



THE LADIES OF HERA 14 THE PRISON ISLAND

C L NORTHBRIDGE

**The Ladies of Hera XIV – The Prison
Island
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The Prison Island

Workday

**Kyra & Helena's apartment, Hippothoe,
291/3/11, 08:30**

Kyra threw a glance at the clock on the opposite wall in the dining room where she had breakfast with Helena, her wife. -“I should go now, honey,” she said and rose from her chair.

They had just eaten a delicious breakfast, prepared by Jim, one of their house slaves.

-“Come back soon. I am going to miss you,” replied Helen and smiled.

-“I will miss you too,” said Kyra and leaned over the table to give her life partner a kiss on the lips.

They kissed for a good ten seconds before Kyra withdrew, whispered “Bye” and made for the door. While Kyra would only be away for a few nights, they knew they would really miss each other. They had been married for 60 years (31 Earth Years) and been together for even longer, but they still loved each other as much as they did in the early days. They were soulmates.

They had met when they were in their 50s (25-30 in Earth Years), working as junior Prison Guardesses. After a stint working in the same section, they had fallen in love.

Having watched her beautiful, tall brunette colleague being particularly ruthless and sadistic in her punishment of male inmates one evening, Kyra had realized she found herself irresistibly attracted to Helena.

When she had asked Helena to visit her in Kyra's quarters later that evening, she had soon discovered that the feelings were mutual, and from that point, the two had been inseparable.

Almost inseparable that is. As Helena and Kyra's careers later diverged, some time apart, like the trip Kyra was about to make, became inevitable. And while away from each other, Kyra would definitely miss Helena's beautiful smile –

as beautiful and youthful as when they first met, thanks to the latest advances in longevity technology.

In the hallway, Kyra was met by Jim, who came with her suitcase prepared. -“Your suitcase, Mistress,” he said. He fell on his knees and kissed Kyra’s boots. “Have a safe trip.” -“Thank you, Jim” replied Kyra before she turned and headed out the main door. The wheeled suitcase followed her automatically, a standard feature in 23rd century luggage that made it unnecessary to carry it or even keep track of it.

Hippothoe Slave Prison, 291/3/11, 11:40
Kyra was in her office in a building

adjacent to Hippothoe Slave Prison. Unlike her wife, she had stayed in the West Themis Prison Service for her entire career. The Prison Service was her home in a way, and she had never seriously considered other career paths. Breaking males and turning them into obedient and productive slaves was her true calling.

Helena, on the other hand, had left for other opportunities after two decades (10 Earth Years) in the Prison Service. That was indeed the most common career progression for girls joining as junior prison guardesses. They spent a decade or two in an environment where they could become experts controlling males,

before moving to better paying positions in the private sector.

In Helena's case she had joined a mining company, where she had spent another two decades, before moving into politics, where she had advanced to her current position as a member of West Themis' Assembly of Ladies.

While Helena's career might appear more exiting, Kyra would not have swapped with her if she could. Kyra burned for the Prison Service and its mission. She relished dishing out discipline and punishment to deserving males on a daily basis, and watching males slowly improve and conform to the Heran ideals. And the Prison Service

was the best place to experience that.

The Prison Service had offered jobs in which Kyra excelled, and after decades of service, Kyra had now been promoted to the top tier in the organisation. This meant Kyra now held what was really a desk job. Fortunately, it still allowed for frequent direct interaction with the inmates, something of which Kyra took full advantage.

Right now, however, Kyra was reading a recent study on recidivism rates among males that had been through the prison systems of the various Heran Queendoms. It was interesting reading, but quite dense, and Kyra decided she needed a

short break when she finished a chapter. She looked away from the screen for a few seconds. A cup of tea would be nice right now.

She called for the office slave.

-“Slave boy! Bring me a cup of tea!”

Half a minute later, the slave arrived with a tray and a cup. He was one of the male school graduates going through slave induction in Hippothoe Prison. The last part of the training program involved some work experience, and he was getting his experience as an office boy in the Prison Service administration building. He was a blond, handsome boy, 35 years old (18 Earth Years), and terrified of Kyra.

-“Y-your tea, Mistress,” the slave stuttered and placed the cup on the next to Kyra.

Kyra had beaten him quite a few times over the past few weeks when his service had not met her high standards, which explained his nervousness. But she was not going to add to it this time. She acknowledged him with a little nod, and signalled for him to get out of the room with a quick hand gesture.

As the slave exited her office, Kyra took a sip of tea and turned her attention back to the screen to continue her reading. There was lots of research to be done as part of her new assignment.

Kyra had been tasked to organize and head a new Maximum Punishment Unit in the West Themis Prison Service. This was a unit intended to deal with males convicted of the most serious offences, like harming a Woman or rebellion, as well as the most recalcitrant males – males that somehow never truly accepted their inferior status.

Until now, Maximum Punishment Units, or MPUs as they were shortened, had existed only a few places on Hera. These had dealt with offenders from the whole planet. With a rapidly growing population, it was however now necessary to expand capacity, and the Queendom of West Themis was now

about to get its own MPU.

Creating West Themis' MPU was a task that very much appealed to Kyra, and it was a task she took very seriously. It was still early, and Kyra's team for the task had not yet been assembled, but she was already heavily into the research.

Existing MPU organizations, how they functioned, what methods they applied, and their effectiveness should all be carefully examined before making decisions on the new unit in West Themis. And Kyra wanted to start prepared. It was for that reason she had invited herself for a visit to the MPU of the Marpeisa Prison Service. Located on a small island off the coast of the island

Queendom of Marpeisa, it was regarded by many as the most effective MPU on the planet. There would most certainly be many things to learn from visiting the place, and Kyra looked forward to gaining more insights into how it operated.

Hippothoe Slave Prison, 291/3/11, 12:20

Kyra looked at the time and decided it was enough reading for now. She had an appointment in the dungeon, and she did not want to be late. Kyra produced a mirror from her handbag and refreshed her lipstick. She then stood up from her desk and made her way to the next-door prison building via a walkway between

the buildings.

She was not going to change outfit for the occasion; her office outfit consisting of a purple blouse, a black leather skirt and boots would do just fine. Kyra was going to cane a few of the slave trainees going through the slave induction program, and the purpose was pure punishment and intimidation.

The prison guardesses who looked after the slave trainees on a daily basis would dress more provocatively, but then, they were supposed to use their sexuality as well as their whips to make their male charges submit and yearn to serve them. When slaves were sent to Prison

Commandress Kyra, however, they were being punished for a serious infraction, and could expect nothing but fear and pain.

Kyra arrived in the room known as the Commandress' Punishment Chamber. This was the room in which she received inmates deemed to need an extra dose of hard punishment. It was a large, well lit, windowless room. In one end of the room was an imposing desk, and in the other end of the room were a number of restraining devices, shackles and fetters. On one of the walls were a few racks with a large selection of whips, and under them, a vase full of canes. It was the prefect room to instil a healthy dose

of fear of the Superior Gender into young slaves.

On the desk was a paper that shortly described the cases she would be dealing with this afternoon. Kyra picked it up and read it. Apparently, four slaves had repeatedly fallen below standards on domestic chores in the Prison as well as in the Guardesses quarters, and had failed to improve their performance over time. The Guardesses deemed them in need of a serious reprimand.

It was somewhat less serious than most of the cases Kyra dealt with in this role, but it would obviously be a useful element in the training of these slaves.

Wondering which Guardesses had requested this session, Kyra looked at the bottom of the page.

It was signed by Guardesses Jane Thorne and Electra Themiscyran. That made sense. That couple was the most sadistic pair of Guardesses on the block. They would punish hard and early just to be sure the males got the message. Or request it from the Commandress, like they had done here. They were also among the most effective Guardesses. Slave trainees from their section always emerged submissive and productive.

Jane and Electra was also an actual couple. Match-ups between Guardesses

were quite common, as they worked closely together over long periods in an environment where their power and sexuality was prominently on display. This frequently led to Guardesses finding each other, as was the case with Jane and Electra, and decades earlier, Kyra and Helena.

These match-up were condoned by the Prison Service, as the effectiveness of slave training by couples was found to be at least as good as that of single Guardesses, and allowing couples to exercise their duty as Guardesses together did wonders for motivation and churn in the Service.

Kyra fondly remembered her own time as a junior guardess together with Helena. It was the best job ever. She could spend all her time together with the Woman she loved, with forty young slaves at their disposal at any time to use and abuse. They would make love every night, and frequently during the day too. And when not enjoying each other, they would indulge their sadism as they trained the young males in their charge. All this, while living comfortably and getting paid for it.

Kyra knew Jane and Electra were now enjoying the life Kyra and Helena had had all those decades ago. Lucky girls.

As Kyra contemplated the life as junior prison guardess, Electra entered the room. She looked impressive, as a prison guardess should, wearing a top and leggings in black latex, along with matching black heels. She wore her long brown hair in a braid, and her make-up somehow emphasized a certain strictness in her otherwise lovely face.

Kyra looked up and smiled. Electra smiled back.

-“Thanks for coming down here to help, Kyra,” said Electra.

-“Not at all,” replied Kyra. “You know I relish the chance for a little action in the work day.”

-“So, you want me to cane your

slavelings for poor housework I see,” Kyra continued.

-“Yes, that is the immediate reason,” replied Electra. “I know it is not really a Commandress-matter in itself, but these slaves somehow don’t seem to get it. They are not developing the sense of urgency in their service that we expect. We thought an early visit to the Commandress can help tilt them in the right direction.”

-“I see what you mean,” nodded Kyra. “No problem at all. I will give them a round of what they need.”

-“Thanks. Much appreciated,” said Electra. “I’ll be back in a minute with the slaves.”
She exited the door again.

A minute later there was a knock on the door.

-“Come in,” responded Kyra, half-way sitting on the desk.

The door opened, and four naked young males entered, followed by Electra holding a crop.

The males fell to their knees once inside the room.

-“Greet the Commandress properly bellowed Electra, and struck two of the slaves with her crop, using full force.

The slaves crawled over to Kyra and kissed her boots, two on each of her feet.

-“These are the slaves you wanted to see, Ma’am,” said Electra to Kyra.

-“Thank you, Mistress Electra,” replied Kyra, before sharply addressing the males:

-“Enough! Back on your knees.”

The slaves complied, and sat on their knees in front of Kyra. Kyra looked into their eyes for a few seconds with a stern look for a few seconds. The slaves were visibly uncomfortable – which they should be.

-“You four are here because you are stupid and incompetent,” she told them with contempt in her voice. “And I am not talking about ordinary male stupidity. No, you four are lazy, stupid and incompetent beyond belief. You fail in simple tasks given to you by your

Mistresses that none of the other slaves have problems with. And you do it repeatedly.”

-“Do you have anything to say for yourselves?” she asked raising her voice noticeably.

None of them said anything. But they were clearly frightened. Two of them were shaking.

<SLAP>

Kyra slapped one of them in the face, using sufficient force for him to really feel it.

-“You! What do you have to say?”

-“S-s-sorry, Commandress. I-I am trying my best,” he replied whimpering.

<SLAP>

-“Well, it is not good enough,” said Kyra and slapped him again.

She then pointed her manicured finger on another slave.

-“And you! Do you have any excuses?”

-“No Commandress. Sorry, Commandress,” he replied, also with a whimper.

<SLAP>

Kyra gave him a hard slap on the cheek.

-“As I thought. And you will be sorry. You will all be sorry. If there is one thing I do not tolerate, it is lazy, stupid and incompetent slaves in my prison.” Kyra

spoke with a loud and bellowing voice.
-“I am going to cane you, and I am going to cane you severely. So you will learn the importance of proper service to your Mistresses.”

She paused again to look each of the slaves in their eyes. They all looked down to avoid meeting her stare.

-“I want you all on your knees, with hands behind your neck alongside that wall. NOW!” Kyra said and pointed to where she wanted.

The slaves ran to comply with the order. Electra still landed a few strokes with her crop on their asses as they ran, telling them to obey the Commandress’ orders.

Meanwhile, Kyra went to the vase alongside the opposite wall, and found herself a heavy but flexible cane for the next part of the act. She swished it through the air a few times to ensure it was right for the task.

Kyra then turned towards the slaves on the other side of the room, and pointed her cane at the left-most slave.

-“You! Get over the horse.” Kyra commanded, and pointed her cane at a spanking horse in the middle of the room.

The frightened looking slave did as she had been ordered. He hurried over to the horse and bent over it. Kyra walked over

to him and fixed the manacles he was wearing around his wrists and ankles to the legs of the horse. Kyra knew the slave would be unlikely to stop himself from trying to move during the treatment that he was going to receive.

Kyra placed herself behind the slave, a little to his left, in perfect distance for his ass to take the full impact of her cane. She raised the cane over her head.

-“You will count each stroke, slave. And you will thank me for the punishment when completed. Is that clear?” she told the slave

-“Yes, Mistress,” replied the slave.

<SWISH...CRACK>

Kyra swung the cane with full force against the slave's bottom.

-“Ouuuuch. One, Mistress,” the slave uttered after a second.

Kyra raised the cane again.

<SWISH...CRACK>

-“Two, Mistress,” the slave sniveled after heavy breathing.

<SWISH...CRACK>

-“Three, Mistress,” the slave struggled to say after having absorbed the heavy impact of Kyra's cane.



Kyra raised the cane again, hiding her satisfaction behind her stern face. This was what she loved most in her job. Mercilessly breaking males into their proper place as slaves.

Within half an hour, all four slaves in the room would be reduced to sobbing wrecks with heavily welted backsides,

grovelling and licking her boots. It was going to be a delightful break from the office work.

The trip

Hippothoe Airport, 291/3/11, 14:10

Kyra boarded the plane that was going to take her Marpeisa together with about thirty other female passengers. Doubtless, there were at least as many male passengers, but they were out of sight, in the slave compartment in the belly of the plane.

She sat down in her seat, looking forward for a little relaxation on the flight – 45 minutes or so. It was a relatively long flight- almost 6000 km, but the scramjet-propelled plane would cover the distance in less than an hour.

Nevertheless, it would be the longest leg

on Kyra's trip. She had arrived in the airport only 10 minutes after she left her office, and once in Marpeisa, she would need less than 30 minutes to get to her destination, thanks to the efficient vactrain network there.

Kyra leaned back in her seat as a voice on the loudspeaker announced the plane was ready for take-off.

North Harbour, Marpeisa, 291/3/11, 20:25

Kyra stepped out of the small rail car that had brought her to this remote part of the Queendom of Marpeisa, and was followed by her self-navigating suitcase. She was the only passenger in that car. On the efficient vactrain network that

connected the various parts of Marpeisa, each passenger or group of passengers travelled in their own car, which was routed directly to its end destination, going at supersonic speeds.

Now Kyra was on the train station of North Harbour, a small settlement on the northern coast of Marpeisa, only 1500 km from Hera's North Pole. The settlement did not amount to much more than a few streets, the harbor after which it was named, and the small rail station. It was evening – Marpeisa was five hours ahead of Hippothoe - but in the polar summer, it was hard to notice that.

Kyra was about to scan the surroundings

to orientate herself, when she saw a tall blonde woman wearing a uniform consisting of a white blouse, a dark grey knee-length skirt and black leather boots. The woman smiled and walked towards Kyra.

Kyra recognized her face. It was Grace, the head of Marpeisa Maximum Punishment Unit.

Grace greeted Kyra.

-“Welcome to Marpeisa. So good to finally see you face to face.”

-“Thanks so much,” replied Kyra. “I am so excited to be here.”

The two Ladies exchanged kisses on the

cheek.

-“Let me show you the way,” said Grace and gestured for Kyra to follow her. She headed towards the harbour, with Kyra and her luggage following her for a two hundred meter walk.

Three minutes later, Grace had led her guest to the catamaran that would take them to Nadia Island, the site of Marpeisa MPU. They walked through a gate that apparently functioned as a scanner to identify who was coming and what they were bringing, and then walked past three armed Femdom Guard soldiers. Grace smiled and nodded to what appeared to be the sergeant in charge of them.

-“We don’t take any chances, that’s why the Femdom Guard is here. Even if no one has ever escaped the island,” explained Grace.

-“Better safe than sorry,” agreed Kyra.

They walked on board the catamaran. From the gangway, Kyra could easily see Nadia Island, where the MPU was, 3 km away. Grace and Kyra then went into the passenger compartment of the vessel. It was quite spacious, with room for at least 50 people.

-“We can sit anywhere. It is just us on this trip,” said Grace, before instructing the self-driving boat to take them to the island.

As the boat accelerated, Grace explained Kyra that they had refrained from connecting the MPU with a bridge to preserve an atmosphere of isolation and to make escape even harder. The boat they were in was the only way to get to or from the island.

It was a fast trip – only three minutes later did the catamaran dock at a pier on Nadia Island.

Nadia Island, Marpeisa, 291/3/11, 20:45
Kyra followed Grace on a walking path up a small slope from the pier. It was a pleasant walk. A gentle breeze came in from the sea under the low evening sun.

The slope was covered with well-kept lawns going all the way down to the rocks along the shoreline. Flowerbeds lined the walking path that led up to a magnificent building in classical style on top for the slope.

-“It is really beautiful here,” said Kyra.

“Is this the work of the prisoners?”

-“No, we are on the civilian part of the island. We don’t allow the inmates here.

All of what you see here is maintained by regular slaves,” replied Grace

-“I see. So you keep prisoners and regular slaves strictly separated?” asked Kyra.

-“Yes, mostly we do,” answered Grace.

“The prisoners can’t be trusted to be

anywhere but inside the MPU. Nor do they deserve it.”

-“But we do to some extent use regular slaves for tasks inside the MPU when it is not practical to use the prisoners,” she clarified. “Though we try to limit it, to avoid the hassle of the procedures that ensure we don’t mistake prisoners for regular slaves.”

The Ladies reached the top of the hill and entered the building through the imposing main entrance, and came into a reception hall. Directly in front of them was a reception desk, manned by a single slave. Grace approached the desk.

-“This is Mistress Kyra from Hippothoe,” she told the slave. “Get

someone to show her to her room.”

-“Yes, Mistress Grace,” he replied, and pressed something on his wrist unit that surely was a signal for someone to come.

Then he looked at Kyra and bowed his head. As he was behind the desk, he went for the commonly accepted way for a male to greet a female when he was not in position to kiss her feet.

-“Welcome to Nadia Island, Mistress Kyra. My colleague will be with you any moment. In the mean time, will you please allow your wrist to be scanned?”

Kyra put her left hand with her wrist unit in the scanner device on the desk. This

would let the Nadia Island administration verify Kyra was indeed who she said she was, and it also transferred codes to allow her wrist unit to function as the key to the room she would be getting.

-“Thank you, Mistress,” said the slave behind the desk when Kyra withdrew her hand.

-“I will leave you to settle in your room now,” said Grace, “We can take care of the rest of the formalities tomorrow, However, I would like to invite you to join me and some of the girls here for a few drinks in the bar a little later tonight. If you feel up to it after the trip that is.”

-“That sounds very nice. When should I come?” replied Kyra.

-“I will knock on your door in 45 minutes.”

-“Great! I’ll be ready”

Grace nodded and smiled, then made her way past the reception desk and out a door opposite the main entrance.

As Grace left, a slave appeared, dressed similar to the slave behind the desk, in a grey shirt and black trousers. He went down on his knees and kissed Kyra’s boots. Then he got back on his feet.

-“Please follow me to your room, Mistress,” he said humbly.

-“Go ahead,” replied Kyra.

Kyra and her autonomous suitcase followed the man out the same door Grace had left. He took her through a short hallway, and out a door taking them into a garden on the backside of the building. It was beautiful. Lawns separated by hedges and fountains, and a rich variation of flowers. All superbly maintained, like the lawns on the front side of the building. Beyond the garden was what looked like a cluster of low rise residential houses.

When they reached the other side of the garden, that impression was confirmed. It was a mix of small blocks and terraced houses, connected by ten or so streets, apparently being the residences of the

female staff of the MPU.

The slave led Kyra into one of the block buildings, and showed her to a door on second floor.

-“This is your room, Mistress. Number 58 Rose Street,” the slave said.

Kyra opened the door. It automatically unlocked for her.

Inside, another slave, a dark-haired male with Asian features similarly dressed to the slave that showed Kyra to the room, waited on his knees. When Kyra approached him, he bent down and kissed her boots.

-“Welcome, Mistress,” he said. “I am

Lee, and I will serve as your personal slave while you are on Nadia Island.
“May I show you your apartment?”

Kyra dismissed the slave who had led her from the reception, and made a brief tour of the apartment with Lee. Apartment was more accurate description than room. The place had two bedrooms, a living room, kitchen, two bathrooms and a “play room”. It was at least 100 square meters.

Lee also informed Kyra that should she need anything not available in the apartment, including more slaves, he could get it from the reception.

Kyra then ordered the slave to unpack her suitcase while she herself went for a shower.

**The Village, Nadia Island, Marpeisa,
291/3/11, 23:30**

Kyra opened the door to the apartment again two and a half hours later. She was just coming back from an enjoyable round of drinks with Grace and some of her colleagues. They had been in the bar, which turned out to be just one block away, in the middle of the Village, as the cluster of staff houses was called. It had a nice and informal atmosphere, and served as the natural meeting point and social venue for the Women working on Nadia Island.

Kyra had learned there were quite some parties taking place in the bar in the weekends, but on weekday nights like tonight, it was more quiet, which made it perfect for meeting new people and socialize over a few glasses of wine.

Most of the Women in the bar were Guardesses whose shift had just ended, and there were also a few Women in administrative positions, like Grace. In her conversations with them, Kyra had learned a bit more on Nadia Island, and what she could expect to see here.

The island was divided in a civilian part and the MPU itself. The civilian part of

the island contained the administration building, which was where the reception was situated, as well as the Village. The Village consisted mostly of residences for the 300 Women working here, but also included the bar, a restaurant, a gym and a few shops.

All facilities in the civilian part were manned by regular slaves controlled by the MPU administration.

The MPU part of the island, was by far the biggest part of the island. This was where the prisoners, some 1500 of the worst male offenders on the planet were kept. In the MPU, there were numerous facilities for controlling, punishing, and

humiliating the prisoners, or otherwise keeping them occupied.

After chatting with the guardesses for close to two hours, the party broke up. Some of the Women had early shifts tomorrow and needed to hit the bed. Kyra decided to also call it the night and head back to her room. There was after all other entertainment opportunities available. Grace had assured her that the slave in Kyra's apartment could be used in any way she wanted, and that was something Kyra intended to exploit.

Kyra entered the apartment and headed straight for the playroom, where she had locked Lee in a cage before going with

Grace to the bar. She opened the cage, and Lee showed his manners by kissing her boots as soon as she had let him out. Not that it would save him from Kyra's plans for him.

-“I want another slave here, now,” she told him. “I want both of you naked, kneeling on the floor here in the play room in five minutes. Make it happen!”

Then Kyra went to her room to change to something more appropriate for her intentions. She replaced the jeans and top she had been wearing in the bar, and put on a black corset and black knee high leather boots. She let her hair down, and her dark blond hair flowed down a little

below her shoulders. Kyra armed herself with a favourite weapon of hers, a short single tail whip.

Kyra walked back into the playroom, and found that Lee had indeed managed to get a colleague while she had dressed. Both slaves were kneeling naked on the floor. The new slave was dark-skinned, well-built and quite attractive.

The play room was not very big – about 4x4 meters – but it was sufficient. It contained a spanking bench, in one corner, a cage in another corner, and a St. Andrew's cross on one of the walls.

It was a perfect setting for a little sadistic

fun. Well, almost perfect. It would have been better if Helena was here, but tonight they would have their fun separately. Kyra had no doubt Helena would rape one or two of their slaves back home tonight. Neither of them expected the other to live in celibacy when separate.

Kyra pointed at the new slave with her whip.

-“You, slave! Kiss my boots, and get on the cross!” she ordered him.

-“Yes, Mistress,” he replied and did exactly as told.

Kyra watched as he gently placed kiss on each of her boots, and then placed

himself next to the St. Andrew's cross. She then fixed him to the cross using manacles attached to the cross.

Kyra placed herself behind the slave and studied him for a few seconds. He had only the faintest marks on his back and ass testifying of previous whippings. It was high time he got another layer, thought Kyra.

Kyra then turned to look at Lee, still kneeling on the floor.

-“Come here, slave, and worship my boots while I whip this slave,” she ordered him.

Lee crawled over to her, while she uncoiled the 1-meter whip she had

brought.

Kyra raised the whip over her head, and lashed the slave in front of her diagonally across his back. The whip gave a loud crack. The slave jolted a little, but kept quiet. Beneath her, Lee was obediently licking her boots.

Kyra immediately delivered the next lash with her back hand, across his middle back, then raised her whip hand to give another diagonal stroke that would rip across his back from shoulder to buttock. The whip cracked again with a delightful sharp noise.

Kyra whipped him in this fashion for a

few minutes. It did not take long before the slave started grunting and whimpering whenever the lash struck.

It felt so good and right. While Kyra whipped males on a daily basis, she never tired from it. It gave her such a satisfying feeling of fulfilment whenever she could inflict pain on males and when she could demonstrate her superiority over them. Having another male beneath her, submitting to her and licking her boots made it even better. It made her wet.

Kyra decided to take it further.

-“Slave! Lick my pussy!” she ordered the slave on the floor. He eagerly complied.

Lee placed himself on the floor, between Kyra's boots, while she was still swinging the whip, and reached up to place his tongue on her sex and started licking.



His warm, gentle tongue felt delicious, and in response, Kyra gave the slave on the cross and extra hard lash. It made him whimper. His back was well marked by now, with red lines revealing where Kyra's whip had struck.

But Kyra was not going to stop now – not with a slave tongue in her pussy. Kyra continued whipping, even more intensely. For the slave latched to the cross it became even more painful. He could not keep it in and cried out with pain as Kyra's lash cracked loudly across his back and ass. Both sounds made Kyra even more horny, and soon she added to the noise with her own moans of pleasure, very much aided by Lee's tongue massaging her clit. It was wonderful.

It went on for another few minutes before Kyra could not hold back her orgasm anymore. She moaned intensely as she

felt the climax ripple through her body. It was pure heaven.

When the orgasm subsided, Kyra ordered Lee to go back to licking her boots, and took a minute to admire the sight of the slave on the cross; his back side was now covered with red lines. It was a feature that made him look only more attractive.

Kyra unfastened him from the cross, and ordered him down on the floor to thank her. He did it quickly enough, even if weakened by the whipping he had just received.

Kyra enjoyed the sight of two slaves

worshipping her boots for a minute before moving on. She wanted more.

She grabbed Lee by his hair and pulled him over to the cross.

-“Get on the cross,” she ordered him. He stood up and placed himself such that Kyra could easily fix him to the cross. He looked uneasy, no doubt after having seen what Kyra had done to the dark-skinned slave for nothing but her own sadistic enjoyment. But he knew disobedience was not an option, and let Kyra fix the manacles of the cross on his ankles and wrists.

-“Keep Licking!”

Kyra let the dark-skinned slave know he

was expected to attend to her boots while she dealt with Lee.

With Lee fixed to the cross, Kyra raised her whip hand, and launched a series of lashes on the slave's back. Lee grunted with discomfort.

Kyra, on the other hand, felt a surge of power and sexual desire. Looking at the defeated male grovelling beneath her, she wanted to use him again.

She grabbed his short hair, and pulled his head up into her crotch.

-“Lick my pussy slave! You are going to make me come again,” she instructed him. He immediately started lapping Kyra's pussy. Kyra closed her eyes for a second.

It felt good. Then she turned her attention to Lee. His back was not nearly marked enough yet. She continued whipping him.

Kyra lashed him for at least ten minutes while she enjoyed the other slave's gentle licks. Having already come once, it took more time to bring Kyra to another climax.

But eventually Kyra felt it coming. By now, Lee was even heavier marked than the slave on the floor, and he whimpering and crying from pain each time the lash struck him.

Kyra grabbed the dark-skinned slave's back head with her left hand and forced

his head into her crotch. She grinded her pussy over the man's face with powerful hip movements. Kyra then raised the whip over her head and struck him hard on the back. He jolted, and let out a muffled sound of pain in her pussy.

She hit him again. And again, producing the same reaction, all the while grinding her pussy in his face. With each lash, Kyra felt her orgasm coming closer, until it finally arrived with magnificent power. Kyra screamed with pleasure, while continuing to lash the slave beneath her. It was an intense orgasm that lasted for close to half a minute.

When it finally came to an end, Kyra

pushed the slave down on the floor again.
-“Mmmmm...That was most delightful,”
she purred. “I don’t need you anymore.
Thank me and get out of here.”

The dark-skinned slave kissed her boots
again, one on each.

-“Thank you for letting me serve you,
Mistress,” he said before he crawled out
of the room and the apartment.

While he did, Kyra released Lee from the
cross. He had stopped whimpering from
the agony she had inflicted upon him.

-"It is your turn to thank me now," she
told him.

Lee fell to the floor as soon as he was

free, and started kissing the boots of his tormentress. Kyra gave him his next orders.

-“Bring me a glass of sparkling water. After that, you are dismissed for the night. Tomorrow you can serve me breakfast at 10.00. I will sleep late, and I do not want to be disturbed.”

-“Yes, Mistress,” he answered, and ran to carry out his Mistress’ order.

Kyra went to one of the bedrooms and sat down on the bed. She then tapped her wrist unit a few times to project an article she had stored onto the screen in the room. It was a convenient time to do some more reading in preparation for her new job. Having lost five hours due to

the time difference between Hippothoe and Marpeisa, she would be awake for at least a few hours more.

Morning in the MPU

**Sleeping area 2, Nadia Island MPU,
Marpeisa, 291/3/12, 06:00**

-“Wake up! Wake up, slave scum!” a female voice bellowed. Whip cracks accompanied her message.

Prisoner 47-10, or Michael, as he still called himself, unwillingly had to realise his sleep had come to an end. He still felt exhausted –it felt like he had fallen asleep just a few minutes ago. Just like any morning in this hellish place.

The door to his cage, and those of the rest of his work gang unlocked with a ‘clang’. Michael and the other prisoners around him slowly crawled out of the cages in which they had slept. The cage Michael

spent his nights in was tiny. It was not big enough to stretch out and it was impossible to find a comfortable position in which to sleep. His body was aching from it, as well as from weeks of hard work, frequent beatings and insufficient rest.

-“Gang 47, get your asses on the hygiene platform. NOW,” shouted a female voice. It was Mistress Anna, the brunette guardess usually in charge of gang 47. Three other guardesses immediately started whipping the naked prisoners with quirts to make them move onto the concrete slab known as the hygiene platform.

-“Move it!”

<CRACK>

-“We don’t have all morning, scum!”

<CRACK>

<CRACK>

It did not take many seconds before the guardesses had the prisoners where they wanted them, on the middle of the slab. Then came the morning shower. Two of the guardesses aimed powerful beams of cold water on the prisoners with each their hose. They soaked each of the prisoners on the platform in turn. The power of the water beams was such that two of the prisoners fell over when the beam impacted them. It was an absolutely dreadful way of being cleaned. But that

was clearly the point of it.

The morning was the worst part of the day. Abruptly woken from a much too short sleep, it was dreadful to face yet another day of punishment, humiliation and back braking hard work.

What Michael experienced daily on Nadia Island, was much worse than anything he had gone through during his 53 years (27 Earth Years) as a slave on Hera. As a slave, he was controlled by his Mistresses, and he had to endure their punishment and discipline. But he had usually had some freedom so that he could serve and work effectively. He got enough rest and breaks to perform

efficiently. And when he was beaten it was for a reason – to maintain his and other slaves' submissiveness.

On Nadia Island, he was allowed no freedom whatsoever. Always chained to other slaves or locked up in a cage. He was savagely beaten every day for the tiniest infraction or for no reason at all. And he was forced to do hard physical and pointless work that completely wore him down.

And as a slave there was at least some element of motivation. If he was lucky enough that a Mistress would fancy him, there was hope of being allowed to serve her sexually. Or at least he would have

the chance to admire the beauty of Mistresses in sexy and revealing outfits.

On Nadia Island there was zero chance of that happening. The Guardesses were all sadistic, man-hating bitches who loathed the prisoners. They saw no need to motivate the prisoners through their sex appeal. They were attractive-looking, but the prisoners would never see them dressed in anything but their uniforms of white blouses, grey skirts and boots. At best, they would let their hair down.

After a few minutes of hosing down the prisoners, the guardesses deemed the prisoners sufficiently clean, and turned off the water. Michael, like the other

prisoners, was absolutely freezing. The low morning sun provided little amelioration for the ice cold water he was soaked with.

-“Line up, bitches!” Mistress Anna roared. She wanted the prisoners positioned such that they could be easily chained together. The prisoners had been through the drill countless times, and quickly complied, to save themselves from extra lashes. Still the guardesses landed quite a few strokes on the prisoners as they shuffled to their places. Michael caught a particularly painful one across his chest.

One of the guardesses then hauled a

fifteen meter long chain alongside the line of prisoners. She was then joined by two other guardesses to attach the chain to the neck iron of each of the twenty four slaves in work gang 47. Mistress Anna watched with her stern, icy look that none of the prisoners dared to meet.

The guardesses worked quickly, and soon all the prisoners were chained together. When they finished, one of the guardesses nodded to Mistress Anna.

-“Ready!”

-“Let’s feed them,” replied Mistress Anna, before she gave the command to the prisoners.

-“It’s feeding time, pigs. Get moving!”

Spurred on by the whips of the guardesses, Michael and his fellow prisoners ran line abreast the twenty meters to the feeding station. This was a 15 meter long trough sitting on top of a concrete slab. At one end of the trough, there was a large tank with a tap.

The prisoners knelt down along the long side of the trough. Mistress Aria, one of the guardesses, opened the tap. Thick grey-brown liquid flowed rapidly into the trough. It was prison soup. The only dish the prisoners on Nadia Island ever tasted.

When the unappetizing liquid had filled a

few centimetres of the trough, Mistress Aria gave the start signal.

-“Breakfast is served, pigs. You have five minutes!”

Michael and the other prisoners put their heads in the trough and started lapping up the bland tasting liquid as fast as they could. Five minutes was not a long time, especially when trying to get food from a trough. They tried to consume as much as they could in the time allotted. They knew the guardesses would let them starve if they failed to eat quickly enough.

Five minutes later a bullwhip cracked loudly. As always, Michael was still hungry when the stop signal came.

-“That’s enough!” Mistress Anna shouted. “Now you will work! Man the cart!”

A big four-wheeled cart was parked ten meters away from the feeding station. It was specifically designed for being pulled by a work gang of twenty four slaves, having two long shafts in front, each with six handles on each side, such that four rows of six slaves could be accommodated. The cart itself had ample room and comfortable seats for four Mistresses.

The prisoners knew what to do. Any time they moved from one place to another on this island, they had to pull the cart with

their overseers. They ran to find their places in front of the cart. Being chained together, it was not an easy task, however. They had to position themselves in the right order, and errors frequently happened, especially as the guardesses stressed them with their whips. And errors were mercilessly punished.

This time it was 47-15 who made the mistake. He tripped before he could find his place, and dragged with him the prisoners closest to him in the chain. Mistress Lina, a pretty guardess with a free flowing blonde hair, was upon him immediately, and struck him across his back with her quirt.

-“Fucking retard,” she shouted at him.

“Get up!”

She kicked him hard three times until he got back on his feet.

She then lashed the prisoners around him.

-“What are you looking at morons? Get in your places!”



The other guardesses joined in, and viciously lashed any prisoner not yet in his place in front of the cart.

Spurred on by the guardesses, the prisoners all found their places in front of the cart, and the four guardesses boarded the cart.

Mistress Anna swung her bullwhip, which cracked loudly over the prisoners heads.

-“Get moving! To the quarry!

**Administration building, Nadia Island,
Marpeisa, 291/3/12, 11:55**

Kyra knocked on the door to Grace's office. She had just been through the formalities of being certified to enter the MPU, and was now ready for the tour.

-“Come in,” answered Grace, and Kyra

entered the office.

-“Good morning,” Grace greeted her guest. “You look great! It really suits you.”

Grace noticed right away that Kyra had been fitted in the MPU Guardess uniform.

-“Thanks! It like it too.”

Having seen herself in the uniform in the mirror, Kyra approved. The outfit was simple, feminine and tasteful.

-“I understand this uniform is mandatory for all female staff in the MPU?” asked Kyra.

-“That is correct,” answered Grace. “As you may have read, our philosophy is to emphasise punishment and rely on fear to

keep the prisoners in line. So we use one standard uniform that emphasise the authority and femininity of their superiors without giving them too much eye candy. So we don't use the revealing outfits that you may be used to from slave training centres and some of the other MPUs."

- "Why do you not exploit the males' lust and desires?" asked Kyra. "I have found it to be a very useful tool in training and controlling males."

- "It is mainly due to who we are dealing with on this island," replied Grace. "If a male is sent here, it is because he is among the worst male scum on this planet. We are talking about repeat

offenders and rebels against the superior sex. They have had their dose of both discipline and sexual control, but it has failed to work. In this case only punishment and fear – lots of it - will do. And they don't deserve anything else.”

-“Does it keep them obedient when you release prisoners back in the general slave population?”

-“Mostly yes,” said Grace. “We aim to make their time here as hard as possible. No male will want to return here. And when we release prisoners from here, they are only on probation. If they do one wrong move, it is straight back here for at least a year. And they know it.

That keeps most of them on the straight path, but there are of course always some idiots who don't get it."

- "That makes sense," commented Kyra.
"And I have seen most experts agree with your approach."

- "In any event, we recommend that ex-MPU-inmate slaves are used only in roles where they can be tightly controlled. They are not the best slave material if they have been here," added Grace.

- "Indeed!"

- "Anyway, I suggest we move over to the prisoner side of the island, so you can

see yourself how we do it,” suggested Grace. “You can of course ask your questions as we tour the place.
-“Excellent idea. I can’t wait to see it,”

The two Ladies walked out of the office, and made their way to the gate that was the entrance to the MPU itself.

**Entrance gate, Nadia Island MPU,
Marpeisa, 291/3/12, 12:15**

Kyra and Grace walked through a gate in the barbed wire fence that marked the boundary of the MPU, and let their wrist units be scanned as they did so. Two Femdom Guard Soldiers with stun guns ready watched, and then greeted the two Ladies as they passed.

Just beyond the soldiers, they were met by an attractive-looking guardess with straight black hair. She was standing next to a chariot with eight slaves harnessed in front of it.

She smiled to Kyra, and then addressed Grace.

-“Your chariot, as you requested, ma’am”

-“Thank you, Lisa” replied Grace. We will probably not be back with it before the next shift.”

-“No problem, ma’am,” replied Lisa.

-“After you,” said Grace to Kyra and signalled for her to get on the chariot. Kyra stepped onto the vehicle, and Grace then took her place next to Kyra and took

the rein. Then she picked up a buggy whip that had been placed in a pocket next to the sidewall of the chariot, and gave it to Kyra.

-“I will leave it to you to motivate the beasts,” Grace said with wicked look. Then she tugged the reins and bellowed to the prisoners in front.

-“To the power station! Double speed!”

The harnessed slaves began to move, and were soon running in a brisk pace, pulling the chariot with them.

-“It is not the most efficient mode of transportation, but we use prisoner drawn chariots and carts for almost all travel

within the MPU,” said Grace. “It lets the prisoners know their place.”

-“Nice touch,” said Kyra.

Then she started lashing the slaves in front of the chariot with the buggy whip.

-“Faster!” she demanded of them.

Grace approved.

-“Excellent! Go as hard as you want. They are here to be punished.”

The work stations

**Power station, Nadia Island MPU,
Marpeisa, 291/3/12, 12:30**

Grace pulled the reins and ordered the prisoners in front of the chariot to stop. The by now heavily panting prisoners slowed down to a stop a few seconds later. Kyra had driven them hard; she had added quite a few marks on their backs with the buggy whip, backs that had plenty of whip marks from before.

The chariot had stopped on the top of a small slope above a place of vigorous activity. Below, Kyra could see eight large horizontal wheels of maybe five meter diameters attached to cylinders in

the ground. Chained to each of the wheels were at least twenty prisoners, who were labouring to rotate the wheels. Around them were a number of guardesses, swinging heavy bullwhips, exhorting the prisoners to work harder. It was quite noisy due to the numerous cracks made as they lashed the prisoners.

-“This is the MPU power station,” said Grace as Kyra studied what was going on. “As you can see, it is fully male-powered.”

-“You get power for the MPU this way?” asked Kyra in disbelief.

-“Only a very small portion,” admitted Grace with a smirk. “We get the rest from

the grid.”

-“But we do have power generators under the wheels, and they are producing power,” continued Grace. “But the purpose is of course not to save on the power bill, it is to provide hard work for the prisoners. Hard exhausting work under the whip is just what they need.”

-“I see,” said Kyra. “And it looks like you are very much succeeding on that front.”

Kyra studies the spectacle below a bit more. She noticed all the prisoners were hairless, both on the head and on their bodies, like the prisoners in front of the chariot. This was different from the practice in the other prison services,

where slaves had hair, albeit short. Apart from this, the appearance of the prisoners was familiar: Fully naked except a neck iron and manacles around wrist and ankles for easy restraining.

Kyra decided to inquire about the hair.
-“I see none of the prisoners have hair. You have a strict shaving policy?”

-“We take it further than that,” replied Grace. “Any male sent to this island does not deserve to have hair. So we give them laser treatment on arrival to permanently remove all hair.”

-“It also makes it easier to sort them from ordinary slaves if they get mixed up,” she added.

-“Interesting,” noted Kyra and observed the scene a bit more. A few seconds later, she had another question.

-“So how many prisoners do you have working here on the power generation?

-“As you see, we have eight generators here,” replied Grace. “Each of them is powered by a work gang, which is made up of twenty four prisoners – pretty much all the activity here in the MPU is centered on the work gangs. You will notice that when we see the other work stations.”

-“So that makes it 8 times 24, which is....192,” Grace added when she had finished her digression. “Minus the

prisoners that are taken away for extra motivation.”

Grace pointed to events taking place at the generator closest to them. The generator had stopped, and two guardesses were unshackling each their prisoner from it. They roughly womanhandled the men and pushed them away from the generator wheel and towards a pair of caning horses ten meters away. Meanwhile, two other guardesses swung their bullwhips on the remaining prisoners shackled to the generator wheel.

-“Get moving you lazy scum!”
<CRACK>

<CRACK>

-“You need to make up for your cheating friends!”

<CRACK>

-“Double time!”

<CRACK>

The first guardesses forced their prisoners over the caning horses and fixed their manacles to clips on the horses’ feet. Then one of the guardesses went back to the generator wheel and uncoiled her bullwhip to help her colleagues driving the prisoners at the generator. The remaining guardess picked up a cane, and started viciously thrashing the prisoners on the horses. She soon had

both screaming with pain.

-“Those have been slacking,” explained Grace. “The monitoring system must have revealed they were not giving 100%.”

-“Yes,” nodded Kyra. This was a familiar practice from her own prison service. Slave monitoring systems based on implanted chips could give all sorts of information on the state of a slave’s body, and could easily tell which slaves held back on their efforts and which were about to collapse. Punishment should of course mainly be awarded the former category.

Down at the generators, there was

something else going on. One of the generator wheels had stopped, and the guardesses were unshackling the full work gang from it. The work gang remained shackled together, however with a chain connecting the neck iron of each of its members. The guardesses then drove the work gang away from the generators with liberal use of their whips.

-“Ah, it must be feeding time,” said Grace. “I’ll take us closer, so you can see.”

-“To the feeding station!” she shouted to the prisoners in front of the chariot, and tugged the reins.

The chariot started moving, following the

road around the generators, then past a storage shed of some kind before it arrived next to a patio. On the patio there were ten troughs with some spacing between them. At one end of each of the troughs, was a tap, on a pipe going back to the storage shed they had just passed.

This was the feeding station. The work gang that had been released from the generator came to the patio at the same time as Kyra and Grace's chariot. The work gang knelt in front of one of the troughs, spurred on by lashes and verbal abuse from the guardesses.

One of the guardesses opened the tap, and a brown-grey soup flowed into the trough.

-“You have five minutes, bitches,” yelled the guardess who had opened the tap, a very stern-looking redhead with her hair in a bun.

-“You really treat them like livestock,” said Kyra. “I love it.”

-“They have behaved like animals, so we treat them like animals,” said Grace.

-“I can see that,” said Kyra with a smile.

-“I see you have branded some of them too,” she remarked, noticing that some of the slaves had the emblem of Nadia Island MPU burned into their skin on their backsides, among numerous welts and whip marks.

-“Yes, we do that to repeat visitors,”

replied Grace. “We used to do it on all prisoners, but we had to cut back since it lowers their market value as slaves. But it is great for the terror effect on the other prisoners, so we wanted to keep it in some cases. Letting them see the use of an old style branding iron is a great way to make them behave.”

-“I can imagine,” said Kyra.

**Quarry, Nadia Island MPU, Marpeisa,
291/3/12, 13:20**

Michael wiped the sweat of his forehead with his arm for a second before he lifted the sledgehammer again to crush yet a rock into smaller rocks. That was all the pause he dared give himself under the watchful eye of the guardesses.

Around him, his fully naked colleagues of Work Gang 47, chained together, all did the same: Smashing large rocks into smaller rocks, thus producing gravel. Around them stood four Guardesses, the same who had woken them this morning, impeccably dressed in their uniforms, and armed with bullwhips, monitoring the prisoners.

The prisoners were doing a pointless task. Machines could do this job much faster and more efficiently, but that did not matter to the guardesses. They were there to ensure all the prisoners spent every ounce of energy they had on producing gravel the hard way.

Whenever they thought some of the prisoners were slacking, they were quick to remind them of their duties with their whips.

Michael brought the hammer down, and cracked a football-sized stone in three parts. He lifted the hammer again, aimed for one the parts, and struck again, crushing it into five-six smaller parts, that were still a bit too big to satisfy his instructions. Michael lifted his hammer again.

<CRACK>

Michael felt intense pain on his back, as the fall of a bullwhip impacted his upper back with devastating force.

-“You work too slowly, 47-10! Speed up!” Mistress Aria shouted, and swung back her whip in preparation for another lash.

-“Sorry, Mistress,” whimpered Michael, just before the whip struck again.

<CRACK>

It hit his right overarm, and wrapped around his chest, left arm, and lashed his back. Michael screamed loudly as he absorbed the pain from the heavy whip.

He had to make it stop. Michael doubled his speed with the sledge hammer, even if he was exhausted. Anything to escape the whipping.

Anything to escape this horrible island. This place was too cruel. And he wasn't sure if he even deserved to be here. It was all due to one episode of bad judgement. Michael had always recognised Women as superior to men, and strived to serve his Mistresses. He had just been at the wrong place at the wrong time.

Three months ago he had been on a remote plantation in North Afrodite, living what he back then thought was a tough slave life. The overseers at the plantation drove the slaves very hard, and frequently used both cane and whip to reinforce their authority. He had now learned it could be much, much worse.

At one point, Michael had been among five slaves that were left unguarded on a field by the overseers. One of the other slaves had suggested they should make a run for it. With the remoteness of the plantation, and dense vegetation in the surrounding wilderness, it should be easy to slip away before the overseers noticed, and stay hidden from them, he argued. It would be a way to escape the cruel overseers of this plantation, and even slavery itself. He had managed to convince the three others to join him. Michael had gone along with them too, even if he did not really want to. Torn between his loyalty to his Mistress and to his fellow slaves, he had gone with the

latter, and regretted it.

Only four hours after their escape, they had been hunted down by the overseers. Three Ladies from the plantation staff had sprung upon them in the thick forest and brutally subdued the runaway slaves. Two of the slaves had tried to resist, which only earned them a rougher beating.

What followed was even worse. The five slaves were charged with rebellion against female authority, one of the most serious charges against a male on this planet. And they were found guilty, which earned them all a ticket to Nadia Island, a place he now desperately wanted to get

away from.

But the only way to get away from this place, was to obey every order he got and complete his sentence. Right now, that meant crushing rocks to gravel as fast as he could. So Michael lifted his sledge hammer once again.

As he did, he noticed a chariot pulled by eight slaves arrived on the top of the quarry. It looked like it was the Commandress with some other important Lady. The other Lady looked somehow familiar, but Michael could not think of where he had seen her before...

<CRACK>

Mistress Aria's bullwhip had once again torn into Michael's back. Michael howled with agony.

-“If I catch you one more time idling like that, you are in for some serious punishment, 47-10,” she told him harshly.

<CRACK>

<CRACK>

<CRACK>

Mistress Aria gave Michael three more painful lashes.

-“Sorry, Mistress,” said Michael, and tried to concentrate on his work.

**Quarry, Nadia Island MPU, Marpeisa,
291/3/12, 13:30**

Grace had taken Kyra to the central part of the island. They were on a road surrounded by lightly forested hills. Between the hills, they could see the sea to their right, and beyond that, the mainland of Marpeisa.

The road followed a small stream, before it climbed towards the top of one of the hills. The chariot moved noticeably slower as it got steeper, and Kyra lashed the slaves eagerly with the buggy whip to keep up the pace. Panting heavily, the slaves pulled the chariot to the top.

Grace stopped the chariot just as they passed the top of the hill, to let Kyra get a full view of the next work station. And it

was a view to behold. Below them, more than two hundred naked males toiled in a large quarry that had been dug into the hill. Three dozen guardesses, armed with bullwhips, kept them under close supervision.

Loud cracks echoed frequently in the quarry, whenever the guardesses used their whips on the deserving beasts in their charge, cutting through the background work noise.

Kyra could easily see how the prisoners were employed in work gangs. There were nine gangs in the quarry from what she could see. Each consisting of twenty-four prisoners chained together, charged with a specific task. Three gangs were

using chisels and bars to separate rocks from the hillside. Another four gangs crushed the rocks to gravel with sledgehammers, and the last two gangs moved big rocks to the sledgehammer teams, and gravel away from them.

-“This is my favourite work station,” said Grace. “Beautiful surroundings and great for providing males with hard labour.

-“It certainly looks impressive,” agreed Kyra.

-“We even use the gravel produced here for roads on the island,” said Grace.

“Again, not the most efficient way of making it, but the point is of course to punish.”

-“I think it is an excellent setting for punitive forced labour. This is inspirational. I am making notes,” remarked Kyra.

-“Do you want to get down there to have a closer look?” asked Grace “We have plenty of time.”

-“I’d love to,” replied Kyra.

The two Ladies stepped down from the chariot, and Grace attached a metal leash to one of the slaves in front of the wagon. She then pulled him and the other slaves towards a nearby tree, around which the leash was fixed with a small padlock.

With the slaves all chained to each other and the wagon, none of them would be able to run away – not that there was anywhere to run to.

Grace then led Kyra down a narrow pathway to the quarry itself, where the action was. As they got closer, the noise of metal impacting stones, whips snapping, and short sharp commands from the female voices grew louder. Kyra could see that the backsides of every male in the quarry had been richly decorated by the guardesses' whips. They were clearly worked to their maximum. Some of the prisoners looked close to collapsing.

Kyra and Grace passed a work gang carrying baskets with heavy rocks on their backs as they made their way towards the area where the gravel-producing gangs had been stationed. One of the prisoners in the gang took one wrong step, just next to Kyra, which brought him out of balance, such that he nearly fell over. He managed to avoid falling, but lost some of the load he was carrying, and brought the work gang to an unscheduled stop.

The nearest guardess, a sweet-looking brunette with round eyes showed no mercy. Furiously, she kicked prisoner in the thigh, while yelling to him.

-“Keep moving, you fucking piece of shit!”

She uncoiled her heavy whip, and gave him a barrage of lashes, such that he almost struggled to remain on his feet again.

-“This is what you get for thoughtlessness, you idiot!”

Kyra liked what she saw. These guardesses knew how to treat males.

Half a minute later, Kyra and Grace walked up to a gang labouring hard to crush rocks, and the guardesses watching them. One of the guardesses acknowledged the Ladies approaching. She coiled up her whip, and turned towards them smiling.

-“Good afternoon, Commandress,” she said to Grace.

-“Hello Anna,” Grace greeted her back. “Sorry to disturb. I am just showing our guest, Madame Kyra from the West Themis Service around our island. She will lead the new MPU being created there.”

Anna curtsied.

-“A pleasure to meet you, ma’am,” she said to Kyra. “How do you like what you see?”

-“I like it very much,” replied Kyra, returning Anna’s warm smile. “I think there is much to learn from what you are doing.”

-“Senior Guardess Anna Shield is head overseer for one of the work gangs, and she has been here for more than three decades (16 Earth Years). She is probably the best person to ask more detailed questions on how we operate the work gangs,” Grace informed Kyra.

-“I hope you don’t mind a few questions,” she said to Anna.

-“Not at all,” replied the senior guardess, and Kyra fired off the first of many questions.

Fifteen minutes later, Kyra and Grace moved on, after what had been for Kyra a very insightful conversation.

**Dressage stadium, Nadia Island MPU,
Marpeisa, 291/3/12, 15:15**

Grace and Kyra had just returned to the prison part of the island, after having had lunch in the Village. They were again on their chariot, right next to the barbed wire fence separating the civilian and prison parts of the island. They were approaching a five meter tall concrete wall that seemed to shield a sizable area. Next to the wall was a large building.

-“What’s behind the wall, asked Kyra.”

-“Let’s go have a look,” replied Grace.

Grace ordered the slaves in front of the chariot to stop as they neared the building, and then fixed them to a tree, as

she had done earlier at the quarry.
-“This way, she said,” and led Kyra towards the doors of the building.

Inside, it was just a stair leading upwards, with daylight visible from the top of the stairs. The two Ladies climbed upwards. As they got out on the top, Kyra realized immediately what she was seeing.

The building they had entered was a grandstand, and in front of it, shielded from the surroundings by the high wall, a sports field. And the sport being practiced down on the field was male dressage. Young Mistresses armed with dressage whips and quirts were driving

males through an obstacle course laid out on the field.

-“Ah, I see what this is,” said Kyra. “I read you use Prisoners as dressage slaves.”

-“Exactly,” said Grace. “We allow prisoners that are close to completing their sentence to take part. And their price for successfully resisting is early release from the MPU. That gives the girls a real challenge.”

-“I can imagine,” remarked Kyra.

In male dressage, the slave that had the slowest total time through the obstacle course was given a reward. This was in order to increase the challenge for the female competitors, who tried to coerce

the males through the course in the shortest possible time. The girls had to use their authority and whips to overcome the male's willingness to resist.

The Ladies sat down on seats close to the arena. There were only a few other spectators on the stands, apparently off-duty guardesses. Down on the field, a heat of four girls in their early thirties (16-18 Earth Years) was under way. Dressed in boots, jodhpurs and blouses, they wielded their whips with confidence and precision, forcing the males in their charge around the course.

It was most delightful to see hardcore

prisoners; some of the worst Hera had to offer, being subdued by young Mistresses. The Mistresses did not quite make championship level speeds, but their effort was nevertheless impressive.

-“We mostly offer our facilities here for training purposes, but once a year we host the semifinals in the Marpeisa championship. We like to think that the challenging conditions we offer young Marpeisans is part of the success formula for the Marpeisan male dressage team,” said Grace. Marpeisa was known for raising many of the best competitors in this sport.

-“I would not be surprised if it is. Girls who can handle prisoners from here

should be able to handle any slave.”

Kyra and Grace watched two more heats as they shared their own experiences in the sport. Both Ladies had competed when they were younger, but had never reached quite to the top in the championships of their home queendoms, though Kyra was close. Kyra had made second place in the East Artemisia championship when she was 40 (20 Earth Years), the final year she was allowed to compete. (Contestants older than 40 were not admitted to official male dressage competitions – it was considered a sport for young Women.)

Punishment

**Punishment Station 7, Nadia Island MPU,
Marpeisa, 291/3/12, 16:00**

-“Let’s stop here for a few minutes,” said Grace to Kyra and pulled the reins as the chariot passed next to a square Kyra immediately recognised as a place dedicated to punishment.

In the middle of the square there were four twenty meter long rounded bars resting on supporting pillars. The bars were positioned in parallel to each other, with ample space between, about ten meters. Two of the bars were low – about one meter above the ground, the other two were high – about three meters above the ground.

In both cases the bars were complemented with restraining equipment. The low bars had shackles bolted to the ground on both sides, allowing for prisoners to be bent over the bar with hands and feet restrained on each side.

The high bars were clearly whipping posts. Dozens of pairs of shackles were hanging from them, and directly underneath were fetters bolted to the ground. It was perfect for stringing up good number of males for well-deserved punishment.

On the edges of the square, there were

also a number of whipping posts and caning horses more practical for restraining single slaves for punishment.

All of this was however for the moment not in use, but Grace was quick to clarify.

-“All prisoners in the MPU receive a formal caning or whipping once per day in addition to what the guardesses dish out on-the-spot. I thought you should get the chance to witness a formal punishment. There should be two or three work gangs coming any moment.

-“Great,” replied Kyra. “I love a bit of proper punishment.”

Seconds later, a work gang appeared on the road hundred meters away. Pulling a

cart with four guardesses, it rapidly approached the punishment station. As it came closer, Kyra recognised them from earlier. It was Senior Guardess Anna and her crew.

Anna smiled as she recognised Kyra and Grace.

-“You want to see more of how we do things here?” she asked as the cart came close enough for conversation.

-“I most certainly do,” replied Kyra.

On Anna’s orders, the cart stopped next to Kyra and Grace’s chariot.

-“We would like to see how the daily formal punishment sessions are

conducted,” Grace told Anna. “And maybe participate a little.”

-“No problem at all,” said Anna. “Just stick around a bit.”

Kyra watched Anna and her guardesses release their work gang from the cart, and lead it – chained together - to one of the high bars. They then proceeded to attach shackles hanging from the bar to the manacles around the wrist of each prisoner in the work gang. This was done without removing the chain connecting the neck iron of the prisoners.

It was just enough space and shackles for the full work gang. This punishment post had clearly been designed for the work

gang system in operation in this MPU.

-“We should add the prisoners in front of our chariot to this party,” said Grace as Kyra watched Anna’s work gang being prepared. “They have had an easy day just pulling us around, and they should not escape their daily beating.”

-“Absolutely,” agreed Kyra. “Let me help you.”

Kyra and Graced released the chariot slaves from their harnesses and led them to the second high bar, and shackled them to it. They offered no resistance, but were clearly reluctant about their prospects. As almost any prisoner in the MPU, they knew better than to openly defy

guardesses.

-“Today’s treat is the flogger,” announced Anna, and distributed floggers to her guardesses as well as to Kyra and Grace. It was not any flogger, discovered Kyra when she got hers. It was a heavy cat-o-nine, complete with knotted tails. This was an instrument for serious punishment.

-“Guardesses, find your positions,” instructed Anna after having equipped all the women present.

Anna and her three colleagues positioned themselves evenly between the prisoners they had restrained on the high bar.

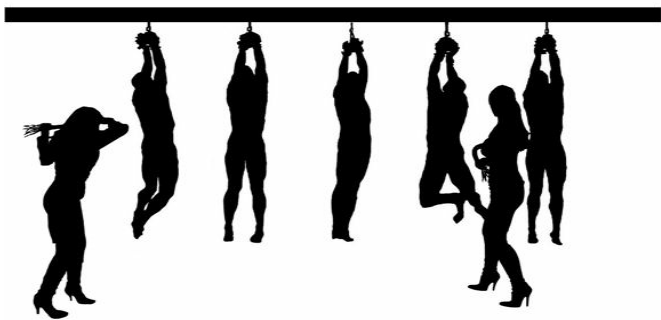
-“We’ll cover the chariot slaves,” said

Grace to Kyra, and the two Ladies positioned themselves behind them, with an implied intention for Kyra to punish the four right-most, and Grace the four left-most.

-“Let’s begin,” said Anna and took a step forward as she swung her cat with full force across the back of the prisoner right in front of her. The other Women took her cue and began a similar treatment for the slaves in front of them. Soon the air was filled with screams from prisoners and the thuds of floggers impacting their backs.

Kyra waited a few seconds while observing how the others went about the

task. They were all putting maximum strength into their lashes, and delivering them at a high frequency. The Ladies were merciless. Just as Kyra liked it.



Kyra then joined the fray with an overhead swing of her own cat. The slave in front of her screamed as it impacted his back, adding nine new red stripes to this already savaged back. Without pause, Kyra laid on him another nine stripes using her backhand. She

thrashed him for another half minute before moving on to the prisoner next to him, giving him the same treatment.

The punishment went on for fifteen minutes. The six Ladies ruthlessly flogged thirty two strung-up prisoners, causing a cacophony of groans, screams, wailing and the noise of lashes impacting skin.

As it went on, another work gang and its guardesses showed up at the punishment station. With a full view to the ongoing punishment, the prisoners of the second work gang were placed over one of the low bars and shackled. Their guardesses then armed themselves with canes, and

went to work on the prisoners' exposed rear ends, adding the swishes and cracks of canes as well as more screams to the noise.

The caning went on as Anna called an end to the punishment of work gang 47. -“That will do for now, Ladies,” she let them know.

As always, Kyra had a great time when whipping men, and she was almost a little disappointed when she had to stop. Still, it was good with a pause. Intense whipping was exhausting work.

Anna then addressed the prisoners. -“As usual, some of you have earned some extra punishment for your poor

judgement and performance today.” She gave them a stern look, before addressing her colleagues.

“Guardesses, please prepare 47-8, 47-10 and 47-15 for extra punishment.”

The three other guardesses quickly went to the three named offenders – one each - and released them from the work gang. They then roughly womanhandled them towards individual punishment posts in front of the other prisoners.

As they did, Anna went over to Kyra. -“I can tell you really enjoy dishing out punishment,” she told Kyra, speaking rather loudly to be heard over the caning punishment of the second work gang.

“Would you like to administer the extra punishment for one of these three miscreants?”

–“I would love to,” answered Kyra.

**Punishment Station 7, Nadia Island MPU,
Marpeisa, 291/3/12, 16:20**

Michael was filled with dread when he realised he had been selected for extra punishment. His body was aching terribly from the thrashing he had just received from Mistress Aria and her cat-o-nine. His back was covered in welts and bleeding. Michael was shaking.

Even so, the guardesses had no mercy. Mistress Aria released him from the shackles of the whipping post in her usual

determined manner. She then disconnected his neck iron from the chain tying Michael to the rest of the work gang.

But it meant no freedom. With the rest of the work gang still strung up on the whipping post, Mistress Aria force walked Michael in front of them towards a caning horse. She dragged him by his ear, and used a crop to coerce the exhausted prisoner's compliance.

Once there, Mistress Aria proceeded to fix Michael's manacles to the caning horse. As she did, Michael overheard Mistress Anna offering Mistress Kyra to administer extra punishment, and

Mistress Kyra's eager acceptance.

Michael had now recognised the Lady who came with the Commandress. It was Mistress Kyra – one of the two gorgeous Mistresses who had provided his initial slave training after his school graduation all those years ago. Michael still remembered that year of training vividly. Kyra and Helena were his first Mistresses, and they made deep impressions on him. He had been both madly in love with them and terrified of them at the same time. They had brought both Michael and the rest of his slave class to tears many times with their whips. Mistress Kyra had been rougher with Michael than any Mistresses he had

had since, including those overseers in North Afrodite.

Knowing that he could be reacquainted with Mistress Kyra's whips rather soon, filled Michael with extra apprehension. He lifted his head enough to see Mistress Anna and Mistress Kyra discuss the upcoming punishment.

-“What implement do you prefer?” asked Mistress Anna her guest.

-“Do you have a good dressage whip?” asked Mistress Kyra back.

-“Of course,” replied Mistress Anna and gave one of her guardesses a nod.

-“Any preference on male?” asked

Mistress Anna. It was clear that she was asking Mistress Kyra to choose her victim, between Michael, and his colleagues 47-8 and 47-15, who were restrained to caning horses next to him. -“They all deserve it, so any will do,” answered Mistress Kyra. “I’ll go with that one.”

Mistress Kyra pointed at Michael. A shiver went through his spine. He already knew he was in for severe pain. Now he knew it would be extreme.

Twenty seconds later, Michael trembled with fear as he heard the heels of Mistress Kyra’s boots clicking on the ground surface behind him. In front of

him was his work gang colleagues, still shackled to the whipping post, witnessing his predicament. Behind his own work gang was Work Gang 22, still in the process of being caned by their guardesses. The noise of swishing canes and agonised screams emphasised the dreadfulness of what was about to happen to Michael.

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Without warning, Mistress Kyra started her assault. She lashed Michael's ass with her dressage whip in an energetic

pace, using both forehand and backhand. It stung immensely. Michael screamed. It did nothing to stop her.

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Mistress Kyra continued unabated. She ruthlessly lashed him with full force strokes. If anything, they were even harder than Michael remembered from previous occasions.

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Five minutes later, Michael was sobbing, just as he did as a trainee slave under Mistress Kyra's whip fifty-three years (27 Earth Years) earlier. The pain she inflicted upon him was simply unbearable. He was however fixed to the caning horse, and could do nothing to stop it.

The sharp sting of her whip was extremely uncomfortable when it first struck. After having endured hundreds of her lashes, Michael almost lost awareness of his surroundings, feeling only an overwhelming, insufferable

continuous agony. But Mistress Kyra's whipping was only half completed.



Another five minutes later, Mistress Kyra delivered her final set of strokes on Michael's wrecked rear end. He was still sobbing and whimpering when Mistress Kyra placed her boots directly beneath his face.

-“Kiss my boots, scum,” she ordered him.
“Show gratitude for your punishment!”

Michael, still dazed from the thrashing complied. He worshipped the pointy toes of her boots with gentle kisses. It was second nature to him. Particularly right after having been so severely beaten by the most awe-inspiring Woman he had met.

Evening

**Administration building, Nadia Island,
Marpeisa, 291/3/12, 17.30**

Grace and Kyra walked up the stairs inside the administration building, heading for Grace's office, talking about what they had seen today.

-“You have seen a bit of what we are doing here on Nadia Island,” said Grace. “Did you find it useful?”

-“Absolutely,” replied Kyra. “I find it very interesting. There are lots of things I have seen here that I definitively want to include in the West Themis unit.

-“Great!

-“I especially like how you treat the

prisoners as animals. Neatly combines punishment and humiliation. It is just what they deserve.”

Grace chuckled, as they entered her office.

-“You are going to love the parts of the MPU I intend to show you tomorrow, then.”

-“I can’t wait,” said Kyra.

-“You won’t be disappointed. I am glad you like what you see here,” replied Grace. “But let’s save some for tomorrow. I am sure you need time to gather your notes of what you have seen so far.”

-“Yes, that would be good,” said Kyra. “I

am sure you need some time for work too.”

-“I have a few things to do, yes,” confirmed Grace. “Why don’t we meet up at 20.00 in the bar for dinner and a few drinks?”

-“Sounds good,” said Kyra. “Let’s meet then.”

**The Village, Nadia Island, Marpeisa,
291/3/12, 19.55**

Kyra smiled and listened to Helena tell her of the latest intrigues in the West Themis Assembly of Ladies. With a little time to spare, she had called her wife, and it was so good to see her.

Helena's face beamed from a screen on the wall in Kyra's bedroom. Sitting in her office, she looked very business-like, wearing a dress and hair in an updo.

Kyra was more relaxed, sitting on a chair next to a make-up table in one of the bedrooms in her apartment. Lee, the house slave was brushing Kyra's long hair as she spoke to Helena.

-“But I need to run now,” said Helena after finishing the story she was telling. “It was so good to hear from you and that you are having a good time. I can't wait to see you again.

-“Only two more days,” said Kyra.

-“I love you,” said Helena

-“I love you too, reciprocated Kyra, and blew a kiss towards the screen before it went blank.

Kyra looked at the time. It was time to meet up with Grace in the bar.

-“That will do, slave,” she told Lee, and waved him away.

She then pulled out her lipstick, and applied it to her lips as a final preparation before going out.

It would be nice with a little fun and relaxation now.

Author contact

If you have any comments on the books in this series, questions about the Ladies of Hera universe or even requests for particular parts of this universe to be explored in future books, please contact the author on
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