



**THE LADIES OF HERA &
THE LEDANS**

C L NORTHBRIDGE

The Ladies of Hera VI – The Ledans

By C.L. Northbridge

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

All rights are reserved to the author including the right to reproduce this work or any portion thereof.
No part of this work may be reproduced, transmitted or stored in any form without the written
permission of the author.

Contents

[Introduction](#)

[The first Ledans](#)

[Arrival](#)

[Culture Shock](#)

[Rise of the Resistance](#)

[New loyalties](#)

[The Amazons strike](#)

[Expanding Slavery](#)

[Whip Friends](#)

[The Cane](#)

[Enslaved](#)

[Dominant Women](#)

[New threats](#)

[Free again](#)

[Return to slavery](#)

[War](#)

[Female Victory](#)

[Enjoying the spoils](#)

[Postface](#)

[The star system Tau Ceti](#)

[The planet Leda](#)

[Timeline until Year 133](#)

[Situation in Year 133 – Demographic and Military](#)

[Communication with other star systems](#)

[Map of Northern Polar Region of Leda](#)

Introduction

This story, and others in the same series, takes place in a future where humanity has moved beyond the confines of the Earth and has started colonising other worlds, both in our solar system and around nearby stars.

On one of these worlds, a planet called Hera, a group of female supremacists managed to gain control of the colonisation expedition and its colonies early on. Under their rule, the human colonists on Hera built a society based on female domination. In their society, only women can be citizens, and all men are slaves – indeed the word “male” is considered synonymous with slave among the Herans.

A century and a half later, the Heran civilization has grown powerful enough to colonise other worlds on its own. The planet of Leda, orbiting the star Tau Ceti, is their first target outside their own star system. This planet has already been colonised by several factions from Earth.

This book tells the story of the early years of the Heran colonisation effort seen through the eyes of both the Herans and the descendants of earlier colonisation efforts to Leda.

The other books in this series, and especially the first, provide more context on the nature of the Heran society and its origin.

Short on the planet of Leda

Before the story starts it is useful with a little background on the planet on which it takes place, and how the nature of the planet affects human life there.

Leda is a very big planet, a so-called super earth. It has almost twice the diameter of Earth, and more than four times its mass. This means its surface gravity is somewhat (19%) higher than Earth's.

The planet is close to its parent star, and while habitable, the cooler polar regions are most suitable for human habitation, and that is where most human colonies are found.

The thick atmosphere of Leda contains enough oxygen for human breathing, but toxic CO₂ levels. Colonies must therefore be protected from the atmosphere, and a human moving outside colonies must at a minimum wear face masks scrubbing CO₂ from the air the wearer breaths.

Timekeeping on Leda

The close orbit makes the Ledan year short – 157 Earth Days. The planet also rotates slower than Earth – a Ledan day is 40 hours. This means the Ledan year is only 94 Ledan days.

The Ledans have divided their year into 4 months of 23 or 24 days each. All dates in their calendar are given on the format YYYY/M/D, and dates in this story follow this format.

The Ledan calendar starts with year 0, when Leda was first colonised by humans. This corresponds to 2225 on Earth. This story starts in year 133, the year the Herans arrive on the planet. This corresponds to Earth Year 2282, and year 285 on Hera.

Hours, minutes and seconds on Leda are of same lengths as on Earth, but each day consists of 40 hours. This means Ledan colonists usually sleeps twice per day.

Further details

More detailed information on Leda, its parent star, its geography and timeline is found in the postface of this book. This provide more background on the situation on Leda when the story starts.

The Ledans

Arrival

Sam & Nicole's apartment, Pontus Colony, 133/2/5, 17:40

Sam and Nicole, a couple living in the Union colony of Pontus, were both just home from work and preparing their dinner. Sam, a tall and dark 72-year old (31 Earth Years) and Nicole, his red-head wife of 70 (30 Earth Years) had been married for five years.

- "Did you see the news today?" Sam asked Nicole as they started eating.
- "No – anything important?"
- "We made contact with an incoming spaceship. It is 25 days from arriving, and its coming from Epsilon Eridani."
- "That's the system of Hera, isn't it?" asked Nicole.
- "It is. It looks like the Herans are coming to us," replied Sam.
- "Do we know what they want?"
- "Not yet. But they are likely coming to stay. You don't travel between stars just to say hello."
- "Now this could be interesting. I have always wondered how things are really working on Hera. No we may get a chance to ask them," said Nicole
- "Yes, I find that interesting too. And a little scary."
- "I bet you do," said Nicole laughing. "Put on the latest news show. Maybe there is more to learn."

The Heran practice of female supremacy had been known for many decades on Earth and on human colonies elsewhere in the universe, but detailed knowledge of the Heran system was sketchy. What was known, was that Women held all positions of power among the Herans, and men were being held as slaves. Beyond this, the nature of the Heran society was subject to a lot of speculation.

More than a few found the concept of a female ruled society intriguing, including Nicole and Sam it turned out.

Government section, North Pole Colony, 133/2/6, 14:30

The government council of the Union of Western Colonies on Leda was meeting. The government council was the highest organ of government in the colonies created by colonization efforts of the Western Confederation, and was in charge of foreign policy, defence, terraforming and inter-colony

infrastructure. All other responsibilities lay in the 31 individual colonies, and government of the Union was thus rather decentralized.

The subject of the meeting was how to respond to a recently received message from the incoming space ship. Defence and foreign secretary Martin Diaz summarized the information available.

- "The message confirmed that the ship, the Freya, is from Hera. They say they intend establish colonies on Leda, and that the expedition is sanctioned by the Heran government. The message emphasize that their intentions are friendly, and that they seek to coordinate their actions with the existing powers on Leda. They also seek advice on where they can establish colonies in order not to encroach on the territory of existing colonies."

Oliver Monsen, president of the council, commented first.

- "I am a little bit wary of the Herans, given what we have heard about them. But I suppose there is no way to stop them establishing themselves here – the planet is just too big. We might as well be friendly with them."

- "I agree," said Diaz. "I even think it will be beneficial to the strategic balance. The Herans have always been friendly with the Confederation, and they might serve as a counterweight against the Chinese. The Chinese already outnumber us, but if the Herans are on our side, we are probably back to parity."

- "With the history of conflict between the Herans and the Chinese, I can't imagine a Chinese-Heran alliance. The Chinese are not going to welcome their arrival. The Herans will have to side with us" , said Emma Kelly, the terraforming secretary.

- "Those are good points," said Monsen. "We should befriend the newcomers, then. Where shall we tell them to land?"

- "I think it will have to be somewhere here in the northern polar region. I doubt they want the heat of the lower latitudes, and sending them to the southern polar region is asking for a conflict with the Chinese," suggested Diaz.

Diaz' reasoning reflected Leda' s geography. Leda, being close to the inner edge of the habitable zone around Tau Ceti, was a rather warm planet. While colonization of the equatorial region was possible, the temperate Polar Regions were preferable. Existing colonies on Leda were mostly found in these regions. All Union colonies where in the northern polar region, whereas the Chinese had monopolized the southern polar region. The Chinese also had two colonies in the north.

Given the vastness of the planet and the still limited human population, there was still plenty of land in both Polar Regions that had not been effectively claimed.

- "See if you can come up with some alternative landing sites over the next couple of days. For now we'll just send them a welcome message," concluded Monsen.

Clytemnestra Colony, 133/3/17, 09:15

Tania Thorne, Commandress of the Heran expedition to Leda watched as the last section of the big, transparent tent covering what was to become the colony of Clytemnestra was fitted. With the tent in place, it would be possible to maintain air breathable for humans inside the colony.

Outside, in the thick Ledan atmosphere where Tania now stood, the face mask she wore was necessary for survival. While the atmosphere contained sufficient oxygen, the amount of CO₂ made it toxic.

Apart from the atmosphere, and the somewhat higher gravity, Tania had found the stay on Leda pleasant so far. Almost everything had proceeded according to plan so far. The Heran expedition had established friendly relations with the powers already present on Leda, and construction of colonies were ahead of schedule. The first one, Helena, was already ready for habitation, and the colonists to populate it were being woken from their cryogenic sleep up in the orbiting Freya.

Four more colonies were in process of being constructed, all named after daughters of the mythical Leda: Timandra, Phoebe, Philonoe, and Clytemnestra, the latter of which Tania was now viewing.

The colonies were clustered in a low-land region partially surrounded by a mountain chain with distances of 200-400 km between each colony. The nearest foreign colony was a Union colony 500 km away.

It was in fact the Union that had suggested the Herans colonize this region, and it seemed to be a good choice, as it offered plenty of resources and space to expand in, and it was not on territory already claimed.

- "Looks like the tent fits," Tania said to the construction leader standing next to her.
- "Yes, we just need to look for leaks, and then we fill it with breathable air," she answered.
- "Sounds like you are in control. Anything you need from me before I head back to Helena?"
- "I am in full control."
- "Great, I am off, then," said Tania, before she addressed her personal slave kneeling next to her.
- "We are going back, slave. Prepare the transport."

Culture Shock

50 km north of Helena Colony, 133/4/19, 27:50

Sam and Nicole were in a dirigible enroute to the Heran colony of Helena. No rail-based infrastructure linking the new Heran colonies to the Union colonies existed yet, and air ship transport was the most practical way of getting there.

Sam and Nicole were both curious to learn about the newcomers from Hera, and they had decided to spend their day off visiting a Heran colony. They shared the passenger compartment with twenty or so other people were making the same journey, and they had spent most of the trip chatting with the man and the woman sitting opposite them.

Jack, an acquaintance of Sam, who was running a food processing plant was making the trip together with Sarah his secretary. His aim was to secure a contract for delivering foodstuff to the Heran colonies.

- "Their food requirements should be significant in the short to medium term. Their supplies from the spaceship must be running out fast, and until they get their own agriculture up and running, they' ll need to import quite a lot. And I think I can satisfy some of that demand" , explained Jack.
- "How are you going to negotiate that?" wondered Nicole. "I am not sure the Herans regard a male a worthy negotiation partner."
- "That' s why Sarah is with me today. I will register as her slave for the day, and she is the one who officially will be meeting their representatives," answered Jack.
- "Surely you too will also register as Mistress and slave when we land," he added.
- "Of course" , said Nicole with a smile and patted Sam on the head. "Sam will be my obedient slave for the whole day."

Heran law made all males on their territory liable for enslavement, but visitors got around this by having the females of the travel party registering the males as their property on arrival. That way, males could visit Helena without risking permanent enslavement. At least if they could trust their female travel company.

- "So what is bringing you to Helena, then? Just curiosity?" asked Jack.
- "Pretty much. A fully female run society – I need to see how that can work," said Sam. "And also, I hear the Ladies there look really hot," he added.

The others laughed. Sam knew Nicole would not take issue with his banter and Nicole countered:

- "You better be careful, Sam. Remember you will be my slave in half an hour."
- "For my part, I can control my enthusiasm for their society," said Jack.

- "Their practice of slavery is taking things a bit far. But that doesn't stop me from chasing a business opportunity when I see one."
- "I see your point," said Nicole. "But they claim their slaves submit voluntarily. Now we have a chance to see if it is true."
- "What's your view?" Sam asked Sarah, who had not said much so far.
- "I am with you guys. I am curious to see what it is all about. And I look forward to having my boss as my slave," she replied with a giggle.
- "Sounds like you are taking risks on this trip," Sam teased Jack.
- "If we can get the contract it will all be worth it," replied Jack.

Their conversation was interrupted by the ship computer announcing arrival in 10 minutes.

Main Street, Helena Colony, 133/4/19, 31:40

Sam and Nicole had been in the colony for a couple of hours. Shortly after landing, they had been processed by Immigration. Sam had his biometric data scanned, and an entry for him had been made in Helena's slave register, where he had been listed as owned by Nicole.

Once through Immigration, they had separated from Jack and Sarah, and had wandered through the colony. Here they observed life in the colony and talked to people. It was maybe more correct to say Nicole talked to people. They learned quickly it was considered inappropriate for males to speak unless spoken to, and Sam found it best to adapt to the local custom.

It was quite clear the males here were really submissive towards Women. When Nicole approached them, they got down on their knees in front of her and kissed her feet as greeting. When they replied to her questions, they addressed her as 'Mistress'. And if she made requests, they would try to meet them as best as they could.

The Ladies of Helena were very friendly. They eager both to hear about Sam and Nicole's life in Pontus, and also to share how their own colonies were organised and of Femdom society in general. While most of the Ladies' attention and friendliness was directed towards Nicole, they also involved Sam a little in the conversation. They were clearly impressed when Sam addressed them as 'Mistress', and remarked he would fit perfectly in their society.

Two Ladies had even taken Nicole and Sam for a lunch. They had taken the couple to a nice café in the colony's main street. There, the Ladies had been served by an all-male serving staff. Sam had not been allowed to sit on a chair, but was told to sit on his knees on the floor next to Nicole. While the Ladies

were served proper food, Sam was merely given a bowl of what they called slave food. It was some sort of a porridge with a rather bland taste, but apparently very nutritious according to what they told him.

The Heran Ladies told Sam he should be grateful for having such a generous and caring Mistress when Nicole gave him some of the chicken from her plate. And he was. The chicken certainly tasted better than slave food.

Sam noticed that his remark on the flight about Heran Ladies being hot did indeed hold a lot of truth. It certainly helped that they dressed sexy. Sexy yet classy. A tight dress or a tight skirt and blouse combined high heeled boots was a very common combination in Helena. Furthermore, at least in Sam's opinion, practically all of them had the face and body to of a model.

This had several reason, he had learned from the conversations. First and foremost, their home planet of Hera had instituted genetic enhancement programs that went beyond anything on Earth or other planets. In addition to eliminating diseases, the Heran program also promoted traits the Heran saw as positive, such as features associated with a beautiful appearance. The genetics programs of Hera also explained the other striking feature of the Herans– their size. Both sexes averaged 1.90m in height. Sam, normally considered tall, was only average among the Herans.

Age also played a role in the appearance of the Herans. The Herans that had been selected for the expedition to Leda were almost all aged between 20 and 30 Earth Years. They had been cryogenically frozen, and had thus not aged during the journey from Hera. While the longevity treatments that had been developed in recent years allowed people to retain youthful looks for a century or more, the fact that all the Herans were in their prime age could be noticed.

Finally, taking care of their looks was of great importance to the Heran Ladies. They considered their beauty along with their authority to be one of their most important tools for keeping males in a state of willing submission to their rule. Heran Ladies paid great attention to their dress and make-up to maintain their irresistible appearance. Sam had to admit it worked. He found the Ladies very attractive, and submitting to them somehow didn't seem like such a bad idea. Good thing Nicole was there. Her attraction on Sam was yet stronger.

Sam figured the Heran Ladies' model for keeping male slaves in line and in willing submission was working. Not one of the slaves Nicole had spoken to indicated any desire for freedom.

Office of Intercolonial trade, Helena Colony, 133/4/19, 32:05

Sarah and Jack were about to enter the meeting that was the objective of their trip. Sonia Andromache, an officer in the Heran Intercolonial trade office had agreed to meet Sarah, as a representative of Jack's company.

Sonia, a 1.90 brunette with her hair in a tight bun, was dressed in a white blouse, a tight black skirt, and black leather knee boots with high heels when she received them outside her office. She invited Sarah to follow her into the office. Jack assumed the invitation applied to him as well.

- "Please sit down," Sonia told Sarah and pointed to a chair in front of her desk. "Can I offer you anything?"

- "A coffee would be nice," Sarah replied.

Jack was not asked.

- "Slave, bring us two coffees," Sonia spoke into her communication set.

Turning to Sarah again, she said:

- "I see you brought your slave to the meeting."

Sarah nodded.

- "Is he my real negotiation partner in this?" Sonia asked.

Sarah looked at Jack.

Jack decided to come clean.

- "Yes, I am the owner and manager of Pontus foods. I hope we can drop this Mistress-slave charade now that we are behind closed doors and negotiate directly. Sarah is of course just my secretary..."

<Smack>

Sonia slapped Jack's cheek so hard he almost fell over. Before Jack could collect himself, she grabbed him by the chin and forced him to look into her eyes.

- "How dare you, show us disrespect like this, male" the strong yet beautiful Woman told him.

- "I do not tolerate disrespectful males."

<Smack>

She slapped him again.

- "You speak out of turn, you fail to address us as Mistress – both me, and your owner, Mistress Sarah."

<Smack>

- "And worst of all, you seem to imply that you are somehow above Mistress Sarah."

<Smack>

<Smack>

Sonia's exquisitely manicured hand hit Jack's cheeks on both forehand and backhand.

- "You need some serious punishment, slave."

Taken aback by Sonia's vicious slapping, Jack was unable to protest. Sarah was left speechless by what she saw, but after the initial surprise, she tried to plead for her boss.

- "I don't think you need to do that..." started Sarah.

- "Oh, it is very necessary, ma'am. Slaves forgetting their station must be reminded immediately," said Sonia as she grabbed a crop lying on her desk.

She let go of Jack and ordered him "Bend over my desk." Still confused, Jack hesitated for a second, and Sonia hit him with the crop.

- "NOW!" she barked.

Jack obeyed and bent over the desk, but tried to mount a verbal defence.

- "You can't do this. I am not really a slave..."

<Smack>

- "Ouch!"

Sonia's crop impacting on his right ass cheek cut him off. Jack screamed out.

- "I can and I will! And you are very much a slave, albeit a bad one."

<Smack>

- "Now I suggest you shut up and take your punishment like a man."

<Smack>

Sonia delivered her hardest stroke yet, and Jack screamed out. It stung immensely.

- "Shut up! You are only making it worse for yourself, slave!"

<Smack>

<Smack>

Sonia landed another two blows on Jack's bottom, as Jack unsuccessfully tried to wiggle away.

<Smack>

- "Aooow"

The third stroke was another very hard one, and Jack got up from the desk as he cried out with pain. He couldn't take it.

He didn't get far. Sonia grabbed him by his hair, and forced his head between her thighs, and locked it there.

- "You are not going anywhere," said Sonia as she started a new assault on Jack's arse. Ten hard strokes impacted in as many seconds, and Jack howled. He tried with all his might to get free from the headlock she had put him in, but to no avail. She was too strong for him.

While Jack tried desperately to escape Sonia's thighs, she loosened Jack's belt and started to pull his trousers down. Jack could not do anything about it in the position he was in.

Sarah tried again to ease Jack's ordeal.

- "I think he has been punished enough now. He won't do it again if you let him go now."

- "I have just begun," replied Sonia. "He must be punished so he remembers."

She started cropping Jack's naked arse again, just as hard as before. Her forceful blows left red marks on Jack, and he cried with pain.

- "It is our duty as Women to correct males that step out of line. The punishment is for his own good. He needs to learn his station as a slave when in our colonies. And pain is the best tool to make males learn," Sonia elaborated for Sarah as she continued cropping Jack.

Sarah gave up her half-hearted attempt to dissuade Sonia from continuing the punishment. The Amazon in front of her was determined to punish Jack as she saw fit. Sarah watched as Sonia continued her punishment of Jack. While she found the brutality of it unpleasant, she could not help but admire how this Woman so effortlessly reduced Jack, her boss, to subservience.

Someone knocked on the office door, and shortly after opened it. In came a man dressed in jeans and a tight t-shirt that did little to hide his muscular upper body. He held a tray with two cups of coffee, and walked toward Sarah. He did not react at all to seeing Sonia brutally beating Jack.

The man went down on his knees in front of Sarah and kissed her feet, while holding the tray up over his head, so that Sarah could reach it.

- "Your coffee, Mistress," he told her.

- "Thank you," replied Sarah as she picked up one of the cups and enjoyed the sight of the stud serving her. This was something she could get used to.

- "Just place my cup on the desk, slave," Sonia informed the man casually between the sharp, loud smacks of the cropping.

- "And bring me a cage and a gag, right now," she added.

- "Yes, Mistress," replied the male and quickly left the room.

Sonia continued the punishment. Jack alternated between crying and pleading for the beating to stop. He wiggled, but could neither free himself nor avoid the vicious strokes.

After a minute, Sonia's slave was back again, pushing a cage on wheels into the office.

- "Place the cage next to the wall, and the gag on my desk, and then leave us," Sonia ordered him.

The slave did as he was told and disappeared again.

Sonia still did not relent. She kept on beating Jack with the crop. Jack cried loudly, and pleaded ever more desperately.

- "Please, please stop! I will do anything you say. I can't take this," he snivelled.

Sarah grew worried. She thought Jack had taken more than enough, and hoped it would stop soon.

Sonia was not moved, however. She chastised him.

- "Stop snivelling, slave. Take your punishment!"

She went on for another minute.

By the time Sonia stopped, Jack's arse was bright red, sprinkled with some purple welts.

- "Have you learned your lesson now?" Sonia barked at Jack.

- "Yes, please stop," Jack sobbed.

<Smack>

Sonia delivered another stroke.

- "That should be 'Yes Mistress!'" Sonia corrected him.

- "Yes, Mistress," Jack repeated.

Jack was desperate to escape the pain. The last few minutes were the most painful he had ever experienced. He would say and do anything to make Sonia stop her punishment.

- "Apologise to me for your rude behaviour and thank me for correcting you," Sonia instructed him

- "I apologise for my behaviour, and thank you for correcting me, Mistress," Jack responded.

<Smack>

Sonia's crop hit his arse yet again. It stung badly.

- "Kiss my boots when you are apologising!" she ordered him.

As humiliating as it was, Jack obeyed. Anything to make this stop.

- "Now apologise to your owner, Mistress Sarah. Kiss her shoes!"

This was even more humiliating. But Jack didn't care. He did not want another round of the crop. He crawled over to Sarah, who was still sitting on her chair. He kissed her shoe.

- "I apologise for being rude, Mistress."

- "Better!" said Sonia. "From now on, you will remember that you are beneath Mistress Sarah, you will remember to never speak out of turn, and you will remember to address us as 'Mistress'. Is that clear?"

-Yes, Mistress," Jack whimpered.

- "Now, strip, slave," Sonia ordered.

Jack hesitated, which earned him a whack with the crop.

- "Get naked, now!" Sonia told him.

Jack undressed his remaining clothes as quickly as he could.

Sonia picked up the ball gag lying on her desk, and forced it into Jack's mouth.

- "You will not disturb us, while I talk business with Mistress Sarah," Sonia told him.

She tightened the buckle hard in his neck, and then pushed him over.

- "Get in the cage," Sonia ordered, and gave Jack a sharp kick in the side.

Jack started crawling towards the cage, when he was gripped by fear. If he was locked in that cage, he might never get out of this hellish place. But what could he do? There was no way he could escape the tormentress towering over him.

<Smack>

- "Move!" Sonia commanded as Jack felt the sting of yet another stroke on his arse.

Jack lost his train of thought and crawled into the cage. Sonia locked the door, and Jack was trapped in a tiny cage, of about 70x70x70 cm³.

Sonia smiled to Sarah and said "Sorry, about that."

- "We take female supremacy very seriously, and your slave clearly did not. But with that out of the way, let's get down to business."

Sarah could still not quite believe what she had just witnessed, but Sonia went on as nothing out of the ordinary had happened. She sat down behind her desk.

- "I have reviewed the terms you sent us yesterday," said Sonia, "and I think we can come to an agreement."

Sarah was still trying to process what had happened, but she realised she had to take charge now. Jack had told her he didn't care what happened as long as they got the deal. Getting that deal would be up to Sarah now.

- "I am glad to hear that," she answered.

- "I think I can sign this if we just make one change," said Sonia.

- "I realise, of course, that when you go back to Pontus, he will be the boss, and you will be the secretary," Sonia continued and glanced at the male in the cage.

- "And according to our laws, the contract is not valid if the counterparty is a company owned by a mere male. We need a female counterparty. And I think that should be you," Sonia told Sarah.

- "What do you mean," asked Sarah.

- "You need to be made a partner of Pontus Foods with a meaningful ownership share and authority to sign contracts in order for this deal to be valid. We can then deal exclusively with you in this business relationship. Do you think that can be arranged?"

Sarah hesitated a little. This development was very fortunate for her, but she knew Jack would hate to hand over part of his company. On the other hand, she knew this contract would be worth more than all the existing business of Pontus Foods.

- "I think it can, but I will have to check with Jack when back in Pontus," Sarah answered.

- "I am sure you can convince him. I know how important this contract is for your company," said Sonia.

- "So we have an agreement, then? Subject to your promotion?" asked Sonia.

- "We do." replied Sarah.

- "Great. Then I'll look forward for your confirmation over the next few days. With that out of the way – have you eaten yet?"

- "No," said Sarah

- "Then let me take you out for a late lunch. We can leave your slave here. He is not going anywhere," said Sonia.

She got up from the chair.

- "Come along."

The Ladies left the room, and Jack was alone, crawled up in a tiny cage. He could do nothing but stay put and process the powerful impressions of his first meeting with a Lady of Hera and contemplate how he was going to do deal with it.

His backside was still aching with pain. His mind was filled with the feeling of intense humiliation along with the fear that his ordeal was not yet over. What if Sonia decided he had not been punished enough? What if she convinced Sarah that he should be kept in Helena as a slave and not be allowed to return to Pontus? Sarah had not done a lot to stop Sonia's assault on him. And from the conversation between the two Ladies, it sounded like Sarah was becoming more receptive to Sonia's way of doing things.

As time wore on, anger and the desire for revenge became the dominant emotions in Jack's mind. Angry for the treatment he had been subjected to. He wanted revenge for the intense pain and humiliation. Angry that his secretary, his so-called Mistress, did not stop it. Angry that he was being forced to give up part of his company to obtain this crucial deal.

With hours to think about it, Jack decided he would make it his mission to exact vengeance on the Herans somehow. But for now he would play by their rules. First priority was to get away from this dreadful place.

Airship docks, outside Helena Colony, 133/4/19, 38:30

Sam, Nicole, Jack and Sarah had just boarded the passenger unit of the dirigible that would take them home to Pontus. They had already started sharing their impressions of Helena with each other as they found their seats. Jack preferred to stand, however.

- "Fucking crazy bitches! I can't wait to get away from this place," said Jack shortly after take-off.
- "I take it your business didn't go very well," said Sam.
- "That's not what I meant. I meant the way they treat people. The way they treat men. They treat us like dirt. Kept as slaves and whipped for the tiniest offense. Those bitches can all go to hell!"
- "You knew about male slavery before you came here," said Nicole. "Why are you so upset now?"
- "Jack had a bit of an incident," clarified Sarah. "He broke about five of their rules in two seconds, and our business contact gave him a whipping."
- "No way!" said Nicole with surprise a hint of amusement.
- "The bitch almost killed me. And then she locked me in a cage for the rest of the day," said Jack. His face was red with anger.
- "And Sarah, my loyal secretary – excuse me – 'Mistress', went out for lunch with her," Jack added with a heavy dose of sarcasm.

- "That's not fair, Jack. You told me up front that getting the contract was the priority. And I did what I needed to do to get it," responded Sarah.

Jack replied only with a short grunt. He knew Sarah was right. But it didn't make him any less angry.

- "So you did get the contract?" asked Sam.

- "Yes, we did. At least if Jack agrees to make me his business partner, so that the Herans can have me rather than him as their counterparty," replied Sarah.

- "And you agree to this?" Sam asked Jack.

- "I don't have much of a choice. The contract is simply too valuable to walk away from," he replied. "And I suppose Sarah deserve some reward for getting me out of this hellhole. For a while I worried I would be stuck here forever. No way am I ever coming back here."

- "I think we had a much better experience," said Nicole. "All the Ladies we met were very kind and pleasant. Wouldn't you say so, Sam?"

- "Yes, I thought they were nice. Of course, they didn't treat me as their equal, but I didn't exactly expect them to either. But they didn't beat me."

- "From what we understand, they don't beat their slaves all that often, and the slaves accept this as necessary to maintain their discipline," added Nicole.

- "In my opinion once is too many. I can't believe we tolerate them on our planet. I don't care how nice they treated you. They have to be stopped. Bloody slave owning bitches."

- "Slavery is a bit tough to accept, I agree," said Nicole. "But at least it is practiced mostly by consent, and it is deep in their culture. I think we will find an accommodation with them. With time they will abandon their more brutal practices as we interact.

Maybe we have a few things to learn from them too. Whatever they are doing, they have really managed to set up a well-run colony."

- "I think we are going to disagree on our view of the Herans, Nicole," said Jack. "They need to be forced to join the same century as the rest of us now."

Sam & Nicole's apartment, Pontus Colony, 133/4/20, 02:20

Sam and Nicole had just arrived back in their apartment. While it was full daylight outside, the windows of the apartment were shielded and it was dark inside. It was sleeping time, which had little correlation with sunlight outside when being in the polar region of a planet with 40 hour day span.

They were getting ready for bed when Nicole hugged Sam from behind, putting her hands around his body.

- "You know, I thought it was very sexy to have you as my slave today," she whispered to him.

- "I thought it was very sexy to have you as my Mistress," he responded.

She kissed his neck.

- "That's what I hoped to hear," she whispered. "For I plan to keep you as my slave for the night."

- "Your wish is my command, Mistress"

Nicole turned Sam around to meet her face. She gave him a long, passionate tongue kiss.

- "I want you to wait for me, in the bedroom, on your knees, naked, slave," she told him when she withdrew.

Five minutes later, a naked Sam was on his knees in front of the bed, as the door to the bed room opened. Nicole entered, wearing only a purple corsage that left her clean-shaven sex uncovered. Her red hair had been let down and covered the back of her shoulders. She wore a matt red lipstick.

With her hands resting on her curvy hips, she ordered Sam:

- "Greet me the Heran way, slave!"

Sam crawled over to her kissed her naked feet. Once on each foot.

- "Keep going," Nicole told him.

Sam showered Nicole's feet with kisses. After a little while he started working up her legs.

Nicole very much enjoyed the sight of Sam worshiping her legs and showing his devotion to her. She could feel she was getting wet.

Sam was kissing her thighs, when she told him:

- "Very good, slave. I want you to please me properly now."

She walked over to the bed and lied down on her back, resting against the pillows.

Sam had followed her to the bed. His member was rock hard.

- "Get in the bed, and start licking my pussy," she ordered him.

Nicole spread her legs, giving Sam full access.

Cunnilingus was a rare treat in Nicole's sex life. Sex with Sam was mostly about intercourse, and only in some rare moments of inspiration did he give her sex of the oral variant. Maybe the scarcity had made it so, but for Nicole, having her pussy licked was the sexual activity she enjoyed most. The domination game they were now playing was an excellent opportunity to get more of it, and Nicole was not going to let it pass.

Sam placed himself on the bed, with his head between Nicole's legs. He started by kissing her labia softly. It felt delicious. Nicole let out a moan. He kissed her a few more times on the edges of her vulva, before licking the middle with a long, soft caress. Nicole moaned again. Nothing could compete with a tongue on her pussy.

Sam's tongue continued to play with Nicole's vulva. He varied between the long soft licks, kisses and more vigorous tongue-fucking. Nicole's pleasure only increased. He was quite good for practicing this art so seldom.

As their love-making continued, Sam's tongue paid more attention to Nicole's clit, and Nicole's desire for ever more of this attention grew. She moaned continuously.

- "I want you to make me come now, slave," she told him, knowing that she was very close. She grabbed his hair and pressed his face firmly against her pussy, and grinded her clit on his face. The feeling was irresistibly wonderful. The orgasm was coming.

Nicole screamed loudly as the powerful orgasm shook her body. She kept grinding her pussy against his face for the half a minute it took to subside. It was her best orgasm ever.

Nicole felt supreme relaxation and pushed Sam's head away from her crotch.

- "That was wonderful," she purred. "You are the best slave ever."

Sam rolled over on his back, smiling. He was still rock hard.

- "I see you got excited too. You must be aching for a good fuck now," Sonia teased him.

- "Yes, Mistress"

- "Too bad. I am satisfied, and slaves don't need to come."

- "I want you to cuddle me until I fall asleep," said Nicole. "Come closed to me, slave," she ordered Sam and pulled the blanket over them.

- "I really like you being my slave. We should do this more often," said Nicole before she closed her eyes.

Government section, North Pole Colony, 134/3/5, 08:45

- "Not again!" complained council president Monsen, when he heard of a male visitor to the Heran colonies having been caned by his hosts. "Why can't these idiots just follow their rules when they are there? Or better yet, don't go there at all?"

These incidents were making it harder and harder to maintain a cordial diplomatic relationship with the Herans. Every incident created an uproar in large segments of the Union population, and demands that the Union government react grew louder.

Much of the Union population was now hostile to the Herans. Slavery was the biggest reason for this. Virtually everyone in the Union, or in non-Union colonies for that matter, opposed slavery. So did of course also the government, but the government had to balance its opposition of slavery to its desire of cultivating good relations and possibly an alliance with the Herans in order to counter the Chinese colonies.

Every incident involving corporal punishment of a Union citizen brought the slavery issue to attention, and made it ever harder to maintain this balance.

- "We will at least have to issue a statement of protest and demand the end of corporal punishment applied to our citizens," said Albert Lacroix, the secretary for inter-colony affairs. "We' ll be thrown from office if not."

- "I suppose you are right, but it' ll annoy the Herans," said Diaz, the foreign and defence secretary.

- "Is an alliance with them that important?" asked Lacroix.

- "Long term it is. We are falling behind the Chinese on both population and military power, and the Herans appear to have decent military capability compared to their numbers. Our satellite recently saw what appeared to be a military exercise near their colonies. They have quite a bit of hardware, and they are probably better trained and equipped than our own militias. We need them to be on our side if the Chinese try something in the future," explained Diaz

- "Shouldn' t we increase our own capacities instead of relying on them?" asked Lacroix.

- "Sure. But you know yourself how easy it is to get the colonies to pay for that."

- "So we need the Herans as allies," concluded Monsen. "But we still need to show our own people we are doing something. Will you have a draft protest note ready for us next meeting Diaz?"

- "Will do," replied the foreign secretary.

Tania' s office, Helena Colony, 134/3/5, 23:05

Commandress Tania Thorn read through the protest note the communication office had just received from the Union government.

- "Are they going to send these notes every time a male is put in his place?" asked Tania.

- "Shall we give them the standard reply, Commandress?" asked Catherine Xanthe, head of the foreign affairs office.

- "Yes. No point wasting more time on this."

Ten minutes later, the North Pole Colony would receive a statement stressing the Heran Colonies' right to practice its own laws on their territories, and requesting other entities not to attempt to interfere in the Heran Colonies' internal affairs.

Rise of the Resistance

Town Hall, Atlantis Colony, 134/3/14, 30:20

Jack walked out of the conference hall. He had just attended a rally of SF or Stop Femdom, a recently formed organisation of Union citizens opposed to the societal order of Femdom practiced in the Heran colonies, and in particular their institution of male slavery.

About a hundred had attended the rally. Most were men, but women were also represented. The organisation's agenda was to force the Union government to take a tougher stance against the Heran colonies, and thus force them to change their practices. Speaker after speaker had denounced the government's diplomatic approach, and called for more forceful measures, including trade blockades and sending Union security forces to free slaves.

As Jack had just exited the door, he was approached by Richard, the man who had introduced him to SF.

- "Jack, I'd like to discuss some matters with you," he said. "Do you have time to follow me outside for a chat?"

- "Sure," said Jack.

A minute later both men were outside between the buildings of the Atlantis colony. Atlantis, like most colonies on Hera was a surface colony, covered by a vast tent that allowed a breathable atmosphere on the inside.

- "Quite a few of us think more direct actions are required to stop Femdom," said Richard. "It is all well and good to pressure our leaders through the SF campaign, but it needs to be complimented with something more forceful."

- "What do you propose," asked Jack. This sounded interesting.

- "We are building up an armed wing of SF. A unit that can intervene forcefully against the Herans. Free their slaves. Arrest the slave owners. Establish facts on the ground that will force the hands of the Union government. And hopefully one day drive those bitches off our planet."

- "That sounds like a very worthy cause."

- "I can count you in?"

- "Absolutely!"

- "Excellent! We are meeting on room 215 at 35:00 tonight."

- "I'll see you there," said Jack and turned back to the conference hall.

Sam & Nicole' s apartment, Pontus Colony, 134/4/2, 20:15

Nicole played with a dressage whip in her hand as she looked down on Sam, her husband and slave. He was kneeling on the floor, kissing the heels of her thigh high leather boots. Also wearing a black underbust corset and long black leather opera gloves, she felt supremely powerful and sexy as she towered over him.

This would be her favourite type of evening. Once Sam had worshipped her boots to her satisfaction, she would give him his bi-weekly discipline session. The night would then be completed with extended cunnilingus from her freshly whipped slave.

It was now almost a year since they had taken the first steps towards the Femdom relationship they now enjoyed. Their first trip to Helena last year was what got the ball rolling. They quickly realised that they both had enjoyed being Mistress and slave for a day, and started experimenting with Nicole taking charge in the bedroom the very same night.

From this, they had gradually included more and more elements of a Femdom lifestyle. They had frequently visited Helena and the other Heran colonies to experience and learn more about Femdom. On the trips they had also acquired equipment for their play at home. By now, Nicole had a sizable fetish wardrobe, and a decent collection of whips and canes. She also had a couple of items with which to restrain Sam.

The new lifestyle had quickly expanded beyond the bedroom. By now, Sam was Nicole' s slave whenever they were home, unless they were entertaining guests. Nicole loved this new arrangement. Sam was more attentive than ever, and was striving to please Nicole at every turn. They never fought anymore. It didn' t use to be a frequent occurrence, but now it was completely gone. If they had a disagreement, Nicole would decide and that was that. Sam would defer.

And best of all was the sex. They had a lot more of it now than a year ago. In particular, Nicole' s appetite for sex was bigger than it had ever been, now that it was all on her terms. Nicole had Sam satisfy her appetite at least once a day, and often more. Sam was never hard to ask for this – or order, as she now did.

Most of the time, Nicole had him satisfy her with his tongue. In this he was now so skilled, that Nicole' s orgasms were pretty much guaranteed. Yet, she still wanted a good fuck a few times per week. Tonight it was going to be pussy licking, however

But first it was time to give her slave a good whipping.

- "I will discipline you now. Bend over the bed, slave," Nicole ordered her husband.

Tania' s office, Helena Colony, 135/1/10, 15:45

Tania received a call from Jessica Lake, head of the infrastructure construction division.

- "We have a situation up in the hills west of Timandra," Jessica told her.
- "What' s the issue?"
- "A group of armed males attacked one of our construction teams. The two Ladies overseeing the teams were unarmed and could not stop the attackers capturing and leading away nine slaves working on the team. Both Ladies appear to have gotten away unharmed."
- "Have you contacted the Amazons?" Tania referred to the Herans' elite military unit, a standing force.
- "We have, but they cannot intervene immediately. The area is just too remote. They are on their way, but it will take them many hours to get there," answered Jessica.
- "So the attackers will likely get away by then. I see." Tania deduced before continuing:
- "Well, at least good the girls out there are ok. Keep me posted when you learn more."
- "Will do."

Jessica hung up.

Tania pressed a button on her wrist unit to summon one of the slaves on her staff. Five seconds later, he entered her office.

- "Yes Mistress?"
- "Slave, I need a meeting here this afternoon between myself, head of communication, head of intelligence and the Commandress of the Army. The subject of the meeting is how to combat male terrorism. Make it happen!"
- "Yes Mistress." The slave left as quickly as he had come.

Government section, North Pole Colony, 135/1/10, 32:05

- "Do we know who did it? Was it SF?"

President Monsen asked the rest of the government council.

- "The SF is not behind this, but fully support whoever did it," said secretary for inter-colony affairs Lacroix, who was close to the anti-femdom organisation.

- "Regardless who did it, this is a crisis for our relationship with the Herans," said foreign/defence Secretary Diaz. "The Herans are furious. They claim the raiders came from our territory, and sought refuge in our territory after the raid. They want an apology, the slaves returned and the raiders prosecuted."

- "The people will not stand for concessions on any of those demands. We are now paying the price for aligning ourselves too closely with a slave owning society," declared Lacroix.
- "That may be so," countered Diaz, "but the strategic balance require us to stay friendly with the Herans."
- "I think a confrontation with the Herans might be just the thing that can convince the colonies to pay for an expansion of our own forces, such that we can balance against the Chinese on our own," said Lacroix.
- "I think you may be on to something there," said Monsen. "But it is too early for that now. We have to play for time."
- "How about this," suggested Diaz. "We play up our ignorance. We can offer a statement of regret or something, but say we can't help on returning slaves or prosecuting raiders, since they are not in our territory."
- "The Herans' won't like it," he added, "but at least we are not completely giving them the finger."
- "That might work," said Monsen.
- "What do we do if we find evidence that the raiders are sheltering in our colonies?" asked Emma Kelly, the terraforming secretary. She had so far been silent.
- "Just hope we can hide it from the Herans," said Monsen. "There is no chance our colonies will accept returning freed slaves or prosecuting those who freed them."

Old Atlantis, Atlantis Colony, 135/1/11, 09:00

Jack was in the subterranean excavation called Old Atlantis. This was the former site of the colony of Atlantis, which had originally been constructed as a subterranean colony. A section of the colony had later been constructed on the surface, and in time, all inhabitants had migrated to the more pleasant surface section. The subterranean section, now known as Old Atlantis had been abandoned.

It was not quite abandoned anymore, however. The Resistance, Stop Femdom's armed wing had established a base in the excavation, and it was from this base the Resistance had launched the raid that successfully freed nine slaves from their Heran Mistresses.

Jack was now part of the leadership council of the Resistance. He was one of the Resistance' biggest contributors financially, and this gave him significant clout within the newly built organisation. He had come to the base to participate in a leadership meeting.

He came early, and he ran into Richard outside the meeting room.

Richard was the brain behind the recent success.

- "Congratulations on the operation yesterday," Jack told Richard.

- "Thanks. It was a good start, wasn't it," replied Richard. "Too bad we couldn't capture the bitches who were there. But you can't have it all."
- "You'll get more chances. Great job on this one."

- "How are the freed men doing?" asked Jack.
- "Not as well as we could have hoped," answered Richard. "They are all thoroughly brainwashed. They are actually asking to be returned to their Mistresses."
- "That bad?"
- "Yes. We need to look into some program to accustom them to a normal, free life. I was thinking of bringing this up in the meeting," said Richard
- "Speaking of which...It looks like the others are here, let's go inside."

Jack and Richard followed a group of six other men into the Resistance leadership meeting.

New loyalties

Pontus Foods office, Pontus Colony, 135/1/11, 29:20

Jack entered the office he shared with Sarah, now his business partner and co-owner of the company with a 25% stake. Sarah, sitting behind her desk, looked up as he entered.

- "Welcome back. I trust your stay in Atlantis was productive?" she asked him, not quite hiding her sarcasm.
- "I wasn't working. I need a day off every now and then," he replied.
- "Don't you think it has been a bit much time off lately? You're hardly working anymore, and you haven't made new sales for a year. You are leaving it all on me to make this company run," Sarah told him.
- "It's a bit rich for you to accuse me of freeloading," Jack replied angrily. "Remember how you got your stake."
- "You know as well as I do that giving me that stake made you richer. The company doubled in value with the Heran contract. Besides I have worked my ass off since then to make it a success. That's more than you have," Sarah retorted with irritation, as Jack got seated behind his desk. It was not the first time they were having this discussion.

Jack knew Sarah was right. The Heran contract was so valuable that Jack's remaining 75% share of the company was worth significantly more than his 100% stake pre-contract. And that was why he had accepted the deal after he got over the initial anger over his treatment in Helena a year ago.

And Sarah had done a lot more for the company than he had himself over the past year. Jack had to admit the young Woman had really risen to the task. She worked hard, and she was now effectively the one managing the company. Jack, on the other hand, spent more time on SF activities than promoting his company, and this had started to annoy Sarah. And Jack, for his part, had never stopped resenting how Sarah became his business partner.

- "And why are spending all that time on SF? An organisation calling for a trade embargo on the Herans. You know what that would do to our business," Sarah continued.
- "Personally, I don't agree with the calls for an embargo. But SF is an umbrella for anyone opposing femdom and slavery, the biggest threat we face on this planet. And they are doing far more to combat it than anyone else. So I am proud to be part of Stop Femdom," replied Jack.
- "To me, SF looks like a talking shop."
- "There might be more than meets the eye, you know," said Jack with a smug look. "Someone must have liberated those slaves yesterday," he added.
- "I thought the SF said they didn't do it," said Sarah.
- "Well, we can't embarrass the government too much, we are not going to brag about it. But trust me, we do more than talk."

Suddenly Sarah was intrigued.

- "Were you part of the slave rescue operation? Was that why you were away?" she asked eagerly.
- "We need to be discrete about this, but suffice to say, I was not completely uninvolved," Jack replied.
- "So I am working with a hero," Sarah said with a smile

Jack was brimming with self-satisfaction.

During the rest of the work day, the conversation between the Sarah and Jack was a lot friendlier than it had been for a long time.

Pontus Foods office, Pontus Colony, 135/1/11, 35:25

Sarah was still behind her desk. Jack had left after a four hour work day, having been smug throughout. Talking a little bit about his involvement of yesterday' s slave liberation raid and Sarah praising him for it was all it took.

Sarah couldn' t believe how easy it had been to make him reveal details of SF and its armed wing, the Resistance. She now knew where the stolen slaves were being held, and she knew a lot about the organisation behind the raid. Jack' s carelessness was amazing. Doubtlessly the conversation had inflated Jack' s already huge ego, but to Sarah it only confirmed his male inferiority.

He had made her promise to not talk to anyone about what he told her, but that was a promise she did not intend to keep. Tomorrow she would be going to Helena. Officially it was to maintain the business relationships she had there, but conveying what she had learned today would be more important.

But there was more research to be done first. Sarah suspected Jack was also transferring funds to SF and the Resistance. With Jack out of the office, and her full access to the company' s computer system, Sarah could review the transactions he had completed the last year without raising suspicion.

Sarah spent another two hours in the office before she headed back to her apartment.

Main Street, Helena Colony, 135/1/12, 13:45

Sarah was having lunch with Sonia in a café on Helena' s main street. Sarah had just been through a four-hour debrief with the Heran Intelligence division, where she had conveyed everything she had learned about Jack and his involvement with SF and the Resistance. The meeting had been quite intense, and Sarah was now very much enjoying the more light-hearted conversation with Sonia.

Sonia updated her on all the latest gossip in Helena, and Sarah listened eagerly. Their meeting was really supposed to be for business, but with no real issues to discuss, it just became a nice chat between two friends over lunch.

Over the last year, Sonia had become a close friend of Sarah. Sonia had been the one to introduce Sarah to Femdom, a journey that started when Sarah first visited Helena together with Jack more than a year ago.

While Sonia back then had shocked Sarah with her brutal handling of Jack, she had also won Sarah's admiration for putting her self-important boss in his place. And she also won Sarah's gratitude for insisting on her promotion.

That promotion meant Sarah would regularly visit Helena, and Sonia ensured Sarah experienced how good life in a Femdom society was whenever she was in Helena. Sonia and her friends took Sarah out to dinners, shows and parties, and Sarah had loved it. The availability of good-looking, muscular men, eager to fulfil any request she made, had been a big hit with Sarah.

It did not take long for Sarah to appreciate the service and attentiveness she could expect from the enslaved Heran males. They were always eager to please, and they would always treat Ladies with the utmost respect.

Sarah had also noticed how Helena seemed to run better than Pontus and the other Union colonies. Things just got done quicker. Everything was cleaner and prettier. The service was better. And Women were given the respect they deserved.

The more time Sarah spent in Helena, the more she liked the way it worked and the philosophy that underpinned it. It had not taken long before Sarah concluded Femdom was the system under which she wanted to live.

After dining and gossiping for almost two hours, Sonia announced she would have to get back to work.

- "I am so sorry I can't take you out for some fun this afternoon, Sarah," she told her friend.
- "Don't worry. I am a big girl. I know where I can have fun on my own here," said Sarah with a cheeky grin.
- "You are going to the Pleasure Unit, aren't you?"
- "Of course. You taught me."
- "I so envy you. Next time I am definitely coming with you," said Sonia. "But now I have to get back to the office. Have fun!"
- "I will. See you next week."

Sarah sat in the café for a few more minutes before she headed down the street towards Helena's Slave Prison and its popular Pleasure Unit.

The Pleasure Unit could really be described as a brothel. It consisted of a number of appropriately equipped rooms attached to the Slave Prison, where Ladies could sexually enjoy the common slaves of Helena. At any time, some of the common slaves were withheld from other work duties in order to be available for service in the Pleasure Units, and these formed a pool the Lady visitors could choose from.

This offer was very popular, with demand far outstripping supply. The Heran expedition to Leda had only 1.4 males per female, and private slave ownership in the Heran colonies on Leda was restricted to one slave per Lady. Visits to the Pleasure Unit was thus a popular way for the Ladies of Helena to enjoy more than one slave at a time.

Lately, small numbers of Ladies even from non-Heran colonies had started coming to take advantage of this offer.

The great demand allowed the Pleasure Unit to charge steep prices, and it was necessary to book well in advance. Fortunately, Sarah made good money from her ownership share in Pontus Foods, and could easily afford it

Pleasure Unit, Helena Colony, 135/1/12, 15:30

Sarah smiled as she made eye contact with Kaya, the Mistress in charge of the Pleasure Unit for the day. At 1.85m, she was an averaged sized Heran, though much taller than Sarah's 1.70. Befitting for a Mistress of the Pleasure Unit, Kaya wore a long, tight-fitting dress of black vinyl, combined with knee boots. A quirt and a pair of hand-cuffs were attached to the belt fitted around her waist.

- "Hi Sarah," said Kaya as Sarah walked up to the reception desk. "So good to see you back here again."

- "Thanks! Good to see you too," replied Sarah. "I always look forward to come here."

Sarah was a frequent visitor. While she shared mind-set and philosophy with the Herans, she did not own a slave of her own. Nor did she have a boy-friend back in Pontus, but by now she wouldn't have accepted a boy-friend that wouldn't agree to be her slave. The Pleasure Unit was thus the place for Sarah to satisfy her sexual desires.

- "I see you booked a room for two hours. Would you like to have a look at the slaves right away?" asked Kaya.

- "Yes, please," answered Sarah

- "Follow me, then," said Kaya and led Sarah to the next door room.

It was a not a big room, and all it contained was twenty small cages stacked up against one of the walls. Eight of those cages were occupied by a slave. Each of them better-looking than any man you could find in Pontus, Sarah thought.

- "These are the ones that are available at the moment. Do you see anyone you like?" asked Kaya.

Sarah scanned the males in the cages for a few seconds. They all looked down. They knew better than to meet the gaze of a Lady.

- "I'll go with this one," said Sarah, and pointed at a short, but well-built blonde. Short for Heran standards, that was, but still taller than Sarah.

- "Just one this time?" asked Kaya.

- "Yes, I'll just come back here if I wear him out."

- "No problem," said Kaya with a smile. "Just prepare in the changing room while I bring your slave to the room. You'll be in Room 6 this time."

- "Thank," said Sarah and headed to the changing room. She knew where it was from her previous visits.

In the changing room Sarah removed the grey business suit with skirt she had been wearing through the day. She stripped almost naked, but kept on a few items: Her knee high black leather boots, stockings and a garter belt of black silk. While the activities she had in mind did not really require any clothing, she preferred to keep a few garments to emphasise her femininity and authority.

Sarah refreshed her red lipstick, and fixed her blond hair in a ponytail. With that she was ready for the play room. She went out in the corridor connecting the changing room with the play rooms. Walking through the corridor, Sarah could hear some of what was going on in the other playrooms. Whips cracking and male screams from one room. The screams of a climaxing Woman from another. It only helped to put Sarah in the mood.

On a hook outside room 6, Sarah picked up a key. This was a universal key for all the restraining devices inside. Then she entered room six.

It was a large room containing a variety of sex furniture and punishment posts and a bed. Next to the entrance was a table with a range of whips and canes laid out. In the middle of the room, with the neck shackled to the floor, knelt the male Sarah had selected minutes earlier. It was everything Sarah needed to have a good time.

Sarah ignored the slave for a few seconds and looked at the selection of punishment implements. She picked up a thin, whippy cane. She felt like giving a good caning today

Sarah went over to the male kneeling in the middle of the room. She could see leather straps on his lower thighs were connected to his neck iron with short chains. Apart from that he was naked. A nice touch from Kaya, Sarah thought. The bondage Kaya had put this slave in, forced him to grovel in a position that made his ass very accessible.

Sarah put her boot in front of the slave's face. She did not say anything. The slave knew what to do. He greeted her by kissing the pointy tip of her boot.

Towering over the slave, Sarah enjoyed the sight of a male grovelling before her. She almost got goose bumps from the power rush she felt. She had complete power over this male, and it turned her on.

Flexing the cane in her hands, she told the slave.

- "I am going to cane you now, slave"
- "Thank you, Mistress," the slave answered meekly.

Sarah positioned herself behind to slave, and raised her cane before bringing it down of his ass with a sharp swish followed by a crack.

Just a year ago, caning a male would have been unthinkable for Sarah. Now she loved it. It was a major turn-on. By spending time with Sonia in Helena, Sarah had gradually been accustomed to seeing males being beaten by their Mistresses, and eventually came to see it as natural. At that point, Sarah had already discovered the intense power rush and erotic pleasure she derived from dominating males, and she didn't hesitate to try it when she was offered.

Since then she had not looked back. Disciplining a male with a cane or a whip had now become an indispensable part of the foreplay before sex for Sarah - as it was for most Women in the Heran colonies.

Sarah enjoyed caning the male in front of her for a long while. It was such a strong power rush. She loved the sounds of the cane, the cries of the slave and the sight of his ever more welted ass. Most of all, she delighted in the whole scene of female supremacy. It felt so right.

The caning also made Sarah very horny. Her pussy was wet, and she touched herself as she viciously caned her victim. But that was not the way Sarah wanted to come today.

- "Slave, I am going to fuck you now," she announced a few seconds after delivering her last stroke. The fun had just started.

The Amazons strike

20 km south east of Atlantis Colony, 135/1/17, 01:50

Artemis, squad leader in the Amazon Guard, the most elite formation in the Heran military checked her weapon again. It was only minutes until she would go into proper action for the first time.

The battletransporter bringing Artemis and her squad to the Atlantis colony flew only meters above the ground at a speed just under the speed of sound. The trip from their main base at Clytemnestra had taken less than half an hour. They flew in a formation of five AI piloted battletransporters – one for each squad of the Amazon Guard.

Artemis looked at her squad, ten Girls sitting face-to-face in the pay-load compartment of the battletransporter. All dressed in the tight black cat-suit-like battle uniforms of the Amazons. Their hair was worn in buns or ponytail. All wore the Amazon' s war paint, black lipstick.

Like herself, they had never been in a real action before. Yet, she was confident they were ready for it. As part of the Amazon Guard, the only standing force of the Heran colonies on Leda, they trained constantly. They would be far better prepared than any conceivable force the Union colonies could put against them. No unit on Leda had seen any combat as far as Artemis knew – the planet simply had not seen violent intercolonial conflicts until now.

If everything went according to plan, what was about to happen would not be very violent either. The Amazons were under orders to avoid shedding any blood. They were armed only with stun weapons, and their mission was only to bring back the slaves that had been stolen the previous week.

The Amazons had very detailed intelligence on where the slaves were held, and the layout of the surrounding terrain and cave complex. How accurate it was would soon be revealed.

The battle transporter decelerated quickly and landed. Artemis and the squad got on their feet.

- "You know our objective, Girls," Artemis shouted to her squad. "We enter the complex through gate B, and then on to the target area. Let' s go."

The transporter' s door opened, and Artemis leapt out, soon to be followed by another nine female warriors.

Old Atlantis, Atlantis Colony, 135/1/17, 02:25

- "There is another one here," Artemis heard one of her Amazons yell from a neighbouring room.

- "Good, then we have all nine. Let' s cage them, and prepare to leave," said Artemis in response.

She was standing in the in what appeared to be the control room in the Resistance base. Several males lay motionless on the floor, knocked out by the stun guns of the Amazons, both in this room and in the rest of the base.

The Amazons had taken the base staff completely by surprise. Striking in their sleeping hours, no one had realised they were under attack before Amazons were firing weapons inside the base itself. In a few minutes, every Resistance member on the base had been knocked out by a stun weapon.

Since then, the Amazons had spent the time gathering items of intelligence value and sorting slaves from Resistance members. This was easy enough, as the Heran slaves all had chips inserted in their necks that could be detected by a scanner. These chips provided both identification and health status of the slave.

If it was up to Artemis, they would have brought the Resistance members along with them in the slave cages. Those troublemakers so richly deserved a long stay in the punishment unit of the Heran prison system, followed by lifelong slavery, the only proper existence for males.

Alas, diplomatic concerns weighed heavier than justice these days.

Artemis saw her Amazons put the last recovered slave in a cage. They were all unconscious, and would continue to be for the next 20 hours or so.

She called up the platoon Commandress.

- "We have all nine slaves secured and identified. No friendly casualties. We are ready to move out in five minutes.

- "Great work. You can proceed with evacuation. I look forward to see you on the surface.

Artemis bellowed out her orders to her squad.

- "Gather your equipment, Girls. We are moving to the surface in five minutes.

Ten minutes later, they were back in their battletransporter on their way to Clytemnestra, with a few caged slaves in the cargo hold.

Government section, North Pole Colony, 135/1/17, 09:00

The Union government council had just been briefed of the Heran slave recovery raid seven hours earlier. They had learned that Heran special forces had temporarily taken control of parts of the Atlantis colony more or less unopposed, and had recovered the slaves that had been liberated from Heran territory earlier this month.

No one had been killed or seriously injured, but more than twenty SF activists had been found unconscious after stun weapon hits. The lack of bloodshed did little to mitigate the sense of outrage over the violation of Union sovereignty.

- "This is unacceptable," argued secretary for inter-colony affairs Lacroix. "The Herans are a threat to us, and it is time we realise it. We need to take a much tougher line against them."
- "What do you suggest, then?" asked president Monsen.
- "At the very least, we should demand they return the men they captured. They were free men on our territory."

- "That would be a little awkward, since we claimed they were not on our territory. They didn't take any of our citizens," said Monsen. "We will protest against the violation of our sovereignty, but we are not going to war over this."
- "Especially since we need their support," added foreign and defence Secretary Diaz. "But we should consider if this may be the moment to devote more resources to our defence forces. If we had more capable forces, the Herans would likely not have gone through with this raid. And those forces would also make us less dependent on them."

- "Good point," said Monsen. "I think the colonies, and especially Atlantis, will be more positive to pay for military spending now."

Tania's office, Helena Colony, 135/1/10, 15:45

Tania read the protest note from the Union government. A lot of sanctimonious noise over violation of their laws and their sovereignty. If they cared so much about these things, they shouldn't have allowed terrorists to shelter on their territory and raid Heran lands.

Tania was not going to escalate the diplomatic row, however.

- "Just reply that we regret the violation of the border, and something about this was our only option to recover what was stolen from us," Tania told the communication officer.
- "And make a point of the lack of violence," she added.
- "I'll get to it right away," replied the communication officer and left Tania's office.

Pontus Foods office, Pontus Colony, 135/2/14, 15:30

Jack and Sarah were both in the office today. They were getting along well these days, and Sarah no longer seemed concerned about Jack's work effort.

Jack had spent more time at work lately, and Sarah showed both understanding and interest for Jack' s commitments to SF. This had contributed to Jack' s growing appreciation for Sarah. Sarah was a good girl, and Jack knew he had her support for his activities with SF and the Resistance.

Besides, Sarah was both hard working and talented, and the increases in revenue they had seen over the last year, was much due to her. While she had gotten her stake in Jack' s firm by coercion, it was not coercion on her part, it was the work of that bitch in Helena.

The SF and Resistance activities had however turned a lot more secretive the last month, and Jack was reluctant to share much, even with Sarah. They had been completely blindsided when the Herans raided Atlantis last month. They had not considered that the Herans could strike in Union territory, and the whole episode had been a major setback for the Resistance, as well as a massive embarrassment for SF and the government.

Jack had not been in the Atlantis base at the time of the attack, but it had affected him. It had quickly been concluded the Herans must have had intelligence on their target, and that the Resistance had to improve on information security. For Jack' s part that meant he would no longer divulge to Sarah where he was going or what he was doing when taking time off for SF activities. He didn' t really think Sarah was a Heran spy, but she visited Helena often as part of work, and she might be careless with any information she got from Jack.

Communication within the Resistance was more limited too as a result of the raid. The Resistance had split into cells, and information between the cells was mostly on a need-to-know basis.

Jack no longer knew the details of upcoming operations. He knew some kind of a slave liberation raid was planned to happen sometime the next few days, but nothing more. Hopefully, this more secretive approach would work better.

- "That will do for today," said Jack as he got up from his desk.
- "Off to free some slaves?" asked Sarah.
- "Of course," replied Jack. She knew he was attending SF business. He would not provide any details, though.
- "Well, have fun. See you tomorrow," said Sarah
- "You too," replied Jack and left the office.

Pontus Foods office, Pontus Colony, 135/2/14, 15:45

Jack was out of the office early as usual. Sarah suspected the he and the SF was up to something. She sensed Jack somehow knew something. He was not as stressed as he had been in the days after the Heran raid on Atlantis. Back then he had seemed nervous and even a bit paranoid. Now he had somehow regained calmness and his sense of purpose. Something was going to happen.

Jack did not tell Sarah anything about what was going on in SF and the resistance anymore, beyond what was in the media. Fortunately, Sarah did not need to work Jack for information anymore. She had installed software on the company computer system that allowed Heran intelligence to read all electronic traces of Jack' s communication and transactions. And since Jack' s personal communication unit was synchronised with the company computer system, Jack was a very rich information source for the Heran Intelligence.

All Sarah had to do, was to feign sympathy for SF' s cause and hide her irritation of Jack not pulling his share for the company. The longer Jack could be kept in the dark, the better. Now he was gone, however, and Sarah would concentrate on work again.

Amazon Guard base, Clytemnestra Colony, 135/2/15, 38:05

- "Let' s go, Girls," Artemis urged on her squad.

They had just been briefed on a Resistance raid on a Heran work team 300 km from Clytemnestra. At least ten armed males had made it off with seven slaves after driving away their supervising Mistresses in a firefight. From the report, it appeared one of those Mistresses might have been killed

Two squads from the Amazons would now be dispatched to intercept the raiders, recover the slaves and extract revenge. Their battletransporters were already fully loaded, and the Amazons were ready to go immediately. They had been on heightened alert the last day due to intelligence of something imminent being planned by the Resistance – intelligence that had now proved correct.

Twenty black clad Amazons rushed into two battletransporters. They were well equipped for combat in the harsh environment of Leda. All wore a light-weight personal armour capable of resisting penetration by most small projectiles. The armour suit also served to reinforce the muscle power of the wearer, adding to her strength and endurance.

They were primarily armed with stun guns, but had more powerful weapons in reserve. The main objective was to recover the slaves alive, and they had equipped accordingly.

Artemis was the last to enter, and after a quick check that everybody and everything was present she signalled base control they were ready to leave.

Seconds later, the two battletransporters accelerated towards their destination, a point that was anticipated to be on the escape route of the terrorists.

Ten minutes into the journey, Artemis was radioed from the HQ. They provided more information on the enemy. A surveillance drone had detected what was assumed to be the terrorists. Three large ground

vehicles with stealth characteristics were observed heading westwards, towards union territory. The vehicles had very little heat signature and radar cross section. They were even difficult to detect visually, especially in poor light. The drone could however be relied on to track them, now that they had been detected.

The destination of the battletransporters was altered slightly based on the new information, and would now place the Amazons at a likely ambush point on the terrorists' route. HQ had selected the point for the Amazons, and when there, they would have half an hour to set the ambush.

Artemis relayed the information to her squad, before calling Ingrid, squad leader of squad B in the other battletransporter, and Artemis' second-in-command in this operation. They had 10 minutes to go over details before the transporters would be at the destination.

400 km North West of Clytemnestra Colony, 135/2/15, 39:10

Artemis and her squad had positioned themselves in concealed positions on the side of a narrow valley, with Ingrid and her squad on the opposite side. The heading of the terrorist vehicles indicated they would have to pass through this narrow valley, and the restrictions it placed on the vehicles' mobility made the valley a perfect ambush point.

- "I see them," said Sabine, the Amazon operating the rocket launcher of Artemis' squad. "They are about 300 meters down the valley."

- "I see them too," said Carmen on the rocket launcher across the valley.

Artemis struggled to see anything for a few seconds before she thought she saw movement down the valley. The stealthiness of the vehicles made them hard to spot with the naked eye. She wouldn't have seen them had she not been warned.

The rocket launchers had however targeting systems that would detect vehicles and warn the operator automatically. Sabine and Carmen could therefore be relied upon to spot the targets in time.

- "Engage them at 100 meters," Sabine reminded the Amazons.

Half a minute later, Sabine and Carmen fired each their rocket. Sabine took aim at the front wheels of the lead vehicle, while Carmen went for the rear vehicle. This risked the lives of the vehicles' occupants, but there was no reliable way to stop the vehicles with non-lethal weapons.

Both rockets did their intended job. The vehicles came to a stop as their front wheels were blown apart by the explosions. The middle vehicle was now trapped between the disabled vehicles, and had nowhere to go as Sabine's weapon system prepared a second rocket. Five seconds later, another explosion knocked out the final vehicle as well.

Artemis gave her orders for the follow-up.

- "Ann, Kate! Move in with your teams and finish them off! The rest, cover them!"

Two teams of three Amazons each started advancing from the sides of the valley towards the disabled vehicles. They moved quickly from cover to cover towards their target. The vehicles were easily seen now; the rocket impacts had destroyed their stealth systems.

Men started appearing from two of the vehicles, and were immediately met by accurate fire from the Amazons still positioned in the hill sides. Five dropped from stun gun hits in short order as soon as they emerged.

None of them were able to engage the advancing Amazons, and Artemis doubted they had even detected the threat. With nothing to stop them, the Amazons reached the vehicles. One of them jumped up on top of the middle vehicle. Assisted by her armour suit, the 2 meter jump posed little problem. She then opened the top hatch and threw in a sleeping gas grenade.

This manoeuvre was copied by another Amazon on the middle vehicle, and then by Kate on the front vehicle. Kate was surprised by a male opening the hatch just as she approached it. She acted resolutely and clobbered him with her gunstock immediately, and he fell down into the vehicle again. Kate then threw a grenade after him and closed the hatch.

400 km North West of Clytemnestra Colony, 135/2/15, 39:35

The Amazons had pulled all the males out of the vehicles. There were 19 of them in total. One was dead and three were wounded as a result of the rocket fire. The 18 survivors were all unconscious from gas or stun gun hits. Seven of these were confirmed to be stolen slaves from the raid earlier in the day. It was without doubt they had caught the terrorists from the Resistance, and with no casualties on their own the mission had been an unqualified success for Artemis and the Amazons.

The wounded were attended by Mona and Kasey, the medics in Artemis and Ingrid' s squads. While the Herans saw males as inferior, they still respected their right to life, even if they were terrorists. Punishment would come later.

Some of the other Amazons were searching the vehicles and their unconscious prisoners for items of intelligence value. The rest were keeping a watch on the surroundings for threats.

- "I think we are done here, Girls. Make room for the transporters to land behind the rear vehicle," Artemis told her Amazons.

Half a minute later, two battletransporters touched down next to the destroyed vehicles.

- "Load up, Girls. I want the slaves and the prisoners in the cargo hold. The wounded go with us in the payload compartment."

Ten minutes later, the Amazons were on their way back to Clytemnestra.

Expanding Slavery

Expedition leadership Meeting room, Helena Colony, 135/2/16, 08:45

The leadership group of the Heran expedition was meeting to discuss how to react to the latest raid on their territory. Eight Ladies were present in the room: The Commandress of the Army, the head of foreign affairs, the Commandresses for each of the five Heran colonies, and Tania, the overall expedition Commandress.

Tania spoke first. She was standing at the end of the table, wearing a purple dress and her black hair in a ponytail.

- "As you know, our policy so far towards our neighbours have been to maintain friendly relations and avoid conflict as far as we can. Yet, we have now experienced our second incident of male terrorism in a month, and intelligence indicate it will not be the last. I think it is now time to enforce our Femdom laws fully to deal with this threat even when it antagonises our neighbours. By this I mean we should enslave all captured male terrorists, regardless of their origin. I want to hear your views on this."

Gillian Strong, the blonde Commandress of Clytemnestra was the first to answer.

- "I fully agree. These males need to be put in their place. If the Union doesn't like it, tough for them. They know well any male that step onto our territory is liable for enslavement."

The other Ladies in the room nodded and voiced agreement as Gillian spoke.

- "I think we should also make an example of them for the other morons in SF. A year or two in the inner dungeons, coupled with frequent public punishments should teach them a lesson about female superiority," added the Jeanne Elysium, Commandress of Philonoe.

- "That was exactly what I had in mind. We are talking about Lady killers here," said Tania. "But do you have views on the consequences and how we can deal with it?"

Catherine, the head of foreign affairs answered.

- "The Union is obviously not going to like it. There will be an outrage on the streets, and SF will capitalise on it. I don't think the government will do more than protest for now, however. They know we are stronger than them and they won't do anything to risk a war."

Lydia Cane, Commandress of the Army added her view.

- "If it does come to conflict, I am confident we can beat them. Everything we have seen so far indicate we have superior soldiers with superior training and equipment. Even their numerical advantages are almost nullified by our superior mobilisation capabilities."

- "Good," said Tania. "We will proceed with enslavement of the captives then. They should stay in Clytemnestra as compensation for the losses the colony suffered from the raids. I am sure you are also the most eager to punish the perpetrators."

- "We most certainly are, and thank you, Commandress," said Gillian. "I am personally going to whip every one of those bastards."

Government Section, North Pole Colony, 135/2/23, 17:15

Foreign and defence secretary Diaz knocked on President Monsen's office door.

- "Come in!" he heard from inside, and Diaz step into the office. While it was the biggest office in the Government Section, and had a view over the colony it hardly looked presidential. A desk with a sign saying "President Monsen" was the only clue that this was the office of the highest ranking man in the Union colonies. This was maybe because the position was one of limited power. The Union government had limited responsibilities, and its funding was controlled by the individual colonies.

- "Did you see the footage from Clytemnestra today?" asked Monsen.

Diaz sighed.

- "I did. Sometimes I wonder if those Herans are trying to provoke our people on purpose."

News services in the Union colonies had earlier in the day shown footage from the public punishment of the captured SF activists. Ten of them had been dragged out on the Clytemnestra's main square naked and strung up. Ladies from a surrounding crowd had then taken turns whipping the activists, while the rest of the crowd had egged them on. While the men had been savagely beaten, the whole affair was clearly treated as an entertainment event by the Ladies.

- "They are simply mad," said Monsen. "I hear they plan on doing this twice a month. I am afraid they might kill them."

- "They carefully monitor the health of their slaves, I understand, so they will likely survive," said Diaz. "But that hardly makes it look any better."

- "Exactly," said Monsen. "The street won't stand for this. Enslavement of the activists was bad enough. What we saw now is even worse. I wouldn't be surprised if we hear calls for war."

- "I know," replied Diaz. "It will be hard to maintain friendly relations when they behave as they do."

- "We might just give up on those relations I think. We should be happy if we can avoid war," said Monsen. "It will be hard to stop SF or other groups of concerned citizens from acting. Even if we try to rein them with our security forces."

Diaz digested the president's point for a second.

- "I see what you mean. We have more than one reason to expand our security forces."
- "And that is sort of why I came to see you," Diaz continued. "Lacroix persuaded the colonies to vote for funding a doubling of our security forces. The border colonies will also maintain standing forces to enforce our sovereignty there."
- "At least the Heran provocations are good for something," commented Monsen.

Whip Friends

Main Square, Clytemnestra Colony, 135/3/22, 10:55

Nicole was making her way through the crowd of the sunlit Main Square. The elevated square was placed such that it received sunlight during the entire polar summer day. Yet, it had a pleasant temperature due to the protective dome that enclosed the colony and allowed for a managed climate.

At least 200 Ladies were in the square, and quite a few of them had brought a slave in tow as well. The sound of chatter was loud as the Ladies mingled, waiting for the event to start.

Most of the Ladies present had dressed to impress. They wore a lot more leather, latex and thigh-high boots than the Herans did in their normal business. For today's event, however, it was considered entirely appropriate.

Nicole too, had dressed up for the event. She wore a black leather body with halter neck and bare shoulders. Her arms were covered in long black leather gloves, and she sported matching thigh-high boots with five inch heels. She wore her hair in a glamorous French twist, and she had put on her best make-up.

Best of all was the accessories. In her right hand was a brand new stock whip she had bought for the occasion. In her left hand, she held a chain that was connected to her slave's neck collar. Nicole had brought Sam along for the event. Partly for the fashion statement of walking around with a leashed slave, and partly because she knew Sam would love to witness the event.

The event they were waiting for was the public punishment of the male terrorists captured last month. The terrorists had been sentenced to two years in the inner dungeons of Clytemnestra's slave prison. Here they would undergo a regime of daily punishments and humiliation under sadistic Guardesses. In addition, they would be brought out for public whippings twice per month.

The public whippings was an opportunity for all Ladies of the Heran colonies and beyond to exact revenge on the deserving males for killing a Lady and attacking the Femdom order. It had quickly proven popular, and it was a very well attended event. Ladies could apply to participate actively, and thirty to forty Ladies were selected by lottery to execute the whippings each time.

Many more than the Ladies lucky enough to be selected by the lottery would show up, however. The event was as much a social event as anything else, and Heran Ladies would come to meet friends while they enjoyed the sight of males paying for their crimes against the superior sex.

Nicole was at the punishment event for the first time, and she was going for the full experience. She had been one of the winners of the lottery, and she was looking forward to whip one of the terrorists. It would be the first time she punished someone other than Sam, and it would be someone who deserved punishment much more than Sam ever did.

As Nicole waited for the event to start, she enjoyed the atmosphere of the event. She loved to dress in dominant fetish wear, and she loved seeing other Women dress in the same way. The Ladies here exuded Female power, and the men accepted their superiority. Nicole found it both erotic and energising.

Then, among the Ladies nearby, Nicole saw someone she recognised. It was Sarah, the Girl she and Sam met on their first trip to Helena nearly two years ago. Nicole had seen her a couple of times in Pontus since then, but they hadn't said more than hello to each other. It was intriguing to see her here in Clytemnestra. Nicole decided to walk over to her.

Sarah smiled when she saw Nicole approaching, and Nicole smiled back.

- "Hi," said Sarah. "I didn't know you were into Femdom too."

- "Neither did I until the first time we went to Helena. We both fell in love with the Herans and their ways," answered Nicole.

- "And I had no idea about you either," she continued.

- "The trip to Helena swayed me too," responded Sarah.

- "I love your look, by the way" said Nicole. "You look really dominant."

Sarah wore a short shoulderless black latex dress, and thigh-high red boots of patent leather. Her blond hair flowed freely on her naked shoulders, and with piercing blue eyes and red lips, she looked irresistible. The bullwhip in her manicured hands left little doubt about her dominance.

- "Thank you!" replied Sarah with genuine sincerity. "And your outfit is smashing. Slaves must be drooling for you."

- "Thanks. This is one of my favourite outfits," replied Nicole smiling.

- "I see you enslaved your husband," said Sarah and looked at Sam, who was kneeling behind Sarah. He was almost naked, wearing only shorts.

- "Yes, Sam is my obedient servant now," replied Nicole. "But not always a well-mannered one." She gave him a kick.

- "Greet Mistress Sarah properly," Nicole ordered him.

Sam crawled forward and kissed the pointy toes of Sarah's red boots.

- "Good boy!" said Sarah. "I love seeing men who have learned their place."
- "You must love this event, then. We will see quite a few men learn their place today," said Nicole.
- "I do, and I brought my whip. I got picked in the lottery, and I am going to enjoy it.
- "Me too," said Nicole. "It's my first time, and I have been looking forward for this.

Their conversation was interrupted by a loud cheer of the Ladies around them as prisoners were brought onto the square. Four tall prison Guardesses dressed in identical uniforms consisting of knee-high leather boots, stockings a black leather skirt and a white blouse drove eleven males onto the square. The males were all chained together on a line; the neck collar of each connected to those behind him and in front of him. The males moved reluctantly, well aware of what awaited them, but the stern looks of the Guardesses and their vicious crops kept them moving.

In the center of the square, the Guardesses released the prisoners one by one and placed them into Punishment frames that had been erected in the square earlier in the day. The Punishment frames were large, erect metal rectangles with tethers in each corner. These tethers were attached to each of the prisoner's limbs and tightened. This left the prisoners helplessly suspended in spread-eagle positions in the middle of the frames.

Once all prisoners were placed in the frames, one of the Guardesses addressed the gathered Ladies.

- "Welcome to this public punishment session, Ladies," she opened.
- "These eleven males have all been sentenced to bimonthly public punishment for their crimes of killing a Lady and for aggravated resistance of Female Supremacy."

She paused.

- "Each of them shall feel the whip of three Ladies for ten minutes each. I will therefore three times call for eleven of you to step forward and take part in the punishment of the prisoners. I will now call the first group..."

She called eleven names, and neither Nicole nor Sarah was among them.

Eleven Women came forward, and placed themselves behind each their prisoner. All wore fetish outfits radiating femininity and dominance, and they brandished a variety of whips.

- "Let the punishment begin," the Head Guardess declared, marking the start of a loud spectacle. Whip cracks and male screams filled the air.

For several minutes Nicole absorbed the scene taking place in front of her with fascination, saying nothing. She was admiring the dominant beauty of females as they exerted their power over the male prisoners. She was enjoying the sights and sounds of male scum receiving their just retribution.

Sarah looked similarly captivated, as was the case with many of the Women present. Others were egging on the whip wielding Mistresses, encouraging them to whip harder.

- "This is so powerful," said Nicole.

- "I know," replied Sarah. " Nothing in Pontus can compete with the experiences you get here."

- "Do you come here often?" asked Nicole.

- "I spend as much time as I can in the Heran colonies. I would move if it wasn't for my job being in Pontus."

- "I am sure you could find better work here. Surely Jack – was that his name? – isn't paying you that much as a secretary."

- "Actually, I co-own his company now," replied Sarah and gave Nicole the story of what had happened on that first trip to Helena and afterwards, as they watched the whipping session in front of them.

- "That's great for you. Sounds like you are really successful," Nicole told Sarah as she finished her story.

The first part of the punishment ended at the same time.

- "That is ten minutes. Thank you, Ladies, for your assistance. I will now call for the next eleven Ladies to step forward," the Head Guardess announced.

Nicole was among the names to be called out.

- "It is your turn. Go and have fun," Sarah told Nicole and patted her back.

Nicole looked at Sarah with a smile and felt excitement building up.

- "Hold Sam while I am gone," she told Sarah and gave her the leash. Then she walked up behind one of the male prisoners, and uncoiled her stock whip. His backside had been thoroughly thrashed, and was covered in red welts.

- "Let the punishment begin," the head Guardess declared for a second time.

In parallel with the ten other Ladies, Nicole raised the whip over her head, and brought it down across her victim's back. The whip cracked as it impacted, and the male flinched and let out a groan.

It only raised Nicole's appetite. She raised her whip again, and brought it down, harder than the first time. Then again, and again. Nicole whipped the male cruelly, not giving him a second pause.

It felt good. Nicole relished the feeling of power over the male tied up in front of her, and she delighted in making him suffer for his crimes. The surrounding scene of complete female supremacy only made it better.

Nicole cast a look at Sarah and Sam. Sarah smiled, and shouted her encouragement. Sam looked intensely at the display of female dominance in front of him, and Nicole thought she could see he had an erection in his shorts.

- "Whip him from the front," Sarah shouted to her. "You won't regret it."

"Why not" , thought Nicole and walked around the frame to face the front side of the prisoner. Nicole again raised her whip, and looked into the eyes of her victim. She had seen him before. She had seen this man in Pontus many times. Probably he worked in one of the agricultural complexes outside the colony.

It won him no sympathy from Nicole. If he was here, he was one of those murderous terrorists. She swung the whip and hit him on the side, such that the whip wrapped around his back. He flinched and then screamed.

Nicole raised the whip again, looking into his eyes. They revealed his fear, and then when the whip impacted him, pain. Nicole lashed the male repeatedly, while delighting in his facial expression. Sarah had been on to something.

Five minutes, and hundreds of lashes later the head Guardess called for an end, and Nicole walked over to Sarah again, full of excitement. Her whip arm was tired, but otherwise she was elated.

- "Best femdom experience ever," she declared.

- "It was really hot watching you," said Sarah. "Can't wait for my turn."

Soon after, Sarah was called up as part of the last group of female punishers. Sarah handed Sam's leash over to Nicole, and walked over to the punishment frames, and placed herself next to one of them. She uncoiled her bullwhip and let its tail fall to the ground on her right.

It was a 3 meter long whip. The male in front of her was in for a tough finish.

On signal from the Head Guardess, Sarah launched the long whip on the male in front of her. It hit his side with force and wrapped around his torso, and he cried out. Sarah pulled back the whip in preparation for the next lash.

The next lash hit the same way as the first, and as Sarah yanked the whip back, new welts began appearing on the male's hitherto untouched side and front. Sarah hit him again. This time the fall of the whip sliced into his back, and he cried just as loudly.

Nicole watched Sarah display her whip skills with admiration. She knew the long, heavy whip was difficult to wield, but Sarah handled it confidently."

- "She's an impressive Lady, isn't she?" Nicole asked Sam.
- "Yes, she is, Mistress," replied her slave.
- "I really like her. I think she is really hot, don't you?" said Nicole
- "Yes Mistress. She is very hot."
- "I think I should invite her over to us one day. I'd love to see her give you a whipping."

Sam swallowed as he watched Sarah give a particularly savage lash.

- "Yes, Mistress," he answered.

They watched the rest of the whipping without talking. Sarah and the other Ladies lashed their victims without mercy. All the males were covered in welts, and either screaming or sobbing from the pain. Two Ladies had to stop the punishment early, as the Guardesses decided their victims had had enough. The rest carried on for the full ten minutes.

Sarah walked back to Nicole and Sam shortly after the end signal. Behind her, the guardesses were already taking the males down from the punishment frames and placing them in iron. They were all exhausted from their ordeal and offered no resistance at all. They had been completely subdued.

Sarah smiled to Nicole.

- "That was exhilarating," she said.
- "You were great to watch. It looked like you had fun," said Nicole.
- "I was. I love to give a male a well-deserved whipping."

Around them, the Ladies were moving out of the square, many talking animatedly about what they had just experienced. Nicole and Sarah were clearly not the only ones who had enjoyed themselves. Nicole and Sarah, with Sam in tow, started moving towards one of the neighbouring streets as well.

- "I really had fun here," said Nicole.
- "Me too," said Sarah. "You should come next time too. I will definitely be here."
- "I would really like that," said Nicole. "But I don't think we should wait that long before we see each other again. You should visit us in Pontus. In my house I run a strict Femdom regime."
- "That would be great. I would love to," Sarah replied with a grin.
- "I am so happy there are someone else in Pontus who share my passion for dominating men," Nicole beamed.
- "Me too" , said Sarah. "I can't wait to visit you."

- "Neither can I. But now I am hungry. Will you join me for lunch?" asked Nicole.
- "Of course!"

Nicole took her slave and her new best friend to a restaurant she had noticed on the way from the rail station.

200 km south east of Pontus, 135/4/7, 15:45

- "Good to see you again, Richard," said Jack as he extended his hand for a shake.
- "And you," said Richard as he took Jack's hand.

The two of them were in the Resistance's newest forward base, an excavation next to an abandoned mine. The mine provided excellent camouflage for a vehicle entrance for the base, and the base was remote enough to avoid detection by anyone who weren't looking for it.

The inside of the base was just a subterranean excavated hall of 30m x 50m with gates to protect it from the toxic atmosphere on the surface. Men and machines were still working on the inside fittings. Jack and Richards meeting place was therefore rather noisy.

- "Congratulations on the last success," said Jack. "I trust we have gotten them to a safe place this time."

Jack was referring to Heran slaves from a successful slave liberation raid a few days before.

- "Yes. We have them far away from the border this time. I can't tell you where exactly, though. We have to be serious about security now," replied Richard.
- "I understand," said Jack. "But what is this thing I heard about a female captive yesterday?"
- "One of the cells decided to act on our goal of bringing the slave owners to justice," answered Richard. "They abducted – or arrested, I should say – a Heran woman travelling to Atlantis."
- "They are going to set up a court and put her on trial for slavery I understand," Richard continued. "I am not sure how smart this is, though. While she deserves everything they can dish out, this brings attention from the police. The Government doesn't bother us regarding the raids, but abductions in Union territory they have to react on."
- "I see. This can be tricky. But I would think we have enough SF sympathizers inside the police to ensure the investigation is not too thorough," said Jack.
- "Let's hope so. But now, let me show you our newest base," said Richard, and went on to explain how the new base would be equipped.

The Cane

Nicole' s apartment, Pontus Colony, 136/1/19, 37:00

- "Bend over!" Mistress Sarah ordered Sam.

Sam bent over a chair in the Mistress Nicole' s living room. He knew he the next few minutes would be very painful. He had felt her cane before, and she didn' t hold back.

<SWISH>...<WHACK>

Sarah' s cane impacted Sam' s ass, and the stinging pain was just as he remembered it.

- "One, Mistress," Sam began to count.

<SWISH>...<WHACK>

- "Two, Mistress."

<SWISH>...<WHACK>

- "Three, Mistress."

<SWISH>...<WHACK>

- "Four, Mistress."

Sam' s voice started cracking. There was no getting used to this pain. But however painful it was, Sam knew he deserved this caning and had to take it. He had spoken out of turn in front of his Mistress' guest.

Mistress Nicole had asked Mistress Sarah to cane Sam, and she happily obliged.

- "I hope you learn better manners from this," said Mistress Nicole.

- "Yes, Mistress," Sam managed to answer before another stroke hit.

<SWISH>...<WHACK>

- "Five, Mistress."

Mistress Nicole sat in a chair in front of Sam, legs crossed, watching his ordeal with a wicked smile. As always, she wore a sexy outfit. This time she wore a stylish black corset, black wet-look leggings and high boots.

Sam knew Nicole enjoyed seeing Sarah punishing him, and that was motivation in itself for Sam. He would do anything for his Mistress happiness.

He concentrated on getting the count right.

<SWISH>...<WHACK>

- "Nineteen, Mistress."

<SWISH>...<WHACK>

- "Twenty, Mistress."

It was extremely painful, however, and he could not avoid whimpering as he counted.

Mistress Sarah was as beautiful as she was relentless. She combined a pink underbust corset with a white blouse and a tight black pencil skirt. The outfit was completed with stockings and a gorgeous pair of black leather knee high boots. Her hair blond was in a tight ponytail, and she wore her usual red lipstick and nail polish.

<SWISH>...<WHACK>

- "Thirty two, Mistress."

<SWISH>...<WHACK>

- "Thirty three, Mistress," Sam whimpered.

She kept on caning him. Sam experienced regular punishments from both Nicole and Sarah these days. Ever since the two Ladies befriended each other last year, Sarah had visited frequently. And whenever Sarah was in the apartment, Nicole's already strict femdom regime became even stricter. The two Ladies' dominance and sadism fed off each other, and it inevitably ended in beatings for Sam.

Yet, Sam was very happy that Nicole had found Sarah. Sarah was his Mistress' best friend, and Nicole took great pleasure in Sarah's company. And Mistress' happiness was the main objective for Sam.

Besides, Sam liked Sarah too. Clearly very intelligent, she was also both strong and very sexy. She was Nicole's perfect partner for taking Sam further into the Femdom world he was longing for.

Nevertheless, he dreaded her cane. It was pure agony.

<SWISH>...<WHACK>

- "Thirty nine, Mistress."

<SWISH>...<WHACK>

- "Forty, Mistress," Sam uttered, accompanied by a groan of pain.

- "Show some dignity," Mistress Nicole told Sam. "Only ten more to go"

She smiled to Mistress Sarah.

<SWISH>...<WHACK>

<SWISH>...<WHACK>

<SWISH>...<WHACK>

<SWISH>...<WHACK>

<SWISH>...<WHACK>

<SWISH>...<WHACK>

<SWISH>...<WHACK>

<SWISH>...<WHACK>

<SWISH>...<WHACK>

<SWISH>...<WHACK>

Mistress Sarah went into a frenzy on the last ten strokes. Her strokes were maximum strength, and she left no pause between the strokes. Sam was unable to keep up the count, and could only howl in pain. The Mistresses were laughing. Sarah showed her now broken cane to Nicole.

Several seconds after the last stroke, Sam recomposed himself to say "Fifty, Mistress. Thank you."

The Mistresses kept laughing.

Then, Mistress Nicole put on a stern manner again.

- "Thank Mistress Sarah for correcting you," she ordered Sam.

Sam kneeled down on the floor and kissed Sarah's boots.

- "Thank you for correcting me, Mistress Sarah," he said meekly.

- "And apologize for breaking my cane!" Mistress Sarah demanded, and whacked his as yet again with the stump of the cane. It was still painful.

- "Please forgive me for breaking your cane, Mistress Sarah," Sam pleaded as he kissed her boots repeatedly.

- "I forgive you, slave. You are good most of the time. You just need to be reminded of your status some times," replied Sarah. "Now, continue what you were doing before the punishment."

Sam crawled behind Mistress Nicole's chair and started massaging her shoulders.

- "That's good, slave," said Nicole in relaxed contentment. "Keep it up."

Then, with a bit stricter voice she told him

- "I hope you learned from the caning Mistress Sarah gave you. You only speak when spoken to. Is that clear?"

- "Yes, Mistress," was the quick answer.

Mistress Nicole then ignored Sam, and continued the conversation with Mistress Sarah that had been interrupted a few minutes earlier. Sam was left to concentrate on the massage and to listen.

- "I am actually considering moving to Helena," said Nicole. "I feel really uncomfortable here with the hostility to the Heran colonies. Especially when I hear about Women being abducted. I doubt the SF likes me any better than the Herans."

- "I would miss you so much here, but I completely understand," replied Sarah. "I feel the same way. My job is the only thing keeping me here."

- "Yes, we don't have that factor. Both me and Sam can get similar jobs there," said Nicole. "And we would of course be living in an environment much better suited for our lifestyle."

- "Expect me to come on a lot of extra trips to Helena if you move," said Sarah.

- "You would be most welcome. And the trips will at least be easier now that they are completing the rail link," replied Nicole

- "You know, I think you should go," said Sarah. "You belong there. We both belong there. It is probably only a question of time before I move too. We will all be happier there."

Nicole smiled.

- "You are right," she said after a few seconds pause. "We should move."

Both Ladies rose from their chairs, and they hugged each other.

- "You always know what to do," Nicole told Sarah. "You have to come visit often."

Mistress Nicole had never discussed moving plans with Sam, and hearing of it took him by surprise. But he knew better than asking for more details here and now. His aching behind was a very good reminder.

Anyway, he accepted it was a matter for Mistress Nicole to judge, and she alone. And as a slave he accepted that it was more natural for Mistress Nicole to seek Mistress Sarah's advice rather than his own.

Mistress Nicole was the head of the household, and he would loyally obey all her decisions.

Tania's apartment, Helena Colony, 136/2/8, 36:30

Tania laid on the couch in her apartment, reviewing a proposal from her staff on how to increase the capabilities of the Amazons in the face of the terrorist threat. Even back in her apartment, work never really ended for the expedition Commandress. But, here, alone with only her personal slave, she could at least relax a little.

Wearing only a miniskirt and bra, Tania was receiving a pedicure from her personal slave as she did her reading. He was deeply focused as he applied the nail polish with impressive precision.

The plan Tania was looking at, involved doubling the size of the standing Amazon force, and to use some of the mobilisation army as permanent protection of some of the more vulnerable locations. This would take resources away from other important priorities, however, and much of the planning was devoted to addressing these shortfalls.

As she was reading, Tania' s wrist unit indicated an incoming message. It was from Catherine, head of communication and foreign affairs.

“We have now sent the reinforcement request to Hera ,” it read.

This was the more long term response to the threat from the other communities on Leda. The expedition leadership had decided to ask Hera to send reinforcements to Leda. It would take many years for the reinforcements to arrive, but if sent in sufficient numbers, they would allow the Herans on Leda to decisively deal with their threats. And with the Earth being more than twice as far away as Hera, the other communities on Leda could not call in reinforcements as quickly.

Tania felt relief to see the message was on its way. She replied “Thanks” to Catherine and continued reading.

Enslaved

Between Pontus and Helena Colony, 136/2/14, 18:55

Sarah was in a rail car between Pontus and Helena. The rail link between the two, the first between Union and Heran colonies, had been completed just the month before, and it had cut travel time between the two colonies down to just twenty minutes. With the rail line sitting inside a vacuum tunnel, the speed came close to Mach 3, even with rather moderate energy consumption. It made the view rather boring, though.

Sarah was alone in the small car. Passenger traffic between the two colonies was moderate, and taken care of by sending single cars through the line on request. Overall, it was a very comfortable way of travelling.

Sarah had some things to contemplate. She had met with Intelligence officers in Helena, and they had informed her they would like Jack' s funding of SF and the Resistance to cease. While he had unwittingly been a good source of intelligence for the Herans for a while, they now had better sources. It was therefore deemed beneficial to cut the flow of funding from Jack' s business to the SF, even if it meant losing him as a source of intelligence.

Sarah knew what needed to be done, and she was formulating a plan. She had to gain full control of the company, so that Jack could not funnel his share of the profits to the terrorists. This could be achieved either through coercion, or by making Jack disappear.

Either way, it would involve bringing Jack to Helena. Jack was legally Sarah' s slave there, since that was how they registered him for their visit three years ago. If she got him there, Sarah could keep him there forever, and assume full control of Pontus Foods.

If she could make this play out, Sarah would fulfil many of her dreams. She could move to Helena and obtain a permanent slave. And at the same time keep her lucrative position in Pontus Foods. With Jack out of the picture, it was nothing to stop her from moving the head office to Helena.

The remaining question was how to get Jack to Helena, however.

The rail car started a rapid deceleration. Arrival in Pontus was only a minute away. Sarah would have to continue mulling this question in her apartment.

Sarah' s apartment, Pontus Colony, 136/2/16, 36:40

Jack was full of anticipation as he rang the bell outside Sarah' s apartment. She had invited him to come over to her apartment to share a bottle of wine. With the flirtatious and suggestive behaviour she had displayed towards him at work the last two days, Jack was optimistic there would be more than wine on offer.

He had been attracted towards Sarah ever since he hired her as a secretary. If he was honest with himself that was one of the reasons he had hired her and not someone else. But he had never gotten anywhere with her.

He had made some subtle advances early on, but she had ignored him, and he had not pressed it any further.

Then came the trip to Helena. Jack had been beaten and abused in front of Sarah, and afterwards he had been forced to hand over a stake of his company to her. The humiliation of that experience made Jack develop an antipathy to Sarah, and for a year, he had almost hated her.

But he had started to see her in a new light when she supported his activism in SF. She had more going for her than her beauty. She was a really good girl.

And now she saw him in a new light too, apparently. Over the last year, she had been very friendly with Jack, and lately she was even flirtatious.

Sarah opened the door. Wearing a short red dress, and her long blond hair flowing, she was a beauty to behold. She smiled and welcomed Jack to enter.

Jack complimented Sarah on her appearance and stepped inside.

- "Let' s go to the living room," said Sarah. "It' s this way."

Jack followed Sarah into the living room. It was spacious and bright, and equipped with minimalistic but elegant furniture.

- "You have a very nice apartment," said Jack.

- "Thank you, I am quite satisfied with it myself," replied Sarah. "But sit down, and let me go get the wine."

Sarah disappeared into what looked like the kitchen, and Jack sat down on a chair, while he surveyed the living room. Would that couch work for sex?

Ten seconds later, he heard the clicks of Sarah's heels coming towards the living room again, and he turned his head to see her. She carried a large handbag and walked towards Jack with very determined steps and a serious look on her face.

Something seemed odd. But before Jack could determine what it was, Sarah pulled a canister out of the handbag, and sprayed something straight in his face.

- "I am bringing you back, slave," Sarah said as Jack lost consciousness.

Rail terminal, Pontus Colony, 136/2/16, 37:55

Sarah entered the Pontus passenger terminal of the Pontus-Helena rail. It was not a big building – It consisted of the entry hall, separated by a wall from the single platform. It was just big enough to process maybe 30 people at the time – the capacity of one carriage.

If she could get through the terminal and on to a rail car with her luggage without arousing suspicion, her plan would be a success. If anything would arouse suspicion, it would be the luggage. Sarah was a regular traveller on this route, but her luggage was a lot bigger and heavier than usual.

In her large wheeled suitcase, she had stowed the unconscious Jack. There was little danger he would wake up – the sleeping gas agent she had used on him would put him under for at least 8 hours. But he made the suitcase very heavy. Weighing 75 kg, the heavier gravity pull on Leda made it the equivalent of 89kg on Earth. With wheels, the suitcase was just manageable for Sarah. It was fortunate that there were no steps in the terminal.

There were no people in the entry hall – as expected. The link saw little traffic this time of day. Sarah went to the ticket machine, swiped her wrist unit for payment and ordered a trip. Her wrist unit then told her the car would be available on platform 1 in two minutes.

Hauling the suitcase to the platform, she saw the terminal manager. He was the only staff here, and as a regular commuter on the route, Sarah was a familiar sight for him.

- "Good evening," he said with a nod.

- "Good evening," Sarah replied.

Noticing her heavy luggage, he asked "Do you need help with that."

- "I am managing," said Sarah. "But thanks for offering."

He smiled and moved on.

Sarah sighed with relief, and got the suitcase onto the platform.

After a minute waiting, she heard the car dock next to the platform inside the vacuum tunnel. The doors then opened, and Sarah hurried in with the suitcase.

Another minute, and the car was moving. She had made it. There was only the Heran immigration left to negotiate, but they approved of slavery. In forty minutes or so, she would be in the apartment she maintained in Helena.

Sarah' s apartment, Helena Colony, 136/2/17, 08:20

Jack woke feeling water splashing in his face.

- "Wakey, wakey, slave" , he heard Sarah say.

He felt groggy and confused as he tried to assess where he was and what was going on.

He was on floor, naked in a room he did not recognise. Around his neck was a metal collar - attached to a bolt in the floor with a short chain he abruptly discovered when trying to sit up. He could only stay on his hands and knees, with his head no more than 20 cm from the floor.

He looked around. The room was not a normal room with normal furniture. Apart from what was a bed or a sofa, all the furniture were contraptions he did not recognise. In one corner he saw a cage. On one of the walls, there was a rack of hooks with whips hanging from them.

Then he saw a pair of high-heeled boots standing two meter away from him. He followed the legs and body up with his eyes, and met Sarah' s face. She gave him a wicked smile. Towering over him in thigh-high leather boots, a short leather dress with bare shoulders and long leather gloves, all in black, she looked positively intimidating. The long dressage whip in her hand and the dramatic make-up she was wearing only added to her fearsome appearance.

- "Do you remember what happened the last time you were in Helena, Jack?" she asked.

- "What?" Jack said partly in confusion, partly in despair of what he suspected was happening. Sarah continued.

- "You were registered as my slave, Jack. That makes you legally my slave. And I believe you were taught a thing or two on respecting Women and how to behave as a slave. Do you remember that, Jack?"

- "What?! You can' t do this..." Jack began, almost in panic. Sarah interrupted him.

- "Yes, I can, Jack. You are in Helena now, and you are my slave."

- "But why? You are not into that femdom shit. You know what monsters those Herans are. Tell me it' s a joke." Jack' s voice was angry and desperate.

<SWISH>

Sarah flicked her whip and hit Jack' s ass.

- "Ooww." It stung like hell.
- "You need to be more respectful, slave. This is no joke. I brought you here to train you as my permanent slave. And you have a lot to learn."
- "You bitch!" Jack shouted back angrily.

<SWISH>

<SWISH>

<SWISH>

<SWISH>

Sarah hit Jack' s exposed bottom with full swing strokes, and the stinging pain was unbelievable. Jack howled loudly.

- "That is Mistress to you! From now on, you always address me as Mistress Sarah. And you better learn to show some respect quickly. Or you will be very sorry.

<SWISH>

She gave him another stroke to emphasize her point.

As Jack recovered from the pain of the last blow, Sarah took two steps towards him, and stopped just in front of his face.

- "Greet your Mistress properly," she demanded. "You should know from last time what to do!"

In his anger, Jack saw this as an opportunity. If he could grab her feet, he could force her down on the floor and overman her. He shifted his weight backwards so he could support himself on his knees only, and free his hands for action. He was about to grab for Sarah' s legs when her boot connected with his face with considerable force. She had seen what he was trying to do, and she crushed his plan with a powerful kick.

It went black for Jack for a second, but he recovered quickly only to feel the pain.

- "You are not very smart, slave. This only means more punishment and more restraints for you," Jack heard Sarah say.

She moved around to him to approach him from the back. Chained to the floor, James could not turn fast enough to stop her from grabbing his right arm from the back, and forcing a hand cuff around its wrist. She then grabbed his left arm, and despite Jack' s attempts at resisting, she was able to cuff it to the right arm.

- "That should stop you from trying more silly moves," she told him.

Sarah placed her boot in front of Jack' s face again.

- "Kiss it!" she ordered.

Jack hesitated.

<SWISH>

<SWISH>

<SWISH>

Jack howled as Sarah lashed his thighs.

- "Kiss it, I said!"

Jack did not react fast enough.

<SWISH>

<SWISH>

<SWISH>

<SWISH>

<SWISH>

<SWISH>

<SWISH>

He cried out with as he was overwhelmed by the excruciating pain of dressage whip impacted all over his back, ass and thighs.

Jack had enough. He bent forward and kissed Sarah' s boot.

- "And the other."

Sarah placed her other boot within reach, and Jack put his lips to it.

- "Please,..." Jack started.

<SWISH>

<SWISH>

Another two lashes impacted his ass.

- "Silence!" Sarah commanded. "You speak only when spoken to, slave!"

Jack stayed quiet. He did not want to give Sarah another excuse to use her whip.

- "There are a few things I want you to know, slave," Sarah started.

- "I have decided to train you myself. Usually, slaves in need of training are handed over to the Prison Service, but I want the challenge for myself with a little help from my friends. So you should consider yourself lucky. The Prison Guardesses will have far less patience with you than I have.

- "But don' t get any ideas. You cannot defeat me and you cannot escape from me. The collar you are wearing doubles as a shock collar, and will fry you if you step outside my apartment – or if I activate it. And trust me, I will if you don' t obey me. You can also ponder how far a runaway male is likely to get in downtown Helena," she continued.

- "I will punish you severely for any disobedience, lack of respect or stupidity you display, so I recommend you stay on your best behaviour. And should you give me too much trouble, I won' t hesitate to let the Prison Guardesses have you," she went on. "Is that clear, slave?"

- "Yes," Jack answered with resignation.

<SWISH>

<SWISH>

<SWISH>

- "I told you to call me MISTRESS!" Sarah shouted as she lashed him.

Jack screamed from the pain.

- "Yes, Mistress," he pleaded breathing heavily.

- "Very well," said Sarah. She walked back and forth in front of Jack. "Let' s start your training. I will first go over the rules you need to obey. You need to learn them by heart, and I will help you with my whip. As I am sure you are starting to notice, pain is a great motivator for the primitive male brain, and therefore an excellent educational tool."

- "Rule number one: Women are superior in all matters..."

Jack' s training had just begun.

Dominant Women

Artemis, apartment, Clytemnestra Colony, 136/3/2, 17:15

Artemis was in a good mood as she entered her apartment. She had just learned that she would assume command over the second Amazon platoon to be raised on Leda. The promotion was a great recognition for her service, and she looked forward to take charge over bigger unit.

The last months had been tough. There had been quite a few raids from the male terrorists. Most had been captured or driven back, but a few had succeed. Around twenty slaves had been lost or killed, and more painfully, so had four Ladies – one of them an Amazon. Then came the abduction of Heran Ladies in Union territory. It was believed four Ladies were being held by the terrorists.

On the plus side, the Herans did better than the terrorist overall. They had captured so many terrorists that the slave population was actually growing, despite the raids.

But now Artemis felt like celebrating. She wanted to have some fun with her slave.

Once inside the apartment, Artemis listened. She quickly heard to sounds of her slave doing housework. Good. He was back from his day job as slave in the colony administration, and he had begun on his domestic chores.

Artemis proceeded to the bathroom, and slipped out of her uniform. She went for a quick shower. She dried herself, but did not get dressed. Before she exited the bathroom, she put on her war paint – black lipstick, and pulled her semi-long black hair into a tight pony tail.

On the nightstand in her bedroom, Artemis picked up a riding crop, and she also put on a pair of black over-the-knee boots with high heels. She then proceeded to the living room in her naked splendour, to find her slave.

Her slave was dusting in the living room. He was almost 1.90cm, had a muscular body and had short brown hair. He was completely naked. As soon as he saw Artemis enter the room, he fell to his knees, and crawled towards her. Arriving at her feet, he kissed her boots. He was such an obedient slave. His eyes revealed both fear and excitement. He knew from Artemis' appearance she was going to rape him, with all the pain and pleasure that entailed.

Artemis let her slave kiss her boots for almost half a minute before she was satisfied he had shown her enough respect. She then grabbed his hair and forced him follow her. He had to crouch as she held him by his hair.

- "Get in the bed room," she told him, and swatted his ass twice with her crop.

When they arrived in the bedroom, the two meter tall, statuesque female warrior half-way pushed, half-way threw her slave on to the bed.

- "Get on the bed, slave, face up," she instructed him sharply.

The slave did exactly as he was told.

Artemis walked calmly to bed, climbed into it, and mounted the slave's face.

- "Lick my pussy!" she ordered him.

He hardly had any choice. Her powerful thighs held his head firmly in place, and she grinded her sex against the slave's face.

Artemis let out a moan as she sensed the delicious feeling of her slave's soft tongue on her pussy. Knowing she had a helpless male to use and abuse between her thighs, made the feeling all the better. She was very wet already.

She hit his inner thigh with the crop a few times, and leaned forward a little to give her slave better access to her pussy.

- "Show me what a good slave you are. Lick it good!" she told him.

The slave winced from the pain, but kept licking. Long, soft licks – the way he knew his Mistress liked it.

Artemis held the position for a few minutes, savouring the sensations. Every now and then she gave him a whack with the crop to keep him on his toes, and to feed her own appetite for dominance.

But Artemis wanted more. She began grinding her crotch against the slave's face again, burying his mouth and nose in her pussy.

- "Keep licking!" she reminded him.

Artemis moaned with pleasure, and applied more pressure.

After a minute, the slave struggled to keep up with his tongue. His air supply had dwindled under the Amazon's crotch.

- "Don't you dare stop! Artemis rebuked him. She whipped him several times on his thighs, belly, and even his erect cock.

While she whipped him, she lifted her body just a little, allowing him the air he needed. She knew he was doing all he could to please her, but putting him in his place with a little punishment made it all more erotic to Artemis.

She continued to ride his face, and with every movement Artemis became more excited.

- "Now, lick my clit," she ordered him, and slowed her movement.

The slave's tongue began to play with her clit. First teasing touches, but then with longer and more substantial licks and kisses. Artemis moaned loudly as she immersed herself in the pleasure it gave her.

She began to play with her large, firm breasts. She looked up, and saw herself in a mirror opposite the bed. The sight turned her on more if possible. A strong buxom and feminine Amazon sitting on the face of a male slave, forcing him to pleasure her. It was hot.

Artemis whacked her slave with the crop another three times.

- "Pleasure me, slave!"

Artemis moaned again. She could feel she was close to coming.

She started grinding her pussy against his face again.

- "Oh, yes. Worship your Goddess."

Her moaning was more frequent. The orgasm was building up.

-Worship my superior pussy, slave. Make me come"

She whacked his side with the crop.

- "Yes, Yes," she shouted, before screaming out her pleasure.

The orgasm came in powerful pulses. Artemis closed her eyes and pressed her clit against the slave's tongue as she absorbed ecstasy of the moment.

When the orgasm had subsided, Artemis climbed off her slave, and stepped down on the floor. The slave lay on the bed. His member was fully erect, and his face was covered in moist from Artemis' pussy.

- "I am in a very good mood, slave, and you did well," she told him, and placed one of her boots on the bed next to the slave's face. "Now, thank me."

The slave kissed her boot and said "Thank you for letting me worship you, Mistress."

- "Good," said Artemis. "Stay where you are and don't move."

- "I will fuck you a little later," she said and headed for the kitchen to get refreshments.

Sarah's apartment, Helena Colony, 136/3/7, 27:30

Jack heard the clicks of Mistress Sarah's heels approaching. He sat on his knees in a very small cell that had been his home for the last one and a half weeks. It was no more than 150 x 70 cm, and had only a meter to the ceiling. It was only enough to sit or lie.

The cell was connected to the room that was known as the punishment room by a door of metal bars on one of the short sides, and the rest of the cell was enclosed by solid walls. He could not see Mistress Sarah, but he could hear she had entered the punishment room.

Knowing Sarah was approaching filled Jack with both fear and a little excitement. Sarah was a very beautiful and sexy Woman, and his attraction for her was stronger than ever. Yet, fear was the dominant feeling. Sarah was also his cruel Mistress, and her presence inevitably meant pain and humiliation for Jack.

Mistress Sarah appeared in front of him. As always, she looked incredibly sexy. She wore thigh-high red patent leather boots, matching long red vinyl gloves, and a black underbust corset, also in Vinyl. Her sex was barely covered by a small black thong, and her big breasts rested confidently on display on top of the corset. Her dramatic make-up gave her an arrogant look.

She placed the toe of her right boot between the bars. Jack knew what he had to do. He kissed the boot and said "Good morning, Mistress."

Jack no longer saw it as an option to resist Mistress Sarah. She was meticulous in keeping him chained or in some other form of bondage at all times, and he was never given the opportunity to attempt an escape. She punished him severely for any breaches of her rules, and Jack had accepted that there was nothing but pain to be had from standing up to her.

He had attempted to stand his ground a few times in his first two days in her apartment, only to regret it. She beat him bloody with her canes and whips when he did, and the welts and the ache lasted for days.

In fact, the aching was more or less permanent. Mistress Sarah whipped or caned Jack at least twice per day, regardless of whether he had earned it. She called it discipline beatings, and said they were to remind him of his inferiority to females and his status as a slave.

And somehow it was working as she intended. Mistress Sarah did from time to time invite her friends to the apartment, and Jack was now instinctively fearing and showing subservience to any female Sarah entertained as a guest.

And the guests had been as fearsome and sadistic as Mistress Sarah herself. Mistress Sonia, the Lady who had beaten him so badly the first time he visited Helena was apparently a friend of Sarah. She had dropped by twice since Jack was captured, and she had caned him until he cried on both occasions.

Then there was Mistress Nicole, who Jack recognised as the wife of Sam, his old acquaintance. She and Sarah were evidently close friends now; Nicole was visiting every other day or so, and usually whipping Jack when she did.

It had been a blow to Jack to see that Nicole was also an enthusiastic proponent of femdom. It made him wonder how many other Union had fallen to this evil ideology.

Mistress Sarah let Jack kiss her boot for a few seconds before she took it away and opened the cell door.

- "It is time for discipline," she told him. She grabbed his hair and pulled him out of his cell.
- "Get out, slave."

Holding his hair, Mistress Sarah forced Jack to crawl over to the punishment horse, a furniture piece he had learned to know all too well during his stay here.

- "Get over it," Sarah ordered him.

Jack complied and mounted the contraption. He knew it would only be worse if he didn' t.

Sarah clipped the manacles Jack wore on his wrists and ankles to the locks on the punishment horse. She then pulled a strap over his back to tighten him to the restraining device.

- "From now on you will start working, slave. It is time you earn me some money," Sarah told him as she worked the buckle of the strap. "You will go right after I have disciplined you."
- "Thank you, Mistress," said Jack. "But it will be hard for me to work effectively out of Helena."

Sarah laughed.

- "You thought you would work in your old job? Not a chance. Males can no longer have leadership positions in Pontus foods. Besides, you were useless, even for a male, in that job," Sarah told him. "You will be doing work more appropriate for a male. I am renting you out to a farm."
- "But Mistress, I don' t know anything about farm work," said Jack.
- "Don' t worry, you' ll learn. The overseers' whips are very educational I hear," replied Sarah. "But first it is my time to educate you."

<SWISH...WHACK>

A cane impacted Jack' s buttocks with full force, and he cried out. Another discipline session had just begun.

Sarah' s apartment, Helena Colony, 136/4/12, 35:55

The doorbell rang in Sarah' s apartment.

- "Answer the door, slave" , Sarah ordered Jack.

Jack, naked apart from his manacles and collar ran to the door to open.

Outside stood Nicole in a red top and shiny black leggings, looking somewhat surprised to see who opened the door. Jack fell to his knees and kissed Nicole' s boots.

- "Welcome, Mistress Nicole. Mistress Sarah is waiting for you in the living room," Jack greeted her.
"Please follow me inside."

He went back to the living room, and Nicole followed him.

As they came into the room, Sarah was already on her feet. She smiled as she saw Nicole, and the two Ladies hugged and exchanged kisses on the cheeks.

- "I see you are letting him roam freely," commented Nicole, looking at Jack who was kneeling next to the wall.

- "Yes," replied Sarah. "He is not quite broken yet, but I think he has realised his inferiority and that he cannot escape. He has behaved well so far, and he is far more useful to me this way."

- "That' s great," said Nicole. "You finally have a proper slave."

- "We' re getting there," Sarah agreed. "He can still be incompetent, but he is trying to serve me properly."

- "But let' s sit," said Sarah and the two Ladies made themselves comfortable in the sofa group in Sarah' s living room.

- "You didn' t bring Sam?" Sarah wondered.

- "No, he is working a long shift today," replied Nicole. "But that' s not a big deal, now that you already have a slave that is capable of serving us here."

- "Indeed," said Sarah. "Beer?"

- "Yes please."

- "Give us two beers, slave" Sarah ordered Jack.

- "Yes, Mistress." Jack disappeared into the kitchen.

- "I am so glad we moved here," said Nicole. "This is just so much better than back in Pontus."

- "I know," replied Sarah. "We have just been here a couple of months, but now I can' t even imagine living in a place without male slavery."

- "Well, a lot has happened in the last few months. We didn' t have the terrorism back then. And we didn' t have the SF Resistance gang abducting Women," Nicole pointed out.

Over the last two months the Resistance had stepped up its campaign, both in terms of raiding Heran territory, but also abducting Heran Ladies travelling outside the Heran colonies or Women suspected of sympathising with the Herans. These Women were put in front of mock courts for holding slaves and sentenced to prison, with footage of the procedure published.

While the Amazons were mostly successful in dealing with the raids, they had little ability to deal with the abductions. Neither had Union security forces been particularly successful in this regard. The abductions had become a major issue in the media, both in Heran and Union colonies. In particular, the story of a Woman who had succeeded in escaped from her Resistance captors and told a story of abuse and rape of the female captives got much attention.

- "Yes, I used to feel safe back in Pontus, but I am not so sure anymore," said Sarah.
- "Me too. I was back there a couple of days ago, and I hear from a lot of my friends there that they are nervous too."
- "That is my impression too. I don't think the Resistance terrorists are doing themselves any favours. Sympathy for the Herans is only increasing among Women."

Jack came back into the living room and went down on his knees and offered each of the Ladies a bottle of beer.

Sarah took a sip and gave Jack his next task.

- "Mistress Nicole walked all the way here, and there might be some dirt on her boots. I think you should offer her to clean them."

Jack knew they did this just to humiliate him. Yet he followed Sarah's suggestion.

- "Mistress Nicole, may I clean your boots?"
- "Yes, you may, slave," replied Nicole. "With your tongue."
- "Yes, Mistress."

Jack bent down and started licking Nicole's black leather knee-highs.

- "Here, take this in case he doesn't do a good job," said Sarah to Nicole and gave her a crop."

Nicole smacked Jack's buttocks twice before continuing her conversation with Sarah.

- "I wonder if there are any Women left supporting the SF and the Resistance by now," said Nicole.
- "There are quite a few supporting SF I think, but their numbers in the Resistance is rather low," said Sarah. "Not that there were many to begin with."
- "Yes, the Resistance is too extreme. The Women offended by Femdom stay with the more mainstream SF."

- "I think they must be brain-washed to stay even there, though. If they had come here to see how Femdom is really like, they would see the males love it just as much as we do, once they have been broken in.

- "I so agree," said Nicole. "And if anything, the events the last months prove males belong in chains. Women simply can't be truly free or safe otherwise.

- "But how do you know about Women in the Resistance?" asked Nicole

- "I have my sources," replied Sarah with a wry smile.

Sarah looked at Jack, who was kneeling in front of Nicole and diligently licking her stiletto heel.

- "You know, Jack was in the SF and the Resistance before I enslaved him," she told Nicole.

- "He was? Really?" Nicole asked with surprise. "I so want to give him a good whipping right now," she added.

- "Be my guest. You know where my punishment room is."

Nicole hit Jack as hard as she could with the crop, and then kicked him away from her feet.

- "SF bastard. You are not worthy to lick my boots!" Nicole shouted. "Get your ass in the punishment room now."

Jack crawled as fast as he could towards the stair leading down to the punishment room. Nicole came after with fast paces and her face twisted in anger. Sarah watched with amusement from her chair for a few seconds before she got up and followed after Nicole.

Down in the punishment room, Sarah found that Nicole had already restrained Jack by shackling his hands to a bolt in the ceiling. She was now picking her weapon.

- "I want this one," Nicole said and selected a 1.5-meter snakewhip hanging from a rack on the wall.

Nicole turned and positioned herself behind the slave.

- "I really hate the Resistance," she said, and launched a furious assault with her whip. The whip cracked continuously on Jack's upper body, front and back. Jack was screaming from the pain almost from the first lash.

Sarah smiled as she watched. She had long ago had her revenge for Jack's terrorist past. Now she was going to enjoy Nicole dishing out her retribution.

New threats

Expedition leadership section, Helena Colony, 138/4/20, 15:15

Tania was meeting with Army Commandress Lydia to discuss the security situation.

They were both standing around the table in one of the meeting rooms.

- "My impression is that we are in a much better situation now than we were a year ago," said Tania. "We haven't had any casualties this year, and there are a lot fewer raids than a year ago. Do you think the terrorists have been beaten?"

- "There is still the occasional raid – we have had five this year, so the problem is still here. But you have a point, there is reason to believe the Resistance is a lot weaker now," answered Lydia. The tall, blond Amazon was imposing in her black cat suit uniform.

- "We have captured quite a few of their members. There are more than twice as many of them toiling as our slaves as males we have lost. And that's not counting those killed. In addition, their campaign of abductions hurt their popularity in the Union, and has probably lowered the number of recruits."

- "So does that mean we can reduce our level of mobilisation somewhat and divert more resources into civilian development?" asked Tania.

- "I would not recommend it," replied Lydia. "The quiet period may be because the Resistance focus on rebuilding capacity after their losses in 136 and 137."

- "My thinking was that we can make permanent the expansion of the Amazons, but suspend use of our reserves for guard duties. That would help our productivity," said Tania. "Do you think the security situation would be manageable with that change?"

- "As long as we keep the Amazons as a strong reaction force I think we can handle most of what they throw at us. If I have to sacrifice something, your plan is a good one," said Lydia.

- "Good! Then we will proceed with that. And if we get any indication the Resistance is stronger than it seems, we will reverse the decision," concluded Tania.

Styx farming complex, 100 km south west of Timandra, 139/3/20, 22:00

Artemis and her Amazons arrived in outside of the farming complex. They had moved in tactically on foot, three squads, the last five kilometres after having travelled in stealth APCs for most of the roundabout trek out of Timandra. It had taken a long time to get here – too long.

They were clearly too late. It was apparent the farming complex had been damaged if not destroyed. The dome shielding it from the Ledan atmosphere had been broken several places. It looked abandoned.

Their mission had been to come to the rescue of this complex and its staff that were under attack from male terrorists. In this they had failed. The priority now would be to see if there were any survivors to be rescued.

- "Secure the entrances and move in," Artemis instructed her platoon. "Ingrid's squad take the south entrance, Kate's squad take the north entrance. Third squad hold the rear with me. Stay alert, and watch out for booby traps."

It had not been a good day for Artemis' platoon. On their initial attempt to come to the farm's rescue, they had been ambushed. One of the battletransporters they were using had been shot down, and three Amazons had been killed. The remaining transporters had then withdrawn with the survivors, as continued advance with the unarmed transporters was deemed too unsafe. They had then had to rely on ground vehicles and that had not been sufficient to take them to their target in time.

The male terrorists had apparently carried out a bigger and more sophisticated operation than anyone had thought them capable of. They had staged several diversionary raids north and west of Clytemnestra, keeping the other Amazon platoon busy there.

The main attack had been on the Styx farms, however, and the reports had indicated they were both more numerous and better equipped than previously.

Artemis saw the two forward squads reach the entrances and proceed inside the complex. They reported no signs of either enemies or survivors.

A few minutes later Ingrid reported the complex was secure. Artemis ordered her third squad inside the complex. They entered the complex via the south entrance, and met up with the two other squads in the center of the complex. This was an open space surrounded by buildings. Most of the farmland lay beyond, outside the protective dome.

The place taken heavy damage. In addition to the cracks in the protective dome, Artemis could see some of the buildings were in ruins, and all machinery appeared to have been destroyed. A few bodies, both men and Women, could be seen on the ground. There were no one alive in sight apart from Artemis' platoon.

- "Kate's squad secure the entrances," Artemis ordered. "The rest of us search for survivors."

- "Yes, Commandress," replied Kate and ordered her squad to split in two to cover both entrances.

The rest of the platoon split in teams of three to systematically search the buildings and check out the bodies.

After ten minutes Artemis was called by Ingrid.

- "We found a live male in the basement of the main building. I am bringing him back to you."

Artemis looked at the entrance of the main building and after thirty seconds a man came out, flanked by Ingrid. He was wearing a working suit and like the Amazons, a face mask. This must have been instrumental for his survival given the cracks in the protective dome.

"Is he ok – any injuries?" asked Artemis as they approached her.

"No, he seems fine. He managed to hide during the attack," answered Ingrid.

Artemis looked at the male, who went down on his knees.

- "You are a slave on here on the Styx farm?" Artemis asked him as he kissed her boots through his face mask. He had not forgotten his manners.

- "Yes, Mistress," he replied. "I am responsible for tending plot 22."

- "Can you tell us what happened here?"

- "The farming complex was attacked by male terrorists, Mistress," he started. "They came very suddenly, as I was about to return to the fields after feeding. That's why I was wearing my mask."

- "There were at least twenty of them that I could see," he continued. "They shot everyone they could see – I think with stun weapons. Some of the Mistresses tried to fight back, but they were too few and could not protect us. So I ran to the basement and hid. Luckily they did not find me."

- "And you stayed there until now?" Artemis inquired.

- "No, Mistress," he replied. "I stayed in hiding for a good while, but when I had not heard any noises from above for a long time, I went up to have a peak. By then, they had destroyed the place, and almost everyone were gone. Only the dead were left – I could not find anyone alive. When you showed up, I was afraid the terrorists had returned so I ran to hide again."

- "I see, slave," said Artemis. "Were your Mistress owner stationed here on Styx?"

- "Yes, Mistress," he said with a hint of a snivel. "I couldn't find her, so she must have been taken by the terrorists."

- "I am sorry" , said Artemis. "We will do all we can to get her back"

- "Thank you, Mistress," the slave replied and kissed her boots again."

Artemis addressed Ingrid.

- "Ingrid, can you go direct the search while I try to get some more details of the attackers while the slave' s mind is still fresh?"

- "Certainly, Commandress" replied Ingrid.

Artemis continued her interview of the surviving slave.

Free again

Resistance base near Colony 32, 139/3/21, 27:30

Jack was sitting in bed, having just woken. He had a proper room for himself, with a bed. Still groggy from his sleep, this felt unusual and confusing. He was a free man again. After three years living as a slave, he had grown used to being treated like one.

Yesterday, the Resistance had liberated him and thirty five other slaves from the Styx farm in their most successful operation yet. Jack did not remember much from this, as he had been knocked out by a stun shot almost as soon as the attack had begun. When he woke up again, he was already at this Resistance base.

He had not been given many details beyond this. After he came to consciousness, it was only a few hours before he went to bed again in this room. Jack and the other liberated slaves had been given a meal, shown their rooms and gotten some practical information of where to find things and how the base worked. They had been told they would be given more details after rest.

Jack's initial reaction on learning of his liberation was actually one of fear. Fear of disappointing his Mistress. Fear of her punishment. Only when the thinking part of his brain kicked into action did he suppress that feeling. He was outside the reach of Mistress Sarah and the other Herans, and he would now once again be able to enjoy freedom after years of slavery.

Jack was determined to see his new-won freedom as a good thing. He had been longing for it for three years. Yet, there was a nagging feeling of guilt in his mind. His affection for Mistress Sarah was still there, despite the cruel treatment she had given him. Or maybe because of it. That was apparently how the Herans brainwashed their slaves. Jack realised he had been brainwashed from his slavery experience - at least partly. Reversing that should be his first priority, the thinking part of his brain told him.

Jack got out of bed and headed for the bathroom and a shower. He then got dressed, preparing to go for breakfast in the canteen where he had had his previous meal.

As he was about to exit his room, someone knocked at the door. Jack opened. It was Richard.

- "Welcome back," he said with a smile, and gave Jack a hug.
- "Richard? – Great to see you," Jack responded.
- "We missed you here. It is great to have you back," said Richard. "Come join me for breakfast. I have a lot to update you on since you disappeared."

Jack and Richard made their way to the canteen. They sat down at a small table with two big breakfast portions in front of them.

- "You noticed the Resistance is a bit more capable now?" asked Richard as they started eating.
- "The raid yesterday certainly took the Herans – and me - by surprise. I went unconscious early on, so I didn' t see much, but busting thirty six slaves is certainly impressive."
- "Not to mention we captured eight Women, and probably killed a couple more on the farm," Richard added. "Yes, we are a lot more impressive now. We had to lay low for a couple of years, as it was clear we weren' t effective enough in our initial campaign. We lost too many men," he continued.

- "So what did you do?" asked Jack.

- "We conserved our forces and trained hard in our bases far from the front. We got better equipment. And crucially, we enlisted new backers," said Richard. "The Chinese now unofficially support us. They have no love for the Herans, and they are happy for us to cause them trouble. They have provided us equipment and volunteers. Even this base is due to them. They let us build it on their territory."

- "I am in Chinese territory now?" Jack asked.

- "Yes, we are near Colony 32, one of their two northern colonies. The Herans can' t reach us here. It' s too far away, and they can' t risk provoking a war with the Chinese. We have therefore made this our main base."

- "Sounds like you have made very good progress without me," remarked Jack.

- "You were crucial when we started. We wouldn' t have gotten where we are now without that," said Richard. "But, tell me, what kind of ordeal have you been through? We suspected the Herans had taken you, but we had no idea where you were, before you showed up with the liberated slaves."

"My business partner, Mistress Sarah, kidnapped me and brought me to Helena," started Jack.

- "We did suspect her, since she moved your business to Helena after you disappeared, but we couldn' t get to her. And by the way, we don' t call them Mistress," interrupted Jack.

- "Sorry, old habit," said Jack. "Anyway, she kept me captive in an apartment in Helena for the first month, where she and her friends beat me several times per day. She then started renting me out to the farm you found me on. I then split my time between slaving on the farm and attending to Sarah as her personal slave."

- "It was hell, I can tell you," Jack added. "Both Sarah and the overseers at the farm would give me a nasty whipping for the smallest mistake, or just to remind me of my "inferior status" ." Jack simulated quotation marks with his fingers.

- "It was just how I pictured it before I was taken," he continued. "The place is run by sadistic Women who treat men as livestock. Worse than livestock actually. They don' t whip the animals."

- "We knew it was bad," commented Richard.

Jack went on.

- "Most of the men there are thoroughly brainwashed. They accept the situation as normal. They truly believe the Women are superior – almost like Goddesses – and that it is their duty to serve them. And having spent three years in that environment, those attitudes were starting to rub off on me too. I am actually afraid of Women now."

- "We can fix that," said Richard. "We have of course noted this phenomenon in other slaves we have liberated, but over time we have mostly succeeded in bringing them to their senses."

Expedition leadership Meeting room, Helena Colony, 139/3/21, 29:10

Catherine briefed the Tania and expedition leadership group on the latest communication from the Union government. The Union offered condolences for the losses the Herans had suffered in the Styx Farm attack, and pledged to do everything they could to bring to justice the killers, and return abducted Ladies to the Herans. They had stopped short of mentioning male abductees – it was known to both parties that the Union would not return males to slavery.

- "I don't really believe them," said Tania when Catherine ended her brief. "They have turned a blind eye to terrorists based on their territory for years, and I find it hard to believe this will change now."

The other Ladies around the table nodded in agreement.

- "Regardless," Tania continued, "what happened here cannot go unpunished. I want all Ladies and slaves returned. I want all the terrorists enslaved, and I want SF and the Resistance crushed. And I don't think we can rely on the Union for any of this."

The Ladies nodded and voiced their agreement.

- "I would love to pursue the terrorists more forcefully, but realistically, that would risk antagonising their hosts," said Lydia, the Army Commandress.

- "I think we need to accept a bit more risk now. We can't let this go on," replied Tania.

- "Sounds good. I will coordinate closely with intelligence, and we will come up with some concrete options for tackling this," said Lydia. "I suspect we will need to mobilise some of our reserves, however."

- "That will not be a problem," said Tania.

Resistance base near Colony 32, 139/4/1, 10:20

Jack met with Isabella, one of the handful of female Resistance members on the base. She headed the effort to deprogram liberated slaves. She was a Woman of around 120 (50 Earth Years). With semi-long blond hair and a pretty face, she was quite attractive. Jack met her in an office in the subterranean base complex.

After they exchanged greetings, Jack explained why he had come

- "Richard said I ought to speak to you," he said. "I was just liberated after three years with the Herans and I think the experience messed up my head."

- "We see that a lot," said Isabella.

- "In the back of my mind I feel regret and guilt for having fled from my Mistress, and I am instinctively afraid of Women, now – including you."

- "I see. This is quite common. The Herans are skilled at brainwashing their slaves," she replied. "But I don't think your case is too bad. You clearly know you don't need to feel this way, and you are fighting it. A little time will heal it in your case. The feelings of guilt and inferiority will disappear when you have spent some time in a normal environment."

- "That's good to hear."

- "Most cases are a lot worse. Men who have been slaves all their lives often don't even want to change their mind-set, and continue to behave as the Herans programmed them. They routinely address me as 'Mistress' for instance."

- "I actually had to resist the instinct to do that as well," said Jack with a smile."

- "It will go away," said Isabella. "Anyway, they need a lot more follow-up than you do."

- "Out of curiosity, how long does it take to deprogram them? – the Heran born slaves I mean," Jack asked.

- "It varies. Typically it takes a year or so to make them reasonably functional. Some are quicker, and some have been with us for three years without success. Regardless, they never quite lose their deference to Women."

- "But why don't you come with me to meet some of them?" suggested Isabella. "It might be useful for them to talk to you, given the experience you have had."

- "Sure, I'd love to help," said Jack

He followed Isabella out of the office.

Tania's office, Helena Colony, 139/4/17, 16:45

Zena, head of Intelligence, and Army Commandress Lydia had come to Tania's office to brief her about their latest progress. Lydia and Zena were both standing next to a screen on the wall, explaining what they had found. Lydia had come in her usual tight black Amazon uniform, and Zena was wearing a purple blouse, a black leather skirt and boots.

Tania was seated behind her desk, while a slave was kneeling next to her, painting her finger nails, as she listened to the Ladies.

- "We have now with certainty established where the Resistance main base is. This is the base where they hold their female captives and the freed slaves, and where most of their operatives are found," said

Zena. "It is actually here, near Colony 32, in Chinese territory," she said, pointing at the screen which was showing a map. "We also have a sketched lay-out of the base."

- "Interesting," remarked Tania. "So the Union is innocent?"

- "That is perhaps going a bit far," said Zena. "Most of the Resistance members are still from the Union colonies, and the Union is not impeding Resistance activity in any meaningful way. But they are at least not hosting the terrorist main base."

- "So, can this information be exploited?" asked Tania.

- "We think it can," replied Lydia. "The base is 3000 km away, and hard to reach. On the other hand, the terrorists won't be expecting us, so we think it is possible to capture the base in a surprise attack. The issue is that it is in Chinese territory. Going there might provoke them."

- "Do you think they will intervene?" asked Tania

- "They cannot intervene in an attack on the terrorist base, we think. They don't have sufficient forces on the Northern hemisphere. But they might be provoked to retaliate in other ways. Intelligence indicate they are supporting the Resistance."

- "We need to take the risk. We need to teach the Resistance a lesson and get our people back," said Tania.

- "Certainly, Commandress," said Lydia. "We will start drawing up a plan for the attack right away."

- "Out of interest," said Tania. "How did you find the base and get the lay-out."

"We exploited the fact that the Resistance is so eager to kidnap our males, take them to their base, and then give them freedom. Sometimes they forget that we have loyal slaves."

"So you gave them a bait?"

"Yes, and they swallowed it whole," replied Zena with a smile.

Return to slavery

120 km south of Resistance base near Colony 32, 140/1/9, 23:40

Artemis was woke up after a nap. She had not slept well, but that was to be expected inside an APC negotiating rough terrain.

Artemis, had along with the rest of the Amazon Command, spent the last two Ledan days inside a moving APC. They were positioning a force for a surprise attack on a terrorist base in Chinese territory, and to achieve surprise, they had to approach on the ground. The battletransporters lacked the range for this mission, and airship transport was too easy to detect. Other means of air transport was not available for the Heran force.

While slow, the APCs had good stealth capabilities, and as long as the Amazons staid well away from population centers, they were very likely to make the trip undetected.

It was now only about three hours to arrival on target, and Artemis needed to start preparing, and ensure her platoon would be ready. The plan called for them to attack the base straight from the APCs, relying on a small vanguard of Amazon Rangers to take out the sentries and surveillance systems at the base shortly before the main force arrived.

Artemis called up her squad leaders on the communication and informed them she would conference with them in half an hour to go over the plan one last time.

She then turned to her computer to study the lay-out of the target once again.

Resistance base near Colony 32, 140/1/9, 26:50

Artemis and six other Amazons stormed out of the APC wearing full combat gear including gas masks. Around them, seven other APCs emptied of Amazons, and soon Artemis' full platoon of 50 Amazons had formed up.

Their mission was to assault the enemy complex from the north entrance. 500 meters away. The other Amazon platoon was tasked with assaulting the complex through the south entrance. So far, it was proceeding according to plan. The vanguard force had successfully eliminated sentries.

Speed was of the essence now. The base defenders would notice that their sentries and surveillance systems going quiet any minute, and making it inside before that happened would make everything easier.

Not waiting for orders, Sabine and Jane, the explosives experts, ran straight for the large entry gates to mine them, while the rest of the platoon took positions. Three squads made ready to rush the gate, two were positioned to secure the top side and guard the supply train of APCs. These squads would also function as a tactical reserve.

Thirty seconds, and one big explosion later, the gates were blown open, and three squads of Amazons rushed into the vehicle hall beyond the entrance. About the same time, an explosion from the southern entrance could also be heard. When all Amazons had made it inside, Sabine resealed the entrance by deploying a nanomaterials membrane. This was to ensure air from the outside would not harm those they were going to save.

The Amazons then split up according to earlier planning. A team of four headed to the nearby technical rooms in order to introduce sleeping gas into the base ventilation system. A team of eight headed to block off the dormitory section, where presumably most of the base personnel was at this hour. The rest, headed by Artemis proceeded towards the center of the base, and what was believed to be its command center.

They made a speedy advance through the corridors. The few men that appeared in their way were quickly neutralised with stun shots. Only when they reached the central hall did they encounter terrorists in numbers. Twenty or so males were gathered in the hall, and clearly in a state of confusion as to what was happening when the Amazons arrived.

The Amazons overwhelmed them with a hail of stun shots and gas grenades. Only a few of the males were armed, and they did not manage to do any damage before they went down.

Artemis left a team of six Amazons to secure her rear before she continued towards the command central. It was quickly reached, being only 30m down a hallway. Its door was unlocked, and Artemis was the first to storm in. There were only two males there. They had put their hands on their heads, attempting to surrender. Artemis shot both of them. They would be easier to guard if unconscious.

The brain of the base was now out of action. Subduing the rest would now be mere mop-up work, made even easier by the sleeping gas now circulating in air system.

250 km south west of Colony 32, 140/1/10, 05:20

Jack was shaken out of his sleep. He was feeling disoriented and groggy. It was all dark around him, and he was lying curled in an uncomfortable position. He tried to stretch out, but was stopped by metal bars.

Jack recognised the experience. He was locked in a cage, like Mistress Sarah and the Mistresses at the farm had done when they wanted him out of the way.

Jack started investigating the situation by feeling around with his hands. He was definitely in a cage. Naked in a small cage, just as he had experienced as a slave to the Herans. Had the Herans captured him?

He could not remember it. The last thing he could recollect was going to bed in his room in the Resistance base. Had they taken him in the base?

They must have. He could not think of any other explanation for why he would be in a cage. And if they had taken him in the base, they would most likely have taken others – maybe the whole base.

Judging from the shaking, he was in a vehicle. The rattling of metal suggested there were many other cages in the vehicle too. Jack decided to check if he was alone.

- "Anyone here?"

- "Jack?" he heard in a familiar voice from about two meters away. It was Richard.
- "Do you know what's happening Jack? Where are we?" he asked.
- "I think we are in trouble, Richard. We are in deep trouble." Jack replied.

Slave Prison, Helena Colony, 140/1/14, 14:25

Sarah walked up the stairs to the Ladies' entrance of Helena Slave Prison. It was a monumental entrance in classical style, and it made the building look more like a government building than the prison facility it was.

Sarah had received a message earlier in the day that her slave had been recovered, and could be picked up in the prison. Sarah had missed having a personal slave, and she was very pleased to receive the news. But as much as she looked forward to getting Jack back, she was determined to make him suffer for his absence.

As Sarah was walking through the entrance, Monica, a neighbour of Sarah, came in the opposite direction, holding her slave in a leash. Monica had also lost her slave in the Styx farm raid, and Sarah was pleased to see she had recovered her servant. The Ladies exchanged smiles as they passed each other.

Inside, Sarah found herself in the reception hall, a large room with high ceiling, and several doors leading further inside the prison. One of those doors led to the Pleasure Unit, which Sarah knew from numerous visits. Prominently on display in the middle of the hall were twenty or so cages holding naked slaves. Sarah spotted quickly that Jack was one of them.

A Guardess was also present in the room. A cute Asian Woman, with long black hair, wearing the official Prison Guardess uniform of Leda: Black leather knee-high boots, skirt and opera gloves, combined with a white blouse.

- "Hi, are you here to pick up a lost slave," she asked Sarah with a smile.
- "Yes, I am," answered Sarah. "It looks like you have him."
- "I just need your name, then," said the Guardess.

Sarah provided it, and the Guardess confirmed it on her wrist computer.

- "That is your slave, then?" said the Guardess, pointing at Jack.
- "Yes, he is," replied Sarah.
- "I'll take him out," said the Guardess.

The Guardess walked towards Jack's cage.

- "Before you let him out," started Sarah, and the Guardess stopped. "Has he received any punishment since he was recovered?"

- "I don't think so," said the Guardess. "The males we re-enslaved after the Colony 32 strike, have only been interrogated. They were not punished beyond any beating they got during interrogation. The new slaves, on the other hand, are enduring quite a bit."

- "In that case, could I ask you for a favour?" asked Sarah.

- "Sure."

- "I want my slave to be properly subdued before I take him home again. I think he may picked up some inappropriate ideas in that terrorist camp. Can I ask that you keep him in the prison for a punishment stay a couple of days?"

- "That would be our pleasure," said the Guardess with a smile. "I will supervise him personally. I will slot him into the group of new slaves I am breaking in."

- "Thank you, that would be great," said Sarah.

- "No problem at all. Shall we say a three day stay?"

- "That sounds perfect."

- "Then I will see you in three days. I am Alexandra, by the way. Ask for me when you come."

- "I will. Thank you again," said Sarah.

Sarah stepped over to Jack's cage.

- "Did you hear that, slave? Mistress Alexandra has kindly agreed to break you in."

Jack looked up at her and answered meekly.

- "Yes, Mistress."
- "I hope you learn your place from her."
- "Yes, Mistress."

Sarah turned and walked towards the exit, giving Alexandra a wide grin on the way. As Sarah walked out the exit gate, she heard Alexandra order slaves to carry Jack and his cage to her quarters.

Tania's office, Helena Colony, 140/1/14, 30:00

Catherine was briefing Tania on the latest communication with the Chinese.

- "The Chinese are furious. They demand their people back as well as reparations and guarantees we will never violate their sovereignty again,"
- "We can guarantee that we won't go into their territory again as long as they don't host terrorists operating against us," said Tania. "The other demands are out of the question."
- "Keeping the Chinese captives as slaves will provoke them immensely," Catherine pointed out.
- "That may be so, but we need to show those terrorists that nationality won't save them from chains. Otherwise, they will operate with impunity if they can show the right passport. So we are keeping the slaves," said Tania.
- "Very well," said Catherine. "I will try to put that to them as politely as possible."

Slave Prison, Helena Colony, 140/1/17, 15:35

Jack felt instinctive fear when he saw Mistress Alexandra walking towards his cage. The statuesque Guardess was dressed in a short, strapless black leather dress, matching opera gloves, and a pair of gorgeous thigh-high boots in matt black leather, with five inch stiletto heels. In her hand she held a menacing bullwhip.

Jack knew he was in for yet a vicious whipping. For the last 120 hours, he had been Mistress Alexandra's prisoner, and he had been whipped or caned him at least 15 times. The rest of the time he had spent inside the tiny cage he was now in, or performing humiliating tasks for the Guardesses together with a group of five Resistance members she was training as a slaves.

Jack had decided even before he arrived in Helena again that he would be absolutely obedient to his Mistresses. He had only been free for a month, and returning to his slave mind-set came natural. He followed the slave etiquette instinctively, and showed Mistress Alexandra and the other Guardesses utter respect. Jack knew this had saved him from a lot of punishment. But it had still been a lot to take under Mistress Alexandra's strict regime.

- "Your Mistress will pick you up in half an hour," Mistress Alexandra told Jack as she opened his cage. "And I intend to give her a properly marked up slave. So I am going to give you a good whipping."

The Guardess dragged Jack forcefully out of the cage by his hair, and forced him to the middle of the room, where shackles were hanging from the ceiling. It was moments like these that let Jack really feel Mistress Alexandra's physical strength. While she was only a little taller than Jack, he knew he would stand little chance against her if he had tried to resist.

Alexandra clipped the shackles around Jack's wrists, and pressed the command on her wrist computer that hoisted the shackled slave off the ground.

She positioned herself two meters behind Jack and uncoiled her whip.

Jack braced himself for what was about to come. His body was already covered in bruises and welts from the last three days, and he was about to receive a fresh layer.

- "Don't bother counting," said Mistress Alexandra. "You will never keep up."

A fraction of a second later, her bullwhip hit Jack on his side with a loud crack, and the lash wrapped around his chest. It hurt tremendously. Jack cried out, to no avail. A second later the lash hit again, at the same place.

As usual, Mistress Alexandra was merciless. She lashed his side repeatedly, and Jack's level of pain quickly came to unbearable levels. But there was no escape. He could only scream.

Mistress Alexandra then let her whip explore other parts of Jack's body. The lash concentrated on Jack's rear. His back, his ass, his thighs were hit repeatedly with loud cracks that conveyed the Guardess' authority and power in a most direct manner.

Jack felt the intense pain of every lash, and he could not hold his tears back as he cried with agony. This was the hardest whipping Jack had received yet, and he had received a lot.

Mistress Alexandra started walking around her victim, continuing to whip him as she went, and hitting him ever new places. Jack could see a smile on her face as she walked passed his front. The sadistic Lady enjoyed what she was doing.

Jack heard heels clicking against the floor behind him. Another Lady had entered the room.

- "Hi Alexandra. I came a little earlier," she said. It was Mistress Sarah's voice.

- "Hi Sarah," replied Alexandra and smiled, as she delivered Jack yet another savage lash. "No problem at all. I was just giving your slave a farewell whipping."

- "Excellent," replied Sarah. "I will just watch and enjoy."

Mistress Alexandra continued the whipping – if anything even harder than before. Her lashes made Jack, swing back and forth, and Mistress Sarah drifted into Jack's view. She wore a body hugging black vinyl dress, with a knee-length skirt and long sleeves. This was complimented with black patent leather boots. Her long blond hair was in a tight pony tail, and she wore dramatic make-up with deep red lips and purple eye shadow. Her manicured hands, with red nails, held a crop, and some kind of wooden device.

Jack knew that this dominant beauty was going to give him yet more punishment, but as Mistress Alexandra's lashes tore into him, he was too focused on his current pain to worry.

Alexandra whipped Jack for another five minutes, and by the end, Jack was sobbing uncontrollably under the stern look of Mistress Sarah and the sadistic smile of Mistress Alexandra.

Alexandra walked up to Jack and grabbed his chin, forcing him to look her in the eye.

- "I hope you have learned your place now, slave. Are you going to be a submissive and obedient slave for your Mistress?" she asked him.

- "Yes, Mistress," Jack replied between his sobs.

- "I hope so. Or else I will drag you back in here again," she threatened him, and then lowered the shackles from the ceiling and unlocked Jack.

Jack fell to the floor, and despite his weakness and agony started kissing and licking Mistress Alexandra's boots.

- "Thank you for punishing me," he told her.

Alexandra turned her face to Sarah, and said, "I think he is ready for you now."

Alexandra walked to the side, and Sarah stepped in front of Jack.

- "Greet your Mistress," she barked at him and gave him a whack with her crop.

- "I am sorry, Mistress, said Jack and started kissing Sarah's boots.

- "You better be sorry," said Sarah. "Running away from your Mistress is a very serious crime. I am going to punish you severely for it. What you had here in the prison was just the beginning."

- "Please Mistress, I am sorry," pleaded Jack.

- "Silence, slave. Do not speak. Lick my boots clean."

Jack obeyed instantly, and started licking, trying to ignore the pain from the whipping.

Sarah addressed Alexandra.

- "Thank you so much for doing this for me. I really need to break him down this time."
- "Not at all," replied Alexandra. "It was my pleasure."
- "I really have to compliment you on your whipping," said Sarah. "You do it with such grace and elegance; it is a pleasure to watch. And you marked up my slave so beautifully. Covered in welts all over. I love that."
- "Thank you. I do get a lot of training in my work, and I love this part of the job."
- "Anyway, if there is anything I can do to return the favour, let me know."
- "Just keep me up-to-date on how you are doing with breaking your slave. I like to know how my projects turn out," replied Alexandra.
- "Will do. And thank you again."
- "Great. I have to return to my other charges," said Alexandra and moved towards a group of cages containing male slaves next to the wall. "They don't train themselves. You are good to take from here?"
- "Sure. Have fun," replied Sarah.

- "That's enough, slave," Sarah told Jack, who was still diligently cleaning her boots with his tongue. "It is time to introduce you to this new toy I bought: The Humbler."

She presented the wooden device to Jack. It looked like two parallel bars held together by winged screws.

- "This will keep you on your knees, where you belong," Sarah told him.
- "Get on all fours," she ordered.

Jack complied, and Sarah proceeded to lock him in the humbler. The two bars were placed behind his thighs and clamped around his scrotum. Then she tightened the device. Jack was now unable to rise without causing himself considerable pain.

She then attached a leash to his neck collar.

- "Now, let's go home," said Sarah, and smacked Jack on his buttocks with her crop.

Jack started crawling, following Sarah out of the dungeon and into the prison reception. She tugged his leash and gave him couple of whacks with the crop.

- "Move faster, slave!"

Jack struggled to keep the pace Mistress Sarah demanded. He felt weak from the whipping he had received, and the humbler made movement cumbersome and painful.

She dragged him out on the street, and for a 1 km walk back to her apartment. Along the way she spurred him on with both her crop and her venomous tongue.

Ladies and slaves on the street watched Jack' s humiliation with amusement, though it was not an unusual sight. Mistresses parading slaves deserving punishment like this was not uncommon in the Heran colonies. The humiliation was the least of Jack' s worries, however. His Mistress' wrath, her stinging crop and his sore knees concerned him far more.

As Mistress Sarah dragged him into her apartment by the leash, Jack collapsed on the floor in the entry hall. Sarah kicked him in the side with her pointy boot.

- "Get up! You are going to the punishment room," she barked at him.

Jack mobilised his strength, and followed his Mistress down the stairs to the punishment room.

- "I am going to punish you for running away from me," Sarah told Jack as she picked up a cane from a quiver and then made a few test strokes through the air. "I am going to break you, so you will never contemplate doing this again."

Jack knew it would be of little help to point out he had not run away voluntarily, and he said nothing.

- "You are going to crawl on your knees, kiss my boots and beg for my forgiveness while I cane your ass," Mistress Sarah demanded. "Get started!"

Jack kissed Sarah' s boots softly.

- "Please forgive me Mistress!

<SWISH...CRACK>

Mistress Sarah' s cane was just as terrible as Jack had remembered it. And extra painful as the stroke was laid on top of the welts Mistress Alexandra had given him during a caning the day before.

- "Aaah...Thank you, Mistress. Please have mercy."

<SWISH...CRACK>

- "There is no mercy, slave," Sarah told him.

<SWISH...CRACK>

- "Just pain," she added.

- "Thank you, Mistress," Jack managed to say between his groans.

<SWISH...CRACK>

- "You know you deserve this..." Sarah continued.

<SWISH...CRACK>

- "...You miserable male."

<SWISH...CRACK>

- "You need to be taught a lesson."

<SWISH...CRACK>

- "Taught that you are my inferior in every way."

<SWISH...CRACK>

- "Taught that I own you."

<SWISH...CRACK>

- "Taught obedience."

<SWISH...CRACK>

- "And taught that you never..."

<SWISH...CRACK>

- "...ever..."

<SWISH...CRACK>

- "...run away from me."

<SWISH...CRACK>

Jack lost his composure under the brutal assault on his thighs and buttocks. His attempts to plead for forgiveness broke down into screams and sobs. He wanted to lie flat, but the humbler forced him to keep his ass exposed.

Jack fell over on his side in his instinctive attempt to avoid Sarah's blows. This did not protect him much. Sarah kept caning him; hitting whatever surfaces he exposed, and Jack sobbed uncontrollably.

Eventually, she stopped. Her wrist computer had warned that her slave could not take much more punishment.

- "You need to learn to take this as a man," she yelled at him and kicked his back. "You are so weak and pathetic, that I will have to split your deserved punishment over days."

- "Get in your cell," she shouted.

Jack crawled slowly towards his cell. Mistress Sarah towered over him as he did.

- "Pathetic," she commented arrogantly, and shut the cell door behind him.

- "You will get more, trust me," she said and left the room.

War

Expedition leadership Meeting room, Helena Colony, 140/2/8, 22:00

Tania was sitting at the end of the table, attending an extraordinary meeting of the leadership group. The meeting had been called in what was normally sleeping hours in Helena.

Zena, head of intelligence, briefed the leadership group on the latest developments.

- "As you can see from the files provided, it appears certain that the Chinese will attack us."

She appeared cool and detached, even if it concerned the most serious threat faced by the Heran colonies so far.

- "Their leadership has decided that we are a threat to them, and they have decided to eliminate us before we cause them any more damage. They further believe that the Union is unlikely to come to our support in case of an attack, given our strained relations with them. Our assessment correspond with theirs at this point."

Zena paused, letting the others comment.

"As you can hear, Ladies, we have a very serious situation on our hand," said Tania.

- "This is shocking, said Jeanne, the Commandress of Philonoe. "Enslaving almost a hundred of their citizens was bound to have some consequences, though."

- "Do we know any more of their intentions at this point?" asked Catherine.

- "That is the good news," said Zena. "We do."

- "We have good sources within several Chinese colonies, and we know both the timing of the attack and their strategic plan," she continued.

- "They intend to launch a surprise attack on our colonies with the aim of conquering them on 2/13, 200 hours from now. They are mobilising a force of 1200, with significant numbers of armor and combat drones to support them to achieve this objective. However, as almost all of their forces are concentrated on the southern hemisphere, and there are no rail links crossing the equator, they will have to move this force by air to somewhere close to here before deploying."

- "This is something we can exploit," commented Lydia, the Army Commandress. "But we need to move quickly. I assume we can mobilise?"

She looked at Tania.

- "You have authority to conduct a full mobilisation of our forces," replied Tania.

Nicole' s apartment, Helena Colony, 140/2/9, 07:50

Sam had some time to spare before he would go for work, and he dutifully devoted it to doing chores for his Mistress, ironing her laundry.

In the neighbouring room, he heard Mistress Nicole finish a call.

After hanging up, Nicole came straight to see him.

- "Slave, I need you to prepare luggage for me lasting a week at least," she told him.
- "I have volunteered both of us for the Heran cause in the emergency. I will oversee slaves in Helena Prison for the duration of the emergency to free up Ladies working there for military duty. It' s a live-in position, so I need to bring my gear." she explained.
- "You will be kept by your supervising Mistress at work, during the same period."
- "Yes, Mistress," answered Sam.
- "Get on with the packing, then," said Nicole and whacked Sam with her crop. "I don' t want them to wait for us."

Amazon Guard Base, Clytemnestra Colony, 140/2/9, 08:40

Artemis was both excited and anxious after the briefing she and the other Amazon officers had received from the Army Commandress. This time they would be fighting against a proper enemy, not a bunch of armed male activists.

Fighting on home turf, and against a less seasoned enemy would make victory likely, but there was always an uncertainty in the outcome, in particular given the enemy' s greater number.

Artemis was eager to get back to her unit and get started on the many tasks that lay ahead. When the battle came, the Amazons were to function both as reconnaissance forces and reserves for the main army.

First, however, the Amazons were to assist in the mobilization of the Heran main army. More than half of the Heran colonies' female population would be mobilised in its armed forces, and it would have to proceed as stealthily as possible – hidden from Chinese orbital surveillance.

The mobilised forces would be well trained; the Herans had frequent refresher exercises of their mobilisation army. They would be heavily equipped – including armor and combat drones deemed too destructive to utilise against terrorists.

Their armaments did not compare with what armies back on Earth or Hera could deploy, but neither did those of their enemies. Small colonial societies could not afford to devote so much resources into weapons, and they therefore relied more on infantry than more advanced armies.

Artemis entered the barracks for 2 nd Amazon platoon.

- "Meeting here in 5 minutes, Girls!" she announced loudly. "We are going to war."

War Room, Helena Colony, 140/2/13, 14:00

Tania was in the meeting room that had been labelled the War Room for the duration of the conflict. It was now the center of decision making in the Heran colonies, and the top leaders of the Heran expedition spent most of their time there. Several slaves were in the room too, mainly to organise incoming information and present it on screen maps to the female decision makers.

The atmosphere in the room was tense and apprehensive. The enemy moved by airship, and had just moved into Heran territory. They were tracked from space, and the Ladies in the room could follow their progress on one of the screens in the room. They should be engaged any second now by an ambush forward Heran anti-air lasers.

Suddenly, enemy airships began disappearing from the screen. The battle had started, and Tania was relieved to see it appeared to start as planned.

Ten minutes later, two of the five Chinese airship groups had been eliminated, and a third had lost half its strength. Messages began ticking in that the forward Heran batteries were taking casualties from air strikes.

Another couple of minutes later, Lydia, Commandress of the Army ended the calls she had been in since the fighting started. She looked at Tania, and Tania nodded.

- "I just talked to the Commandress of the field brigade, Lydia told her.

- "The ambush of the attackers while airborne was reasonably successful. We believe we have thwarted attacks on three of our colonies. The surviving Chinese groups appear now to be disembarking forces to continue their attack from the ground. I intend to move our main force, the field brigade to intercept and engage them before they reach Timandra," Lydia reported.

-That makes sense," said Tania. "But are there any threats to the other colonies?"

- "The remnants of the destroyed airship groups could make attempts," replied Lydia. "But in that case we have to rely on the defences of the individual colonies, while we deal with their main force. I believe it is sufficient."

- "I hope you are right," said Tania.

Female Victory

Philonoe Colony, 140/2/13, 37:50

Artemis watched with satisfaction as her Amazons forced naked enemy prisoners into cages. The Chinese soldiers that they now were processing, were the last enemies on Heran territory to lay down their arms.

Artemis had to admit they had been brazen and innovative to get as far as they did. Made up of the remnants of the Chinese units that had been attacked before they could land, they remained airborne and brought their forces close up to Philonoe before disembarking. They had bypassed Heran forces in the field, and had successfully attacked and penetrated the defences of Philonoe.

They were eventually bogged down in the fighting inside the colony, however, and when relief forces spearheaded by the Amazons arrived and attacked their rear, they were eventually forced to give up. They had lasted significantly longer than the bigger Chinese force that was crushed by the Heran field brigade outside Timandra.

Yet, for all their bravery, they were still males, and males that had taken up arms against the Femdom state. They belonged in chains, and they would be slaves from now on.

- "We have the count now," reported Carmen, one of the Amazons. "We have captured 96 males."

"That's a decent number," thought Artemis. "But a poor compensation for the brave Ladies lost in the fighting."

War Room, Helena Colony, 140/2/14, 18:00

Catherine looked eager to convey the news she was bearing when she entered the War Room.

The mood in the room had been a lot lighter for the last twenty hours or so, since it had been clear that the Chinese invasion had failed. They were still at war, but the immediate danger was gone.

- "The Chinese are offering a cease fire on the status quo," she announced.

A spontaneous cheer erupted in the room, both Ladies and slaves.

- "They know they have been beaten," commented Lydia.

- "Are there anything we can achieve by fighting on?" Tania asked Lydia to make sure she did not make a rash decision.
- "We could possibly take their two colonies on the Northern Hemisphere, but that would be a time-consuming endeavour, and leave us over-stretched. It also increases the danger of a nuclear escalation. I recommend we take their offer," she replied
- "I agree. We will accept a cease fire based on our current positions," said Tania. "But make it clear to them that any captives we have are our slaves, and will not be returned. They can consider it an indemnity for the losses of lives and damage of property they have inflicted upon us."

The war had left the Herans with almost 450 captives from the invasion force, all of them male, but had lost 67 Ladies during the fighting.

- "I will convey this to them, although I think that will be a matter for the peace negotiations," answered Catherine. "There is little they can do about it in any case."

Catherine left a room that was in a festive atmosphere to deal with the reply.

Government section, North Pole Colony, 140/2/14, 28:30

The members of the Government Council payed full attention to foreign and defence secretary Diaz as he gave an account of the outcome of the Chinese-Heran war.

The war had come as a complete surprise on the Union, and its sudden end had come just as surprisingly. The conflict was over before any serious consideration of involvement could be made.

- "It seems the Chinese attempt of a surprise attack failed. The Herans were prepared, and managed to engage the attackers while they were still vulnerable in the air or when just forming up on the ground. The result was a decisive victory for the Herans. They eliminated the cream of the Chinese offensive forces for only light losses of their own. You know this from the news already."

Diaz continued.

- "The positive outcome of this is of course that the Chinese are no longer a threat to us in the short or medium term. They have lost their ability to project significant power in the Northern hemisphere.
- "On the flip side, this leaves the Herans as strongest military power on Leda. Currently, neither the Chinese nor we are capable of challenging them.

We also have to take into account their other strengths. We can only assume Heran intelligence has penetrated the Chinese military. Otherwise it is unlikely they could have prepared so well for the sneak

attack as they did. As far as I know, this is more than our Intelligence Service ever achieved. We can't rule out that the Herans have penetrated us in the same way."

Secretary Lacroix, the most anti-Heran member on the council, was not going to pass this opportunity for a told-you-so.

- "I guess this is a careful-what-you-wish-for-moment for some of you. You wanted the Herans as a counterweight to the Chinese, and you got exactly what you wanted. It worked so well that we now have an even bigger threat: The Herans themselves.

As you know, I have always warned against aligning ourselves with those slave-owning monsters. I believe I have been proven right."

Then, he presented his solution.

- "As Diaz just told us, we are in no position to confront them right now. But we need to position ourselves before the confrontation is thrust upon us. I think it is time to see if we can find an understanding with the Chinese. Only an alliance with them can contain the Herans"

- "That's an interesting proposal, Lacroix," said President Monsen. "I believe it is worth looking into – with discretion of course."

Enjoying the spoils

Nicole' s apartment, Helena Colony, 140/2/15, 16:50

Sam held the door for Nicole as she entered her apartment. They were just back from welcoming home the victorious female army. Soldiers from Helena had held a parade in the streets. On prominent display were a hundred cages with slaves captured in the war, on their way to Helena prison.

Sam had really enjoyed what he had seen. Seeing the powerful female warriors in tight parade uniforms with skirts and boots display their defeated male enemies in cages was a turn-on for Sam. It also served as a visual reinforcement of his conclusion that Women were superior to men, the basic principle of the Femdom state he was now a part of.

Sam knew Mistress Nicole felt the same. He knew his Mistress well enough to know her sentiments and what turned her on, and he had seen the lust in her eyes as they had watched the parade.

- "That was very hot to watch, didn' t you think so, slave?" asked Nicole as Sam closed the door behind her.

- "Yes, Mistress," replied Sam.

- "I am in a very good mood now, slave," said Nicole. "I think we should celebrate the victory here at home as well."

- "Yes, Mistress."

- "I want you naked, on your knees in front of my bed in five minutes.

- "Yes, Mistress," replied Sam, not quite managing to hide his excitement.

Ten minutes later, Mistress Nicole appeared from the wardrobe section in her bedroom. She had kept Sam waiting a little, and the sight was well worth the wait.

Mistress Nicole wore nothing but her favourite pair of black thigh-highs. Sam could enjoy the full view of her curvy body, her large firm breasts, her beautiful face, her smooth, straight hair flowing down to her shoulders, and her hairless inviting pussy.

As usual for these occasions, she was also holding a crop in her hand.

- "I will allow you to worship the superior sex in celebration of the victory, slave," Mistress Nicole told Sam. "You can start by licking the boots of your Goddess."

Sam felt his member grow just from listening to Mistress Nicole's command, and he was eager to obey. He crawled to his Mistress' feet and started licking her boots with adoration. For the next two minutes, Sam immersed himself in the task letting his tongue worship every part of Nicole's boots.

He was interrupted by her crop hitting his ass.

- "Move on to my body, slave," Nicole ordered him. "Kiss every square inch of my skin."

Sam began kissing Nicole's leg where her boot ended, and worked his way upwards with passionate kisses.

- "Mmmh...That's right. Soft and passionate kissed to show appreciation for your Mistress and owner," Nicole encouraged him.

Sam continued with even more passion. He placed kisses on every part of Mistress Nicole he could reach from his kneeling position. Her ass, her back, her tummy and her breasts. Back to her ass again, then her thighs, and then around her pussy. All along, Mistress Nicole gave her soft moans of approval.

Sam was about to move down the leg, when Mistress Nicole grabbed his hair and dragged him towards the bed.

- "It is time for you to worship my pussy, slave."

She sat on the edge of the bed, a little leaned back, and placed Sam kneeling between her legs on the floor.

- "Worship the superior sex, slave," she ordered and gave him a whack with the crop.

Sam could not wait to obey. He kissed her labia softly, and followed up with long, soft licks covering the whole pussy. He alternated between kisses and licks, and Nicole moaned with pleasure.

She hit him with the crop. Not very hard, but enough to make the impact sting.

- "Just to remind you of your inferiority while you worship me," Nicole informed him. "Continue, slave."

Sam did just that. He kept kissing and licking, and Nicole was moaning again. Sam was rock hard. Hearing his Mistress' sounds of enjoyment while licking her Womanhood and immersing himself in her aroma was an intense turn-on for Sam. Every now and then, she gave him a smack with the crop; this only made the experience more erotic.

Sam started softly sucking Mistress Nicole's clit, and got an immediate loud moan in response.

Nicole put her hand behind Sam's head, and pushed it towards her pussy.

- "Right there, slave. Don't stop!" she told him between moans.

Sam continued what he was doing. He alternated between sucking the clit and licking it as he could hear Nicole approach her orgasm.

- "Yes, yes!" Nicole's voice went up a pitch. Her moans became more and more frequent.

Nicole screamed when the orgasm finally came. She grabbed Sam's head with both her hands and pressed it against her crotch. He relished in the delicious feeling of her wet pussy pressed against his face as Mistress Nicole savoured her pleasure.

Being used as a tool for his Mistress' pleasure like this was intensely erotic for Sam. It was also the perfect way to celebrate the female victory.

Sarah's apartment, Helena Colony, 140/2/15, 17:20

Sarah walked into the punishment room to find Jack. She was back from watching the victory parade, and she was in the mood to celebrate. Jack, former Femdom opponent and now her slave was the perfect victim for such a celebration. He had recovered from the intense punishment she had given him immediately after his return, and he was now ready to take more abuse.

She had locked him in his cell while she was out, and now she was back for him, prepared for action. Thigh-high leather boots and opera gloves, both in red leather, was all she needed apart from her cane. It was only appropriate that her victim would be allowed to appreciate the body of the superior female while being taught his place.

Sarah stepped in front of Jack's cell, close enough that he could kiss the tip of her boot. As he did just that, she informed him of the latest events.

- "Slave, I was just watching the Femdom Army parade in the streets. They brought along the elite of the Chinese army – in cages.

- "You know what that means, slave," she asked rhetorically, while flexing the cane in her hands.

- "That means the Chinese army – supposedly the strongest force on the planet has been beaten - crushed. Just like you and the rest of the SF terrorists. Males are simply no match for the superior sex. In not long, females will rule all of this planet. No one can stop us."

Sarah relished seeing despair in Jack's eyes. While her discipline and punishments had brought him to an obedient and submissive state, she suspected he still had not fully embraced Femdom. She enjoyed rubbing in the hopeless state of his cause.

But there was more enjoyment to be had.

- "Get out!" she ordered and opened his cell door.

Jack obeyed and crawled out.

- "We are going to celebrate the victory of Femdom, slave. And I think caning a male is a very appropriate way to do it," said Sarah.

She pulled his head in between her thigh, and locked it there. Jack's back and ass were now well exposed. The sight and the feeling of the subdued male's warm neck just below her pussy was titillating.

Sarah made a few test strokes through the air with the cane. The slave shook when he heard the threatening swishes. She loved instilling fear in him like this.

It was time for the real fun, however. Sarah raised the cane over her head, and brought it down on Jack's behind.

<SWISH...CRACK>

The sound was wonderful, and feeling Jack wiggle and moan was just as pleasant.

She raised the cane again.

<SWISH... CRACK >

It was the same delightful experience.

And again.

<SWISH... CRACK >

And again.

<SWISH... CRACK >

It was so sexy. Sarah was getting wet between her legs.

Sarah kept on caning Jack for several minutes. It was pure bliss for her. She loved the sounds of the cane. She loved hearing the moaning and whimpering of a male being beaten. She loved to feel the wiggling of a slave between her legs – in too much pain to keep still, and in too much fear to attempt to escape. And she loved the sight of the whole scene in the mirrors, of which there were plenty in the punishment room. The sight of herself, a beautiful, sexy Goddess, completely dominating a lowly male was very arousing.

Sarah was moaning as she caned Jack. She was too horny not to act on it. She was going to rape Jack.

She swung her leg over his head, releasing it from her thighs. She grabbed his hair, and forced Jack to the bed in the room. She then pushed him towards it.

- "Get on the bed. Face up!" she barked at him.

Jack did as he was told. He had been very obedient the last few weeks.

Sarah glanced at her naked slave on the bed. He was semi erect, a confirmation that the sight of his Mistress body had an effect on him, despite the savage caning she had just given him. Jack looked back at her with fear in his eyes and probably lust too.

It was time to make him fully erect. Sarah climbed onto the bed and sat down on his face. She put the cane down on the bed beside her.

- "Get hard for me, slave," she ordered and started grinding her wet pussy against his face.

It did not take long to make Jack' s member obey. Immersed in his Mistress scent he went hard immediately. Sarah dismounted his faced and moved in position to use his cock. She straddled the slave and guided his hard member inside her. She moaned softly as she felt it penetrate deep in her vagina.

Sarah started riding her slave slowly, facing forward. She picked up the cane and flexed it with her gloved hands and looked Jack in the face.

- "I am going to come, and you are not, slave," she told him. "And if you do come, you know what will happen."

- "Yes, Mistress," answered Jack.

Sarah hit the mattress next to Jack' s face hard with the cane, and he flinched. She put down the cane again. Demonstrating her power over Jack like this was such a turn-on. She started to ride him harder.

- "Your task in life now is only to do my bidding. To bring me pleasure," she taunted him. "You used to be my boss. You thought you were so important."

Sarah moaned and continued.

- "Now you are just a slave. An insignificant little slave. My little toy to use as I please."

- "I can cane you whenever I want. Just like you deserve."

Sarah only got hornier talking to him like this. His dick felt wonderful inside her, and she enjoyed it with ever more powerful hip movements.

She leaned forward and pinned down his hands. It made her feel even more in control.

- "Your hope of ever being anything but a slave is all gone now."

Sarah moaned more intensely.

- "You are just a male, and males are too stupid and pathetic to ever stand up to the superior gender – your Goddesses."

She finished the sentence with another moan. She was going to come soon.

Sarah rode her slave even harder. She moaned more and more.

- "You are only suited for slavery."

- "Slavery and beatings"

She slapped his face hard with her right hand.

It was enough to tip her over the edge. She was coming, and she was coming hard. The orgasm rippled through her in powerful pulses.

She continued slapping her slave through the bliss she was in. It was a mix of pure pleasure and the feeling of complete power.

Underneath her, Jack was struggling to hold back his own orgasm. Failure to do so would incur Sarah's wrath, something he was desperate to avoid. He was completely in her power, and he no longer held any hope of escaping her again. He knew female supremacy was here to stay.

Tania's apartment, Helena Colony, 140/3/3, 19:00

Tania was lying on her bed, resting a little after a yet another long day in the office. For once, she could relax properly, however.

Today, a peace had been agreed with the Chinese. It did not involve border changes, but the Chinese had accepted that the Herans would keep their captives, and to guarantee no forces hostile to the Herans would be allowed sanctuary on their territory.

The peace ended the threat of renewed Chinese attacks, and the Heran colonies were more secure than ever. The best offensive forces of the Chinese were lost to them, and were now toiling as slaves under the Ladies of Hera. SF and the Resistance had been crippled in the raid on their main base two months ago, and subsequent raids on their other bases had all but eliminated them. The proven Heran military dominance would surely deter any other challengers.

The security of the new situation was allowing for establishing a democratic state governing the Heran colonies. The Heran Expedition to Leda would be replaced by the Queendom of Leda, modelled on the Queendoms on Hera, and based on universal female suffrage. Tania would have to decide if she would run for Queen.

Regardless, Tania could relax and look forward for days far less taxing than what she had experienced over the last months. She had hardly been home for anything but sleep.

Tania felt like celebrating. She knew just how. She picked up a crop lying on her night stand and placed it on her bed. Then she started undressing, and called for her slave.

- "Slave, get in my room, now!"

Postface

The star system Tau Ceti

The star around which Leda orbits is Tau Ceti, a star visible with the naked eye from Earth on the southern hemisphere, located in the constellation Cetus, or the Whale. The star is somewhat older and slightly smaller than our sun (Sol). It is located 11.9 light years (LY) away from Earth, and only 5.4 LY away from Epsilon Eridani with the planet Hera.

Distance from Sol: 11.9 LY

Mass: 0.91 Sol

Radius: 0.76 Sol

Energy Output: 0.53 Sol

In this story, Tau Ceti is assumed to have a planetary system as listed in the table below. The planets here denoted a- e probably exists, based on current understanding of the observations of this star. However, the nature of these planets apart from their mass and orbit is fictional. The outer planets f and g are purely fictional.

Satellite	Orbit	Description
Tau Ceti a	0.1 AU	Radiated rock, Mercury-like
Tau Ceti b	0.2 AU	Radiated rock, Mercury-like
Tau Ceti c	0.4 AU	Super-Earth, Venus-like
Tau Ceti d	0.55 AU	Super-Earth, Hot terrestrial
Tau Ceti e	1.35 AU	Small gas giant
Asteroid Belt	3 AU	
Tau Ceti f	5 AU	Small gas giant
Tau Ceti g	15 AU	Small gas giant

The planet Leda

Tau Ceti d, which is named Leda in this story, is situated near the inner edge of the habitable zone around the star. The zone around Tau Ceti is closer to the star than in our own solar system. Leda's orbit corresponds to somewhere between Venus' and Mercury's orbits around the sun.

The planet is much bigger than Earth with almost twice its radius and more than four times its mass. This gives Leda a surface gravity somewhat stronger than Earth's.

Tau Ceti d (Leda)

Distance from star: 0.55 AU

Radius: 12,118km (1.9 Earth)

Mass: 2.6×10^{25} kg (4.3 Earth)

Gravity: 11.71 m/s² (1.19 Earth)

Surface: 3.61 Earth

Rotation: 40h 3 min

Year: 94 days (157 Earth-days) Divided into 4 months of 23 or 24 days each.

Satellites: 2

Leda is a highly geologically active planet with plate tectonics like Earth. The planet's surface is 32% covered by water. Most of the water is contained in two separate oceans, but there are also several large lakes. Apart from islands in these water bodies, the land mass of the planet is contiguous.

The atmosphere contains 13% oxygen, 20% CO₂ and 62% nitrogen. The atmosphere is thicker than on Earth – 215 kPa, and therefore the level of oxygen is sufficient for humans to breathe, but the CO₂ level makes the atmosphere toxic.

Leda is hot – its mean temperature of 35 degrees Celsius, is 21 degrees over Earth's. This is easily survivable, but makes the cooler polar regions the most attractive areas for colonisation.

There is native life on the planet, but only at microbial level. Leda's high volcanic activity has caused regular extinctions that kept life at a primitive stage. Human colonists have however found evidence of more advanced (though not intelligent) life in the planet's past.

Timeline until Year 133

Year 0 (Earth Year 2225): 5,000 colonists from the Western Confederation arrive on Leda and set up four colonies near the North Pole. Over the next years they build infrastructure, explore the planet, and start mineral extraction and terraforming. Their space ship is kept as an orbital base.

Year 14: A Chinese expedition of 5,000 arrives on Leda and set up three subterranean colonies near the South Pole. They also keep their ship as an orbital base. The Chinese and Westerners establish communications and go on developing different parts of the planet. Their cooperation is never close – an effect of their cold-war-like relationship back on Earth.

Year 72 (Earth Year 2256): Both expeditions' populations are growing through natural increase and both are awaiting reinforcements from Earth for which they are building infrastructure. The two expeditions now each consist of 10 colonies and have large network of infrastructure, resource extraction and manufacturing.

The Western colonies have noted with worry that the Chinese are applying aggressive natalistic programs and their population is increasing noticeably faster than the Western. They also appear to be better armed than the situation calls for. As a response, the Western colonies institute their own population increase programs.

Technologies have significantly eased the work load of bearing and rearing children, and allows for annual population increases of 3%.

Year 79: A third expedition of 8,000 arrive on Leda. This is a multinational expedition funded by a mix of private groups and states. Its members are diverse, and intend to establish themselves as in several independent colonies after first building a common base.

Year 82: The multinational expedition has formed six independent colonies. Three are religious groupings, 2 Christian and one Muslim, each forming a colony of around 1,000 colonists. One colony of 2000 is Indian, and the remaining two, each of 1,500 are non-aligned.

Year 105: Western reinforcement ship arrives delivering 20,000 new settlers to the Western colonies.

Year 106: The Western colonies organise themselves into the 'Union of Western Colonies on Leda' . This establishes the Western colonies as a state with a central elected government. The individual colonies do however retain significant powers and responsibilities.

Year 114: Chinese reinforcement ship arrives, delivering 25,000 new settlers to the Chinese colonies.

Year 133: A Heran expedition of 2500 colonists and 3500 slaves arrive on Leda and establish five colonies over the next year, with further build-out of infrastructure over the next years. Communications with other colonies were established a month before landing, taking the other Ledan colonies by surprise.

Situation in Year 133

Relations

There are two major powers on Leda when the Herans arrive, and these reflect the major powers on Earth.

The Union is made up of colonists from the Western Confederation, a political entity encompassing North America, Australia, most of Europe and parts of South America and littoral Asia. They are in a cold war with the Chinese.

Like the Union, the Herans are descended mainly from Western Confederation colonists from Earth, and the Herans are considered allies of the Confederation. The Union is therefore cautiously welcoming of the Herans.

The Chinese, on the other hand, have a negative view of the Herans. Both because of their perceived alliance with the Westerners, and because of an earlier conflict with the Herans on Hera itself.

The Union

A population of 48,000 (of which 29,000 adult) is spread over 31 colonies and controls most of the northern polar regions. The Union has no standing security force, but can mobilise a militia of 3,000 with mostly light arms. They also have a deterrence in form of nuclear weapons delivered from an orbital platform – the colony ship.

The Chinese Colonies

54,000 Chinese (of which 36,000 adult) are spread over 40 colonies and controls the Southern polar region. They also control a portion of the northern polar region with two colonies.

The Chinese maintain a standing security force of 500, and can call on a further 12,000 with military training in case of mobilisation. They are well armed, and operate heavy weaponry. The Chinese also retain their colony ship as a nuclear bombardment platform.

The Independents

In addition to the major players, there are also a 3000 Indians in two colonies in the northern polar/middle latitudes, three religious colonies of about 2000 on southern middle latitudes, and finally two neutral colonies of 2000 each, one in the southern polar region and one in the northern polar region.

The Herans

The Herans lands in an unclaimed part of the Northern polar region. They establish five colonies – three tented surface colonies and two subterranean complexes.

All 2500 female colonists had received extensive military training before departing Hera.

They are organised such that a militia could be raised on quick notice encompassing nearly all of them. They would all be well armed with light and medium weapons, and the colony ship, the Freya, now serves as a nuclear armed orbital base.

The 3500 slaves were selected for skills and loyalty, but would not be armed in an emergency.

Communication with other star systems

All colonies on Leda are in communication with their mother nations through radio. They also occasionally receive new immigrants from their home nation, but due to the considerable cost and effort required to cross the vast distances of space, such events take place (Earth) decades apart.

The planet of Leda, and its parent star of Tau Ceti are located 11.9 light years from Earth and 5.4 light year from Hera. This gives the Herans much quicker communication with their home planet.

The technology level and cost consideration makes speeds of 20-40% of the speed of light typical for interstellar travel. Thus, a spaceship takes 30-60 (Earth) years to travel from Earth to Leda, and 13-27 (Earth) years to travel from Hera to Leda.

Map of Northern Polar Region of Leda



