

Slaveworld Rivals

Slaveworld Book 6



Stephen Douglas

SLAVEWORLD RIVALS

Slaveworld 6

Stephen Douglas

© Copyright, Stephen Douglas

The right of Stephen Douglas to be identified as author of this work has been asserted in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988

All Rights Reserved

No reproduction, copy or transmission of the publication may be made without written permission. No paragraph of this publication may be reproduced, Copied or transmitted save with the written permission of the publisher, or in accordance with the provisions of the Copyright Act 1956 (as amended).

Any person who does any unauthorised act in relation to this publication may be liable to criminal prosecution and civil claims for damages.

Silver Moon is an imprint of

Fiction4All

This digital edition published 2018

CHAPTER 1

When Prince Samuel was stranded on Earth by his enemies, he was not entirely helpless. His assets included a female slave, two loyal men and examples of advanced technology. It took him only a year to become a rich man, cautiously patenting and selling advanced technology under the assumed identity of an American citizen, a Mr Crown. Prudently not wishing to advertise his presence or the fact that travel between worlds in parallel universes was possible, and having been raised in a slave owning society, once he had established himself, the solution to the problem of returning to his home universe seemed obvious.

He needed scientists, but more, he needed secrecy. Young female science graduates - screened by psychological profile for the sexually submissive, to ensure both an easily controlled workforce, and to provide him with all the comforts of home - would be kidnapped and put to work building an inter-dimensional Gate in the secret lab he'd built in Britain. Suitable candidates could be screened under the guise of a job interview.

On his travels the prince had developed a taste for lingerie, Kentucky bourbon and poker. Kathy Jane, wearing just heels, a cream satin teddy and the matching stockings her captor had chosen for her, slipped into her place at the poker table. She was also wearing a collar, manacles and her wrists were in handcuffs at her sides, attached to a locked belt with short lengths of chain, which to her surprise she sometimes forgot. The prince allowed his captives to roam the estate's house and walled garden freely provided they put themselves in restraints, and sitting in a cell all day was deathly boring. Once a girl had put herself in restraints once, it was surprisingly easy for her to get used to the straps and chains.

She had quickly realised that the prince did not just want poker partners. A stranger in a hostile foreign land, his men loyal but contented underlings, he was lonely; his beautiful young captive scientists providing him with intelligent, animated, unguarded conversation for the first time in a long stressful exile. As his prisoners, but not yet his sex-slaves, they were still people to him. He'd

candidly told Kathy Jane that originally he'd planned to start breaking in the six of them at once, two British girls and four Americans, in two day intervals.

Now he lovingly hoarded the four 'free' women that remained from his original collection of six, teasing himself, putting off for just one more day, then another, the moment when another one of them would be chained to his bed. And also, she suspected, probably very much enjoying the obvious anxiety that his remaining unbroken captives experienced, with the threat of real sexual slavery hanging over them daily. Breathless, excited, fearful anticipation, and an unspoken, never acknowledged, shameful hunger for domination

Maria, a deliciously plump Spanish/American girl had been broken in first, practically throwing herself at the prince on the first day, while the other five of them were still in denial. Kathy Jane had even been allowed to watch the dark eyed girl's first humiliating, sadistic, sexual torture. Sydney, a slender delicate blonde had stolen the march on the rest of them by simply and boldly asking if she could be next. Prince Samuel had kept her waiting on tenterhooks, teasing her, pretending indecision for a fortnight before he finally acquiesced. Her cries of agony and ecstasy had echoed around the prince's bedchamber for the past three nights; and now she was no longer a novelty his goons were free to enjoy her too.

Kathy Jane looked up as Sam and Gemma appeared in the doorway. Samantha was a curvy fun-loving English blonde, Gemma a more rangy, athletic girl, one of Kathy Jane's fellow Americans. Both girls wore heels and stockings, Sam a suspender belt, Gemma a waspie corset with suspender straps, and both were otherwise naked. Shabnam was already kneeling beside the table beside Kathy Jane. All three were only allowed out of their cells with their wrists handcuffed behind their backs now, and were fitted with balls and chains, punishment for escape attempts. Sam was dragging her ball and chain along behind her, hands tight around the chain, the heavy metal ball rolling from side to side and leaving a visible trail on the carpet. Gemma was carrying hers, again with wrists cuffed behind her. She tottered a few manacled steps forward then paused, letting the heavy metal ball hit the floor with a thud. Panting, she paused a few seconds, then lifted again, managing to reach the table.

Like Shabnam the two girls then sank to their knees, sitting on their heels with the metal ball nestled between spread thighs. Kathy Jane wasn't surprised. The ends of all three chains were padlocked to rings set through each girl's

clitoris, and even just standing, the weight of the chain hanging off the sensitive nub could torment a girl to distraction.

Gemma had kept her escape attempt simple. She'd thrown a thick quilt out of a top window into the enclosed garden - only the ground floor windows were locked closed - and tied on the manacles they were allowed to roam the house in with string, not clicked the cuffs locked around her ankles. Outside, throwing the quilt on top of the wall which was set with broken glass, she'd vaulted over and taken off like a hare. An alarm had immediately gone off, and she'd been brought back tied spreadeagled over the bonnet of a Land Rover.

Sam had been more subtle. She'd rubbed herself up against the Prince like a cat, the only one of them to voluntarily wear the shiny latex catsuit with its built-in dildo that the prince had provided along with satin and lace lingerie, hanging onto his every word. She'd wanted to know all about him and his home, the Slaveworld, even when his birthday was, apparently fascinated. The pretty blonde had had the prince's safe open and was trying to get a signal on his locked away mobile phone when one of his men had caught her. The safe's combination had been his date of birth backwards.

Shabnam had kept it really simple. The beautiful British Asian girl had set a fire in the attic, but unfortunately she'd given herself away, checking to see that everyone was safely downstairs. Like Sam, her effort had been discovered too quickly, before the fire could take hold. Serge had no difficulty controlling the flames with a fire extinguisher. No fire crews breaking down the door!

Kathy Jane was aware it was her turn to attempt escape, very aware of the expectant looks in the eyes of her fellow captives who had already tried. She kept telling herself she would. Soon!

Enjoying submission was one thing, but she was going to be a real slave, a sex-toy to be bought and sold, if the Prince ever got her to his world! Besides, and without wishing to sound melodramatic, he was an alien, his people up to who knew what on this world. She had a clear duty to all mankind to expose him to the authorities if she could. As yet, she just honestly couldn't see a way.

Prince Samuel arrived with jolly a "Hello," for everyone. He was flanked by two top-heavy French-maid slaves, one the semi-literate peasant girl he'd brought with him from the Slaveworld, the other an English bio-chemist he'd

obedience trained before the arrival of his six picked Gate scientists, both of them now interchangeable sex-slaves. One girl released her fellow captive scientists from their balls and chains and handcuffed their wrists in front of them, the other settling herself into the dealer's chair.

"Real stakes today; no more practice. I've prepared currency," the prince told them jovially.

He dropped a sheaf of papers onto the table, separating and signing the top one before passing it to the dealer slave. On it was written FREEDOM - \$5000. The blonde passed over 5000 in chips.

High stakes. Kathy Jane took a deep breath and then snagged the pen and papers, sorting through the I.O.U.s. Pierced nipples and wearing a butt-plug permanently were worth \$2000 each. A permanently worn dildo was worth \$3000, oral sex on demand \$1,500, \$2000 if she swallowed, and a single whipping, \$500. After thinking a moment, her pen hovering over the I.O.U. she signed for bigger breasts at \$4000 - surely a big enough stake - and the other three girls made their choices. They cut cards for the Button and the dealer slave dealt out the first hand.

Her heart fluttering in her chest, Kathy Jane reached for her cards, wondering not for the first time what Prince Samuel's Slaveworld was really like. He'd described his home in detail to Sam, but if he'd been suspicious of her from the start, could they trust what he'd told her. She found it hard to imagine a world where commonplace sexual slavery existed quite openly. Surely the prince's lurid depictions were exaggerated.

She brushed the thought away, knowing she needed to concentrate fully on the game. In the very real sense of the world, she had a lot at stake. Despite her best intentions, a little corner in the back of her mind just couldn't stop wondering how the Slaveworld would really treat a girl from her version of Earth.

The family steam-limousine, hand built over 170 years ago and still both magnificent and reliable, chrome and dark blue paint polished bright, sighed to a stop beside the curb. Robbie almost climbed over his sister in his eagerness to get out. She paused, a hand on the door-latch, deliberately holding him back.

"Calm down. You're going to wet yourself in a minute," she teased.

"I'm perfectly composed, thank you," he replied with frayed dignity, forcing himself to wait with gritted teeth until the chauffeur opened the door.

He loved his little sister dearly, sometimes, but she could be a brat when she wanted to. He knew full well that rising to the bait would only ensure escalation, and further delay. He knew the real cause of her frustration was that she was still seventeen, eleven months his junior, while he was legally an adult now, eighteen today!

"Do try to behave like an adult," he couldn't resist advising her as he stepped out of the car, their parents following. "Children are not allowed in pet shops."

Mother serenely ignored their familiar sibling bickering, but Father frowned. "Yes, do remember, this is Robert's day, Jessica," he cautioned.

Seeing that frown, and with it the possibility she might be excluded, Jessica bit down whatever retort had been on her lips and nodded brightly. "Sure. Okay!"

She wanted to see his birthday present without delay too. Ever since she'd got to pet and stroke a latex-coated poodle when she was younger, Prince Samuel and his then Lady visiting her college on a state visit, she'd had this thing for curvy, top-heavy, slave-girls.

The pet shop was small, exclusive, not even a display-slave in the window. Inside, the price of merchandise kept going up, with not one slave on display, just a pair of comfortable chairs facing a desk. The proprietor was waiting, bowing deeply and murmuring respectful pleasantries as he ushered them through a door into a brightly lit viewing room.

The slave-girl in the centre of the room was naked, a tight latex hood clinging to her face, the hood secured in place with a padlocked collar. There were nostril holes and an opening at the back through which was pulled a thick

blonde pony-tail. A hanging chain clipped to a ring on the top of her hood kept the girl upright.

The naked slave had a broad polished black leather belt tight around her waist, nipping it down to a cruel but spectacular eighteen inches. A pair of handcuffs secured to the back of the padlocked belt locked the hooded girl's hands behind her back, a second pair around her ankles keeping her feet together. She stood in four inch stiletto heeled sandals with a padlocked ankle-strap. A one-size-fits-all key for his birthday present's various restraints hung swinging between firm thighs on a short length of chain, clipped to the blonde's ring-pierced clitoris.

Robbie hugged himself in delight. He'd never dared imagine he might actually own one of the superb, expensive and very rare British slaves one day.

He only realised he'd unconsciously clenched his hands into fists when his fingernails dug into his palms. His birthday present had enormous breasts, gently rising and falling with each breath, tipped with beautiful pale pink nipples set with steel rings. The ring-decorated melons were delightfully firm - as firm as such big heavy mounds could be; a lovely deep teardrop shape - touching lightly together.

That morning, along with his presents, he'd been presented with his Bill of Sale, a birthday copy printed on parchment. Then his birthday present's pedigree had been transferred to his personal computer. Eagerly poring over her history and vital statistics, he discovered the Crown Court had sentenced her to twenty-five years' service and she had several surgical implants. A locator tag, about the size of a pea was implanted in the right breast so that her position could be satellite tracked anywhere in the world. Coin shaped sensors attached to the skull at the temples monitored brain-waves, and at request, his personal computer would list any and every orgasm. She'd also been implanted with two drugs, both slowly dissolving into her bloodstream; an aphrodisiac/contraceptive mix and a drug to physically addict her to semen.

"I must thank you again for putting her to one side for us, Mr Khan," his Father said.

"Not at all necessary, My Lord. My family has a long and proud tradition of loyalty to your House. I'm honoured to have been able to offer you first refusal

on such a lovely animal."

Khan and his father before him had both served in the family's household regiment, Robbie remembered, the slave-dealer's son and brother presently on the rolls.

"But where did you manage to find a British girl, Mr Khan," his Mother asked. "My husband and I looked everywhere."

The proprietor explained he'd discovered the blonde at a minor State auction and snapped her up, no one else realising the hissing, spitting, fireball was a British girl. The information had not been on her pedigree or the auction-house program at the time, the breed not then officially recognised by the Kennel Club. He'd had her body-sculpted first - waist trimmed, breasts substantially enlarged, some minor skin blemishes removed and a little facial work done, after first transforming her into a genuine blonde - and had then efficiently broken her spirit by hiring the now totally sex-starved plaything out as one half of a taxi-pony team. Any noble could hop into the seat of the two-girl pony trap, a credit card inserted into the correct slot releasing the brakes on the taxi-trap's wheels.

"Would the young Sir care to inspect the merchandise?" the proprietor concluded.

Would he! Like any other teenager he'd surreptitiously groped slaves secured on public hitching rails, he and his friends had once tried to buy a slave-girl at a gypsy auction with a fake ID and until caught, he had sneaked into his father's stable block many a wonderful night; reaching through the bars of their cages to molest helplessly bound, big-titted, show ponies. But he'd never had a girl of his own before, legally his property, to use, abuse and enjoy as he wished. The wait to get his hands on a bound woman had been interminable, especially the last few months.

Making the moment last, and trying to work up his courage, he reached down for the key swinging between the hooded blonde's thighs, and gave her a little tug with the ring set through her clitoris. His birthday present let out a loud, gag-distorted, gasp, her hips jerking. Robbie gave the pet-shop proprietor a questioning look.

"Gagged of course," he explained. "She can't see or hear you either. Padding over the ears."

Emboldened, Robbie reached out and grasped a velvet buttock, soft warm silky flesh under his hand; stroking down a firm thigh. The hooded sex-object flinched at his first touch - just surprise - because she made no move to pull away after. He stroked her belly, squeezed into a taut swell by the tight belt, fingers trailing through golden pubic curls trimmed and waxed into a neat vertical tuft. His birthday present gave a little gag-muffled whimper when his inexperienced fingers stroked down between plump sex-lips, and up inside her. Penetrating!

A plump, whipable, buttock in one hand, his fingers actually inside a slave's cunt, suddenly uncertain, he looked around for reassurance. Jessica was clearly both fascinated and jealous, his watching parents wearing silly, proud smiles, their son now a man! The blonde gave a series of little wails, shuddering, hips bucking, as he stroked his suddenly dripping fingers in and out of his helpless property, matting her juices into her pubic hair.

His slid his fingers under huge udders and lifted, squeezing the big globes lightly together. Again the flesh under his palms was warm, soft, velvet, but this time a spectacular weight of flesh was spilling out of his grip. Ringed nipples sprang up like gun barrels. Robbie decided that right then would be a good time to die. Squeezing his birthday present's huge tits harder, fingers sinking deeper and deeper, the hooded blonde moaned softly in helpless lust. The proprietor explained the heavy breasted sex-toy had not been allowed to experience orgasm for a full week.

He pulled up a big tit by the nipple ring, deliberately stretching up the full mound, while he examined the bar-code and serial number tattooed on the underside of the weighty velvet globe. The first six numbers of his birthday present's serial number were her date of birth. He calculated quickly. The blonde was thirty-three, though youth treated, she wasn't going to get any older for the next twenty to twenty-five years.

Although a British slave was beyond his wildest dreams, he had expected his first slave to be a mature woman. It was common practice. Parents did not want their aristocratic offspring falling in love with or feeling undue sympathy for their first torture-toy, a danger if the slave-girl was a young, sweet, pretty, eighteen year old, herself.

Once he was eighteen, having a mature woman totally in his power - this one

intelligent, educated, cultured and a full fifteen years his senior - was his birthright! She was his, to whip, fuck obedience-train and humiliate as he pleased! He didn't think he'd ever been so happy!

There was a small brazier of glowing red coals in the corner under an extractor fan. Huge tits and a wasp waist were characteristic of the newly recognised British breed, but many breeds of sex-slave also had large breasts. Show ponies, carriage slaves, pillow slaves and poodles were traditionally all heavy breasted breeds. These days making a slave-girl's breasts grow larger required only a cheap and simple growth hormone injection. The bigger the dose, the bigger the slave-girl's breasts grew.

The connoisseur could tell most breeds apart at a glance. Show ponies were top heavy, but were always cute little things, never taller than five foot two, while carriage ponies tended to be a little muscle-heavy around the haunches. But poodles and pillow slaves often had cinched waists as well as large breasts, so to make the new breed distinctive, the Kennel Club, with Royal permission, had decided they should be branded. Until the arrival of British slaves, poodles had been the most expensive breed of slave, and the hot iron the exclusive preserve of Royal owners.

Knowing what was expected of him, almost breathless with excitement, he selected an iron with a small letter R on the end, and thrust it into the glowing coals.

He squeezed another moan of helpless pleasure out of his hooded birthday present, again marvelling at the weight of the blonde's tits. He wanted to lick the heavy globes, slap them scarlet, but found his watching parents a bit inhibiting. Soon, he'd have her alone! His Aunt Melly had given him a hand-cranked shock machine for his birthday, and he could hardly wait to tie down the gorgeous blonde, clamp the machine's electrodes to her nipples, and sit her on the contact-tipped dildo.

Mostly he just couldn't wait to get his cock into her!

"She is pretty?" he asked.

"Oh yes, rather beautiful," his mother assured him.

"If Sir wishes to remove the hood, it will not interfere with the branding," the

pet shop proprietor assured him. "When you work her, you'll find you're the owner of a very hot, but very docile, animal."

Robbie unclipped the blonde's key and unlocked her collar; unlacing then pulling off his birthday present's hood. He replaced the collar, and clipped the chain hanging from the ceiling to the back of it, the leather band cutting in under his sex-toy's jaw. Wide green doe-eyes regarded him with resigned apprehension and an unspoken plea for mercy that only made his cock harder; soft, full lips stretched wide around a huge, mouth-filling, cherry-red, ball-gag. The restraint was held in the blonde's mouth with a strap behind her neck and a second strap under her chin. She was lovely.

"You're mine! Bought and paid for," he told her, again squeezing a moan of pleasure out of her, fingers once again kneading and squeezing the full heavy weight of the superb tits he was finally starting to believe he now owned.

"Until I think up a name for you, you will be referred to as The Mare, because I'm going to ride you 'till you drop," he gloated.

His sex-toy's initial look of horror - her owner much younger than her! - faded into placid acceptance even as he watched. She obediently leant into reach, holding still while he gave her a slave kiss, his tongue fleetingly touching her gag-parted lips, then gasped in pleasure when he rammed his fingers deep into her sex again. He gave the helpless woman a few hard slaps to the backside, hard enough to leave his palm stinging and her buttocks blushing pink, but the blonde just responded with soft squeaks. She was clearly going to need to be whipped often and would undoubtedly take pain well, another characteristic of the British breed. Only when Robbie took pity on Jessica, and allowed her a feel, did shamed tears well up in the thirty-three year old's eyes.

The blonde started to sob in earnest when she saw Robbie stirring his iron in the coal brazier, giving her weighty udders a delightful quiver. Tears ran down her cheeks, and she was trembling, whimpering, eyes wide with terror as he approached. Jessica slipped her hand between the blonde's legs, lightly stroking, and the fight just suddenly went out of her. Resigned to her fate, his beautiful birthday present closed her eyes, still trembling, but made no further attempt to twist away. Mr Khan helpfully looped a length of rope around the blonde's waist, pulled it hard back between her legs and put his knee across her backside, immobilising the bound woman's hindquarters.

The doe-eyed blonde screamed in agony as Robbie pressed the tip of his glowing branding iron to her flesh, holding it in place for one second, then two, her frantic bucking pulling the iron away as he counted to three. For a second he thought the blonde was going to strangle herself, but the collar was too broad to choke her.

Hardly able to believe what he'd just been allowed to do, he was a little breathless himself, heart pounding. The letter R that was now burned into his sex-slave's flesh, high on the right buttock, almost on the hip, was a graphic symbol of his power. The big-breasted sex-object, with her wrists cuffed to the back of her corset-tight belt and her mouth filled with gag, utterly helpless, truly belonged to him. When he got her home, there would be absolutely nothing to stop him whipping her, dripping scalding hot wax onto her huge tits or shoving an icicle dildo up her ass, if he wanted to. Nothing to stop him sliding his cock into her as many times as he could manage, still in the same belt and cuffs she wore now!

"I'm going to walk her home," he told his parents, suddenly deciding he wanted to be seen in public, leading this magnificent animal down busy city walks, naked, bound, and on collar and lead!

"I'll need some manacles for her, a lead, and I want a dildo in her. A big one!" he told the pet-shop's proprietor.

Jessica and his parents stayed to watch him insert a dildo into his property and then strap the fat shaft into place. His first time! He released the cuffs on the blonde's ankles, and with her still gagged and with her hands locked behind her, just ordered her to bend forward over a bench. The huge dildo went into his docile birthday present quite easily, the top-heavy sex-object just groaning softly, only whimpering a bit when he forced the last couple of inches into her. He padlocked the crotch-strap tight.

He let Jessica lock the manacle cuffs around his plaything's ankles and clip a lead to her collar, his little sister handing over the top-heavy blonde's lead at the door with clear reluctance. Clipping the blonde's restraint key to a ring set through her left earlobe, when she thought he wasn't looking Jessica gave The Mare's huge tits one last heft, pulling and squeezing the bound slave's lust swollen breasts with a dreamy look on her face. He guessed Jessica was already counting the months and days to her own eighteenth birthday.

"Where do British slaves come from?" she wondered, as Robbie looped his property's lead around his wrist.

"A question I wish I knew the answer to," the pet-shop owner sighed. "Some say they're imports from New Britain in the Americas, others, that it's just local girls treated with a new more powerful aphrodisiac drug implant, but again, developed in a lab in New Britain, hence the name."

"But British girls have an accent," Robbie protested.

"A good cosmetic surgeon could tweak the vocal chords," he replied. "And then you get the fantastic tales. Britannia is the old Roman name for these lands, remember, before England, Scotland and Ireland became separate Kingdoms. Some say that British girls are kidnapped from the future with a time machine. Or even that they're from another world. Or another dimension even. Ridiculous stuff, but whatever the truth, the supply seems limited."

"So who does know?"

"The Kennel Club must. They approve the pedigrees."

The family returned home in the limousine, Robbie strolling down busy streets, leading his stunning bound and gagged, sex-object. Tip-tapping in stiletto heels, breasts swaying, hips swinging, her waist nipped tight and with her wrists secured neatly behind her, he was delighted to find The Mare turning many heads. Occasionally he was able to admire his reflection and the naked woman he had on a collar and lead, in shop windows. God, she was gorgeous.

Prompted by his sister's questions, Robbie himself thought to wonder where Britain was. As the legal owner of a British slave now, he might be asked. It simply never occurred to him to ask the branded woman he was leading, her leash looped around his wrist.

Michelle Johnson, former MI5 agent, Codename Ms Yellow, gasped softly

with every step around the large ball strapped into her mouth, tormented almost beyond endurance after seven long desperate days without the release of orgasm. The huge dildo strapped into her, the shaft uncomfortably large, flexed and pumped with each step with maddening insistence. In actuality, it was her own internal dimensions that changed as she walked, but the effect was the same. Her juices were running down an inner thigh, her nipples so hard they ached and she was so desperately hot. The manacles and heels only intensified her unwanted arousal, forcing her to take small, hip-swinging, steps. Countless eyes were on her displayed body.

Londinium was a smaller city than its other universe counterpart, population about seven million, but it sprawled more than London. Buildings were lower, streets and pavements were wider, and many more parks and gardens were scattered here and there. Like any capital city, there were more vehicles than the streets could cope with and the pavements were packed with pedestrians, but unlike London, sex-slaves were a common sight. People looked, admiring the sights, but no one was shocked or inclined to interfere.

Naked in public, with her wrists cuffed behind her, Michelle was very aware of the letter R newly seared into her right buttock and the way her humiliatingly enlarged breasts swung and quivered with every step. On her last mission, posing as an aristocrat, she'd delighted in punishing the top-heavy slave-girl in her charge, slapping, clamping, shocking, roping and whipping the girl's impressive udders. Now that her own breasts had been made to grow just as big, she anticipated her own inevitable tit-torture with horror and a shameful longing.

Already she was drooling at the thought of a mouthful of the boy's come, the second drug surgically implanted along with her aphrodisiac, leaving her with a desperate craving for semen, far far worse than the time she'd tried to give up smoking. And she was so hot! When her young owner got around to whipping her, fucking her and making her perform disgusting, degrading acts, she knew he would have little difficulty forcing her to come and come again. Punishment would make her desperate to please, but she would still be punished more.

She no longer even imagined escape was possible. Her months as a taxi-pony had trained all defiance out of her. Paired with another naked girl, in harness and bridle, a bit pulled hard into her mouth, the two of them pulling a small two wheeled carriage with reins clipped to nipple rings, she had trotted through these same city streets in a huge butt-plug and teaser dildo day after day, lashed like an

animal. With no escape from either pain or arousal, she'd learnt that all that remained was docile obedience.

If anyone had just asked, she would have happily explained where British slaves came from. She would have explained about the Gates between dimensions, between identical Earths with different histories. But nobody told or asked sex-slaves anything. If asked she would have gladly described her own home, an Earth where she'd served a democracy called Britain in Intelligence; her final assignment, to spy on a feudal kingdom in another reality. A high-tech Slaveworld, with a static social order of nobles, soldiers, serfs and slaves.

Traditionally, the captured spy was shot.

Standing at a pedestrian crossing, waiting for the lights to change, an old woman asked her young keeper if she might examine his pet. Her eighteen year old owner was more than happy to oblige. Michelle moaned in helpless lust as her big breasts were groped by another stranger, her nipples bitten, the old crone then stroking her between the legs on a busy city street!

She nearly came on the spot. She was so close!

Reminded again she was a teenager's top-heavy torture-toy, addicted to semen and kept permanently aroused with a surgically implanted aphrodisiac slowly dissolving into her bloodstream; she could only wish she'd been shot.

In the event, the boy found he just couldn't wait to get her home, and led her into a small park. A black uniformed Royal Security Service trooper - Slaveworld police - unsure if the boy was old enough to legally have her on a lead, politely and respectfully asked Robbie for proof of age. Her young owner, more proud than annoyed, happily flashed his ID.

"It's my birthday," he said happily.

The trooper let his eyes trail down Michelle's naked body.

"She's your first then? Enjoy!" he chuckled, handing back Robbie's ID.

The boy, his right to have a naked woman on a collar and lead confirmed, laughed. Openly delighted, pulling her head hard back with her pony-tail, he cupped her sex in his free palm, lightly squeezing her sex-lips tight around the

crotch-strap he'd pulled up tight between her legs. She tugged uselessly against the padlocked, broad leather cuffs securing her wrists in the small of her back while her young master closed his lips over a nipple, tonguing her nipple-ring. Her flesh in his mouth, he allowed her to lower her head, to meet his gaze, his eyes excited and sparkling bright.

Michelle whimpered in helpless lust as both nipples, the ringed nubs swollen aching hard, were sucked and tongued. Then the boy trailed his tongue over her now pant-heaving breasts, the hormone enlarged globes also swollen lust-heavy. People were watching! And she could do nothing but placidly stand there, bound, on a lead, a huge cherry-red ball strapped into her mouth; and stuffed full of dildo! Still looking into her eyes, Robbie lifted a breast in both hands, and sucked in great mouthfuls of flesh in a ring around the nipple. Marking her peaches and cream skin once more, this time with vivid dark red splotches.

Love bites! Could any action have been less well named? A shamed tear ran down her cheeks, even as she twisted her hips back and forth, squirming on the monster shaft the boy had forced into her body and locked in place. She groaned in unwilling pleasure as the boy's fingers and thumbs sank deeper into the breast he held, marking her with one last purple/red splotch.

Perhaps still a little unsure of himself, Robbie then led her into a secluded stand of trees, instead of taking her in the middle of the grass as his parents would undoubtedly have done. The Slaveworld aristocracy had no nudity taboos, or shame!

She was pushed up against the fairly smooth tree-trunk of a young sapling, the trunk no more than three inches in diameter, her breasts pushed to either side of the small tree. He looped the leather leash still clipped to her collar tight around one breast, then around the sapling, then around her free breast, then back around the trunk, tying her to the tree with her breasts. The heavy globes bulged, skin squeezed shiny taut while Michelle bit into her ball-gag, forced to moan in mingled pain and pleasure. The constriction was a familiar torment. Any big-breasted pony-girl knew what tight straps around her boobs felt like.

Tied in place, she was forced to stand right up against the trunk, feet to either side, the trunk pressing against her belly, actually resting in the grove caused by the crotch-strap digging into her flesh. The thin leather strap cut deep into her breasts, but for good measure, Robbie padlocked her nipple-rings together,

locking as well as tying her breasts around the tree-trunk.

She cried out in pain. Normally she could rub her nipples together with ease, but with her breasts tightly squeezed out, when her nipples were pulled together with the rings set through them, the pierced nubs and the surrounding areola were cruelly stretched. Then a blaze of pain was laid across her behind.

The boy used his belt to lash her buttocks, Michelle wailing forlorn protest, terrified she would be whipped to orgasm. She'd been made to come as a taxi-pony too many humiliating, shameful, times to recall, whipped on through orgasm, kept trotting, pulling her driver and carriage in a fusion of agony and ecstasy. And it had broken her! Another blaze of pain was laid across her backside, then another. Michelle allowed herself a moment of relief; he wasn't whipping her nearly as hard as the lords and ladies who had driven her as a pony-girl for rent.

Robbie was just getting his eye in! The next stroke was harder, then harder still, as the eighteen year old Lordling discovered that his big-breasted, dildo-stuffed, blonde plaything could take more. Everyone knew British girls took good whip! Tears stinging her eyes, Michelle squirmed against the now not-so-smooth tree-trunk as she was lashed, made to pull on her own bound breasts as she twisted and jerked; squeezing the huge globes even more painfully - deliciously! - tighter. The leather strap was now deeply embedded into her flesh, and probably not just from her twists and turns. Lust had swollen the oversized, now purple, melons even larger and heavier!

The boy lashed her harder still, putting more force into his swings now, surely leaving stripes and welts across her buttocks. Her hands, still cuffed to the back of her corset-belt fluttered helplessly above her throbbing, burning, buttocks. Squealing in pain, trying to plead past the huge cherry-red ball strapped into her mouth, she jerked and twisted up against the tree-trunk like a hooked fish as her new owner lashed her harder. Struck again Michelle wailed behind her gag, forlorn distress, then screamed, jerking up against the tree she was secured to as Robbie finally swung his strap full force. Her breasts were throbbing balls of pain, her backside so thoroughly whip-burnt she could no longer feel her brand and she felt like she was sandpapering skin off her belly and inner thighs as she squirmed up against the tree.

The heat in her groin was molten pleasure. No! Please God, No!

Her tearblurred vision greyed out, bright spots dancing in front of her eyes, a shiver running through her body as her pussy spasmed around the shaft locked into her. She had just a second to realise she'd been rubbing her crotch harder and harder against the tree-trunk she was secured to, dragging her sex-lips across rough bark, forcing the dildo just slightly back and forth inside herself. Managing little tugs of movement across her ringed clitoris with the crotch-strap! She cried out as she came, wave after wave of the pleasure she'd been denied so long coursing through her, finally leaving her gasping for breath around her ball-gag and hanging limp from her bound breasts.

Her master untied her breasts and let her drop to her knees. Now he'd made her come she couldn't bring herself to think of him as a kid anymore. He removed her gag, but left her breasts squeezed together around the sapling, nipple rings padlocked together. Her wrists were, of course, still secured to the back of the corset-belt.

Her master unbuckled his trousers, and pulled out a bursting hard cock. Totally subjugated, Michelle made no move to pull away when the rock hard meat rod was placed on her tongue.

"Suck me," he ordered, breathlessly excited after whipping her to orgasm.

She obediently closed her lips over her young master's penis, and let the twitching shaft slide deeper into her mouth. Unlike many women, Michelle had never had a problem with oral sex, provided she hadn't been expected to swallow. You get what you give.

"Oh...oh....oh yes!" the young aristocrat gasped. "Good girl!"

Michelle worked her lips up and down him, tonguing, licking, kissing. Young, inexperienced and desperately excited, her master came quickly. Robbie gasped, a torrent of sour, salty, slime pumped into her mouth. He put a hand out to the sapling to steady himself then half dropped, half fell, back. Sitting on his behind with legs spread wide, his eyes on her naked, bound, body, were filled with wonder.

"Show me your tongue!"

She obediently held out the mess of saliva and semen resting on her tongue for inspection. Slimy strands slipped off either side of her tongue, down her chin

and dripped onto her throbbing, aching, breasts. Her buttocks were on fire, belly, pussy lips and inner thighs rubbed raw. Her brain was telling her she had a mouthful of gelatinous slime, just the thought of swallowing making her gorge rise. Her tongue was telling her it was coated in nectar, the ambrosia of the Gods, and even the possibility she might not be allowed to swallow it had her heart thudding in panic. Not daring to speak without permission, the wait was a new kind of agony.

"Swallow," he finally breathed.

Michelle closed her eyes in bliss as her master's semen slid down her throat. The eighteen year old even allowed her the privilege of licking his cock clean before he replaced her ball-gag and released her padlocked together nipple-rings. He patted her dildo-stuffed belly before scooping up her lead again, lightly kissing a breast.

"Good girl!" he breathed again.

All female slaves were referred to as girls, regardless of the actual ages of the aristocrat and the captive involved. Fresh tears splashed off her huge breasts, the heavy globes swaying and quivering with every dildo-stuffed step, as she realised even with the taste of come still fresh on her tongue, she wasn't sated. She needed - craved! - more.

Again following her lead down busy city streets, naked and bound, a prize on display, she already suspected that she was going to have to endure a lot of painful, humiliating, tortuous sexual abuse, even if, as intended, she gave her teenage master no cause to punish her. Owning her was clearly going to give the teenage aristocrat a great deal of pleasure.

For her own part, with escape impossible and no prospect of release, even if her time as a taxi-pony had not trained all defiance out of her, she knew her only realistic choice was to be as pleasing as possible; to be as loyal, sexy, docile, masochistic, devoted and obedient a pleasure-toy as she could be. For at least twenty years, while the Slaveworld drugs kept her young, constantly craving sex and her next mouthful of come; and always, every second of every day, desperate for her next orgasm!

Fresh tears ran down the former MI5 agent's cheeks, dripping unnoticed down her swaying breasts along with strands of saliva, her ball-gag making her

drool. Her brand was a throbbing hot pain and the corset-belt, practically cutting her in two, was increasingly uncomfortable, but Michelle barely noticed. With every step she was forced to take, the dildo her young master had strapped and padlocked into her, flexed and pumped inside her. She staggered as she came, uttering a low strangled cry behind her gag, managing to keep her feet. Her owner thought she'd stumbled, and twisted her nipples until she cried out in pain to punish her for her carelessness. Led on again, she was whimpering in helpless lust within two dozen paces, while trying to think of ways she could entice her increasingly masterful Lord to come in her mouth again.

CHAPTER 2

Marie stuck her head around the boss's door. The office was empty, the door to the adjoining playroom/dungeon ajar, the room silent and dim. The next door down the corridor, she paused to check her own office in case they'd missed each other, lingering to admire the show. A smile tugged at her lips, threatening to become a silly grin. Sheila, the boss's personal sex-slave, was where Marie had left her. Bound, naked and gagged, behind Marie's desk, writing her journal on Marie's word-processor. It was where the former Australian journalist spent most late mornings. It amused the boss to allow her to keep a journal of her life as a slave.

On first being posted to Britain's Slaveworld embassy, initially Marie had been less than impressed to find herself the Ambassador's p.a. She was a university graduate for goodness sake, with a real degree too, not some fluff like media studies or the arts. She was not a secretary!

But that was before she'd discovered that being the boss's right hand had its compensations. Especially when that boss was a very busy man who owned a gorgeous sex-slave. The ambassador kept the former reporter busy in the evenings, and liked to harness her to a carriage and take her for a little spin around the block early each morning, but that still usually left hours of free time during the day in which the spectacularly top-heavy sex-object could be enjoyed by his mostly young staff. Marie had first choice, or if she was feeling a little jaded, she was the one who decided which of her colleagues would get to play with the stunning sex-toy today. She was suddenly very popular.

"Hey Big Tits, you finished yet?" she called out merrily as she entered.

As a free woman the lovely slave had answered to Joanne. The Slaveworld's nobility frequently renamed their sexual pets and gave them pretty names, but for reasons of his own the ambassador had decided to train his own blonde to respond to Sheila. Marie didn't really think Sheila sounded quite right, but it wasn't a problem as the compliant sexual plaything would just as readily answer to Big Tits, or Slut, or Toy. As owner, the ambassador had the final say, and

making it official, his property's new name was on her pedigree, and engraved on the pet-tag hanging from her collar.

The embassy staff's informal name for their unexpected new post was Tit-world, bigger boobs just a cheap, simple, injection away; and so many girls were improved. Sheila had been given a big dose, even for a British import. The gorgeous blonde was actually an Australian, but all offworld slave-girls were labelled British slaves here.

Sweat was gleaming on the naked and bound toy's flanks, and she was drooling helplessly around the large red ball strapped into her mouth. The lovely sex-slave looked up at the sound of Marie's voice and shook her head. Apprehensive, fearful, and quite lovely wide blue eyes followed Marie's approach. The big breasted toy was like a rabbit caught in headlights, frozen motionless as Marie swung the screen around for a look.

MY FIRST ORGY

They fit you with a tight latex hood that leaves you blind and almost deaf, with only the mouth free; wrist-cuffs secured to the back of a tight corset-belt. And then you're just tossed naked into a pile of bodies, any noble lord or lady's to enjoy as they please. Twenty or so slave-girls, a half dozen boy-toys and thirty or so aristocrats!

So many cocks. So many dildos. So many unseen women sitting on my face!

I was repeatedly spanked - my bottom pummelled until it positively burned - my breasts squeezed and slapped sore, as well as delicately stroked, kissed and licked. My nipple-rings each had a length of string tied to them, which became impromptu reins, and together with short flat-tipped riding crops, they were used to help control me during wild, abandoned, sex. My poor abused nipples were of course twisted, pinched and bitten so often they were still terribly swollen and throbbing the next day, but I'm getting used to my nipples being too tender to touch the morning after. A slave-girl's equivalent of a hangover.

Far more people - total strangers - had sex with me in that one night than all

my previous sexual experiences as a free woman put together. It was also my first three into one.

Three cocks in me at once!

I have absolutely no idea how many times I was made to come, and at the time, in a haze of lust, pain and exhaustion, I quickly lost count of the aristocrats who used and enjoyed me. But my master the ambassador ordered me to watch and listen to a recording of the event later, and I was finally allowed to see the faces of those who so thoroughly ravished me, hear their comments, and count them. Seven men and five women in one night; and some of them came back for seconds! You wouldn't think it was possible for one person to give so many others so much pleasure.

Watching the recording, it's clear to me ...

With a chuckle, Marie turned the screen back to face the securely restrained blonde. Big Tits was standing behind the desk, bent forward from the waist with her legs spread wide. Standing on her tip-toes, no high heels for this torment, her satin thighs were trembling with the effort of remaining in place, her breasts swaying and her rib-cage showing with each gasping breath. She typed, slowly, laboriously, one key at a time, by lowering a weight clamped to her nipples onto individual keys. A chain ran from a pair of sharp-toothed, metal-jawed, nipple-clamps in a Y, joining into a single chain from which was suspended a small lead pear-shaped pendant. To ensure that the clamps bit in deep and that the blonde's nipples stayed hard and protruded nicely, strained out to the swollen limit, a rope was pulled tight around the base of each big breast. The full heavy mounds were now desperately swollen and had ballooned out nicely into taut pink spheres. Marie had personally pulled the ropes tight, yanking the knots as hard as she could, to ensure the thin white cord dug deep into the pale creamy flesh of the helpless plaything's much improved slave-breasts.

A spreader-bar, a metre long pole with a cuff at each end that buckled around the ankle kept the naked woman's feet set wide apart. Her wrists were cuffed together behind her back and pulled up above her to a ceiling winch, keeping her in place behind the low desk, bent forward from the waist. And embedded in her sex, pushed deep up inside the once typically frigid, man despising, feminist,

was a fat vibrator/dildo covered in soft spines, mounted on a shaft. The piston shaft was mounted on a heavy flywheel turned by an electric motor, in turn mounted on a solid metal frame set behind her. The device was switched off for the moment!

It was amazing what you could buy in Slaveworld pet-shops!

When the device was switched on, the instantly throbbing, pulsing, vibrating, shaft would also be rammed in and out of the bent forward woman as the flywheel spun. A third clamp, biting into the blonde's cruelly clamped and stretched clitoris, pulled up a taut chain from the on/off switch mounted on the base of the shafting machine. The vibrator/dildo was turned off when the chain was pulled up taut, switched on when the chain was allowed to fall slack. Sheila had the choice of a mechanical fucking, or to remain standing on her toes, with a tortured clitoris. She couldn't shuffle forwards and pull herself off and out of the shaft that impaled her, because her spreader-bar was secured to the fucking machine's frame.

Marie, several months into her assignment to Britain's Slaveworld embassy, now considered herself an experienced slave user. She gave a buttock a contented pat, trailing her fingertips over the healed brand that marked the blonde, a small letter J, and then stroked the bent-forward woman's spine. Her touch was confident. You got used to appreciating and handling a naked, bound body, surprisingly quickly, and the former journalist was a superb sexual creature. Marie watched happily as the blonde, gasping softly around her ball-gag, the hopeless plea in her eyes ignored, obediently looked back down at her own tightly roped breasts again, held her breath to still the sway of the pendant hanging from her clamped nipples, and then laboriously touched the weight down onto another key.

A new letter appeared on the word processor's screen. Only able to press one key at a time, the dildo impaled blonde's typing was painfully slow, one letter at a time. The orgy she was describing had been six weeks ago. But writing her story kept her occupied and distracted, even if it was a story she could never be allowed to tell. The existence of parallel universes, the Gates that could be used to travel between them, and Britain's secret embassy located on another world had to remain secret.

Marie let an appreciative palm stroke down the velvet skin of Sheila's back,

not missing the bent-forwards playtoy's little twitches, the gagged slave's hips swaying slightly, buttocks clenching rhythmically, as she squirmed on her dildo. She stroked trembling inner thighs, and finally, forcing a plaintive whimper from the blonde, plucked at her clit-chain. From behind, she could see that the fat spined vibrator/dildo that stretched Sheila's plump pussy wide was glistening with her juices. Marie guessed that the trembling, drooling, sex-toy, swinging her bound tits back and forth over the key-board, laboriously touching the swaying weight down on this key and then that, one at a time, would not be able to endure the cruel pull of sharp metal teeth on her clitoris for very much longer.

When she dropped down off her toes and the chain was no longer pulled taut, the spined monster pushed deep into her pussy would be switched on, and her delicious mechanical fuck would again be set in motion. Vibration, and deep hard thrusts! On some mornings, after being forced to come a few times Sheila had somehow managed to find the will-power to push back up onto her toes! To actually turn off the throbbing, thrusting, pumping invader that stretched her pussy so wide, her clamped clitoris pulling up at the off/on switch, once again agonisingly stretched. Sometimes she was allowed to type normally or use pen and paper, but when secured like this, she was supposed to produce an impossible fifty words when typing with a nipple weight, or be punished!

Marie stroked Sheila's hair, and then yanked the knots on her tit-ropes a little tighter. The helpless blonde groaned in pained lust as her bound breasts were squeezed out a fraction tighter, the weight hanging from clamped nipples swaying back and forth as she unconsciously thrust herself back onto the spined shaft that impaled her. Grinning Marie squeezed the former journalist's protruding nipples, the top-heavy blonde responding with a squeak of pain. Marie laid a stinging slap on her victim's right buttock, and then the left, a perfect handprint left on each whip-striped cheek. The velvet-skinned blonde gasped in louder pleasure at each strike, swaying back and forth on her dildo, the weight hanging from her nipples trailing unnoticed back and forth over the keyboard as Marie's hand landed with another palm stinging crack. Then another. Arching her back and finally forgetting herself, the slave dropped down off her toes, and the clit-chain that linked her to the on/off box was no longer pulled taut!

Big Tits cried out in strangled ecstasy as the shaft inside her began throbbing and twitching. The flywheel turned over, slowly to start with, then faster, thrusting the piston back and forth. Ramming the now buzzing shaft in and out

of the bent forward slave, helplessly hanging under her bound wrists, arms pulled up behind her. Marie watched the cruel spines flattening as the invader penetrated Sheila's pussy, then spring upright as it was withdrawn. The dildo was positively dripping with the pretty play-toy's juices, but also, minute by minute, becoming a tighter fit. A mechanical pump on the flywheel was also slowly but inexorably forcing more and more air into large inflatable butt-plug that was stuffed into the blonde's ass, the hose trailing from her anus.

Big Tits squeaked in high-pitched lust with each thrust, urgent desperate yelps, her teeth clenched tight into her gag. Marie reached under the bound plaything, stroking her belly. The vibrator was very powerful; she could feel it throbbing and kicking inside the blonde through her flesh. Marie couldn't even imagine having something so big inside her, but apart from a few plaintive whimpers and squeaks when she was first penetrated, the former journalist seemed to manage easily enough. Having the thing actually switched on and rammed hard in and out of her was obviously a little more difficult to endure calmly, Sheila's eyes were wild as she gasped in frantic lust around her gag, tossing her head! Biting hard into the red ball strapped into her mouth, the beautiful slave groaned in forced, desperate, delight as Marie pressed her palm up harder into the machine-fucked slave's belly.

Marie laughed. "Feeling a bit stuffed are we, Tits?"

Her helplessly bound plaything nodded obediently. Marie giggled helplessly and grabbed a handful of the lush sex-toy's neatly trimmed pubic hair in one hand, the weight-chain linked to her nipple clamps in the other, and yanked the drooling sex-toy back and forth onto the dildo against the thrusts a few times! The spined translucent pink invader was rammed right to the hilt on each thrust.

The ball-gagged woman squeaked breathlessly as the shaft's spines were dragged back and forth over her clitoris, each cry of pleasure becoming higher pitched, with more pain, as each thrust also pumped more air still into her slowly expanding butt-plug. Even pulling hard on the air-hose would not pull the plug out of her rear passage now. Marie tried! Hanging bent forward from the waist with her bound wrists pulled up high behind her, legs chained wide, bound tits hugely swollen and with her juices dripping off her fucking machine's shaft, pain couldn't dull the rising excitement in Sheila's yelps.

Marie tugged up on the clit-chain still swaying from the satin skinned sex-

toy's clamped clitoris. The vibrator stopped immediately, the pumping piston-mounted dildo slowing more gradually, with a couple more thrusts in and out of the blonde's bent-forward body as the flywheel slowed and then stopped. Stopped just as a shattering orgasm was approaching if Marie was any judge! Denied release just moments away from ecstasy, Sheila wailed in protest behind her gag.

Marie had judged her just right! As she'd become a more experienced slave user, she'd found she could torment the former journalist for longer and longer without actually allowing the voluptuous, satin-skinned blonde to come. Keeping the heavy breasted sex-toy hot and wet, quite clearly made her more docile, more eager to please and more responsive in bed. Added to which she suspected the bound woman probably secretly appreciated her teasing all the more when she was finally allowed to come, delay adding an inevitable shattering intensity to her orgasm.

Marie mused on the thought aloud, stroking a velvet hip. She was hoping the top-heavy blonde would be prompted into describing this incident in her diary or one of her journals; the torment of being denied pleasure, deliberately teased, while desperately aroused. She liked reading about herself in the former reporter's record of sexual abuse.

From the side she grabbed a handful of hair, making Big Tits meet her eyes. The naked slave's eyes were glazed with lust, and focused on her slowly.

"On your toes," she ordered.

With a despairing groan, the trembling, sweat-gleaming slave obeyed, pushing herself up onto her toes, her clitoris again agonisingly stretched as Marie let her take up the slack on her clit-chain clamp. Moving around in front of the still impaled slave, Marie gave both bound breasts an approving squeeze.

"Good girl!" she praised, Sheila responding with a low moan of lust as the tightly squeezed globes were pressed together.

The top-heavy blonde's thighs were trembling again. She wouldn't be able to keep the clit-chain taut for long, but for the moment, fear of Marie was keeping her focused, and on her toes. Anticipating her punishment for not managing to write enough. Knowing that on past form, when Marie played with her over-large breasts like this, tortured nipples would invariably follow. Marie had

discovered that squeezing sharp-jawed nipple-clamps even harder into already clamped nipples, was apparently quite agonising.

Pushing up beside the naked slave to press the word processor's word-count key, Marie let her fingernails trail over swollen roped breasts, letting clamped nipples slip between her fingers before hefting the heavy mounds. The former journalist's heavily enlarged tits were wonderfully distended, skin squeezed shiny-taut. It had taken the tormented woman nearly three weeks bent forward over this desk, working most days, to write just these few words! Sheila groaned in forced pleasure as Marie again squeezed bound flesh.

"It's not much is it? Do you think you'll write faster if we wire up your nipples and shock your tits in time with the shafting machine's thrusts?"

The naked blonde gave a little whimper of horrified, terrified, protest, but the blush that spread across her cheeks under the tight straps of her ball-gag made Marie laugh with delight. Her hands full of bound, squeezed out tits, she let her finger tips trail around the white ropes almost embedded in Sheila's flesh. Even though horrified by the idea of having electrodes clamped to her nipples in these morning sessions, the dildo and butt-plug stuffed sex-slave was obviously a little turned on by the idea at the same time. Ashamed of herself, but unable to control her lust!

Handling, stroking, teasing and tormenting a bound and utterly helpless, dildo-stuffed woman, playing with the enormous tits she personally had tightly roped, the nipples she personally had attached sharp-jawed clamps to, Marie was having the time of her life. It just didn't get any better than this! To never have experienced this wonderful world, to never have had the chance to sexually abuse and punish this top-heavy slut, and so many others like her, was too awful to even contemplate!

"That's what you are, aren't you? A big-titted slut! A big-titted slut who needs to be punished?" she teased.

Sheila reluctantly but obediently nodded, gasping in forced anguished pleasure as her bound breasts were squeezed again.

Marie didn't consider herself a lesbian, though she'd now enjoyed sex with Big Tits and other slave-girl's more times than she could remember. Bi-sexual, maybe! She certainly got a sexual thrill out of using slave-girls that she didn't

really experience putting a slave-boy through his paces, but it was the power over another woman, not so much the sex, that she loved and increasingly craved. When you had another woman in your power like this - at twenty-six, five years older than she was, - you had a far better understanding of what she was going through, what you were doing to her, than when tormenting any slave-boy! She shifted her grip on Sheila's heavy tits, and then again grasped her victim's clamped nipples firmly.

Big Tits squealed in agony, biting hard into her ball-gag and ramming herself back onto her dildo as she reared up and tried to pull away from Marie's grip. Marie twisted and squeezed the sharp-jawed clamps harder into swollen, protruding, nipples; the same tortured nubs the bound blonde would obediently and without hesitation offer to her lips in bed! With her arms pulled up high by the winch behind her, holding her in place bent forward, Marie easily held the bucking, squealing, slave-girl in place with her nipples, twisting all the harder. Frantic to escape the pain, unthinkingly ramming herself harder back onto the dildo that still stretched her sex wide as she twisted, the sweat-gleaming blonde's blue eyes suddenly snapped open wide. Unnoticed at first when she'd dropped back down off her toes, the vibrator/dildo was buzzing again, the spined shaft beginning to thrust and pump into her, harder and faster as the flywheel spun up to speed. And also to pump more air into an ass already stuffed to bursting with an inflatable plug!

Still with her nipples cruelly twisted between Marie's fingers, the ambassador's property threw her head back and shrieked in helpless ecstasy around her ball-gag, her body going rigid a moment, before a series of shudders coursed through her, her hips bucking as waves of pleasure consumed her. The former reporter's teeth were clenched hard into the large red ball that filled her mouth, tears on her cheeks, her bound tits now a nice light purple. A final shudder racked her body and then she slumped down, hanging limp from her winch-chain now, head hanging down and bound breasts resting on her keyboard, heedless of the buzzing shaft still ramming itself into her sex. She twitched, eyes glazed, as the uncaring, merciless, fuck-machine continued its work.

Feeling very horny, suddenly very much wanting to be with her boyfriend Mark, Marie absently patted a trembling buttock, and switched off the vibrator/dildo. She realised she was flushed herself, breathing hard as she pushed a stray lock of hair back behind her ear. A big grin was plastered across her face,

she realised. Big Tits was getting easier and easier to control, almost by the day - a supremely well-trained sexual animal now - practically coming on command.

Annette, once described by Sheila in her journal as a very sweet and shy nineteen year old, until she'd been corrupted by the depravity of this world, entered her office with a little rap on the door in passing. Marie had to admit Annette really had blossomed in the light of the Slaveworld. The lovely blonde slave's by now almost routine squeal of anguished ecstasy in the mid-morning meant that Marie had finished with her; and it was somebody else's turn to play with the lush bodied sex-toy. Annette was usually first in line.

Her co-worker's eyes on the gasping, sweat-sheened, former journalist, a woman from her own world, betrayed only a naked hunger. Annette was far more interested in how tight the ropes around the blonde's huge tits were, how big a dildo she had stuffed inside her, and how quickly she could be made to focus her full attention on her next tormentor; than in intangibles like the morality of sexual slavery.

Annette's favourite instrument of punishment, a broad leather strap, was clipped to her belt. She liked to swing it across the firm hemispheres of Sheila's behind, really liked the wide red lines that a strap left on creamy flesh and positively loved the loud crack of leather of bare skin.

"Look at the state of her!" Annette breathed, pure delight in her tone, not condemnation.

"Don't worry. Plenty of life in her yet," Marie assured her young colleague.

"May I?"

"Sure. I promised you the rest of the morning, didn't I?"

Marie watched indulgently as her young workmate hefted the bound sex-toy's still-roped breasts, the blonde crying out again, gasping ball-gagged muffled pleas for mercy, as her tortured nipples were cruelly squeezed and twisted again, this time, just to get her attention. As if to the Slaveworld nobility born, Annette cranked the dildo deeper still into the sweat-sheened, panting, sex-toy, and then she swung her strap down across presented buttocks.

Crack!

The sound was very loud in the still, slightly muggy morning air, Marie suppressing an instinctive guilty start. Then with a grin she remembered that here, on this wonderful world, no one would object to this game, except perhaps the unfortunate blonde Annette was playing with. She was reminded again that here, Sheila was legal property, with far less rights than even a dog. The Slaveworld English actually had very strict laws regarding cruelty to animals. The top-heavy blonde existed only to be enjoyed. She wasn't allowed an opinion!

Annette pushed the desk away so that she could more easily walk all around her breast-bound, victim. Her strap landed with a crack here, and there, a broad red strip left across a thigh, then a hip, then a buttock. The naked and gagged former journalist, bent forward from the waist with her legs spread wide, hanging bound under her own wrists winched up high behind her back, was perfectly positioned for her punishment, and both buttocks soon glowed a nice stinging scarlet. Annette was using a light touch, pleasure and pain mixed in Sheila's gasps, the slave-girl obediently thrusting herself back onto the spined invader that still penetrated her, in time with the strap's strokes.

Annette, finally having to use her teeth, managed to untie the ropes tight around the blonde's large breasts and then removed her nipple clamps, the big rope-marked globes now swinging easily back and forth under her with a heavy sway as the helpless plaything panted. Sheila squealed as the strap struck a breast with a loud crack, the leather band wrapping around the large globe. She cried out again as Annette, with a frown of concentration, marked the other breast. Annette had only just begun. The helpless sex-slave squealed and twisted, tears streaming down her cheeks now, but securely bound in place bent forward under her winch chain, her enormously enlarged breasts swaying bell-shaped under her were easy targets.

Biting her lip, Marie watched Annette's leather strap licking across Sheila's overlarge tits with only a couple of faint winces. She normally thoroughly enjoyed watching slave-girls being punished, but just sometimes she experienced a moment's unwanted sympathy, able to imagine only too well what Annette's victim was being put through. Herself in her place! Imagining the leather strap's brutal sting on such soft, sensitive, flesh! Annette dropped to one knee, holding first one breast and then the other in both hands, licking her victim's nipples and breasts. Sheila wailed in delight as strap-stung flesh was tongued and teased, saliva dripping to the floor around her ball-gag.

Standing, Annette gave the heavy mounds a few more stinging blows, Sheila's huge tits now not just swaying and jerking this way and that as she tried to twist away from the nineteen year old's strokes, but quivering nicely as she sobbed. Both heavily enlarged mounds - the ambassador really had given her a large dose of the breast growth hormone - were now marked all over with red splotches and welts. Annette transferred her attention to Sheila's firm buttocks again, giving her strokes real bite now. The broad leather strap cracked down again, a little ripple running across the punished sex-toy's hips with each blow, then again. And again. The gagged woman's presented hindquarters soon glowed an angry red, and then a speckled scarlet, both buttocks quivering beautifully with each blow.

Annette was really laying into her now, actually jumping up into the air and then bringing the strap down hard in an over-arm stroke! With each new stinging crack of leather on flesh, the enslaved Australian wailed, but she was also being made to squirm on her fat spined dildo, and incredibly her gasps for breath around the obstruction strapped into her mouth were mingled with whimpers of pleasure. When Sheila's gag-muffled pleas and squeals finally became particularly shrill, Annette again turned on the vibrator still embedded in the helpless slave.

Totally absorbed in torturing her human toy, Annette gave Sheila's udders a few more stinging cracks, and then started to strap her victim's firm and so far mostly unmarked thighs, scarlet. Sheila, her wide blue eyes swimming with tears, desperately sought eye contact with Marie, a clear plea for mercy in her gaze, but Marie only grinned; entranced, and a little in awe of Annette's calm expertise, considering the girl had had far, far less practice than she'd had. Her gaze wandered over the former reporter's quivering scarlet haunches, the lovely slave's rib-cage heaving as she gasped. admiring the delicious sway of heavy, strap-marked tits, swinging under her as she bucked and jerked to the lash. Gleaming with sweat as if oiled, Big Tits juices were running down her inner thighs, her high pitched squeaks a hopeless mixture of pleasure and pain now.

"Stop!" Marie finally commanded, finally catching the blonde's eye.

Lust-glazed beautiful blue eyes blinked away tears, focusing on Marie with dazed incomprehension.

"She'll come if you whip her anymore. Hear how high pitched she's getting?"

Marie asked.

Annette nodded reluctantly.

"Let her work on her journal some more, another paragraph, and then you can whip her to orgasm," Marie concluded.

Annette's face lit up, the helpless, drooling, sweat-gleaming, panting, strap-marked, softly sobbing woman she'd been so enjoying herself punishing, closing her eyes in resignation. A little self-pitying whine escaped the ball-gagged, sex-toy as the ambassador's property realised that far from responding to her plea for mercy, Marie had extended her ordeal. But anticipation would make Big Tits hotter and wetter. And when the formerly respected feminist was finally forced to cry out in ecstasy, bound and gagged, squirming on a spined dildo, while a girl seven years her junior, swung a leather strap across her presented ass again and again, she would know she had surrendered herself yet again.

Somewhere, in the back of her mind, the former reporter had to know that when she was forced to come, teased to exhaustion and further humiliated and punished, she made herself just that little bit more docile, obedient and eager to please. She was being conditioned to further enjoy humiliation and submission every time she came. And worse, no matter how intense, how shattering her orgasm was, it would never be enough. Aphrodisiac-implanted slave-girls always wanted more!

"Oh, and when you're finished with her, tell Jeff and Sanjeev they can tit-fuck her, if they feed, exercise and groom her for me today."

"Sure," Annette agreed, running her fingernails across a twitching, scarlet buttock.

"And make sure they make her lick their come off her tits, this time," she prompted.

"Sure," Annette agreed again, somewhat distantly.

Other things on her mind, Marie guessed. Pretty, wide eyed, big-breasted, dildo-stuffed, naked, gagged and helplessly bound things!

Whistling a happy tune, Marie tried the boss's office once more, through their

connecting door, finally tracking down His Excellency, The British Ambassador. Behind her a wail of anguished, pained, gag-muffled, pleasure was cut off as she closed the door. One thing the lovely reporter that Annette was now happily amusing herself with couldn't complain about, was not getting full access to her story. She certainly couldn't complain that any aspect of Slaveworld life was being hidden from her. She was being allowed to experience first-hand, in minute, exact detail, just what a criminal sentenced to sexual slavery on this world was put through. The ambassador looked up, raising an eyebrow.

"Just got the word on the last batch of kidnappees to go through the Appeals Court," she said. "Obedient little submissives, each and every one of them. They all waived their right to appeal."

Tinkering scientists had invented the Gates between alternative universes. When the authorities on both worlds became aware of their unexpected visitors, Intelligence had become involved; resulting in paranoid spying on the part of Britain, the Slaveworld RSP's instruction to recruit sex-slaves, quickly slipping past gentle coercion into outright kidnapping. Things were much more civilised now, with a secret embassy established on the Slaveworld.

British girls - natural submissives selected by psychological profile - made superb sex-slaves and had proved quite irresistible. But once the two worlds were in formal contact the hastily kidnapped girls came to present a legal problem for the Slaveworld courts, as their own sex-slaves were all quite legally convicted criminals. The ambassador had come up with a solution. Why not allow the British slaves to appeal against their sentence? Those who did not could then be kept collared.

To Marie, the Slaveworld was an unexpected paradise. To her continued surprise, the young kidnapped submissives thought so too. None of them wanted to go home!

"I never doubted it," the ambassador told her. "So, busy day today. We get our embassy slaves today and you're meeting our new staffer, and showing her the ropes, aren't you?"

Marie nodded. The ambassador worried about being spied on by his Intelligence masters, but she knew Kerry fairly well. Their new member of staff being a university friend of her sister's.

"Looking forward to the arrival of our new playthings?"

"God yes," she laughed.

The ambassador chuckled. "Sheila will probably be glad of a rest," he said.

The boss had arranged for most of the slaves of a small private Intelligence run slave-school, in the past used to train spies, and more recently providing orientation courses for embassy staff, to be transferred to the care of the embassy. Loudly saying to their skittish hosts, "Hey look, we're like you really."

The rulers of the Slaveworld's English Kingdom would rather they had never come into contact with Britain. Britain didn't really have anything the technologically superior Slaveworld wanted, except superb sex-slaves. But the genie was out of the bottle now. To keep them happy, the ambassador had devised a scheme to recruit more British sex-slaves, without having to resort to kidnapping, which officially he was obliged to disapprove of.

He was busy arranging jobs and student exchange places for young submissives; all tested with the infallible Slaveworld psychological profile. Without diplomatic immunity, any girl who got into trouble with the law would find herself on the auction block. The ambassador was sure, consciously or unconsciously, that enough of them would get themselves into trouble to keep up the supply of British sex-slaves. Marie shrugged. He'd been right about the kidnapped slaves.

"Just wanted to let you know the good news," she said. "But what about the captured agents? The amnesty didn't include them."

The ambassador paused, a hand halfway to his In-tray.

"The spies? Who cares?" he said carelessly. "Spies have always been expendable."

CHAPTER 3

There was an old saying; 'You can only rape a slave-girl once.' But no true aristocrat liked being told what they could or could not do!

Lady Isobell Philippa St John Franklin stretched as she woke, almost by reflex, reaching out and stroking a hand down naked flesh. Her sleeping pet stirred at the touch and then sighed softly as fingernails trailed over the raised welts on her backside, whip stripes that Isobell had personally put on her. Glory raised her head and looked back over her shoulder through a thick but now somewhat tangled waist-length mane of dark shiny hair, a large cherry red ball buckled into her mouth, straps tight across her cheeks and under her chin.

At some time during the night Isobell had pulled the single sheet they shared over herself, leaving the once shy nineteen year old exposed. The doe-eyed sex-slave wore only a heavy leather collar and a cruelly tight waspie-corset which nipped her waist down to a truly spectacular eighteen inches, the laces strained to breaking point on such a big, powerful girl. Her wrists were cuffed to the bed's headboard and her nipple rings and the ring set through her clitoris had been padlocked to small rings woven into the mattress; the mattress rings projecting like buttons through eyelets in the custom designed sheet under her. To ensure she remained mostly still during the night, and didn't disturb Isobell's sleep.

Isobell hated to sleep alone, just couldn't sleep soundly without a voluptuous velvet-skinned slave-girl chained to her bed's headboard to snuggle up to. But she liked her combination hot-water bottle and cuddly toy to lie still and silent, and Glory, a joy to own while awake, was a dreadful fidget by night. Padlocking her face-down with her body-piercings had been the only option, and had the added advantage that the beautiful brunette could be gagged in bed, as a girl kept sleeping face-down was in no danger of choking.

Glory's head went back, her spine arched as she stretched. The aristocrat contentedly patted the bound sex-object's whip-marked rump and sat up, brushing her fingers through her own conveniently short hair as she kicked aside

the sheet. A ripple ran across the firm hemisphere she patted, the golden flesh under her hand a silky-soft layer of padding over flowing muscle. Stroking down between the docile plaything's legs, she let her fingers trail between the rings set through the corseted pet's sex-lips; chastity-rings, through which a curved steel rod could be threaded and then padlocked into place. With fingers in her sex up to the knuckle, the gagged slave-girl moaned in pleasure, squirming her hips to the limit allowed by the padlock securing her ringed clitoris.

Isobell swung herself astride her property, and working her thumbs to either side of the girl's spine and over her shoulders, massaged a long moan out of the suddenly limp girl under her. Her pet was a tall girl, powerfully built, a little over five feet ten inches and Isobell usually padlocked her into five inch stiletto heels to make her really stand out in a crowd. Being rather petite herself, whipcord lean, only emphasised to admiring eyes how docile and devoted to her, her well trained pet was. And exercised daily, her diet controlled, the lovely brunette was very clearly a fit, powerful beast. Isobell just loved breaking in and obedience training big strong girls.

As an added bonus, having received the rejuvenation treatment to keep her young, the pretty slave had decades of hard use left in her yet.

Her fingers lightly trailed around the base of her pet's collar, the heavy restraint never intended to be comfortable, just to ensure a slave-girl - this slave-girl! - held her head up proudly. Isobell pulled back the girl's long hair. A one-size-fits-all-key to the brunette's restraints hung from her left earlobe, a pet's name-tag from the right, engraved GLORY.

Glory obediently spread her legs so that the padlock on her clit-ring could be removed, and then helpfully rolled her body to first one side and then the other so that Isobell could lift and push aside the full heavy breasts that had been squashed under her; and free the padlocks from her nipple rings. Flipped onto her back, Glory's more than ample breasts, while nicely firm, were still so large they flattened out across her chest under their own weight. A bar code and serial number was tattooed on the underside of her left breast, and on both big globes the indentation of a padlock had been pressed into golden flesh.

Allowing Glory to keep her original figure had never been an option. Isobell just loved a sex-toy with big firm weighty tits; tit-torture being one of her favourite forms of foreplay. She had personally administered a large dose of the

drug, practically the moment the ink on the girl's bill of sale was dry! And Glory's exaggerated hour-glass figure - her waist surgically reduced, and the cruelly tight corset only ever removed for washing, tanning or to be replaced with a pony-girl's girth - only emphasised how deliciously, no-longer-unfashionably, top-heavy, the lovely girl she owned now was.

The Kennel Club required an eighteen to nineteen inch waist as the Show Standard on a branded British girl; eighteen inches the ideal, but allowing a little extra for a bigger girl like Glory. Isobell saw no reason why her pet should be allowed the luxury of even that extra inch, when she looked so pretty with a wasp-waist. A really tight corset also gave a delicious flare to the blue-eyed girl's hips and made her beautifully rounded haunches appear even more plumply spankable.

The aristocrat took both ringed nipples, already lust swollen, and twisted and squeezed as hard as she could, Glory's squeak becoming a rising wail of gag-muffled pain, her naked body helplessly arching up off the bed, teeth clenched tight into her ball-gag. Swollen flesh crushed between Isobell's fingers and then slowly released, both mistress and slave were reminded to look up to where pet-show rosettes were pinned to the headboard. There were three prizes for best of breed, and several wins in various categories; poodle, carriage pony and pillow slave. Having competed in front of large TV and live audiences, whipped, teased, groped and otherwise tested by over a dozen judges, then put through her paces in harness and bridle as a pony-girl, the lovely brunette was no longer in the slightest shy. On her last excursion, bright eyed and bushy tailed despite the day's exertions, still hitched to the small carriage in which her driver sat and clearly very proud of herself as the cameras played over her bound body, Glory had made no move to pull away and had barely flinched, when the Lord Mayor who was awarding the prizes, had thrust the rosette's pins through her nipples!

So far she'd had to enter the docile nineteen year old into pet-shows in just one category. Quality sex-slaves, characterised by physique, training, temperament and pedigree, were identified as to breed, once in service. Mongrels could sometimes be affectionate house pets, but usually only the cheaper slave was put to multiple uses, and was never Shown. But now that the Kennel Club had recognised British slave-girls as a distinct breed, her pet could now be competed against any category of pure-bred slave, making multiple entries in a single show a possibility.

Isobell dipped her fingers into the still cuffed girl's sex and tasted her; wide, placid, eyes watching her with calm adoration. First one, then the other, she lifted big breasts by the nipple, and slapped away the indentations left by the padlocks. Weighty flesh bounced and quivered beautifully at each blow, red splotches marking perfect satin skin, the helpless girl giving cute little yelps behind her ball-gag as her delightfully enlarged breasts were slapped a stinging scarlet. Glory moaned in soft pleasure when her slapped flesh was licked.

British girls made such wonderful slaves! And the secret that few knew was that they were not local talent, but actually from another world, a parallel universe! Isobell had been on the original team researching inter-dimensional travel. She'd been to the dismal little world Glory came from, her pet's analogue of Isobell's English Kingdom a peasant-run country called Britain. The place was a pit, with nothing to offer except a superb new breed of sex-slave.

In her own world Glory had been called Ruth. The once shy young law student, who now existed for no other reason than to satisfy her legal owner's sadistic and sexual pleasures, was formerly a vicar's daughter, a dutiful virgin, and had been studying law at one of her country's better universities when she'd been recruited. Ruth had never wanted to admit, even to herself, the submissive nature that her Slaveworld recruiter's psychological profile had revealed, and who had once felt guilty masturbating, impossibly daring when she didn't wear a bra, and who could never in a million years have imagined the superb pony-girl, fetish object and sex-toy she was to become. Had nonetheless, once she'd got over the shock and realised the usual tears and begging would do her no good - broken in very easily. A glorious fuck, she'd quickly given herself her new name!

Glory was the second British girl Isobell had owned. Her first, Jenny, she had renamed Treasure. The girl was now Queen Victoria's favourite pet and was answering to Precious. Physically she had been very similar to Glory - Isobell didn't mind admitting she was very much attracted to a type - but with one important difference. Treasure had been a wonderful sexual plaything, trained to levels of obedience that Glory would only be able to guess at after many more months and years of punishment, but unfortunately, she'd never been more.

Isobell had felt a possessive affection for Treasure, but not real love. Now after all these years, only months away from her fortieth birthday, she had at last found true love. Glory was the one! Lady Isobell genuinely, passionately, obsessively, just loved the docile, doe-eyed, brunette. Couldn't get enough of her.

And had no intention of ever letting her go!

You can only rape a slave-girl once?

It was true that once a slave with the usual aphrodisiac surgically implanted in her had been enjoyed once, the drug slowly dissolving into the bloodstream, after being forced to her first unwilling orgasm, she was never truly unwilling again. Even when any future sex would undoubtedly involve bondage, humiliation and pain, all without her consent, if the slave-girl was hooked up to a lie-detector, a helpless craving for more would be revealed!

But never?

Isobell had applied a little creative thought to the problem. In the bedside drawer was a box of capsules. Holding her own breath the aristocrat broke one open under Glory's nose, a sharp yank on the girl's neatly trimmed tuft of pubic hair making her inhale sharply. The corseted and collared girl, wrists still handcuffed the bed's headboard, was out like a light. Unconscious.

The drug capsules were used in guns issued to prison guards and the like; a cheaper and less bulky side-arm than tranquiliser-dart rifles, and an ineffective weapon in the hands of would-be rebels, if a few went astray. Pulling the trigger crushed the capsule, and compressed air sent a puff down a cardboard tube into the troublemaker's face. More interesting from Isobell's point of view, unconsciousness lasted for almost exactly ten minutes - with a slight variation for bodyweight, plenty of time to restrain a troublemaker - and then the person came to, almost instantly. Clearheaded, with no physical side effects like nausea or a headache, but usually very disorientated, their memories temporarily confused!

Isobell delved into her toy-box at the foot of the bed, and then with a grunt of effort, rolled her property face-down. Unconscious, the big girl was a dead weight. She greased and then rammed a fat butt-plug deep into Glory's ass, chained it into place, and then positioning a pillow to be under the former Law student's buttocks to raise her hips, rolled her plaything back onto her back. One chain ran up between whip-striped buttocks to a ring on the back of the corset, the chain in front splitting into two in a Y up either side of the unconscious brunette's ring adorned sex, again secured to the limp girl's corset.

A pair of straps, each trailing a half-dozen wicked little clamps on chains,

spring-loaded with sharp little metal jaws, were buckled around each upper thigh. Isobell amused herself setting them on her property's sex lips between the chastity-rings; the softly breathing brunette's outer labia now pulled wide. Spreading her legs wider, bucking or twisting, even just clenching her thighs, was going to tug agonisingly on her spread pussy-lips, as the clamps bit deeper into soft, tender, sensitive, flesh.

A pin-lined strap around the base of each over-large breast, pulled tight and then tighter still, made the full firm globes balloon out, standing proud of Glory's slowly rising and falling chest. Almost perfect spheres, skin shiny taut and sensitive, nipples forced to strain out to the utmost. Isobell stroked and then slowly licked bound flesh, nipping a straining nipple between her teeth. She knew raging lust would make the bound melons swell even larger, and the pin-lined tit-straps would cut even deeper into her young plaything's flesh!

The nipple clamps had three jaws coming evenly together on one end, and on the other, a spike to be thrust into the base of a candle. Once again the clamps had sharp little spring-loaded metal jaws. Curious, Isobell let the three metal jaws close over her little finger.

"Oww!"

Vicious! She couldn't imagine putting them on her own nipples without a gun to her head, but bound and gagged, and being forced to come again and again, she knew Glory would endure the torment easily enough. British girls took pain and sexual torture well; it was another characteristic of the breed.

Savouring the moment, watching the sharp little metal teeth bite deeper into fat nipples, Isobell slowly let the clamps spring fully closed on her property's nipples. The candles were set upright, but as the bound girl bucked and twisted, and even heavy breathing was enough, they would sway back and forth, dragging at clamped nipples, and dripping scalding wax all over the bound melons!

Isobell checked her clock. Still time! Chains from each side of the bed secured to the sides of the still unconscious playthings collar and corset would hold her in place in the centre of the bed, wrists now handcuffed to each ankle at her sides, legs bent back. Finally, Isobell stepped into the harness of her favourite strap-on-dildo, and buckled it tight around her hips and under her

crotch. The shaft was fat and heavy with ridged spines and a nice little clit-tickler on her side.

The aristocrat flicked the candles decorating her victim's clamped nipples to ensure they were secure, and then kneeling between spread thighs, she slowly thrust the large dildo into the unconscious girl. It didn't go in easily! Her tit-slapping had made the former British student nicely wet so no lubrication was needed, but the shaft was simply so large, it was stretching the bound, helpless, girl's sex wide.

Twisting back and forth, Isobell forced the fat, spined invader in to the hilt, until her own untamed pubic thatch was brushing against the neatly trimmed vertical tuft of down above Glory's sex; all she allowed her property. Trying a couple of experimental thrusts, she withdrew and then rammed the big dildo deep into her victim a couple of times. The unlit candles decorating Glory's nipples swayed back and forth with each thrust.

She settled herself down on the girl, lying on top of her, crossed arms lying on the girls upper chest, her chin on her forearms and with a pair of bound breasts brushing against her cheeks. Almost exactly on time, the drug very reliable, Glory's eyelids fluttered and her breathing quickening.

Who said you couldn't rape the same slave twice? The lovely slave-girl would wake up, regain consciousness, to find herself not just tied down, but in deliberately cruel and humiliating bonds! Utterly helpless, mouth filled with a huge gag, with her nipples and pussy-lips agonisingly clamped, her tits tightly bound and decorated with candles, her ass full of a huge butt-plug and with some strange woman ramming a giant dildo into her!

And the beauty of it was, there just simply wasn't time for her to think. Sensation would overwhelm thought! In a whirlwind of lust, terror, pain and ecstasy, Ruth would be given no time to remember Glory. To remember the slave she had chosen to be! In that first moment of confusion, panic, uncertainty, Isobell knew it would be innocent little Ruth looking back at her out of Glory's eyes. A sweet young virgin who had never even let a boy kiss her because she didn't want to disappoint her father, being put through a hell she could never imagine; and being made to enjoy it!

Ruth had been taught lesbians were sinners, and had never even heard of tit-

torture or a butt-plug before her recruitment. The pain and humiliation that her big-titted, sex-slave, alter ego, Glory, had been trained to endure - to enjoy! - would stun her. The helplessly bound girl would think a balloon had been inflated inside her ass; and while her guess as to the size of the dildo being rammed into her might be just a little more realistic, the fact that her rider was a woman would surely make it all worse.

Getting a rhythm, lying between spread thighs, Isobell rocked back and forth, the giant dildo sliding easily in and out of her victim now, the teaser rubbing pleasantly back and forth across her own clitoris. But the real stimulation was in front of her, a feast for the eyes.

The bound slave-girl groaned as she recovered consciousness, hips rising to meet her user's thrusts automatically, and then her eyes snapped open, filled with a look of utter horror. The ball-gagged girl was still a moment, her confused eyes finding Isobell's in a silent plea as she strove to understand her incomprehensible situation. Then suddenly she was bucking and twisting, fighting her bounds in desperate panic, no longer moving with Isobell as she had; now realising that Isobell was her abuser, not a source of help. A scream of outraged terror gradually became a gag-muffled wail, fading into soft lust-pained gasps, in time with Isobell's merciless, implacable, dildo thrusts.

Isobell shifted position, kneeling between her victim's spread thighs now, and then lit the candles. Within just a few thrusts, the first droplets of scalding hot candle-wax were dripping down the girl's bound slave-size tits. With molten agony running down the huge melons in rivulets that froze dry down the sides of the bulging globes, the brunette's desperate struggles were no doubt also yanking excruciatingly at her clamped nipples and sex-lips. The lovely girl's eyes almost bugged out of her head as she helplessly focused on her tit-torture - the candles decorating her nipples, the vicious sharp-jawed clamps, the straps that squeezed her flesh out so dramatically - and as she belatedly realised how huge her tits now were; Ruth a modest 34C before Isobell had improved her! Isobell reached up to the tortured globes and squeezed lightly, the lightest pressure enough to force a deep wail out of her victim.

Isobell snatched her hand away with an indrawn breath, a stray droplet of molten wax landing on the back of one hand. The candle-wax burned, and then burned hotter, searing pain, before the heat faded away. And her pet's huge tits were quickly becoming covered in the stuff!

Ruth tried to beg, to plead around her gag now, the cherry red ball filling her mouth muting her words. Isobell rammed the dildo in hard and deep, feeling it brush up against the butt-plug deep inside her plaything, and Ruth's attempted pleas and promises became helpless gasps of lust, a momentary light of intelligence in the girl's eyes extinguished. The teaser on her own side of the huge shaft rubbed pleasantly back and forth across Isobell's clitoris as she thrust deeper.

Glory was stuffed to bursting point, even for an experienced sex-slave. Sexually inexperienced Ruth must have thought she was being split in two. Subjected to a strange discomfort she couldn't even have imagined; and finding herself aroused by it!

And then inevitably, though Glory would not yet remember that she'd been turned into a bitch on heat by the surgically implanted aphrodisiac, the dildo-impaled slave-girl threw back her head and squealed in helpless, forced ecstasy, shudders racking her body as orgasm after orgasm coursed through her.

Ruth recovered in moments. Stunned, still with no idea where she was or what was happening to her, still not yet remembering the Slaveworld, the vicar's virgin daughter now realised that the sort of pleasure she'd never dreamed was possible, could be hers again, if she just submitted to the pain, the humiliation and her bondage. Submitted herself to the older woman enjoying her! Collared, almost cut in two in a breathless corset, wrists chained to ankles at her sides and slavering around her ball-gag, Ruth was made to relive her first sexual experience once again. Isobell had taken Glory's virginity in these exact same bonds!

Sobbing, humiliated tears streaming down her face as she gasped in animal lust, the dazed British law student eagerly raised her hips to each dildo thrust now, ensuring the huge spined invader was rammed into her pussy right to the hilt each time Isobell's pelvis swayed forward. At a command she spread her legs obediently wider, pulling her own sex-lips open with the cruel clamps biting into her flesh, more candle-wax running down the tortured, hugely enlarged, tits she was forced to look up between as she gasped and panted. Isobell rode her beautiful, helpless, pet to a half-dozen more squeals of ecstasy before she came herself with a soft sigh.

The sated aristocrat unbuckled her strap-on's harness and slipped from the

bed, leaving the spined dildo still deeply embedded in Glory's sex. Panting heavily, blinking away tears, the top-heavy brunette was gleaming with sweat now, tits heaving and ribs showing with each shuddering breath. Her thighs clenched and twitched, hips bucking and belly fluttering as internal muscles gripping the fat dildo spasmed. More scalding candle-wax dripped onto and ran down her bound breasts as she gasped in lust, Isobell mildly annoyed to discover that her pet could now endure scalding wax tit-torture without actually sobbing. Just little breathless squeaks and gasps, where just a month ago the girl had cried out in pain. She would have to find some hotter candles!

Glory, realising she was finished with, and finally starting to remember who and where she was, whined plaintively, begging for more. Reminded now of the down side of the aphrodisiac surgically implanted in her body; the choice she had made! A sex-slave was never really satisfied; and always wanted, needed and craved more sex! It did make her fun to own though, as she was always ready and eager to be enjoyed. Trailing her fingers over the fine chains linking pussy-clamps to thigh straps like a musician strumming a guitar, Glory whimpering, Isobell patted her sweat-gleaming pet on the belly and turned away, letting the candle's clamped to her property's nipples burn down while she enjoyed a long cool refreshing shower..

As she walked back into the bedroom, running a towel through her hair, she noticed Glory's wax-coated tits suddenly rising and falling faster, and that her eyes on Isobell's naked body betrayed a naked hunger. Isobell laughed. The poor little thing was always hungry for more. Always! Unbuckling the thoroughly fucked nineteen year old's ball-gag, Isobell kissed her on the mouth, a tongue set with a stud twining urgently around her own. She pulled back, idly picking a lump of dried candle-wax off one of Glory's strap-bound breasts. The stretched taut skin underneath was a very tender pink.

"Sore tits?" she asked mildly.

"Yes mistress."

"And the new pussy-clamps?"

"Agony mistress. It feels like they're cutting into me."

Isobell smiled, reaching for the dildo.

"Mistress?" Glory asked.

"Yes?"

"Will you rape me again tomorrow. Please!"

Isobell paused, Glory's eyes sparkling bright with excitement. She'd never allowed a slave she owned to talk without permission before, let alone ask anything of her, but she'd never been so totally in love with a slave before either. That impish grin was so hard to resist, the curvaceous sex-toy just so impossibly cute, Isobell couldn't help indulging her.

"Well I don't know. Do you think you deserve another treat so soon?"

Glory nodded with an emphatic "Yu,hur!"

"Well okay, but you'll have to wear your butt-plug all day, mind," she temporised. "I don't want you getting spoilt! And don't forget, you have to pull a pony-cart for one of Marie's little friends at the embassy this afternoon, and I promised my brother's fiancée she could give you a ride this evening."

"I'll be good," Glory promised with a lazy, satisfied-cat, smile.

"Oh all right," Isobell promised, "If you're very, very good, then I'll rape you again tomorrow!"

She pulled the dildo out of her still impaled pet, and held the heavy shaft over Glory's mouth a moment. Thick, heavy fluid formed a droplet which stretched down to the former law student's waiting tongue. Trained to enjoy the taste of herself, the young British slave happily lapped at her own juices when Isobell pushed the dildo into her mouth.

Idly picking more dried candle-wax off a well-tortured tit, Isobell watched with a fond smile. Incurable! The doe-eyed bitch *knew* she should get a cattle-prod up the ass for speaking without permission, but Isobell just couldn't help spoiling her! Glory was the perfect possession, pet and plaything.

There was talk the supply of British girls might dry up. Once it had been a concern, but now she had her own, she no longer cared.

Isobell released her toy from her bonds, pushing the ball-gag back in place, and sat her upright on the edge of the bed, removing clamps from nipples and pussy. Glory whimpered as blood rushed back into crushed capillaries, a pain almost equal to having her nipples and pussy lips clamped in the first place. Feeling kind today, wonderfully sated by great sex, Isobell just slipped a pair of handcuffs around Glory's wrists, securing the girl's arms comfortably behind her; instead of using a more severe harness or single sleeve. The big-titted brunette placidly slid a foot into first one and then the other stiletto-heeled sandal, holding still until Isobell clicked the padlocks on the ankle-straps closed, and then swayed upright to her feet.

The corseted and collared nineteen year old took a small step to get her balance, and then froze into place, ankles together and head held up neatly, as she'd been trained to best display herself. She was now well used to being perched uncomfortably on her toes in a pet's five inch stiletto heels. Tightly bound breasts rose and fell faster as Isobell, still sitting on the edge of the bed, stroked a supple, velvet, thigh and then let her fingernails trail across a whip-marked buttock.

Lady Isobell stood, her sexual plaything now towering over her, Glory topping out at well over six feet tall when she was fitted with high heels. Resting her hands on the gagged sex-toy's hips, fingers and thumbs encircling a tiny waist, the corset under her grip rigid and unyielding as steel, Isobell planted a series of light kisses over each still bound, bulging, swollen, wax-scalded, breast. As well as making flesh more sensitive, restraint was turning the heavy globes a nice light shade of purple.

Glory's eyes closed in contentment, her lips peeling back from the large cherry red ball strapped into her mouth as she moaned in soft pleasure. Isobell stroked the handcuffed sex-toy between the legs, gradually harder, faster and deeper; until her helpless plaything's breath came in fast, gag-muffled gasps. Thrusting her fingers deep into the girl now, Glory wailed as her nipples were sucked and tongued, hips bucking. And just as the girl was about to come; Isobell pulled away!

Glory whined, the sound a long plaintive plea to be allowed to come again, even though she knew she would probably be further punished for it, bound tits heaving as her hips twitched forlornly this way and that. Wide blue eyes - the girl knew how beautiful she was in a ball-gag - regarded Lady Isobell with hurt,

betrayed trust. Isobell laughed, slowly, teasingly, licking the deeply frustrated pet's juices off her fingers.

She really was priceless! Anyone watching might imagine Glory had never been teased like this before. In reality, Isobell frequently amused herself in this way. Deliberately bringing the aphrodisiac-treated girl to the point of orgasm, forcing her to the very edge of ecstasy, release just a heartbeat away: and then, when the lovely brunette was absolutely desperate to come, moaning, pleading, gasping and slaving around her gag, she would cruelly deny her plaything release.

Desperate with lust, the British slave took an unconscious step towards her, and Isobell raised a warning finger, clicking her tongue. Obedience, a burning need to please, was even stronger than lust, and with a despairing sob, Glory put her ankles back together, freezing motionless, nipples swollen rigid, her juices glinting between ring-set sex-lips. Helpless, uncontrolled, arousal had made her over-large tits swell even larger, the pin-lined straps Isobell had buckled around each pant-heaving melon now cutting deep, almost embedded in her flesh.

Isobell patted her on the rump, and finally unbuckled the tit-straps.

"Now don't snivel. You know sexual frustration is good for you. A girl desperate to come, is a girl desperate to please."

Glory nodded obediently, Isobell clipping a decorative chain between her nipple-rings. The big girl whimpered in distress when her tit-straps were loosened, but remained obediently still.

"Good girl. Now go and water the plants while I get dressed."

Biting hard into her ball-gag, the British slave somehow managed to stop herself whining again. Once more, in love or not, Isobell really would have had to pussy whip her.

Her stiletto heels tip-tapping on a polished hardwood floor, Glory paused in the hall a moment to admire herself in the floor length mirror. The heavy-breasted chattel in the mirror was naked, decorated with collar, ball-gag and waspie corset. Her wrists handcuffed behind her back, breasts rising and falling with each breath, the first inevitable drip of saliva running down one of the nipple-ring decorated melons, Glory thought she looked absolutely spectacular! Ball-gags always made her drool.

With long legs - and a naked girl in stiletto heels really did look superb - firm thighs, plump whipable haunches and a wasp-waist, any real-world girl would envy her figure from the waist down. Her throbbing breasts were marked with red lines and dots, where the pin-lined tit-straps had cut into her flesh. The overlarge globes quivered and swayed with each step and breath, and while at first of course she'd been mortified, now Glory found that she no longer really minded that she'd been improved. Ever since she'd discovered just how much her beloved Lady Isobell absolutely loved teasing, torturing and having sex with a slave-girl with huge tits.

Still a little surprised at the transformation just a few months of slavery had brought about, Glory turned this way and that, admiring herself from different angles. The chains holding her butt-plug in place were a taut V up either side of her sex, digging lightly into her belly, a single chain pulled up hard between her whip-striped buttocks. Her dark shiny hair was at present a wild tangle falling around her shoulders and her tuft of trimmed pubic hair was matted with her juices, but God, she still looked good! She felt she'd thoroughly deserved her Best of Breed wins at the pet shows, her only real competition coming from other British girls she knew by sight but had never been allowed to speak to.

Forcing herself away from the mirror, Glory made her way to the front door, reaching around from behind her back with her handcuffed wrists. She was surprised she was being allowed so much freedom of movement today, her restraints usually far more elaborate and much more severe. Perhaps a reward for her latest pet show win, or perhaps she needed to do something a little naughty again. Isobell loved thinking up new punishments for her! Hearing the front door, a uniformed man with a mug in his hand stuck his head out of the kitchen. The corporal was one of the household staff. He let his eyes trail idly down her naked bound body - he'd seen and intimately handled her often enough before in the course of his duties - and then with a shrug returned to the kitchen stove and his tea.

Lady Isobell was living in one of her family's town houses. In the days of the horse and carriage, when it took a whole day's travel just to get to the city, it had once been common practice for noble families to maintain separate city households and country estates. Nowadays the practice endured, mainly so that noble lords and ladies could get a break from the demands of their mature children, or sometimes, vice versa.

The water pump in the front garden was an old cast iron antique, still in use after three hundred years. In full view of traffic and pedestrians over a waist high fence and hedge, the nobles and working class pedestrians on the wide pavement just an arm's reach away from the pump, Glory swayed down the front path. Like any expensive female slave she'd spent a lot of time on a treadmill in heels and restraints, trained to put a fuck-me sway in her stride and a bounce in her step to make her breasts bob and jiggle enticingly. Four young lordling's in the uniform of the local sixth form college paused to admire the show.

It didn't bother Glory in the slightest that she'd been effectively transformed into a performing animal. Her fantasy from way back when, had always been to go topless on a beach. Her father was a good, kind, man and she loved him deeply, but even when she'd reached eighteen, and her fantasies had moved on to stripping and lap-dancing, she'd known that in the real world she would never dare even go topless for fear of disappointing him. But a slave had no choice!

At the water pump Glory swung a leg over an angled wooden bench, a metal phallus jutting out of the water pump over the bench's lower end. Sitting astride the bench with her back to the water pump, the four teenagers crowding closer for a better look, she leant forward and shuffled back.

Glory gasped as ice cold metal nosed between her pussy lips.

Tightly gripping the chain linking her wrist cuffs behind her back and biting hard into the large rubber ball strapped into her mouth, Glory pushed back onto the metal dildo. She'd had icicles thrust into her sex and back passage before, and this didn't feel much different. After a cold night, the iron pump was completely chilled right through. Panting, breasts squashed down onto the bench under her, finally the fat shaft filled her, a vertical cross-bar set through the shaft pushed up between her buttocks and sex-lips preventing deeper penetration. Her pussy was chilled numb, a deep core of cold spreading inside her.

With a shamed, delighted and slightly self-pitying groan - the damn thing was cold! - Glory thrust herself back onto the fat shaft. Then again and again, hard fast thrusts, trying to get some warmth into the cast iron dildo through friction as well as body heat. With each thrust, as the dildo was pushed back and forth, water was pumped up out of the rainwater reservoir to run down ceramic channels lining the flower beds. For over three hundred years, the flowers outside the Franklin's town house had been watered by naked, bound, slave-girls, fucking themselves in public on the freezing cold cast iron pump!

Eyes closed, deliberately squashing her breasts under her body as she thrust herself back onto the pump dildo, Glory listened to the college-uniformed teenagers discussing her. They clearly approved of her long legs, huge tits and breathlessly tight corset. One liked how tightly her sex gripped the pump dildo, but the other three thought the shaft could be larger. Two of them thought that she could do with a few more whip-stripes across her tail, and all were agreed stricter restraints were needed. Glory agreed.

As the pump handle rubbed up against the butt-plug chained inside her body, the two separated by just a thin membrane of flesh, Glory was again forced to experience sex, feeling delightfully but uncomfortably stuffed. She'd been told that a stuffed ass made a slave-girl a more responsive screw, but unlike the other British girls who had at least experienced sex before being brought here, she could only assume it was true. She'd been a virgin when she'd been enslaved, and since then Isobell had seen to it that all her sexual experiences, cock or dildo, were double penetrations.

Gasping in lust now, body heat and friction finally beginning to warm the pump handle pushed deep into her sex, her clitoris still too chilled to permit the orgasm she craved, she opened her eyes and looked up at her audience. The four boys, watching wide eyed and breathless as she fucked herself, were hanging over the hedge now. Occasionally lords and ladies passing by let their eyes roam over her naked body, but few paused. You saw similar sights in this city every day.

Slaverling around her ball-gag now, sweat on her brow and a chill sheen between her shoulders and on her hips, she thrust harder and faster onto the pump handle, desperate to thaw out her numbed clitoris. Water flowed along the network of channels to all the flowerbeds now, her nipples rubbing back and forth across the wooden bench she half lay down, swollen rigid and aching. Her

squeaks of lust became louder with each thrust, and between corset and gag, Glory found herself gasping for breath. Audience forgotten, she stared blankly ahead now, a familiar heat in her groin.

Yes, yes, yes! As she came Glory cried out in helpless ecstasy, thrusting herself hard back onto the dildo pump handle one last time and rearing up off the bench, tits thrust out! Hoping one of the college boys would reach out and squeeze the heavy, lust-swollen, saliva splattered, melons as she came, but they were all perfect young gentlemen, and knew you looked at but did not touch, another's property.

Now discussing a maths assignment, her teenage audience moved on. Dazed but content, a now pleasantly warm metal rod pushed deep into her sex, Glory held position a moment longer, and then flopped down limp on the pump's wooden bench. Drugged and dazed when her mistress had enjoyed her, thinking she was still Ruth and back in her own reality, she had wondered how on Earth anyone could be so cruel, could do such things to her. The answer, of course, was that this was not her Earth. It was another world entirely, and God help her, she loved it!

CHAPTER 4

Kerry paused, looking up at the Gate, trying to work up the courage to step through. The portal between dimensions, between alternative universes, could best be described as a large slab of mercury turned on its side. Bordered by the insubstantial copper frame of the generating field, the rectangular surface shimmered and rippled gently, like still water touched by the lightest of breezes. Another world just a step away!

"Miss. Could you stand aside a moment?"

Kerry looked back. Two of the staff from Ms Carson's Slave School were leading a slave-girl through the Gate room. Carson was with British Intelligence, the contact project's third in command, and until now the Slave School had been her personal fiefdom. Rumour had it, she was less than pleased to be losing most of her human toy collection.

The slave-girl had somehow been squeezed or poured into a clinging, skin-tight, straight-jacket, made of purple latex! The shiny one-piece rubber restraint had a built-in hood broken only by nostril holes and by almond-shaped eye holes. Wide, pretty but apprehensive blue eyes darted back and forth. A bulge at the mouth of the hood showed that the girl had her mouth stuffed full of something.

With body, head and arms covered in what looked like sprayed-on latex, the only flesh on display was a pretty whip-marked behind and a lovely pair of legs. The slave-girl's arms were pulled tight across her stomach, folded under her breasts and were held firmly in place by the straight-jacket's long sleeves, buckled together tightly in the small of her back. Ring-set nipples protruded through a pair of small holes in the shiny purple restraint at the bust, and the two men standing to either side of the girl each held a lead clipped to a nipple-ring. The hooded straight-jacket was secured by a thin strap under her, tugged up hard between her buttocks and pulled up deep into her pussy. Stiletto heels with a built-in chain hobble completed the picture of total and delicious subservience. At one time someone had stencilled the number 2 onto the slave's right buttock,

the black ink now very faded but still just visible.

With tight purple latex clinging beautifully to her every curve and quite helpless between the two leads clipped to her nipple-rings, as Kerry watched, soft sobs added an attractive quiver to the sex-toy's breasts, a tear running down her rubber covered face. Being transferred from the Slave School to the Slaveworld clearly frightened the helpless girl, but she could do nothing to prevent herself being pulled towards the Gate with two firmly held leads tugging at her ringed nipples.

"Hey, wait up!"

Another of Ms Carson's staff, a girl this time, was pushing a trolley into the Gate-room. Three large but perfectly ordinary airline pet crates were on the trolley, and peering out of each, fingers pushed through the door mesh and gripping tight, were three more naked, handcuffed and gagged girls. One of the men leading the girl in the tightly clinging, hooded, straight-jacket, helped to manoeuvre the trolley onto the Gate's ramp and added a push, then girl Number 2 was led through. In moments the three Slave School staff reappeared. One politely asked Kerry if she needed a hand, she dumbly shook her head, and the three strolled off.

Slightly reassured by their safe passage, Kerry licked nervous lips, gripping her passport and visa tighter, and then resolutely pushed her trolley forward up the gentle ramp. The on-duty Gate technician looked up from his instruments and gave her a reassuring thumbs up. Her four suitcases and a couple of overstuffed overnight bags, along with attaché case and handbag, were precariously piled on a perfectly ordinary looking airport trolley. She was reminded that only a few hours earlier her father had pushed a similar trolley up to a real airport check-in - diplomats granted an additional baggage allowance - and that later she had waved goodbye to her proud parents as she entered the departure lounge.

And why shouldn't they be proud? Their only daughter was clearly on a career fast-track. Just twenty-two, barely out of university and head-hunted by the diplomatic corps, now already jetting off on a two year posting to a Far East consulate. Her parents had probably even watched the plane they thought she was on take off, before setting off for home themselves. Whereas, in reality, once out of her parents' sight, she had been whisked out the back door, and reunited

with her luggage in a windowless van in the bowels of the airport and been delivered to an underground carpark, somewhere in the country. Here.

She understood that normally the Gate between worlds linked London to Londinium, but that today the link had been temporarily re-routed back to British Intelligence's original base, a cold war fallout shelter, to allow the transfer of Slave School slaves to the Slaveworld embassy.

As instructed she'd told her parents that the local phones were a little unreliable, and she might not be able to use the official satellite system, but that she would write regularly. Only a little white lie really. She had actually been assigned to a British embassy, and her career was certainly on a fast-track. It was just that her new posting was on another world.

Kerry felt a moment's dizziness - nausea - as she stepped through the Gate, but nothing dramatic. The heavily overloaded trolley was suddenly trying to run away down a gentle slope. Still not quite believing, she looked back, but the shimmering Gate was now behind her. She was through!

Two smartly dressed young men - one in a suit, the other in a short sleeved shirt and tie - had already taken charge of the trolley and its three pet-crated slaves. A girl in a cream blouse and a smart light grey jacket with a matching calf-length skirt was now holding Number 2's nipple leads. Leading her latex bound prize to a desk marked IMPORTS, she carelessly slashed a riding crop across the slave's bare buttocks and barked a command.

"Stand!"

Helpless in her purple one-piece latex restraint, tears running down both rubber coated breasts now, the well trained slave-girl came neatly to attention. A uniformed man handed the embassy staffer in the grey suit a sheaf of documents, while a second used a hand-held scanner to record the hooded slave's retinas. The trooper took a blood sample, and then, quite casually, as if it was an everyday act, of no more importance than branding cattle, he used a punch to pierce one of the slave-girl's sex-lips. Number 2 squeaked behind the purple hood clinging tight to her face. Unconcerned, the uniformed man fitted a small numbered metal tag to her outer labia, before finally pressing a rubber stamp onto the helpless slave's free buttock. Kerry was close enough to read the stamp.

LIVE IMPORT No 204419

DIPLOMATIC BAGGAGE -

DUTY EXEMPT.

Marie, wearing a light white summer dress, waved cheerfully from behind the immigration desk as the first pet crated slave-girl was pulled out of her box to be processed. Kerry dragged her eyes away and let a relieved smile touch her lips. She'd been told that she would be met by one of the embassy staff, and she knew that her university friend's sister was here - Marie was the one who had recommended her - but it was still a relief to see a friendly, familiar face, amidst all this strangeness.

"Good morning Madam. May I please see your passport and visa?" a young man behind the Immigration desk asked politely.

The RSP guard, like his fellows, was dressed in a rather gaudy, ornate black uniform, trimmed with gold. Wordlessly, Kerry handed over her perfectly ordinary passport, and the temporary visa folded up inside it. From the outside, it was just a folded sheet of paper, about A4 size. But on the inner surface some sort of moving hologram or projection of insubstantial smoke rose up a good five centimetres above the handwritten document. A dragon-like snake coiled and writhed around a miniature castle. Kerry couldn't even begin to imagine how the visa had been made, but it was certainly nothing her own Britain could ever forge.

"Thank you Madam. Your visa is valid for two years. You will be issued a diplomatic ID card shortly. Enjoy your stay."

"Thank you," Kerry mumbled.

It was a hoax! It had to be an elaborate hoax. You couldn't just step through a Gate into another world.... Could you?

Even as she watched, three more of Ms Carson's slave school playthings being transferred to the embassy's care were led through the Gate. Two hooded slave-boys wearing nothing but chastity pouches had had their wrists cuffed to a

pole balanced on their right shoulders, the first male slave led along with a collar and lead. And like a safari hunting prize, a naked and blindfolded girl hanging from her wrists and ankles, was swinging on the pole between them. Another pair of smartly dressed young women waited to lead them away. One gave Kerry a cheery wave and smile.

Marie bounded forward the moment the uniformed man on the Immigration desk waved her through, and swept Kerry up in a hug.

"You came. I was worried you'd chicken out when you saw the induction course," Marie said, finally grabbing half the trolley handle and helping her push.

She seemed quite oblivious to the sex-slaves being processed at the Imports desk.

"I nearly did!" Kerry replied honestly.

Every second of Ms Carson's Induction Course was burned into her memory. In the first week she had been required to watch live S & M sex-shows, unconcerned - or appreciatively, the choice was hers - while attending a cocktail party. She had driven a naked pony-boy down secluded woodland paths, trying to keep up with Ms Carson driving a pair of harnessed and bridled girls. For her final qualifying exam, she had had to whip a helplessly bound, gagged, naked, woman mounted on a dildo-pole, until tears flowed.

It had been hard to start with, but she understood the necessity. To avoid unintentionally giving offence, a Slaveworld diplomat had to be, if not at home with sex-slaves, then impassive around them. She remembered the whips, the humiliation, the pained squeals echoing around underground dungeons. Naked girls standing gagged in a row, waiting breathless, to see which one of them would be chosen next, cruelly used either as a classroom prop or bedroom toy. Kerry also remembered finding herself unexpectedly aroused.

"Scary at first," Kerry agreed neutrally.

The second week under Ms Carson's personal supervision, the week Marie didn't know about, had been much more hands on. Kerry had learned just what a well whipped pony-girl with a dildo and butt-plug strapped into her was really capable of; and discovered just why she had really been selected. Ms Carson

wanted her to spy on the ambassador, the two rivals for control of the Gate locked in a bitter personal war. She'd refused of course, but Ms Carson already had a hook in her, even leaving aside her growing fascination with the Slaveworld.

"But then you just sort of get intoxicated, fascinated, by it all," Kerry admitted.

Marie nodded with a wide smile. "It does take a bit of getting used to, but you'll see. This place is absolutely great. You'll love it! That's Annette over there. And Mark, and that's Alexandra with him: but I'll introduce you around properly later."

"Dress code?" Kerry asked, as Marie waved to the smartly dressed embassy staff collecting slaves at the Imports desk, desperately striving for some normality.

"On duty, yes," Marie agreed. "And evening gowns and black tie for receptions. The ambassador likes a formal embassy. But I've got the afternoon off," she said to explain her own casual dress.

Marie squeezed Kerry's hand, and led her away from the Gate and into the high-ceilinged building with a grin.

Inside, the building that housed the Gate was pleasantly cool, some sort of air-conditioning system that didn't require doors or windows to be kept closed. Bright summer sunlight had turned a large enclosed courtyard into a baking oven though, and Kerry stepped out into a solid blast of heat.

It wasn't just the heat that made Kerry gasp. Motionless in the sunlight, her head encased in a tight black shiny latex hood and her naked body bound with tight leather straps and chain, a magnificent girl, tall, with golden skin, amazingly big breasts and a spectacular wasp-waist, was waiting for them in front of a small cart.

Wow! She'd been told about Slaveworld cosmetic surgery, she knew that they could reduce a slave-girl's waist and that growth hormone injections to make breasts grow larger were commonplace. She'd seen the photographs, but the reality was more impressive than she'd ever imagined. They're never doing that to me, she vowed silently!

Leather landed on flesh with a viper crack, a squeal of female pain dragging Kerry's gaze away from the waiting girl and cart, to the centre of the courtyard. Another one!

In the centre of the courtyard, while a few men and women in strange dress watched from the shade on the other side of the courtyard, a man in jeans and a T-shirt was amusing himself. His plaything, a naked, equally large-breasted blonde, fitted with a harness and bridle and pulling an empty pony-trap, was trotting around him in circles on a leading rein like a horse being exercised.

Kerry now knew only too well what a pony-girl was, but the sight could still take her breath away! Still pictures and even video just never quite got across the absolute and total humiliating subjugation, the desperation in the pony-slave's eyes, her squeaks of mingled lust and pain. Never captured the true beauty of a prancing pony-slave in motion, breasts bouncing, thighs pumping, eyes blank and flanks sweat-sheened!

"Keep your head up! Knees higher!" the man ordered, flicking a long whip across the blonde's buttocks.

His harnessed and bridled victim squeaked in pain again, but obediently increased her pace, lifting her knees higher. After another lap, the man with the whip ordered the blonde to stand. Slaverling around her bit, breasts heaving, saliva running down both of the bound melons, the pony-girl came to a neat attention. Her tight girth cut deeper into her slender waist with every gasping breath, her crotch-strap visibly digging into her belly.

"That's the boss," Marie explained. "The blonde's from our world too. Australian. She was a reporter once, until she got too nosy for her own good. A noted feminist Down Under, apparently."

Kerry dragged closed her hanging jaw. As she watched the ambassador waved a young lady forward, the shy looking girl clearly a local aristocrat by her dress. The young lady cautiously settled herself into the pony-trap and took up the reins clipped to the former journalist's nipple rings.

"Should I introduce myself?" Kerry wondered aloud.

"Oh no, don't disturb him on his day off. Tomorrow will do. Not a lot of work getting done here today with all these new slaves we've got, to tell the truth,"

Marie explained.

"But what's..."

"Oh, he's giving Andrea a driving lesson. Sweet girl. Her father's Captain of the guard here, so as an officer his family are allowed to own and use slaves, but he can't afford to hire a slave for Andrea to practice on at the moment. He's just made a down payment on a house and he's putting a nephew through college. Andrea wants to take a year out to work with racing ponies in France before she goes on to university, but first she has to pass her Driving Proficiency test to qualify. So the ambassador is letting her practice on our Sheila, and use her for the test. Sweet of him really."

Under the ambassador's instruction Andrea cautiously gave her whip a light flick across the top-heavy blonde's buttocks.

"Harder than that!" the ambassador called, using his lead rein to pull the former reporter back to attention. "The first stroke should make her squeal. We want her to break straight into a trot from a standing start."

Andrea swung her whip harder, leather licking across firm buttocks with a wicked crack. The slave-toy the ambassador had renamed Sheila shrieked, and lunged forward, clearly pulling her slight driver and the lightweight carriage with ease. Still being turned in circles by her leading rein, Andrea not having to worry too much about reins yet, the blinkered pony-girl was whipped harder and faster, forced to break into a sprint only to be pulled back to a trot, again and again, while the young lady got her balance in the driver's seat.

"You can tell by her squeaks that she's stuffed full of dildo, can't you?" Marie said carelessly, lifting the first suitcase off Kerry's airport baggage trolley. "We'll have to book you in for your driving test, too."

"Is it difficult?" Kerry managed to ask, mesmerised by the show in the courtyard.

"Oh no. It's more like our cycling proficiency test than a car driving test. You just have to know a few road signs, the rules of the road, and give your pony-girl plenty of whip so that she doesn't hold up traffic. I sailed through mine."

"Okay," Kerry agreed, mouth on autopilot.

Sweat gleaming on her golden skin and foam on her bit, yelping and gasping as she trotted, Sheila was forced to squeak in mingled pain, lust and pleasure at each new whip stroke. Kerry watched entranced. At a sprint the blonde's breasts still swung and bobbed, despite the tight straps that bound the bouncing melons and the heavy iron bar that was clipped at each end to her nipples to further weigh down the cruelly enlarged globes. Her girth almost cutting her in two, Sheila's thigh muscles flexed under satin skin as she trotted, her whip-striped buttocks jiggling nicely. In a pretty knee-high prance the one-time journalist clearly experienced no difficulty sprinting with a dildo strapped into her and her ass stuffed with a giant butt-plug, provided her teenage driver gave her plenty of whip!

Ms Carson had frequently used the term sex-toy to describe female slaves on her orientation course, and no description had ever been more appropriate. After several laps, the now harshly panting pony-girl was brought to a gasping, slavering, stop, and the ambassador unclipped his leading rein from her bridle. Even the jaded Marie paused a moment to watch Andrea's first drive alone.

"How old is she?" Kerry breathed, still absolutely fascinated.

The naked pony-girl in her elaborate harness and bridle, reins clipped to her nipple-rings, looked like a fairly mature woman to Kerry, late twenties to thirty maybe, her aristocratic driver so obviously just a girl in comparison.

"Eighteen last week," Marie said. "Or did you mean the pony?"

Kerry nodded.

"Sheila's twenty-seven," Marie confirmed. "Andrea will have no trouble. She's very docile. I used her for my test."

As Kerry watched the pony-girl's big breasts were pulled up at the nipples as the young lady gave her reins an experimental tug. Sheila quivered as her young driver stroked her whip-striped buttocks with the tip of her lash, but she remained neatly at attention, one of the rivulets of saliva running down a harness squeezed breast collecting at the nipple and forming a swaying strand. God, what a state to be in, Kerry thought!

Andrea swung her whip out and then in a wide overarm slash! The lovely blonde pony-girl burst into a sprint from a standing start with a shrill, desperate,

pain-maddened, cry. The crack of that first stinging whip stroke echoed around the enclosed courtyard. Kerry winced. Christ, that had been hard! Whipped again and again, the former reporter was circled around the courtyard while the young aristocrat driving her took her measure, the naked blonde's juices visibly smeared across her inner thighs.

At the ambassador's call, with a firmer grip on her human pony's reins, the young lady steered her velvet-skinned mount into a series of tighter figure of eights, then deliberately weaved her in and out of a pair of parked limousines, cutting it close and ignoring the ambassador's warning call. Driven closer, flashing past Kerry just an arm's length away, teeth tight on her bit, moisture gleaming on her pumping thighs, gasping harshly for breath - those tit straps looked tight! - Kerry saw that the pretty pony-slave's eyes were glazed with lust.

If you didn't know pony-girls, an observer might have guessed the former reporter was in a cruel, humiliating, painful, hell all of her own. Kerry, now she knew what went on in a pony-girl's head, thought that it was quite likely that the dildo-stuffed, woman in harness and bridle, was in both heaven *and* hell!

With growing confidence and an impatient toss of her head at the ambassador's shouted "Wait!" the young lady pulled her docile human mount up at the courtyard gates, to allow her father to fasten a red learner L-plate sticker to the backseat of her pony-trap. Then with a double whip slash, Sheila was driven out into the city.

Remembering to breathe again, Kerry turned her attention back to the girl and cart waiting for them beside the entrance. That the hooded girl was waiting for the two of them became obvious, when Marie had begun loading Kerry's luggage into the little two-wheeled cart the naked girl was going to pull....

Was going to pull with....!

"Good God Kes, these weigh a ton. What have you brought?" Marie gasped.

Kerry couldn't answer, her eyes now glued to the top-heavy slave in shiny latex hood and thigh length, stiletto heeled boots, standing in front of the cart. The little cart had a single pulling shaft running forward, the two wheels deliberately set just slightly forward of the centre of gravity, so that the shaft wanted to rise up between the waiting girl's legs and the back of the cart tip down. She saw that the shaft projecting between the waiting slave's legs was tipped at right angles with a big fat dildo that thrust up into the helpless girl. Kerry could actually see her ring-set sex-lips spread around the huge invader!

"Oh this and that; you know, stuff," she finally mumbled.

As she watched, horrified, mesmerised, delighted, the dildo was pushed even deeper into the hooded girl, the weight of Kerry's luggage in the off-balance cart driving the fat shaft up further, ramming it up to the hilt. The hooded slave-girl was going to be forced to pull the luggage-cart with it!

The cart-girl groaned softly under her featureless hood as the fat rod slid fully home, her juices glinting on the cart's shaft thrust forward between her legs. Marie laughed and gave the bound slave-girl an affectionate pat on a buttock - her hand lingering to stroke bare flesh a moment after the light slap - before heaving the last suitcase into the cart with a grunt.

The hood, made of something like latex or rubber, was very tight, form-fitting, and had moulded itself taut over the heavy breasted sex-slave's face. Polished a shiny jet black, the featureless restraint was broken only by a breathing-tube that held the girl's mouth open as well as effectively ring-gagging her, and an opening at the back through which her pony-tail was pulled. A thick, shiny jet-black mane swayed back and forth across the brunette's bound arms.

A high tight leather collar held the girl's head up high and forward, and the pet-tag hanging at her throat named her Glory. A thick matching band of polished black leather nipped the naked sex-slave's waist just as cruelly tight as the blonde pony-girl's girth had done. The brunette's arms were folded behind her back, wrist to elbow, a criss-cross of chains linking straps around wrists, forearms and upper arms to collar and corset/belt; ensuring the helpless girl could move no more than a finger. Four inch stiletto heeled pumps with padlocks on the ankle-straps, completed the ensemble.

Her breasts rose and fell slowly, but noticeably, with each breath; big,

surprisingly firm, but clearly very heavy. Far larger than any of Ms Carson's volunteer slave/whores, and her dramatically nipped waist and her bound arms pulling her shoulders pulled back, only made the ring tipped melons even more deliciously prominent. Quite clearly, this particular sexual plaything's legal owner liked more than a handful of breast! Again Kerry felt the guilty thrill she had experienced at the start of the slave school induction course, finding herself taking pleasure in the degrading humiliation of others; especially girls her own age!

Ms Carson had nothing this impressive in her collection! This was sexual slavery so real, you couldn't help be just a little breathlessly excited. And in a little touch of the sort of Slaveworld cruelty Kerry had been taught on her induction course was typical, digging into the firm swell of the tall girl's belly, a chain linked the placid girl's corset-belt to her pierced clitoris; the ring-set nub cruelly dragged up and stretched! Kerry imagined herself in the dildo-impaled brunette's place with an involuntary shiver, even though she knew it could never happen to her, unless she voluntarily gave up her diplomatic immunity. She was totally safe herself, free to play tourist.

The naked slave was tall, five feet nine inches, maybe five feet ten, and her four inch stiletto heels put her well up around the six foot tall mark; but such a totally subjugated beauty could never be intimidating. Kerry couldn't imagine a girl more humbled, helpless or docile. The knowledge that Glory had been legally sentenced to this humiliating sexual service in a Slaveworld court of law, for what on Earth would have been a trivial cause, perhaps two years for littering, five years for failing to bow her head to an aristocrat, was slightly tempered by the knowledge that the bound, hooded, sex-slave, no doubt considered her treatment at the hands of the law unremarkable, and her sentence just. Even being forced to pull a cart with a dildo-prong down public streets, naked and bound, was normal enough on this world!

Unsurprisingly, the Slaveworld didn't have much of a crime problem. Because here, if a citizen committed a crime when they were too old to enjoy, then the auction-block took their children or grandchildren when they turned eighteen instead.

"We are not here to judge these people, just to reach an understanding with them," Kerry had been told.

Ms Carson had also given her a useful tip, a way to view sex-slaves like Glory, who so evidently existed only to be enjoyed. The top-heavy brunette before her should be compared to an expensive racehorse, not a person - a magnificent animal to be broken in, ridden, enjoyed, competed; bought or sold at whim - because that was how the Slaveworld's aristocrats saw her. When not in use, she would be well looked after by grooms, not out of kindness, but because of her auction value!

Kerry forced herself to stroke the same buttock Marie had patted. Firm toned muscle under velvet! The slut really was quite stunning! She felt a moment's jealousy, reminded that she perhaps ought to spend a bit of time in the gym herself. But no lightning bolt struck, no one said stop, and Marie just watched with an understanding smile. The hood was nice, Kerry thought. It transformed the top-heavy brunette from person into plaything, and let Kerry explore her with eyes and hands without feeling at all self-conscious. Such lovely skin!

Marie gently took hold of her hand and stroked it down between the slave's buttocks. Her fingertips encountered something hard, something unexpected; projecting from the hooded slave's body. It was the base of a butt-plug! Not content with forcing the poor cow to pull a heavily laden cart full of luggage with a huge dildo, whoever had bound the girl had also stuffed an equally large invader up her back-passage.

Marie giggled as Kerry snatched her hand away. With a predatory smile Marie patted a buttock again, free hand plucking at the luggage slave's clit chain. The hooded girl gave a little whimpering squeak each time her chained clitoris was tugged, breasts rising and falling faster, the swell of her stomach against the corset-belt more noticeable. Kerry also noticed that a strand of saliva from the breathing tube that forced the sex-toy's mouth wide open, like the blonde former journalist before her, was dripping down Glory's over-large tits. It was strangely erotic!

"Glorious, isn't she?" Marie said happily.

Slightly shell-shocked, Kerry nodded agreement. The Marie she'd known in Britain had clearly gone native in a big way. Wondering if perhaps she was still being tested, Kerry feigned indifference and reached out and flicked the gasping slave-girl's name-tag with her index fingernail. "I suppose that's where she got her name?"

She felt herself flushing as Marie lifted a large breast to her lips, and watching Kerry slyly, lightly touched her lips to the heavy globe.

"Yes. I helped name her actually. Her owner, Izzy, an aristocrat friend I've made here, said she was a glorious fuck. And then I said, then you should call her Glory."

Kerry was not flushed because she was embarrassed - well only a little - but because she was so enjoying the helpless cart-slave's debasement, a thrill almost sexual. She watched spellbound as Marie closed her teeth over a fat and very swollen nipple, and pulled the breast she held out into a tormented cone. The hooded slave groaned.

"So she's just on loan?" Kerry asked. "Not owned by the embassy? The Ambassador?"

"We're not allowed to own native slaves," Marie told her. "Earth's diplomats are just honorary aristocrats here."

She let her fingers stroke back and forth over the bound girl's clitoris tormenting chain, as if plucking a guitar, the dildo impaled slave crying out in soft squeaks, hips bucking.

"But we can enjoy a slave if a noble friend happens to lend you one. And now that the embassy's consignment of slaves has finally arrived, this place is really going to party!"

Marie expertly twisted and squeezed her helpless plaything's swollen nipples even harder, the bound sex-toy now moaning in pure pleasure.

"And you don't have to whisper," Marie told her. "Earplugs under the hood. She can't hear a thing."

A few stinging slaps to each buttock made the tall slave obediently squirm back and forth on her dildo.

"Do you want to give her tits a squeeze?"

Kerry feigned indifference, but Marie wasn't fooled.

"Go on! She'll love it."

The heavy ring-tipped globes settled into Kerry's palms and spilled between her splayed fingers. Sun warmed, heavy, velvet!

"She's huge!" Kerry whispered.

Dildos front and back, blind and deaf under her hood, the docile brunette plaything moaned in soft pleasure as Kerry squeezed her lust-swollen breasts together. Ringed nipples hard against her palms, she let her fingernails sink deep into the satin globes, squeezing and twisting harder. Lubricated by saliva, the over-large melons slipped and slid together easily, the hooded plaything moaning and gasping louder, but without a hint of protest or censure, as pain was added to her pleasure. The girl had a bar-code and number tattooed on the underside of her left breast.

The naked toy cried out aloud, a series of high pitched squeaks, as Marie, now straddling the luggage cart's shaft behind her, stroked her chain-tormented clitoris again. Marie, eyes sparkling with excitement, rested her chin on the hooded girl's shoulder, catching Kerry's eye. The pleasure slave had to know she was being teased by two people now. Did she know who even one of them was?

Kerry forced herself to relax her grip, holding the brunette's big tits up, squeezed lightly together, but pulling her fingernails out of soft flesh. The heavy mounds quivered in her palms as the trembling, slave-girl gasped for breath down the tube that held her mouth open.

"I didn't know you were 'bi' at university."

"I'm not really. I still mostly like the purple python," Marie replied, grinning at her own crudity. "But I just love the power we have to torment, tease and humiliate slave-sluts like this. We can make her come, have her fucked or have her punished, right here and now! At our whim!"

Marie licked the slave-girl's juices off her fingers, a challenge in her eyes. The slave-girl between them suddenly wailed in pleasure, throwing back her head as far as her collar would allow, her hands bound behind her clenched into fists. Marie, now sitting on the cart's shaft, had let more of her weight settle onto it, letting her weight force the dildo down and halfway out of the brunette. And then when she stood again, the weight of Kerry's luggage in the slightly off-

balance cart not only forced the fat rod to rise back up inside the gasping sex-toy again; it had rammed it up into her!

"But you've had sex with slave-girls?" Kerry guessed, still happily kneading, pulling and squeezing the brunette's enormous tits. It was surprisingly pleasant, almost soothing!

"A couple of them. This one, with a strap-on dildo, quite often in fact. Haven't you ever wanted a man's-eye view of, say, doggie style?"

"Don't you worry it's cruel?" Kerry asked.

"She exists to be enjoyed. Something useful the ambassador himself once told me. Just think of her as a vibrator on legs! Use her for your pleasure when the mood takes you; then put her back in her box and forget about her when you're done."

Marie plucked at the hooded slave's chain-tormented clitoris again, making the naked girl between them cry out again as she settled more weight onto the dildo shaft, and then let it rise again.

"She's just a pleasure-toy! And this is the switch that turns her on!" Marie laughed, tugging the cart-girl's clit-chain.

Just by altering her weight on the luggage cart's shaft, Marie could make the dildo thrust up hard or soft into the hooded slave, in time with strokes or tugs on the chain that cruelly dragged up at her clitoris. Kerry, almost unconsciously, found herself squeezing and pulling the pleasure toy's slave-heavy tits in time, again twisting her fingernails deep into the ring-tipped melons, as Marie dildo-fucked the brunette. It was clear the lovely slave had been trained to appreciate pain with her pleasure, her ecstatic cries growing more desperate, a clear plea in her squeaks, but still not the slightest sound of protest.

"Slap them! Slap them!" Marie cried, clearly excited herself, rubbing her crotch back and forth on the luggage cart's shaft on the dildo's down strokes.

Hesitantly at first, but helplessly caught up in the moment, experiencing growing excitement, a power Ms Carson's induction course had hinted at but never really captured, Kerry began to slap the cart-slave's breasts. Lightly at first, then harder and harder, stinging her palm, she slapped the ring-tipped

globes in time with Marie's dildo thrusts. Heavy flesh bounced, swung and quivered under the blows, golden flesh quickly marred by scarlet splotches, Glory's nipples standing out swollen hard. The hooded brunette's squeaks and yelps reached a crescendo and then their helpless toy went rigid. She gave one last ecstatic cry, shudders racking her body as orgasm after orgasm consumed her, and finally dropped panting to her knees, tipping the cart forward. One of Kerry's bags tumbled free.

Slap reddened breasts heaving, saliva from her breathing tube running freely down both of the big globes Kerry had just firmly slapped tender, the sex-toy's collar still held her hooded head up proudly. As the girl on her knees gasped for breath, a sheen of sweat on her flanks, Kerry could now see clearly that there was a price to pay for that sexy wasp-waist. The sex-slave's panting was not just pretty and decorative - she had no choice - the corset-belt preventing her from taking a really deep breath.

And still not even a gasp of protest! The naked slave was clearly helpless, her arms tightly bound behind her back. She was blind and deaf under the hood, but she could have kicked out, screamed, made just one noise of defiance. The lovely sex-object hadn't even tried to twist away as her big breasts were slapped a burning scarlet. She had remained almost perfectly in place, head up and feet set a neat twelve inches apart throughout her cruel shafting. Kerry said as much.

Marie shrugged. "She's trained to be placid, and she knows she exists to be enjoyed. It's her purpose in life."

Marie patted the kneeling slave's hooded head.

"Besides, she knows she'll be punished if she pulls away."

Marie then unclipped a whip from the side of the cart, and swung the lash in a hissing arc across the brunette's buttocks. Still on her knees, gasping for breath, slaverling all over her tits now, the tall girl squealed in pain. A vivid red line marked both buttocks. Guided by Marie's hand twisted into her pony-tail, she forced herself back to her feet.

A pair of smartly dressed young women and a man walked across the courtyard, the trio apparently entirely unconcerned with what she and Marie had been doing with the heavy breasted brunette. Kerry realised with a guilty start that the helpless sex-object's cries of ecstasy as she'd been forced to come, must have been heard miles away! But the trio were all leading variously bound and gagged slaves of their own, and quite clearly didn't care in the slightest what Marie and Kerry were doing. More of the embassy's newly arrived slaves.

Wonderful, exotic, human toys to play with. Christmas had come early to the embassy.

"Our embassy's on that side, the Slaveworld's Ministry of Offworld Affairs is on that side. Gate in the middle at the base of the courtyard. Neutral territory," Marie explained offhand. "Do you want to lead her or whip her?"

"What?"

"I said do you want to lead her or whip her? She'll need plenty of whip to pull this much weight with a dildo," Marie explained.

"Shouldn't I report in or something?" Kerry wondered.

"No, no, you've got today off to get settled in. I'll introduce you around to everybody at this evening's meal, and you officially report to the boss, the ambassador, at nine am tomorrow. We're just a small embassy. Staff's only fourteen."

"Oh."

Kerry idly stroked Glory on the belly. Down the chain digging into her flesh, toying with the ring set through her so cruelly stretched clitoris. The hooded slave, ass full of plug and pussy stretched wide with a dildo, quivered, but again made no move or sound of protest.

"This must torment the poor cow to distraction," she said softly, a little guilty now that the first flush of excitement had worn off.

"The clit chain? It helps keeps her permanently aroused and docile," Marie said, quite unconcerned.

"And the collar and that belt. Do they have to be so cruel?"

"Makes her look good. And again, severe restraints keep her in the right frame of mind; which is permanently aroused and docile," Marie said patiently.

"And the hood?"

"Looks good, and keeps her in the right frame of mind..."

"Which is hot and docile," Kerry concluded, beginning to get the idea.

Marie nodded agreement with a smile.

"Actually, today isn't especially cruel," Marie added after a moment's thought. She stroked the naked girl's buttocks with her whip, the helpless cart-slave quivering, but making no move to pull away.

"Glory's used to this. The dildos front and back, a nipped waist and a clit-chain are pretty much permanent; and Izzy often keeps her in a hood too. Sometimes for days at a time. Some weeks the hood only comes off if she's in harness and bridle, pulling a pony-trap, and sometimes during sex."

"Poor cow!" Kerry said with feeling, idly reaching down between firm buttocks to examine the bass of the tall slave's butt-plug again. "But why are these people so hot to get their hands on British girls, when they've got slaves like this? She's magnificent!"

"You'll see," Marie said enigmatically "And don't feel sorry for her," she added carelessly, now stroking the cart-slave's breasts with her whip. "Glory knows she deserves everything she gets. She was convicted of a very serious crime. She struck an aristocrat, an unprovoked attack in front of witnesses."

Marie grinned, and deliberately catching Kerry's eye, she lifted a large breast to her lips again and let her tongue trail across the big heavy mound. Marie's tongue circled and then coiled around the hard-breathing brunette's ringed nipple, and then darted fleetingly back and forth across the straining nub. Glory, dildo and plug stuffed, her waist beautifully cinched and a high collar holding her head up, sighed in soft pleasure down her breathing tube as her nipple was tongued. Her slap marked breasts had faded from splotched scarlet to a more uniform and rather pretty pink now.

"In fact I was one of those witnesses," Marie said with an impish smile. It was my testimony at her trial that helped convict her to forty years' sexual service! That's partly why Izzy lets me play with her now and again."

Kerry felt her mouth hanging open. All she could do was change the subject. Feeling a little hot and overdressed, she shrugged out of her best jacked and carefully laid it on top of the bags on the cart. A tiny little bit more weight wasn't going to make life any harder for Glory.

"I could have sworn that was Thomas Thwaite I just saw walk across the courtyard you know," she said.

"Yeah, he's here. And Jane Cougan. Remember, she went out with my brother for a while."

Kerry nodded. It made sense, once you thought about it, not really a coincidence at all. If Intelligence was only recruiting from the top universities, and amongst the right people, then some of the embassy recruits were bound to have moved in the same circles. And peers were less likely to disapprove of, or inform on, their own.

"So, lead or whip?" Marie asked again.

Kerry chose to lead the hooded Glory, while Marie encouraged her with the whip. A chain lead with a suede leather handle clipped to her clit-ring was impossible for the naked and bound brunette to ignore. Even light tugs made her gasp and whimper. Pulling the heavy cart with the dildo was clearly no joke, because Marie had to really lay into the big girl to get her moving. Whip strokes brought up raised welts across Glory's haunches, Kerry occasionally dropping back to look and stroke trembling flesh lightly with her palm.

Glory took the whip well. She had the cutest little squeak, big tits bobbing with each stoke, the stinging crack of leather on flesh quite intoxicating. Leaning hard into her dildo prong, barely recovered from her session of forced sex, the hooded girl was gasping for breath before she was even halfway across the courtyard. She was lathered in sweat, gleaming as if oiled by the time she was led out onto the street, obediently following the lead clipped to the ring set through her permanently tormented clitoris. Like Sheila who had been whipped through the same archway before her, the juices running down her inner thighs were not just sweat.

As they progressed, Glory's yelps and squeaks would get louder, shriller each time she was lashed, and then she would suddenly stagger, knees buckling, crying out in forced, pain-overloaded ecstasy. They had barely made it outside the embassy courtyard the first time she came, then again forty metres down the road. The helpless sex-toy, ass now criss-crossed with whip-stripes, managed thirty or so metres more before sensation overwhelmed her again.

Once more Kerry looked around nervously. Now they were on a residential street, not that busy, no more than a dozen people about at any one time, but the two of them were standing over an exhausted, naked, bound and hooded girl, who was sobbing and gasping on her knees! Whipping her! Making her pull a cart full of luggage with a dildo prong!

Surely somebody cared. But no white knight rushed out to rescue Glory, the statuesque brunette wailing in pained lust as Marie pulled her to her feet with her nipple-rings. After their sweat-gleaming beast of burden's fourth orgasm and inevitable collapse, Marie started whipping Glory's big breasts to get her back onto her feet. The over-large melons striped very easily, Kerry sure the hooded girl's heartrending cries of agony would finally bring retribution down on them, but no one seemed to mind their very public abuse of the helpless girl.

A few strokes across her breasts seemed to settle their plaything a little, and with a few more stripes on her backside, Marie and Kerry managed to get a good seventy metres out of the naked girl before her knees buckled and she again threw her head back with an ecstatic cry. Gingerly at first, but with growing confidence, Kerry took a turn with the whip, Marie leading the gasping, slaverling, sobbing, sweat-gleaming, slave-girl with the lead clipped to her clit-ring. The crack of leather on flesh, and the little ripple that ran across Glory's hips each time Kerry swung the whip, not to mention her victim's shrill cry, was quite wonderful, if a little disturbing!

Disturbing because of how much she like it. The helpless sex-toy Kerry was tormenting staggered again, her cry of orgasm muted now, the definition between pain and pleasure blurring; losing focus.

Although the latex-hooded girl managed to keep her feet this time, just swaying a little, intoxicated with power, Kerry couldn't wait. Stepping forward she swung her whip hard back and forth across the huge, heavy, ring-tipped, gasp-heaving, tits she had already so thoroughly groped and slapped. As a

woman, of course she knew how tender those boobs were, how hard she was lashing Glory, just how sadistic she was being, but the helpless girl's pitiful wails only made Kerry want to give her more! Forehand, backhand, whip stroke after whip stroke left vivid red lines curling all across the firm globes. The brunette's squeals were almost breathless when Kerry's lash caught her nipples.

Glory clearly did her best to remain obediently still, the tortured melons Kerry lashed now as heavily striped as her buttocks, weighty flesh jiggling, bouncing and swinging as the slave-girl with her arms bound behind her involuntarily jerked and twitched this way and that; but her feet stayed almost in place. Just a desperate little dance as she tried to stay in place.

Finally the hooded slave could take no more, and with a maddened cry, desperate to escape the pain, to escape Kerry's unrelenting tit-whipping, she bolted!

Kerry was surprised. She hadn't imagined it was even possible to run - or at least manage a fast trot - pulling a cart full of luggage with a dildo prong. Marie kept her head and didn't jerk on the clit-lead, just let it run out to its full length, and swung Glory around her in a big circle. Even hysterical with pain and dazed after being forced to repeated orgasms, the naked, hooded, girl with her arms strapped tightly behind her back could not disobey the tug on the ring set through her clitoris.

After circling Marie twice times, Glory slowed to a walk, her heaving sobs mingled with gasps of pleasure, hips swinging this way and that, deliberately squirming on the dripping dildo she pulled the luggage cart with. Clearly, in bolting, she had made the dildo pump and flex all the more inside her, forcing herself to unwilling arousal again. Marie gently stroked the trembling sex-slave between the legs until she was forced to come again, lightly squeezing, licking and kissing her tortured breasts to soothe her. The shaft between the bound girl's legs was literally dripping with her juices.

Kerry wordlessly handed over the whip. She really didn't know quite what had come over her. Even Marie, who was clearly very much into her new role, was looking a bit surprised at how hard Kerry had lashed the helplessly bound, hood-blind, brunette's huge tits. To distract herself she asked about her new posting.

"So where are the older slaves?" she asked. "Every one I've seen here, and in the orientation films, have been in their twenties. Early thirties at most."

"Yeah, slaves are given sentences that usually release them at about the thirty year old mark."

"So; what? They think you're past it by the time you're thirty, here?" Kerry demanded.

"Not at all," Marie grinned. "They just want to turn the majority of slaves loose, still young enough to have families of their own. So that they can raise the next generation of slaves."

"Oh."

"And remember, with the youth treatment they have here, slaves may appear to be physically thirty years old when they're set free, but in reality they're fifty, sixty, some of them. And there are actually a few older slaves around, who have committed crimes too serious to be cut short by the thirty year rule, but you don't see them that much. It's considered a bit of a fetish, but remember, here, what an aristocrat wants, they get! If a noble likes the older woman or some wrinkles, then there are speciality auctions and clubs.

Kerry felt an involuntary shiver run up her spine. One person keeping another captive for their own pleasure, she could just about get her head around. But a whole society of slave owners, with elaborate rules, courtesies and pedigrees, regulated by law, was beyond her. Once she had been given a chance to recover again, Glory, totally broken now, moaned in pleasure when Marie licked the welts on her breasts. Kerry held her in place with her pony-tail, watching, still fascinated at the abuse the tall brunette had to endure. Tits heaving as she gasped for breath, another strand of saliva trailing from her hood's breathing tube, at the lightest tap on the backside with a whip, Glory leant into the fat invader thrust into her. Again pulling Kerry's luggage down a city street with the dildo-prong.

"We're almost there. We're renting that one, now that the dormitories at the embassy are being turned into cell-blocks."

Kerry looked up at the building Marie pointed to, an elegant three storey town house. They took a side of the cart each, and pushed, both deciding by

unspoken agreement that the last few metres would probably kill the willing, docile but now totally exhausted Glory if she had to pull by herself. Kerry had been told that the younger staff had been allowed to move out of the embassy and make their own arrangements, now that Security's concerns had been downgraded and with relations between the two worlds improving by the day.

"It's not entirely ideal, living on top of the people you work with. But what you won't find for rent here, except as a working class lodger, is a single bedroom flat, or the like. An aristocrat's household always has room for a few servants, slaves and troopers to look after the slaves."

"Looks nice," Kerry said as they pushed her luggage to a stop outside.

"Yeah, not bad," Marie agreed. "And it's not only Terry Thwaite you'll be seeing here. Do you remember my friend Ruth? The vicar's daughter? Studying law? She's here too!"

Kerry tried to picture Ruth, but couldn't bring her into any sort of focus. She knew who Marie meant, but the girl had been such a mouse, she'd never really made much of an impression. Then she noticed Marie was unbuckling the heavy collar around Glory's neck.

"I wouldn't have thought she'd fit in here," Kerry said with a hint of foreboding.

Marie was tugging at the cart-slave's tight latex hood now, eyes sparkling bright, a ghost of a smile on her lips. The tall brunette, still impaled on the prong she'd used to pull Kerry's luggage with, was breathing hard and gleaming with sweat as if she'd been oiled. Saliva ran down between her humiliatingly enlarged, pant-heaving, breasts. Vicious whip-marks - whip marks that Kerry had put on her! - criss-crossed the heavy globes as well as her buttocks.

Marie tugged harder at the tight hood. Ruth, Kerry now recalled, had been quite a big girl in an awkward sort of way, a physical match for Glory with bigger tits and a trimmed waist - which they could do here - but surely the cart-slave couldn't be her! Pulling Kerry's luggage along with that huge dildo, helpless with her arms strapped behind her back! Trying to imagine the up-tight vicar's daughter naked, with a butt-plug up her ass, controlled with whip, hood and clit-lead, crying out in pain and pleasure as she was whipped to orgasm in public on a city street, the picture just did not fit.

But Marie's twisted smile told Kerry she'd been, at worst, set up, and at best, was being tested. The hood finally came off, and the sex-slave Kerry had so enjoyed teasing and tormenting was shockingly familiar.

The face Marie revealed, blinking and dazed in the sunlight, drooling as her breathing tube/gag was pulled out of her mouth, was indeed shy, mousy, little Ruth from university. Naked, bound and with pussy and ass stuffed full. Ruth's lust dazed eyes focused slowly on Kerry, possibly slightly puzzled by her presence here, but with no hint of censure.

After the first breathless surprise, Kerry was quite shocked to find that removing the hood had changed nothing. In this world Glory was a fantasy brought to life, and quite impossibly gorgeous. She just wanted to whip her some more!

Reluctantly rather impressed with how well Kerry was taking her introduction to Tit-world, Marie found a maintenance man to take Kerry's bags up to her assigned rooms. The man knew his place, and didn't even think to protest that it wasn't his job. He just gave her a smart, "Yes, My Lady!" and followed her out into the street where Kerry was now curiously tugging Ruth's ringed nipples. She let her eyes trail down the girl's naked body. Lady Isobell was probably not going to be too pleased at how heavily marked her favourite toy was, but her new co-worker was practically drooling at the prospect of further abusing the spectacular slave-girl they'd both once known on their own Earth as an unassuming university student.

A few more whip-marks couldn't hurt.

They pushed the luggage cart's shaft down together, the dildo sliding out of Glory. The big girl obediently took a step forward, and then froze in position, head up and ankles together. Kerry had a tight hold on the brunette's clit-lead she noticed, and did not look like she was in any hurry to relinquish it. She stroked a whip-marked buttock with a dreamy look on her face.

"Do we have to give her back now?" Kerry asked.

"Not yet," Marie grinned.

Free of her hood and now able to see, the gorgeous blue-eyed sex-toy was obediently silent, even though she was no longer gagged. She followed the tug

Kerry gave her lead with only a soft gasp. An ex-aristocrat's home, naturally the rented town house came with a playroom, cells, and rings set into walls, ceilings, bedposts and floors in all rooms. Under her supervision, Kerry secured Glory in the centre of her suite, the slave's clit-lead clipped to a floor ring, a hanging winch chain clipped to the back of her collar pulled taut.

The building's previous owner had removed most personal items, but there were still a few training aids and an old carriage in the tack-room, and Marie was building up her own toy collection. She offered Kerry a ball-gag mounted on a bridle. With clear delight, Kerry rammed the large pink ball into the big breasted sex-object's mouth, and pulled and buckled straps tight around Glory's head.

Now firmly gagged, still wearing nothing but her restraints and shiny, thigh length, high heeled boots, the once shy vicar's daughter was forced to stand neatly in place, utterly helpless. Held in place by a collar chain from above, and with her clit-lead secured to a recessed floor-ring between her feet. Kerry walked slowly around her prize, trailing fingernails over the swell of hips, across the top of whip-marked buttocks and over the corset-belt squeezed swell of their one-time university friend's belly; plucking at her tormenting clit-chain.

"I suppose there's no reason to take her restraints off?" the new recruit half asked her.

"None whatsoever," Marie assured her.

The collar and corset-girth were an integral part of the arrangement of chains and straps that secured the bridle-gagged girl's arms folded behind her back, so they, and the clit-chain digging into the swell of her belly, had to stay too. She said as much to Kerry.

"Good! I think I like her helpless," Kerry confessed shyly.

She stroked their gagged plaything lightly between the legs, toying with the rings set through her sex-lips.

"Have you ever noticed how a naked girl with her hands cuffed behind her, almost offers you her cunt and tits?"

Glory groaned in pleasure as her slave-breasts were again scooped up, squeezed together, Kerry's fingernails sinking deep into her flesh. The more than

ample weight she toyed with clearly fascinated her. Almost as if she'd forgotten Marie was there, she licked the whip-marks curling over the big globes, then bit and sucked the bound sex-toy's ring-set nipples harder.

Marie was quietly impressed. She'd been far more self-conscious about people watching when she'd first arrived here. It had taken her a lot longer than Kerry to shed her inhibitions, though amusingly the first slave she'd molested in public had been the very same, and lovely, Glory, that Kerry was now groping.

"Can I whip her again?" Kerry asked shyly.

"She's pretty heavily marked already, and she is on loan remember, not mine," Marie replied uncertainly. "Tell you what; let's give her a few volts. That'll make her squeal!"

"Really?" Kerry breathed, her eyes sparkling with excitement.

Glory whimpered when the metal contact rod trailing a red wire was slipped into her sex. Not as thick as the cart's dildo prong, it went easily into her, padlocked to a pair of her labia rings to hold it in place. Fear in her eyes, the lovely girl was trembling a bit, breasts heaving as she panted around her gag, but she made no move to pull away as Kerry allowed metal crocodile teeth to close over both fat nipples. Like the contact rod, the paired electrodes trailed red wires, leading to a sturdy box with a handcrank.

Licking her lips, Kerry gave the handle an experimental turn. Glory jerked with a little cry of distress. Kerry turned the handcrank faster and harder, Glory's oversized breasts shocked, and current running through the walls of her vagina clenched tight around the metal invader locked into her. She squealed, jerking and twisting, her back arched, almost hanging from her collar.

"Do you ever wonder what it would be like to be in her place?" Kerry wondered.

"No," Marie lied.

Kerry turned the handcrank over again, and again. After a dozen or so shocks, the beautiful girl she tortured was sobbing softly, her bare skin sweat-gleaming all over, her ribs showing with every heaving gasp of breath. As she jerked and twisted, her humiliatingly enlarged breasts swung and bounced, the

pain-maddened sex-slave trying to shake loose the electrodes - painfully biting into the erect pink ring-set nipples - that adorned the repeatedly shocked melons.

When Glory finally slumped limp, they both had to hurry forward and hold her up until Marie unclipped the hanging chain from her collar, before she choked herself. Pulling the luggage cart with its dildo prong had really knocked the stuffing out of the big girl. She only came twice that Marie noticed, during her electric shock discipline.

They left the harshly panting brunette on her knees to recover, still with her arms bound behind her back, still secured to the floor ring with her clit-lead, and still filled with a wire-trailing metal dildo and with sharp-jawed electrodes biting into her nipples. Having got Kerry settled into her rooms, later they took afternoon tea in Marie's suite, served by the attentive Glory; now recovered, ring-gagged and with her wrists cuffed to her clit-ring on short lengths of chain.

After, while Marie nibbled on a biscuit, Kerry draped Glory over her lap, and proceeded to spank her tail scarlet, with some enthusiasm. Marie stood a moment, reaching up under her skirt to pull down her panties. She let them fall around her ankles as she sat again, kicking them away, already anticipating Glory's well-trained tongue burrowing into her pussy.

Kerry watched Marie kick her panties away without comment, as if it was the most natural thing in the world. She paused, stroking burning, scarlet, whip-striped flesh. Involuntary muscle contractions made Glory's buttocks quiver and twitch under her caress. The naked girl was gasping for breath, snuffling a little, moisture glinting between the plump pussy-lips pouting between her thighs. Kerry delivered a half dozen more blows to each cheek, her palm landing with a deliciously loud crack. The tall brunette yelped softly at each blow, a lovely ripple running across her haunches.

"So who goes first?" Kerry asked.

"Toss you for it," Marie grinned. "Heads wins, of course."

Clearly, on this world, Kerry saw nothing in the slightest wrong with sitting side by side, chatting about the good old days at university, while the girl they'd known as Ruth, naked, abused and bound at their feet, performed cunnilingus on them in turn. Kerry was going to fit in here perfectly. Tomorrow she would assure the boss he need not worry himself about Kerry being a plant, Ms

Carson's fifth columnist. You couldn't fake the show Kerry had put on today. She had taken to the Slaveworld like a duck to water - born to it - in the way only a true submissive or a true dominant could.

Letting her eyes roam over Glory's lush whip-marked curves, it occurred to Marie that Lady Isobell was going to be more than a bit miffed when she saw the state of her favourite plaything. Why the aristocrat cared - professed to love the whore - when she owned so many other equally lovely sex-objects, Marie couldn't imagine. Glory may once have been Kerry and Marie's equal, but now she was just an - admittedly quite stunning - bought and sold, pleasure-toy; naked on her knees with her wrists chained to her clit-ring. Marie watched as Glory let her tongue trail up out of Kerry's pussy and up her belly, the formerly virginal vicar's daughter matting pubic hair with her own saliva and Kerry's juices in a broad lick.

The flanged base of the large butt-plug she was being punished with still projected from her back passage. Lady Isobell had not said why, but had insisted it not be removed. Could you really love such a debased creature?

CHAPTER 5

There were only two sets of identical quadruplet slave-girls in Europe, and Queen Victoria and her husband owned one set of them. Stroking a pert backside with a crop, she was rewarded with a little whimper of fear. She had been neglecting the lovely foursome a little of late, ever since she'd acquired the magnificent Precious. Keeping the stunning British dairy-slave under total control was almost a full time job. Her sister had been keeping the four blondes busy for her, but she had obviously spared the whip a little if that whimper and the fearful quaking she was witnessing was any guide.

Individually each naked girl was rather ordinary. Victoria had wanted to keep them natural, and so had allowed little cosmetic work. It showed. The quads were of average height and build, sleek rather than curvy, each with a pretty but not especially memorable face and with breasts that were nicely full and firm, but nowhere near as big as one of the new must-have British girls. When multiplied by four however, the sisters in slavery were far from ordinary.

She'd had them strung up by the wrists from a single chain, feet just a couple of inches above the floor. A rope threaded through four pairs of nipple-rings, then pulled tight and tied off, kept the four identical sex-toys facing in, with ass's out. The suspended bundle of naked femininity swung slowly clockwise, then anti-clockwise as the gagged quadruplets squirmed, trying to keep her in sight. She tapped her crop into her palm, pacing slowly around them, letting apprehension build!

She gave her lash an experimental swish; Number three, the closest, jerking into her fellows as braided leather hissed through the air a fraction of an inch away from her pert little tail. Victoria laughed. It had been a long time since she'd played with her quads. To help tell them apart, she'd had an extra number added to the bar-code serial numbers tattooed on the upper right buttock, one through four.

She looked up hopefully as an officer entered.

"Any news?" she asked Captain Scott.

"I'm sorry, Your Majesty. Nothing."

She waved the man away, and gave Number four a hard backhand slash across the buttocks. The girl jerked forward with a strangled cry around the gag filling her mouth, a tangle of legs kicking and thrashing above the floor adding a little wobble to the slowly spinning bundle of slaves. The girl's cry was just pain, no hysteria, and she nodded approval. While the new British imports were rightly renowned for taking good whip, any well trained slave-girl should be able to take ten to twenty cuts across the tail without too much fuss. Which was good, as she had a lot of frustration to work off!

Time had finally run out for her son Samuel. He was about to be disinherited, his cousin officially named heir in his place. Philip, her husband, had stalled as long as possible, but it had been too long, Samuel rumoured to be dead, insane, or just run away from his responsibilities at home. Perhaps he was running a string of copper-skinned, young, human pack-animals, guiding tourists exploring South America's Maya ruins or the like Perhaps he was hunting in the Siberian wastes, supplying white girls to the insatiable African and Asian markets, or maybe he was now the skipper of a slaver schooner trading around the inlets, ports and landing stages of the North American east coast and Caribbean.

She could almost wish he was. Blowing where the wind took him, no schedule to keep, lazy days spent cruising from port to port in clear blue waters, a cool drink in one hand and with ample time to sample and obedience-train his chained and gagged female merchandise, between dockside auctions.

The reality was more grim. It seemed he had been stranded on the alternative Earth that British girls came from by persons unknown. On the day he'd disappeared, the last confirmed sighting of him in a Londinium pet shop where he'd bought a slave-girl, an unauthorised portal to the other world had been opened in the nearby Gate research lab just half an hour later. The remote possibility existed that he had indeed run away from his Royal responsibilities, but to another world, an alternative universe instead of the Caribbean.

She didn't think so. While not a hundred per cent thrilled by the prospect of a lifetime of duty while every other prince and princess lived a life of ease, Samuel had been resigned to the prospect of one day becoming king. He'd even

started to settle down and chosen a fiancée the final step to confirming his intention to produce an heir. Victoria didn't even want to consider the remaining possibility, that the guards at the lab had decided to go exploring for reasons of their own, and Samuel had never been near the lab. Because that meant he was surely dead, body undiscovered.

Now he was about to lose his birthright! In the English Kingdom, the male heir, while considered first, did not automatically succeed to the throne. The Kingdom had occasionally found it necessary to keep psychopaths and fools off the throne; a younger brother, sister or cousin an acceptable substitute. An ageing King could be required to name an heir, and Samuel had been away too long, his absence unexplained. Even the Privy Council, a bastion of loyalty, had joined the clamour.

She lashed Number four again, then again, the girl gasping on the second stroke, a little wail forced from her on the third. Raised welts marked her trembling buttocks. She laughed. Braided leather left another line, then another, her crop striking firm, toned, golden flesh with a wicked crack. Victoria lashed her suspended victim forehand and backhand, slashing the crop back and forth, then on to Number two as the twisting and squirming of the whipped girls spun a new unmarked behind into range.

Bucking and thrashing, whichever girl was lashed, yanked on the nipple rings of all. A hard blow to the crease of the buttock, Number one now, just where the firm hemisphere met the thigh, brought four's now heavily whip-striped buttocks spinning back into range. A strangled scream accompanied the sound of leather striking flesh. Victoria paused a moment, stroking her crop up under the punished girl and twisting it back and forth, letting her victim's juices soak into the leather. The girl was gasping - trembling! - but not until she was sure the blonde was sobbing did Victoria move back around to Number one.

She stroked her lash back and forth across the firm swell of comparatively unmarked buttocks. Where the Royal Security Police had failed to find her son, sending her own agents to the alternative world had been her final throw of the dice. She'd sent two slaves, her own Precious, who not only knew Prince Samuel intimately having once been his property, but had been involved in Gate research herself as a student in the otherworld Britain. She had also borrowed a former British police officer, who now answered to Honey, from her best friend's God-daughter, to help Precious with her investigation.

She swung her whip again, relishing Number one's surprised squeal. The two slaves she'd sent could surely do no worse than the RSP, and on home ground she hoped that perhaps they could do better. But she'd heard nothing but one 'We're on the Job,' message, disguised as a classified ad in one of the British newspapers she got from the British embassy. The bitches had probably gone native, back to their old lives, lazing around on a resort beach somewhere, squandering the funds they'd been provided with for their mission.

Savouring the thwack of her crop on flawless young flesh, teeth bared in a savage grin, she lashed the spinning, sobbing, jerking, shrieking, girl-bundle without mercy now, no longer bothering to identify individual quadruplets. Throughout the long hot afternoon, her slaves increasingly desperate cries of pain, their gag-muffled, sob-distorted, begging, allowed Victoria to forget her son's predicament for a while.

She would of course rather have been amusing herself with her darling, docile, beautiful, fabulously top-heavy, Precious. The British brunette she normally favoured was an unmatched body-servant, torture-toy, pony-girl and ride; but together, the four identical blondes were almost an adequate substitute.

Honey slipped her key into the lock then checked up and down the hotel corridor before opening the door, knowing her partner in crime, Precious, would probably be wandering around comfortably naked. Not sure how actively British Intelligence was now seeking Slaveworld agents, they'd both agreed it would be best to try and maintain a low profile.

She found she was thinking of herself as Honey, not Susan, more and more since she'd finally admitted to herself she intended to voluntarily return to her beautiful young owner, Lady Abigail. Unlike Precious, who had never for even a second considered trying to recapture her old identity, Jenny, she had agonised over the decision for two or three days before giving in to the inevitable. That said, the decision still might not be hers. Being allowed to return to the delightful humiliations of sexual slavery and their respective owners, depended on the successful completion of their mission. Find Prince Samuel!

They had booked two rooms in a rather nice country hotel for the look of the thing, but mostly they were just using one room, messing up the bed and leaving a couple of towels on the floor in the bathroom of the spare, so that it didn't look like they were sleeping together. Not for sex - she was tempted but Precious was too well trained to play without her owner's permission - but just for comfort. But because they'd both been used as bedwarmers so often - a bedwarmer a naked slave with her wrists chained to a lord or lady's bed headboard, used as a combination hot water bottle, and cuddly toy - that they both found it hard to drift off without the warmth of another body snuggled up to them.

Precious had fallen asleep sitting at the desk, her head cradled in her arms, lap-top pushed to one side; and as expected was naked. Honey wasn't surprised Queen Victoria's favourite pet was exhausted, as she'd been at her lap-top practically every waking second for days now, going through the recruitment ads in varying science and technical journals. Fortunately, almost all scientific journals had internet versions, and many jobs were posted on the net. Unfortunately, when the web-sites were updated, lists of positions no longer vacant were wiped. All too often, only the articles and editorials of older scientific journals remained. They'd had to trail around several university libraries tracking down the hardcopy back-issues Precious needed to see.

It seemed reasonable to assume that if Prince Samuel had established an identity on their Earth, he would try to build himself a Gate home. And that given his background and upbringing, he would almost certainly want his research scientists to be slaves. Precious, checking job applications, had come up with a list of companies seeking the right skills, most no doubt for reasons innocent of Gate research. Honey, using her police connections - as far as her former colleagues knew she was just seconded to Intelligence, not a defector to another world - could then check missing persons files, and hopefully discover a pretty young female graduate or two, who had recently applied for a job on one of the companies on Precious' list.

Honey slipped her arms around the sleeping brunette's body and hefted and squeezed her breasts to see if her friend needed milking again. Precious was not allowed to milk herself, and was a little shy in that regard. She would often let her breasts become painfully swollen, before she could bring herself to ask to be milked. The over-large globes were heavy with milk, but not causing Precious noticeable discomfort yet, she judged. She'd keep.

"Come on, up you get," she decided, pulling the big girl to her feet.

Precious was a tall powerful girl, a shade under five foot eleven, but as is often the way with someone who feels themselves too big, she was very gentle. Rumoured to be worth more at auction than the most expensive poodle ever sold, Honey had heard the gorgeous slave being discussed and admired by both grooms and envious owners several times before they'd been paired up. It was fame of a sort!

Precious raised a sleepy head while letting herself be guided to the bed. "What?" she mumbled.

Her eyes had been dyed the most beautiful hazel.

"Bed time," Honey told her.

"You too?"

"No. I've got to go out again. I've managed to set up a meeting with Superintendent Childs for tonight."

"But I can't sleep alone," Precious protested.

"Trust me," Honey told her, pushing her onto the bed.

She pulled the cord out of a complimentary dressing gown and knotted it around the sleepy brunette's wrists, tying the free end off to the headboard. Then she pulled a pair of black panties over the girl's head as a blindfold, covering her eyes but leaving her nose and mouth free. A soft smile touched the sleepy dairy-slave's lips as she curled up on her side, one milk heavy breast squashing down on top of the other. She was asleep before Honey slipped out the door.

Honey had thought long and hard about which of her former colleagues to contact. She needed someone senior who could give her unlimited access to the files she needed, but also someone who would be discreet so as not to alert British Intelligence to her return to Earth. Superintendent Childs!

She'd always suspected the Superintendent had a soft spot for her and her desire for secrecy was easily explained away. The press had swarmed all over her cottage and the police station after she'd been so embarrassingly caught on a

quiet country road, chained face down over the bonnet of a police car, gagged with her own underwear and with a married colleague's cock deep in her sex. A secret night meeting would not seem in the least suspicious.

The hotel was a twenty minute drive away from her old station. Still being cautious, she parked the hire car well away from the shop and walked. She had also used a payphone to set up her 2.00 am meeting with Childs. It was a cool still night, no one about. After some thought she was wearing stiletto heeled boots, a white, pleated, calf-length skirt and a blue velvet jacket over a tight grey T-shirt, her now blonde hair falling loose around her shoulders; going for sexy-demure rather than come-and-get-it sexy, in case she'd misjudged Childs.

The main entrance at the front of the station, and the rear entrance to the booking desk and cells were covered by CCTV, but the side staff-entrance was not. She paused in the shadows, watching a moment. She still couldn't get away from the feeling she was being watched. A single uniformed figure in a peaked cap waited under the bright security light set over the staff entrance, moths fluttering around it. The phrase 'Moth to a flame,' ran through her mind, but it looked safe enough. She stepped into the light.

"WPC Barncroft. We meet again," he said neutrally.

"Thank you for seeing me like this Sir," she said offering her hand. "I thought it best for the force if I was discreet; the press, you know?"

He didn't take her hand, instead gripped her wrist, pulling her past him and pushed her up against the wall. Holding her hand above her head he pushed her free hand high up between her shoulder blades, squashing her up against the wall. She didn't resist.

"Yes, the gentlemen of the press! Do you have any idea how much embarrassment your antics caused this force, and me personally?"

He was standing too close, almost whispering in her ear.

"Yes Sir, I'm sorry about...."

"Shut your mouth slut!" he ordered.

He placed no particular emphasis on the words, did not raise his voice; the

words were enough. Oh Boy!

"And I'm curious as to why you would need access to our missing person files through me, when Intelligence can access any police file they like through Special Branch?"

"Yes Sir. I'm....Ow!

He twisted her arm up higher behind her back.

"Silence. Your colleagues may think you're in disgrace, hiding out in Intelligence, but I happen to know the spooks have no idea where you are, and that they would rather like to. A memo to all senior officers to that effect came around last week. Did you get yourself into more trouble? Gone AWOL?"

"Yes Sir."

"Sexual trouble?"

"Yes Sir," she said again.

It was true, just not in the way he imagined. Who could imagine a Slaveworld? He was leaning against her now, body heat soaking through clothing, rubbing his crotch across her buttocks. Honey allowed herself a grin.

"Take the position!"

He stepped back, releasing the arm pushed up behind her back. She obediently shuffling back to lean forward against the wall, legs spread. Ready to be searched.

He started at her ankles, squeezing her calves, stroking up the outsides of her thighs under her loose pleated skirt, hands resting on her hips a moment, gripping lightly. He stroked down, hands roaming over her presented backside, buttocks squeezed, her inner thighs stroked now, before he slowly and deliberately rubbed her between the legs, working her panties into her sex, free hand pulling her head back with her hair so that her back was arched. Honey breathed faster, her nipples tightening and moisture soaking into her panties as a familiar warmth made itself felt in her belly.

He put his hands around her nipped waist, clearly curious, fingers digging into her belly. She had automatically pulled tight the broad leather belt she wore around her surgically reduced wasp-waist. Then his hands stroked up, pushing aside her velvet jacket, fingers sinking deep into the firm weight of her breasts through her T-shirt. The heavy mounds were pulled, kneaded and squeezed for an age, the Superintendent's breath coming faster on her neck as he rubbed a now rampant cock between her buttocks.

"Christ, they're fucking huge! Even bigger than I remember!"

Groaning softly in pleasure as her breasts were mauled, Honey saw no point in trying to explain that the ring-decorated globes he groped actually were now substantially larger than when she'd been a WPC; grown bigger and heavier without her consent. Pulling and squeezing her now swollen hard nipples, he discovered the rings set through her flesh.

"Did you always have pierced nipples?" he wondered.

"No Sir, they're new," she gasped.

He yanked her T-shirt up over her head, looping the rolled up garment behind her neck, her breasts spilling free, caressed by the cool night air. She wore no bra, the few she'd been able to find in her new size in shops were big ugly things, clearly designed for the large and overweight. If possible, her nipples contracted even tighter in the cool air.

Childs bounced the full globes in his palms with evident delight, then pulled her up onto her toes with her nipple rings, making her whimper in pain, breasts cruelly stretched into agonising cones. He stroked his fingers under her panties and into her sex, roughly penetrating, making her gasp, then ordered her to lick her own juices off his fingers. It was an everyday humiliation for a girl who had once stood on a Slaveworld auction block, and she obeyed without a murmur. He seemed a little disappointed she didn't protest.

They both heard the sound of a car coming long before it was close in the still night. A late passer-by would probably not notice them, but a patrol bringing in a drunk or the like would drive past the side entrance. Childs quickly pulled her wrists behind her back and snapped handcuffs on her, holding her in place with a handful of hair while he punched in the door combination. She was pushed back into her own former station by a superior officer, in cuffs, breasts

bare, as headlight swept into the carpark. Her jacket open, T-shirt pulled behind her neck, the full ring-decorated mounds swayed and quivered as she was frog-marched to the Super's office. He locked the door behind him and drew the blinds.

"I could scream," Honey threatened. "I want my files."

"You'll get your files, slut" he agreed. "But I thought I told you to shut up!"

He reached under her skirt and pulled down her panties, ripping them off one ankle when she was too slow to raise a foot, and stuffed her torn underwear into her mouth. Then he pulled out the T-shirt looped behind her neck and twisted out a ring - probably stretching the garment beyond repair - so that the loop of rolled material was pulled into her mouth over her panties.

"Susan, pretty little Susan," he breathed. "You gorgeous little cock-tease! Do you know that every single man in this station would give a month's pay to get his cock between those huge tits, and more than a few have been longing to discipline you as you deserve for a very long time now. I actually had to quash a couple of complaints from prudish WPCs when the lads' pub conversation turned to the subject of what they could do with you naked, in cuffs, in one of our cells."

Honey wasn't entirely surprised, but she suspected he was exaggerating a little. She knew the force had a deep sexist and racist layer under the PC veneer, especially amongst the older officers, but she'd had some good, trusted, male friends on the job. Either way, as long as she was going to get at the files after he'd done with her, she found she didn't really care what the Superintendent thought of her. Savouring the taste of her own juice-soaked panties, she waited with bright eyed interest for what came next.

He pulled her up onto her toes with her nipple-rings again, this time looking directly into her eyes, clearly enjoying her pain.

"You should have let me tame you, not that married wimp of an Inspector," he breathed.

Honey whimpered in pain, a tear running down her cheek, and was finally allowed off her toes. She rather suspected, besides obvious sexual sadism, that her choosing the wrong master was what really made him want to hurt her. He

examined the bar-code and serial number tattooed on the underside of her breast with a puzzled frown, even more intrigued still when he noticed her engraved pet tag, the metal disc hanging from her earlobe like a single ear-ring.

"Property of Lady Abigail? You really are into submission, aren't you?"

Honey nodded obediently. She saw the blow coming and closed her eyes, trying not to flinch. Childs slapped her left breast, a stinging blow that made her squeak. Heavy flesh bounced and swung back into place with a quiver. A vivid red splotch marked her flesh, heat burning into the punished globe. Then, just as hard, her right breast. She gasped again.

"I thought I told you to shut up, slut!"

He slapped her again, his palm a loud crack on flesh at each cruel blow, then again, and again, until she was blinking away tears, both reddened breasts throbbing mounds of stinging, burning, torment. He held the punished mounds up lightly squeezed together, to admire his handiwork, her breasts heaving in his palms as she gasped for breath.

"I can't believe you just stood there! You didn't even try to pull away!"

Truthfully, it had never occurred to her she could. Slaveworld obedience training! Childs pulled off her skirt and released the handcuffs just long enough to pull off her jacket, leaving her wearing just her boots and with the rolled up T-shirt gag looped around her shoulders, behind her neck and through her mouth. The boots were brown leather, calf length with a four inch heel, very sexy and rather expensive. Along with Precious she had discovered that while she didn't miss freedom too much, she did miss shopping; and the Queen had given them plenty of spending money for their secret mission.

The Superintendent ran his hands all across her naked body, seemingly intent on stroking every last centimetre of her skin, licking and kissing as he pleased. He made her gasp with a tug on her clit-ring - she saw the question in his eyes - he opened his mouth to ask, but then didn't. Tugging on the ring set through her flesh once more, he shrugged, then after tonguing her nipple rings with and a hand still between her legs, he sucked her nipples so hard it hurt.

The Superintendent unzipped his flies and pulled out a half-erect shaft, settled himself into a chair, draped her over his left knee and proceeded to spank

her.

His right leg hard over both of her legs trapped her in place, helpless with her wrists secured behind her back. She squirmed on his lap, an increasingly hard penis poking her in the stomach as stinging blows rained down on both buttocks, her superior's palm landing with repeated loud cracks. At first, before her ass was burning tender, she could actually feel a ripple running across her hips as she was hit. Once the thought that her bum might be too big would have worried her, even lying naked over a man's lap when she knew full well spankers liked a plump buttock to slap scarlet.

Now that she had an owner, she was no longer in the slightest self-conscious about her looks. If she wasn't perfect in every way, then Lady Abigail would tell her so, with no attempt to spare her feelings, and then change her. Order her exercised harder or less, have her put on a diet or force fed, or have her packed off to a cosmetic surgeon as necessary.

Now and then he stopped to stroke his handiwork, occasionally stroking fingers up between her pouting sex-lips and smearing trails of juice across spanked tender flesh. Gasping, squeaking and whimpering behind her gag now, her backside burning and surely glowing scarlet, she could tell when Superintendent Childs's hand got sore. He slipped off a shoe and started using the sole on her throbbing ass! She squealed in real pain for the first time, bucking and twisting on his lap now, heedless of the cock she stimulated as she squirmed.

It hurt!

The sole of a shoe made a much louder sound than the crack of a palm on flesh. He struck again and again, his right leg clamped down tighter over her thrashing limbs while his free hand, gripping her handcuffs, held her locked-together hands high up her back. Her struggles eventually left her hanging face-down, face and breasts pushed into the floor, but her backside was still presented for further punishment. Childs paused to stroke her trembling, hot flesh again, giving her a moment to get her breath back while he toyed with the rings set through her sex-lips. Lungs heaving, panting around her gag, she blinked away tears. She was hot, dripping wet.

She did love a good spanking!

The penis digging into her belly was rock hard now. Childs gave her a half dozen more stinging blows to each cheek, then let her slip to her knees. He scooped up sob-quivering breasts, squeezing and kneading more roughly now. Sitting on her heels, wrists still secured behind her, Honey moaned in helpless pleasure, arching her back and pushing her chest forward as fingers twisted deep into her lust swollen breasts.

He pulled his trousers down more to free his shaft, then squeezed her breasts tight around it. Her still throbbing breasts were no longer marked with angry red splotches, now faded to a blush pink, but she guessed her buttocks, burning hot against her calves, were surely still scarlet. For a moment she thought she might be tit-fucked, a favourite pastime of Slaveworld NCO grooms, but Childs was just savouring the weight of tightly squeezed, warm, heavy, flesh that enveloped his cock. He guessed her thoughts.

"No, you don't get away that easily."

Pulled to her feet with her breasts and ordered to stand in place, she watched curiously, panting gently. The Superintendent used a camera phone to take dozens of pictures of her naked and in handcuffs - souvenirs - ordering her to strike various poses with barked commands. Standing to attention, on her knees, sprawled across his desk. He liked her half turned so that the handcuffs were visible. He made her kneel with her breasts resting on the edge of his desk, removed the gag for a moment and then had her slowly lick the heavy mounds. Finally he seated her in his chair with her legs spread wide, gagged again, her sex penetrated with an old style wooden truncheon he usually kept on a polished hardwood, brass-plaquet, presentation stand on his desk. A leaving-present from his old shop.

Childs put aside the mobile phone a moment, and fished several clothespins out of a drawer. She gasped in soft pain as a wooden clamp was attached to each nipple; but nothing she couldn't take. Childs obviously thought so too. He opened out a second pair of clothespins, and allowed them to close over the first so that the pressure was doubled. He grinned as she cried out in anguish. With her still seated in his chair he crouched down to put five clothespins on each of her outer labia, and then sellotaped the clothespins flat to her thighs, so that her pussy was pulled open as well as painfully clamped. He took a last few photographs, and then reluctantly put the digital camera aside, the mobile's memory full.

"Come on slut, on your feet," he ordered, pulling her up with a handful of hair again.

Frog-marched over to a filing cabinet, Honey yelped in distress as her pussy lips were yanked with every step. The metal filing cabinet was standard government issue, painted a shiny grey with locking drawers. They came three or five drawers tall in a variety of dull colours, normally not worth a second glance. This one was three drawers tall.

Childs unlocked the top drawer, pushed back the files that were inside and then pushed her body down so that she was bent forward from the waist, her breasts hanging down into the drawer. He pushed the drawer closed, trapping her breasts between metal jaws, then pushed harder, increasing the pressure on her breasts until her head jerked up with a cry of pain before he turned the key. The drawer was now locked in place, partly open, her breasts trapped in the gap. Firmly squeezed inside the drawer, she could feel the heavy mounds bulge, skin squeezed drum taut, while her nipples, still decorated with clothespins throbbed in agony as the constriction forced the crushed nubs to protrude more.

Looking back down past her shoulder she could see the key still in the lock, but out of her reach. She was trapped in place, naked, gagged, bent forward from the waist, pussy painfully spread and with her hands secured behind her. A part of her admired the Super's ingenuity; he was clearly a natural! Then remembering the clothespins and his earlier comments - why would he have clothes pegs in his desk? - she started to wonder. Was she on the receiving end of spur of the moment inspiration, or long rehearsed fantasy? How long had he been dreaming of doing this to her?

"I want your back dipped and your legs spread," her captor told her.

Looking back over her shoulder, Honey noted with resignation he was pulling his belt out of its loops. Compliantly, she obeyed, settling herself into position, knowing he could see how wet she was with her pussy spread open. Heart thudding faster in her chest, biting tighter into her panties gag and savouring the sensation of tightly squeezed boobs, she stared blankly at the wall in front of her.

The first stroke made her gasp and yank painfully on her trapped breasts as she tried to rear up, the air driven out of her lungs. She swallowed a sob. He

teasingly trailed the belt across her presented, slapped tender, still burning buttocks laughing out loud when she flinched. Her superior swung his belt across her backside again, a blaze of pain that made her cry out. Teasing her again, he trailed the leather strap across punished flesh. She tried not to snuffle.

Struck again then again, she squealed in pain, again yanking back and squeezing her trapped breasts even more as she tried to twist away. He was laying into her hard. Fighting back tears and gasping around her gag, her hair suddenly plastered to her forehead and to the sides of her neck with sweat, he stroked her punished buttocks with a hand this time.

"Number five!" he told her.

The looped over belt hissed through the air and struck with a loud crack, her cuffed hands fluttering uselessly over her buttocks as she tried to ward off the strap. Her long keening wail of pain tailed off into soft sobs, Honey pressing her forehead against the top of the filing cabinet. It felt like a hot iron had been laid across her behind, the pain indescribable. She was trembling now but there was no escape; the locked drawer still gripped her breasts painfully tight. She hoped he would not notice her juices slowly running down an inner thigh.

"Six!"

She screamed again, the thought in the back of her mind somewhere, the office must be soundproofed. Her feet were still correctly set apart, her back dipped and she was desperately hot. She obediently held position, but her body's response was no longer under her control, arousal further stimulated by pain, humiliation and pleasure. Sobbing softly, Honey felt his cock nose up against her pussy, then the hot meat shaft was rammed deep into her, to the hilt, with a firm grip on both hips. No need to guide himself into her with her pussy still painfully spread open.

Heavenly! For the most part, being owned by a sadistically inventive young Lady was all she could wish for, but occasionally a girl missed having a real cock in her. The Superintendent wasn't huge, but he filled her pulled open sex nicely, his flesh slap, slap, slapping against her ass as he thrust into her faster and harder. The older man used her roughly, spanking her whip and slap tender buttocks with one hand as his hips pumped, his free hand twisted into her hair, pulling her head hard back. She still came easily, again and again, unsure to the

last in these circumstances whether she was a consenting adult, or a victim forced to experience orgasm. Slavery was oh so much simpler!

She could tell when her user was about to come; his hands slipping back to her hips, his thrusts more urgent still. He pulled out at the last moment, globules of wet heat jetting across her reddened, striped, buttocks. Not only did the Super not make her lick his shaft clean when he was done with her; while releasing her from the drawer and cuffs he was solicitous, almost apologetic now his cock was hanging limp, looking at the marks he'd put on her body. Perhaps a little self-conscious about the sadistic side he'd revealed?

Again, as he didn't own her, Honey didn't really care what he thought. Compared to Lady Abigail the man was just a talented amateur. The important thing was that after she was allowed to dress, she got access to the files Precious wanted. And Childs had also unintentionally let slip the information that Security was actively looking for them. Had they given themselves away somehow, or been given away? Regardless, they would have to be more careful. As expected, neither her panties or T-shirt were worth having afterwards.

Two days later saw Honey and Precious lying on their stomachs in woodland on a private estate, wearing dull colours, passing a pair of binoculars back and forth. The Group 4 Landrover that made irregular patrols of the manor house's crumbling old perimeter wall was there more as a visible deterrent than in the hopes of catching any would-be burglars; Honey thought. The message was, if the owner could afford uniformed security, then what else?

They slipped over the outer wall easily enough, a belt of woodland inside the wall, surrounding the meadows and manicured lawns of the manor house. In the woods, out of sight of the wall, the new-looking higher fence, alarmed and swept by occasional cameras, light-beam and motion-sensors, was somewhat harder to circumvent. Honey got a chance to impress Precious, the brains of the outfit so far, with her burglary skills. Having investigated numerous break-ins and advised on household security when she'd been her station's Crime Prevention Officer, she knew more about B&E than most burglars.

Precious stiffened, her slowly sweeping binoculars jerking back a fraction, then still. A single girl, running with the exaggerated side to side shoulder-swing of a large breasted girl with her arms secured behind her, trotted into the meadow below. Honey and Precious exchanged a grin. They both recognised the

gait, the nervous way the girl kept looking back. The Queen's pet handed over the binoculars to her.

The prey slave jumped into sharp focus as she pressed the soft lens surrounds around her eyes. The girl was covered almost from head to toe in a skin-tight, hooded, latex-type, catsuit. Honey wasn't surprised that the girl wasn't entirely naked, there was a chill in the air today, summer fading, but she rather suspected that warmth had been a secondary consideration for whoever was hunting the girl. Somebody was playing Great White Hunter.

Gorgeously feline, the prey-slave's catsuit was a muted tiger-stripe pattern, white down her stomach and belly, with tufted ears on the hood and the girl had a fluffy orange and black ringed tail bobbing behind her. Probably the end of a butt-plug, Honey guessed. A tight silver band around the catgirl's waist - matching her collar - secured her wrists in the small of her back, and the hood or mask, painted with whiskers and a muzzle, had large built-in almond shaped dark-glass coverings over the eyes instead of the standard prey-slave's mesh eye protector that she was familiar with. The catsuit even had built-in or matching gloves, only the girls creamy breasts uncovered, the big heavy mounds bulging out of twin openings. Again no surprise. Honey thought she glimpsed a flash of pale skin at the crotch too, a slit so the catgirl could be screwed with ease when brought down, but she was too far away to be sure. She passed the binoculars back to Precious.

"Huge tits," the brunette said softly. "Got to be the Prince's."

Honey saw movement. "Over to the left," she prompted.

The hunter had anticipated his prey and circled ahead of her. His back to Honey and Precious, he waited behind a crumbling faked-old folly, perfectly positioned on a gentle rise, where even on grass his pony-girls would be able to briefly match the catgirl's speed, running downslope.

"That's not a dart gun," Precious said puzzled.

Slaveworld hunts used a semi-automatic, anaesthetic-dart firing rifle, clearly unavailable here.

"Paint-ball gun," Honey explained.

The pony-trap exploded from cover with twin squeals of agonised pain, faint but still audible to Honey and Precious, where they watched. The ponies were top-heavy blondes, a nicely matched pair in bodystockings under their harness straps. So the man was not just playing Great White Hunter, he actually was a considerate master as well. Two more reasons to suspect Prince Samuel's hand in the drama below, Precious told her. The man seated in the little carriage the two slaves pulled, was lashing his mounts hard, a flat out sprint, each whip-stroke accompanied by desperate cries of pain.

The catgirl bolted, fleet as any hunted animal, her oversized tits swinging and bouncing beautifully; but her hunter was too close. Possibly an inexperienced prey slave? Honey herself had been hunted enough times to know that she could outrun a hunting pony on the flat. Experienced hunters always sought high ground.

The man pulled up his ponies, one blonde slipping on the grass and going down on one knee as her bit was yanked back hard into her mouth, but she didn't distract him. There was a faint pop, pop, pop, popping, the hunter firing from much closer than on a Slaveworld hunt.

"Got her!" Precious said in satisfaction as Honey wrestled the binoculars away from the taller girl.

The catgirl had gone down, but as she struggled to her feet, the hunter deliberately fired another burst, red splatters marking the girl's bare breasts. Her agonised shriek was even louder than the cries the hunter had lashed out of his pony-girls. Honey winced; she'd been paintballing herself once, and had taken a hit on the wrist where her sleeve had slipped up from her glove leaving a little exposed skin. Very sore! Unperturbed, the hunter unbuttoned his flies and sat astride the catgirl, and in moments was leisurely thrusting his cock between his prize's bare breasts, a firm grip on both, squeezing the big heavy mounds tight together. Precious reclaimed the binoculars to make the final verification, now the man was fairly still and facing them.

"Yup, that's Prince Samuel," the brunette announced with conviction.

"How do we make ourselves known?" Honey wondered.

"He might like us for seconds," Precious said, an excited, hungry, glint in her eye.

"We might also spoil his hunt, if he doesn't recognise you straight away and takes us for locals."

Precious nodded reluctantly.

"Just knock on the front door then, and say we've got a message from his mother. That should at least get us an audience," she suggested. "And you're going to have to tell him his security's not as impressive as it looks."

Honey nodded. Like Precious, just the thought of putting herself into the hands of a real Slaveworld noble excited her, her nipples noticeably harder, a growing warmth in her belly. Childs had been a pleasant diversion, but this man would use her as a slave should be used! In the meadow below, the prey-slave in the tiger striped latex had been pulled onto her knees, hooded face and paint-marked breasts pressed into the grass now, the prince enjoying her doggie style; if that was the right phrase for a catgirl? Honey noticed she was required to bite on the tip of her fluffy tail as she was ridden, to keep it out of the prince's way, and to gag herself.

The poor pony-girls - surely dildo and plug stuffed - could only stand obediently motionless in their traces and bonds, listening with hopeless longing and envy to the gasps of pleasure their owner fucked out of his prize, behind them. Honey licked her lips, remembering tight leather straps cutting into her own flesh, the taste of a rubber coated bit strapped into her mouth, reins tugging her nipple-rings and a dildo rammed into her without her consent. She saw her own lust mirrored in Precious's eyes.

CHAPTER 6

Naked and increasingly unconcerned by her nudity, just her stiletto heels tip-tapping, Kathy Jane strolled back to her cell from the shower room, rubbing a towel into her damp hair. The cold floors ensured that she always wore the four inch high heels her captor had provided, and walking perched on her toes had become as commonplace as wandering around bare-assed. As usual, her fellow scientist-slaves, Sam, Gemma and Shabnam, who now each had balls and chains padlocked to their clitoris, were lagging behind a little. Their punishment for trying to escape!

Perhaps today was the day. Kathy Jane had given escaping some thought. Not just of the practicalities of getting out of Prince Samuel's secluded English manor house, set in large grounds, but remaining undiscovered long enough to escape. The alarm that had gone off the moment Gemma went over the wall particularly interested her. Active sensors could explain the alarm, but then there was the way both Sam and Shabnam had been discovered almost immediately when they ventured into parts of the house they shouldn't have. Once was bad luck, twice was suspicious.

Her first guess had been hidden cameras. The cell cameras were not concealed, the monitors in Prince Samuel's bedroom as much for their captor's amusement as for security, but there could be others hidden around the house. After a while and some surreptitious hunting, she'd rejected the idea. On a practical level, watching four people twenty-four hours a day was a big job, and there'd been six of them to start with. And while she was not willing to underestimate the capabilities of the mobile phone sized computers Prince Samuel and his men carried - the key pads were only used for passwords, the things being smart enough to carry on a halfway intelligent conversation - tying one of the devices into a camera network of this world's technology seemed unnecessarily complicated.

Keep it simple was the mantra of all good engineers! Prying apart the stitches down the underside of her collar where the leather was folded over the end of the buckle, she'd discovered a small, almost flat, electronic device. She didn't

recognise the thing, but it could only be a transmitter of some sort. Destroying the device would surely set off an alarm, but if she could just slip it out of the collar, and leave it, in say, the library?

She dabbed a little antiseptic ointment onto her new nipple rings, then with just a slight wince, turned the rings now set through her flesh. Obediently, and hating herself a little for the guilty thrill she experienced, Kathy Jane then greased her butt-plug, and pushed it slowly into her own ass. Her sphincter stretched out slowly, but with practice, no longer painfully. A flange on the plug's base prevented it from fully slipping inside her. With her back passage stuffed full, she felt hot, dirty and unaccountably, very excited. Prince Samuel had again insisted all debts be settled immediately after each game of poker, as he had when she'd bet on larger boobs in the first round.

She felt she'd been a little unlucky in the second round the following week. With her breasts already growing larger at a quite disconcerting rate after she'd crashed out of the first game - despite her very careful play - she'd gone into the second game determined to be more aggressive. At one point she'd been up three thousand, but she had bluffed once too often. Prince Samuel was deceptively sharp; not much slipped past him and only Gemma seemed to consistently play at his level.

Making a selection from the lingerie on the shelf in her cell, she sat on her bunk, kicked off her heels, and began slowly rolling a stocking up her leg. Listening, and hoping for, the now familiar tap-tap of stiletto heels as she dressed. Ever since the first escape attempt by Gemma, one of the Prince's men or one of the trusted slaves, checked to make sure all restraints were secure before the scientist-captives were allowed to wander the house. Yes, it was Sydney!

The broken-in slave was wearing just a ball-gag, collar, heels and a tight leather belt with three gold chains - two in front, one between whip-marked buttocks - holding a small triangle of white satin over her sex. A chain swinging from each newly pierced nipple was looped around the body to the slender blonde's wrist cuffs; keeping her arms neatly folded behind her back. The look in her eyes was almost dreamy.

"Hi Sydney."

Her fellow American cocked her head, then faintly shrugged a hello. Gagged sex slaves had little use for idle conversation.

"The prince out hunting again this morning?" she asked.

Sydney nodded with a little frown, paying a little more attention to her now. Since their arrival, the lovely Maria had been the Prince's prey of choice, Hayley and Summer the girls he drove when hunting her. The two blondes were well trained pony-girls and made a nice matching pair, an obvious choice to pull his little one-seat carriage, but there seemed to be no reason for him not to hunt Sydney as well as Maria. Kathy Jane had seen her watching longingly from the hall window as he pranced the top-heavy blondes down the drive, Maria turned loose in her tiger outfit. Perhaps starting to wonder if he liked the busty Spanish/American girl more than her?

It was just what Kathy Jane wanted to hear though. Even after the hunt the prince would still be occupied with his lovely, dark-eyed, prey for a while, one or both of his men giving the hard-worked pony-girls a nice hot shower. Now or never.

Dressed, today a peach silk teddy with suspenders, she slipped her feet into her stiletto sandals and snapped the padlocks through the manacle chain, also securing ankle straps, turning and tugging the locks to show Sydney they were secure. Even preoccupied with Maria, Sydney still watched carefully, taking her assigned duties seriously. Her loyalty now was to Prince Samuel, and any appeal Kathy Jane made for help in attempting escape would fall on deaf ears.

Kathy Jane tugged a belt snug around her waist, snapping closed another padlock, Metal wrist cuffs, half handcuffs, hung from each side on a length of chain. She picked up her collar, her hand over the picked away stitching, and buckled the leather band snug around her own neck. Sydney didn't look that closely at her collar, just watched to see it was padlocked properly. Kathy Jane's timing was good. Down the corridor came the crash of someone dropping the ball from a ball and chain on a stone floor. Sydney turned away. She had more restraints to check.

Time was of the essence now, with at least two out of three of the men and all the loyal slaves occupied. Kathy Jane left her collar's transmitter in the library as planned, then made her way to the back hall. At first the internal door to the long

multi-car garage had been kept locked - all those nice tempting tools - as well as the possibility of escape through the outer garage doors. Lately Kathy Jane had noticed the prince's two troopers were no longer being so careful - trusting their security system? - and also, she was the only one remaining not either broken in or on a ball and chain. Serge had wheeled in the Prince's pony-trap, but left one set of outer doors open. He used the Landrover to run down to the main gate every morning, to collect any post from the gate box.

Waiting for an alarm to go off, she slipped into the garage. It was too much to hope for that someone had left a key in the Landrover, one of the two people carriers or Prince Samuel's vintage Merc, but she looked anyway. No such luck. Edging down the side of the building, she slipped into the shrubbery just as the old 4x4's engine was turned over. She still couldn't believe she was getting away with it.

Kathy Jane wasn't sure she could get over the wall or gate in her restraints, but if she waved at passing motorists, a girl in lingerie and chains would surely be noticed, and be worth investigating. Trotting with a short chain between her ankles was not easy - quite exhausting - her ankles soon bruised, and the plug was making her so very hot! Also, the chains securing her cuffs to her sides were too short to allow her to cradle her newly huge breasts; the full globes bouncing about in a very disconcerting fashion for a girl used to more modest dimensions. At the time, betting bigger breasts against her freedom at the poker table, had not only seemed reasonable - the king-high flush on which she'd gone 'All in' had run into a full house - but had been breathlessly exciting. Now, boobs aching, every bounce a painful yank, she was forced to remember her bet.

The drive dog-legged around a high, thick, hedge at the gate, so that the passing peasantry couldn't look in. Her luck got better. Two women looked up in astonishment, the electric gate slowly swinging open for their car.

"Thank God!" Kathy Jane gasped through an open window. "There's a madman keeping us captive. Other girls! We have to get away. You're in danger too, now you've seen me!"

The pair exchanged a strange look, then the driver got out and guided her into the car's backseat. The pretty little blonde seemed a little overdressed for the morning, sprayed-on trousers and a low-cut top showing enough cleavage to satisfy even Prince Samuel. As the back door closed on her, Kathy Jane noticed

that the passenger, a taller, quite beautiful, brunette, had also got out, watching, almost as if ready to assist her friend in some way, before getting back into the car. The brunette was equally well endowed and dressed in clinging clothing, Kathy Jane noticed with sudden disquiet. Instead of turning around, the blonde drove on through the open gate!

"No! Turn around! You've got to believe me," Kathy Jane shouted, scrabbling at the door handle.

The door would not open. Child locks!

"We do believe you. Hush now," the brunette turned back to soothe her.

Prince Samuel was waiting on the front steps flanked by his two men, a sardonic grin on his face. His goons just looked furious. The blonde switched off the engine, then both she and the tall brunette hurried to kneel at the prince's feet, arms folded behind backs. They clearly all knew each other.

So close! Utterly weary, Kathy Jane slumped back in her seat with a little growl of frustration, head back and eyes closed. With a little shiver she remembered Prince Samuel had promised the next escape attempt would be severely punished!

Oh well; honestly, she had occasionally wondered what a ball and chain padlocked to a ring piercing her clitoris would feel like. And she might be free by tomorrow. After an epic battle between Gemma and Prince Samuel, round three of their poker tournament was due to begin tonight if the arrival of the new girls did not delay things. Playing for her freedom again, this time her stake would probably have to be agreeing to a permanent dildo and to performing oral sex on demand.

Naked and gagged, Sheila hung from her wrists in the stables, her toes just touching the floor. She had learnt to like being strung up in this fashion, knowing she looked rather good, her breasts lifted, stomach hollowed, and when she was

forced onto tip-toe, her leg muscles were clearly defined. No longer troubled by wandering hands on her naked body, she'd also come to enjoy the attention of her grooms.

Men in scarlet uniforms bustled about, two of them working on her, others cleaning tack, polishing carriages and working on her fellow slave-girls. Sheila was quietly amused by the way the new embassy slaves kept casting the occasional horrified glances her way, eyes drawn to the heavy sway and quiver of her enormous breasts. There was no escape for them, British slaves now established as an especially top-heavy breed in the eyes of the Lords and Ladies. All the imported British girls were now sporting swollen looking boobs, shiny pink, as if bound or after recent surgical implants. She knew from her own experience, that as the breast grew larger, the skin was initially stretched a little taut. The treated girls would look natural enough in a couple more weeks, though considerably more busty.

Her harness was looped over her shoulders, breasts fed through leather rings, straps pulled snug around her body, then tight. Then tighter still! A soft, helpless and rather unladylike grunt was forced from her as her girth's buckle was pulled to the last hole and padlocked into place. She was now resigned to spending much of her time being practically cut in two - she had acclimatised to a certain extent - and took consolation in the knowledge that a girl with her heavy breasts and generous hips looked truly spectacular with a wasp-waist, but she doubted she would ever actually be comfortable with an eighteen inch waist.

Her hair was pulled back into a pony-tail, her gag removed and leather straps were pulled over her head. She placidly allowed a bit to be pulled into her mouth, settling her teeth onto the rubber-coated bar as her bridle was buckled tight, padlocked to her collar and shoulder straps so that she couldn't turn her head. Blinkers allowed her to look only directly ahead.

The grooms slipped running slippers onto her feet, a nice change from five inch stiletto heels, and then she was lowered fully onto her feet with the overhead winch, and given a bit of slack. A pat on the backside was the signal to assume position. Sheila had enough slack to bend forward from the waist, her still bound together wrists pulled above her head. Without the slightest hint of resistance - some of the new girls a bit rebellious she noticed - she spread her legs, obediently holding position as a greased finger was worked into her ass.

While anal penetration no longer stretched her sphincter so painfully, she was still left feeling uncomfortably stuffed, fitted with such a large anal plug. She was getting used to people pushing plugs and dildos into her without so much as a by-your-leave, though like wearing an eighteen inch girth, while she could live with the butt-plug, having the huge thing inside her was never going to be comfortable. She got the feeling that that was exactly what her owner wanted.

One of the men reached between her legs to stroke her belly, the other hooking a finger through a nipple-ring to ensure she held position, bent forward from the waist. The dildo going in, rubbing up against the ass-plug inside her body - two fat invaders just a membrane of flesh apart - forced a long helpless groan of pleasure out of her. And she thought she'd been well stuffed in just a butt-plug!

She was pulled back to her feet, the crotch-strap running down between her buttocks pulled hard up through her pussy, digging into her belly, settling the twin shafts in place a little deeper. Another padlock snapped the strap in place. Her breath ragged, trembling, she savoured her helplessness. The up-tight, career obsessed woman she'd once been had never experienced the thrilling, humiliating delight of double penetration; the very idea being deeply offensive. Occasionally now, she wondered how many women back on her old Earth ever realised, or got to experience, just how easily two went into one? Cocks as well as dildos! Possibly not that many, but surely more than she'd thought.

A little one-seat two-wheeled pony-trap was pushed up behind her, the shafts clipped to her girth on either side with short lengths of chain. Her arms were released from the overhead winch one by one, each freed only long enough for her wrist cuffs to be padlocked to the pony-trap's shafts just behind the handle. A final chain in a V was secured to the shafts, the centre clipped to a ring on a strap between her shoulders so that the weight of carriage and driver was spread. Her breasts were given an appreciative grope before the straps snug up against her chest were pulled tight, flesh squeezed out into taut spheres, and then reins were clipped to her nipple-rings.

She was led out into the sunshine, an ankle strap clipped to a heavy iron ring set into the ground, and left to await her driver. Another driving lesson for Lady Andrea. Her twenty-eighth birthday had come and gone practically unnoticed, but youth treated, she was little closer to the end of her sentence.

Sheila tried to convince herself that she really ought to feel utterly humiliated, prancing naked through public streets in harness and bridle, dildo and plug stuffed, with a bit in her mouth and with reins clipped to her nipple rings. Whipped like a third world animal by a spoilt teenage girl. At first she had been, the person she'd once been totally outraged, but the truth was that ever since she'd been broken in - surrendered! - she was rather enjoying her experiences as a pony girl.

One of the regular corporals approached leading another NCO, a young man in a rather ill-fitting regimental tunic, his black trousers non-regulation, and beckoned the Sergeant of the Guard. Sheila watched blankly, without curiosity. Even while helplessly twisting her hips back and forth a little, internal muscles clenched around the dildo in her, she'd discovered it was very easy in bondage to let her mind wander, to just drift away.

An obedient slave had no choices to make. In her old life she'd often worried herself sick over deadlines, debts and relationships, but now, when she wasn't being whipped or made to come, she found emotionally she enjoyed a very restful existence.

A stray thought nudged aside her tranquil daydreaming. Even with his back to her the new corporal looked familiar somehow, but for the life of her she couldn't place him. Somehow it was important, nagging at her, like seeing a familiar face in a movie, but being unable to remember where you've seen the actor before. She watched the young man hand over a wad of currency to the sergeant, the shaggy blonde hair spilling out from under a uniform cap not even close to a military cut. The corporal got his cut, surreptitiously slipped a C50 note, the troopers were then called to the entrance and handed a C20 note each. He turned towards her with a wide grin.

"Hello beautiful! Remember me?"

Sheila gave a little squeak of delight, the 'corporal' grinning. It was Prince James! The young royal gave her tightly bound breasts a friendly squeeze and patted her belly, his hand lingering to stroke through her trimmed pubic hair and down the tight crotch-strap indenting her flesh, fingers stroking between sex-lips. Her heart was suddenly thudding in her chest, as relief flooded through her. She hadn't recognised him because she'd been dozing, because no royal would ever wear the Slaveworld trooper's uniform and because she'd firmly told herself

she would never again see the beautiful teen who had illegally bribed her guards to let him gag, spank and fuck her a couple of weeks back. Intensely disappointed when he didn't return as promised, she'd convinced herself the night meant nothing, just another lordling using her for his sexual gratification.

She'd been in denial!

"Okay, Corporal. She's needed at two o'clock. Take her for a quick drive around the block to warm her up," the sergeant said loudly in a stilted voice, for the benefit of anyone listening. "Just a trot, don't tire her," he added cautiously, back in Sergeant mode.

Drooling on her bound breasts, excitement making her pant, Sheila stamped an impatient foot as the regular corporal dropped to one knee to release her from the holding ring. Braided leather hissed through the air behind her, her disguised prince having pulled the pony-trap's carriage whip from its scabbard and given it a couple of experimental swings. She felt him settle himself into the pony-trap, his weight transmitted through the shafts.

"Trot on!"

A blaze of pain laid across both buttocks accompanied the order, Sheila obediently breaking into a knee high trot with a gasp of pain. The vicious crack of braided leather striking flesh echoed around the courtyard as the teenager slashed his whip across her buttocks again, and then again, forcing her to pick up the pace. More speed, less prancing! Sheila was thrilled to have her beautiful prince driving her! Her involuntary grin tugged her bit tighter into the corners of her mouth. She'd seen plenty of pony-girls for herself, and could imagine the view she was providing him with. Imagine as well as feel the lines his whip left on her rolling, bouncing buttocks, the two hemispheres separated with a crotch-strap, each lifted and supported with a strap under the cheek. As a carriage pony needed a bit more power than some animals, she had a firmer backside than the more plumply spankable ass of a soft housepet like a poodle, but she knew an attractive ripple still ran across her haunches as she was lashed. She heard her prince laugh out loud when one of his whip strokes, curling around her hip to bite into the soft flesh of her belly, caused a higher pitched yelp.

The dildo and plug flexed and pumped inside her - she would be dripping wet within twenty yards! - a tug on her left nipple swinging her towards the

courtyard entrance. Her breasts bounced, coming down from each upswing with a hard yank. At the trot or faster the big mounds always caused her discomfort, even with a heavy steel nipple-bar attached at each end to her nipple-rings to weigh her down, and no matter how tightly her harness straps were buckled around the large globes. Lately she found she didn't mind too much. She did so love having her breasts tightly bound. She looked great; and bruised, aching, boobs had never stopped her juices smearing her inner thighs. Only made her hotter!

He'd come back for her!

Her prince was seventeen now, she realised, their birthdays only two days apart. In just a year he could legally own her! A young Greek God sitting in the pony-trap she pulled, holding her reins, she swept out onto the road. A squeaking gasp of lust was forced from her with every step now, louder squeaks of pain echoing the crack of his lash on her haunches. Thighs pumping, boobs bouncing, leaning forward into the weight of the little cart she pulled, forced to look directly ahead and unable to protect herself from the boy's lashes in any way, she bit hard into the rubber coated bit strapped into her mouth. She guessed her features probably mirrored the wide staring eyes of the two sweat-lathered pony-girls a middle aged lord drove past in the opposite direction; mirrored their harsh panting and foam flecked bits. The pretty pair were being lashed hard.

"Damn you! Touch your cap to your betters!" the man barked as they passed. Prince James had forgotten his disguise and slipped out of character.

He was giving her plenty of whip himself, Sheila gasping pain at every stroke, but he was just amusing himself. He wasn't trying to get her to go faster now, much as she hungered to be lashed into a sprint, whipped until she dropped to her knees between the carriage shafts, exhausted, forced to give everything she had. Prince James was being responsible and not tiring her out - remembering who she belonged to even if she didn't - and keeping her speed down to an easy trot. Painful yanks on her ringed nipples with his reins pulled her back when she tried to increase her pace.

The dildo continued its unflagging flexing and pumping, rubbing up against the huge shaft forced into her back-passage, and much quicker than she was used to - having the time of her life - her climax was on her. She wailed a strangled ecstatic cry, four quick, much harder, whip strokes across burning whip-stung

buttocks keeping her running through her orgasm as the prince noticed her stagger. An experienced pony-girl now, trained to maintain pace through orgasm, Sheila experienced a fleeting moment of disappointment that it had to be like this. Even in her dreams, imagining that she might be allowed sex as a lover, in her beautiful prince's arms without restraints or a gag, was futile - the lords and ladies considered it obscene to have sex as an equal with property - but seeing him again, she'd let herself hope she might be made to climax tied down under him, in his own bed.

She was forced to come twice more before she was trotted back through the courtyard entrance and the teenager lashed her hard, without mercy, through both orgasms. Keeping her at the pace he'd set her. She was gleaming with sweat and breathing hard, but not too harshly, when the waiting corporal grabbed the cheek-strap of her bridle to hold her in place while her young driver dismounted. Again she felt the shift of weight through the cart's shafts as he hopped from his seat.

"That was brilliant!" he crowed ebulliently.

The corporal who had come out to greet him looked around guiltily and made shushing motions with his hand. Behind her the teenage prince stroked and squeezed the marks he'd put on her buttocks, savouring the heat he'd whipped into her.

"Driving a pony-girl is even more fun than I ever imagined! She was fantastic," he stage-whispered, still clearly on a high.

She was his first pony-girl! Smugly delighted with herself, Sheila couldn't help preening. The boy moved around in front of her where she could see him, yanking her ringed nipples with her reins to make her glazed eyes focus on his.

"Did you like it? Want to go again?" he demanded.

Sweat-gleaming, dildo stuffed front and back, drooling on her aching breasts, her throbbing backside on fire and with her inner thighs smeared with her own juices, Sheila obediently and truthfully nodded. Her love's smile was delighted. The corporal checked his pocket watch.

"You can take her into that stall there, Your Highness, but if you can leave her in harness please. Lady Andrea will be here for her driving lesson soon," he

said respectfully.

"Okey-dokey," was the breezy reply.

Sheila followed a tugged nipple ring to the indicated stall, like a horse box, but smaller and carpeted. The pony-trap she was still harnessed to stuck out of the door behind her, but typically the prince seemed unfazed by an open door. He was just doing what came naturally to his class. He squeezed her tightly bound breasts hard enough to add pain to her helpless moan of lust, then slowly stroked glistening wetness up her belly while his free hand unbuttoned his trousers

"On your knees."

The command was spoken softly, but with no possibility he might be disobeyed. He unbuckled her bit from her bridle on one side, leaving it hanging down the side of her face. On her knees an already rock hard penis wagged back and forth just in front of her lips. Still helpless in her harness and bridle, dildo impaled with her wrists still padlocked to the little carriage's shafts, Sheila looked up from the shaft in front of her to the face of the teenager she was about to service.

"You may," he told her.

Sheila swayed forward and let hot, hard, meat slide between her lips until she gagged. With the prince's cock deep in her mouth, she was still a moment, coiling her tongue back and forth around the twitching shaft, then she forced herself to relax and let his length slide down her throat as she had learnt to. Deep throat was just a sex act she'd heard about, despising any man who wanted to do such a thing, back when she'd been a crusading journalist.

"Still now!" he ordered.

Her nose mashed into pubic hair, Sheila obediently froze. The padlocks securing her wrist cuffs to the pony-trap's shafts clicked as a moment's panic made her instinctively try to raise them when a hand closed lightly over the back of her head. But she wasn't being held in place, just stroked; with a cock down her throat! Her pulse pounding loud in her ears, her lungs burned and the rod of flesh in her mouth muffled the increasingly desperate choking noises she made

"Good girl! Withdraw."

Spluttering, slavering, strands of saliva dripping from the shaft and her mouth, she pulled her head back. Just the tip of his cock between her lips now, flicking her tongue back and forth across the swollen head, her own head arched back hard, she looked up the teenager's body into his eyes with placid devotion.

"You know, I did try to get my cock into you again earlier, but you were never free when I wanted you," he told her offhand.

Overwhelmed with a sudden unexpected intense gratitude, she felt a momentary flash of resentment towards her legal owner for keeping them apart. The ambassador had been keeping her very busy just lately. With new British slave-girls being transferred into the embassy, he'd decided it was time Amanda and Jacob, the married Slaveworld couple he'd had on loan, be returned to the palace with thanks. For a while, that left her his only plaything.

Now the new sex-slaves had arrived, both he and the embassy staff had plenty of choice, and she might get the odd free night, she realised with growing delight. Allowing Prince James to discreetly bribe her grooms for access to her, whenever he wanted to. If he wanted to!

He pulled his cock off her lips and almost skipped behind her, unlocking her crotch-strap and pulling it free of the rings set through the base of plug and dildo. He pulled her dildo out of her but the plug remained in her back passage, slipping deeper inside her now the crotch-strap was no longer threaded through the base ring. His knee nudged her thighs further apart. Still secured between the shafts of her pony-trap, she had no way to support herself when a hand in the small of her back pushed her forward. Tightly bound, her breasts made quite good buffers, and instead of squashing flat under her as they would without the straps, she didn't go face first into the carpet. She actually bounced, crying out in pain, sure either her breasts, or the straps cutting deep into her flesh around them, would burst open. Had he known?

Hands on her hips, he pulled her back onto his cock, and then with the hot shaft deep inside her, he pulled her bit back into her mouth and buckled it tightly into place. With one hand pulling back her ponytail to keep her back arched and allow deeper penetration, the other scattering slaps across her whip-burnt buttocks, he thrust into her.

He had her gasping in pleasure in moments, little forlorn yelps of pain and

lust, quickly building to another shattering climax. In the past, even treated with the Slaveworld's aphrodisiac, the surgically implanted drug slowly dissolving into her bloodstream, she'd sometimes been a little humiliated by how easy she was to force to orgasm. But in surrendering to her prince, she felt not the slightest shame. Once he was sure he'd made her enjoy her use, he came quickly himself, in a few brief powerful spurts. So young!

He was still a moment, his weight on her, pushing breasts already painfully squeezed, harder into the carpet. Sheila bit hard into her bit, trying not to whimper in pain and spoil the moment for him. Seconds later she was rewarded when he pulled his flaccid shaft out of her, and gave one of the buttocks he'd been slapping an approving, contented, pat. Still behind her, once his penis was out, he trailed three fingers through her sex, scooping out juices and semen. He pushed his fingers under her bit, coating her tongue in the hot slime.

"Don't forget me, slave. I still intend to own you one day," he told her.

He left her there, on her knees and breasts, his come still leaking from her sex, with a final pat on the head and a jaunty whistle. The real corporal cursed when he discovered her butt-plug had slipped up inside her back-passage, fishing for the ring on the base of the shaft with two fingers pushed deep into her body. When he finally fished the plug out of her ass and got the dildo back into her, the crotch-strap threaded correctly through the base of both, he was hot, flustered and irritable. Ordering her to stand, he touched his shock baton to each nipple to punish her - nipples agonisingly seared, and explosions of pain set off deep inside each oversized breast - before backing her out into the sunlight and securing an ankle strap to the same hitching ring.

Her breasts throbbing from the cattle prod's touch, Sheila felt she'd got off pretty lightly; while the chance to be both driven and fucked by Prince James was well worth any punishment. Patiently waiting for Lady Andrea to put in an appearance, she savoured the taste of her beautiful young prince's come on her tongue.

Although naturally she was still horny - resigned to never being totally sated sexually with the Slaveworld aphrodisiac surgically implanted in her; a good girl always eager for more - Sheila felt quite wrung out, and she still had a driving lesson and probably an evening's sex in front of her yet.

She decided she didn't care. Standing naked in the sunwashed courtyard, harnessed to a carriage, she'd never been so happy in her life. Prince James still wanted to put his own brand on her!

Crossing the threshold of Prince Samuel's house - actually the two of them crawling through the doorway on all fours - Precious experienced a little quiver of delight. In moments Prince Samuel had the pair of them strung up by their wrists, and watched with an approving smile as his men cut off the clothing they would no longer need. Cool steel stroking her skin, the blunt edge of a wicked hunting knife caressing her as her clothing was slashed away, Precious felt only utter relief. She was home!

Her brief freedom had only served to convince her that bondage and SM games could never compare with the dark thrill of genuine slavery; the total submission, once again in the power of people for whom she existed only to please. When she was finally set free - hopefully very many youth-treated years in the future - then she would be an individual again, a person, free to marry, continue her studies and raise children. But now, right up until the fateful day a Slaveworld judge stamped RELEASED on her pedigree, she intended to revel in and savour every second of her subjugation,

As her breasts, milk heavy and painfully swollen, tumbled out of her slashed-off bra, she glanced over at Honey. Nipples hard, pussy glinting with her juices and eyes sparkling - the top-heavy former police officer unconsciously licking soft full lips - Precious suspected her fellow slave felt the same relief. She hadn't let Honey milk her last night, hoping if she allowed her breasts to become enormously swollen, she might tempt the prince to bed her instead of Honey. It was probably a forlorn hope as he'd had sex with her many times, while the cute little blonde was a new treat. But she had to try!

Once they were both pleasingly naked with their wrists handcuffed behind them, properly in collar and heels, on their knees, Samuel watched his men thrusting their cocks down the throats of his mother's two slave messengers to his order. Only then, semen pooled on tongues held out for inspection, on their

knees in front of his armchair, did the prince question them.

"Excellent!" was all he said at the conclusion of their tale.

As expected, the prince chose to sample Honey, and Precious was tossed to his men. As she was led from the room she had a brief glimpse of the handcuffed blonde, mouth already full of gag and kneeling on the prince's bed, squeaking as a large dildo was rammed into her ass. They had been companions, perhaps friends for a while, but that was over now that they were back in collars. Total devotion did not leave room for friendship. With two cocks variously in her mouth, ass or pussy simultaneously, while the twin suction cups of a milking machine tugged painfully at her nipples, the men handling her with pin-lined gloves, all thoughts of the cute little blonde were soon forced from her mind.

Later, inevitably, Kathy Jane had to be punished for her escape attempt. Precious and Honey were set to lashing her, with all the prince's captive scientists as their audience; a chance to see a pair of real slaves in action. All three of them were of course naked, something Precious was sure even the squealing, sobbing, Kathy Jane - once she'd calmed down a bit - would not object to. If a girl had to be punished anyway, then there was no reason why her suffering could not be made a little more stimulating still, for the audience.

The end of the rope tight around Precious's waist ran down between her buttocks and, pulled up hard into her pussy, was tied to Kathy Jane's right wrist. The American girl's left wrist was tied to a rope pulled equally tight between Honey's legs. A rope tossed over an overhead beam and woven into her hair kept her standing upright. By continually pulling back, the two of them could keep the American girl's arms stretched out, though the three of them were slowly spinning in a circle as Kathy Jane thrashed and shrieked.

Like Honey, Precious' left hand was pulled up high behind her back and secured to the back of her collar with a short length of chain, the long carriage whip in her right hand. It was easier for her to flick her lash across the front of the American girl's body, although she could still achieve a nice backhand stoke across the buttocks, Honey the opposite way around.

Kathy Jane shrieked as Precious gave her a cut to the underside of the breasts, her arm-jerk yanking rough rope painfully deeper into the folds of Precious' pussy. Every time the girl was lashed she convulsed, pain adding to her

strength, pulling hard on the ropes holding her arms out. Precious and Honey were tormenting themselves as they lashed the girl! To hold Kathy Jane in place with her arms wide, they had to lean hard back on the pussy rope, enduring the pressure of rough fibres sawing through dripping pussies. Honey licked her whip across the American girl's ass, braided leather licking across her buttocks with a wicked crack.

Kathy Jane squealed and yanked painfully on the rope pulled up between Precious' legs again. Her engorged clit felt rubbed raw, she was hot, wet and her breasts were lust, as well as milk, swollen now. Even knowing she was going to hurt herself when her victim yanked on the rope again, leaning back hard to pull Kathy Jane's arm out and stop her covering herself, Precious slashed her whip hard across the American graduate's belly. The whipped girl's shriek coincided with the pussy-rope's painful yank into her sex.

Slavering around the ball-gag that filled her mouth, she caught Honey's eyes a moment. The former police officer's over-large breasts were heaving as she gasped for breath around an identical gag, a sheen of sweat gleaming on her naked flanks. Her eyes were excited but a little glazed, the doe-eyed little blonde caught in the same humiliating, guilty, fusion of pain and pleasure. The pair of them set to torturing an innocent girl, and helplessly aroused by it!

Kathy Jane was lathered in sweat, gleaming as if oiled, begging and pleading between sobs. The hair-suspended girl danced between their lashes, her desperate kicks out of reach. Merciless, the rope sawing between her legs driving Precious closer and closer to orgasm - her poor clit feeling rubbed raw, but still she couldn't stop! - Precious backhanded her victim across the ass and then lashed her belly, thighs and stomach in a frenzy. Honey was on her knees, head back, her whip shaking in a quivering fist, Precious' own orgasm so close.

Prince Samuel languidly pushed himself to his feet and wandered closer. Terrified her master might call a halt before she came herself, Precious lashed Kathy Jane's big breasts in a frenzy, the girl obviously recently very substantially 'improved'. A slow explosion of pleasure went off in her groin, rippling through her body, earthed in nipples and throbbing clitoris. She staggered but managed to keep her feet. Prince Samuel gave a buttock an approving squeeze and carelessly ordered twenty lashes to the pussy for Honey, for not keeping her feet.

"P...p...please Master. F...f...forgive me," Kathy Jane sobbed.

Samuel grabbed a breast and licked the tear-streaked welts that marked the sob-quivering globe, his free hand stroking the quaking girl between the legs. He stepped back, raising fingers to his lips, tasting her.

"I promise," she gasped, "I won't try to run again."

"Oh no, you don't think I believe you after just one punishment session, do you?"

"Please no!" Kathy Jane wailed, tears running down her face and body.

"Well I could....?"

"A ball and chain!" Kathy Jane rushed out.

"I could do that," the prince allowed. "It's a bit of work though. Far easier to just let these sluts whip you until their pussies bleed."

"Please master!" the snuffling girl wailed.

"So, of your own free will, you're asking me to have you pierced, a ring set through your clitoris, and then have me padlock a ball and chain to the ring?" he asked.

"Please yes. Please!" the whip-marked girl pleaded.

Prince Samuel patted his captive between the legs. "Of course you can have a ball and chain padlocked to your clit. You only had to ask," he told her kindly.

Did the snuffling girl, just for a second, look smug? No matter. Precious was a little disappointed not to be allowed to whip the American girl some more. But she brightened when the prince's eye lingered on her own milk-heavy breasts a moment before he turned to leave. The day still held promise.

CHAPTER 7

Naked on her knees, her wrists handcuffed behind her back, Sheila glanced up from a dog bowl filled almost to the brim with semen, a sticky strand hanging from her tongue. Sitting watching as she obediently lapped up the sour, salty, slime he'd poured for her, toying with the empty pint plastic bottle in his hands, Prince James had a part revolted, part entranced smile on his face. He probably wasn't going to kiss her on the mouth today.

She experienced a flash of disappointment. Even naked with her hands secured behind her back - always naked with her hands secured! - she loved being kissed by her prince. When he was naked himself he liked to press his body up against hers, savouring her soft, warm, velvet, skin on his. When dressed, he usually didn't hold her so close, his hands roaming freely over her body. He liked her to moan in mingled pain and pleasure for him when his tongue was in her mouth, his hands squeezing her breasts hard, and he often thrust fingers deep and hard into her sex to make her gasp into his mouth. Groped rather than caressed, by a teenager who considered her nothing more than - an admittedly beautiful - sexual toy, in no way a real person, his kiss was still heavenly. The ambassador had never kissed her on the mouth.

She felt she ought to feel at least a little ashamed of herself, lusting after a teenage boy a decade her junior, even if she was his plaything to command on this world. A caged woman could not be held accountable for the things she was made to do, could not be blamed for enjoying the uses she was put to, if that was her nature, but her thoughts were still her own.

She shrugged the thought away. As she'd hoped, with an embassy full of interesting new British sex-toys for her master and his staff to play with, she was now somewhat less in demand, and had at last been assigned the luxury of a small cage-like cell of her own. She was finally catching up on her sleep, and had even managed to experience one or two moments of boredom, where once she had spent almost every night sleeping exhausted and hogtied at the foot of her owner's bed. After sex, she functioned as his alarm clock, with electrodes clipped to her nipple rings to ensure a loud squeal at the appropriate time each

morning. Only very occasionally had her wrists been chained to the headboard of another staff member's bed, because even if her master intended to play with the married local couple he'd had on loan instead of her, she was still a perfectly adequate alarm clock.

Even better, her prince was having no difficulty bribing her guards to spring her now. The cell block was quiet by night, hardly ever receiving visitors - slaves already selected and delivered - so the duty troopers felt their careers less at risk. This was the third night in a row he'd come for her, and she was allowing herself to hope, to believe, that she might be more than a passing infatuation to the teenager.

The night before, he'd slipped her out of the embassy on a collar and lead to show to some of his friends, an exercise in abject humiliation she hoped never to have to repeat. Wearing just a cherry-red ball-gag, a body-stocking, five inch heels and heavy chromed chains, she'd still been as docile and as sexy as she knew how while the teenagers handled, teased and discussed her, performing oral sex on demand. To please her prince!

The night before that he'd mounted her on a dildo-pole and whipped her to repeated orgasms, before tying her face down on a bed and forcing his cock into her ass. Utterly helpless and biting into a gag, her body whip-burnt and with her prince's fingers twisted deep into her huge tits, she'd never dared to hope sex could be so good.

She hadn't wailed in horrified protest when he'd mused that perhaps her breasts could be teased into growing even bigger still, or would be larger and heavier if swollen with milk, as she'd done just a couple of weeks back when her actual owner the ambassador had suggested the same. The Queen's vet, his services on loan along with the grooms, said her breasts were already too large and had advised the ambassador to keep her in a corset, a posture collar and with her arms secured behind her back with elbows touching when she was not in use, to minimise the risk of a slipped disc.

No matter, she would not object if that was what Prince James wanted of her, she decided. Sheila realised in that moment that there was nothing left of the woman she'd once been, the feminist who had sobbed herself to sleep as her breasts grew larger, the captive journalist who'd vowed to die rather than submit to pony training. Perhaps the change had occurred even earlier, the day the

young Prince James had first bribed her guards to look the other way while he gave her a ride. Pleasing him was becoming an all-consuming passion. Just the thought of his touch, his kiss, his cock forced into her, left her feeling light-headed, almost intoxicated.

Ducking her head to obediently lap up and gulp down another gelatinous mouthful of come, hardly feeling queasy at all, she wondered with growing excitement what he intended to do with her tonight. He stood when she was almost finished, just lapping her dog bowl clean. Straddling her body he reached under her to stroke her throat, a light pressure, feeling her swallow.

"Do you remember where we met?" he asked softly.

Sheila nodded, the movement transmitted to his hands. She was never likely to forget. In a tavern called the Branded Slave her owner, the ambassador, had entered her into a pub-game. Afterwards, her reward for winning, he had then rented her out to perform in a live sex-show, where she had caught the young Prince James's eye. The young royal had sneaked in on a fake ID.

"We're going to play some pub-games tonight, and you're going to win," he told her matter-of-factly.

Sheila experienced a moment's hurt, without doubting for even a second that she was going to do her best to win. Why did he need to publicly humiliate her, when here and now, she was more than willing to lick his feet clean, to suck and tongue his cock and to submit to any punishment he named? When she was perfectly willing to perform any sex-act he named, bound and gagged? Sheila quickly suppressed her rebellious thoughts, reminding herself that her beautiful prince would have little difficulty finding a playmate to replace her, if he chose to. One who did not whine when publicly humiliated. If this was love, then love was a cage, one that you put yourself in!

Her prince fitted her with a crushing waspie corset, thigh length latex boots with a stiletto heel and a broad tight collar to hold her head up. He clipped a decorative chain to her nipple-rings, hung a heavy bell on a length of chain from her pierced clitoris - she whimpered softly at the first chime but didn't pull away - and wrapped her in an ankle-length velvet cloak which snapped together at her throat. The nights were drawing in now and it was getting too cold for a responsible owner to lead a slave around totally naked. He cared! The thought

left her feeling warm and fuzzy inside.

The straps of a bridle gag were pulled over her head, a broad strap tight across her mouth holding a fat cock-gag in place. Then so that she couldn't kick the cloak open, he clipped two pussy-height rings on the cloak to her already tormented clit-ring to keep the heavy velvet closed. Finally he clipped a lead to her collar and led her from the playroom. With every step she took, the swirling cloak tugged at her ring-set clitoris, while the softly chiming bell bouncing off her inner thighs added to her torment.

Led out through the rear service entrance into the chill night air by the teenager pulling her lead, she was so hot she could barely think. She watched blankly, only peripherally aware of her young prince waving up a limousine parked in shadows down the road, discreetly sporting only dim sidelights. Her stretched open mouth, the heavy steel bands locked around her wrists behind her back and the insistent tugging on her pierced clitoris - Oh God, she was going to come!- held most of her attention.

She settled herself on the floor of the limousine on her knees without being told, her prince allowing her to rest her head on his leg. She tried desperately not to drool on him, and not just because she would be punished. It was a short drive, The Branded Slave was warm and a little humid, just as she remembered it. Not just a result of the large crowd packed into the place, but necessary in an establishment putting on slave-based entertainment. Shivering cold killed off even an aphrodisiac treated slave's arousal.

At the entrance the bouncer wasn't fooled for a second by a seventeen year old noble with a fake ID, but he wasn't a fool either. The man grabbed one of the serving slaves by a nipple ring and yanked her around to face him, totally indifferent to her pained cry, and sent her off to fetch the landlord.

"Sorry, My Lord," the doorman said placatingly. "It's my job, the law, you understand?"

"New are you?" Prince James asked.

Sheila might have been amused by the sight of such a big tough looking man being so obsequious to a slight teenager, if she hadn't been otherwise occupied panting in lust around the obstruction filling her mouth. The landlord arrived and poured oil on troubled waters. It was quickly explained to the new doorman that

Prince James was a 'special' guest.

"Try and remember me in future," the young noble said dismissively, passing over a C50 note to the man; a week's wages!

"Thank you My Lord," the doorman said in apparent deep gratitude.

Sheila suspected no aristocrat would ever notice the faintest hint of resentment she caught in the bouncer's tone. The lords and ladies, believing implicitly in the superiority of their class, often deluded themselves into thinking that everyone was equally content with their station in life. The Innkeeper was slipped a hundred Crown note as they entered. Her cloak released and pulled away, Sheila was then forced to stand naked on a table in nothing but her cuffs, collar, corset, bridle gag and kinky boots, so that those who wished to bet on her could look her over.

Hoots and whistles greeted her display, a lovely bridle-gagged blonde with a wasp-waist and overlarge breasts clearly a welcome addition to the evening's entertainment. Another full breasted slave-girl with a matching hour-glass figure was pushed up onto a table to display herself a couple of tables away. Sheila recognised her competitor as another British girl brought here from her own Earth! She saw recognition in the other sex-slave's eyes too, British sex-slaves still forming a fairly small and exclusive club, for all that they were the absolute must-have purchase for anyone who was anyone.

The former Sunday School teacher was now a luscious doe-eyed brunette, secured in a body-harness and with tight straps holding her arms folded behind her. Chains linking her nipple-rings to the rings on either side of the bit strapped into her mouth kept her nipples cruelly stretched up, big slave-size breasts swaying back and forth whenever she turned her head.

A fat heavy dildo, ominously trailing wires, and mounted on a sucker, was slapped down onto the table in front of each of them. Sheila let herself be pulled to her knees, one man pulling her pussy open while another guided the shaft into her. She didn't make a fuss, even as the uncomfortably large invader slid deep into her, the walls of her vagina tight around it. Breathing harder through nostrils and around the muzzle strap her bridle held tight over her gag-filled mouth, she felt an anonymous hand tug at her handcuffs behind her, ensuring they were tight around her wrists.

Behind her, her ankles were pulled wider, causing her to slip down a little deeper on the intruder that penetrated her with a helpless groan. Her ankle cuffs were secured to rings set into the table, while from above, a hook on a rope was winched down and braided into her hair. Sheila whined softly as her head was pulled up, her weight still on her knees but her body now stretched taut when the rope was winched up. Even though she was pretty much helpless, she was still secured onto the dildo itself with short lengths of chain padlocked to the rings set through her sex-lips. Enough slack to thrust up and down on the invader, but not enough to pull clear.

Her pretty brunette opponent had clearly been broken in long ago, and also allowed herself to be mounted and secured onto her dildo in identical restraints without fuss. The girl's eyes were sparkling bright, nipples standing out hard, red whip-stripes curling around her upper thighs and down her belly - recently pussy whipped - vividly clear on pale peaches and cream skin. Had she sobbed and begged at first, overwhelmed with the utter humiliating horror of sexual slavery, as Sheila had? Or had she just happily surrendered as her darkest fantasies were brought vividly to life by the Slaveworld aristocracy, as Sheila's feminist convictions had prevented her doing for so long. Her grooms had even told her they'd never seen a slave-girl take so long to break in.

A hand grabbed one buttock, squeezing roughly, another man's fingers trailing lightly over the welts a whip had left on the other cheek. If the owner was agreeable, it was normal to allow those who intended to place bets to inspect their chosen animal in The Branded Slave.

"Beautiful skin. Golden velvet," one of the men behind her exclaimed, and called over a friend to have a feel.

Someone pushed a palm into her dildo-stuffed belly, deliberately making her moan in helpless lust, while inevitably many hands vied to heft and knead her big breasts. She'd never been exactly sure what the weight of her breasts had to do with her sexual stamina. Could an experienced gambler, a shrewd judge of female slave-flesh, see something extra in her, some spark, when her lust swollen nipples were hard against his palms, or were the men just simply taking the opportunity to grope her?

Finally the hands slipped away, all bets taken, a hush settling over the hall. Her prince was nowhere in sight since he'd removed her clit-bell, but she was

sure he was watching from somewhere. On the stage in front of her a large screen lit up; two mirror image mazes, set side by side. Each maze had a glowing dot in the far bottom corner. The judge - ringmaster? - grabbed her by her neatly trimmed pubic hair in a painful grip and yanked her hips forward, then side to side. The glowing dot on her maze moved back and forth with her hips.

"Understand?" the man barked, giving her another painful yank for emphasis.

Sheila nodded obediently and he moved on to the former Sunday School teacher. It wasn't a dildo stuffed and pussy-locked into her, the bloody thing was a joystick! Computer games on Earth were never like this. Sheila was already scanning the maze, looking for a way through, before the starter's gun fired. The most obvious route, along the bottom and then up the side almost to the top was clearly a dead end.

The little glowing ball in the maze on her side of the screen moved easily to her commands, following as she rocked her hips back and forth, forward and back. She was wet of course, juices squeezed out of her sex by the dildo joystick, trickling down a spread inner thigh, but just as she was starting to think this wasn't so bad, the invader stretching her pussy wide began to throb and pulse. Almost immediately Sheila threw back her head and shrieked in forced ecstasy as she was made to come, almost hanging from the rope woven into her plait for a moment as her hips bucked.

The joystick-dildo was also a vibrator! A very powerful vibrator.

Her hands cuffed together behind her back twitched uselessly back and forth, seeking a way to free her from the pub-game's restraints. Sweat gleaming on her flanks, suddenly she was gasping for breath - between the cock-gag filling her mouth and the corset squeezing her tight, she could hardly breathe - she was drooling down her pant-heaving breasts, slaving under her muzzle strap. This was going to be harder than she'd thought. She'd lost track of the route she'd been plotting for her little glowing maze-ball, and had to backtrack.

Then somebody touched a cattle prod to a buttock! Sheila squealed, jerking forward, the maze-ball shooting past the corridor she was trying to turn it into. It felt like she'd sat on a firecracker, and worse, bucking and squirming on the vibrating shaft she was chained onto only brought her next orgasm closer; and made concentrating on the maze almost impossible.

She saw the next cattle prod coming, a black bulbous tip mounted on the end of a four foot pole, aimed at her right breast. She tried desperately to twist away, but she was almost hanging from the overhead rope braided into her hair and firmly secured to the table at three points, both ankles and pussy, while her heavily enlarged breasts weren't the smallest target in the first place.

Once she'd accidentally shut a finger in a car door. There was the same shocking moment of realisation as the cattle prod poking into her breast was triggered, agony delayed for just a half second, before unbelievable pain hit the saliva-trailed melon. Other men were jostling for position around her, looking back at the screen, judging their moment. She recognised the pole-mounted cattle-prods from previous encounters, a one-shot only instrument. All the men who had bet against her had one, providing them with a single chance to distract her and allow their girl to win!

Two tables away, her now sweat-gleaming opponent squealed in pain, a cattle-prod touched to the pretty brunette's clitoris. Of course anyone who had bet on Sheila was equally free to choose his moment to distract the top-heavy former Sunday School teacher with his own one-shot cattle-prod. It was only fair.

Slavering, gasping, hips bucking and now quite totally lathered in sweat, breasts agonisingly shocked again and again, the dildo throbbing inside her tipped her into another shattering orgasm. On the screen her glowing ball was now stuck in a cul-de-sac part of the maze, and she just couldn't concentrate on the maze long enough to free it. She was dripping wet, the joystick-dildo sometimes sliding out of her sex to the limit of the two holding chains padlocked to her pussy-rings, when her vagina tried to clamp tighter around the invader on an upthrust. A cattle-prod from behind touched her tightly puckered anus with a searing blast of pain.

Lungs burning, her vision greyed out, the projected maze slipping out of focus. The cattle-prods were no longer coming at her - the gamblers had all had their one shock - but she continued to mindlessly thrust herself back and forth on the throbbing shaft that penetrated her, the game forgotten. Pain and humiliating forced pleasure, fused into ecstasy.

Her face was slapped. She half noticed when the vibrator was switched off then, gazing blankly at her prince as he pulled the awful thing out of her, hips

still twitching involuntarily. He twisted her nipples painfully to help her focus as male hands released her from the table restraints, her wrists still of course handcuffed behind her.

"You lost. Bad girl!" Prince James told her.

Sheila's eyes flickered past him a moment. The game was over, the one time Sunday School teacher had somehow managed to guide her ball to the exit. Sheila's own glow-ball was nearly free of the maze, the way out clear, and she'd been ahead up until that point; until overwhelmed by lust, she'd completely lost it.

She spent the next hour or so facing a wall, the chain linking her nipple-rings pulled up over a hook, her breasts dragged up painfully, hanging stretched from the rings set through her flesh. The prince clipped a broad leather strap to the bell once again hanging on a chain from her ring-pierced clitoris, disgruntled losers free to swing the strap across her buttocks, if they presented a losing betting slip to the nearby doorman. In no time her tail was soon burning, and undoubtedly scarlet.

Tears on her cheeks, Sheila wailed in gag-muffled pain as another stinging blaze of pain was left across her tail with a loud crack. Behind her, in the place of honour, with three slave-boys cocks deep in her bound body, fore, aft and mouth - on the same pedestal where the prince had first noticed her - her opponent now amused the crowd. In the Branded Slave, the entertainment continued even when the slave games were over. Utterly miserable, Sheila was forced to listen to the brunette gasping, moaning and squeaking in pleasure, to the crowd's claps and cheers. Sheila yelped in pain as another unhappy loser swung the strap across her throbbing hot backside. It wasn't envy for the former Sunday School teacher, or even the strap lashes, that made her snuffle; it was the crushing realisation that she had failed!

She had disappointed her beautiful young prince!

Prince James appeared after she had endured an age of doubt, berating herself for her weakness, tossed her cloak around her shoulders and snapped together the clasp at her throat. She bit down a gasp of pain as her tortured breasts were momentarily pulled higher, her nipple chain pulled up over the wall hook and then used to pull her around to face him. There was beer on the

teenager's breath and an amiable smile on his face, Sheila allowing a flicker of hope to flare inside her. He wasn't drunk, steady enough when he unclipped the strap from her clit-bell and then secured her cloak to the ring. She'd heard the fine for facilitating underage drinking was three times that for allowing an underage noble to have sex with a slave, which pretty much summed up the Slaveworld's rulers' outlook on life. Idly handling her breasts a moment, he sighed and then kissed her on the forehead.

"Truly superb! I can't stay mad at a toy with such magnificent tits. I forgive you," he decided.

Sheila's heart leapt, joy and relief flooding through her in equal measure. He forgave her!

"My fault really. I should have known you were just too hot to win at this game. I should have had you pole-whipped instead," he said ruefully as he clipped his lead to her collar. "But you'll still have to be punished," he added.

Sheila nodded emphatically, making eager little 'yes' noises behind her gag.

"Good girl!" he laughed.

Back in the limousine she was allowed to hold his cock in her mouth, but with no movement. He explained it was just a two minute journey to the Northern Quarter-Mile and he didn't want to come just yet. Amazed that he would take the time to explain anything to a mere sex-slave, Sheila guessed - hoped - he intended to give her a more unhurried fuck later. She had heard about the northern district too, the part of Londinium that never slept, casinos, shows, music, dancing, drinks and slaves available twenty-four hours a day.

Pulled from the limousine by her lead, tugging on the ring set through her clitoris with every step when she kicked at her cloak, Prince James led her to a warm, covered, brightly lit mall. Pubs and clubs had doors, perhaps to damp down the loud music, the more sex orientated establishments just fronted with arched pillars. Sheila glimpsed mud-wrestling tournaments, curling games and a slave-auction in passing.

Prince James led her to an open-plan cafe, tables and chairs scattered among potted trees and hedges in the central walkway. The mall roof was high and almost transparent, and wide colourful umbrellas over some of the tables added

an outdoor feel. Sheila's breath caught in her throat as she recognised a group of four handcarts clustered beside the cafe.

"Punish your slaves," came the familiar cry.

"Reasonable rates," another voice called. "Pussies whipped!"

"Tits shocked!"

A girl in a body-stocking was bent forward over one of the handcarts and was being whipped. With the frail old Lady who presumably owned her looking on in satisfaction, her arms bound behind her, she was held in place with a rod threaded through her nipple-rings and the flimsy protection of her fishnet body-stocking had been ripped away over the buttocks. She was going to have a cold ass when she was taken outside, Sheila thought inconsequentially, wrapped snug and warm in her own more caring master's velvet cloak.

Prince James wandered down the row, the lead he led her with looped around his wrist as if almost forgotten. Sheila was familiar with the trade, the men providing a professional punishment for the lord or lady who didn't happen to have a whip to hand, or wanted something a little special, but she didn't recognise the equipment on the handcart her prince selected. A large glass box, half open on one side, seemed to be the handcart's main feature.

A twenty Crown note changed hands and her cloak was released from her clit-ring and flipped behind her back, still secured around her neck. The brand burnt into her right buttock that marked her as a British toy, as much as her spectacular figure, quickly attracted a small crowd. The retired trooper, his regimental crest on his jacket pocket and his slave-trader's licence on prominent display - no lord wanted their slave soiled with some unqualified peasant's touch - looped a length of rope painfully tight around each breast, hard up against her chest.

Sheila sighed happily. The man pulled her forward so that her breasts were pushed into the open side of the glass box, the glass only coming up half way on that side, the bound melons resting in twin semi-circular grooves on the top. The stuff was lighter and warmer than glass, some sort of perspex or something similar. He slid a free pane set with matching half-circle grooves on the bottom, down slots, sealing the box closed and trapping her breasts inside. The two halves come together like a set of stocks. When the ropes were pulled away, she

was still trapped, her breasts squeezed through tiny holes, ballooning out inside the glass box, and still linked by the decorative chain clipped to her nipple rings.

Watching as her tightly squeezed breasts quickly become a pretty pink, like any slave-girl in similar circumstances she suspected, Sheila was always more aware of her restraints at times like this. The steel handcuffs behind her back seemed heavier, tighter around her wrists. She was still puzzled, daring to meet her young master's eye a moment. The retired trooper, supplementing his pension by torturing slave-girls, stepped back and waved the teenager forward, indicating a lever. He hadn't asked Prince James for proof of age she noticed - knowing he'd get a fake ID? - or was the boy becoming more believably masterful? She thought so.

When the lever was pulled, a panel in the base of the box, one of many, slid back to reveal a dark opening. A cloud of little insects, midges, billowed out, Sheila yanking on her breasts with a startled cry as she tried to pull back. Some insects settled on the inside of the box, more on her breasts. She could actually feel them, the tiniest little tickle! More insects landed on her breasts, easily a dozen or so on each squeezed out orb. Sheila forced herself to look closer, and with a wail of horrified protest actually managed to rock the heavy handcart, yanking back on her trapped boobs. Unperturbed, the dozens of mosquitoes that had settled onto her huge breasts began to feed!

She turned tear-filled eyes to her beloved, but the teenager was grinning widely. A few of the audience members chuckled and clapped politely, some leaning forward for a closer look, and then mostly wandered off to find more painful entertainments to watch. Her prince put an arm around her shoulders, looking down into the glass box, watching mosquitoes walking across her breasts - feeding on her! - with quiet absorption for a while, before he too wandered off to the cafe for a milkshake.

There were four naked slaves hanging in suspended hog-ties over the bar. Her prince selected a softly sobbing young red-head, the barkeep obligingly holding his glass under her breasts, so that the teenager could use both hands to squeeze milk out of her enormous, milk-swollen, udders. Sheila tried not to feel jealous.

After an age, her prince returned with a white foam moustache, and a blast of freezing air was pumped into the box. In seconds her tightly squeezed boobs felt

frozen through, nipple puckering painfully tighter, but all the mosquitos fell to the base of the clear box, stunned or dead. No aristocrat would be inconvenienced by so much as a single bite. A little dazed, her cloak brushing over painfully sensitive nipples driving her to distraction, she followed the teenager holding her lead back to his car.

Her beloved prince finally consented to use her in the back seat of his limousine on the return journey to the embassy, pulling Sheila astride him, still in her cuffs and bridle-gag. She cried out in delight when he entered her, wriggling herself deeper on the teenager's bursting, swollen, cock, wishing he was naked too. He'd only unbuttoned and pulled down his trousers a little. The prince was happy to squeeze her breasts as she obediently thrust herself onto his hot hard shaft, but didn't want to bite or suck her nipples, or lick the big heavy mounds, as he normally would. His hands were deliciously hot on her chilled flesh.

Despite her preoccupation with her boobs - were they throbbing because they were covered in mosquito bites or because they'd been frozen and because Prince James was roughly squeezing circulation back flesh that had been tightly bound? - the sex was great. She came easily again, which clearly pleased her user. Then on her knees, looking up his body as she licked his cock clean after he was done, she could see the contentment in his eyes.

Handed back to her keepers, the grooms stripped her of her restraints and decorations, let her use the toilet and gave her a quick hose down, and then allowed her to flop exhausted onto her bunk with only the addition of a tongue clamp and a chastity belt. Her wrists were of course secured to a ring-bolt mounted on the wall above her head. Despite her failure at the Branded Slave, she decided on the whole, the night had gone rather well.

Dreamy, anticipating sleep, she foolishly let her mind wander, and not too surprisingly, in moments, she was vividly recalling her young prince riding her in the back seat of his limousine. Sitting facing him, astride his lap, gagged, bound and docile, gasping in pleasure behind her muzzle as he fucked her. Just the way he liked her! And he'd told her she was beautiful, the most perfect torture-toy he could imagine, a walking wet dream. Pride, delight and contentment warred with feelings she couldn't even describe.

The intense emotions her memories stirred caused Sheila to wonder again if

this was love? She tried to tell herself it wasn't, but how would she know? She'd never been in love before. Prince James said she was the one, that no other slave would do, but he was a spoilt child of privilege with his whole life ahead of him. And for a noble in this world, there were endless temptations. Even a die-hard feminist expected a young man to sow a few wild oats before dutifully settling down into a responsible monogamous relationship.

How could she love someone who wanted to own her? Who wanted to keep her on a collar and lead, naked in chains; who wanted to brand her? And for whom she was probably just a passing fancy?

Sheila realised she couldn't deceive herself any longer. None of that mattered! To see his smile just once more, experience his touch, to kneel at his feet....! The hollow knot she felt in her twisting her stomach when he left her, the way she could think of nothing else when waiting for him and the sheer joy she experienced when he came for her could mean nothing else. For the first time in her life, she was head over heels in love.

Unconditional love had always been a nonsense phrase to Sheila. She'd never understood the importance her schoolfriends applied to teenage crushes, obsessive hand-holding, incessant text messaging, love letters and kisses, and the annoying way otherwise perfectly sane colleagues in love wandered around in a dreamy stupid haze, counting the seconds until they were together again. As a journalist she'd felt contempt as well as anger when she came across stories of gullible women cheated out of money by pretty-boy con-men, the heiresses and wealthy widows who were too stupid to realise that they were only being married for their money. Romeo and Juliet type story-lines had baffled her. Killing yourself because you were separated from your love? Find someone else!

Now that she had her own Prince Charming, she fully understood how vulnerable a woman in love could be, how easy it could be to trust and fall for the con-men who offered to return their love. Already she could see that there was a faint, but very real, terrified desperation in her own need to please. Never having been in love before, she'd never realised love's companion is fear. Fear that she had not pleased him, fear he might find another, fear he might not come back. Fear that it might be her fault!

Sheila decided she was going to be the best sex-slave and pony-girl the young royal had ever whipped, driven or fucked. She vowed then that there was nothing she wouldn't do to please him, no matter how painful, degrading or humiliating. For while she might just be the beautiful teen's first love, he was surely her last chance.

She was woken in the early hours by a maddening itching. She was lying curled up on her side, her head pillowed on one of the arms pulled above her head, one slave-size breast flattened down under the weight of the other, and both of them twin globes of throbbing torment. She whimpered, twisting onto her stomach, trying to rub her breasts on the padded surface under her - no bedclothes for slaves - but only succeeded in squashing and squeezing the tortured melons. Which made them itch all the more!

Swallowing a self-pitying sob, she scrambled off her bunk and onto her knees, rubbing the heavy mounds up against the rough brickwork that lined the back of her cell.

Oh God! So good!

Slower now, with less urgency, she dragged her breasts from side to side, up and down, squeezing the full mounds hard up against the wall. Delicious! Sheila let out a long sigh, but her relief was temporary. Too late she remembered that scratching mosquito bites made them itch all the more, remembering how sometimes she'd scratched at holiday mosquito bites until they bled!

The grooms found her whimpering on her knees in the morning, still dragging breasts that felt rubbed raw back and forth across the rough brickwork. The Sergeant softly cursing her beloved, had her firmly secured face-up on her bunk and detailed one of the troopers to knead a soothing painkilling antiseptic cream into her abused breasts. Her relief was so intense as to almost be on a par with the dreamy moment after orgasm.

She wondered if Prince James had realised just what he'd done to her, wanting to believe the inexperienced teenager didn't realise just how severely he was punishing her. Could someone who looked so angelic really be so cruel? Tied down on her back, naked with a tongue clamp in her mouth, she groaned in helpless pleasure as the trooper decided she needed a second layer of soothing

cream kneaded into her punished breasts.

Clearly, she'd deserved punishing, she told herself firmly. She must not complain, and could only hope her prince would go a little easier on her big boobs the next time she disappointed him. The chance that there might not be a next time, further breast punishment, wasn't even worth considering. Her beloved prince, while clearly thoroughly enjoying his total power over her, obviously took a special delight in tit-torture. It was a small price to pay if it secured her his individual attention, she thought.

Queen Victoria carefully tipped the candle she held, letting just a few drops of scalding hot wax fall. The naked slave-boy stretched out taut on her playroom's rack shrieked, bucking and twisting as molten agony dripped onto his scrotum. His cock stood to rigid attention. She carefully dropped a single droplet of candlewax onto the eye of his penis. Her plaything got louder.

"Please, merciful God Apollo, no more. Mercy, I beg of you!" he panted once he'd got his breath back.

The slave providing her with her morning's entertainment was called Jacob. He had just recently been returned to the palace with his wife Amanda, the slave-pair having been on loan to the British embassy. The ambassador had made enthusiastic use of his pretty slut-wife, but had hardly ever allowed Jacob to come, let alone have sex with his own wife. After so long he was desperate, and Victoria had promised him a ride of his wife - just a quick fuck - if he could endure her torture in silence.

Amanda, naked in chains, crawled in on all fours with the morning paper in her mouth. As far as Victoria could tell, the pretty blonde was completely unmoved by her husband's suffering, and lived only for rough degrading slave-sex. The paper was from the alternative Earth, passed along from the embassy, and had become part of her morning routine. At one time she had enjoyed trying to make sense of the bizarre stories, incomprehensible actions and inconstant ethics of the alternative reality world. These days, desperate for news of Samuel,

she tore through, straight to the classified ads.

"Praise the Gods!" she whispered.

Almost disbelieving, she read the coded message from Precious and Honey again. They had found him! Alive and well! Two slaves with no help had actually succeeded where the might of the RSP had failed. And once the pair informed Samuel that cordial diplomatic relations now existed between the two alternative realities, he could simply contact British Intelligence, and use the embassy Gate to return! Secrecy would still be important for a few more days, she decided. It was just possible whoever had stranded Samuel in the alternative universe might be panicked into a last ditch assassination attempt to cover their tracks.

Grinning like a fool, she fished in a toy box for a tray of sheaths, tried a couple for size and then fitted one onto her snuffling victim's scalded cock. The plastic device hinged in half and was shaped like a cock with balls. It fitted over the wearer's own penis and balls when snapped closed, not making him much longer, but a lot fatter. An uncomfortable fuck.

She had a very apprehensive looking Amanda tied spread-eagle across her own bed, and telling Jacob that she was feeling magnanimous because she'd received some good news, she turned him loose on his helpless wife for the first time in who knew how long. The voluptuous young slave was soon crying out in distress, pussy stretched wide, each pile-driver thrust forcing a gasp of pain from her. Jacob, still in love but teased to distraction, his former duties having included tying his wife down for other men to use and then licking their come out of her, wasn't being in the least gentle. He slapped his bride's face when she didn't look at him, forcing cries of pain from her, biting her nipples and squeezing her breasts until the flesh between his fingers was white.

Victoria watched with a knowing smile. What Jacob in his initial delight at getting to lie between Amanda's roped apart thighs had not yet realised, was that the smooth plastic inner surface of the sheath that enclosed his penis and balls provided very little stimulation. Practically none! And where slave-girls were given an aphrodisiac to keep them bitches on heat, the drug slave-boys were given, while in no way preventing an erection, suppressed ejaculation. A treated slave-boy could last several days before coming, perform for hours and hours, long past the point when his aching, hard cock was painfully sore.

Victoria found herself softly whistling a happy tune. She'd once had a slave-boy fitted with a cock-sheath fuck a girl for over twelve hours before collapsing with exhaustion. She rather hoped young Jacob had it in him to break that record.

They had found her son! And in time for him to still be crowned king.

CHAPTER 8

Sheila was supposed to be asleep, hog-tied on her cell's bunk, but even though her eyelids were heavy, her head drooping, she just couldn't let herself sleep. Her prince might come again tonight, and finding her waiting for him with eager dog-like devotion would please him. She'd managed to slide herself off the low bunk and squirm on her belly up to the bars easily enough. There, wedged in a corner for purchase and gripping the bars behind her, she was able to pull herself up onto her knees and twist around so that she could see the cell-block entrance. Naked and bound, leaning up against the bars and drooling around the heavy metal tongue-clamp locked into her mouth, finally she dozed, her forehead resting against a cool steel bar.

Her beautiful prince was in her dreams too, looking down at her sleeping form, and then turning away, disappointed that she didn't love him enough to remain alert. Her head jerked up with a gasp of panic, her teeth closing on the heavy weight of metal hanging from her pulled out tongue with a soft click. Heart pounding in terror, she forced drooping eyelids open, squirming up against the bars, trying to squeeze her breasts between them.

Footsteps!

She experienced intense disappointment. It was only her owner the ambassador, flanked by two troopers looking down at her, not her beloved; but she tried to look attentive and devoted anyway. No point in taking more whip than she had to, not because she wished to avoid the pain of punishment if she deserved it, but because she was determined to keep her rump as clear of whip-strikes as she could. So that Prince James would have unmarked buttocks to lash!

"Waiting for someone?" the ambassador asked.

Sheila nodded cautiously. She didn't dare lie; not when her legal owner could put her on the Slaveworld's frighteningly accurate lie-detector. And he might just assume it was him she was drooling over. His chuckle was not pleasant.

"You won't be seeing your toy-boy anymore. I've put a stop to that," he told her.

Her heart skipped a beat, his words an icy grip twisting her gut. She didn't doubt him for a second. Trying not to cry, she saw the troopers were both worried looking, lips pursed, standing stiffly at attention. Yes, that would be the ambassador's way if he'd discovered her prince's nocturnal visits. Instead of reporting the men, disciplining them, he would use their indiscretion to give him a hold over them.

"Clean her, feed her, pack her," he ordered the men. 'I want her on the night train to France."

"Sir!"

The ambassador turned back to her. "I've decided to have a few more improvements made on you. You obviously need keeping on a shorter leash."

She managed to hold her tears back until he was gone.

"Don't worry pet," one of the troopers told her, soothingly patting her belly, then stroking his fingers into her sex for a taste. "Remote control won't be that bad, for a hot girl like you."

The pet-crate they loaded her into was like a dark pit opening beneath her. Her prince was being taken away from her!

If life's a game, then everybody eventually loses.

Sometimes a player is taken off the board early.

An MI6 Staffer seconded to the Slaveworld Project, called Philip Raft, liked to unwind with a drink after work. He wasn't over the limit when he drove home from the pub, but his reflexes weren't all they could be. Worse he was driving

down a road he knew backwards, had driven down a thousand times before, and was not giving the road his full attention. He barely even noticed the warning triangle and hazard lights before he slammed into the back of the broken down truck. D.O.A.

The previous morning on another world, the Slaveworld, a young trooper had proudly taken his lord and lady's new female purchase to the local pet shop to have a pussy lock and nipple rings fitted. He'd been enjoying himself, petting and teasing her, the luscious young slave naked, cuffed and ball-gagged; her stiletto heels tip-tapping behind him as she placidly followed her collar and lead. He had felt the envious eyes on him as he led her home; the gorgeous blonde with a brand on her ass - and the huge over-large breasts, big wide eyes, firm haunches and wasp-waist so typical of the breed - clearly one of the new and fabulously expensive British girls.

In a flutter of pigeon wings, before anyone had a chance to even look up, a roof tile slid loose from above and struck the British slave directly on the head. Rushed to hospital, despite intensive efforts, two days later the unlucky slave-girl was eventually declared irretrievably brain dead. Within the week the builder who had put up the roof would be fined and his nineteen year old grand-daughter sentenced to five years' service. The shopkeeper who had not kept up regular repairs on his roof and could not afford the court's fine, would see his twenty-two year old son and both of his seventeen year old twin daughters - their service to begin on reaching their eighteenth birthday - sentenced to ten years each. The Slaveworld judiciary believed in swift and decisive justice!

Still breathing on life support, normally a health body with an untreatable head injury would have quickly been assigned to whole body or organ transplant, but being a British slave, the process was complicated. Bureaucrats passed the buck to one another until the problem was finally handed to where it belonged, the new Ministry of Offworld Affairs. There it was decided that the British Ambassador should be consulted as to the disposal of the not quite deceased's remains.

Kerry had got into the habit of walking in to work with Marie and her friend Annette. As usual Lady Andrea was already waiting in the embassy courtyard as the ambassador led out her harnessed and bridled mount, the young aristocrat always eager for her driving lessons. Foot-draggingly reluctant, whining softly as she was pulled into the sunshine with the ring on the end of her bit, today's pony-girl was a pretty little blonde, nicely busty, but not Lady Andrea's usual pony-girl, Sheila, Kerry noticed. All the new embassy slaves were now busty, and more so by the day, not yet a match for the spectacularly top-heavy Sheila, but getting there.

Marie noticed Andrea's pony-girl was not Sheila as well, and said so. The dildo-stuffed sex-toy with reins clipped to her nipple-rings, the shafts of a pony-trap clipped to her girth, was one of the new slaves, Number Two! Ms Carson had numbered her playthings, and trained them to answer to their numbers, a system the ambassador seemed happy to continue. He may have despised his immediate Intelligence superior, but he admitted she knew her slaves, and how to break and train a girl.

Now Kerry thought about it, she hadn't seen Sheila around for at least a couple of days.

The ambassador stepped back and let Andrea check over her gorgeous little mount's tack and settle herself into the pony-trap's seat. The harnessed and bridled plaything flinched as the aristocrat gave her whip a trial swish, an experimental tug on her pony-girl's reins bounced the blonde's breasts, the naked slave's forlorn wail combining both protest and a desperate plea for mercy, humiliated tears on her cheeks. Kerry felt a little grin tug at her lips. The one occasion this new British slave had been allowed to speak in her presence, the girl's accent had been cut-glass private school; pure Sloane. No doubt in the real world she'd been one of the horsey set with her own pony when she was younger, and probably could still not believe what she was about to be forced to enjoy.

"Once around the courtyard before you take her on the road," the ambassador called. "Get her measure. She's more skittish than the pony-girl you usually drive."

With an eye-roll that clearly indicated she thought the ambassador was being an old woman, the young aristocrat reluctantly complied. She flicked out her

whip and swung hard, the pony-girl lunging forward with a squeal as braided leather licked across her buttocks with a wicked crack. The pretty little blonde's desperate yelps and squeaks as she was lashed around the courtyard were just as high pitched as those lashed out of the more placid Sheila, but with a panicked edge. Not surrendering herself totally to lust, humiliation and dominance as easily as the former journalist did. Only after a full lap of the courtyard, dildo-stuffed, pulling her driver and lightweight carriage, and with her hindquarter's well-marked with whip-lines, did Number Two begin to gasp with pleasure as well as pain.

"Giving Sheila a rest, boss?" Marie asked.

"Why, do you think she deserves one?" he asked, mock serious, then returned their grins. "Actually, I've sent her off to the vet's to have a couple more modifications made. She should be back from the clinic tomorrow."

Andrea drove her lovely blonde mount past in a neat knee-high prance, forced arousal spiced with pain, making her slaver around her bit now. The naked British slave, sweat gleaming on her flanks, staggered, crying out in forced, humiliated, pleasure. Her aristocrat driver lashed her on.

"It always amazes me the sluts can come at a trot as they're whipped," Marie said, the four of them watching the show.

"It always amazes me they can keep their feet; keep on trotting," Annette said thoughtfully. "I'm dishrag city when I come. Totally limp."

"It's not hard," Kerry said absently, eyes on the show. "Once you've been whipped through orgasm once, whipped hard, you're programmed to obey the next time."

After a moment she realised her co-workers and the ambassador were all staring at her. Lady Andrea pulled her plaything up nearby with a painful breast-yank, Number Two squeaking in forlorn pain as her nipples were cruelly stretched.

"Okay to take her out on the road now? I've got her broken."

"Yeah, sure," the ambassador agreed absently.

As Lady Andrea lashed her human pony into a trot towards the arched courtyard entrance, the three were still staring at her. Kerry realised she'd given herself away.

CHAPTER 9

Marie was in the office bright and early the following morning, the boss in even earlier, judging by the squeaks of female lust drifting through the half-open door. She entered without hesitation. This was the Slaveworld; if he wanted privacy to fuck a slave, he'd have closed the door. Sheila was back from the clinic, wearing nothing but heels, a heavy black leather collar and a waist-nipping steel band. The curvaceous blonde was on all fours - surprisingly without restraints - the ambassador twisting his fingers deep into her huge udders as he took her doggie-style on the carpet.

"Have a seat," he gasped, thrusting his juice-glistening shaft deep and hard into the loudly moaning former journalist.

The ambassador slipped his hands back onto Sheila's hips, to pull her back harder onto his rod as his orgasm approached, sighing softly when he came. The panting blonde he'd just so energetically shafted remained obediently in place with her head hanging a moment, docilely licking his cock clean when the ambassador rammed the softening shaft into her mouth, pulling her head up with a handful of hair. New steel rings set through her flesh glinted on her sex-lips

Clearly in a very good mood - the time and date for his all-expenses-paid rejuvenation treatment had come through; a thank you for services rendered from Her Majesty, Queen Victoria - with an evil grin he described the latest improvements he'd had made to Sheila. Marie was fascinated, would have loved an hour or so alone with the lovely blonde, but unfortunately they had to attend to a little of the day's pressing work first. After placing Sheila in the Stand position, he zipped up his flies and passed over a memo about the British girl in the vegetative state.

"So they really can do brain transplants here, as well?" Marie asked in wonder.

The ambassador had been making a few calls since the original query about the unlucky slave-girl had come in.

"So it seems," he said. "It's not really surprising if you think about it. We knew they could do spine transplants. And if they can attach a new spine to an existing brain, then why not the other way around?"

"But why haven't we heard about this before? I mean, you could just have yourself put into a new young body, right?"

"Thought of that. I did ask. Apparently, there's a small but very real two percent mortality rate on brain transplants, where by comparison the rejuvenation treatment is perfectly safe. And the brain still ages. A twenty year old with Alzheimer's is probably not a pretty sight."

Marie grimaced.

"Yeah!" he agreed, "but it seems the main reason brain transplants are not all that common a procedure, is the aristocrats don't want to know. Remember, the lords and ladies are a minority, just two to three percent of the population. Accidents that leave a young healthy body brain-dead are rare to start with, and those available are usually working class."

"Of course," Marie interrupted. "They actually believe in their class system. That the lower class exist only to serve. They'd never contaminate their superior blood line with peasant stock!"

"Right. And even aristocrats who have already had children and are not at risk of contaminating the noble blood-lines, would be socially ostracised; might as well be walking around in an ape's body as far as the rest of them are concerned."

"What about organ transplants?"

"It seems they'll lower themselves as far as the odd new kidney or lung, but not the whole show. No risk of their precious blue blood getting contaminated by peasant stock," he concluded.

He checked his watch. "Kerry should be here now. Have a look and send her in, would you?"

Kerry entered the ambassador's office with quiet trepidation, trying to ignore her former friend's contemptuous look. Marie was not suddenly scornful of her because she was Ms Carson's spy, Kerry suspected, but because she'd worn a sex-slave's collar. After she'd so stupidly given herself away in the courtyard yesterday, at first she'd been just relieved when the ambassador had done no more than relieve her of her duties, sent her home and told her to report to him the following morning. Giving him time to decide what to do with her. She'd been pretty sure he wouldn't dare have had her secured with the embassy slaves, naked, chained and gagged; or hand her over to a Slaveworld auction-house for sale. But pretty sure wasn't certain. Fearing he might, she hadn't got a wink of sleep all night. She was not just trapped in a foreign country, but on another world.

The ambassador was behind his desk, his pet Sheila naked but for collar, heels and a shiny steel waist-clincher, standing with her back against the wall to one side. Even through her barely contained panic, Kerry noticed with faint surprise the impressively top-heavy blonde did not seem to be bound or chained. Motionless in the Stand position, she looked blankly ahead, her hands folded behind her head, her feet set a neat eighteen inches apart. Recently enjoyed, a sticky strand of gently swaying semen stretched down from her ring-set pussy.

The collar was of course broad and tight, the heels five inch stiletto sandals with straps padlocked around the ankle, while the metal band padlocked around the curvy blonde's waist was, inevitably, breathlessly tight. No doubt tormenting the former journalist to distraction, a chain hanging from the metal belt, digging lightly into the swell of the lovely slave's belly, was clipped to the ring set through her clitoris, dragging up at the ring-pierced nub.

A clit-chain was a commonplace and increasingly popular method of obedience-training, punishing or teasing British slave-girls in this reality. Nothing Kerry hadn't seen before, though not on Sheila.

"Did you ever get a chance to fuck our Sheila?" he asked.

Her mouth hung open stupidly a moment. Not the conversation she'd expected to have.

"Uh, no Sir. I whipped her once and helped wash her a couple of times though."

Unbidden, She remembered the full firm weight of the helplessly bound blonde's overlarge breasts in her hands, slippery flesh slipping out of her grip as she kneaded soap into the ring-tipped melons. Forcing the defenceless woman to moan in pleasure for her, a woman from her own world and a similar background, brought here against her will and enslaved! The ambassador waved her closer to the motionless slave.

Sheila was not just looking blankly ahead, Kerry realised, her eyes were blank; completely blank! Biting her lip, Kerry waved a hand in front of the naked sex-object's face. Nothing! After a moment Sheila blinked, but it was obvious she saw nothing.

"She's blind!" Kerry accused, suddenly sick with terror.

The heavy breasted blonde didn't react to her shout either, though she cocked her head just a little. Perhaps feeling Kerry's breath.

"Yes, she's deaf too," the ambassador confirmed, holding up what looked like a fairly ordinary large-screen mobile phone, but with coloured buttons. "Surgical implants. At the touch of a button I can turn her sight and hearing on and off. There's a block on her optic nerves, another on her vocal cords. There's even a little transmitter implanted in the ear. I can transmit my voice into her head, inside her skull, even when she can't hear anything else, and there's no way she can shut me out!"

"But that's inhuman," Kerry breathed.

The ambassador ignored her.

"Watch this!" he said, pressing a button on the remote control and speaking into it. "Sheila. I may be late back. You may stretch."

The blank-eyed sex-toy bent forward from the waist, beautifully clinic-treated-supple, and touched the tips of her toes without difficulty even in five inch heels. She slid down onto a full splits, again the movement easy, flowing, her leg muscles trembling just once when one of her stiletto heels caught in the thick carpet. Finally she slid onto her belly and arched her back and neck, resting

the soles of her feet on the back of her head a moment, before pushing herself back into the Stand position.

"She doesn't know if I'm in the same room or on the other side of the city," he crowed.

The polished steel waist-cincher really was cruelly tight on such a lush sex-toy, Kerry thought. She knew the Kennel Club did allow a nineteen inch waist instead of eighteen on the large or fuller figured British slave, but so far as she knew not a single owner had taken the option of putting a sex-object's comfort before her sexual attraction. A situation which had so infuriated some owners of more petite British girls, they were now lobbying the Kennel Club to be allowed to cinch their toys' waists down to seventeen.

"Lick your tits," he ordered into the remote control's microphone.

Sheila immediately scooped up her own breasts, squeezing the full mounds lightly together, the melon-heavy globes spilling out of her grip as she trailed her tongue over her own flesh in a broad, slow, sensuous, lick.

"Squeeze harder, bite your nipples," the ambassador ordered.

Sheila obeyed with a soft groan, her fingers sinking deep into her own flesh and twisting. Her head came up a moment, turning this way and that blindly - surely realising she was being watched now - then with a soft gasp she obediently ducked her head down and bit down on a fat, hard, nipple. Stuffing both ringed nipples into her mouth, moaning pleasure as she squeezed her own lust-swollen breasts, Sheila whimpered softly, clearly hurting herself as she obediently teased her own nipples between her teeth.

"Excellent," her puppet-master told her, his words transmitted directly inside her skull. "Now I want you to hold up those enormous tits of yours for me, with your rings."

The former firebrand feminist swallowed a sob, silently mouthing the word "please" as she looked blindly back and forth, but no words came. Her voice had been switched off! Naturally she was shown no mercy. With a louder whimper of pain, her nipple-rings between her teeth, she forced herself to take her hands away and lift her head, the full weight of both huge breasts hanging from cruelly stretched nipples.

"Isn't this great?" the ambassador laughed, flourishing the remote.

Sheila was trembling, her suspended boobs quivering, tears on her cheeks and her hips were bucking with little involuntary twitches, forced arousal causing her to try and tug on the clit-chain that was tormenting her. She remained neatly in the Stand position, feet set apart and hands folded behind her head.

"It's horrible," Kerry whispered.

"And I can punish her too," he continued with obvious delight, giving no sign he'd heard Kerry. "This button hits both tits like a jolt from cattle prod on full power!"

Sheila jerked as if hit by a real cattle-prod, dropped breasts bouncing. Throwing her head back she staggered a pace forward, uttering a strangely strangled squeak; the block on her vocal cords still preventing full cries or coherent words. Her hands came around from behind her head, fluttering under her breasts - her hands instinctively going to the hurt - before her obedience training took over. Her blank eyes tear-bright, Sheila obediently folded her hands back behind her neck.

"It's not a real electric shock, an implanted wafer battery isn't big enough," the ambassador explained happily, as if Kerry actually wanted to know the details. "But you only need a tiny current to stimulate the nerve endings; the pain receptors. The battery will last for years!"

"It's horrible," Kerry said again, louder.

The sex-slave squealed again as her hugely enlarged breasts were once more used to punish her. A bolt of pure agony, which she could do absolutely nothing to minimise or escape even with her hands free. No electrodes to pull off her nipples, no whip to twist away from! This time she couldn't help herself, grabbing her breasts, cradling the shock-punished globes protectively, as if she could somehow ward off the shocks.

The naked woman was gasping, trembling, her rib-cage showing with every shuddering breath; the shiny steel waist-cincher cutting deeper into velvet flesh with every breath. She whimpered again as the ambassador used voice-command to order her back into the Stand position - his voice loud inside her head - tears

running down both her cheeks now, and dripping onto her tortured breasts. Watching his victim with bright excited eyes, breathing a little fast, the ambassador idly stroked the crotch of his trousers with the remote control. Pressing the punishment button with a stiffening cock, he made Sheila cry out in pain again. This third blast of agony too much for her, the helpless blonde dropped sobbing to her knees, again clutching at her breasts in a futile attempt to protect the cruelly enlarged udders from further punishment.

"How can you do this to a person?" Kerry blurted.

"I did have to have her shipped to France to have the work done. The English aristocrats here think remote controlling a girl is too cruel even for a sex-slave. Local vets won't do the surgery."

The ambassador met Kerry's eyes, his thumb caressing a red button.

"But personally, I think you can never have enough control."

Mesmerised, she watched his thumb stroke back and forth over the red button. He licked his lips, delight clear on his face as he met Kerry's eyes again. Stroking the red button.

"Please don't!" she blurted.

He grinned, and let his thumb depress a yellow button. Sheila gasped, her back arched, one hand clutching spasmodically at a breast, the other jerking helplessly over her crotch, palm rubbing up and down her taut clit-chain. With little squeaking gasps of tormented pleasure, she jerked her head, back, back, then slumped limp, gasping for breath. Arms hanging at her side, sweat-slick breasts heaving, her head drooped.

"With pain comes pleasure," he explained. "Ecstasy at the touch of a button. Even our world's technology can induce orgasm in a female by electrical stimulation of the spinal column."

He pressed the yellow button again, holding it down this time. Squirming naked face-down on the floor, thrusting urgent fingers into her own sex and anus, deliberately squashing her big breasts into the carpet, Sheila gasped and whimpered as she was hit by repeated orgasms. The sounds she made did not sound like ecstasy to Kerry. The ambassador handed her the remote control with

a grin.

"The first blue button turns her hearing back on, the second her sight, the third will allow her to speak. Don't touch the forth blue one. I don't think she needs to be able to taste for the moment." He laughed. "Almost forgot about that one. I can block sensation to the taste buds as well."

Gingerly Kerry pressed the first three blue buttons. The panting, trembling, blonde lifted her head slowly and then dragged herself up onto all fours, formerly blank eyes with the sudden light of intelligence in them focusing on Kerry. And on the remote control she held. The collared woman, naked on her knees, met her eyes with faint reproach. She obviously thought Kerry was the one who had had her dancing like a puppet.

"Sheila, sit up, and tell the young lady why I had you remote controlled!" the ambassador demanded, retrieving the remote control from Kerry's limp grip.

"I disappointed you master," the blonde said softly, her Australian accent still quite unmistakable.

The ambassador pressed buttons, and the former journalist was instantly blank-eyed again, presumably with her hearing and voice switched off again as well.

"She disappointed me Kerry. You on the other hand have betrayed my trust, and made me thoroughly angry. Unless you want to be fitted for your own remote control, and worse, you will tell me everything. You're working for that bitch Carson, right?"

Kerry nodded.

"I knew it! What? What have you told her? Does she know about Africa? The Queen's two slaves?"

Kerry shook her head blankly, peripherally aware of the rise and fall of Sheila's enormous tits, the trembling woman's blank stare, her nudity, tormented clitoris and the moisture glinting between her sex-lips.

"What?" he demanded.

"I told her about Sheila," Kerry whispered.

"Sheila?" he asked, openly puzzled.

"I saw her pedigree. You own her," Kerry explained. "You can't afford her, and if she's a gift that you didn't declare, then that makes her a bribe."

The ambassador gave a disbelieving laugh.

"Sheila! You know, it never occurred to me she was a problem."

His gaze on Kerry was venomous now.

"I'm getting wealthy here. I have everything I could ever desire. And in a couple more days I'll have been youth treated. You think I'm going to let you take this all away from me?"

"You can't make me a slave," Kerry said hesitantly. "You can't put an accredited diplomat on a Slaveworld auction block."

"Maybe," he agreed. "What's the bitch got on you anyway? If my experience is anything to go on, I'm sure you're not her agent a hundred per cent of your own free will."

"My fiancé! James Burke. One of the MI6 agents that was captured here. She showed me your report. You said they weren't worth trying to save; you recommended no effort be made! When she replaces you, the new ambassador here will work on his release."

The ambassador was giving her a most peculiar look. He barked a short snort of laughter.

"What?" she asked.

"You let her humiliate, screw, punish and make a pony-girl out of you, on a vague promise like that?"

"I don't expect a man like you, driven by animal lust, to understand true love. There is nothing I wouldn't do to be with James."

"And you trust Carson?" he asked incredulously.

"She's a patriot. Working in our country's best interests. Not a sadistic pervert who's found paradise, like you."

"Yes exactly, she is a patriot. And if it's in Britain's interests to abandon your boyfriend, she'd do it in a heartbeat. I, on the other hand, being more self-centred, am quite willing to reunite you with your soul-mate, now that it appears it's in my best interests. You only had to ask."

"I only had to..."

"Sure. Let me check a few details, and be back here, at say, four pm or thereabouts."

Mouth hanging open, Kerry watched as he pressed another button on his remote.

"Watch this. I've also got a pin-camera on the front of her collar," the ambassador crowed, happy as a normal person showing off a new Hi-fi, lap-top or mobile to a friend.

"Walk forward. Stop. Turn left. Little more. Stop. Walk forward," the ambassador commanded his blind sex-doll, watching her progress and guiding her with the small screen on his remote control.

Kerry decided the term sex-doll, until then just another Tit-world way of describing a slave-girl, had suddenly become frighteningly accurate, terrifyingly real.

"Stop. Stairs in front of you. Reach out for the handrail with your right hand. Walk down."

She had not noticed the camera, a small stud on the front of Sheila's collar until the ambassador pointed it out. Out of sight, the blind slave could not see where she was going, but he could! And he had threatened to do the same to her! Turn her into a remote controlled sex-doll! Sheila was effortlessly guided down into the courtyard and then marched like a puppet to the stable block below.

"There is a hose-pipe and wall mounted tap in front of you. Shove the hose

up your ass, and turn the tap full on," the ambassador ordered, then released his talk button.

He looked up with a grin, even Marie looking a bit flushed at this cruel display of total control. Or was that lust?

"Yeah, go have a look," he waved expansively.

Marie eagerly trotted off, Kerry following after a look from the ambassador told her his suggestion was more an order in her case. Through the corridor and into the office opposite, Marie was already hanging out of an open window. In the sun-washed courtyard below, the lovely waist-cinched blonde, quite oblivious to her nudity and a small audience of troopers and embassy staff, had obeyed her orders to the letter. Water gushed and spurted out of the remote controlled slave's back-passage around the black hose-pipe she'd forced deep into her own body. The unseeing sex-doll was bent forward from the waist, one hand on the wall in front of her for support, her udders swaying gently under her.

"Hard to believe she was ever a career-driven professional sometimes, eh?" Marie laughed.

The ambassador strolled in behind them and took a look for himself.

"Oops! Almost forgot. I think she should be allowed taste for this," he chuckled, and began giving Sheila further orders through the transmitter surgically implanted inside her skull.

Flourishing the remote control, he now pressed the fourth blue button. Commanded by a voice in her head she could neither turn off or ignore, agonising punishment or overwhelming pleasure just the touch of a button away, the former journalist was an obedient puppet. Below them, now with her arms neatly folded behind her back, Kerry watched as the ambassador guided the gorgeous sex-doll to stand in front of the watching men. Ordered to repeat his words aloud, she offered herself; blind, deaf, never seeing the men who squeezed and slapped her breasts, who thrust hands between her legs and who left handprints slapped onto her buttocks. Never saw the men whose cocks she publicly sucked. They came all over her face as well as in her mouth. Seven of them!

"I think I'll leave her sense of taste switched on for a half hour or so, so that

she can 'savour' the experience," the ambassador chuckled, clearly absolutely delighted with his big breasted, blonde, remote controlled, toy.

"Do you really need to turn her taste off?" Marie wondered.

"Oh yes. When I fuck her now, she experiences nothing but my touch. No sight, no sound, no taste. Just my hands on her, my body on top of hers, my tongue on her skin and my cock in her!"

"Can I play with her? Please?" Marie begged, looking down at the naked figure below.

"Sure," the ambassador grinned, handing over Sheila's remote control. "But put some wrist and ankle cuffs and a tit-chain on her. I'm just teasing her with freedom. I don't want her getting used to it."

Marie inspected the remote control with delight, a sadistic gleam in her eye. She caught Kerry's eye a moment, probably wishing Kerry was in the unfortunate Sheila's place, a helpless sex-doll for her to torment. In her own way, equally as angry as the ambassador, she clearly felt betrayed, discovering her new best friend was Ms Carson's spy.

"No more than three tit-shocks at once to get her attention; and six to punish her," the ambassador cautioned Marie. "I don't want her damaged. The doc at the French clinic told me that after a dozen or so jolts, a slave maddened with pain will sometimes scratch and tear at her own tits."

He nodded to Kerry as he left.

"See you at four."

Kerry wandered Londinium aimlessly, killing time until her afternoon appointment. Walking down city streets or just sitting in a park absently nibbling on a pastry she'd bought, there was no escape from the Slaveworld. Everywhere she went, whichever way she looked, there were sex-slaves being publicly enjoyed and abused. She'd managed to convince herself the British girls brought here - all natural submissives - were in their element, but poor Sheila's treatment could not be excused. Worse, the big-breasted sex-doll's degrading, total and cruel remote control, had actually turned her on.

Back at the embassy, the official limousine had been wheeled out, the ambassador waiting for her. He didn't say much, just held a door open for her. A little outside the city, an hour or so's drive, they pulled into the driveway of an elegant stately home. A pair of slave-girls strapped one on each side of the double doors, only their legs free, pushed the doors slowly open by walking backwards, then shuffled forward to swing them shut behind the two of them.

In the centre of the grand reception hall, a naked slave-boy in a leather hood was chained standing in a taut X, a cowbell looped over his straining erection. The ambassador patted the bell, making it chime. After a moment a middle aged noble couple appeared. Late middle age, fifty-five or so Kerry guessed, but probably actually twenty or more years older with the Slaveworld's youth treatment. She and the ambassador were expected, Kerry guessed again, the pair unlikely to be in the habit of answering the door-chime themselves normally.

"My Lord Ambassador. Welcome," the man said, confirming Kerry's surmise.

They were both looking at Kerry like she was....lunch? Or a puppy who had peed on the rug.

"So this is her?" the woman asked. "I was expecting more of an hour-glass figure. She's a bit plain."

"Small breasts and a touch skinny too," the man complained. "Everyone knows the British breed has...."

"A lush hour-glass figure and huge tits," the ambassador concluded. "Once you own her, if you want to put a bit of weight on her, the cosmetic work you choose to have done on her and how big you let her tits grow, are entirely up to you. But I assure you she's a British submissive, and her pedigree will say so. She'll be a bitch on heat, desperate to please, once you have a vet implant an aphrodisiac capsule in her!"

They were looking at her like a slave, Kerry realised.

"No one is implanting anything in me. I have diplomatic immunity. I've committed no crime here," she protested.

"Oh dear. I didn't think it would be allowed to speak," the lady said faintly.

"My dear Ambassador. Can't you gag it or something?" her husband added with an equally pained look.

"Not against her will, until the marriage has been consummated," he replied.

What!

"May I have a moment alone, to explain the facts of life? Peasant stock are sometimes a little slow on the uptake, and need things explaining twice," he told them.

"Yes, certainly," the distinguished looking lord replied, looking rather relieved.

His wife had been looking a bit faint, presumably overcome by the ordeal of being addressed directly by a member of the working class. It seemed Kerry had been stripped of her honorary title of Lady. They withdrew, inviting the ambassador to join them in the nearby drawing room when he was done.

She opened her mouth to - scream? - protest maybe, when the ambassador pulled the leather hood off the tightly secured slave-boy. James Burke, formerly of MI6, seconded to the Slaveworld Project, Codename Mr Turquoise and now listed MIA, blinked in the light. Her fiancé was naked, gagged, his body spread taut with winch-chains, and a cowbell swung from his swollen-to-bursting cock. Her mouth hung open as Jimmy met her eyes. He was gagged, could not speak to her, and she couldn't think of anything to say. She reached out a hand to touch, and then clenched her fist. Touching him like this would be too much like a lady groping a slave who had to placidly and without complaint, accept it.

"What do you mean, consummate the marriage? Marry who?" she finally managed to ask.

"Why, your true love here, of course. Incidentally he answers to Stallion now."

"You want me to marry Jimmy?" Kerry blurted.

Jimmy's eyes went wide with alarm, and he shook his head emphatically making protest noises behind his gag. The ambassador carelessly reached out and squeezed the captured secret agent's balls, Jimmy crying out in pain and

bucking in his chains.

"You marry him, then you automatically share his sentence. You know the law here. Married slaves have to be worked together and cannot be sold separately. And as a slave on this world, you'll be out of Carson's reach," the ambassador replied simply, as if Jimmy's genitals in his grip were of no importance.

"If you're that desperate to stop me talking to her, why don't you just have me killed?" she said bitterly.

The ambassador was clearly shocked. "I'm not a murderer! I just need to silence and get rid of you," he added candidly. "Without your sworn testimony at a disciplinary hearing, anything you've said to Carson is just hearsay."

"But..." she started to protest.

"But you have diplomatic immunity," he concluded for her. "I can actually revoke your immunity you know, but it would be counterproductive. If I put you on an auction block against your will, that would give Carson grounds to recall me, and the embassy staff would mutiny. They'd all be thinking if I can sell you as a slave, then I can sell them too!"

He tossed the cowbell onto a handy chaise longue, idly making Jimmy moan in helpless pleasure now, pumping the agent's cock with a firm grip.

"Stop that!" Kerry pleaded.

The ambassador looked down at his own hand in mock surprise.

"I bet he doesn't want me to stop. Did you ever take time to find out how they treat slave-boys here, or were you too fascinated by what they do to the slave-girls? The sluts are transformed into bitches on heat, easily whipped or fucked to orgasm after orgasm as you know, but the drugs they surgically implant in a toy-boy inhibit ejaculation."

He grinned at Kerry's look of dawning horror.

"Yeah! He can stay hard for hours, just a touch stimulates raging arousal, but he can't come until he's really desperate, probably no more than two or three

times a month. And as a doorbell, he probably doesn't get that much stimulation."

"So how about it? Married bliss? And you could end his torment right now. If he hasn't come already this week, the thrill of having you sucking on his cock might just do it for him."

"You're crazy if you ever imagined I'd agree to this!" she retorted.

"Am I? You said you loved him, would do anything to be with him. For better, for worse. For richer, for poorer. In sickness and in servitude, as they say here.

"I get what I want. You get what you said you wanted. And we invite your co-workers to the ceremonies, so they know everything is above board and on the up and up. Lots of witnesses that I didn't sell you off against your will."

"You are crazy," she whispered.

"All British slaves are youth treated now remember. You and your soul-mate, young together? Tempting?" he teased.

"That just means I'd be a slave longer!"

"True," he agreed, almost kindly, "but there's another reason you're going to do it. I hate that bitch Carson, but she's a good judge of slaveflesh. Can spot a submissive at fifty yards. You didn't just submit to her because she had what you wanted - the boy-toy here - you submitted because it's your nature."

"Rot!" Kerry protested.

"No? Your first day, Marie told me you were right at home here, that I didn't have to worry about you being Carson's spy. Her exact words; 'fitting in like only a true dominant or a true submissive ever could on this world.' But we both know a submissive can play a quite authentic dominant, don't we, Kerry? She just imagines herself in the place of the slave-girl. She does all the things she'd secretly like done to herself, to the slave. Kerry?"

"Yes," she whispered, not just answering, but agreeing to it all.

"Strip! On your knees," he ordered.

In a daze, Kerry obeyed. When he snapped handcuffs onto her wrists, securing her arms behind her, it just seemed right. In front of her watching boss - now her former boss she supposed - she licked up between Jimmy's balls, trailing her tongue up his shaft, and then let the twitching shaft slide into her mouth. The ambassador pulled the gag from Jimmy's mouth.

"I'll go and give your new soon-to-be owners the good news and leave you lovebirds to get re-aquainted," he said as he sauntered off to the drawing room.

"God Kerry, what are you doing here?" Jimmy managed between gasps of pleasure, his eyes a little glazed. "Why are you...?"

.....naked and bound, she finished for him in her head. She paused, looking up his body.

"I came looking for you," she said then resumed her sucking.

"You came to free me? Some sort of prisoner exchange?"

She let his cock slip out of her mouth a moment.

"No. British Intelligence has abandoned you."

"You found the money to buy me free yourself?"

He groaned as she took his cock deeper. Still working her lips up and down his rock-hard shaft, she shook her head. He didn't seem anywhere near coming.

"Kerry?"

"No, no money. I'm going to marry you. We'll be together for ever," she promised.

"No!" he protested, clearly terrified for her. You don't have any idea what it's like here; this world! I'm a legally owned sex-slave here. Those people you saw are my owners," he gasped.

His concern for her, his love, momentarily even overrode his need to come.

Kerry sucked his balls, slowly licking his twitching shaft to distract him before she let his throbbing organ slide back into her mouth. She was very aware of her bondage, her wrists secured behind her back; but didn't think she was going to be able to make him come. As she well knew, from observation as well as personal experience at the hands of Ms Carson, it was very difficult for a girl to make a man come without hands, just her mouth.

Her bound love was distracted though, bucking his hips forward to the limit of the chains holding him in a taut X. Thrusting his cock into her throat. She tried to swallow as deep as she could, tongue working hard. It wasn't enough. Lust could demonstrably derail his thoughts, but he got back on track eventually.

"Kerry, you can't stay here," Jimmy gasped.

"I can if I marry you."

He actually managed to twist his cock away from her mouth when she ducked forward.

"I won't let you do it. I love you," he managed.

"This isn't the first time I've been on my knees to be with you," she said softly. "Remember the games we used to play. You know I'm submissive."

"Kerry please!" he pleaded. "This is not a game. You don't know what these people are like. They might never let us have sex together after the wedding. I might have to whip you, chain you down for another man to fuck and then lick his come out of you. You might have to stand by our mistress's bed in chains with a serving tray, and watch while she has sex with me. You'll be the welcome mat for any guest to ride. They've got three teenage boys and two girls, and every one of them will want to fuck you senseless on their eighteenth birthday! Do you know what they do to British girls here? I'll say 'No' at the wedding!"

"If you want me to suck your cock again, you'll say yes," Kerry told him.

He managed to hold out for over two minutes by Kerry's count, before he whispered, "Yes."

The Lord and Lady of the house seemed much happier with her naked on her knees, wrists locked behind her and with a mouthful of cock when the three of

them finally returned. They were of course more than happy to go along with the ambassador's scheme, as they were getting an expensive, rare, British girl practically for free if Kerry voluntarily married the slave-boy they already owned. By law, after paying the Kennel Club's registration fees and sales tax, they would own her from the moment the marriage was consummated. A quick wedding would be easy to arrange the following day, the lady thought. Keen not to let her unexpected prize slip away.

Kerry was required to stay overnight to 'prove' her willingness to serve. To prove she was a genuine submissive who would say "Yes," if the Lord and Lady went to the trouble of arranging a wedding. The ambassador breezily assured Kerry the embassy staff would all be there for the ceremony.

Late that night, still naked, Kerry was still sucking, slavering on and licking Jimmy's cock. She knelt in a small cage on a padded mat, her wrist pulled up behind her and cuffed together over a top bar to keep her bent forward. She was exhausted, back, jaw and neck aching, finding it harder and harder to suck moisture into her mouth. The occasional tiny discharge - clear fluid, not semen - which leaked from Jimmy's penis when a particularly violent spasm jerked the hot, hard, vein-lined shaft in her mouth, kept the taste of male on her tongue.

Jimmy was in the next cage, thrusting his rampant cock through the bars into her mouth, his wrists also cuffed behind his back. In his hands he held the two-button controller that trailed wires to the twin shafts strapped into her, a simpler poor relation of the sophisticated remote control Sheila had been fitted with. The front invader was a vibrator, the butt-plug electrode studded to deliver electric shocks.

Kerry pulled away from her newly rediscovered fiancé's cock, a strand of slime trailing from her mouth to the shaft.

"Jimmy please! I'm exhausted," she pleaded.

Her desperate soul-mate gave her three shocks, blasts of agony deep inside her back passage, giving her a quick buzz with the vibrator to reward her when her lips closed over his cock again.

"Don't stop! Don't stop! I'm nearly there," he ordered, pleaded, promised.

He'd promised the same an hour ago! Jimmy gave her another couple of jolts

with the anal intruder to get her head bobbing faster, then buzzed her with the vibrator again, Kerry moaning in exhausted pleasure around the hot, hard, meat in her mouth. Naked on her knees in a cage, her cuffed wrists pulled up uncomfortably high behind her back, sometime - about two in the morning, when the still unnamed lord and lady who were to own her had wandered down in their dressing gowns for a final look at her before bed - she'd briefly wondered if she might not have made a horrible mistake in declaring she'd do 'anything' to be with her fiancé of Earth.

It had been a passing thought. Choking on a cock rammed hard down her throat, buzzed with the vibrator again, Kerry couldn't believe how lucky she was; she had found the place she truly belonged.

The enormous slave-heavy breasts, a surgically reduced waist and a magazine-cover model's face that were to come, bothered her no more than the prospect of permanent restraints and nudity, but she suspected Jimmy was going to hold her back a bit, reduce her auction value. The more she saw of him the more it was obvious the former secret agent was nothing special as a sex-toy, just an ordinary house-slave.

For herself, Kerry was firmly resolved to be a good girl, determined she would be a delight to own. She doubted she'd actually be given much choice in the matter, rather suspecting that when she got back from the clinic after cosmetic improvements, with a bar code and number tattooed on the underside of a breast and with the Slaveworld's powerful aphrodisiac surgically implanted in her - when her new owners used a branding iron to welcome her home, searing their initials into a buttock - she was going to be a superb example of the British breed; docile, desperate to please and masochistically insatiable.

But the thought was there.

CHAPTER 10

To MI6 officer, Georgina Carson's surprise, Prince Samuel's estate, rented under his assumed identity, Mr Crown, was just thirty miles away from the secret fallout shelter/command and control bunker, that now housed the remnants of her slave-school and the Slaveworld Contact Project's headquarters. Two formerly British girls she'd had under surveillance, both now supposed to be happily enslaved in the alternative reality, had led her to him. It had taken a couple of days to unravel his expertly crafted alias and identify the man, and then she'd allowed the prince another day to voluntarily get in touch before moving on to option two, kicking down his front door with the heavy mob.

She had responded to his invitation alone. No one would confirm or deny the existence of an agent to any old Tom, Dick and Harry who telephoned an Intelligence branch out of the blue, but if you insisted on leaving a message, the operator might then allow it would be 'reviewed' by an appropriate person. Slightly wary, the prince greeted her politely enough and invited her to join him for afternoon tea in the conservatory. A little cold for naked serving slaves on the patio today, he explained apologetically.

The two serving slaves, naked in collars, stiletto heels and waist-cinchers, were the same pair she'd had under surveillance. Honey was a former British police officer and she knew her well; she'd whipped, saddled and ridden the girl in her slave-school, before the ungrateful slut had defected on a Slaveworld mission. Precious was from before her time but she knew the girl's face and history from file pictures. One of the original Gate inventor's graduate students, answering to Jenny then, she had been enslaved as a reward for her work. The tall, powerful, hazel eyed girl - doe-eyed, with velvet skin and huge milk-heavy breasts - was even more magnificent in the flesh than in her photographs.

Both were hobbled, Honey with handcuffs secured to a tightly locked tongue-clamp with a length of chain. At rest, the chain running down between her ample breasts held her hands at waist height. Precious's tongue clamp had two chains, one looped back over each shoulder, her arms crossed behind her back, cuffed wrists pulled up high. A screw-down breast-clamp consisting of two horizontal

wooden planks trapped her over-large breasts, and the end of a Y-shaped tube screwed down on each nipple trailed into a milk jug. To prevent them straying, both sex-toys trailed a secured chain along the floor behind them, padlocked to the base of some sort of butt-plug projecting from their bodies.

"Honey. Another scone," she ordered.

Prince Samuel was close enough, could have passed the tray, but she hardly expected him to stretch when they had a slave ready to fulfil their every whim. The lovely little blonde stepped promptly forward, her restraint making her bend forward from the waist, large, heavy, breasts trailing across the table. Ms Carson slid a hand under one, hefting the firm whip-marked globe in her palm. Lash welts also decorated the girl's beautiful haunches.

Experienced slaves, both were perfectly docile when groped or teased. But unlike Precious, with whom she had no history, the lush blonde toy was a little - wary was not quite the word - but more aware of her than the tall dairy slave. The Slaveworld's cosmetic surgeons had used a light touch, the lovely sex-object now a genuine blonde after genetic modification, with a dramatic hour-glass figure, still recognisably the same top-heavy brunette that Ms Carson had once so thoroughly enjoyed breaking in and obedience training; but she was now deliciously, wide-eyed, lip-parted, cute. She let a fingernail trail along a whip-line curving over the firm swell of a bar-coded buttock.

"Punishment or pleasure?" she asked.

"A little of both," the off-world prince said carelessly. "She takes good whip."

"She seems a little leggier than I remember."

"Probably. Blondie! Did the clinic stretch your leg bones?"

The former police officer, naked, trailing a chain from her ass and with her wrists handcuffed to her clamped tongue, nodded placidly. The girl gave a little squeak of distress when Ms Carson gave the chain-trailing butt-plug a curious tug.

"Twist the ring on the plug base, and blunt, downward-facing, spikes fold out. A bit uncomfortable, but they do no damage inside her. Try to pull it out however...." Prince Samuel left the sentence hanging.

"Rip her a new one, I think is the phrase," Ms Carson laughed.

Honey's cuff-chain was not long enough to reach the turn-ring that would fold in the spikes on her plug, she saw, and Precious' hands folded high up behind her back were even further out of range. Raised with slaves all about, owning them from eighteen, the Slaveworld nobility were endlessly skilled and cruelly ingenious in their treatment of slaves, even when just restraining a serving girl.

Prince Samuel reached up for the butterfly screw on the centre of Precious' breast clamp and gave it a couple of turns. The hazel-eyed brunette whimpered in pain as her milk-heavy breasts were squeezed even tighter, her eyes closed and her back arched, a trickle of milk dripping down the tubes fitted over her nipples and dropping into the milk-jug. The prince ran a finger through her sex-lips, tasting her, before topping up his tea. He settled back, cradling the cup in both hands.

"I'm curious. Did you know where I was before I got in touch?" the man asked her.

Ms Carson nodded to herself. He was sharp.

"I knew. We spotted these two coming through the airport. We've had them under surveillance ever since," she grudgingly admitted.

Honey's eyes flicked her way without much surprise, the girl perhaps half-suspecting she'd been followed. Georgina had had to pull every string, call in every favour, and now owed many more, to get that tail. Resources were badly stretched countering possible terrorist threats these days. Perhaps in retrospect the tail had been a mistake! Some influential voices had suggested the whole Project be shut down, the personnel assigned somewhere where they'd be more useful.

"I'll have to punish them," he decided matter-of-factly

"May I help with Precious?" she asked. "I haven't had the pleasure yet."

"She's yours. Feel free to give her a ride if you like. She's a wonderful fuck," he replied in the same careless tone.

Ms Carson reached out and gave the screw on the tall slave's breast-clamp a couple more turns. The beautiful girl cried out softly in distress, eyes closed, tossing back her shiny copper-tinted dark hair and involuntarily stamping a foot as more milk was painfully squeezed out of her huge tits.

Of the practicalities of returning the prince to his own world, Ms Carson suggested Samuel's return would be best kept secret until the last moment. She suggested he write a letter she could have delivered by courier, direct to his parents, so that bodyguards were waiting the moment he stepped through the Gate. The prince had now identified a Lady Kattrena as one of those responsible for stranding him here, but her accomplices, if desperate enough now the prince's potential assassins, remained unidentified.

After a phone call to stand down her back-up, the topic of conversation was almost inevitably of relations between their two very different realities. To her surprise, despite apparently successful diplomacy, their views were convergent; though for different reasons. Prince Samuel wanted the link between them severed because he feared any contact with their culture would eventually contaminate his own society's social order. For her own part, Ms Carson was just unwilling to see any more British girls sold on Slaveworld auction blocks. It offended her sense of right and wrong.

"Then we agree," the prince mused, surprised.

"Both our worlds would probably be better off without the other," she cautiously agreed.

"And I will soon be in a position of authority, while I believe you now have temporary control of your world's contact project?" he continued suggestively.

No more needed to be said on the subject - there was no point until the prince was returned to his own land - and on a related topic, they turned to the problem of what to do with his captive scientists. The prince's speculative look, his little half smile, told her he realised she was testing their future relationship.

The full collection was assembled. Four naked slaves were hog-tied in a row on the dining table. Summer, the girl he'd brought with him from home, and Hayley, his first British girl, the bio-chemist he'd enslaved and tricked into making the Slaveworld aphrodisiac and other useful drugs, to better control future captives and Hayley herself. The other two he labelled Maria and Sydney,

Americans recruited to build the Gate he no longer needed.

The remaining four, captives not sex-slaves the prince explained, were called Kathy Jane, Gemma - more Americans - and Shabnam and Sam. Sam wore a clinging red latex catsuit, one of the other three wore stockings and suspenders, two wore bras, one a basque. No panties. All four were on their knees, sitting on their heels with a ball and chain resting between spread thighs. The most comfortable way for a girl with a ball and chain padlocked to a ring set through her clitoris to sit!

Ms Carson and the prince explained the situation together. The Gate was no longer required, but any girl who wished to could still accompany him to the Slaveworld. There, as Enemies of the State, they would be sentenced to up to forty years of slavery, without appeal. On completion of their sentence, if they could not return home to this Earth for some reason, they would then be given university scholarships, joining a small but comfortable middle-class, university graduates and their children exempt from slavery.

The demands of secrecy meant that British Intelligence might have to keep those who today chose to remain on Earth, in protective custody until such time as it was certain they would not talk, or the Project was public, Ms Carson concluded.

"Just this once, you get to choose your life," the prince told them. "Speak freely."

"Master?" Kathy Jane asked. "Will you keep us; or will we be sold? Auctioned?"

"Haven't thought about it," he replied off-hand.

The girls exchanged glances and nudges. After a moment's silence there was another hesitant voice.

"Master?"

"Summer?" the prince asked, clearly surprised.

"Please may I stay here?"

"I wasn't exactly including you in the offer. Why?"

"I'm just a farm girl. And when you're finished with me, I go back to being a farm girl. But here...! Do you remember when you had me dance naked in those clubs? The way men drooled and fawned over me when I was posing as your girlfriend? I know I'll never be as good a sex-slave as any of these British girls, but I can be special here."

Prince Samuel cocked his head, then nodded.

"You've been useful to me. Why not." He turned to Ms Carson. "Can you set her up an identity, arrange a flat and a bank account? I'll provide funds. I suspect she'll quickly be self-supporting, once she's done a few page-three spreads and the like."

Ms Carson grinned. "Consider it done."

"Last offer. Anybody else want their freedom?"

The captives exchanged looks again, Kathy Jane nudging Sam who shook her head. Finally, Sydney, lying naked on her belly, tightly hog-tied on the dining table, raised her head.

"Master?"

"Sydney?"

The prince sounded even more surprised than he had when Summer had piped up. Certainly the girl looked every inch a natural slave to Ms Carson's experienced eye.

"Before we go to your world, can you have Precious explain to us how the Gate works. We've been working really hard, and we don't even know if our theories are close, let alone on the right track."

Sam murmured agreement, other girls nodding.

"You may," Prince Samuel graciously allowed.

"Master?" Kathy Jane asked again.

"Something else?" the prince asked, a slight edge in his tone now.

"If I'm to be sold, may I be permitted to serve you first. To properly apologise for trying to escape," the American girl asked. "Just once?"

"Me too!" Shabnam blurted.

Prince Samuel was smiling again. "Love that accent," he commented aside to Ms Carson.

The captive graduate student, on her knees with a ball and chain padlocked to her ring-set clitoris, bit her lip, looking up with big wide trusting eyes.

"Perhaps once," he allowed.

Georgina enjoyed a wonderful afternoon with Precious. The prince was right; the big powerful girl was a superb ride

After an exhausting night sucking Jimmy's cock - he never did come - the embassy limousine returned Kerry to the embassy for the last time, to collect her bridesmaids and guests. The ambassador had been adamant her co-workers should be there to witness her big day. Inevitably, after they got over their surprise, Kerry's former friends were fascinated by her decision to marry into slavery. Her girlfriends especially, were by turns enthralled, contemptuous and horrified by the lengths to which she'd gone, was willing to go, to be with the man she loved. By her total commitment to true love! Just like in a movie.

Unlike Marie, her co-workers seemed, on the whole, not to feel especially betrayed by her deception, discovering she'd been spying for Ms Carson, and had entered into the problem of her wedding dress with gusto; raiding the slave-block's wardrobes.

Wedding dress was a bit of a misnomer, Kerry discovered. It would be more accurate to say her former friends' energies were directed with enthusiasm, to

how she would be dressed for her wedding. Surprising enthusiasm really. Kerry, remembering the ambassador's claim that Ms Carson was able to spot a submissive at fifty yards, couldn't help but wonder about one or two of her pretty young colleagues. Not that anyone looked like coming out of the closet as a submissive just yet.

Kerry was ordered to stand naked and still with her hands folded behind her head as various sexy, bizarre and some downright fetishistic items of clothing were held against her body. She obediently modelled a selection, blushing when Marie pointed out her swollen nipples, stroking fingers up between her sex-lips and matting her pubic hair. The problem was, she was not yet a slave, could not be paraded about naked. But she was about to become one; she became legally owned property the moment the marriage was consummated; the moment her love took her on the altar, in front of the assembled guests!

Everyone was at least agreed that it should be a white wedding, and while she was asked again and then again if she was really going to do it, to go through with it - to let them put a brand on her, to put a collar around her neck! - none of her one-time friends and co-workers thought to ask her opinion on what she'd like to wear. They were already starting to see her as a sex-toy! Jane wondered aloud what colour her owners would dye her eyes and if she would be given the high cheekbones and sulky pout so many British girls now sported? Wondered what colour her longer, thicker, shiny hair would be?

"Does it matter?" Mark asked.

Kerry bit her lip, face burning hot now, as Mark continued callously.

"With huge tits and a wasp-waist, even in a hood she'll be utterly gorgeous."

Under Annette's leadership they tried to squeeze her into a white latex-type catsuit. Squeeze being the word! She had to wear a corset, the thing tailored for a standard British slave-girl, then the catsuit was rejected the moment they got her into it. The bust did not cling as it should, hanging loose in unattractive folds. A white mesh bodystocking which displayed everything she had to the world was deemed not weddingy enough, and a white silk chinese-collar cocktail dress - barely covering her crotch and clinging to her body so tightly that her nipples and her navel, and even the mole on her right breast, were visible - was rejected as too demure.

Kerry thought she'd looked quite pretty in both. Finally surrendering to the submissive nature she'd so carefully hidden from everyone except Jimmy, was wonderfully liberating. She made no move or sound of protest when hands wandered, even when Mark, casually resting a hand on her backside, thrust a thumb into her anus. She realised that Ruth, now quite happily renamed Glory, must have felt this thrilling mix of humiliation and delight when she found herself in the presence of former friends from the Realworld. The time she and Marie had teased and tormented the formerly shy vicar's daughter, more vivid than ever in her memory.

And after her wedding, even if she had no further contact with the embassy staff, she was going to be used, abused and enjoyed, in chains - fucked and punished! - in front of poor sweet Jimmy; probably every day! A prized sex-object, rare and expensive, inevitably she was going to be frequently on display; shared, borrowed and hired out, maybe with Jimmy even holding her lead! She sometimes felt she should pinch herself.

Eventually her former friends settled on a white satin basque and a matching thong. The thong was a bit tight, probably a size too small, cupping and making her sex-lips bulge. With white stockings and a flowing pleated floor-length translucent lace skirt, the committee were agreed she made a lovely and deliciously leggy soon-to-be slave bride. Even in her darkest fantasies Kerry had never contemplated walking down the aisle like this. She'd fantasised about being tied to her wedding bed often enough, but the Big Day was sacrosanct.

But the real Earth was no longer her home. In time, thirty years or so, if her own world didn't want her back, she would reluctantly become a citizen of Tit-world! A world whose sexually degenerate rulers were without honour, decency or mercy, enjoying the lavish wealth the sweat of others paid for. She'd told herself she was doing it for Jimmy, at first. But realistically, the chance to spend those intervening thirty years as a real slave, with or without him, made Slaveworld citizenship a bargain she was more than willing to accept.

She knew she was smart enough to complete a university degree on release, exempting any of her children from slavery. And if her offspring were really bright or inventive, they could buy a commission in the RSP or a household regiment; and own their own sex-slaves. Or, Kerry realised with sudden disquiet, they might deliberately take a career outside the safe Slaveworld middle class, and expose themselves to the auction block. Was sexual submission hereditary?

Her daughters might be pony-girls!

Only if they wanted to be, she decided, mind really already made up. She could hardly be expected to live her life for children not even born yet, could she? No! Others did, but she just wasn't that selfless. She would have Jimmy, and she would have her fantasies brought vividly to life. The breathless, quite delicious thrill she experienced just imagining having an owner, the raging heat in her groin, allowed no other choice.

As neither Kerry or her already enslaved fiancé had strong religious convictions, her new, soon-to-be mistress had arranged a hasty marriage ceremony for that afternoon in her local temple of Venus. The Goddess of Love! The temple was circular with a domed roof, ringed with white marble columns and cupped in two semi-circular outbuildings. The outer wall looked like it was made of fused glass.

Final preparations were made to Kerry's wedding dress in one of the semi-circular outbuildings. Giving the guests time to settle themselves; and time for her groom to be chained to the altar. Finally, an acolyte in a flowing blue and gold trimmed robe announced all were seated and asked Kerry's two self-appointed bridesmaids if they were ready.

"With you in a second," Marie assured her.

With a malicious smile Marie ordered Kerry to bend forward with her legs spread and holding her ankles. The acolyte, no older than any of them, watched with a faintly amused smile. Clearly this wasn't her first slave wedding. Marie pushed a small tube-shaped battery pack into her unsuspecting anus, causing a moment of brief unexpected pain. She bit down her whimper. The battery's cord was hidden under the strap of her thong, the attached vibrator pad then pushed up into the front of her panties. Marie pulled her upright with her hair, Kerry obediently folding her hands behind her neck, finding herself gasping helplessly as Marie stroked a hand down her stomach and into her panties, squeezing the device to turn it on. Kerry uttered a strangled moan, staggered a pace with a soft gasp as a tremor ran up her spine. The throbbing device didn't actually penetrate, it just lay between her spread sex-lips, held in place by the pouch of her thong, turning her womb into jelly. Her half-erect nipples which had softened during the journey sprang up hard and swollen again, and she knew in moments she would be wet. Marie's smile became broader as humiliated tears welled in Kerry's eyes.

She was going to be made to walk down the aisle wearing a vibrator!

But she was not yet a slave; she could not be bound in public.

The inventive Annette had arrived at a solution that allowed Kerry complete freedom of movement, right up until the moment she said, "I do!". Broad white leather cuffs were locked around her wrists, ankles and waist. A gold chain swinging loosely from each of her wrist cuffs ran through what looked like a pair of broad, thick polished steel rings at the back of the belt. A second pair of chains from each ankle cuff ran up through a similar pair of rings on either side of the belt. The shiny devices actually contained ratchets. The fine chains could only be pulled one way through them; tighter!

Marie and Annette would walk behind and to either side of her like traditional bridesmaids, but each holding a pair of chains instead of her train. She was aware of the chains, the weight of metal swinging from wrists and tugging at her ankles - just decoration for now, not yet restraints - and it thrilled her. Or perhaps it was just the buzzing vibrator; which already had her dripping wet. One gold chain was already taut, from her collar to the back of the belt, forcing her to keep her head up proudly.

Not really a restraint, Annette had argued; more a posture control. Heels tip-tapping on a checkerboard pattern of rose-quartz and grey marble tiles, she obediently started forward when Marie called out, "Giddy up!" and gave the chains she held a flick; as if setting a pony-girl in motion with reins. There was a male-voice choir out of sight somewhere, or a recording. Seeing her friends turning to watch her walk down the aisle, she felt herself flush scarlet again.

Inside the temple was a second ring of pillars, polished black granite this time, circular tiers of seats leading down to the altar. The two openings, one an entrance and one an exit, were opposite each other; steps leading in and down, around the altar to the steps leading up and out. The roof was a clear glass dome with no visible supports. Stepping down the stairs that cut into the descending tiers of seats, the vibrator throbbing and buzzing against her pussy shifted position, pulled back and forth across her engorged clitoris on the tether-cord running under her to the battery-pack that so shamefully filled her back passage.

She felt hot, dirty - no, she felt wonderfully stuffed! - the cord pulled ever harder between her sex-lips with every step also tormenting her. The fifth step was the tipping point! Kerry staggered, uttering a shamed cry of delight that she just couldn't quite smother as a shattering and long overdue orgasm hit her.

Her collar put pressure on her throat as shame instinctively made her try to lower her head. Fortunately none of them could see her face. Instead of a veil, she had been fitted with a form-fitting white plastic mask that covered her face. Peasant girls in the English Kingdom hid their faces from view right up until the moment they were enslaved. The custom ensured pretty girls were not the first suspect in any crime, were not deliberately targeted by lawsuits, and allowed the slave who had once been led naked and dildo-filled through her own village on a collar and lead, a measure of anonymity when her sentence was up. The mask was broken only by nostril and eye holes and Kerry had to hold it in place with a penis shaped mouth-piece, effectively gagging herself. As she could spit the thing out and drop the mask any time she wished, it also didn't count as a restraint.

James was waiting at the altar in a body-harness that secured his arms and wrists at his sides, a bit between his teeth. A length of chain clipped to a strap buckled tight around the base of his cock and balls secured him to an edge of the raised altar, a second chain securing his ankle cuffs to a ring set in the floor behind him holding him in place. The huge shaft she'd spent practically all last night sucking - definitely now bigger than the rod she remembered from when they'd been lovers back on the real Earth; slave-boys sometimes improved as well as girls - was swollen harder than ever. Somehow she suspected her groom hadn't been renamed Stallion for the harness and bit he was fitted with.

The priestess was clearly a little curious as to what was going on, this obviously not being the usual peasant marriage, but ran through the ceremony with brisk efficiency. No doubt told to get on with it. No one present offered any just cause why the two of them should not be wed, and the acolyte removed Jimmy's bit and Kerry's mask. He unconsciously licked his lips when he saw her face, his cock twitching as his eyes roamed over body, lingering on the buzzing bulge in her panties; but still his gaze said she could say no when their eyes met. She loved him all the more for that moment, consoling herself with the knowledge that whatever guilt and responsibility he felt for her, surely already fading after yesterday, would quickly disappear entirely once he realised just how little his being a slave was the cause of her own enslavement.

Her soon-to-be-owners were watching with open delight, a disturbing but arousing mixture of avarice and lust. Her former co-workers had mostly produced digital cameras and camcorders, the ambassador looking very satisfied with himself. And the chains, swinging loose across her outer thighs were slowly rising, her bridesmaids slowly taking in the slack. Her hands were still clasped loosely in front of her, but she suspected she wouldn't be able to hold them out full stretch now.

Jimmy said, "I do!" without hesitation when asked.

He clearly couldn't wait to see her chained to the altar, to ram his cock into her, good intentions warring with desperate lust. He was probably going to find her more attractive still, naked in chains and gag, when the cosmetic surgeons had done their work, she thought. She found herself hoping her soon-to-be owners would let him ride her at least once in a while, but she rather suspected it would never occur to those cruel arrogant aristocrats that a sex-slave might ever be deserving of a little kindness.

The haughty looking lady stepped forward with what looked like a black rubber ball, secured to a small sharp-jawed clamp with a short length of chain. As Kerry watched with fascinated horror, Jimmy obediently held his mouth open, the clamp allowed to close on his tongue and the ball then pushed into his mouth. The aristocrat stepped back and the priestess turned to Kerry.

"Do you, Kerry Meadows, take this slave, to be your lawful wedded husband. For better, for worse? For richer, for poorer? In sickness and in servitude? In the name of all the Gods we hold dear?"

The chains linking her wrists to the rear of her belt were slowly being pulled tighter, pulling her hands behind her back. Only a little slack now, and still the vibrator, now out of reach, tormented her, pushing her towards orgasm again. She was dripping wet!

"I do," she moaned helplessly.

Practically before the words were even out of her mouth, her new mistress stepped forward, another ball-gag at the ready. Reluctantly, Kerry forced herself to hold out her tongue, gasping in pain as sharp spring-loaded metal teeth closed on it. She discovered why the ball-gag needed no straps once it was in her mouth. Rubber coated on the outside so she could bite down on it if punished,

the ball was very heavy, probably with a steel core. She didn't dare spit it out. Didn't even want to imagine what the clamp would do to her tongue if yanked on by that weight of steel!

"Clerk!" the lady barked.

A mousy little man in a threadbare suit, looking very out of place, hurried forward.

"Mark her!"

"But my Lady! Doesn't she"

Perhaps he'd been foolhardy enough to be about to suggest the marriage had not yet been consummated. An outraged bellow silenced him.

"Don't you dare back-talk my wife, you jumped up little paper-pusher," Kerry's new master barked. "Do it now!"

The man touched a device to Kerry's belly, to the right of the line between navel and pussy, just above the top of her thong. Her wrist cuffs clicked as they touched, locked firmly together behind her back now. A little warning tug, reminded her to remain still and in place. Kerry's head jerked up with a cry of gag-muffled pain as a ripple of hot pain licked across her belly. Blinking away tears, aware of Jimmy's hungry eyes still on her, after a moment she realised she'd been bar-coded and numbered. A permanent tattoo, liquid metal, not ink, so that it would not fade.

Most British girls had their bar-code on the underside of the breast and she'd expected the same, but marking her before her breasts were grown larger would then stretch a breast tattoo. And her new owners just couldn't wait to get their mark on her, Kerry realised. Were probably worried, even now, the deal might not go through.

Kerry remained motionless as her new master cut away her fetishistic wedding ensemble. He ripped away her thong leaving her standing in just the white leather belt, collar and cuffs, the vibrator, moist with her juices, falling away to hang buzzing between her thighs. Swinging back and forth, still suspended from the battery pack rammed into her back passage!

At his command, Jimmy, arms still bound but now released from ankle and cock chains, eagerly shuffled up to the low altar, bending forward from the waist to lie on the polished black granite and then rolled onto his back. He remained obediently in place while he was secured. Kerry's new mistress guided her forward with a none too gentle handful of hair, her hands secured tight to the back of her belt now. She put one knee up on the cool stone and hopped up, her audience of co-workers and her new owners' friends and relatives shuffling closer now. The vibrator still hanging from the power-lead trailing from her anus buzzed harshly on the altar's surface until someone silenced it.

Still wet - so wet! - she straddled her now legally wedded husband's thighs, his eager cock twitching just millimetres away from her belly. Both of them waiting for the command to engage in what would not only be very public intercourse, but for what might be the one and only time they were permitted to have sex while owned. The chains linking her ankle cuffs to the one-way ratchet rings on each side of the belt were no longer slack, now pulled taut and keeping her in a kneeling position.

"You may begin," her new owner told her.

Mark was in front of her with a camera-phone, Annette to the side with a camcorder; in fact all but one of her former colleagues, the ambassador, were now looking through some sort of viewing lens or screen. Mortified, but excited and very hot - the vibrator had done its work - she pushed up onto her knees, her master casually grabbing her husband's swollen-to-bursting cock, his free hand in the small of her back, and feeding the veined purple shaft into her. With a plug still in her ass - thanking God Ms Carson had taught her to take double penetration without fuss - Kerry cried out in soft delight as the hard, hot, rod of meat slid into her body.

Eyes closed, she was still a second, savouring the moment. Astride the man she loved, the man she'd sacrificed so much to be with, Jimmy arching his body up off the alter to thrust his cock right up into her, to the limit; delight, lust and shame warred within her. She was Jimmy's wife now, and more, she was a legally owned sex-slave. With owners, a bar-code on her body - soon a brand, and a pedigree and certificate of ownership - and no one could take either away from her!

The chain taut down her spine, pulling her collar against her throat kept her

sitting neatly upright. A breast was grabbed, cold metal touching around her nipple. She looked down just as her new mistress pulled a trigger on the device. Kerry cried out in gag-muffled pain, back arched and inadvertently thrusting herself down harder onto her husband's shaft. Her pain was cause for his gasp of pleasure. The Lady ignored them both, wiping away a tiny bead of blood and slipping a ring through the hole she'd punched in the base of Kerry's nipple and snapping it closed.

She tried to twist away from the device, a second ring waiting to be fitted, but a cruel grip on her breast, fingers twisting flesh white, yanked her back into place. Crying out in rising pain, a woman twice her age seemingly trying to twist her breast off her chest, Kerry forced herself to hold still as the punch was fitted over her free nipple, tears welling in her eyes. Jimmy's cock flexed inside her, his gaze on her rapt as he watched her fitted with nipple rings. Once again there was a loud click from the punch when the Lady pulled the trigger, Kerry again bucking on her man's cock to the accompaniment of softer camera clicks.

Gasping for breath around the heavy steel ball in her mouth, her collar tight across her throat, naked and helpless with her wrists secured behind her and her ankles secured with lengths of chain to the sides of her cruelly tight belt at either side, she was fitted with a second nipple-ring. Filled front and back with cock and plug, painfully aware of her clamped tongue, Kerry watched a little dazed as the lady clipped a length of chain to each new nipple-ring and moved to the head of the altar. The throbbing discomfort of newly pierced nipples flared into agonising pain when the impromptu leads were given an experimental tug.

Her wail of protest was cut off by a shocking blaze of pain across both buttocks, the air driven from her lungs. Head whipping around to see her new master raising a riding crop again, she nearly dropped the steel ball-gag! She tried to twist away, another agonising nipple-yank making her face forward, while another whip stroke, then another, caused her to buck and squirm on her bound and gagged husband's shaft all the more. Caught between her new master's whip and her new mistress's nipple pulls, astride her husband, just as she was helplessly caught between pain and pleasure, her gag muffling her distressed cries, Kerry realised Jimmy was gasping with uninhibited pleasure behind his gag as she squirmed, bucked and twisted on him. As she was tortured! Her audience pushed closer.

Her rhythm was controlled by whip and the chains clipped to her nipples, but

Jimmy under no such constraint thrust up hard into her. She came again, throwing her head back with a silent cry, pussy in spasm around Jimmy's shaft, but her torment did not stop. Braided leather left another line across her whip-burnt scarlet buttocks and Jimmy was as hard as ever inside her! Somewhere in the back of her mind another tick was added to a metal check-list. She was subject to real slavery now, not play, and the game wasn't over until her owners said so.

Only when she was sweat-gleaming, sobbing, tears on her cheeks, gasping in pure lust at each and every crack of the whip now, did her new mistress crack open a small ampoule under Jimmy's nose. Gasping for breath, her collar pulling tighter still as she bucked and twisted, drooling around her gag, she barely noticed, but the effect was almost instantaneous. An antidote to the drug that kept him permanently hard; that prevented him from coming! Her husband cried out as he came, body arched up to the limit of his bonds, finally permitted the release he'd been denied for days, perhaps weeks.

Kerry couldn't help herself now, still thrusting her hips back and forth, up and down, until the stinging blaze of a whip-stroke across her belly, the crop then under her chin holding her head up to meet her master's eye informed her she was trying her lord's patience. Stunned, panting, but still aroused, still cock impaled but not on quite such a hard shaft now, she realised she was nowhere near sated; wanted more. And they hadn't even treated her with the Slaveworld's frighteningly powerful aphrodisiac yet! Discussing her, some already scrolling through the pictures they had taken, her former friends and the aristocrats' guests filed out.

The clerk was ordered forward again, to take her fingerprints, a blood sample and to scan her irises. He worked without complaint now the marriage had been consummated, holding out a scan-pad for Kerry's new owners to sign, and then e-mailed her registration to the Kennel Club. Finally he printed them a hardcopy certificate of ownership on his lap-top/case. She was signed, sealed and delivered now. No going back.

The priestess was thanked for the service, and alone at last, her new owners were free to see to their own needs. Kerry was pulled from Jimmy and flipped onto her back, still hog-tied with her wrists and ankles secured to her belt. She could feel the torrent of come Jimmy had pumped into her dripping from her sex. Administered another drug, Jimmy, like the obedient Stallion he now was,

was hard again in moments. Settling himself on top of her, he had his cock in to the hilt again in moments.

Her gag pulled from her mouth, lying bound on the altar of Venus, Kerry had just time to see her new master, now naked and kneeling behind her husband - spreading his buttocks! - before her new mistress settled herself onto her face. She hoped the couple who now owned her would take the time to introduce themselves at some point, so that she'd know what to call them, even if just in her head. But clearly they had other things on their minds.

The unnamed aristocrat sitting on her face squirmed down harder as Kerry's obedient tongue worked deeper into her sex, half smothering her. Then the weight of her new husband lying on top of her was doubled, making breathing harder still. With disbelief she realised her new master was buggering her husband, as he in turn rode her! Only twenty minutes a slave, and already her wildest imaginings had been exceeded.

What followed left little time for thought.

Returning to the embassy, the ambassador permitted himself a moment of satisfaction, imagining Carson's reaction when she discovered her agent was now a slave, and quite out of her reach. With his staff gleefully speculating as to what Kerry's two new owners were putting her through now that they had a bit of privacy, it was a happy and boisterous group the two rented mini-vans returned to the embassy that evening. He'd rather enjoyed the ceremony himself.

And getting rid of the treacherous little whore, putting a collar around her neck, had gone even better than he'd expected. He hadn't wanted to alienate or frighten his staff; especially the girls, all of them now very well aware of just how sought after and increasingly prized British slave-girls were in this reality. But watching Kerry, apparently quite voluntarily sacrificing her freedom for love, without coercion, had lulled them. Enchanted them!

Probably best not to let slip out the information that over the previous weeks

he'd been approached by more than one noble with designs on his young female staff. The polite but candidly offered bribes - subtlety not a strong point of the Slaveworld's aristocracy - to the man who had the power to revoke their diplomatic immunity, were often accompanied by the suggestion he could then hand the staff member over to local justice for some imagined crime or other. He'd had a rather good offer for Marie just yesterday, and the amounts being hinted at for the chance to own pretty little Annette, made his mouth water.

It was tempting, but the opportunity probably wasn't going to arise; bad news having reached him that morning. Raft had killed himself in a stupid road accident, McCloud on hearing the news was now in hospital with chest pains, and Carson, her immediate superiors suddenly removed, had temporary control of the Contact Project. He would be very surprised indeed if she did not make removing him from his post her first act. It was very frustrating! Another six months and he'd have eased her out and taken the number three slot himself; ready to take over. Just six months, and one day the Gate, the embassy, all contact with the Slaveworld, could have been under his control.

He sighed.

It wasn't all bad. He'd already smuggled his gold back into the real world, bar by bar, his finder's fee for procuring African girls paid in gold bullion. And his youth treatment, tomorrow, was approved and paid for. So if Carson sacked him, he had a long, healthy and financially comfortable life to look forwards to; but God, he was going to miss the sex-slaves. Six months, he thought in disgust. Another six months, and he'd have been Carson's superior.

Back in the city a couple of staff members were dropped off at their digs, but most spilled out of the mini-vans into the embassy courtyard. The imported slaves he'd perhaps unwisely snatched from Carson's clutches, were going to get a hard workout tonight. Watching Kerry's marriage being consummated had been quite stimulating.

The Captain of the embassy's courtesy Royal Security Police guard, either inspecting his men or attracted by the commotion in the courtyard, saw him and made his way over.

"Good evening, My Lord Ambassador. Your staff seem in good spirits."

"Yes, a rather interesting day," he agreed. "All well here?"

"Yes My Lord. HQ has confirmed an armed escort of six of the Queen's personal troopers will be here to meet your Lady Carson and her party a half hour before they come through the Gate at 9.00 am tomorrow. I've told my men to be on their toes."

"What!"

"Is something wrong, My Lord?"

"No, no, no," the ambassador assured him, scrambling to collect his scattered wits. The bitch was moving to arrest him anyway!

"To tell the truth I'd quite forgotten that was tomorrow. Best go and put my tails and sash out ready, eh?"

The captain chuckled along with him, falling into step.

"I just want to tell you again My Lord, how grateful I am for your finding the time to give my daughter driving lessons, for actually letting her drive a British girl. That big titted blonde is superb. Andrea's having the time of her life. You should hear her chatter on afterwards. 'I did this to her and I did that!'"

"Oh, think nothing of it," the ambassador said airily, mind elsewhere.

"It's a proud day for any father, you know, to see his little girl, all grown up, driving her first pony-girl down the road," the captain continued obliviously. "But I never let myself dream she'd get to strap a dildo and plug into such a superb animal, to whip such beautiful firm haunches! Andrea's friends are green with envy."

"Yes, seeing Sheila used in the manner she deserves gives me a great deal of pleasure," he responded absently.

Dammit, dammit, dammit to hell, he snarled in his thoughts, long years in the diplomacy game keeping his expression and tone mild. So close! Losing access to the Slaveworld was bad enough, but his youth treatment was scheduled for tomorrow morning. No way was he going to let Carson take an extra twenty-five to thirty years of life away from him!

Maintaining a conversation with Andrea's father on auto-pilot - "Yes, British

stock make superb and very docile sex-toys" - he looked desperately for a way out.

Try to claim asylum? He had no guarantee it would be granted now that Carson was the Project's head honcho. He'd done the Royal family and the Kingdom's justice system more than one favour, but he'd have nothing further to offer them if he was stripped of his office. Gratitude was often a poor currency in his experience, and he had to ask himself, had he accrued enough of it to be worth making an enemy of Earth's new representative? The fact that Queen Victoria herself was providing Carson with men was ominous. You don't need goons for a friendly chat.

As well, even if Queen Victoria wasn't throwing him to the wolves, she might be a bit hard to get hold of on short notice at the moment. Practically every noble in the Kingdom was going to be attending tomorrow's Naming Ceremony, where the next King, the heir to the throne, would be named. For the aristocracy and royalty, the Naming Ceremony, and the parties and receptions that followed, were more than just a major social event. It was a once-a-generation experience. Even the peasants got the day off. Naturally preparations had been going on for days, the reason the clinic had been able to squeeze him in at short notice in the first place. No aristocrat was scheduling none-urgent treatment just now.

What did Carson have on him? He was so sure he'd covered himself getting rid of Kerry. Not important! Think, think, think! Carson was to collect her escort at 9.00, local time. His treatment was scheduled for ten, but the hospital wanted him to present himself for tests at 8.00 am, drug and alcohol free, with an empty stomach. A glimmer of a solution revealed itself. He only needed a couple of hours. So, if he could just delay Carson a little....

Sheila was standing in front of her master's desk, her sight and hearing switched off. A doubled-over rope was looped around her waist, the two rough strands running down between whip-tender buttocks and then pulled up hard between her legs under her, cutting up hard into her pussy. The two ends ran forward across the desk, secured out of reach, to keep her in place; belly pressed

hard against the edge of the desk. An uncomfortably large anal plug pushed deep into her ass between the two strands and linked to a choke collar, a chain running up her back, ensured she stood upright. She was firmly held, cuffs on her ankles, but her arms, neatly folded behind her back, were not bound. An increasingly common occurrence since she'd been transformed into a remote controlled sex-doll.

A spring loaded clip with sharp metal jaws bit painfully into each nipple. From each, three fine chains supported a small concave circular tray, a fat candle burning in each. The weight hanging off her nipples from such cruel clamps was quite agonising, tears stinging her eyes. If however, she pushed forward a little, with the choke chain cutting tight across her neck, she could just rest the candle-holders on the desk. But then the heat from the steadily burning candles rose straight up, and seared her nipples!

With a despairing sob she pulled back her shoulders and straightened her back, crying out in pain as the clamps bit deeper into her swollen nipples when she lifted the candle-holders' weight from the desk. By swinging her shoulders so that her breasts swayed, she could swing the candle holders from side to side and dissipate the heat. Her hips bucked and twisted almost without her knowing it, as she squirmed on the rough ropes dragged up hard through her pussy. Gasping in mingled pain and pleasure, her clitoris trapped between the rough fibres of two thin ropes bursting with her need, it no longer surprised her in the slightest she could be aroused while undergoing sexual torture.

As a tear ran down her cheek, she gripped her own forearms tighter behind her back. She was aware that with her arms free behind her, she was being teased, deliberately tempted into interfering with her torment. Sobbing softly made her oversize breasts quiver, adding little yanks to the tight clamps biting into her nipples.

She couldn't take anymore! With a helpless whimper, cut off as she leaned into her anal-secured choke chain again, Sheila lowered the swinging candle-holders onto the surface of the desk again. There was a moment's relief, then a steady growing heat which would soon have her swinging the candleholders back and forth with her breasts again, torturing herself with the cruel weight hanging from the agonisingly tight nipple-clamps.

The hook-plug stuffed up her back passage felt huge. Her hips bucked,

dragging the rough cords just enough, back and forth through her sex. Deliberately leaning into her choke chain, the chain down her spine pulled taut, trying to drag the fat shaft that penetrated her just that little bit deeper into her body, Sheila cried out in strangled ecstasy as she was forced to come again. Gasping for breath, still sobbing, trembling and with sweat gleaming on her flanks, crotch rope soaked and nipples seared hotter and hotter with every second she was still, Sheila's sight was abruptly switched on. She didn't think she'd ever get used to it.

It wasn't like turning on a light, dazzled for a moment. Her eyes were already open, her pupils adjusted to the ambient light, and so sight was shockingly sudden! The ambassador was sitting behind his desk in front of her, the hated remote control in his hand. He pressed another button, and a tightness in her throat that she'd barely been aware of was gone.

"Enjoying yourself, slut? How many times have you come?"

"I've lost count master. Sorry master," she managed..

He laughed. "You're a natural whore, aren't you?"

"Yes master," she agreed obediently.

Sheila was terrified she was going to be put on a lie-detector again at some point, the Slaveworld devices practically infallible. Terrified, because she was starting to despise her legal owner, which a slave was not allowed to do. She didn't really object to the sex, humiliation and torment, having come to accept that as a submissive slave she rightly existed purely for the pleasure of others, but the ambassador was mean. The Kingdom's slaves were never remotely controlled, the process considered too cruel for slaves even by the lords and ladies, a barbaric French habit.

Worse, he had deliberately separated her from the love of her life, Prince James, and she was just never going to forgive the ambassador for that. Never! Helplessly squirming on the crotch-rope cutting into her sex, almost overwhelmed by lust as well as torment, she forced herself to remain attentive. Sex-dolls that daydreamed, who had to be given an order twice, were punished.

"You wanted to see me boss," Marie called as she entered.

"Yeah. I need you to pull the circuit breakers on the junction box and the auxiliary generators, tomorrow morning."

Marie's mouth hung dumbly open. "You..."

"That bitch Carson is going to sack me," he explained. "Tomorrow morning. I may be able to appeal, but I'm not going to risk missing out on my rejuvenation treatment."

"But..." Marie stammered.

"I just need a little power cut, to shut down the Gate for an hour or three," he explained. "By the time they get a tech in to figure out what's wrong, and then find me, the treatment will be over."

"But I don't know how to cut off the electricity," Marie finally got out.

"Don't worry, it's easy. I'll show you."

"Is this legal?"

"It's my embassy, until I'm sacked. I can close down the Gate if I want to. Might be a good idea for you to wear gloves and not mention it unless asked directly though," he added. "You don't want to end up on the bitch Carson's hit list too."

"Sir. I really don't know," she mumbled, clearly uncomfortable.

"I'm asking you as a friend. I did you enough favours. All those times I covered for you so you could sneak off and torment and ride your old university friend Ruth," he pressed.

"Well okay, I suppose," she said reluctantly.

Looking up, the ambassador noticed Sheila looking at him and frowned. Marie had a hand on a buttock, free hand toying with Sheila's crotch-rope, but she never bothered to watch what she said around slaves anymore. It might have surprised her to learn that Sheila, spending a lot of time kneeling at the ambassador's feet or lying curled up in her dog-basket at his side, probably knew more about the ambassador and how the embassy ran than she did. This was new

though. Sheila was intrigued.

He reached for the remote control, her sight and hearing abruptly shut off again, Marie's hand lingering on her backside a while longer then slipping away. Nipples again seared beyond endurance, she shook her shoulders again, causing her breasts and the candleholders swinging from them, to sway back and forth; reminding her anew how joyfully her beloved Prince James had enjoyed humiliating and punishing her with the slave-heavy melons, the way he loved to lick tears off her oversized slapped, whipped, breasts before fucking her and his open delight when using ropes or clamps to secure her in place with the growth-hormone enlarged globes. Probably long after the pair had left the office, Sheila continued to obediently torment herself, knowing someone would come for her eventually, if only to fuck her.

It wasn't fair! The ambassador made others obey stupid rules - had taken her prince away from her - while he cavalierly flouted them himself! It really wasn't fair and the ambassador had forgotten to turn off her ability to speak along with her sight and hearing she realised! Hesitantly, half expecting to be punished with a remote controlled blast of pain, she reached out for the vid-phone on the desk, dialling the RSP number by feel. She had no way of knowing when she was connected, so repeated her message again and again to be sure.

The ambassador opened sticky eyes. He felt weak as a kitten. His head was held between padded clamps, soft straps across his forehead, body, around wrists and across his legs. A nurse who must have been monitoring him and noticed him stir, bent over him. The white cap she wore made her a nun from one of the minor Catholic or Buddhist sects, not the blue of one of the more numerous vestal virgins. Most health workers came from the religious orders.

"Lie still. It's important you don't try to move until the doctor has checked your reflexes, and motor and synaptic responses," she told him.

"Did it work?" he croaked, throat and mouth dry.

But he already knew the answer. The light fixtures above were in sharp focus, the colours bright; where more and more lately, putting off that visit to the optician, he'd found himself having to squint. A lifelong smoker, he frequently greeted mornings with a hacking cough, and a really deep breath took a deliberate effort. Now he took a deep breath without effort, chest swelling easily, filling his lungs with pure sweet air. He'd never had the greatest sense of smell, but just the scent of the nurse's soap, not perfume, now wafted over him, sharp and clear. His hearing seemed sharper too.

"You're as healthy as any twenty year old," she assured him before leaving to find the doctor.

Outmanoeuvred you Carson, you bitch, he thought gleefully.

CHAPTER 11 - FULL CIRCLE

Sheila had to wait nearly a week to discover the consequences of her actions, while it was decided what should be done with her. Traditionally, a slave performing some great service to the nobility, rescuing a drowning child for example, was granted freedom and wealth. While the worst thing a slave could do was to betray her owner's trust. They didn't know whether to punish or reward her. Eventually, she was personally interviewed by Her Majesty, Queen Victoria II herself, who decided to do both.

Returned to the Royal chambers later that afternoon, Sheila felt totally at ease, standing naked and bound in front of a fully dressed woman, even when the Queen idly stroked her between the legs, ran a thumb glistening with Sheila's juices over Sheila's lips and then hefted and squeezed a breast. Placid, content, she lived to serve; for the pleasure she gave others.

From the handcuffs behind her, a chain ran up between her legs, taut over her belly, padlocked to the front buckle of a cruelly tight, double-locked, corset belt. The chain was threaded through the four pairs of chastity rings now set through her outer labia, pulling her pussy closed without discomfort: but was also threaded through the ring set through her clitoris! A bar set through the chain allowed the shiny links to run only so far, causing the chain to drag up on the tormented nub, Sheila teasing herself to distraction. She was panting a little, juices welling between her squeezed together sex-lips. The high collar holding up her head and her five inch heels with a built-in hobble were such a commonplace restraint she barely noticed them, but the one key to all her restraints, clipped to a nipple ring and swinging teasingly visible, in easy reach of anyone but Sheila, was harder to forget. Victoria gave her a pat on the backside, and turned to her man-at-arms, a captain.

"I'm not sure my nephew deserves her. She's rather lovely, isn't she?"

"A magnificent animal, Your Majesty," the man agreed.

The Queen turned back to her.

"You refused the freedom I graciously offered you once, but I acknowledge my family owes you a debt. So, last time! Are you absolutely sure you want to be my nephew's plaything?" she asked. "Remember, he's young, and teenagers have notoriously short attention spans. A week from now, a month, he'll probably lose interest in you, and sell you. You may speak."

Victoria had articulated Sheila's fear - her terror - but there could be only one answer.

"I love him," she replied simply. "Just one more night as his, is worth a lifetime owned by someone else."

Sheila knew she was an utterly gorgeous slave - being a slave was a quick and sure-fire cure for false modesty - wide-eyed, with full soft lips and velvet skin. The fact that she was also a mature, intelligent, educated, woman from a world without legal slavery, now a sexual pet tattooed with a bar-code and serial number, surely only added to her allure in the eyes of the young Prince James. Loving, docile, beautiful, obedience-trained, permanently sex-starved, with huge breasts and a dramatic sculptured figure, surely no teenager could ever want more? Could he?

A younger slave perhaps? A pony-girl with more stamina or a bedroom plaything who took better whip? Was she just too submissive; where a more unwilling girl might more fun for a dominant to break in, punish and ride? Or he might find a girl better at sex than her, her secret terror after all those wasted years, vetting men on their sexual politics, their sympathy to the feminist cause, never anything so crass as physical attraction!

"And that uncertainty, wondering for how long he'll return your love, will be your punishment for your betrayal of your last owner," Victoria told her, guessing the panicked whirl of her thoughts.

Her eyes narrowed in suspicion.

"I hope you're not thinking you can play the boy, manipulate him because he's young, inexperienced and infatuated with you?"

"I will submit myself totally," Sheila promised sincerely.

Victoria nodded to her man who went to the door. Sheila's heart leapt when

Prince James was shown in, a touch hesitant.

"Aunt Victoria," he nodded politely, dragging his eyes away from Sheila's bound nudity with a clear effort.

"Underage sex, underage drinking, underage stimulants and using a fake ID to access adults-only clubs. What do you have to say for yourself?"

He opened his mouth to protest, then closed it again.

"I'm sorry Aunt Victoria. It's just so difficult to wait. Puberty doesn't start at eighteen."

She grinned. "I remember. However, as a member of the royal family, you should always be an example to others. And because you were not discreet, I am now forced to make a public example of you. The press will be informed only that you have been sent abroad to study, but the message will be clear."

He lowered his head. "Yes, Aunt Victoria."

"I have spoken to your mother. We have decided, to broaden your education, you will be assigned to our embassy in the Netherlands as a junior attaché. And yes," she continued, "you can take Blondie there, with you."

James looked up with sudden hope in his eyes. A serf had to be eighteen or older to be enslaved in the Flemish countries, but for nobles the age of consent was just fifteen! With a wider grin his Aunt opened a desk drawer, handing over a lead and ball-gag, placing Sheila's remote control to one side with a disapproving frown. He so very clearly wanted her, but managed to restrain himself in the presence of his Aunt. Sheila obediently held her mouth open to be gagged, the teenager's forearm brushing her bare breasts with an electric touch when he clipped the lead to her collar.

"For appearances, her Bill of Sale will list your mother as her owner, but in reality, she's yours."

"Can I brand her? And I want to nip her waist down a little more and change the colour of her eyes."

"You can do whatever you like," Victoria told him carelessly; then probably

able to guess the teenager's thoughts just as well as she had Sheila's, she added with a wry laugh, "though she'll need surgery to reinforce her spine if you want those huge tits any bigger."

Sheila's clearly delighted young owner looked into her eyes, his fingers stroking up, plucking her chastity rings. She quivered, so excited, so hot, she could hardly breathe. She just knew he was going to have her on her knees with his cock in her mouth, wrists still chained behind her, the moment he got her out the door. In the first empty room or closet he found! She could almost taste him, saliva welling into her mouth. Later, probably after the spanking of her life, due because her young prince had been denied the pleasure of her use - although it was hardly her fault the ambassador had found mosquito bites all over her boobs - he might/would do... anything, with her!

He gave her lead a little tug, but Sheila pulled back with a soft pleading whine. Curious, Prince James gave her a little slack and she quickly scuttled behind the desk, bending forward to push her remote control towards him with her nose. Her young owner's puzzled look became a wide grin as he realised what he was holding.

She hoped he wouldn't be too enamoured with the device, but she knew it was unrealistic to expect him not to experiment a little. It had to be done though, to please him, to keep her promise to submit herself totally! Submitting just a little, was like being just a little pregnant. A nonsense!

"Have you decided what you're going to call her?"

Taking a firmer hold on her lead, the teenager paused.

"I'm going to call her Velvet," he decided.

Naked, bound and gagged as was only proper, awaiting her master's pleasure, in her head she repeated her new name back to herself with growing elation, delight and pride. No longer taken-for-granted Sheila, or up-tight frigid Joanne, she was Velvet, a prized, exotic and very expensive, sex-doll; finally the slave she was born to be!

Deep underground in a former cold-war bunker, the active one-way Gate rippled as the man in the radiation suit stepped back through after a prudent few seconds. Earth's version of the one-way Gate could only reliably be held open for twelve seconds. Melting snow ran off the man's boots and the Geiger counter gingerly poked at him by a nervous tech chattered urgently. Watching, Ms Carson kept her face carefully impassive. She couldn't see his eyes behind the visor's tinted glass, but she felt the man's gaze on her. He didn't crack his suit seal until he'd been scrubbed down and the radioactive melt washed away.

She knew Section Chief Rudd, the hatchet man sent up from London, quite well. He had been with the Project when it was starting up before being promoted out and up. Which did mean he knew what really went on here - they'd even shared slaves in the same bed once - but didn't mean he was going to trust her any more than anyone else. They weren't in the trust business, and as she'd expected, he'd demanded to see the shattered world for himself. Fortunately having the Project housed in an old fallout shelter meant that suitable equipment - old but well maintained - was on hand. Later in her office, Section Chief Rudd was clearly awed by the devastation he'd witnessed.

"Nuclear winter! Nothing but ruins as far as I could see. That was their London?"

She nodded.

"But all the reports I saw said the Slaveworld was essentially peaceful?"

"They had no internal dissent to speak of," she corrected, "but there was rivalry between countries. Remember we only had limited access to one part of one small kingdom. Perhaps they downplayed tensions with other powers, or misjudged the level of threat themselves."

"Could there be survivors elsewhere?"

"No," she said emphatically. "You saw the radiation levels. That whole world is dead!"

"And the ambassador's warning call gave no details? Debriefs on the survivors gave no hint of a threat?"

"He just said his staff were in mortal danger and I should get them out. I suppose he expected to be able to give details later."

"It was lucky you got even some of our people out of the embassy with so little time to evacuate then," Rudd mused.

"Only those in the embassy at the time. We lost the ambassador, two staff members - Marie Forbes and a Kerry Meadows - and six of the slave-girls."

Those six, the hottest and prettiest, annoyed her a little. They hadn't been in the deal.

"Six of them?" Rudd asked.

"They were in training together as a carriage six-team at a college outside the city. No way to get to them in time."

He shrugged, probably deciding six more whores counted for little against the numbers the Slaveworld had already kidnapped.

"And the remainder? You're sure you can persuade them to keep quiet? I don't really want anyone publishing their memoirs or talking to reporters."

She nodded. "There's some Australian magazine editor who's asking awkward questions for some reason. She might need discrediting a bit, but she's on the other side of the world and getting a bit of a reputation as a crank all by herself as I understand it. Other than her, we're airtight," she assured him.

"And all the other worlds your project encountered were roughly our technological equals? Tit-world was the only culture with a technology significantly superior to ours?"

Ms Carson could see where he was going; right down the path she'd led him. He was only being suspicious out of habit and training, but he really would become suspicious if she caved in too early. If she did not try to defend her program.

"I think I'll have to recommend we suspend this project," he concluded.

"The Project's given us several technological advances," she protested.

"Computer advances. Medicines. Nothing we wouldn't have ourselves in a few years."

"Fusion power?" she offered.

"Yeah, but even now we've got blueprints, it'll still be at least ten, fifteen years before our technology is up to building a working fusion power plant. No, in today's political climate we can't have our efforts scattered like this. For the next few years at least, the Western intelligence community has to focus a hundred and ten per cent on terrorism. You see that don't you?"

"I guess," Ms Carson conceded reluctantly.

"When there's more time, and more funds, perhaps we can reopen your Gate. But at the moment we don't need the distraction."

"You're right of course," she allowed with a brave smile. "The potential gain has not really matched reality. I would argue for mothballing the Project rather than totally dismantling it however."

Rudd cocked his head, and then nodded; as she'd expected he would. Why not? He didn't need to spend the next six months fighting her tooth and nail, or have attention drawn to the sexual excesses he'd indulged in himself back in those first heady days. And who knew, one day the Project might be looked on as a dazzling success. He wouldn't want to be on record as the idiot who had tried to shut it down.

"You'll oversee the shutdown?" he concluded.

"Of course."

It was agreed that she and John, in semi-retirement, would become the caretakers of the Gate generating equipment in the secret bunker below, living rent free and with household expenses paid for, in the splendid manor house above. Such generosity of course came with strings; standard tactics from the Firm. Keeping her where they could find her, the stick of the official secrets act and the threat of jail would keep her quiet, while a rather comfortable tax-free existence was the carrot. Besides, if parliament or the MOD got wind of the fact that the Project was no longer running, somebody might want Intelligence to give the bunker, house and landscaped grounds back. No point in giving away a

multi-million pound asset.

After walking Rudd to his car she allowed herself a little smile. Wiping the Slaveworld Gate co-ordinates from the database and records would have done no good. Earth had found the Slaveworld once, and could do it again. The only way to permanently end contact with the Slaveworld was to remove all temptation to return. Swapping the Slaveworld Gate co-ordinates for those of a dead world, a possible reality discovered earlier, where a nuclear war had been fought, had not been especially difficult for the person now in total control of the Gate Project. After a brisk pony-boy-pulled carriage drive through the grounds, she joined her unexpected lover John, at the lunch table. He handed over a folder.

"Another one?" she asked.

He nodded. She still didn't entirely believe they were a couple. Sure, there had always been a little spark between them, but workplace romances were unprofessional, never mind a twenty year age gap. But then, some of the slaves they shared in bed were fifteen years his junior too; and maybe, just maybe, sex-slaves were the added ingredient in the mix that would lead to a lasting relationship.

The embassy staff had been reassigned, having been reminded they'd also signed the Official Secrets Act; the embassy slaves - minus six - now back in her cells. She was confident all could be persuaded to remain in her service in one form or another, where she could keep them silent. She'd secretly dosed her remaining collection with the same Slaveworld aphrodisiac the embassy slaves had already been treated with. Perhaps a little unfair, but at least they were slaves on their own world.

Seating herself on the back of a kneeling boy-toy, two attentive slave-girls waiting on the breakfast table, she opened the folder and read the new newspaper clipping that had been added to the file. A party of French students on holiday in Africa had made the mistake of camping in a dried river bed. The six girls had been swept to their deaths by a flash flood. Their unidentified European guide was being blamed for the tragedy, as any local guide would be well aware just how dangerous river beds were at this time of year. No bodies had been recovered.

"You sure it's our friends?" she asked.

"Yeah. I checked with an old pal in French Intelligence. The guide's identity was faked, and the girls won their Safari in a competition. Anyone who completed a market research questionnaire supposedly got her name put in the draw."

Georgina chuckled, riffling through the clippings. Four Irish girls lost at sea along with their unidentified Instructor on a sailing lesson when their boat foundered. Six American girls and their unidentified pilot lost when their holiday charter flight went down en route to the Bahamas. Five Italian girls and their unidentified Instructor swept away in a tragedy on a white-water rafting holiday. No bodies.

And all of them had won their holidays, and been entered into a free draw after completing a so-called market research questionnaire; really a Slaveworld psychological profile to identify the sexually submissive.

"Busy little bees," John grinned.

"As long as they don't touch our girls; I don't care. That was the deal," she reminded him.

Idly stroking a slave-girl's satin thigh, Georgina grinned. She experienced no second thoughts or guilt at having taken matters into her own hands with regard to the Slaveworld. Prince Samuel, and his mother, had been of like mind, happy now to see the connection between their so different alternative realities severed; and the King had always distrusted Gates. Her only regret was that the ambassador, Joseph, had slipped through her fingers.

It annoyed her a little, imagining him enjoying the pleasures of Tit-world, setting up a new life with that Forbes girl, his former p.a. when Georgina would have loved to have dragged his ass home, to spend the rest of his working life filing papers in a basement office.

Sometime one got away. He'd had the protection Queen Victoria herself; and was out of her reach. With a rueful sigh she reached for the punishment book, to see which of her pets needed to be caned today.

When he opened his eyes again the ambassador was no longer in the sterile hospital room. He was still on his back in bed, but the ceiling was pale blue with a white cornice now, the utilitarian hospital strip-lights replaced by a delicate crystal chandelier. Back on the ward his doctor's attitude towards him had been... strange! And he was sure he'd overheard a pair of nurses, discussing him on the edge of earshot, say he'd been under for two weeks! He knew full well these people could have someone with a broken leg up and about in just a week, and when he'd tried to pull a wrist out of a soft-restraint cuff, he'd been sedated without ceremony.

Finding his head was no longer held between two padded clamps, a band across his forehead, the growing unease he'd experienced on the hospital ward was momentarily assuaged, until he realised something snug around his neck, hard up under his chin, was preventing him from looking down. A collar! There were no straps over his body now, but no sheet either, and he was naked, arms above his head. Unyielding steel cut into his wrists when he pulled down! Looking up, he saw shiny handcuffs around his wrists, padlocked to the headboard.

No! He twisted and pulled, discovering his ankles were secured as well, a strange weight on his chest pulling from side to side with a heavy, almost liquid sway. His nipples were hard aching points of sensation, like nothing he'd experienced before, while in his lower abdomen there was an equally unfamiliar but intense sensation. Almost a hunger?

Horried realisation hit. Brain transplant! He screamed out "No!" aloud in a voice not his own, the word becoming a long drawn out howl of protest and outrage.

A royal trooper, an officer, who had been sitting out of his level of sight rose and approached. Stumbling over his words, fighting down a panicked babble, the ambassador tried to explain that there had been a ghastly mistake, but the big man just ignored him. The trooper released his handcuffs from the bed, and in moments the whine of an overhead winch chain was pulling the ambassador upright. Something was very wrong, the long hair spilling over his shoulders and tickling his back, the least of it.

Some sadist had set up a floor length mirror in front of him. The collar held his head up, making him look. His reflection's large, slave-heavy breasts quivered as she started to softly sob, and two rows of chastity rings glinted on plump sex-lips. He even recognised his new body, a kidnapped and enslaved former British economics student, who had suffered irreversible brain damage in an accident here; last seen brain-dead on a ventilator. He bit down a panicked wail of humiliated hysteria. Clearly the body he now inhabited was much more emotional, inclined to tears, than the one he'd been born with.

Heavy tits swayed, bouncing lightly together, as he twisted and pulled at the winch chain. This couldn't be happening! Not to him. All he'd done was take a couple of bribes and try to get his hated rival Carson fired! Seeing the trooper was watching him; perhaps waiting for him to break down completely, with a heroic effort he managed to pull himself together a little, deliberately looking away from the mirror. Calm!

Clearly, until he could get his own body back, he was now to all intents and purposes, female. Deal with it! The body he now inhabited was unarguably one hundred per cent young, sexy and female, and even if the brain driving it contained memories of what it was like to be a man, the hormones being pumped through that brain, affecting mood and behaviour, were also female. He suspected if he - she! - continued to try and think of hi... herself as a man, she would go insane. Until she could get word to the Slaveworld authorities or a member of the embassy staff, and explain what Carson had done to her, there was no choice but to endure. It might be days - God, perhaps more! - before she could get the surgery reversed. If she wasn't quick her own male body might not even still exist, harvested for organ transplant operations.

She needed a name, an identity to cling to, but calling herself Joseph would probably just make her go nuts all the quicker. Then she remembered the sex-doll she'd owned and re-named, Sheila, had once been called Joanne. Joseph to Joanne was a bit of a stretch, but Joe to Jo she could live with.

Once he had her pulled upright, the trooper released first one leg, then the other, securing her ankle cuffs to the floor on either side on the small bed. Body pulled up taut, she sat with her legs on either side of the bed, straddling it. Then the man produced a ball-gag, trying to force it into her mouth. She thrashed and twisted in growing panic, mouth firmly clamped closed, until the trooper stepped back with a sigh, hands on hips. Expression still amiable, not angry, he pulled a

shock-baton from a loop on his belt, and touched it between her legs.

A searing bolt of agony hit, arching her off the bed with a strangled scream. Gasping for breath, eyes suddenly tear blurred, she stared at her abuser, too shocked to even protest. She'd used similar looking cattle prods on countless girls as a man, on breasts and nipples, up the ass as well as between the legs, but surely devices with a lower power setting?

While her jaw hung open, gasping, the big trooper took the opportunity to ram the large orange ball into her mouth and buckled it tightly in place. Doe-eyed cute in the huge ball-gag, fresh tears ran down her naked reflection's cheeks. She tried to pull away, the gag muffling her increasingly panicked pleas as the trooper reached for his... for her.... her nipples! She gasped, subjected to what was almost a jolt of pleasure, when the trooper rolled the fat nubs between thumb and finger. Then he produced two perfectly ordinary clothespins - and carelessly grabbing each breast to hold her! - placed one on each inexplicably hard, straining, nipple. Back arched, she cried out in pain, at the same time experiencing an unfamiliar need, the strangest feeling between her legs.

Horror froze her in place as the trooper slid a hand down her belly, stroking under her! As a man she'd never considered herself more than normally homophobic. True, the man she'd been had never been tempted to have sex with another man, despite this world's many opportunities, but boy-toys had never made him uncomfortable and he'd happily shared a girl, two on one, with his dictator friend. To the man he'd been, the thought of anything up a man's ass, cock or dildo, would have been distasteful; but as nothing compared to this violation!

With the uniformed man's fingers thrust up into her, actually inside her body, she found her voice, a hysterical wail as she vainly tried to twist away. And piling on the humiliation, as the grinning man deliberately worked his fingers back and forth into her, feeling she might pass out, Jo realised she was gasping in pleasure, so intense it stunned her. Sensation so overwhelming, that oddly, she didn't have the feeling she was missing something between her legs.

Different, yes! But not missing.

The man left her, snuffling, trembling, tears trickling down and between her... her breasts! Arching her back to look up at her handcuffs, testing her bonds, she

saw that they were locked snug around her wrists; the smooth, slender limbs and the small hands curled into tight fists her subconscious at least had noticed, now registering on her consciousness. The movement pulled up the slave-heavy mounds she was trying, but failing, not to notice, weighty flesh touching lightly together. Too big, her breasts actually pulled at her chest, forward and down.

The memories of the man she'd been, reminded her that she'd once loved huge tits. To shock, to slap, to rope and squeeze; the bigger and heavier the better. She remembered the large growth-hormone dose she'd given Sheila, deliberately making her the biggest breasted non-dairy British slave on the Kennel Club's register; not just to make her more fun to torture and a better fuck, but in a calculated move to further humiliate the former feminist. A soft whimper of pain slipped past Jo's ball-gag, her hard, swollen and impossibly sensitive nipples, points of throbbing agony. The pain was almost... good?

Her breasts swung and bounced back with another disconcerting yank when he tried to shake off the clothespins. It shouldn't hurt this much! It had only been a few minutes, five at most while she composed herself, and she had memories of leaving girls with clothespins on their nipples for far longer. She also remembered the man she'd been taking pride in his ability to judge a slave's endurance and limits. Was her new body more sensitive to pain, or - horrible thought! - did she just wrongly imagine, when the owner knew better, as the many girls she had once tortured had done, that she couldn't take any more.

The growing heat in her groin had her trying to rub her crotch back and forth on the sheet under her, the cotton under her moist before she realised what she was doing, but the winch chain pulling her up would not let her push down hard. With a humiliated cry of self-pity, she forced herself to stop. Her growing arousal, inside the body not out, recognised for what it was now, was a burning need. In growing desperation, she experienced the reality of an aphrodisiac treated British girl; always so conveniently hot, willing and ready to be used. Making a girl into a bitch on heat no longer seemed amusing.

Blinking away fresh tears she focused on the mirror again. The body she now inhabited was young, quite beautiful, twenty or so and wide-eyed cute in her bonds and ball-gag. Any dominant would love to own her. The man she'd once been would have really enjoyed putting such a lovely creature through her paces, bound and gagged!

She looked up as the trooper opened the door, holding it open with a bow for Her Most Royal Majesty, Queen Victoria II! Making urgent noises behind her gag, Jo experienced yet another blow to her reality. The trooper was not actually the giant she'd thought. She'd not been an especially big man before surgery, but she had been taller than the Queen. Now in Victoria's presence, the reflection in the mirror snapped into perspective. Jo was now a cute little five-foot show-pony!

The queen said, "Shut up!" quite conversationally as Jo desperately tried to make herself understood, then with a shrug pulled the shock-baton from the trooper's belt-holster, and touched it to Jo's breasts; once, twice.

Jo squealed behind her gag, bucking on the bed, body arched, as a bolt of lightning hit each tit, agonising pain detonating in the centre of each heavy globe. Both breasts were shocked again, then again; the pain, completely alien to her experience, quite literally indescribable. Almost hanging from her wrists, trembling, gasping, both of her repeatedly shocked breasts throbbed and pulsed. The still agonising clothespins on her crushed nipples bobbed and swayed as the heavy mounds heaved and quivered. The Queen watched her with crossed arms, a look of satisfaction on her face.

"Why? Because your stupidity nearly cost my son the throne!"

She cocked her head.

"You really don't understand, do you?"

Fearfully, Jo shook her head. The Queen held the shock-baton loosely in her hand, almost negligently, but not forgotten! Jo didn't think she could take another shock, but her memories told her that, bound and gagged, she could. Many, many more!

"My son was stranded in your reality. Your woman Carson was escorting him back here, only just in time to be named the next King. If your assistant had caused a power cut as planned, he'd have missed the Naming Ceremony, and next year, Alfred would be King when my husband steps down. Fortunately, a resentful slave with hurt feelings, decided to inform on you."

She laughed at the expression on Jo's gagged face.

"Yes, your pretty former reporter. You know, we might even have blamed the same group that stranded Samuel in your world, for shutting down the Gate. Kattrena was warned - fled before she could be arrested - and we never did identify her conspirators."

The woman reached out and almost tenderly brushed a stray lock of hair out of Jo's eyes.

"And yes, if you're wondering, you have been given the youth treatment you wanted so much. This is your life for the next forty years," she concluded.

Stunned anew, Jo tried to gather her scattered thoughts. She'd thought this nightmare would be over once someone she knew understood what had happened, and now she was told that she had never actually faced arrest by Carson! She was drooling, saliva dripping down her body, and the heat in her groin was maddening. Jo squealed as her breasts were shocked again, recovering to find herself moaning in helpless lust as the queen fondled her now swollen and heavy-feeling breasts. The woman touched a small device strapped to the back of her right hand, setting it buzzing, and then started stroking Jo between the legs.

The vibration was transmitted through Victoria's palm, through fingers stroking through Jo's sex; her body penetrated once more. She gasped pleasure, a series of louder and louder squeaks, then a firework went off in her head, undreamed of pleasure earthing in crushed nipples despite the pain, pleasure a slow detonation in her belly. Ecstasy like nothing she'd ever experienced as a man.

Sweat-gleaming, still chained sitting up astride her bed, Jo looked up to find Victoria patiently waiting for her to recover herself again. Of course she knew it was easy to make a natural submissive cry out in pleasure, especially when her unwilling arousal was boosted by the Slaveworld's aphrodisiac. But this! She'd thought she was having some sort of fit! With slowly dawning horror, Jo realised she wanted more! The Queen turned to her man.

"She's healthy?"

"Perfectly, Your Majesty. The doctor said she'll be a little bit clumsy for a couple of months or so, like a fast growing teenager, until she gets used to her new body-size, weight-distribution and musculature. But she's ready to ride."

"Break her in, hard, and put her in tomorrow's hunt," Victoria ordered him.

Fresh tears on her cheeks, Jo made one last attempt at a plea, a forlorn wail behind the huge orange ball strapped into her mouth as she looked up into the eyes of a woman she'd once thought she'd known so well. She saw no mercy.

"Feel free to amuse yourself before you send her down to the cells," she said, and then left without a backwards glance.

"Thank you, My Lady," the officer called happily after her.

The winch chain was loosened, Jo's cuffed wrists secured to the headboard again, but her legs were still spread to either side of the bed, secured to floor-rings. When the trooper propped a pillow under her head, secured her to the headboard with a rope woven into her hair and then removed her collar, Jo tried to stop herself sobbing again, her new body's emotions so easily slipping beyond her control. She looked around desperately for a way to escape as the man undressed, feeling like a sacrificial animal on an altar; a slab of meat on a butcher's block! She shivered in helpless horror when he ran his hand down her stomach, cupping and patting her sex, before scooping up and squeezing together what were now quite evidently, from her new perspective at least, unnecessarily large breasts.

She gasped in pain when the clothespins on her nipples were repositioned, pointing down her body instead of sticking out. The ambassador's memories reminded her that nipple clamps hurt almost as much coming off as when they went on, blood rushing back into crushed capillaries. Her hard fought composure disintegrated as the naked man settled himself between her spread legs.

Now she was sick with horror, fighting down revulsion. With her head propped up she was forced to look down her own body between big breasts partly flattened under their own weight. An enormous cock swayed over her belly as the man slapped her breasts back and forth a few times, the full globes soon throbbing a hot, lust-swollen scarlet. She froze, trembling, when he deliberately let the hot meat length rest on her belly, semi-soft still, hating herself for her unwanted arousal. The tip of his tongue flicking over the tips of her clamped nipples made her gasp in pleasure.

Biting hard into her gag, terror froze Jo in place as the man settled himself down on her tied-down body. She was still unsure of what she was feeling down

there, where sensation was concentrated, but the tip of a cock touching her as the trooper used a hand to guide himself in, was unmistakable. She bucked and twisted in her bonds in mindless panic, as a cock entered her body. In her! Violating her! The hot hard shaft slid deeper and deeper, stretching her open. She could feel it going in! Their bellies touched, and she realised she had raised her hips to meet the man's thrust.

He used her long and hard, coming on her belly, leaving her naked and spread for the following men to find. With clothespins still on her nipples, semen drying on her stomach and tears on her cheeks. The final humiliation, the truly awful part, was not that a man had had his cock in him/her, but that she'd been made to come and come again as she was fucked. So many times she'd lost count!

Jo was reminded that a slave-girl never decided for herself that she was finished with, when two new troopers came to collect her. To her new dainty five feet tall perspective, the pair - probably of average build - were also big, hulking, broad shouldered, impossibly strong, giants. She'd never felt so helpless, a feeling reinforced, when huge ham-fists gripped her slender wrists in an unbreakable grip as her restraints were swapped; when one man lifted her easily from the bed to her feet with his hands around her tiny waist. Her breasts were still big enough to spill out of the huge man's grip though.

They marched her past rows of cells in wrist and ankle cuffs - Jo more than a little unsettled by the unabated heat of her arousal, the way her hips swayed with each manacled step, and trying hard to ignore the way her breasts swung and jiggled - and she wasn't entirely surprised to see Marie behind bars, her former p.a. naked and bound. Queen Victoria had proved herself a woman not to be crossed, even inadvertently.

Led into a larger chamber - a gym/playroom/ torture chamber? - Jo was pushed onto a bench with a large wheel with pedals at one end, and strapped down on her back. Some sort of exercise machine? Arms secure, a fat plug on a piston built into the end of the bench under the wheel slid painfully into her ass along with her humiliated cry of anguish. With her feet secured to the pedals her legs were on either side of the wheel, as if she was astride a penny-farthing bicycle, but on her back. The wheel, ominously ringed with bristles, was adjusted forward so that the bristles brushed her sex.

The household troopers - a royal regiment - worked on her with their accustomed efficiency, removing her ball-gag when she was secure. Just as they had once tended to the slaves she'd owned when she'd been a man, when she'd been Britain's ambassador to this hell-world she'd once so enjoyed. She whined softly when electrodes were clipped to her still sore nipples, and shrieked when a third was attached between her legs.

Jo offered a silent, heartfelt apology to every slave-girl she'd ever tortured with a clit-chain or a sharp-jawed clamp on the clitoris. The duty sergeant flourished a syringe, the nozzle projecting through a curved base and filled with an off-white fluid. Despite the strap tight across her neck, she tried to twist away. A grip on her jaw forced her teeth apart enough to insert the nozzle, and the curved base now tight across her mouth prevented her spitting out the semen pumped into her mouth. Her disgusted squeal faded away in puzzlement as she realised the sour, salty, slime on her tongue was the best thing she'd ever tasted.

Her new body was addicted to semen; dosed with one of the Slaveworld's tailored drugs.

Then she was expected to torture herself. Pedalling the wheel with the stiff bristles rubbing between her sex-lips, charged a battery. If she stopped pedalling, the accumulated charge was used to apply a series of shocks to her through the electrodes. The more she pedalled, the more charge, the more powerful the shocks became when she stopped. The turning wheel also pumped the dildo in and out of her back passage. It was wonderful - made her pedal faster! And all through the long afternoon, pussy rubbed raw, breasts and clitoris shocked again and again when she could pedal no more, uniformed men would come and thrust their cocks into her mouth.

With Jo strapped down on her back, head back, they could push their cocks right down her throat and squeeze and slap her weighty breasts with ease, pulling and twisting her aching, hard nipples, making her moan and gasp in pleasure around the cocks she so eagerly sucked, gasped, choked, slavered and drooled around. After just one taste of come she was desperate for more. Even when she felt sick, queasy, after swallowing and swallowing what seemed like gallons; she needed more. Much to the amusement of the many men serving in what was clearly a large household, corporals, sergeants and even a pair of officers.

Her poor pussy felt like it was being rubbed with sandpaper now, but because

she was dripping wet, desperately hot, the bristles had actually been softened a little by her juices. Denying herself the anal thrusts, she pedalled as slowly as she could. Too slow! Another bolt of pain exploded in her breasts, searing her nipples and impossibly sensitive clitoris. Another uniformed man was standing over her. She dared to hope her torment was over, but he just unbuttoned his flies and thrust yet another cock into her mouth.

Later, gagged again, standing spread-eagled in tight chains, she was mounted on a fat dildo-pole, moaning in soft distress as the ribbed invader parted her friction burnt sex-lips, but she was still helplessly aroused. She was exhausted, almost hanging in her bonds - broken! - totally docile and placid as hands wandered over her body. The troopers, private soldiers who were not allowed to come in her mouth, now having their fun, betting on the time it would take to whip her to the required three orgasms. Breath ragged around her gag, she closed her eyes in resignation as a whip was laid across her breasts. She wanted to be pleasing, she really did, but it was clear the men didn't realise just how close to collapse she was.

Braided leather stung her breasts in a blaze of pain, a second stroke across her backside moments later. Squealing, she squirmed and twisted on the huge ribbed shaft that impaled her. Lashed again, whip-lines on her naked body, a viper kiss licked over her belly, then another across her ass. Jo didn't think she had it in her, but to her utter amazement, she came easily. Another half dozen whip strokes across the ass, then two across the stomach, were followed by a flurry across and curling around her breasts, her pain-maddened twists and jerks on the dildo causing the heavy whip-striped globes to swing and bounce all the more.

She thought she came again, remembering hanging limp a moment, the whip-tip flicked up between her legs from behind jerking her head up with an agonised squeal. And in a final overwhelming fusion of pain and pleasure, no longer capable of rational thought, all that remained was just mindless, animal lust.

For the next forty years.

It was late morning when the hunters assembled outside the Huntsman tavern. A fine day, but with winter's first breath in the air, dawn was now a bit too cold for the naked prey and hunting ponies. They were a small group, just Samuel's friends and family, celebrating his return. The girls that would pull the hunters' little two-wheeled traps waited in a row on their knees in hoods, with their arms secured behind their backs and with their clit-rings padlocked to stakes hammered into the ground. They would not be tacked up until the prey had been turned loose, to give the hunted slave-girls a head-start.

He could put names and faces to some of them, even in hoods. His mother's powerful Precious knelt beside the equally statuesque Glory, who would pull his fiancée Isobell's carriage. Lady Abigail's pair, Honey and Puppet, were smaller girls, beautiful matched show-ponies; Honey the former British police officer who's loan had helped in his return. And of course his own matched pair, Sam and Hayley, two of the lovely captives he'd brought back from the other Earth, also waited.

In keeping with the exclusive nature of this hunt, the prey slaves were led from the delivery truck and paraded naked past the assembled hunters by just a single trooper. They were linked together in a line, breasts to wrists. Samuel had seen something similar to these clever restraints, but not quite the same. Looking closer he saw that each consisted of two pairs of handcuffs, connected by a yard long chain, one pair slightly larger than the other. The small pair secured a girl's wrists behind her back, and she was forced to lead the following girl, the chain looping up to the large cuffs locked around the following girl's breasts. Only the last girl in line wore ordinary cuffs, the end of the first girl's tit-cuff lead ending in a leather handle.

The breast-cuffs had to be painfully tight to prevent them slipping off, but nothing these girls couldn't take. Like the hunters' pony-girls, the prey on this hunt were all pretty British slaves, classic examples of the breed, with especially large breasts, wide doe eyes, firm haunches and trim little waists. Again, he recognised some, including the rest of the as-yet unsold scientists he'd brought back with him from the alternative Earth. Isobell said she wanted a few more months to sample and break-in his holiday souvenirs, before they were put up for auction. Unsaid but understood, she also wanted to personally brand them with a hot iron before they were sold, which she couldn't legally do until after their wedding.

His British girls each had a couple whip-strikes on their buttocks, probably a little reminder to the inexperienced slaves not to speak without permission. Kathy Jane especially, was looking breathlessly excited. Pretty but proud Gemma had had her tit-cuffs squeezed cruelly tight, weighty boobs squeezed out purple and shiny taut, probably a punishment for lack of respect, while Shabnam and Maria's exotic skin tones were already attracting many hungry looks.

His mother came up, and after Samuel had pointed out his new playthings to her, she identified the slaves she recognised. Marie from the embassy, several toys that belonged to her friend Lady Franklin, two former British secret agents code-named Ms Yellow and Ms Violet, and finally and with evident satisfaction, she pointed out the brain-transplanted ambassador from the now abandoned British embassy. In contrast to the other prey slaves, mostly free of whip-marks, each girl a blank canvas for the hunter who brought her down to work on, the dazed looking little blonde had had a good whipping recently, lash-lines all over her body. Led with her cuffed breasts past the royalty and nobles who would soon be hunting her, her juices smeared her inner thighs.

One by one, the prey slaves were turned loose. Set off at a trot with a swat on the behind, naked except for the mesh visors necessary to protect their eyes from the hunters' anaesthetic darts, and with their wrists secured behind them. After tacking up and hitching their own mounts to their pony-traps, settling themselves into the little carriages' comfortable seats, Samuel and Isobell set off together at a leisurely walking pace.

"Do you know, for me, this is where it all started," he said after a while.

Isobell gave him an enquiring look.

"It's where I met you, and encountered my first British girl," he explained.

His fiancée grinned, flicking her whip across her beloved Glory's backside before replying. He took a moment to admire the whip-strikes on her pony-girl's rolling haunches. On their reunion, to welcome him back to civilisation, Isobell had already had the girl staked out, on her own bed, wearing just an anal-plug and gag, spreadeagled and ready to ride. The heavy-breasted young brunette was a willing cock-licker, a docile torture-toy, and a very nice fuck!

"Actually, we'd met before that," Isobell told him.

"Yes, but I didn't notice you then," he admitted. "You weren't driving a British girl."

Her throaty laugh was music to his ears. A hunting horn's notes drifted across the rolling grassland, then another, closer still. Hayley and Sam gasped in pain around their bits, bound arms jerking as he lashed them into a trot. Leather licked across Glory's tail with a crack as Isobell matched his pace, all three harnessed and bridled toys gasping a little, forced to trot against the weight of carriage and driver in large dildos.

Another horn sounded, and now visible on the nearby ridgeline, beyond a small stand of trees, a hunter driving a single slave-girl raised her rifle and loosed off a short burst of darts. A panicked slave broke cover, running blindly towards Samuel and Isobell. She was a lovely little blonde, naked with her wrists locked behind her, huge tits bouncing wildly, and, if Samuel was not very much mistaken; she was also the former British ambassador. Exchanging a grin with Isobell, he nodded 'yours' to her, and she pulled her rifle from its scabbard.

Isobell stitched a row of red-tufted darts across the gorgeous little slave's tits, and she staggered and then fell. Driving closer, Isobell pulled up her mount - a soft gasp of pain forced from the docile Glory as the reins clipped to her nipple-rings were yanked - and she quickly hog-tied her semi-conscious prize. The approaching hunter who had flushed out the blonde was now close enough for Samuel to positively identify as his mother; now flanked by her friend Lady Franklin, who was driving two former students. And completing the circle, his mother's superb mount was a girl once called Jenny, the very same pony-girl that Isobell had been driving, on almost this very spot, the day he'd first really noticed her.

THE END