. The ambassador was bright, and his diplomatic work had given him some security training, but not the real thing. Soon, very soon, he was going to learn he'd taken on the wrong opponent.

Her naked stool, kneeling on all fours, groaned softly as she shifted position. Georgina absently reached down to pat a firm buttock. She reached down into her lower right drawer for the plastic Tupperware box that contained her lunch without looking, then with the same unconscious precision she applied to all tasks, she laid out a packet of sandwiches, a yoghurt, a chocolate biscuit and a banana in a neat row; a carton of orange above and to the right. Reading while she absently munched her way through lunch, she paused with a half-peeled banana in her hand. A slow wicked grin spread across her face. Standing, Ms Carson ordered her naked stool to her feet.

With a groan as she flexed her aching back, sat on for who knew how long, Kerry leapt to her feet and snapped into the 'stand' position. Head up, hands folded behind her head, feet set a neat eighteen inches apart; on display, as she'd

been trained. Ms Carson was sitting on the edge of her desk, slowly peeling a banana. The old woman's eyes on her naked body were like trails of slime.

"Are you hungry Kerry?" she asked.

"Yes Ma'am," Kerry breathed.

She was always hungry. The witch had put her on a diet. Ms Carson's grin widened, and she squirmed back and forth on the edge of her desk, pulling her skirt up around her hips. Kerry already knew the woman from security did not bother with panties when she intended to enjoy one or more slaves.

"On your knees," she ordered.

Kerry obediently dropped down, arms folded behind her back, watching at first with incomprehension, then with growing horror, as Ms Carson broke off half of the banana, and pushed it deep inside her own sex. She closed her eyes, and then with a grunt of effort, a trail of pulped, mashed up fruit, slimy with her juices, was squeezed out of her sex.

"Lap it up Kerry!" the stern woman ordered.

Tears stinging her eyes, fighting down bile - must not be sick, she told herself - Kerry leant forward and trailed her tongue up through the older woman's pussy. Saliva welled in her mouth as she tasted the sugary white fruit, delicious even crushed, with a garnish of pussy juice. Tears running down both cheeks, she closed her mouth over the Security woman's sex, more juice-slimy, pulped fruit squeezed into her mouth.

Another mouthful was squeezed into her waiting mouth, Kerry swallowing a sob before gulping it down. She'd already agreed to be Ms Carson's spy. Why did the horrible old woman have to keep humiliating her so? Naked on her knees, gripping her own forearms tightly behind her back, more than ever she was desperate to be sent on to the alternative Earth that to start with she hadn't even fully believed in, if it would let her escape Ms Carson's clutches. She believed in the Slaveworld now!

And just thirty miles away in a secluded English country house, a lot closer to the secret underground Intelligence base than he'd like, had he but known, Prince Samuel contemplated his efforts to return home, and was pleased. And

making captive scientists develop the Gate that would allow him to take them to his world, where they would then be auctioned, naked in chains to the highest bidder, appealed to his sense of humour

STORY CONCLUDES IN PT.6 - SLAVEWORLD RIVALS