

The Countess's Bitch

The Fall of Lady Victoria De Mournay

DrkFetyshNyghts

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ONE: Prologue - Five Years Ago...

'In which we see, just what makes the Lady Victoria De Mournay tick... and tock and tick and tock.'

“EEEEEEEE AAAAAARRRRRRGGGGHHHHH MISSYYYY PLEASE MISSY, PLEASE I BEGG YOU TO STOPPPP MISSY, MISSSSSYYYYY AAAAAAGGGRRRRRHHHHHHH.”

The screaming was as high pitched as one could imagine it ever being. And yet even between that high pitched screaming there was a low guttural begging attached. It was certainly a most desperate begging and pleading, even if it was a basic begging, pouring from the lips of a really quite immature, relatively young female.

“Daddy took you in off the street, and this is how you repay him, by stealing from him. You disgusting little creature. You repay Daddy by stealing from him! And you, 'YOU', want 'ME' to stop. I haven't even begun yet.”

At the precise time that she stopped speaking, Lady Victoria De Mournay's rattan cane was coming down across the girl's breasts once again.

C R A C KKKKKKKKKKKK

“AAAAGGGHHHHHHH PLEEEEEEEASE PLEASE MISSY PLEASE PLEASE MISSY. PLEASE... I AM SOOOO SORRYYYYYY EEEEEGGGGHHH AAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHH.”

The cruellest thing of all was that the girl, the street urchin who had been taken in by the De Mournay family cannot have been more than eighteen years old. That in itself was bad enough. On top of that was the sight of her, simply bare chested, uplifting her own breasts and presenting them for the punishment they were receiving. A girl of mixed race. Very well developed for her age. Actually, 'well developed' is probably something of an understatement. For a girl in her middle teens she was very well developed. Extremely well developed in fact. To say she had been well blessed might be more appropriate.

Truth be known, that the very well respected, very wealthy Lord D'Arcy De Mournay had spotted the girl on the streets of London and had taken her in, because of her bust size. The rumour and fact mill had been rife since the Lady Esther De Mournay had passed away suddenly, that the Lord liked to get his rocks off with the hired help. Actually, 'hired help' was something of a non-fact. It was fine in this day and age to simply pick the poorer people off the streets and turn them into little more than slaves. Often, more often than not in fact these poor people, more often than not children, were simply put to work just for their food and for their bed. Having said that, the ones who ended up in the houses of the rich and titled and sometimes the famous, were the lucky ones. A lot of children simply disappeared off the streets and were never heard of, or seen again.

One thing that is largely overlooked in the history of America is the fact that there were white European slaves. They were in no small numbers either. “Close to two-thirds of the original American colonists came here, not of their own free will, but kidnapped, shanghaied, impressed, duped, beguiled, and yes, in chains... We tend to gloss over it... We'd prefer to forget the whole sorry chapter...” wrote Elaine Kendall in 1985.

Yes it is true, there was white slavery, even in America. This was not only in the country's infancy, but lasted until the end of the Civil War when all slaves were freed.

Who were these white slaves? Easy to ask. Even easier to answer. Most were peasants from the British Isles. The nobility of England thought it would be a great way to clean up the streets, to send all the poverty stricken and homeless out of the country. These families were told to choose one of their children to give up or one would be chosen for them.

Besides the state taking a child, there were midnight raiders who would kidnap small

children and stack them into ships so much that three quarters would die from starvation or illness before they reached the shores of America. This was no loss of profit for the raiders as when they got to America they still had plenty of child slaves to sell. It didn't cost the raiders anything anyway, as these children were stolen from their parents. Simply secreted away in the dead of night. Or sometimes in broad daylight. If these children were not bought at the docks through auctions then they were brought further inland to be sold. If by then a child was not bought it was cheaper to kill the child than to feed it as it was now worthless.

Children often worked in factories sixteen hours a day, working through the night with little to no food. There they worked the machines or were part of an assembly line. The conditions these children had to endure were inhumanly cruel. So now, maybe it is understandable how, the children and young adults who ended up in the houses of the rich and titled were the 'lucky ones'. On the face of it, acceptable slavery. Legal slavery. The actual 'slavery' being the legal part of what went on. Then of course there was the illegal aspect. The bit that went on beyond the prying eyes. Behind the locked doors. The bit that everyone knew went on and yet no-one else spoke about.

“No, no, no.... you creature you are not sorry yet. You don't even know the slightest meaning of the word yet. But you will be sorry. Oh yes you will be sorry. I will make sure that you are sorry from the bottom of your pathetic soul for stealing from my father. He may not have chosen to be so harsh with you, but I intend to make an example out of you. Make you sorry for the day you were born.”

C R A C KKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK

The rattan cane coming down again, across the quite magnificent breasts of the young girl. Yes the girl, of mixed race, had indeed stolen. She had 'stolen' a few crumbs of bread and had been 'caught' red handed by Lady Victoria De Mournay. It was no secret that the Lady Victoria, just eighteen years old herself, prowled the house in the small hours, just finding the slightest excuse to punish the slaves. Or more especially, punish the slaves she had taken a personal dislike to. Or to be more accurate, punish the slaves her father had taken a special liking to.

“EEEEEEE GGGGGHHHHH AAAAAGGGG PLEEEEEESSSSSE
MISSSSSSSSYYYYY.”

The pleading falling on largely deaf ears. Lady Victoria's punishments often falling in the grey area between overly harsh punishment, and sexually abusive. There was no need, not really, for the Lady of the House to insist that this girl scoop out her own breasts and then present them for a beating. Indeed, this kind of treatment fell, even in these hard times, outside of what was acceptable. Or even legal. But then, so was the fact that The Lord De Mournay would often sneak down to the servants quarters, and share intimate times with his favourites. This girl, this mixed race girl was one of those favourites. The current favourite in fact. It was no surprise or secret then to learn of Lady Victoria's insipid dislike of her Daddy's favourite slave. He would sexually abuse them on one hand, and his daughter would simply abuse them on the other hand. There was no in between. Although, there was no obvious or apparent connection between them either. 'Lord Daddy' would slide his barely erect cock into the mouth of his favourite in an effort to feel at least a little friction in his last years on this earth. And, more often than not, his daughter would be outside, having sneaked down into the basement of the huge house after him, and watched as the slave girl had eagerly and quite willingly sucked his cock. Often under the misguided notion that she would curry favour in doing so. It was human nature really. Not even human nature, but animalistic nature, to be 'nice' to ones owner in the hope that one would be treated above the rest. Survival of the fittest. In this case, and for the girl known simply as 'Tabby', it was relatively easy. She just closed her eyes and sucked the half-hard cock until something resembling semen dribbled out and into her mouth. The Lord De Mournay always with a grunt, and then a delicate stroke of the face of the girl who all but mewled at this show of 'kindness'. That was one face of the abuse. The other, and the factor that wasn't taken into consideration, was what Lady Victoria De Mournay brought to

the situation. Never 'punishing' for the acts of gross indecency that went on between her Daddy and this little street urchin. Or former street urchin. Always looking for something else. Anything else. Having taken over the title of 'Lady' when her mother died some years previously, her judgement was never questioned, or frowned upon. She was the Lady after all. I mean, it wasn't like she got any 'enjoyment' out of the punishments she applied to the girls. Or did she? A stranger twist in that it was actually her Daddy, 'Lord Daddy' who had presented her with the brutal rattan cane. Surely a strange 'present' for a father to give his daughter? Once again this was the unspoken, unquestionably illegal aspect of slavery that was never discussed, or even hinted at. Matters of the like were never raised in the outside world simply because the slaves had no voice outside of any houses that they might end up in. No-one would listen to them. No one would pay any attention to them. Most of these young slaves could barely speak beyond the basics. And, once again, these slaves, on the whole thanked themselves lucky for ending up in one of these well-to-do houses, rather than being secreted away to someplace overseas. It must also be said that not all of the rich and wealthy, and titled abused their slaves. Although one would suspect that it was more rife than one might guess. The De Mournays were abusers of the prolific variety. Nasty pieces of work. Albeit behind closed doors. Possibly the worse kind of all.

And yet, to the outside world, the De Mournays were pillars of society. Indeed, pillars of The Society. Lady Esther had been prolific in the higher echelons before her untimely death. And Lady Victoria was filling her shoes in a most impressive manner. A stunning young woman, almost five feet ten inches in height and with a thirty eight triple D cup size and yet, her waist corseted down to an almost meagre twenty two or twenty three inches she always but always dressed to impress, expensively and lavishly. A long thick mane of red brown hair gave her that striking look, no matter what time of day or night one caught sight of her. A fairly pale complexion, slightly freckled. And yet, even at this time, in the late seventeen hundreds, she knew how to make the best of her appearance with the clothes and with the makeup of the day.

C R A C K KKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK

“Lift your breasts higher, this instant.”

“EEEEEEEEAAAAHHHHHHHHHHGGGGH MISSSSSSSSY PLEASSSSSSSE
MISSSSSSSY, MISSYYYYYYYYY PLEASEEEEE.”

Difficult to believe that just a few short hours before, this young Lady had been at one of the London Town's most exclusive social events. Carrying herself with a dignity and pride that matched her mother's, Lady Esther De Mournay of years gone by. Not simply carrying herself with dignity and grace but speaking perfect Queen's English in the manner it was intended. When this young lady walked into a room people turned their heads and looked. Men looked and then looked again. Women looked. Mostly they looked with an unbridled adoration at the stunning red head coming into the room. Mostly they studied the girl with something bordering ultra-curiosity. At how someone so young could command such attention. How a girl so young and so beautiful could bring a room with two or three hundred people in it to a practical standstill just by entering it. How she seemed to float along in the spectacular gowns that she wore. How she coped with the apparently tightly corseted waist and the almost overspill of a magnificent bust. A lot of men and women marvelled at how she managed NOT to spill out of the some of the gowns that she wore. For the day, for the age, Lady Victoria De Mournay balked tradition in some ways. More so in the way she dressed and the way she carried herself. A lot of people had likened her to a woman of loose morals. But that was only because of the way she dressed sometimes. Showing far too much cleavage than was normal, or acceptable for the day. But most just realising that it was not out of overt sexuality that she did this. The Lady Victoria was merely choosing a 'look' for herself. One that was slightly different. Slightly eye catching. Well a lot eye catching actually. None of these people who took one then two then three looks at this most awesome creature had any inclination of the way her slaves were treated. Most people at such a social event would have slaves of different

degrees and in differing numbers. Who knows how many actually abused them, in one way or another? And yet apart from by her father, the one known as Tabby, was never sexually abused. Lady Victoria certainly never sexually abused any of the slaves. The only slight chink in an otherwise perfect armour that Lady Victoria De Mournay had was the propensity for caning certain slaves. She had this thing for using that cruel rattan cane on the most delicate of flesh. But it was never something that she spoke of, or discussed with anyone. It wasn't even discussed with her father. And it was her father who had gifted her the rattan cane after Lady Esther's departure from this world. An unspoken understanding maybe. Truly unspoken. A dark family secret maybe. A family trait even. And yet those people at those social gatherings, those huge well-to-do events having no idea of this young woman's inbuilt sadism.

And as before stated, most looking at her, and watching her with smiles on their faces and with some adoration. Some though, mostly other women, older women... and the wives of the men who took more than one look at the redhead as she made her entrance, had marked her down as a bitch. Just something about her. The way she carried herself. With an arrogance yes. With grace and style most definitely. And yet something, just something only noticeable by other women, lingering, or bubbling under the surface had her marked down as a 'bitch'. Not just a slight bitch. But an out and out bitch. Oh yes a well masked bitch. A well camouflaged bitch. But a bitch none-the-less. Just something about her. Maybe a glint in the eye. Or the slightest nuance of the way she carried herself. Maybe, just maybe these women were jealous of the way this young Lady, at times, seemed to flaunt herself. Especially her chest. Far too much flesh on display. Far too much. And yet at the same time being able to carry off all of the fineries attached to her title. One group of women, whose husbands had been huddled in a corner, and collectively group drooled as Lady Victoria had entered, had discussed her in a less than pleasant manner.

“Uhhhhh who DOES she think she is? She is little more than a child. The Lady Esther de Mournay would be turning in her grave if she could see her darling offspring now.”

The three women saying nothing then as Lady Victoria De Mournay made her way around the other guests being greeted in the most dignified manner and practically as royalty herself. Most men greeting her cleavage as opposed to looking in her eye. Those three women noticing that from afar. Just seeing an amusement in Victoria's eyes. Noticing that she was never offended by being noticed in this way. Never even commenting on it or acting in a most disgusted fashion that the men, not all the men but most of them, were practically dribbling over her tits. Maybe that was it. Maybe that was what it was about her that other women didn't like. That apparent lack of morals of the young Lady. Just an acceptance, or the kind of acceptance that was unheard of in these times. More likely though, they were simply jealous because of her outstanding beauty. More to the point, jealous because of her far superior beauty in comparison to them. And the way she carried it off. Not simply carried it off. But carried it off with style. It would be true to say that a small group of women within the elite circle in which Lady Victoria De Mournay moved, hated her. Not simply hated her, but did so with a seething rage. Just the way when she entered the room all attention was turned to her. How practically people formed an orderly queue just to speak to her. Or even to greet her. Or be greeted by her. For this small group of women, the anger was a smouldering time bomb. Something that simply bubbled under the surface and was there, plain to see. If one knew what to look for.

“I said lift your breasts higher. And just separate them a little. Pull them apart. Before I start on your behind, I want to cane each of your breasts individually.”

None of that group of women having the slightest inclination of the Lady Victoria's 'hobbies' involving the slaves. None at all. If only they did. If only they did know. God that knowledge would be like liquid gold. It could ONLY have been a hobby. I mean there was no sexual motivation. Or no visible one anyway. Lady Victoria was simply a young emerging sadist who enjoyed doing what she did but most probably didn't know how or why she enjoyed it so much.

Maybe she would grow out of it? She was only eighteen years old after all. But the cruel streak in her was so stark and so acute. There was something of a deep contrast between her public self and the one that unmercifully caned selected slaves. Never male slaves. And not all female slaves. Just selected ones. Definitely just the ones that her father had taken an interest in. But that streak of bitchiness and undiluted cruelty was there. It was just there. And yet so well hidden, so well masked from the outside world. It was just those women, the ones that hated her for reasons they could never really put their fingers on, they knew, something was there. They didn't know what it was. Just something. Something about the Lady Victoria De Mournay that wasn't quite right. Something. Just something was sitting all wrong on their psyches about this woman. It wasn't just that seething jealousy. Although that was there as well. There was something else. Just something else that didn't settle and rest on their psyche, but gnawed at it a little. Something that just nagged them about it. All of those who disliked Lady Victoria De Mournay had this 'feeling'. A feeling that caused each and every one of them to shudder and shiver. And yet to them, they shuddered and shivered for no apparent reason. That feeling would not lessen as the time went by. It wasn't like Lady Victoria would be accepted for what she was and then largely ignored by these women. It was something that grew within them. Grew and festered. At first that group of women, who simply just happened to 'find' each other, would not even talk about Lady Victoria amongst themselves. Just the odd nod, or even a sneer as the beautiful Lady came, or went. Then the odd comment. Then gradually full blown conversations about her appearance and the way she attracted men, and seemingly some women. The way it would be good if this Lady Victoria De Mournay were taught a lesson. Brought down maybe. Or even worse. If only this group of women had known of the Lady Victoria De Mournay's nocturnal habits and hobbies. And yet it was early days. The Lady was young. Very young. There was so much time in which to bring her down a peg or two. Or further.

Tabby, sobbing as she placed her hand under each breast and lifted. Sobbing bitterly really. The welts that the cane left across the tops of the off brown globes of breast flesh quite angry looking. None having broken the skin and yet each welt threatening to seep just a little. Lady Victoria quite expressionless and watching intently as Tabby lifted her breasts together and then separated them. Her fingers digging into the flesh in order to pull them apart.

C R A C K KKKKKKKKKKKK

“EEEEEEOOWWWWWWWWW MISSSSY MISSSSSSSSY, PLEAAAAAASEEEEE MISSYYYYYYY.”

The amazing thing was that despite the obvious pain. Despite the obvious intense fire that the cane created each and every time it swished through the air and contacted with the soft flesh, Tabby remained in position, standing with just a little tilt forward at the waist, and the breasts scooped up, lifted and separated, and held for lash after lash of the cane. Quite chillingly, expertly applied by the young Lady Victoria De Mournay.

And then of course, there was what went through the mind of the Lady Victoria De Mournay herself. Much has been said about what others think and say about her. But what of her thoughts. What of her stance on life. And what REALLY goes through her mind. Truth be known she was simply enjoying the ride. She had always been a spoilt little bitch. And, the thing was that she didn't need anyone to tell her that. She knew it. She knew that she had been born with a silver spoon in her mouth and she quite simply lapped it up. She especially enjoyed being the centre of attention and found that she could be just that, with absolute ease. Lady Victoria De Mournay didn't need to put much effort into being that centre of attention. She had grasped really quite early on in life, probably before she hit twelve years old that she was a pretty and unusually attractive girl. And because her breasts had not only begun to sprout long before that time she had developed something of a fixation with them. That is, not really a fixation at all, but something of an obsession. This obsession with her own mammaries would go some way to explaining or giving reason just why, oh why she had to dress in a way in which her breasts, or more to the point her squeezed up cleavage

was the centre of attention. If one person, any one person, say an outsider had the slightest inclination of this obsession, then all might have been alright with the world. They would at least understand why this eighteen year old girl had to dress and in some ways act like a loose woman.

But that was it about Lady Victoria. That was just it. That first impression of bust show-offing, once instilled in someone was hard to dispel. And yet Lady Victoria could do that with ease with a few simple spoken words. Very well spoken. Even softly spoken. And huge, saucer-like eyes that simply pierced anyone who spoke directly with her. Those eyes, yes those eyes. Huge and emerald green in colour. And they simply looked directly into the eyes of anyone who came into contact with her. It was almost as though she did most of her talking with those eyes. Her eyes said a lot. Even at eighteen years old, she didn't have to say 'anything' in order to obtain the desired result. If the mood took her she could simply shut someone up, or destroy someone without actually saying a word. She learned this very quickly and quite enjoyed the power she seemed to wield. It was like a secret little power trip she was experiencing and enjoying. It was like a little add-on to the fact that she could with ease be the centre of attention. Once she found out what could be achieved with her eyes only, there was no stopping her. She had once stopped one of her one time friends from school with a simple and slow look up and then down and with a lingering piercing of her eyes. At first she hadn't said anything. She hadn't had to. They had been getting ready to attend another friend's sixteenth birthday party and had dressed accordingly. Lady Victoria as normal had been stunning and hadn't been afraid to let anyone who cared listen, and know.

“Oh My God.... don't I just look fabulous in this dress?”

It hadn't been simply a passing comment. She had made sure she did look just that, fabulous. And with her age at just sixteen, at that time, she was already pretty much exploding in the breast department. That obsession really well and truly established. But that hadn't been enough for Lady Victoria De Mournay. It hadn't been enough for her that she totally upstaged not only her best friend and companion for the evening, and probably the party girl herself, but that when she eventually met up with her friend, her eyes had very deliberately played up and down the length of the girl, very slowly. First up then down then back up again until her eyes came to rest on her friend's.

“What do you think Lady Victoria... will I do?”

The poor girl had thought she looked as fabulous as Lady Victoria De Mournay had looked. She had no doubt put as much work into how she looked as Lady Victoria. But it counted for nothing and in Victoria's quest for centre of attention status she simply commented,

“Hmmmmm really Alexandra, you COULD have put in a little more effort. You know you really will have to raise your standards if you want to be seen out with me in future. So please do bare that in mind.”

She hadn't simply just said what she said. But as she had said it, and for some seconds after it, her eyes had locked on those of her friend Alexandra. Locked on and then pierced deep. As though she wanted to 'see' the hurt that she had caused. As though she had wanted to not only see, but feel the hurt that she had caused her so called best friend. And, the thing was that she did see that hurt. She did see the almost cringing destruction she had caused within her friend. Maybe, even probably, that had been the first feeling of real power. A power that came with her name. Lady Victoria De Mournay, bitch extraordinaire!

Super bitch!

She had let her eyes do the talking after she said what she said. She hadn't had to say anything else. At least not with her pretty, fully lipped mouth. Rather, her eyes had continued the destruction. Her eyes had said more than her mouth had actually. Like an after-burn. Like those words she spoke were the initial strike and then the eyes provided the after-burn. Or her eyes provided the fall out. The fallout being much more damaging than the initial strike. Those huge emerald green eyes had locked on to those of her friend and stayed locked. Piercing deep beyond the eyes themselves. The first real power-surge of a young Lady. That first real buzz that she could

pin down later as being 'the' time that a realisation of her effect on others had hit her. Alexandra's eyes then slowly dropping. Breaking the connection and falling to a point on the floor just in front of her. A slight smile across the lips of Lady Victoria De Mournay. Not really recognising that dropping of the eyes as a sign of submission. Not even remotely connecting it with sexuality. Sex and sexuality not even entering into her head. For god's sakes, at sixteen she was still a virgin. A virgin in the seventeenth hundreds was pure and undiluted. Deliberate cock teases were rare. Or should that be that a sixteen year old cock tease who actually understood what she was doing was rare. Certainly Lady Victoria was not one of those that understood.

Pure and undiluted virgin. That is what Lady Victoria De Mournay was. She didn't have sexual motives for being the bitch she was. At least none that she recognised. She did recognise the buzz that she got from wielding that power she seemed able to wield with ease. And she was, in love with herself and her breasts. All of this was true. But not in the sexual sense. It was like she knew the effect that she had on others but not why. Her views, or her knowledge of boys and girls, and the birds and the bees was all a little adolescent. She knew and appreciated that older men would spot her cleavage, and practically drool over her because of it. But to her it was all a childish little game.

That throb hadn't yet quite, invaded her clitoris yet.

She had never heard of an 'orgasm' because quite simply, such things were never spoken about. Especially between ones so young and 'pure'. The fact was that Lady Victoria De Mournay was a bitch of the first order and she, for some reason liked being a bitch. Actually totally enjoyed being the bitch that she could easily be. She had been spoilt, she had the power and now that Mummy was dead and buried she was enjoying, immensely, the title and the power that went with it all.

So as Lady Victoria De Mournay grew from childhood into young adulthood, within a privileged and protected background, her character developed. Albeit a flawed character. And within a family with dark secrets. Dark secrets that should have, would have, harboured some sympathy for her, had they been known. But these secrets weren't even known to her. Even the presentation of a rattan cane by her father, to her, didn't even strike her as odd. Even his choice of words on presentation of the cane, didn't strike her as odd.

"I'm more than sure darling that you can put this to good use. I know your mother certainly would."

Simple words yes. But odd. And yet not in any way resting as odd on the psyche of the young Lady Victoria De Mournay. Just simply another aspect to her developing bitchiness. As though she was being handed license to abuse others by her own father. And what pray tell did Lord De Mournay's choice of words, on presentation of that cane, say about his late wife, the Lady Esther De Mournay? That she would approve of her daughter's use of such an implement? That she indeed used one herself? And if she did, who on earth did she use one on? None of these questions even in the slightest, filtering through to Lady Victoria. The young Lady herself on too much of a power trip to think of negatives. Or pointless questions. The Lady Victoria De Mournay was untouchable. Completely and utterly. Her spoiltness had spilled over into her young adulthood and there was no stopping it. Not really. The spoiltness had become a power trip and that power trip somehow had become embroiled in her ever growing obsession with her own ever developing breasts. And that obsession somehow melding into the selection of slaves with which to practice with her cane. There was no point at which it just happened. No eureka moment. It was simply a slow burn. She could pick on the slaves because she could. Because in effect she owned them. She owned them and therefor she could do with them whatever she liked. And there was no-one around to tell her any differently. Or guide her in another direction. She was becoming Lady Bitch by default.

What fed Lady Bitch as she approached late teens was the knowledge that her dad was 'doing things' with certain slaves. As pure a virgin as she was, she didn't know, or didn't understand

what he was doing. Other than it was rude and quite disgusting, the things she had spied through part open doorways. Or listened too at the bottom of basement steps. Somehow though, it all just melded in. All of it coming together to make her the bitch she was. It would be true to say that Lady Victoria De Mournay was, for her relative and tender years, a bitch of the advanced variety. As complete a bitch as it was possible for her to be.

C R A C K KKKKKKKKKKKK

“EEEEEEOWOWOWOWOWOWOWOWOW MISSSSSY MISSSSSY PLEASE MISSSY.”

Tabby's screams of protest now a little muffled as she was bent over at the waist, her dress hitched high around her hips, feet parted on the floor, as she simply held the stance so that Lady Victoria could apply the rattan cane at will and with something of a chilling, non-sexual expertise. She was punishing the girl because she could. And for no other reason. She could and quite simply she would.

Six Months Ago...

No surprise really that the Countess Alexandra Oulson, Victoria's former best friend, had ended up in that small elite group of Ladies who despised Lady Victoria De Mournay. Actually, no... 'despised' is probably a very wrong and inaccurate choice of words. That word 'hate' and 'with a passion' would be very much more appropriate. She had never forgotten that party put-down. It had destroyed her from within. It had taken her ego and simply twisted it and then discarded it. Alexandra had never really gotten over that.

Ever!

She had never forgotten and never would. In point of fact, it was something that would rest on her psyche like a rancid virus, practically occupying every single waking moment as she grew from teenager into adulthood proper. Truth be known, more than a large percentage of her sleeping time too. Often waking in cold sweats... in her dreams, or nightmares having the bitch Lady Victoria De Mournay looming over her, hissing some form of verbal abuse or another. Oh Countess Alexandra would never forget that night. Never ever forget it at all.

The blow, and it was a BIG blow when it came for Lady Victoria De Mournay, came as a kind of double whammy. Firstly the Lord D'Arcy De Mournay passed away. That was on the Monday evening. That hadn't been entirely unexpected since he had been ill for some time. In actual point of fact, the Lord hadn't been right since his wife died all those years ago. It was like he had never got over it. If the truth were known, Lady Victoria had been simply 'waiting' for her father to pass away for the last few years or so. If an even deeper truth were to be explored she was kind of willing it on. He had become something of a burden, even though she didn't look after him herself. His lingering on was kind of hampering her march towards world domination. At least hampering the march in her head at world domination. Lord Daddy having become something of a ball and chain with which she was stuck. But when the end did come, it sort of came suddenly. He fell gravely ill on the Sunday night, and by mid-day on the Monday he had passed away.

Poor Lady Victoria De Mournay, if she could be described as 'poor' under any circumstances. The grief when it came, came in abundance and in waves. In the first few hours after his passing there had been a kind of zombified relief that Daddy was at last at rest. And it had been a kind of zombified relief. Not a pleasurable relief at all. But one which kind of settled on her psyche. Settled just there and then nagged at it a little. Throughout Monday and into the Monday night the grief kind of crept over her. As though she didn't know it was happening actually. The zombification turning into a teary wet thing. Her unable to really think straight at all. Or think of anything except her father. By late Monday night she had more or less cried herself to sleep. Her grief was well on its way to establishing itself within the Lady Victoria De Mournay.

It was in the very early hours on Tuesday morning that she woke from an unsettled and troubled sleep. There had been no reason, apart from her grief why she had woken so suddenly. But she woke with a start. The first she had realised was that she was sitting bolt upright on the bed and was wailing in a most pathetic manner. The grief had consumed her and the noises that were coming from her were not ones of a false grief. Or of someone trying to put on a brave face. Both the face of world domination and of the one which was hurrying up her father to pass away so she could get on with her life had gone. The mask was gone. Pure grief in its place. She sat up and bellowed, and then bellowed some more. One couldn't be sure how long Lady Victoria De Mournay wailed and bellowed and cried for. Many hours, because by the time she had cried all of her tears, by the time she didn't have any more tears left, it was daylight outside. The world was just plodding along without her. And that was it, her true, absolute grief had passed and in its place just a numbness, and a sense of loss. That would not pass so quickly. Indeed her fortunes would change before that part of the grieving process had even sunk in. From her bed that day, and within that numb despair that she was feeling she went down to the slaves' quarters to collect Tabby. Yes she had gone down to collect Tabby and at the same time her favourite rattan cane. The one Daddy had given her all those years ago. From there she had taken a tearful Tabby and the rattan cane down into the sub-basement of the huge house. Once down there she had slammed the heavy door shut, and key locked it from the inside. Not that she would be disturbed down there. But what that door did was close out the outside world. To Lady Victoria, it kind of closed out the despair and the grief. She could forget it for a while. Or at the very least she could dumb it down to the back of her mind.

“Breasts out now.”

At the very least she could take it out on Tabby's soft and tender bits. She could take it out on the mixed race girl, to whatever extent she desired with no fear of intervention from the outside world. And basically that is what she did do. She spent a good three hours ensuring the top of Tabby's breasts globes were coated with a series of the most brutal looking welts. Lady Victoria had become an expert in the application of that cane. She had made it a mission to master its use to sublime levels. And she had done just that. She had mastered the use of that cane on one slave and one slave only. That was Tabby. Tabby has become her whipping girl. On that day, once she had expended herself on the glorious breasts of the mixed race slave, she had casually smoked a cigarette that had been placed in a long, elegant cigarette holder, and watched as the slave, in absolute tears, had left her breasts out to hang, in total pain as she had turned, hitched up the dress and presented her backside for the attentions of the Lady Victoria De Mournay. If the slave thought her breasts had suffered, she had no real idea of the absolute hell that her buttocks were in for on that day. Lady Victoria did not beat her senselessly. Indeed quite the opposite. It was a careful and considered beating of the buttocks and backs of thighs. But it was a thorough one. A complete one. Each stroke carefully aimed either just above or just below the one preceding it. Each one with a pause so that Lady Victoria could soak up the girl's despair. The beating of the thighs and buttocks lasting several times longer than the beating of the breasts. The breast caning by no means underdone. Truth be known, the Lady Victoria only ceased the beating when she was so exhausted that she couldn't carry on any more. By that time Tabby's knees had given way more than a few times and she had been barely able to stand, bend and present herself in the strict way required by Lady Victoria.

After that beating, and due to it taking so much out of Lady Victoria, she had had the overwhelming need to go sleep it off. In the same way that she had had the overwhelming need to sleep the night before. When the grief had slowly taken over. This time, although she sank into a somewhat tearful sleep, she did sink into proper, deep, deep sleep.

The double whammy hit the Lady Victoria De Mournay from that deep sleep. She had been woken by one of the slaves. Shaken awake in a most urgent way. A slave would never wake her owner in such a way, unless it was of the utmost urgency.

“Missy Missy wake up please wake up. There're policemen and magistrates at the door. They are demanding to see you. Demanding to see you right now. Missy Missy please please wake up.”

There was an inbuilt regret in that tone of the slave. Like something in her told her that she would regret it at some point. For this waking up. But that something far more pressing, far more urgent, such as the presence of half a dozen policemen plus attending magistrates for instance. That slave could not in any way know that she would not regret this waking of her owner. That indeed, she, and the rest of the slaves of the house, including the oft beaten Tabby would be released from the slavery they had endured for many years.

Lady Victoria De Mournay came too slowly. Very slowly. Confused and dazed really. Barely able to think and still in the throes of the numbing, grieving state she had been in as she had beaten Tabby. She had sat on the bed, listening to the kafuffle of voices downstairs. Trying to work out, in her half asleep state what the hell was going on. Throwing on a day gown, tying it around her middle. Trying to make herself at least half decent before she descended the grand staircase and into the main foyer of the house. And it was a grand staircase. Actually one of two that swept down in a half circle from each side of the high ceilinged hallway. She had stopped at the top and looked down at all the people. All those men in uniform, and the magistrates. Two ladies and a man. What could be wrong? What could they want? For gods sakes what was happening here? She just paused at the top of the stairs looking down, before the assembled crowd of people had even seen her. It seemed like she paused at the top of those stairs for a long time before beginning the long sweeping descent down. The Lady Victoria De Mournay was something like halfway down the stairs before the first heads turned and spotted her. Then as she took each step, so the voices faded and the heads all turned to look at her. By the time all the faces present were looking at her, there was a dead silence. Lady Victoria had a deep dread that was rising in the form of bile in her throat. So when she reached the foyer and the bottom of the staircase, when she attempted to speak, all that came out was a kind of gurgling. Almost non-decipherable, but not quite.

“W-what on earth is going on? Why are all of you people here in my house? Don't you people know I am grieving for the loss of my father, the Lord D'Arcy De Mournay?”

Even at that precise time there was a kind of searching in her voice. A searching for a way out of trouble that she didn't quite know about yet. She just knew there was trouble about to be heaped on her and that because of the trouble she would have to start digging herself out of it somehow. And she would dig herself out of it. She was the Lady Victoria De Mournay, daughter and heiress to the late Lord D'Arcy De Mournay and the late Lady Esther De Mournay. She was untouchable. There was obviously some misunderstanding and she would be seeking apologies and compensation for this rude interruption to her grief. Somebody would pay for what was obviously a catastrophic mistake.

WRONG !!!

“Lady De Mournay, this is a most unfortunate time I know. But certain irregularities have come to light. Matters of fraud and evasion of taxes that go back many years. Both your mother and father are implicated in these affairs and although there is no direct link to you, you are the only surviving daughter, and so must bear the debt. You have to, by law, bear the responsibility of the debt. Therefore, your assets, including this house, and money in bank accounts and any other assets are being seized and taken control of.”

As the policemen was talking, Lady Victoria's mind was melting. It was melting in kind of a complete way. She had known something was wrong. But could not have in any way have guessed how wrong it was all turning out to be. She couldn't think fast enough. Could barely think at all as her world began to crumble around her. The policeman had dropped a bombshell but the Lady's woes were not over yet. One of the female magistrates, a Lady well known to the De Mournay family spoke next.

“There have also been allegations made against you Lady Victoria. Serious allegations of abuse involving one or more of your servants. A completely separate set of affairs to the fraud and other discrepancies that are levelled against you. I'm afraid, with all things taken into consideration, we have no alternative than to take you into custody, until this most unfortunate set of circumstances can be untangled and resolved.”

From that point on, from the point when that woman's voice seemed to go on and on and on, Lady Victoria De Mournay's state of mind diminished. Even as she was led out, still in her robe, between two policemen she was trying to mumble her innocence and the fact that there must have been some awful, terrible mistake. Just across the road, in the tree lined street full of exclusive mansions, were two women. Two members of London's elite. One was the Countess Alexandra Oulson. There was a smile across her attractive, smooth lips. She watched Lady Victoria being led away and turned to her companion.

“Mission accomplished.”

TWO: A Sudden & Unstoppable Downfall

'In which the fall, in the downward direction was so swift and so catastrophic, one wonders how on earth the Lady Victoria De Mournay would ever survive.'

Even as Lady Victoria was being led away that day, flanked between two of the biggest policemen she had ever laid her eyes upon, she had a feeling that things were not only going to get far far worse, but that they were going to do so on a sliding and infinite scale. A sliding scale that was immeasurable. But then she could have been wrong since she had been spared the humiliation of being handcuffed and then led from the family home. Spared handcuffs yes but not spared the big hands under each of her arms as she was guided to the transport. Even on the way to the local police station, and even despite her immense shock she had been convinced that this all would be sorted out and that it was all one big mistake and that soon, very soon she would be re-installed back in the family home and to her rightful place. In charge and with power once again.

WRONG WRONG WRONG !!!

Wrong on all counts. There was a 'soon' involved. But it was just that it was soon to be that she would be in the depths of the police station building. The holding cells in the bowels of the building. The absolute stench of the place was almost, in itself overpowering. Even on the descent down the cold stone stairs to the holding cell area there was a stink. Of urine, of unwashed and unkempt human beings. Of despair even. The strangest thing was that even as she was being taken down there, Lady Victoria De Mournay was feeling just like one of these people. The kind of people that they held in this place. She hadn't had even the opportunity of washing or bathing before being taken from her home. Neither had she had the opportunity of dressing. She had been taken barefoot from her house. And wrapped in just that silk house-robe that she had hurriedly tied around herself when she had been so rudely awoken that night. The expensiveness of that house robe soon lost its significance in the turmoil of what was happening. And maybe, just maybe it had been Lady Victoria's imagination coming into play, when she had thought she had felt one of the policemen running his hand over her silken bottom, on her way out from the house. And an even more pronounced pressing of her ass flesh as she was 'helped' into the transport. I mean it 'could' have been her imagination. There was the mind numbing shock of what was happening after all. A mind numbing shock that seemed to accentuate every other emotion. So, like it was possible that she was imagining that hand all over her bottom.

WRONG WRING WRONG !!!

Had that been the only happening on that very first day of her being in custody, one could most definitely have put it down to an overcooked imagination. But it most certainly was not her imagination as she was being led into a solitary cell, that she was at the same time being forced to her knees. At first she had thought she was being privileged in having a cell all to herself. She had always thought that prisoners were forced into one big holding cell in these places. And that they were forced to share the same floor space and do their bodily functions in the same bucket set in the corner of the cell. Of course she was right. But on this occasion, she was brought to the single holding cell. She was brought there for a reason. She had barely got over the fact that her knees were being scraped on the floor, than her mass of red hair was being twisted into that very same policeman's fist. Twisted tight and held just so. Her pretty mouth agape in horror as she tried to adapt to the pain of the severe hair pull. And then that gargantuan cock being forced into her mouth.

“O-ohhhh my god.... w-what are y-you d-oingggggg... w-what.....”

It all turned into something of a splutter. There wasn't enough time between her realising that something was seriously wrong, and that obscenely huge cock reaming her lips apart. Poor

Lady Victoria very nearly gagged on the cock as it slid into her mouth. The immediate thought as the foreskin of the cock, collected and then peeled back on her own lips as the bare glans of the purple bell end continued on its journey into her mouth, was that 'it wasn't going to fit'. That surely somehow, there just was not the room in her mouth to accommodate this monstrous cock. And yet, she was proved wrong. Oh yes, her mouth was reamed very widely open. She could even feel her jaws aching, immediately, as they were reamed open so wide. Wedged open by the cock head. She even had a secondary thought that her jaws may be dislocated, just was the sheer size of the thing being slid into it.

“Welcome to Hell Lady Victoria De Mournay.... welcome to Hell.”

Yes she heard that voice. The voice of the same policeman as he was feeding his rampant cock into her mouth. Twisting her head to one side, by her hair with one hand, and his fingers wrapped around the shaft of his cock with the other. Feeding it into her mouth. Not even his fingers could meet around the shaft of the cock such was its size. Then as the enormous bell end of the cock kind of clicked past her teeth, his hand, the hand that had been wrapped around the shaft shifted. Fingers under her lower jaw. Gripping her lower jaw. Thumb to the side then gripping like a vice.

“Mmmmmmmpppphhhhhhhhhhhh.. ppppppphhhhhhmmmmmmmmmm.”

Just gagging sounds coming from her as a group of policemen collected in the cell door to watch their superior officer raping the mouth of the famous and upstanding Lady Victoria De Mournay. The same policeman, almost with an attached, manic laugh, pushing his cock further and further in.

“Gggggggggggg do you know how long I have wanted to do this, you bitch. Shove my cock into your well educated, spoilt mouth and feel your lips rubbing the waste off my foreskin. And what do we know, here we are, with you at my mercy. Completely utterly at my mercy. With charges against you so serious that the chances of you seeing the light of day again are few and far between. Anyone listening to you, to your complaints, or accusations of abuse and rape, so far off the mark that I can do just about anything to you. Anything at all.”

Even as he was hissing down at her his cock was sliding further and further into the warm and wet confines of her mouth. And even as that was happening the other policemen were filing into the cell to surround her. The terrible feeling of despair creeping over her slowly. She had never been on her knees in the presence of anyone before. Never had she been forced to her knees in this way. The ONLY time she had ever been to her knees was in church to pray. And she had never really believed in all that mumbo jumbo, not really. That is, she had never been the religious type. Oh she had played along. Made all the right noises. Been seen at church, and church functions with her parents. Had even been praised for her apparent commitment to god. But that had all been an act. Another of her self serving acts. Not even her parents had detected the impatient sighs as the priest had cast an appreciative glance over Lady Victoria's developing form every Sunday mass she had ever attended. Now though, with this thick cock sliding into her mouth she found herself praying to god again. This time though it was different. Extremely different in that she actually meant what she was praying for. She was praying, in her mind that she would be guided out of this hell and that even she might wake up and find the whole thing had been a terrible, terrible dream. Of course, that wasn't going to happen.

The cock head was nudging the back of her throat as she felt other hands, firstly down rubbing where her tummy was covered in the silk of the house robe, and then wandering up and feeling the swell of her breasts, also through the silk. It was amazing how her senses were seriously magnified. She could tell that all of the hands over her didn't belong to the same person. There were lots of hands, just pawing her and helping themselves to her femininity as her mouth was slowly but firmly invaded in this way. The funny thing was that, because of the increasing distress her mouth was in, her lips were 'rumbling' against the collected rolls of foreskin and sending delicious sensations way back to the glans of the policeman that was raping her mouth. In her distress she

was making his pleasure more acute. More profound. The nudge of the cock head against the back of her throat was coaxing her throat to open. Just little tiny nudges. Firm ones but at the same time gentle ones. It was like this policeman had raped a Lady's throat before. Lady Victoria could feel her throat opening so that the cock could slide in more. With that opening of her throat was the inevitable bulge of her eyes. And it was a bulge of her eyes. Because with that invasion of her throat, so her airway was blocked off. And at first, Lady Victoria's nostrils flared in an attempt for her to breath that way. At first and for the first few seconds after her throat had opened to accept the cock, it had worked. But as the cock slid down her throat, so that airway was also cut off. She had to get air to her lungs in order to breath and that would not happen, not here, not like this.

And so, the fucking of Lady Victoria De Mournay's mouth had begun in earnest. Her breathing prevented whilst the most senior policeman present had slid his cock down her throat as far as it would possibly go. And it seemed that this policeman, who shall remain nameless at this time, knew in detail the ins and outs of fucking a Lady's mouth. Because, his in stroke was firm and hard enough and penetrating enough to cut the breathing out entirely, but then the press at the end of that in stroke, hard enough and long enough to make the Lady's eyes bulge wide and the nostrils to flare even wider, before he withdrew letting her breathe again. Lady Victoria De Mournay's flame red hair wrapped securely and tightly in his fist, preventing her from moving her head of her own accord as he freely fucked her mouth. Every so often, he would yank her head back, affording yet another sensation on his cock, as he looked down, and enjoyed the view of those deliciously full lips around his cock.

As the facial raping of Lady Victoria De Mournay's face had progressed, and deepened, so the hands, the hands that had been feeling her breast through the silk of the house robe had scooped those same breasts right out of that house robe. Someone, more than one person who had been playing with her breasts through that silk had known, they had just 'known' that the friction of the finest silk against the bareness of nipples would surely make those nipples stand on end. They had surely known that playing with those nipples through the silk first would ensure their fullest erection. Not a voluntary erection but most definitely an involuntary one. It wasn't like Lady Victoria had been unaware of this involuntary thing happening. The betrayal of her by her own body. Those fingers, those hands all making sure that her nipples had swelled into teats before the hugeness of the breasts were then scooped free of the silk. Like another layer of dignity being stripped away from her. That silk covering her breasts and covering her nipples being that layer of dignity. There one second, the next gone. The hugeness of her breasts scooped one at a time out of the silk house robe and left to hang, exposed and slightly swinging as the raping of her mouth continued.

Lady Victoria De Mournay's mind barely able to think at all, let alone think logically. In her mind she had prayed. Prayed to the god she didn't even believe in. Not really. But even in her mind that praying had begun to sound manic, as though it was coming from someone who was losing their mind, so she stopped. She stopped praying. One might guess that at that point she hated god even more than she had disbelieved before. That cock sliding down the back of her throat and once again cutting off her breathing. Not simply cutting it off, but making her eyes bulge and her mind scream out. Hands now cupping her breasts, taking the weight of each one individually. Feeling the weight of each one individually. Her senses so alive, so magnified that she could feel each and every finger as it dented her breast flesh. It was as though there was a queue of hands all waiting to take their turns at feeling her breasts. Feeling the weight of them and feeling the sensuousness of them. She seemed more aware, at this time, of her breasts than at any other time. She had been obsessed by her own breasts from a very early age. This was true. They were her breasts and no-one else's. And yet, here, now she had no control over that. None at all. It was increasingly like they weren't her breasts any more. Even though, no one pair of hands that were mauling her had taken ownership, it was just like the breasts did not belong to her any more. And she had an increasing

feeling that as this saga went on, that she would never own her own breasts again. Her mind cried. But her eyes and her mouth couldn't cry physically because the cock that was filling her mouth and her throat wouldn't let her cry.

The twist in her hair got tighter, and somehow the twist to the side, of her head got more acute as the cock got into its rhythm of fucking her mouth. It wasn't a conscious decision of Lady Victoria to begin to respond to the brutal facial raping. I mean, one would be able to understand by this point that she 'could' have been sliding into survival mode. Somehow reasoning with herself that if she cooperated, if she just helped to make this a more pleasurable experience for the policeman that she would be spared the inevitable. The truth was though that she couldn't possibly know what the inevitable was going to be. She couldn't even fathom anything beyond this point in her life right now. That cell. That cock. Those hands. The fact that her mind was melting, struggling to cope with a state of being that in all her privileged upbringing and existence before this day, she couldn't possibly have even imagined in her own worst nightmares. Her mouth and throat were responding to the raping because they couldn't do anything else. Her stunning, full smooth lips being pushed in with the in stroke, every little nuance as she tried to adapt her mouth and her lips around that unnaturally huge cock transferring to the cock, sending the intense pleasure to her rapist's glans encouraging him to fuck her mouth harder and firmer. The mouth actions completely involuntary. The fucking real and brutal. On the out stroke Lady Victoria's lips being dragged out. Every time they were dragged out by the cock the lips appeared to get redder and redder. Perhaps swollen with the pure brutality of it all. With that out stroke then the dripping into her mouth of the policeman's pre-cum. That salty wetness, all thick and slippery in her mouth making her work her tongue and jaws in another way. Another way that could and would work the cock into newly heightened pleasure pulses.

In and out. In and out. The thick, vein ridden cock sliding in and out. Lubricated not solely by the pre-cum of the policeman rapist, but also by the naturally produced drool of Lady Victoria. Her face darkly stained by the mascara of the day. Bulging eyes streaming with tears. Streams of drool, where it was impossible for them to escape from her mouth sealed and stretched with the cock inside it, poured out of her flared nostrils. Those flared nostrils giving her another unwilling sexually attractive look. That is in the most brutal way. The cock seeming to expand and contract the closer this obscene disgusting policeman came to evacuating the contents of his heavy, huge, hairy testicles. Oh yes those testicles, slapping up against Lady Victoria De Mournay's face. Because of the angle of her face the testicles slapping hard against the side of her face and her chin. The policeman alternating the stroke of his mouth fucking as he got closer and closer. Not any longer firm hard strokes into her mouth and down her throat but now concentrating his efforts so that the bell end, the very sensitive bell end stayed up in the warm wet confines of Lady Victoria's attractive, deliciously fuckable mouth. Just altering his angle of attack with each stroke and making sure that he used her tongue and the insides of her cheeks to rub her glans and encourage that semen up his tubes and into the bell end ready for explosion. But that explosion would not come straight away. This was one fully experienced and cruel rapist. He simply used her mouth, twisted her hair tightly and used the mouth to gain the friction on his cock head. At the same time using that friction to peel his foreskin back and forth making sure that he gained added pleasure through his most sensitive glans. As he worked his cock and Lady Victoria's mouth, so the other policemen took turns to maul and abuse her breasts. Some had chosen to squeeze the soft succulent flesh. Even twisting it as her mouth and face were full and brutally fucked. Some had simply chosen to tease the nipples a little more, exciting them into their fullest and most sensitive erection yet. Other fingers and hands though had begun to explore in other directions. Wandering down and stroking her lower tummy. The strangest thing was that one set of fingers in particular were stroking her very sensuously, very gently as though she might truly respond in a sexual manner to this. Nothing but nothing could have been further from the truth. Those finger gently and sensuously caresses the

lower tummy and then the pubis whilst other hands forced her to kneel with her knees wider apart. All the time that cock head in her mouth. Her tongue involuntarily wrapping itself around those exposed purple glans and providing her tormentor with throb after throb of pure undiluted pleasure. Him at the same time not in any rush to expend his semen into the mouth that appeared to be working so hard to please him. Appeared to be working hard to please him were the operative words. Time after time she gagged on the cock and the leaking of pre-cum into her mouth. That gagging further serving to fuel the pleasure the policeman was feeling. Probably serving to fuel the sick fantasies that were going through his mind. Fantasies that this stuck up bitch Lady Victoria De Mournay was enjoying this ordeal. That she was thriving on this ordeal. Not having even the slightest inclination that at that precise time in her life, just as that cock head was being rubbed around her inner mouth once again, at just that time when he was withdrawing it so that he could rub it around her full, succulent outer lips, she wished dearly she could be somewhere else. Even that she could be dead to spare her the further ordeal. With every rub of the cock and with every leaking of the pre-cum, Lady Victoria's mind was melting into a dark place. A very dark place. And then it happened. The explosion inside her mouth. He had taken his cock out and just rubbed it across the width of her mouth before slipping it back in. It was like she knew what was about to happen and tightened her lips. She didn't tighten then because she WANTED to give him more pleasure. Rather it was like they were acting as though with a will of their own.

“AHHHHHHH YESSSSSSSS BITCHHHHHHHH LADY BITCHHHHHHHH.”

He groaned quite an obscene awful groan as the first jets of semen hit the back of her throat making her gag. As she gagged so there were fingers slipping right up inside her vaginal entrance. Those fingers had pinched and pulled at her labia and then with no mercy at all had ploughed through the flesh and up inside her. She had whimpered as she felt those fingers slipping deeply inside her then hooking back and pressing at her G spot from the inside. That enforced feeling then emanating from her G spot as squirt after squirt of semen hit the back of her throat. It's not like she WANTED to swallow that semen. It wasn't like she even wanted to taste it. It's just that she had no choice really. She had no choice. Her head was being held tightly and the squirts of thick juicy cum were so pressurised as they erupted from the tip of the purple bell end that she had no choice. The most telling part during the orgasm process was when Lady Victoria's ability to swallow was simply hampered by the sheer volume of semen. She swallowed and swallowed but volume eventually took over and where the policeman was using her mouth to maximise the friction as he orgasmed, so the overspill seeped from the corners of her mouth. At first it was just little tell-tale dribbles of the stuff. Then as her ability to keep up became less and less so she began to cough larger bubbles. Those bubbles coming from her mouth but also from her nose. Pairs of hands mauling her tits and queues of fingers waiting to invade her not too eager pussy. The rapist policeman looking down at her, as he drooled through the raptures of his own orgasm. The orgasm eventually subsiding and yet the cock head still swilling around her mouth as the mouth made an involuntary vacuum and sucked it clean. The vacuum caused by Lady Victoria De Mournay's desperate attempts to regain a regular breathing pattern. Only very eventually did the fingers leave the inside of her sex. And only very eventually did the hands leave her breasts. The last thing to leave Lady Victoria was the cock from her mouth. It was like the policeman couldn't get enough of her mouth. He dragged it out and released the grip on her hair leaving her sobbing on her knees. Quite a pathetic sight.

“You Lady Bitch... just keep looking at the floor. Don't you dare look up.”

Lady Victoria De Mournay remained kneeling. Knees spread wide, back arched, breasts out exposed hanging and covered in maul marks. Between her legs, swollen labia from where it had been pinched and squeezed. She didn't need to be told to remain looking down. Something had been taken away from her already this day. Some of the arrogance was gone. Some but not all of the dignity, had been taken away. She looked at the floor through tearful eyes. A slow but steady, semen stained sob bubbling from her lips.

Unlike the twenty first century where offences, or even groups of offences committed by any one individual are dealt with on an individual basis and are subject to appeal, after appeal. And even before matters reach court are subject to countless pre-trial hearing and reviews which tend to drag the process out in a most tedious manner, Lady Victoria De Mournay's matters came before the courts very swiftly and were dealt with all in one swoop. Indeed one could say that Lady Victoria was dealt with in one vicious swoop. The civil matters such as the fraud, and then the charges levelled at Lady Victoria including abuse of servant, or servants were all brought together and dealt with swiftly by one single higher court. There was no wait for months on end, or an extended period in which Lady Victoria was left to stew in some rotten jail cell. Oh she WAS left to rot in a jail cell, that much was true. And it MUST have SEEMED like an endless amount of time that she was incarcerated for before her trial. In reality though, from arrest at her former home, or should I say, arrest at the 'former' family home, to the time when she appeared in court was a matter of weeks. Between two and three weeks in fact.

In lots of ways, Lady Victoria De Mournay had remained privileged throughout that time she had been incarcerated before her trial. She had been spared the ordeal, or even the hell of being locked away in a cell with countless other criminals from a lower life spectrum than herself. Indeed there had been times, even after that prolonged and brutal raping of her mouth, that she had shuddered at the thoughts of how other prisoners had to exist and survive in overcrowded and mixed cells. Yes, she had shuddered through to the core of her spine when she had thought about those poor people. Actually, before her arrest she had never shown any sympathy for people who had been locked up and who would probably never see the light of day again. Since that day though, her view had changed somewhat. For a start, she could see and understand how miscarriages of justice could happen. And most obviously did happen and so she was less judgemental of those people. Just how many of those people she heard crying and wailing and shouting in the small hours of the morning, were actually innocent, like she was? That hadn't been so much a changing of her mind. That had been part of the softening process that she had been subjected to. It hadn't been in Lady Victoria's interest that she had been given a single cell. Indeed, the same cell in which her mouth had been so cruelly invaded by that policeman. She hadn't even come out of that cell since that 'happening'. It was like she was to spend the rest of the time, the time between arrest and trial in that very cell as a reminder, and if not a reminder, a stark display or exposure of the fact that she no longer held the power or influence that she had just days and weeks before.

There were other reasons for keeping her in that cell though. Much more profound and disturbing reasons. Time must have passed so slowly. It simply cannot have passed in any other way. Lady Victoria isolated from the outside world and even isolated from fellow criminals. At first she had been convinced that she was being kept apart from other criminals because of her status and title. But even within days she had learnt that her title and status meant nothing. The penny soon dropped, that is, she soon learnt that she was being kept apart, kept separated from the rest for convenience. That is, she was being kept separated in a single occupancy holding cell so that she could be visited on a regular basis for the purpose of further rape and abuse. Actually what Lady Victoria suffered in that cell before her trial went far far deeper than mere abuse. Those two simple words kind of simplify what went on in that cell. Two simple words with deep cruel meanings and yet the true cruelty and true meaning could never be even imagined in someone's worst nightmare. To say that the Lady Victoria De Mournay was to face her demons on this cell... hmm well yes this would be true. But also to say that she would be raped and abused beyond the normal levels aimed at someone of her 'former' status was also true.

It was true, that at twenty three years old, the Lady Victoria De Mournay hadn't been a virgin. Although, she had been Lady enough to keep her sex life a secret. She had known how much it would be frowned upon for anyone to learn of her promiscuity. That is promiscuity as would be

measured in the seventeen hundreds. In fact she was simply a young woman who was dealing with her maturity and needs. She was far from sexually experienced, or even well versed. She had simply been curious of the act of sexual intercourse and had gone about satisfying that curiosity. To an extent she had done that. But it had been a most unpleasant affair, as most cases of de-flowering were. There was no magic moment. It had been an uncomfortable and most wretched affair for her. Indeed she had dearly wished that she hadn't embarked on such a voyage of discovery. The fact was though that she had, and she didn't even experience the sensation of orgasm so that she could convince herself it had all been worth it. Not even the slightest sensation of orgasmic build up then that fabulous feeling of euphoria as every nerve ending within and around her sexuality had exploded. None of that. Zilch. Just some disgusting man grunting his orgasm into her and her having to mop it up from between the folds of her sex flesh, and from the insides of her thighs all by herself as her 'lover' slept and snored besides her. It had been a most wretched affair and way way below her expectations. And so Lady Victoria De Mournay's foray into the world of casual sexual encounters had been brief and unpleasant. To say the least. But at least she had some understanding of the machinations of sexuality. At least she had some understanding of a man's needs. That is the need for his cock to gain friction in order for his own orgasm to take place. Yes indeed she had that understanding it had to be said. But then, her understanding became much more profound, much clearer in that cell.

The 'education' she received in that cell was worth twenty times what she had experienced in that sleazy hotel room with a guy she couldn't even remember the name of any longer. But really, in that holding cell, in the bowels of that police station, all of that previous, limited sexual experience went out of the window. It was like she was a scared and helplessly frightened virgin all over again. The more time that passed the more she felt exactly like that. It was like her downfall was designed to be exactly like that. In was true to say that as time passed, time became immeasurable. It just didn't mean anything anymore. Time just began to be measured by the distance between series of abuse. And how long each session of abuse lasted. Of course, that depended very much on the abuser. Or the abusers. The policeman became the regular and serial abuser. He, within days had used two of Lady Victoria's orifices in the most depraved and obscene ways imaginable. Her mouth and her cunt. And yet, what had seemingly been designed to break her down, also acted as a shield for her. That is, at least the only witnesses to the undiluted hell she was suffering were the abusers themselves. At least, at the very least she could relay that to herself time after time during the ritual abuse that she suffered. It was hell enough, having the gargantuan cock, the one attached to the policeman forced up inside her, but to have had that done to her... to have been raped like that in front of normal people, her friends, her family. That would have been more than enough to have broken her completely. At least she could hold on to the fact that she hadn't been broken completely. At least she hadn't been so far broken that she was incapable of thinking. It was a fact that she could still think that was the proof that she needed, in her own mind, that she hadn't been broken completely. Oh she had experienced the screaming, absolute pain as that cock had been pushed inside her sexuality. Her sexuality, despite its brief foray and experimentation, had receded and was still tight, almost virgin like. She knew for one thing that she hadn't experienced that much pain on that one night during which she had lost her virginity willingly. That discomfort and displeasure that she suffered that night was NOTHING to what she experienced as she had been put onto her all fours and been forced to take that brutal cock up inside her sex. The shooting pains had begun even as the policeman had nudged at her entrance with his bell end. That bell end, all purple and swollen and throbbing would make even the most hardened whore scream. And then scream again.

“AAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHH GGGGGGGGG GGGGGHHHHH EEEEEEEAAA.”

It had been more like a deep grunt really that had a squealing scream attached to it. There had been the holding of her breath as the cock head had slipped past her musculature. Then the

tightening, or spasming of her musculature as her sex tried to adapt around it. Strangely, Lady Victoria became 'grateful' the fact that her rapist had spent some time beforehand, rubbing her sex so that it would be naturally lubricated. Oh god she was so grateful that no-one, other than her abusers could see her, on her all fours like a big breasted bitch dog, knees spread and sex exposed and thrust back as this awful man used his fat fingers and thumb to bring her own natural body lubrication into play. Another case of her body betraying itself and her. She didn't WANT to assist in her own rape. She WASN'T assisting in her own rape and abuse. Her body was just doing what it did. That thought, the one that went through her mind time after time after time as she was raped was qualified then as she experienced that searing absolute pain as the cock was driven without mercy into her sexuality. The screams dying down a little as her sex adapted around the hugeness of the cock inside her but then intensifying as that huge, bulbous, mushroom shaped head began to nudge and press against her cervix. Once her cervix was being pummelled in that way, the screams didn't die down again. And it was like once the policeman understood that the deeper and harder he fucked the poor unfortunate Lady Victoria De Mournay, the more she screamed, the more he like that and the more he worked his cock so that he could get different sounds from her. Different tones to the distress and despair that she was experiencing and feeling. It was strange, that even throughout that brutal first fucking of her sex hole, whilst she was on her all fours like some stray bitch dog, she was aware of her heavy breasts swinging under her. Swinging and rippling. All of that flesh. And another sign of her own body betraying her. Nipples fully erect. Fat even and very teat like. But then with that realisation, the pangs of that obsession that she had with her breasts. And that was it, at that precise time, just at that time when she thought of her huge breasts swinging under her, there was that thought.... that 'affair' she had with her own breasts. Had been having with her own breasts ever since she could remember. With that feeling, with that surge came a secondary unexplainable surge. Like a guilt surge. Yes a surge of guilt. Even something of an acceptance that this was all her own fault this was happening. Yes it was all her own fault. Even as the policeman was shooting the full load of his semen deep inside her, Lady Victoria De Mournay was beginning to accept that this was all her own fault.

It would be difficult to accept that in the seventeen hundreds, much knowledge existed about despair and the cause of it. Or mental health issues. Either the cause of, treatment of, or furthering of. In Lady Victoria's case, one would suspect that the mental distress being caused to her was caused more by accident than prejudgement, or pre-planning. But then again, who knows, who really knows? By the same token, it would be difficult to believe that such a journey into the depth of degradation could be undertaken 'by accident'. By the same token it wouldn't be difficult to believe that someone, possibly more than one person but most likely a single person was behind this journey into the depths of degradation that Lady Victoria was about to take. Or that she had already partly taken. And that was just it to. Lady Victoria was on a journey but really, the journey had only just begun for her. Understandable that, even this soon into that journey she might wish someone would end her misery. Kill her. It MUST have crossed her mind more than one that she would prefer to be dead than suffer in this way. But that was just it. In the bigger scheme of things, in the grander scheme of things, she hadn't suffered anything yet. She had barely left the departure lounge yet. The mode of transport she was taking had barely got out of first gear. Her mind was melting at a rate of knots that was for sure. But the resolve in the Lady Victoria De Mournay was quite startling. Quite stunning. It was like she had decided, it was like her inner self had made the decision to keep hold of her sanity and her mind. It was like it was the only choice she had left to make herself. Like some rebellion left in her that couldn't be touched. They could take her body, and her femininity, but they couldn't take her sanity. Not totally. They couldn't take her sanity. At the very least she could hold onto that little string that connected her with reality. Her sanity. Oh yes, she would hold onto that and she would cling onto it for dear life. It didn't even dawn on Lady Victoria that there was never any intention to take her sanity completely. That it was intended that

she keep hold of her sanity, just, so that she would know and 'appreciate' everything that was being done to her at any given time. If she had been allowed to tip over the edge into madness as the trip into ultra-degradation had taken place then all of that would be lost. There would be no point, or no enjoyment in torturing and degrading a mindless, insane 'doll' at all. Having said all of that. The intensity of travel in the downward direction was cranked up several notches one morning. Actually in the very early hours of the morning on the day she was due to appear in the High Court of London, Lady Victoria De Mournay was visited in her single cell by two policemen. One of them the senior one. The serial abuser and torturer. Lady Victoria hadn't been able to help herself from cowering in the corner of the cell as she had heard the huge iron key in the lock and the lock cranking open. There was only one reason why she was visited at this ungodly hour. And it was never a good reason. This day was no different. There was a difference of course... and that difference was that the two policemen were not alone.

“We've taken someone to see you.”

There was a taunting quality to the policeman's voice and tone. But then there always was. Lady Victoria had been used to being treated with respect and with dignity. If there had been any taunting or disrespect to be shown it would be by her and shown towards anyone who might have been around at any time. Very rarely had Lady Victoria shown any respect for her peers, or her equals. In her eyes there was no-one equal, or above her, at all. So this was a drastic changing of the order. A catastrophic about turn. For her to be on the receiving end was in itself a terrible blow to her mentally. As the policeman had swung open the heavy metal door, so Lady Victoria had scooted back into the furthest corner of the cell. Folded up on the horrible, stinking single iron bed with the single mohair blanket that only just about prevented the onset of hypothermia. Propped up in the corner, her long legs folded up, and her arms wrapped around the legs holding them in close to her as the door opened. If one were to listen carefully, one would be able to just about hear the whimpers escaping from between her lips. That is, if anyone was to listen at all. Mostly they would just look at her. Look at her and fill in the missing details with their minds. They would be able to see the quivering of Lady Victoria's lips and then fill in that missing detail themselves. Yes, they would just know that there had to be a noise of some sort coming out of that delicious mouth. And because it was obvious that it was not a screaming cacophony of noise, then a 'whimpering' fitted the bill just about perfectly. Lady Victoria had buried her face behind her raised knees. She had been in deep sleep and had been so suddenly woken by that turning of the key in the lock that she had barely come out of her deep slumber when she was being faced by more torment. That is how the treatment she had received so far had affected her. How the repeated raping and abuse had made all of her nerves and senses things that existed into a hyper state. That is, although she slept, and on this occasion her sleep was deep, it was never a complete sleep. Something inside her mind kept her on that edge of waking. And at the same time kept her nerves on the same edge.

“Look up girl. Look who we've taken to see you.”

That further taunting that grated on the already frayed nerve endings of a young woman who was embarking on a journey into hell. Only very slowly did she bring her eyes above her raised knee level. It wasn't an 'interest' in who had come with the policemen to further her torment. It was more of a curiosity that they should announce that they had taken someone this early in the morning. Like they were making a point. Like whoever it was, would most certainly be of interest to her.

“O-ohhhhh Goddddd n-noooooo p-please no, please take her awayyyyyyyyyyy, please.”

The noises that came from her mouth at this time were more than the low level whimper than had been the case. Tabby, Lady Victoria's former servant and whipping girl, had been led gently into the cell between the two huge policemen and she had looked directly at Lady Victoria. It was like their eyes met and were locked. Something was missing in Tabby though. Now, there was no fear, or respect, or awe in her eyes any more. Those things were missing. Yes they were missing.

But in the place of those things, the things that had always been there ever since Lord D'Arcy De Mournay had taken her in all those years ago, was something else. What one might have expected, such as pity, or sorrow even for Missy and what had befallen her, wasn't there either. What there was was a relief at the release of her slavery. And then there was the contempt and the hate for the former owner who had beaten her, and then beaten her some more simply because she could. And there it was. There it was again. The very first glimpse of Tabby, in the very first nano-second of their eyes meeting, Lady Victoria had 'expected' that fear and that respect. Something even in the deepest recesses of her mind had even partly convinced her, her ordeal at last was about to end and that in fact Tabby had come to tend her and then they would leave this place and it would be all over. Still there was that left in Lady Victoria. That arrogance.

WRONG WRONG WRONG !!!

Having said that, it was just a nano-second. Really a split second in time before those mere whimpers that came from between her lips had turned into the begging, sobbing and pleading for the girl of mixed race to be taken away. For her not to be allowed to see her former Mistress in this state. In these surroundings.

"Hello Missy. I've come to see you. To remind you of me. Of what you used to do to me."

Tabby's voice was the same. A quiet, almost subdued voice. But there was something else to. A menace to it. It told anyone who heard it that tone and volume didn't mean anything. It told them that just because someone was quietly spoken and subdued, it didn't necessarily detract from what was being said. It didn't mean that what was being said wasn't heartfelt and meant. It wasn't even like Tabby had been told or prompted what to say. Those words had just poured from her mouth all of their own accord. One could be forgiven for thinking even that this young woman of mixed race was 'enjoying' this encounter with her former 'Missy' under these very different circumstances. Lady Victoria's pleading and begging for Tabby to be taken away from her of course fell on deaf ears. But the noises that came from between Lady Victoria's mouth were very different as her eyes eventually broke away from her former slave and fell down to the hip of the woman. At her side she was carrying something. Even tapping something. The end of that something, just gently tapping against her calfs. As Lady Victoria's eyes lowered and took in what they were seeing, as her brain deciphered what her eyes was feeding it, so the noise that came from her mouth changed yet again. This time there was a definite dripping of despair coming from the cracked dried lips of the Lady Victoria De Mournay. With that sound of despair was something else. Something visible. A quivering of the lips and the ever so slight shaking of the head. A moving of her head from side to side as she took in and deciphered what she was seeing and what that all meant. It was a sign for sure that Lady Victoria was still just about holding on her sanity. Just about teetering on that edge. Of course that didn't mean that she couldn't beg. Couldn't plead. And she did. First for her former slave to be taken away from her. And second when she realised what was about to happen to her was probably more than her mind could cope with right at this moment in time. The quiver of her lips almost becoming a trumpeting blubber. Lady Victoria looked at the two policemen and then again at Tabby. This time there was a genuine remorse and pleading in her eyes. In Tabby's eyes, for the first time ever, there was a joy. An extended joy as she tapped her calf again.

"P-please please n-no Tabby.. p-please please no."

THREE: And Into The Pits Of Despair

'In which the former bitch, the Lady Victoria De Mournay is taught several valuable lessons in life. In which she loses everything, but then gains everything back again, sort of... in a very different form....'

Tabby had been carrying Lady Victoria's very own rattan cane when she had come into the cell. The sight of that had very nearly tipped Lady Victoria over that perilous edge in itself. But it wasn't that. It was the periodic tapping of the cane against her bare calfs that had sent Lady Victoria's nerves jangling. Even she sat propped in the corner of the cell, on the bed, knees raised and folded up against herself, she could feel her nerves sending all sorts of conflicting messages to her mind.

"Come to the edge of the bed Lady Victoria. Crawl to the edge of the bed and look at me all the time. Look at me in the eyes as you crawl to the edge of the bed and as you then kneel up. Kneel, knees apart, back straight.... hands clasped behind your back. Do that now Victoria."

It was Tabby that spoke. Her voice that same subdued, low volume tone. And yet there was a different quality to it. A very different quality to it. Like a confident one. Yes there was a confidence there in droves. But it wasn't just a confidence in the way she spoke. It was also in her demeanour. In her stance. The way she carried herself. And also in the ways he held the cane. It was like she had been handling the cane for years. In a way she had. Except now she wasn't handling the pain that the cane could create, rather she was handling the cane in the opposite role. She had dropped the 'Lady' from Lady Victoria's name and title. Just another little something being taken away from the Lady. Just another little mental anguish for her to deal with. A former slave, now a tormentor, using her Christian name, something that would unthinkable in the former Lady Victoria De Mournay's circle. A 'slave' talking to her, addressing her in this manner. Lady Victoria shuddered as Tabby spoke and as her mind took in the words and what they meant. Her eyes did widen as they kind of pleaded with her former slave so show her at least some mercy. The two policemen said nothing and did nothing. They stepped to one side of the cell and simply watched and witnessed Lady Victoria's continuing and deepening descent.

"NOW Victoria."

The cane cracked hard, onto the spot on the bed that Tabby wanted her former 'Missy' to kneel. The acuteness of the crack of the cane making Lady Victoria jump and then slowly lean forward and unfold herself into the all-fours position she needed to be in order to crawl to the other end of the bed. Her lips went into a kind of extended quivering, like an uncontrolled one as her breasts fell forward and almost out of the regulation tunic she wore. One couldn't help but notice the pendulous breasts as they swing under the crawling, quivering, whimpering Lady Victoria. As Victoria crawled out of the shadow of the corner of the cell, the full effect of what had transpired so far was written all over her face. That Lady Victoria was pretty, more than pretty, beautiful, was not in question. That remained the case. The difference was the genuine and deep despair that was written across that face. It wasn't something that could be pinpointed. Far from it. The beauty was still there. In a way it was emphasised and it was accentuated by the despair that was written across it. As she crawled, her breasts swung under her and her lips quivered. Her eyes were wide, almost bulging wide. But they had been like that since her mouth had been raped all that time ago. It was like the actually sliding down her throat of that brutal cock had popped her eyes and they hadn't yet receded back properly. Or they might never recede back. Maybe the popping of her eyes was a permanent thing. But even that didn't detract from her beauty. Even that didn't de-emphasise the beauty that was Lady Victoria De Mournay. Both qualities accentuating each other. The beauty

accentuating her despair. Her despair accentuating her beauty. Like they were qualities that were meant to be together. Like they were just meant to be.

“Remove this rag.”

Tabby had waited until Lady Victoria was kneeling on the end of the bed, as she had been instructed to do so. Then she had used the end of the cane to indicate what she meant by rag. She was referring to the tunic that had been supplied to Victoria when her own clothes had been taken away from her. She had used the end of the cane. Hooked it under the tunic's hem and lifted the hem. She had done that slowly like she was making a point. Or not so much that she was making a point but more like she was simply furthering Victoria's worst nightmare. Peeling up the hem of the tunic slowly, exposing the fact that there were no undergarments to cover Lady Victoria's modesty. No undergarments to cover, or hide the very visible evidence that she had been multiple raped already. What possibly could this 'little urchin' do to her that would further her nightmare? Victoria's lips still quivering, and something, like a mumbling spilling out from between those lips as she raised her arms, and slipped the tunic off, over her head and discarded it on the bed behind her. Both the policemen's lips seemed to be licked in unison as Lady Victoria bared herself. As she brought her hands and arms back down and behind herself, her breasts gently swayed and rolled to a standstill. Her large nipples, in the permanent chill of the cell were in a state of constant, thick, long erection and the little speckles that covered the huge diameter of each aureole were raised, and pronounced. Further evidence of that chill in the dead air of the police cell. Nipples and aureoles in stark contrast to the pale mass of breasts flesh that now hung exposed and vulnerable. And the fact was that, her breasts were huge and they were pale. Someone with such redness of hair could only be pale fleshed. Those huge, pendulous breasts were pale and that paleness was further enhanced by their sheer size. All eyes in that room crawled over those breasts and lingered. They lingered because they could. Tabby looked for the longest. Like she was proving a point. Or not so much proving a point but displaying the reversal of power. Demonstrating the shift in power. Her eyes lingered long on the breasts and on the sensitive tips of those nipples.

And then her eyes wandered in the downward direction. Firstly over her tummy. Just holding for a few seconds on Lady Victoria's midriff. Perfect, flat. Not even the slightest hint of a tummy bulge. And then down lower to her pubis. Just above the point where her slit started. At the down of gingery red hair. Once again she used the very tip of the cane, and ran it through the fine mat of hair. She circled the tip of the cane through the hair, pressing into the flesh beneath it several times before speaking again. Nothing intricate, or where a complicated mix of words would be required. Tabby was a poorly educated, former slave after all. She knew simple words. And she knew some more advanced words. She wasn't used to speaking at all. She had never been required to speak very much at all. And this could have been the reason for her low volume in voice. Kind of her inexperience showing through. Even her lack of confidence. After all, her world had been turned upside down as well. Firstly the death of Lord De Mournay, the man that had looked after her and abused her in equal measure since she had been taken in off the streets all those years ago. And now, these turning of the tables on Missy. How things changed. How strange this world was. Tabby's mind struggling also to come to terms with what was happening.

“This will be removed... no hair. Smooth. Hairless.”

Simple words, spoken simply and yet clearly. The volume wasn't there, but the clarity was most certainly there. But there was something else there as well. Yes that inexperience or uncertainty at speaking was there. That was there for anyone experienced enough to spot it. But also there was a confidence in that she knew what she was talking about. Tabby wasn't making humble enquiries as to whether or not the pubic hair of Lady Victoria De Mournay could be removed or not. She was stating, in her simple uneducated way, what was going to happen. Not asking. Stating a fact. That in no way escaping Lady Victoria. The words simply slipping into her ears and then rustling around inside her mind before settling on her psyche. Tabby running the tip of that cane

down between Victoria's legs. Finding the slit. A visible shudder and all of Victoria's flesh quivering as she felt the invasion of her most intimate femininity. The cane not quite slipping in, but just about ploughing down the length of the swollen, abused labia. The fine down of pubic hair, matted and stained in parts with spent semen and mixed bodily fluids. A deep flush covering Lady Victoria's flesh from the neck and up over her entire face. Like her face was lit up. A further emphasis of her stark and very base beauty.

“Be straighter... Arch your back. Push your sex forward.”

Once again, simple, very simple instructions and yet the clarity acute and profound. Victoria's eyes trying to close over their bulged state, trying to implore her former slave to show some compassion. There was no compassion. Indeed there was almost a clinical de-compassion, if there is such a thing. Tabby retreating the cane a little. Dropping it to her side as she moved in closer to her former owner. Very close to her. Having to take slight evasive action to avoid her head colliding with the mass of breast flesh that was hanging from the front of Lady Victoria's upper torso. Just moving in and then very delicately, very gently using the tips of three of her fingers to stroke the lower tummy of her former Missy. Just running the tips of those fingers very gently over the tummy flesh above the pubis. Almost, but not quite, gentle enough not to dent the flesh as the fingers ran in little expanding circles on the flesh. Victoria's lips quivering as she could feel the little stroking motions over her intimate flesh. Then the finger wandering down. Just lightly running through the thin almost invisibly thin covering of pubic hair until she found the top of the slit.

“Mmmmmmmmm nnnngggggggggg.”

The sound just spilling over the lips of the increasingly tormented Lady Victoria. And yet at the same time, visible efforts of her obeying the simply spoken commands by her former slave. Pushing her shoulders back, and arching her back so that her pelvis was forced forward. If the scene hadn't been so abusively obscene it would be erotic. Actually, no... it was highly erotic despite the overtones of severe abuse that were ensuing.

“This is your favourite cane, isn't it Victoria? You liked to hurt me with this cane, didn't you Victoria?”

Tabby removed her fingers from the intimacy of Victoria and held up the cane again. This time taking it in two hands and bending it in from of Victoria's rapidly dwindling demeanour. Arching the cane as much as it would arch. Letting her see the cane. The cane that she had used countless times on every area of Tabby's own flesh. Victoria just nodding. A stream of tears now cascading down her face and running down the valley between her breasts. Her lips trembling uncontrollably and a sound coming from between them that was drenched in dread and despair.

“Answer me with your lips and your mouth. Not your head. Answer me with your mouth.”

Once again. Words spoken in a very controlled, almost elegant way by a former slave of the woman she was talking to.

“Y-y-yessss, yess.”

Tabby tapping the cane on one breast. Just tapping lightly. Just bringing to Lady Victoria's attention, in her moments of deepening despair that indeed this former slave had the expanse of all flesh available to her at any time. Victoria letting out a sob. Trying to regulate her breathing and then taking a deep breath before attempting to speak again.

“Y-yesss yes... t-that has always b-been my favourite cane, yessss.”

The two policemen's interest very perked at what was transpiring between the two women. The moment not lost on them. Of this exchange of power between two women. The exchange of more than power. The most senior policeman standing, and very brazenly stroking his cock inside his uniform. Stroking it and the hardness and the size of it becoming very visible. He continued to stroke as the scene was played out in front of them.

“You mean, 'Yes Missy. Yes Missy, that has always been my favourite cane'. That's what you mean isn't it Victoria?”

Tabby's assault on Lady Victoria De Mournay's senses was incessant. She was bringing her former owner down without even laying one stroke of the cane on her. It was chilling, and must have been mortifying for Victoria herself. The pure monotone of Tabby's voice. One could liken that voice to a poor actor trying to deliver lines and with only a modicum of success. And yet the single most chilling thing was that, this wasn't an actor trying to deliver lines. This was real life. It was real life for all those in that cell. Most of all it was real life for Lady Victoria as her mind struggled to cope with what was happening to her mind and body. She nodded again, but at the same time the words came out,

“Y-yes Missy, yes.....”

Tabby tapping the other breast.

“Yes what Victoria? Yes what?”

Tabby running the tip of the cane down between the huge breasts and down the line immediate centre of the tummy. Right to where the pubic hair line was. And then through that hair and to the tip of the slit. Tabby watching the tip of the cane come to a rest right on the tip of the sex slit. Just over the top of the area where her former owner's clitoris hood was. And Leaving it just there. Right there on that spot. And pressing in slightly. Denting the sensitive intimate flesh. Making sure that Victoria could feel that pressing. Making sure she knew just where the cane tip was resting.

“Y-yes Missy, yes... i-it has always been my favourite cane Missy. Yess Missy.”

Lady Victoria De Mournay's words pouring out between sobs. Her whole body convulsing with those sobs and yet that point of flesh, where the cane was pressing into the area above her clitoris hood was held, just so. Seemingly the rest of her flesh, the rest of her body quivering and convulsing around it. Just that very point held. Just so.

“Good, girl. Good girl Victoria.”

Somehow, the extreme abuse she had so far suffered, being dwarfed by the mental anguish of having the tables turned by Tabby. Yet again that single tone, almost expressionless voice. It was only at first it was likened to that inexperienced actor trying to deliver lines. Once one got used to how Tabby spoke and how she got her point across... only then could the full effect of that voice be experienced. Only then could the full chill be felt. It was like a chill that was sourced at the base of the core of the spine and then travelled up. It didn't just travel part way up though. It travelled all the way. Right up to the nape of the neck and down again. Victoria didn't just experience that despair, she experienced that chill buried in with the reality that was the situation she now found herself in. The reality of Tabby in front of her, with 'her' cane.

“I'm going to hurt you now Victoria. Not a little bit. But a lot. I'm going to make you wish you were dead. But you won't be dead. You will be alive and feeling every moment of this. Don't you DARE move Victoria. You stay with your hands behind you and your back arched. Push back your shoulders and push forward your sex... do you understand Victoria?”

Just that one emphasised word 'dare'. The first time tabby had emphasised any words. Or placed extra meaning on any word. The words were sinking into Lady Victoria. They were sinking in loud and acutely clear. The words served as the trigger for her sobbing to be intensified. And with that intensity came the 'drumming' of her lips. A constant droning quivering drumming of those full delicious, and slightly freckled lips. The despair, and that spine chill travelling through Victoria like a hot knife through butter. The thing that struck her, probably as acutely as the words from Tabby herself was the fact that she had heard those words before. She had used those instructive words before. Those were words that she had used herself on Tabby. Time after time she had used those words, or words similar to ensure that the mixed race slave had stayed perfectly still.

“Y-yes Missy.. y-yes yes I understand Missy.”

The senior policeman was letting out little groans as the rubbing of his own cock progressed. The other had by this time begun to rub his own and both were enthralled in the way the little slave

girl was treating her former owner.

“Good girl Victoria. Just, to remind you... do not move. Keep the position. If you move, I will simply let these two men deal with you in their own way. I suspect you want to avoid that.”

There was more than a slight increase in volume of Tabby's voice and tone. But also something else. The confidence was building. And then again, not just that. There was an underlying 'enjoyment' of what she was doing. Of the utter torment she was causing Victoria and of the utter hell she was about to put her through right now. It was like the volume was increasing, yes, and the confidence was increasing, yes. But also it was like she was taking all of those words she had heard over the years and using them herself. Like she was scouring the deeper recesses of her memory banks and remembering all these words and phrases so that she could string the words together and use them on the very person who had used them on her. There was a joy there. Most definitely there was a joy there. Even if it was a refined or leashed joy, it was there. It was there plain and easy to detect.

“MMMMMMMAAAAAAAAAA

RRRRGGRGRRRRGRGGGFFFGFFGFGFGGGFVGFGFGG”

If it was a word that erupted from Lady Victoria De Mournay's mouth, it was not a decipherable one. It was spat from between tightly clenched teeth and merged with the drool and the spittle than catapulted out and towards the policemen who simply watched on and smiled. Tabby had laid on the first stroke of the cane with expert precision. More than expert precision. Another level of chill was added to Tabby in that, with the first use of the rattan cane, Lady Victoria's favourite rattan cane, she had appeared to be a consummate expert with it. She had simply stood to one side of the bed, and to one side of Lady Victoria, and very casually pressed the cane to the flesh, just above her former owner's cunt. She had simply measured the stroke like that. Laid it across the down of pubic hair and pressed it in. She was doing two things. She was kind of marking her spot, or taking aim. Measuring her stroke. But also she was letting Lady Victoria know what was coming. She was letting her former Mistress know, letting her know precisely which part of flesh was about to feel the worse single amount of pain she could ever imagine herself being inflicted with. The fact was that as the pubis, just above the cuntal slit was pressed with the cane, an increased sob came from Victoria's mouth. It wasn't just an increased sob. It was an increased despair and fear. Fear and despair that had been increased several fold. The simple fact was that Victoria had no idea how much pain that cane could cause and create when in the right hands. She had no real idea of how much it actually hurt because she had never felt it herself. It was just a fact that although the cruelty she had shown towards the mixed race girl was undeniable, there was no real knowledge there of the pandemonium that she was causing when she was using that cane. Truth be told she just liked the results using that cane produced. There were times when she couldn't herself believe that a simple cane could cause another human being to create so much noise. She did, admittedly, spend some time studying the welts that she had produced with that cane. And she had come to the conclusion that they must have 'hurt a little'. But that was it. That was the sole measure of her interest, or her compassion or even her understanding. Now though she was on the receiving end of it and it was being brought home to her like a freight train. To her, the pain was indescribable as Tabby laid it on with expertise across the top of her sex. And yet, despite the pain, the utter and extremely acute pain that she felt, at that precise time, she retained her position. Even apparently accentuating it by pushing her pelvis forward. One might suspect that this action was more out of shock and the non-knowledge of how else her mind and her body could cope with that amount of intense pain. She may have retained and accentuated her position, kneeling on that bed, but all of the energy and the pain was clear to see in her face. Immediately, less than a split second after that first stroke landed, the incredibly beautiful face of Lady Victoria De Mournay, twisted into one of a mask of total undiluted agony. Her perfect white teeth immediately clenched together and the lips peeled out. All of that, plus the catapulting of the drool happened at exactly, and precisely that same

time. And that 'word' if it was a word that came out with it. It was more of a desperate form of exclamation. Terrible awful pain that emanated from that single point of contact with the cane. Tabby had applied the stroke with a chilling casualness and then stood back to watch its effects. For the first time, experiencing the buzz of causing another human being such intense pain. More than a little gratification in the fact that she was causing that pain to Lady Victoria. The bitch Lady Victoria. The 'former' Lady Victoria.

“Good girl Victoria. Good girl.”

That chill that Tabby was capable of producing was being multiplied with every new happening. She stood back and measured the next stroke. This time, she placed the cane across the pubis just above the first stroke. Already that first welt had begun to rise angrily through the fine matt of pubic hair. Tabby studied that welt for a few seconds and then placed the cane above that and positioned herself for the second stroke.

“MMMMAHHAHAHAHAHAHHGGHGHGHGHGHGHNNGGNHNHNHNHNHNHNHN.”

Another projectile of drool and spittle as the cane lashed perfectly into the soft, slightly pouting honey pot above Victoria's pubic bone. Once again her eyes bulged, almost vein-poppingly as her body and mind absorbed the hell of that pain. The stroke had been applied with such a casual force that a huge ripple, like a tsunami of flesh rippled up and down the prose Lady Victoria. When that tsunami reached her breasts, the breasts lifted and waved. Lowered then rested again. That tsunami riding the length of her as she absorbed what must have been a lot of pain, all applied in one split second. She clasped her hands behind her. Her fingers interlaced as she tried to cope. Fingers interlaced and yet at the same time opening and closing around each other. Her whole self trembling as the intense agony of that stroke faded into the numbing, fire like pain of the first stroke. The two pains becoming one. The next stroke slightly above the second one. The one after that above that one and so on. Tabby covering Lady Victoria's lower abdomen with a series of cane strokes minutely separated by the tiniest amount of flesh. All the way up. Across her lower tummy, and upper tummy and then to the undersides of her breasts. By the time that Tabby had covered all of this flesh, Victoria's face was a pure mask of pain and twisted despair. As she had made her way up the front of Victoria with the cane, Tabby could see the welts rising behind the last stroke applied. The tiny amount of flesh that had existed between each stroke rising and closing the gap. All of the flesh affected simply becoming red and angry. Where it wasn't welted it just reddened and where this redness occurred it spread. Unfortunately for Lady Victoria De Mournay, her breasts didn't escape the cane. On the contrary. With her position being slightly elevated by kneeling on the bed, Tabby could angle the cane upwards and lash it into the very sensitive and very delicate underside flesh of each breast. Some strokes lashing under individual breasts, some across both in unison. It was strange, funny even although not in a 'ha ha' kind of way, that the noises produced by Victoria as she was caned in this way, differed slightly with each one applied. Taken over the collectively caned area, the noises were in striking contrast from say the first one applied above the pubis, to the last which was applied directly over the two breasts and right across the tips of each nipple. That last stroke had caused the worst, worst pain and had almost seen Lady Victoria De Mournay lose her composure and collapse on the bed. But somehow, she hadn't, she had retained the position and simply bellowed loud. Tabby standing back, the most chilling thing of all that she hadn't even broken into a sweat throughout the extended and prolonged caning of her former owner.

“Good girl Victoria.... But we MUST, we simply MUST continue.”

Once again that chilling, dead tone that didn't beg questions. Just stated facts.

On her all fours probably wasn't the best position for Victoria to be in. The only possible saving grace was that because she was on all fours on that bed, the softness, such as it was, of the thin mattress did save her knees, at least a little. But the fact remained that the considerable weight of her heavy, mature breasts hung underneath her. They didn't solely hang, but they seemed to swing with the slightest of movement. There didn't have to be a distinct 'movement' even. A simple

twitch of a single muscle would do it. That would send the breasts colliding into each other, or swinging in opposite directions. That very demeaning position, on her all fours meant that the weight of those breasts was a constant. The pressure of the weight feeding behind each nipple in the downwards direction. This position would have been bad enough in degradation terms. But that fact that the Lady Victoria De Mournay had just received a measured and yet a severe and complete caning across and specific area of her abdomen and breasts, meant that that all fours position was not simply and solely degrading, it was also extremely painful. Even the words 'extremely painful' didn't do what Tabby had done, justice.

“On your fours, NOW.”

The former slave's instruction had been simple. Quietly spoken, even calmly spoken. It didn't encourage a debate. It didn't even in the slightest take into consideration the absolute pain that Lady Victoria must have been in. There had been the ever so slight and subtle emphasis of the word 'now'. That had been accompanied by the ever so slight increase in volume. In the time taken to span the caning of Victoria, Tabby had acquired that confidence and the pose that when all taken into consideration just didn't bode well for Lady Victoria. The almost petite, and yet top-heavy mixed race former slave simply leant against the door wall of the cell, near to the two policemen and simply watched Victoria in her absolute agony as she repositioned herself on the bed. Walking backward on her knees. Letting her get there, all weepy and sobbing before correcting her.

“No, NOT like that. ACROSS the bed. On your fours ACROSS the bed.”

Once again simple instructions that would be easily understood even by someone who was in the incredible unimaginable amount of agony that Lady Victoria was in. Repositioning herself again. The pain etched across her face as she turned in order to get on her fours across the width of the bed as opposed to down the length of it. Being on all fours across the thin width single bed brought new agonies in that Victoria, in order for her knees and hands to be on the bed, had to shorten the length of her footprint, so to speak. Bringing her hands even more underneath her which increased the strain on her arms but also the apparent weight on her swinging breasts. In addition she had to bring her knees forward and more under her with in turn meant that the strain on her abdomen, that is the strain on her severely caned lower abdomen was ever more increased. The sight of her wincing, attractive face, twisted and contorted as she adopted the position was really a study in terror and fear as much as it was a study in the aftermath of pain and degradation infliction. Knees just about on the edge of the bed. And finger curled and gripping to the other edge of the mattress. Trying to keep the centre of gravity just enough so that at the very least the pain and the incredible discomfort could be minimised. But that immediately being counteracted by Tabby.

“No no NO Victoria. Hands WIDE apart. Knees WIDE apart. And DIP your back. And RAISE your bottom. Present yourself. You KNOW how it's done. Now DO it.”

There was a casualness about Tabby's voice and instructions. And yet with those subtle little accentuations of certain words, there was also an undeniable control of the situation. An undeniable control of her former owner.

“AHHHHHHH GODDDDDDDDD THIS HURTTTTTSSSSSSSSSSSS.”

Lady Victoria letting out a huge tear stained sigh and then a bellowing exclamation of the agony she was in as she turned and adopted the position across the bed. Dipping her back had forced her internal organs down and the pressure from the inside against the caned flesh. Raising and thrusting back her bottom had only extended that pain. And the side of her arms every so often, depending on how she moved, or twitched, made contact with the soft, welted flesh of her breasts which caused more and more suffering. Yes, it was true, Lady Victoria De Mournay DID know how to present herself. And that added not only to the pain she was suffering in real time but also to the indignity of the whole situation. As though apparently losing everything was not enough, there was the indignity of being controlled and taken over by a woman, just days ago she had 'owned' lock stock and barrel. For the first time, a hint of a smile crossed Tabby's face as she watched and

noticed at how, once Lady Victoria had managed to adopt the position, on all fours across the bed, she tried with all her might to remain perfectly still. Just so that the pain from the caning she had received would at least be minimised. The trouble was that every single nuance of that caning could be felt. Even the stretching pressure with every movement and every muscle twitch, threatening to stretch and break the flesh of the welt so that blood would drip. Only in one or two places did this actually occur. And yet Tabby, despite that slight smile was impressed with how Victoria adopted the position and held it. She was impressed simply because she KNEW how hard it must have been. She knew from first-hand experience. She had had to adopt similar and worse positions in her life with the De Mournays. It was funny really. Tabby had suffered abuse of one kind or another from both Lady Victoria and Lord D'Arcy De Mournay. She had suffered abuse to such an extent that she had begun to hanker after, crave the feeling of the Lord's semi hard cock sliding into her mouth simply because at those times she was spared any of the agony. Even though she knew that probably from somewhere or other, Lady Victoria would be watching her suck Daddy's cock, seething and planning her next assault on her. So Tabby KNEW. She knew every single nuance of what Lady Victoria was going through on that bed.

“EEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAOWOWOWOWOW NNGGGHGHGHGHGHGHGHGHGHGHGHG”

The undiluted pure scream came as a result from a resurgence of pain from a number of sources. One of the policemen had moved in front of Victoria and had shown very little mercy when he had twisted his fist into her thick mane of red hair. Actually, he had shown no mercy what so ever. He had moved in front of her and in the same movement had grabbed the hair from the crown and wound it around his fist. At the same time that he was winding his hand into that hair he was closing his fingers into a fist. Winding and tightening his fingers. Curling them closed and winding them around that hair at the same time. There was most obviously the need for him to have the tightest and most secure grip. It was obvious from the way he moved in close to her that this was not going to be a simple hair pulling exercise. The grip and the hold on the hair was to ensure that he controlled the head movements in total. That, no matter what Lady Victoria's inclinations to do, she could not do them. Such as move her head away, or turn her head in an opposite direction to that that he wanted it to turn.

“So... Lady Victoria De Mournay... YOU spent YEARS abusing me. Treating me like filth. Both you and that disgusting father of yours. And NOW, now it's PAYBACK time. Payback in a big way. Mummy and Daddy aren't alive any more so they cannot pay. But YOU can. You can pay. And you WILL pay.”

It could be understood, had Victoria not heard all of those words, or understood them because of the amount of distress and pain she was in. The fact was though that she did hear and she did understand every single word spoken by Tabby. As the hugeness of the more junior policeman's cock was sliding into her mouth, she even 'got' the slight variation and emphasis on certain words. Tabby did that. She did that to a chilling and frightening level. Voice otherwise cool and calm and with very little volume to it. But it was the way she spoke, the way she seemed to carefully consider each and every word before she spoke it meant that she was doing just that. Carefully and considerately making sure that every word was appropriate for the context in which it was being used. Even more chillingly, carefully, studiously choosing which words were important enough to emphasis in order to get her point across. Victoria's drool drenched scream seeping around the solid erection of the policeman's cock as he slid it into the warm and wet confines of her mouth. He was using her mouth, using her face really not for oral sex but as a simple fucking tool. He was fucking the attractive, beautiful face of Lady Victoria as opposed to her using her mouth to suck him off. The way and the manner with which he had gripped and twisted her hair around his fist mean that he could minutely control the movements of her head. That is, she could not in any way move her head of her own free will. Or in any direction that she wanted. He controlled the movement strictly and tightly. In this instance he had gripped and then twisted to the side. Tilting her head to the side

causing her neck untold agonies.

“Open Up Bitch.”

His grunted instruction had been simple. Even more simple than the ones issued by Tabby. Lady Victoria didn't need to be told twice. Her lips had peeled apart immediately in order to accept the cock head. Head pulled right back on its neck hinge and then yanked to the side so that he could fuck her face. And then was just it. That is what he did. Apart from moving himself into position. He didn't move at all. He didn't so much slide his cock into her mouth as he pulled her mouth onto it. Every single nuance of what was happening was transferring to her caned flesh under her. Due to the violence of the situation, her breasts were in constant motion under her. Tabby simply watched and knew, she just knew that her former owner was suffering to the extreme, even at that single second in time she was suffering dreadful pain and degradation.

“MMMMNNGNGNGNGNGNGNG MAMAMAMAMFMGMGMGMGMGGMMGMG.”

That scream was muffled in that she had a mouthful of leaking, dripping cock. The rumbles of that scream served to provide delicious sensations required to pleasure the officer of the law who just happened to be brutally raping her mouth at that time. It just so happened that as her mouth was being given a good seeing to, the larger and the most senior of the police officers present was feeding his unusually massive cock, not into the swollen, moistness of Victoria's sex, but rather the tight, dryness of her bottom. Under these conditions and under this stress and distress, Lady Victoria had tightened up. Her bottom muscles, and her sphincter simply tight and closed. Shut tight. So the feeding of the animalistic cock into it was not an easy option.

“Hold the BITCH nice and tight. Don't want her getting away from this one.”

The senior officer had been speaking to the other policeman. The one who was holding Lady Victoria by the hair and was fucking her face. As if he couldn't hold her any tighter by that clump of hair, he managed to take an extra turn, making her squeal behind the swell of his cock head that was in the process of being nudged against the back of her throat. Some drool had begun to dribble from her nose. But it was her eyes that were the single most telling things at that moment in time. As she felt the nudge against her tight, puckered and slightly raised rosebud bottom, so her eyes widened and bulged with a realisation of what was about to come. The officer holding her, although gripping her extra tightly continued to move her head and face back and forth on his cock as his senior officer readied to enter her from behind. He seemed to enjoy moving that head of red hair more intently, more intensely as that time of back passage entry neared. Almost dribbling and seething as he forced her face to be an accomplice in its own rape. Another nudge of that brutally huge, purple bell ended cock. This time the combination of the nudge and the involuntary twitches of muscle meant that the anus hole, the actual ring piece hole began to dilate. This in turn meant that timing was of the utmost important. Another nudge and at least the tip of the cock had made some progress. It was as though in a grunt of frustration that the senior officer looked down and at the next to impossible task he was setting himself. Getting that huge, thick, bulbous ended cock into her back passage in this stressed state was a task and a half. Timing that little nudge with the miniscule dilation was of paramount importance. And somehow as he did that, her jerk, what little jerk was possible, was backwards and onto his cock. That little bit of progress successful. He kind of gripped her hips and arched in a concave manner in readiness to thrust back into her some more. Before he did that he leaned back and dribbled his own spit onto his shaft. Then with the fingers of one hand he smeared the spittle and dribble over his bell end lubricating it a little. He would have preferred to dry-fuck her. That would have caused to most pain and discomfort for her. But there was an urgency in his need to feel his cock sliding up into that tight back passage of the former stuck up bitch and Lady, Victoria. He used the same spit to smear around her hole. Her puckered asshole had just begun to open up round the hugeness of his cock head. But he used his spit to smear around it. That wasn't lost on her. She could feel the fingers working around the raised circumference of her anus hole and she whimpered. That whimpering feeding the cock glans that

were in her mouth, and down her throat.

“EEEEEEEEEEHHHHGHGHGH HHHHHHGGGGHGHGHGH EEEEEEEEEEE
HHHHHHHGGGGG GGGGGG GGGGGHHHHH NNNNNNNGGHHHHHHH.”

That had been the one, eye popping moment. The exact moment that the senior policeman had steadied himself ready for the one single huge shove past Victoria's sphincter. When he did that, all of the other pain and discomfort that she had experienced to date was eclipsed. Totally obliterated by the absolute sheer shooting pain that she felt when that now slippery cock head had slipped past the sphincter. That pain had been instant. An acute, shooting pain right through the depth of her most intimate femininity. The sphincter opening and then snapping closed around the hugeness of that cock shaft. And it was a hugeness. There was no other way to describe the cock that was now inside Victoria's back passage. It was simply not designed to accept such hugeness. It was unnatural. The sphincter really a one way valve being forced to open the wrong way. But not just simply being forced to open up the wrong way, but then to further accept the shaft up inside its tight inner tube. Her hole stretched and convulsing against that shaft providing the officer with involuntary spasms of pleasure. He didn't merely slip that cock up inside that back passage. He impaled Victoria on it. At the other end, the officer held her extra tight. Twisted her head from acutely on one side to a quick snap and to the other side. The side of her face that had been down most, now facing up and covered in drool and cock leaking from the fucking her face was getting.

The Lady Victoria De Mournay had gone into a global spasm, and yet she retained the position on her hands and knees. It seemed that she retained her position perfectly despite in effect being impaled from both end. The less senior officer was moving her head back and forth and up and down the length of his cock whilst holding his fist of her hair tightly. Those flame red locks twisted tightly around his fingers and fists, and denting into his finger flesh. The fingers having gone white such was the tightness of the wind of hair around them. Pushing and pulling her head back and forth. The dribble and the drool escaping from any available orifices. Those being mostly, her flared nostrils. The nostrils dilating and contracting in time with the enforced self fucking motions. Behind her, the most senior officer was getting into a steady rhythm of fucking Lady Victoria's bottom. There was no easy way of doing that without hurting her. Not that preventing her suffering was on anyone's mind. Her bottom was just not equipped in construction or ability to take, such a size of alien object. And it was like an alien object up inside her. The fucking motions coming slowly and yet firmly. Him using the full length of his cock to fuck her. Making sure she would feel the pull back of his cock head on the inside of her sphincter with each out stroke. Making sure that she believed that he would pop that cock head out only to have to push it back in. That thought making her squeeze and tighten her ass onto the cock more. Giving him more pleasure though not in a voluntary way. Then the in stroke, slightly deeper and more penetrating each and every time. Eventually deep enough and invasive enough to be nudging against her colon causing her to hold her breath, or what little breath she could hold.

Tabby, fascinated with this deep abuse of her former owner. Enjoying it. Moving forward and to the side of her. Reaching under her to cup first one breast, then the other. Then taking the weight of each. Gently squeezing, and feeling the involuntary teats grow and thicken as the abuse progressed and continued. Using the closeness to almost 'smell' the despair and tortuous agony that Lady Victoria was feeling. Going right up to one ear, the officer stopping the fucking motion so that Tabby could hiss into the ear,

“Welcome to Hell.”

FOUR: Into The Future

'In which the former haughty, snooty, spoilt, cruel bitch Lady Victoria De Mournay learns, not her entire fate, but at least the identity of her ultimate tormentor. And also the fact that she is going to be going on a long, long trip...'

One could not be quite sure whether it was by coincidence, or by design that the two policemen orgasmed at precisely the same time. Whatever, it proved to be something of a spectacular sight. Tabby, might at some point in the future, be only too pleased to admit that she had clenched her thighs at the sight of the two men grunting their loads into her former owner from both ends. It wasn't so much the sight of them orgasming, but the sight of Victoria in one large spasm, and yet still on her all fours. Every muscle taut, and yet the flesh and muscles quivering as her back passage was forced to adapt to that sheer size that was inside it. And then there was her mouth. Red swollen and thoroughly fucked. Tabby clenching her thighs time after time in actual fact. Shocking herself that she was getting 'that kind' of pleasure from the sights she was witnessing. Then the coinciding of the orgasmic eruptions as the two officers of the law relieved themselves of the entire contents of their collective testicles. Such was the pressure induced as the huge cock inside her bottom gave up its load that it caused a whole new pain inside her. There was nowhere for that sheer amount of semen and pre and after fluid to go. The cock was so huge that it sealed her ass completely so there was no chance of it leaking or blowing back from there. The only way it could go was up. Right up flooding her inside tubes and then up into her bowels. In effect giving her a semen enema of massive proportion. He seemed to cum and cum up inside her like it would never end. The combination of the cock head thrusting up against her colon and the tightness of the squeeze of her bottom on the cock, and the inner tunnels creating that vacuum all tight and warm around that shaft and cock head all worked together to produce the most intense, and productive orgasm that pressured right up into the very core of Lady Victoria's femininity.

“MMMMNNNNNNNGGGGGGGGG H H H H H H H H H,H,,HH,H,,H,HH,HH,,,,
NNNNNNNGGHH.”

That pressure causing the pain spasms to double and treble as her bowels were filled. At precisely the same instant, the less senior officer was feeling his own orgasm and resulting semen collecting ready for eruption in his own swollen purple bell end. That same bell end that was using the inside of Victoria's mouth to create its required friction. Using the whole of her mouth, and the entrance to her throat to just bring himself to the point of orgasm. The very edge. He was different though. He had been doing that long before he had allowed the orgasm to erupt. Just bringing himself to the edge of euphoria and then stopping. Letting the orgasm subside and in doing so and with each stop, intensifying the sensation, and the need to come. This officer needed to be complimented in the method, manner and execution of self-control that he exercised during the raping of Victoria's mouth. The result, for Victoria was that she was able to feel and taste his pre-cum and even dribbles of actual semen before the eruption was allowed to take over the moment. When he did cum. When the junior officer did orgasm, the pure pressure created by his self-denial was intense and on-going. The first jets of thick cum shooting straight down Lady Victoria's throat and her throat reacting instantly in a swallow. Each subsequent spasm of orgasm produced yet another jet of semen that simply erupted under great and prolonged pressure. Time after time. It was a natural progression of such an orgasm that Victoria would not be able to keep up with swallowing such volumes of thick cum. That and the angle at which he was holding her head, tightly by the hair meant that her ability to control any aspect of what was happening to her was nil. As his multiple orgasm erupted in her mouth, so the overspill began. At first overflowing over her lips, but then as

the pure volume flooded her mouth, it also flooded her nose and came seeping and spilling out of her nostrils. Tabby taking an even closer look as her former owner was all but drowned in orgasmic semen from both ends. The mixed race former slave and servant of the De Mournays allowing her lips to stretch into slightly more of a smile. And clenching her thighs just that little bit tighter.

“A most unsettling appearance in the High Court Of London Town...”

The downfall of the house of De Mournay was big news. Therefore there would be no big surprise attached had the resulting court case gone on and on for months and months. Or even longer. But very much to the contrary. Such cases were prevalent in the seventeen hundreds. More often than not, there was no Trial as such. In most cases, if not all, the guilt of the accused had been long since established. The old adage of 'guilty until proven innocent' was simply not the case. Actions against the rich and wealthy and the titled were very few and far between. If they did happen, when they did happen, there was good need, good cause. And guilt was usually a foregone conclusion. That was in the normal run of things. The scales of justice running their natural course. Even in those cases, escape from such predicaments was rare if non-existent. Then there were the other instances. Where foul play was the order of the day. Foul play, possibly was the wrong description. Maybe revenge. Or simply the enforced repayments of debts. Or where someone was just being stitched up for reason, or reasons only known to themselves. In cases like this there was no escape. No way out. No way that justice will win out. In these cases, the outcome was already decided at the planning stage. I guess the point is that Lady Victoria De Mournay's future had been discussed at length and in detail long before that fateful day. That day when she had been publicly arrested at her own family home and taken to the police station where her hell would begin. But it was just that. The beginning.

Just a few hours after that terrible, terrible caning by Tabby, and the double rape and abuse by the two officers of the law, Lady Victoria De Mournay was being led up the stairs, from the cells under the court building on south side of London's Cheapside. It was a slow tortuous climb up those stone steps and directly into the dock of court number one. The public gallery was full. Literally full with members of the public, some of whom had queued for hours to get a seat, so that they could watch the former Lady Victoria's De Mournay receive her comeuppance for crimes that she had most obviously committed. Victoria could barely walk such had been her torture and abuse at the police station. She was obviously pained a great deal as she took her place in the dock. Her head hanging low. Flame red hair matted and in general dishevelment as opposed to the usual perfect slick and stylish look of the day. At least some of Victoria's modesty was covered by the regulation tunic she had been supplied with. It just would not do to lead a female prisoner naked into a British court of law. However many people existed that would dearly like to witness such a spectacle. It was bad enough having the tunic that barely concealed anything. But with ankles manacled and a hobble chain attached as well. Plus a heavy leather belt with attached handcuffs that although on chains, afforded the Lady Victoria De Mournay very little movement in her hands and wrists that were secured to either of her hips. This bondage hampered her movements. Not simply the torture she had endured. The cruel seemingly endless caning. The raping. The general abuse.

To say that Lady Victoria hung her head in shame was a drastic understatement. She was a destroyed woman in that dock. The arrogance, the confidence, even the audacity had been taken away as she was forced to face Judges made up of her own peers. People she had previously looked down on, now looked down on her. She couldn't even look up at them. Preferring instead to look at her own bare feet and the chain between then snaking on the floor as she stood. No attempt by her to divulge the abuse she had suffered. No attempt to defend the accusations against her. Any will simply taken away from her in that police cell. Her mind, although fully aware of what was happening and going on around her, in a state of mush. The pain and discomfort she was suffering

as she stood there, head lowered and bowed, running through her like a torrent.

The cruellest twist of all was the fact that Victoria was flanked either side by the two policeman that had abused her last. The one that had given her the semen enema, he being the most senior officer and the other, the one that had used her mouth and her face so brutally and completely. Either side of her. These were the days before prison officers, and guards. The police used to, in those days, do everything. Custody, remand and escorting and delivering prisoners to court, or to prison. Or to the ships that would take some offenders out of the country.

“The list of your offences is truly astonishing, and disgusting and obscene. I am not in the slightest surprised that you are not contesting these offences. What audacity you would have to even think of contesting these charges.”

There was a noise of sorts, just gurgling in the back of Lady Victoria's throat. That would have been the combination of stresses she was suffering. Mental and physical, plus the ultimate shame being heaped on her by a female Magistrate, flanked by one other female on one side of her and a male on the other. Victoria could still taste spent semen in her mouth and that taste was strengthened as the little gurgling bubbles came up her throat and burst in her mouth. And there was a whimpering to as she tried to force her stretched, abused bum hole to stay closed and stop from breaking wind that reeked of anally infused semen. She had evacuated most of the semen from her anal tract back at her cell. But there were dregs and they kept bubbling out, bursting out of a gaping stretched as hole and saturated her upper thighs. These dregs maintaining the saturation of her hole and the backs of her upper thighs.

“You had everything. You wanted for nothing and yet you abused your position. You more than abused your privileged position. You assisted your late father in massive frauds. From evidence presented to us here, it was indeed yourself who instigated the frauds, simply using your frail father to sign necessary papers....”

Most obviously fabricated evidence. Every single untrue word of it all was sinking into Lady Victoria's psyche. Her head remained bowed. There was little point in her arguing, or speaking. She had barely spoken in the last few days. She had simply lost all and any hope in digging herself out of this mess. A wry smile from Tabby in the public gallery, KNOWING that the old fart, Lord De Mournay, wouldn't have needed any help in instigating his own frauds. The wily old shit was more than capable of doing that. And she knew that he wasn't that frail. He could still get an erection of sorts and he really wasn't that frail at all. Tabby didn't even know if there had been any frauds committed. She wouldn't be privy to that kind of information. As far as she knew, the Lord De Mournay was as upstanding a citizen that it was possible to get. It didn't matter though. All of this evidence was simply to bring Lady Victoria De Mournay down. Not simply to bring her down, but to break her.

“On top of this, you abused in the most terrible ways, your servant known as 'Tabby'. The details of this abuse are just simply too horrific to list here in a public court. Needless to say that this poor girl has suffered at your hands for years. From what I understand, your poor late father knew nothing of the abuse you heaped on this girl. Had he known, no doubt a stop would have been put to it. But he didn't and your abuse escalated to that of a sexual nature. Sexual torture. Terrible things you heaped on this poor girl who will probably never be the same again.”

More fabrication and exaggeration. Once again, Tabby smiling to herself and bowing her head in the dock slightly as those who knew her, turned to look at her. The words sinking into Lady Victoria. The will to live abandoning her with every passing second. That part had been true. Victoria had abused her terribly, although not sexually. Or in a sexual way, and it was these details that compounded her fate in that dock in that court on that day. Lady Victoria whimpering, almost pitifully sobbing, her head bowed.

“Look at me girl. Look at me when I am speaking to you.”

The worst instruction she could have been given. She would have rather have been

swallowed up by a crack in the earth than look up at the woman Magistrate who was addressing her. The senior most police officer simply reaching into the clump of matted hair and pulling it back forcing the girl to look up. Her face a mask of despair and anxiety.

“Thank you so much officer. I appreciate you cannot wish to soil your hands on this creature, but well, when needs must.”

Lady Victoria De Mournay's world falling apart, literally as she looked into that Magistrate's eyes.

“That you will lose your liberty, for the rest of your life is not up for debate. A creature like you cannot be allowed to walk free from this court. We would not be doing our jobs if we allowed that to happen. There is more than enough evidence, and more than a long enough list of offences here to warrant a death sentence.....”

Victoria perked at that. Death sentence. Oh god! She truly wished that would happen. That she could be taken away and hanged by the neck until she was dead. Oh please god that would happen. Thoughts that understandably raced through her mind as she was addressed by the woman on the bench. But that faint hope, in almost the same instance being snatched away from her as the woman continued speaking.

“But, I think the death sentence is too easy a way out for you. You will not be executed. But then the question remains as to what exactly to do with you. So that you are not a burden on the public, or this country for the rest of your natural life...”

Lady Victoria De Mournay sent right back into the depths of despair. The whimpering that had been in the back of her throat, bubbling out in full cry now. Something from her soul adding credence to that sobbing, bitter, pathetic crying. But then, another voice entering into the cauldron. From somewhere other than the magistrates bench. From the public gallery. A female voice. One that Victoria recognised. A blast from the past. A blast from the distant past. The buzz of the court fading to a dead silence as the woman spoke.

“If I may take just a few minutes of the court's valuable time. I think I may have the solution to the dilemma. I am a lifelong friend of the unfortunate De Mournay family. I have known this girl since she was a child. Indeed I was her childhood friend. But I am as shocked and as repelled as anyone by her crimes. I cannot even bare to think about the finer details of those crimes. But, my family now lives in America, and we can afford to purchase her from the courts and into a life-long sentence of hard labour. There will be no easy life for her, ever. But this way, she will be off the hands of the very decent British people and she will be put to the best possible use in a land far away. I hasten to add that this is just a humble suggestion that I place before the court.”

The more the woman spoke, the more Victoria recognised. When she turned, for the first time to the public gallery, to the woman standing there addressing the court. She recognised her straight away. There was at first, elation. A friend from the past. And then despair as the knowledge that this woman actually hated her and always had, began to sink in all over again. The three Magistrates nodded to the woman, and she sat down. They huddled in and whispered, as though discussing this option. They all agreed. The three in unison nodding gave that away. The woman who had spoken from the gallery was none other than the Countess Alexandra Oulson. Those remarks about that dress, in an instant, coming back to haunt Victoria all over again. The sinking into despair of Victoria at that precise point cannot have been any more profound. The lady Magistrate spoke again. This time directly to Countess Alexandra Oulson.

“I have to say, the court is quite humbled by your offer. Your family are pillars of our society and that you can see it in your hearts to put this creature to good use for the rest of its life can only be applauded Madam. I assure you, we are extremely grateful to be handing over this rather distasteful matter to you, and your family. On behalf of the British people, I truly thank you.”

The Countess simply remained seated. Nodded to the bench. Lady Victoria De Mournay's fate was sealed. The lady Magistrate didn't even look at the fallen Lady Victoria again. Simply

waving her hand.

“The only thing that this court can add to this acceptable conclusion is that the De Mournay family name should be removed from all public record. That is, that the entire dynasty of what used to be, or appear to be a respectable, high profile family, be scrubbed, as though it didn't exist. Now, I don't want to look at this creature again. Take her out of mine, and this court's sight.”

If Lady Victoria's relatively short trip from the cells under the courtroom to the dock had been a pained, tortuous one. The one back down those stone steps was far, far worse. Oh yes, there was still the physical pain to deal with. And somehow, the hobble chain, between her ankles seemed to impede more on the steps taken on the return journey. But apart from the physical hurt, and there was that in masses of amount, there was the mental debilitation that was setting in. The mental effects of what she was going through could not be, in any way overstated. This was a woman who a few weeks earlier had had everything. Literally everything. Wealth. Power and the means by which she could do anything she pleased at any time. At least, she thought that that was just a few weeks ago that she had all that. She couldn't be sure about that any more. She couldn't be totally sure about the time line any more. It was like the meaning of time was fading from priority. After all what did time mean to her any more? As the Magistrate had spoken in the court she could hear this noise. A noise that seemed to increase as her level of anxiety and despair had increased. Bizarrely she had looked around the courtroom, from under curled lashes, to see if anyone else could hear the noise. Like it mattered! It was a strange noise, one that seemed not to make any sense. But it had looked like no-one else could hear it but her. Then it came to her. It was her. The noise was emanating from herself. That whimpering gurgle from the back of her throat that just simply got more acute, and more urgent as the magistrate had spoken. It wasn't just as the Magistrate had spoken. It was what she was doing. She was speaking yes but she was stripping Lady Victoria of her title, of her family. Of her existence. In effect she was rubbing her off the face of the earth, and when Countess Alexandra Oulson had spoken, it had been like that had been the last straw. That noise in Victoria had been the last straw. It had been like she was finally being broken. All of the raping, all of the torture that she had endured since being taken into custody really meant next to nothing when taken into consideration with the fact that in the short time she had been standing in that dock, she had been stripped of everything and then become the 'property' of her former best friend. A friend whom she had treated nothing but badly.

Funny really, she had never thought that she had treated Alexandra badly. But at that time, at that precise time that she was in that courtroom, in that dock... at that precise time that Countess Alexandra Oulson was taking possession of her, it all came flooding back to her. Yes. Yes. Yes. She had been a bitch. For most of her life she had been a bitch and now she was paying for that. Paying for it dearly. Just before that point that her mind, her psyche was tipped from 'intact' to 'broken', it all hit her like a freight train. Now she was paying the price. Now she was paying the heaviest of all prices. And yet 'just' before that tipping into the broken state, just before that exact moment, one last fleeting thought that maybe, possibly this was all a bad dream she was about to wake up from. Maybe, possible yes it had all been a dream, like a message from somewhere sublime for her to change her ways. For her to become a nicer person. Just the faintest hope that that indeed was the case. No-one in that court would have noticed Lady Victoria attempting to shake her head slightly almost imperceptibly at the precise point at which that thought went through her mind. As though she were trying to wake herself up from this bad dream. As though she had got the message, as though she had got that message and now she wanted to get the hell out of there. As though yes she would become a better person. As though she would even go to church every Sunday and mean it. Just let her get the hell out of that nightmare that she was in the middle of.

TOO LATE !!!

It wasn't a dream. That slight shaking of the head did nothing. Apart that is from simply emphasising the fact that she wasn't in a dream. Or a nightmare. At least not a nightmare in the

sleeping sense of the word. Oh she was in a nightmare alright. But this was a nightmare very much of the living nightmare variety. If the former Lady Victoria De Mournay was in a nightmare at all. It was the living real kind. And it just could not be ignored that existing, alone, as she was, in a nightmare like this could have, would have terrible consequences on her mentally. There might not have been the advances in medical and psychiatric sciences back in those days, but it remains a simple fact, throughout the ages that only women could truly put other women through the ringer where torture was concerned. Oh yes men could rape and physically abuse women, as had been the case. Other women could do that, and more. Other women, like Countess Alexandra Oulson could compound that torture with more. Head fucks. Mind fucks. How deep to slide the knife in before it is twisted to best effect. Where to slide that knife into the psyche before it is twisted. Not simply twisted, but twisted and then held before being slowly rotated back, taken out and then slid into another part of the psyche. Men couldn't do that to women. It might have been the case back then that not as many women realised what they were capable of. But it didn't change the facts. It didn't change what they were capable of in any way at all. Countess Alexandra Oulson knew what she was capable of. She was one of the few who couldn't explain how or why she knew these things. Who never even bothered to try to explain it. She hadn't bothered to even try to decipher this knowledge that she had. Even as she had watched Victoria in the courtroom, she had just known of the depth of despair her former friend was going through. She had just known of the absolute paralysing agonies her mind must, just MUST have been going through as it melted. Actually the Countess Alexandra Oulson had known what she was going to do to Lady Victoria De Mournay all the time. All the time she had been planning her downfall she had known that she wasn't JUST going to take her down. She was going to take her way beyond that. Way beyond and then some.

“I will take her from here straight to the London Docks. There is a ship bound for the United States leaving in twenty four hours time. She will be on that ship and I will meet her at the other end.”

Countess Alexandra Oulson had gone below the courtroom, to the holding cell that the former Lady Victoria De Mournay had been placed in right after her appearance in court number one. Victoria was slumped on the hard, bench like seat and her head was seriously bowed. Bowed low and there was just then gentle sobbing coming from her. But something as well. Just the most gentle of rocking back and forth. Like a woman truly in the process of breaking down completely. Absolutely. And yet even that was only part true. If there was any time that Victoria wished she would be, could be tipped right into the realms of some kind of bizarre madness, then this was it. At this precise time she wished she could simply sink into that oblivion that she knew existed if she could just simply go that one step further into the abyss. And that was it, that was the sign that she actually had not tipped into that abyss, because she 'knew' about that place beyond where, if only she could reach it, she could just lie back and float, let it all take her away into oblivion. She didn't know how she knew. Or why she knew. She just knew. And at the same time she knew that BECAUSE she was aware of this other place, the other place she couldn't reach, or wasn't allowed to reach, that she was still sane. Her mind still intact, just. And BECAUSE of that, she would know all too well at any time what was happening to her.

“Keep the hobble chain and the belt and cuffs on her. I don't want her to 'forget' that she is now simply an owned piece of property. I mean you won't 'forget' will you?”

Countess Alexandra Oulson had moved in closer to Victoria and placed one, well-manicured finger under her chin and lifted. She had lifted Victoria's head until she could look into her eyes. And vice versa. The difference being that the Countess 'wanted' to look into the eyes of the former Lady. She wanted to look deep and beyond those pained eyes and into the soul of the woman she now owned. And that is what she did. And yet in complete utter contrast, Victoria wanted to look anywhere but into the eyes of the woman who now owned her. That was part of the slipping the knife into the psyche. That was part of the 'thing' that other women were capable of. The ultra-

cruelty that one woman was capable of displaying and demonstrating upon another. Victoria's eyes were puffed, swollen and really, matched the rest of the face. It was her eyes that gave her that deeply troubled and pained expression. It was the eyes that simply told anyone who knew, that she was in the very latter stages of being broken. Irreversibly broken. And yet at the same time just made to teeter on the edge of that abyss.

“N-no, no I won't forget, no I won't forget.”

Victoria's voice was barely audible and it was a single monotone in expression. Her arms were limp at her sides, even as the Countess was leaving her chin to support itself and moving her fingers down to the hem of the tunic and lifting, her arms remained there limp and with no resistance as the rough yet thin material was lifted up to reveal the caned flesh. The mass of angry welts and weals from the rattan cane looking even more hideous that they had at the time of application. At first, the Countess simply peeling up the tunic a little so that just the welts above Victoria's pubis could be seen

“Just keep looking at me girl. Do NOT avert your eyes anywhere else. Just keep looking at ME.”

Victoria snivelling and yet visibly shivering too as her flesh was slowly exposed to her new owner. The caning had been bad enough. That had been hell in itself. Pure undiluted hell. And the aftermath, as the wounds had settled, and the pain spread. The awful, awful pain that her former slave had caused her. That had been the beginning of the psychological effects. Being caned to such a degree and with such apparent ease by another woman. A lesser woman. A woman of mixed race and of servant status. That had been the beginning of the real torture. But it had only been the beginning. Now... Countess Alexandra Oulson peeling up the tunic it was taking on a whole new meaning. A whole new nuance was setting in. As the tunic was peeled up, with the very tip of the Countess's finger, almost like she was disgusted at even having to touch this thin covering of material on Victoria. Victoria herself then feeling a deep seated shame. Not just a shame, but a guilt as those welts were exposed and looked at by Countess Alexandra Oulson. And she WAS looking at them. Victoria knew she was looking at them because she had been told simply to look at the Countess's eyes and not avert them in any other direction. So Victoria was watching the Countess pour her eyes over her abdomen and the caning she had received. She could see the almost expressionless way with which her owner was simply looking. Slight changes in the expression. A furrowing of the brow. A pursing of the lips. Peeling the tunic higher. The tummy welted and sore. Higher... the undersides of the breasts. It wasn't just the exposure. It wasn't JUST that this woman was pouring her eyes, at will over Victoria's personal and intimate suffering, it was also the fact that she was feeling guilty. She was feeling deeply ashamed of the caning she had received. It was like she had been raped. Oh she had been raped. The matting of her pubic hair, and the slippery wetness between her thighs gave that away. But it was the caning, that caning. The caning that had been administered by her former slave Tabby. That was the worst thing of all. And the Countess knew this. She knew it all too well. She knew what Victoria was feeling. It was in her eyes. In her face and it was seeping from her soul. Countess Alexandra Oulson held up the tunic as Victoria simply sat, defeated and broken.

“My my, we have been through the wars haven't we?”

There was almost a 'pity' in her voice. And yet not a pity that would lead to any form of mercy some time soon. It was more like an understanding. Oh yes that was what it was. An understanding. A deep and profound understanding of what Victoria was going through. But not a pity that would lead to a release from her suffering. Quite to the contrary actually. The Countess kept up the tunic, and yet raised her eyes to meet those of Victoria again.

“If you think you have suffered in the past few days, you know NOTHING. What you are going to suffer on the other side of the Atlantic will make all of this seem like children playing in the park on a Sunday afternoon.”

Countess Alexandra Oulson didn't raise her voice. She spoke directly into the face of Victoria and the tone was low, her voice almost smokily husky. But there was also venom in the voice. Almost like a poison. The words had barely been qualified or emphasised and yet they had got through loud and clear. Even through Victoria's addled psyche and increasing anxiety and despair.

“Do you understand?”

And that was it, that was the question. The very question that made it all clear. Made it all very clear. The fact was that Victoria DID understand. Despite the state of her mind, despite the reduced state of her psyche, she understood very clearly. Acutely clearly in fact. She did understand. She understood completely and utterly.

“Y-yes.. yes I understand.”

Victoria hadn't been surprised really, as every new level of suffering had been revealed. There was just an acceptance with each new level she had been taken down to. And it was that she was taken DOWN. There was no up. And there was no rising back up the levels once a step down had been taken. It was like a one way trip. Not like a one way trip. It WAS a one way trip. One of the most profound downward steps was taken at the London Docks. In the hold of a cargo ship, with a lot of other unspecified cargo, there had been placed a cage in which she would be placed for several week journey to the States. The cage, small and square. It couldn't be entered by walking in. She would have to crawl in. She would have to be on her hands and knees and she would have to physically 'crawl' through the cage door. But that wasn't it. That wasn't it at all. It wasn't even the fact that she was going to have to be caged for the journey. Though in the grand scheme of things that was unsettling enough. The truly debilitating thing was that at the entrance to the cage, just holding the steel barred door open was Tabby. Standing, towering over Victoria as she slowly and painfully made her way into the cage. A slight smile on her face.

“Enjoy the trip Victoria. I will see you on the other side.”

Victoria crawling almost feline like into the cage. Slow cat like crawls that saw her pained breasts swinging under her and then her having to curl up in the deliberately small cage. Long legs folded. Peering through the bars as the cage was closed and locked by her former slave.

One Month Later

“America.... living the dream. Living the nightmare....”

There were signs of the old welts. Those first welts that Tabby had induced. But they had faded now and the discomfort that that caning had produced in massive amounts had also faded. There were scars, of sorts. Just lines of whiter flesh where the welts had healed over. And yet the caning had been severe enough to make that scarring permanent. Not just in the form of the raised, white lines across the flesh, but also on the mind. Yes a former Lady could not receive a caning like that from one of her former slaves without there being some mental scarring. But now at least those wounds did not cause any more physical suffering, which was just as well. Because Victoria, that is the former Lady Victoria De Mournay, had been secured bending over a padded bench. It had to be padded so as to avoid injury. It was padded in the most subtle and soft hide. Victoria was standing, bent forward at the waist. Such was the height of the bench that it her hips were tight to it. She was completely naked, and her legs had been also secured, wide apart. The design of the bench was such that Victoria could be supported. Even though she was bent at the waist, her whole self was also leant forward. The bench tapering into a ^ shape. Ankles secured. Knees secured. Arms stretched over the padded top and to the other side. Wrists secured and elbows secured. Any witness, to what was about to happen to Victoria would draw the conclusion that the reason for such heavy duty

restraints was not solely to prevent her from moving. Of course one look at the rig on which she was secured told that she indeed could not move. Could barely twitch a muscle, let alone move any limbs. The application of the bondage, by a massively endowed and yet barely dress black male slave, had been carried out slowly and lovingly. Once again playing on the psyche of the victim. If an onlooker came to the conclusion that such heavy duty restraints was for a reason, so then would Victoria. What can she have been thinking as she was brought down to the very basement of the plantation's manner house, to a cellar room that was as stark and bare as it was chilly and that was most obviously equipped for the causing of the deepest misery to the most unfortunate of people. If Victoria could be described as anything it would be 'unfortunate'.

The former Lady Victoria De Mournay had been transported across the Atlantic, caged, and in the hold of a cargo ship. That ship had docked at New Orleans. Even then the Port of New Orleans was at the centre of the world's busiest port complex – Louisiana's Lower Mississippi River. Its proximity to the American Midwest via a 14,500-mile inland waterway system, made New Orleans the port of choice for the movement of cargoes such as steel, rubber, coffee, containers and manufactured goods. And human beings. Mostly black slaves. But not solely black slaves. From the port it was easy to transport Victoria inland via the Mississippi and to the family plantation of Countess Alexandra Oulson. Thousands of miles away from her roots. Roots that had been erased from the records. Even further in miles from the life she had been used to. And with a nil rating in escape chances. Victoria hadn't been transported from the other side of the world for no reason, or to just live out the rest of her life. She had been taken here to suffer. What she would suffer could not be imagined, even by those two policemen back in London. And most definitely not by the Magistrate that had sealed her fate on that day in court number one, Cheapside, London.

Spent semen was dribbling out of both orifices. This told of recent sexual penetration. It was clear to see because Victoria's legs had been secured so unnaturally wide apart, that her sexual slit, and her puckered anus were clearly visible to all those who were present. And there was an audience. Of course there was. There was a massive waiting list to witness a former English 'Lady' suffering in the most terrible ways. And there would be a chance for all those on that waiting list to do just that. For now though, a select amount. Hand picked by the Countess and just enough for the occasion to remain 'intimate' and cosy. The curtain raiser had been the fucking of both Victoria's orifices by a rather large negroid. In the seventeen hundreds, unprotected sex was simply a matter of fact. A way of life. The fact that Victoria 'could' end up pregnant to anyone who might have been having full sex with her was not a factor that was taken into consideration. Whatever would be would be. Victoria hadn't so much 'cried' throughout the taking of her bottom and sex, as bellowed the house down. Unnaturally sized negro cock slipped into both holes and then pistoning in and out of her until he spent all of his heavy load. Some in her ass, some in her sex. Deep into both orifices flooding her inner tubes with healthy, swimming semen.

But that hadn't been the main event. No, the main event was yet to come. It couldn't be kept as a 'surprise' as such, simply because the fire had to be lit and the branding irons heated to white hot as the negro was gratifying himself up inside both holes of the 'white bitch'. So no secret that Victoria was going to be branded in some way. Just a very special and quite ingenious build up to the event in the form of mood lighting of the day. Lamps flickering around walls sending eerie, scary shadows dancing and skipping around the rough walls. And then that fire, the smell of that fire and the sight of the irons heating and getting hotter and hotter until they glowed white and menacing. The sight of them, just providing the buzz and the build-up. And that precise time coming soon enough.

“Ladies and Gentlemen, thank you ALL for coming today. The purpose of your visit to witness the ultimate 'demise' of a Lady, and the birth of a creature, lower in status than any of my slaves here at the plantation. I could try and explain my reasons for bringing this creature here. But no words will suffice. Likewise I could try and explain to you the kind of life that lies in wait for

her here. But by the same token, no words would suffice. And I believe anyway, in the old adage of actions speaking louder than words.”

The Countess addressed the small gathering herself and circled the tethered Victoria as the ripple of applause bounced around the cave like cellar. She came to standstill in front of Victoria. The former Lady's head hanging limp.

“Lift your head and look at me. Keep your head up and keep looking at me throughout. If you drop your head. If you avert your eyes... well, your suffering will not end today with the branding iron. Do I make myself clear?”

Her spoken words weren't for the crowd. Rather an intimate moment between the two. An opportunity for that all important female on female cruelty. The most cutting and intense kind of cruelty.

“Y-yess, yes Ma'am. Yes I understand.”

Those part blubbered, part stuttered words reaching the gathering as the applause died down. Those words causing another, this time smaller, ripple. All eyes in the room darting to the side as another figure was entering. It was Tabby. She entered slowly and with a smile and confidence she had never had before. Making her way directly to the branding irons, but at the same time casting appreciative eyes over the secured, prose Victoria. Victoria letting out a deep exclaiming sob as Tabby walked directly in front of her field of vision. And yet all the time keeping her head up and looking directly at her new owner. There was a pleading in her eyes. One would suspect that that would always be there. Not a pleading that was convinced it would be heeded or granted. Just a desperate pleading. The sort that can only have existed in the eyes and soul of someone as unfortunate as Victoria.

“EEEEEEEEEEEEHHHHHHHHHHGHGHHGHGHHGHGGHGHGHG HHHHH
FFCKKKKKKKKKKKK EEEEEGGHHGHGHHGHGHHGHGG GHHGHGHHGGGG
HHHHH EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE W WWW W WW W WW W W W W
WNNGNNGGNNGNG.”

That was the wall of sound that came catapulting from between Victoria's clenched teeth and peeled back lips. There had been no more than a nano-second between the loud hissing sizzling of the branding iron being pressed into her flesh, than the wall of sound just happening. Members of the audience simply gasped. There was the sizzle and there was the smoke and then there was the smell of burning flesh as Tabby pressed the iron into the flesh and then held it, just there so that it could do what it was designed to do. The area of flesh chosen for the branding 'mark' was the right buttock. That is the lower part of the buttock where it rolls and joins the upper thigh. Tabby simply moving in close and pulling up the flesh tight with one hand and brandishing the white hot iron with the other. Her casualness, the way she simply 'branded' her former owner bringing further gasps of disbelief from the gathering. Disbelief yes, but also gasps that told of how impressed they were at this girl. At what she could so simply do without even flinching herself. Of course the gathering weren't to know what Tabby had suffered at the hands of the former Lady Victoria De Mournay. How could they? Maybe they would in due course. Maybe they wouldn't.

Victoria's eyes popping open on that first sizzle and her eyes fixed on those of the Countess. The Countess simply looking deep. Keeping those eyes locked. Victoria clenching her teeth and at the same time peeling back her lips to bare those same teeth. The absolute horrific agony of what she was suffering obvious. Smoke from her own burning flesh curling around and being sucked into her own mouth and nose as she absorbed this most tortuous of pain.

“UUGHGHGHHGHGHHGHGGGGH AAAAOWOWOWOWOWOWOOW.”

The wall of sound gradually diminishing at the same time and at the same rate as the smoke. It was the smell of burning human flesh that lingered and hung in the air. Every muscle every sinew of Victoria tight in the bondage and held just so. It was as though she were hoping that the fire she felt in her buttock would simply fade away and go. Tabby pulling back the iron, that in itself

causing more agony as I took more flesh with it. Standing back and looking at her own handy work with a smile. The Countess keeping the eyes locked, ensuring that Victoria looked directly into her eyes as she suffered the most terrible pain. Only once the wall of sound had faded to a deep sobbing did she break the gaze and circle Victoria again. Only then could Victoria hang her head in the despair she was in the middle of. The Countess looking, and smiling at the branding. Circular in design... and outer thick circle in the middle of which three words placed one on top of the other, and centred.

THE COUNTESS'S BITCH

Completely embedded and branded into the perfect flesh of the former Lady Victoria De Mournay. Firstly a relative silence except for the sobbing of Victoria, and then the new ripple of applause. In the fire there was another tool glowing white hot. Ready for use.... Not a branding iron, but something else.

THE END