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URSULA AND HER GIRLS FOR SALE
Book One - Ursula gathers and prepares her girls
by ALLAN ALDISS
Another story of Ursula, the rich and dominating mistress, who featured so much in the best selling Emma books by the same author, writing as Hilary James, and published by Nexus.
Emma and Ursula really exist and, like the Emma books, this one is based on the real live experiences of a pretty young married woman in the power of a cruel and ruthless older woman. However whereas in the published Emma and Ursula books some of the more shocking events had to be glossed over, now in this Internet version the true astonishing story can be told of the control that Ursula enjoys exercising over her unsuspecting girls - and of what happens to them. Many readers of the Emma books were also been enthralled by Ursula's team of assistants: Sabhu, her strict Haitian former animal trainer whom she uses to supervise and train her girls; and, in the background, Doctor Anna, the sinister German lady doctor, Well, they too are based on real live people and they are both here again. This time Ursula is preparing to take a party of so-called Models, including Emma, to Brazil to give a dress show to her sophisticated friends. She recruits and seduces her team and then has them humiliatingly broken in and disciplined by Sabhu. But it is not the dresses that will interest the cruel women in the audience, but the models themselves, for they have, unsuspectingly signed contracts as modern indentured servants - to be used in any way that their future Mistresses may decide. Little do Emma, or the other girls, suspect the fate that awaits them in Brazil - a fate that will be described in Book Two! _
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PART I - PROLOGUE A GIRL IS CAGED

Suddenly Fifi heard the heavy tread of Sabhu approaching the back of her cage. Hungrily she wondered whether it was feeding time again. Her watch had been taken away from her and she had no idea of the passing of time. Eagerly she licked her lips as she heard him apparently mixing her porridge in a metal bowl. Her heavy manacles clinking, she crawled on all fours, in the half light, to the the wooden trapdoor at the back of her cage and waited there, excited. She was so hungry! Suddenly a shaft of light burst into her cage as a small round flap in the centre of the trapdoor was raised. Eagerly she thrust her head through the hole. Sabhu was standing there, in front of her. He was a terrifying and powerful looking figure in his animal trainer uniform of black boots, black breeches, and a white vest which which showed off the shiny muscles of his well oiled his black torso and shoulders. With both hands he was holding his long whippy cane. Then the muscles of his arms rippled as, looking her in the eye, he slowly and silently bent the cane to form an arc in front of his powerful looking chest. Fifi shivered with fear. Anxiously she eyed the figure of her overseer as he silently stood over her. Was it not feeding time after all? Was she going to be taken out and beaten? Oh, if only her beloved Mistress knew of the terror that this horrible brute of a man inspired, surely she would send him away! Then, as if satisfied with the psychological ascendency he had again established over this girl, he turned and strode across the room, his every movement watched by a mesmerised Fifi. He put down the cane and, holding a bowl in one hand and a wooden spoon in the other, came back to the trapdoor through which Fifi's head was thrust. He put several dollops of porridge into a feeding trough fastened to the trap door below Fifi's head. In amongst the porridge were little pieces of chopped up apples, bananas and meat. He scattered a some vitamin powder over it. He reached behind her neck and unlocked the padlock, that held her muzzle in place over her mouth and chin, and drew it away. She felt her tongue being freed from the rubber knob that held it down. But she did not dare to speak. Then, smiling to himself, he poured out a spoonful of castor oil. He liked to keep his girls regular and empty. 'Mouth wide open!' he ordered. With a sob of despair, Fifi recognised the laxative. Oh not again! She saw that he had raised his whip. 'Tongue!' he ordered. Obediently Fifi thrust out her tongue. He trust the medicine down into the girl's mouth. Then, as if dosing a dog, he stroked her throat to make sure she swallowed it all. There was a long pause. Fifi could still taste the horrible medicine, sliding down inside her. But she could also smell the porridge below her her. Oh how she longed to get at it! But she did not dare to move. She knew that, before she would be allowed to eat, she would also have to swallow one of the mysterious blue pills that Sabhu was keen on her taking. She wondered what was so special about them. Sabhu held out the palm of his hand. On it lay one of the blue pills. He raised his whip. Fifi obediently put her head down and pick up the pill with her teeth. He again stroked her throat to make sure she swallowed it. He smiled at the thought that little did Fifi know that the pill was one of Doctor Anna's special fertility pills that were preparing her body for her Mistress's specially loaded dildo - the Pollinator. Her Mistress enjoyed playing the paternal role on an unsuspecting girl. He smiled again at the thought that, unknown to her, the girl would son be carrying valuable little half black twins, or even triples - safely growing inside her. They would, of course, be protected from an interference by the chain mail Breeding Belt locked over her beauty lips and round her hips. Her prettily swollen belly would greatly increase her value in the eyes of a Brazilian plantation owner. Yes, she would make a very pretty, and rare, white indentured servant. And, one that would soon be delivering, in the plantation breeding pens, the first pair of a interesting new strain of coloured female indentured servants - bred for both comeliness and strength. Hastily Fifi dropped her head into the trough and began gobbling up the porridge. Sabhu watched her lapping up her porridge like a little dog. Yes, he was thinking, controlling a girl's feeding was as effective in breaking her in as controlling her natural functions. And making the girl thrust her head through the trap door to eat prevented the sticky porridge getting all over the floor of the cage or onto her manacles or tunic. He watched her now carefully licking the bowl clean. he looked down, yes there wasn't a speck of porridge to be seen. 'Head up!' he ordered, and then wiped her face clean with a wet rack. Then he replaced the muzzle, pushed her head back through the little opening and lowered it's cover. She was alone again in the half light of the small low cage. Fiona had felt that entering the service of the austere Miss Ursula de Vere, and being given her new name of Fifi, had been the most exciting thing had ever happened to her. It was as if she had been waiting all her life for such a thrillingly dominating woman to take complete charge of her. It was even exciting being kept, manacled and muzzled, in a little caged alcove off the bedroom of her wonderful, wonderful, Mistress. Oh, how she adored her Mistress! Only two things marred her happiness: fear of the ghastly Sabhu and his awful cane; and shame at being under his intimate supervision. She had always prided herself on not being a racist, but the fact was that she was terrified of Sabhu. However, she had to admit that, being under his control, was, in a way, rather exciting too. He was so strict and made her serve her

Mistress ever more humbly and submissively. She crawled across to the front of the low cage, to the pretty, locked, gilded wraught iron screen. The curtain on the far side of the screen was drawn, and the cage was only lit by little chinks of light from under it. The only noise came from the metallic chinking of the short heavy shiny chain that linked her manacled hands. She herself was kept silent by a black leather muzzle that covered her mouth and went under her chin. On the inside of the muzzle a stiff rubber projection pressed down on her tongue, rendering her completely mute. Would anyone, she wondered, walking down the street past Ursula's smartly painted house, ever have guessed that inside it a half naked, muzzled, girl was being kept caged like an animal? Or that she was under the strict supervision of a black former circus animal trainer? Her eyes were now becoming accustomed again to the half darkness. Fifi glanced into the large mirror and smoothed her hair, satisfied that she was looking very pretty - for her Mistress. Proudly, she looked down at Miss de Vere's initials and crest, embroidered on the right breast of her tunic, and at The Society's shiny metal collar that was locked round her neck. It was, she knew, engraved with Miss de Vere's name and telephone number and from a ring in the front hung The Society's disc on which, in turn, was engraved her Registration Number. It was sight that constantly reminded her that on the inside of her left wrist was now discreetly tattooed the "S" shaped crest of The Society and that on the inside of her elbow was also tattooed her Registration Number. She was now marked for ever as a slave, as the property of Miss de Vere. It was a terrifying thought and yet a most exciting one. How proud she was that the sophisticated Miss de Vere should have taken silly little her into her service! How proud she was that her Mistress had considered her worthy of being registered and marked! How proud she was to be kept caged off her Mistress's bedroom, ready to be called into it at any time to pleasure her! How exciting it was, too, to be forced by her chastity belt to dedicate her own pleasure to the woman she now worshipped as a Goddess! Miss de Vere called it her purity belt. Indeed, it made her feel rather like a nun, consecrating her sensuality to her Mistress. With nothing else to do in her darkened cage but to think of pleasuring her wonderful Mistress, she constantly felt herself becoming wet and aroused under her belt. But long as she might for a little relief, she simply could not now touch herself. Oh, the frustration! Oh, how it made her long all the more to worship and serve her cruel Mistress! Suddenly Fifi again heard the noise of Sabhu's footsteps apparently approaching the wooden trapdoor at the back of her cage. She trembled, wondering what he was coming for. Surely it was not yet feeding time again? Was she going to be punished? For what? Was it time for her daily and highly embarrassing training session? Oh, how shame-making it was for a rather shy girl to be taught by a man, a black man carrying a cane, how to please a woman. Oh, what terrifying man Sabhu was. She was sure that her beloved Mistress had no idea just how strict he was. She heard the noise of the bolts of the trapdoor being slid back. She gave a little shiver of fear. There was a creaking noise as the door was opened. But it was not the door into her cage, Number "1", that was being opened but the one into the cage next door, Number"2". She felt a surge of angry of jealousy run through her body. Someone was being put into the cage next to hers. She heard the noise of a girl crawling into the cage. There a metallic rattling sound just like that of her own wrist manacles. The girl had been manacled, too! 'And don't try to talk, or you'll be thrashed,' she heard Sabhu warn in his harsh voice. 'The microphone will pick up and record the slightest murmur.' She heard a muffled little moan of assent. The girl next door was muzzled, just like herself! Then she heard the other trapdoor being slammed shut and bolted and then of Sabhu's heavy footsteps going away. Furious, Fifi silently gripped the bars of her cage. Would her Mistress choose her, or this new girl in the next door cage, to please her during her afternoon rest? Oh, she felt so jealous! Who was this wretched other girl? She longed to call out to her, but how could she, muzzled as she was. And, she remembered, there were the microphones. An hour later, she heard, through the thick curtains, the noise of her Mistress coming into the room, undressing and getting into bed. Fifi began to feel the thrill of anticipation. Suddenly she recognised the click of a button and the curtain in front of her cage started to slide back. Another click and her cage was brilliantly lit up by two spotlights. With a rattle of her manacles she crawled forward and humbly displayed herself at the bars of her cage, slipping her tunic off her shoulders to show off her bare but firm breasts. She was going to be chosen after all! Indeed, despite being Half blinded by the spotlights, she could just make out her Mistress, her wonderful Mistress, lying back in the bed, her eyes feasting on the sight of Fifi in her cage. But then she saw her Mistress press another button and she heard the swish as the curtain covering the cage next door slid back. She heard the rattle of the girl's manacles as she, too, displayed herself at the bars of her cage. She saw her Mistress's eyes going from one cage to the other as if she was making up her mind which girl she would use. Oh the shame! Desperately Fiona found herself smiling, ingratiatingly, at her Mistress. 'Choose me, Madam, choose me!' she tried to cry out, but her muzzle reduced her words to a little moan. She held her breath as she saw her Mistress reach out and press a button. There was a click as the barred trapdoor in the cage next

door flew open. 'Come Mizzi,' she heard her Mistress order. 'Come and please your Mistress.' Mizzi! Fiona thought jealously. 'Who's Mizzi?' She saw a beautiful woman with long blond hair crawl towards the bed. It was the woman she had seen her Mistress examine at the Black Tie Party of The Society! 'No! No!' she screamed under her muzzle. 'I can please you more than her!' But then with a swish the curtain in front of her cage was closed and the lights in her cage went out, leaving her jealously fuming in the darkness. To make it worse she could hear the love-making of Mizzi and her Mistress and could not help imagining what they were doing. Meanwhile Ursula, lying back in her bed, dogwhip in hand, was thoroughly enjoying being pleasured by her new girl, Mizzi. Clearly the Princess's young black eunuch had done an excellent job in training this woman to give pleasure to her Mistress - and exquisite pleasure at that. She was almost beginning to regret that the woman was destined to be taken out to Brazil and sold off - with her daughter. Ursula began to look back on how this exciting new adventure had started ...

PART II URSULA AND SOME UNSUSPECTING YOUNG LADIES 1 - URSULA RECEIVES AN INTRIGUING LETTER

Ursula glanced at the the letter that was waiting for her on her arrival back in London after several months travelling abroad attending exhibitions of her paintings. Her eyes lit up as she saw that it had Brazilian stamps. She picked up the letter and opened it. "My dearest Ursula, Good news! We definitely want you to go ahead! As you will remember, quite a few of my lady friends own plantations in this conveniently remote part of the country and we've formed an active local Branch of The Society. You offered to bring out a group of European girls ostensibly as models for a "Fashion Show", if we could guarantee to make it worth your while. Well, we've discussed and we think we can make very well worthwhile for you - and we can hardly wait to get our hands on the girls. The idea of having European girls as indentured servants makes us all go crazy! How wonderful it is that the end of the Cold War has made it so much easier to get hold of innocent girls from Eastern and Central Europe who, being lost in the West, are utterly dependant on their demanding Mistresses! However, there's no great hurry. I suggest you bring your team out at Christmas. That'll give me time to make the arrangements for a "fashion show" - and give you time to collect, discipline and train your team. Contracts I enclose a draft for "Modelling and other duties". It's in Portuguese but there's a rough English translation. It will look pretty innocuous to your girls, but my lawyers say that it is similar to the contracts of indentured service that are binding out here and which we use for our coloured women workers on our plantations. The girls would be legally bound to anyone buying their contracts from you, and would remain so, provided the new owner pays the girl's stipulated monthly salary into her special bank account in Switzerland. The girl would only, however, be able to get hold of her money by going in person to the bank in Switzerland. It's this monthly salary that prevents a girl claiming she's being held as a slave - even though, to all intents and purposes she will be, whether she's in the stables, the kennels, the plantation breeding pens or in her Mistress's bed! All very clever! But, don't tell the girls what's in store for them! Your Pollinator Some of my friends were fascinated we by Doctor Anna's video of her new Pollinator technique. 'And all done,' as she said, 'without the girl being touched by a man!' Now we all want to assume the paternal role, too! What a feeling of power it must give a Mistress! So do ask Doctor Anna to bring out several of those Pollinators, together with a good choice of what they might be loaded with, together a good stock of her special fertility pills and breeding belts. As proof that the pills and the Pollinators both work, I suggest you also bring out a young mother-to-be, expecting twins, with Doctor Anna certifying that you and your Pollinator were responsible! By Christmas her belly could be nicely showing, as we used to say back in the days of slave breeding. They'll sell like hot cakes, the pills and the Pollinators I mean, but also the girl, especially if the seed that Doctor Anna provided for you had been that of, say, a big black wrestler. The girl would also be in a suitable condition for modelling dresses for little mothers-to-be and so give added spice to the Fashion Show. Puppy Breeding But, of course, what caused the biggest stir during your visit was was the video of Doctor Anna's new technique of using girls as brood bitches. The sight of the unsuspecting girl being psychologically prepared by being sewn into a dog skin and then being put to a dog, was mind boggling. We can't wait to borrow your Doctor Anna try it out here! The girls Turning to how many girls to bring out here, I suggest that you only bring half a dozen girls this first time, so as to keep the price up and to ensure that the demand will be all the greater for a second consignment! However, it would definitely be worthwhile if you could lay your hands on a pretty, but athletic European woman with a teenage daughter. They'd be very popular - especially for establishing new breeding lines for both racing girls and for female indentured servants for the plantations. Our ancestors found that crossing freshly imported European convict girls with big local blacks gave excellent results. However that's not something that we've been to do in recent years - and here's our chance! Finally do also

try to bring out an aristocratic English young woman - preferably with a title! My friends would pay the earth to have an upper class Englishwoman to show off as their ladies maid - and to breed from, in a variety of ways! I realise also that her contract might have to show that she remained your property and is merely hired out to a new Mistress for a short period. It may also have to stipulate that she can brought back to England for a week or two so that you can show her family that she is alive and well - even if you do have to keep the state of her belly hidden! But that could make it all the more exciting! So, do try to include an upper class English woman and a mother and her daughter in your team. Owning, racing or breeding from either would really excite my members! Longing to see you again - with your little friends! Your loving friend, Carmen P.S. There's also been a lot of interest in Doctor Anna's technique for bringing on a girl's milk. Is there any chance of you demonstrating here a couple of girls who've been treated? How about the little mother-to-be? Or the aristocratic girl? That would be mind-blowing! Ursula put the letter down slowly, her mind racing. Well! She and Doctor Anna would have to get busy! The initial expenses would, of course, be considerable, but she was a rich woman and was confident that she would end up making a big profit from selling the girls contracts. Certainly the idea of taking the girls out for a so-called Fashion Show would make an excellent cover. And she knew just the person to provide the dresses - including some very pretty maternity clothes for a future little mother, and nursing clothes for a girl in milk! She was used to finding submissive Eastern European girls who enjoyed being under the strict domination for herself and of her fellow members of The Society, as they discreetly called themselves. Many of these Eastern and Central European girls were longing to go abroad, to see the world and earn some money. They were usually suspicious of men, but not of women - and this had always been Ursula's opportunity! But a submissive aristocratic English woman? And one for whom such special plans were being made! Where on earth was she going to find a suitable one? And where was she going to find a suitable mother and daughter? Suddenly Ursula thought of Emma, now Lady Rossrae. She had heard that her husband had gone off abroad again, and that Emma, with her expensive tastes was rather short of money. Might she able to get Emma back into her clutches again? Money would probably do the trick! Little would Emma guess, however, what was in store for her. Once before Emma had, to Ursula's rage and chagrin, managed to get rid of her progeny. But once in Brazil, Emma would have to go through with whatever her new Mistress decided. And if she was in an interesting state when she returned to England for a short time - well, as Carmen said in her letter, that would make it all the exciting! But first things first. How to get Emma back into her power and not frighten her off? Perhaps it would be best if she asked one of her lady friends to ask Emma to a party - Emma could never resist a party! Then they could meet, as if by chance and she'd soon have Emma eating out of her hand again! Ursula looked again at the letter. There was time enough to use Doctor Anna's pills to get a girl or two in milk - including perhaps Emma! Moreover, there would also be time to demonstrate the effectiveness of a Mistress using the Pollinator to assume what Carmen had discreetly called "the paternal role"! The girl's belly would be prettily rounded by the time she arrived in Brazil. She smiled as she saw the album of photographs she had taken of the livery stables and boarding kennels at Carmen's ranch. Yes, she really must remember to lock it away! It showed too many photographs of pretty mestizo girls chained up in stalls and locked up in cages - and also some of her own white girls that she had sold off there. She would not want to frighten off any of the new team of girls she was going to recruit! Playing for such high stakes, she would, of course, have to to make certain that none of the girls tried to run away after she'd seduced them. Her London house would be just the place in which to keep the team of girls safely locked up, whilst they were being properly trained and the dresses got ready for Brazil. They could then be under the control of her trusted Haitian, Afro-Caribbean assistant, Sabhu. As a former animal trainer in a travelling circus, he'd stand no nonsense from her girls! Moreover, the girls would be quite safe with him, for he was more interested in his young Jamaican boy friend than in girls. For him, girls were nasty, dirty, little animals that needed to be broken-in and then controlled, dominated and taught amusing little tricks. Yes indeed, Sabhu would be ideal for taking charge of the girls. He would both train them as models, strutting up and down a cat walk, and break them in to their duties as the playthings of rich women. And, even if their English was poor, with his cane he'd soon teach them to obey instantly a prearranged list of simple commands that would cover the requirements of the most demanding Brazilian Mistress. Meanwhile, of course, she herself would be testing them out - and enjoying their services! Equally importantly, by keeping them excitingly isolated in her house, away from men and locked into chastity belts, Sabhu would have time to ensure that they were properly brainwashed into worshipping herself as their wonderful Mistress, to whom their sensuality was dedicated. And when they arrived in Brazil, they might even enjoy being the pampered slaves of rich women!. Perhaps, Ursula thought, it would be a sensible first step to go to the next "Black Tie" reception of The Society to see whether any of her

friends had any suitable young women they wanted to dispose of. She might also go off off on a shopping expedition to a certain castle in Germany which acted as a haven for newly arrived girls from Eastern Europe who were frightened of men. But one thing was worrying her. She had sold off her girls so profitably abroad, that at present she did not have any girls of her own! She could scarcely show her face in the The Society, or make contact again with her former women friends in London without having at least one girl in tow. Otherwise it would be said that she had lost her touch, or her money - and then 11111111they would not take seriously her enquiries about acquiring a team of girls. Yes, she decided, she must first quickly recruit a suitable girl for her own pleasure, a girl who could also be her ladies maid and attendant - rather like Emma often used to be. She'd form part of the team - and indeed perhaps she'd be ideal for meeting Carmen's request for a demonstration of the new way of bringing on a girl's milk? And indeed, whilst she was about it, also as the living demonstration of the effectiveness of the paternal role technique that Carmen wanted her to bring out with her! Ursula was worrying about how she was going to find a suitable young mother and grown up daughter, to meet Carmen's other request when suddenly she noticed that there was a message for her on her answering machine. She pressed the replay button. Well, what a coincidence! 'This is the Secretary of The Society' came a female voice speaking guardedly, 'I thought you'd like to know that one of our members, wants to dispose of a beautiful piece of Polish porcelain. Another smaller piece might also be available in Poland. She was particularly anxious to dispose of them to a buyer who would be taking them abroad.' Ursula laughed. Polish porcelain indeed! She was pretty sure that the member, who the Secretary was referring to, was a rich Saudi Princess friend of hers. The Princess had much enjoyed having a beautiful European woman in her intimate service. She remembered hearing how a lovely, but penniless, Polish woman had come to London seeking a rich husband to look after her, and her pretty teenage daughter whom she had left in a convent in Poland. But instead of finding a husband, she had been snatched up by the Princess! She remembered the Princess describing how her personal, young black eunuch, boy had to use his cane frequently before the woman properly performed the sort of services that the Princess expected from her new white "Ladies Maid". Later the Princess had said that the now submissive woman was now proving very satisfactory and that, in return, she had agreed to pay for the unsuspecting, pretty, daughter's school fees - until she was old enough to come and join her mother in her service!. But, thought Ursula, the girl must now old enough to leave school! Goodness, if she could pull it off, this beautiful Polish woman and her daughter might be just what she needed to meet Carmen's special request. Ursula could well understand that the Princess would prefer her former ladies maid to be taken away abroad and not left in London to gossip about what the Princess used to get up to! Well, Brazil was a long way away and doubtless the Princess would let Ursula buy her cheap, when she learned where the beautiful woman was going to be taken! Yes, she mused, Emma and the Polish mother and daughter could well form part of the team of "models" that she was planning to recruit and take out to Brazil. She must contact Ingrid in Germany about getting some more girls and she really must also first find and seduce a pretty young girl here in London for herself. It was all a fascinating prospect and one that few people outside the secret world of The Society would ever have imagined to be possible in this day and age.

2 - EMMA IS BORED

Emma, now Lady Rossrae, was bored, bored stiff. Her husband John, who had inherited the title a year earlier, had just gone back to being an oceanographic scientist. He was going to be again for months, leaving Emma alone in their country house. With nothing else to do she kept dreaming about her exciting, sometimes terrifying, but never boring, adventures with Ursula, her friends and clients ... and with Henry, her former love She had been, she now realised, completely obsessed by Ursula. At times, nothing else had seemed to matter - not her marriage, not even Henry. It was if she had been drugged - and perhaps she had been. Not even Henry had know just what she had got up to with Ursula. She kept remembering the sheer excitement of the secret life of being made to submit to the continual control of the demanding Ursula, of having no financial or other cares, of having no idea what was going to happen to her next. It had all been so thrilling, whether she was travelling with her as her ladies maid, or locked in one of her cages under the supervision of the terrifying Sabhu, or treated like a school girl, or even, dare she say it, when Ursula had had her mated. She had to admit that even being mated had, after the first shock of realising what had been done to her, been a strangely satisfying and exciting experience - it was a girl's natural state, as Ursula used to tell her. Of course, back home, in the cold light of day it all seemed shocking and absurd, but at the time, in the artificial and sensual atmosphere that surrounded Ursula and her friends, she had been brainwashed or drugged into accepting that it was all quite normal. She had indeed been very sad when the awful reality of what was happening had finally dawned on her and she had managed to escape and get rid of it - or

them. But surely Ursula would not put her through all that again? She had been tempted, seriously tempted, to make contact again, but realised that, now with a title, the Press would have a field day here in England, should anything ever leak out. Perhaps abroad, however, she had thought...

3 - URSULA SPOTS HER FIRST PREY

Sitting alone in the corner of the almost deserted bar, Ursula watched the sympathetic and motherly lady behind the bar talking to a pretty, but clearly rather tearful, young woman. It was only eleven o'clock and the women business executives who flocked to this woman's health club at lunchtime had not yet arrived. The barmaid looked across at Ursula and nodded discreetly. 'Well, dearie, don't be too upset,' Ursula heard the barmaid say to the girl who had just been pouring her heart to her. 'Just remember, what they always do say: "As one door closes another opens".' 'Oh if only one could open for me!' cried the young woman her eyes moist with self pity. 'I hate making decisions - if only someone nice and kind would look after me for a change.' At these words, Ursula's eyes opened wide. Clearly the girl was naturally submissive. Was she masochistic? It was just such young women who attracted her attention. She looked at the young girl unhappily perched on a bar stool. She noticed her well groomed blond hair, her soft big blue eyes, her slim legs and her prominent breasts. Interesting! The barmaid turned momentarily towards Ursula and gave her a knowing wink. Then she turned back to the girl. 'Oh I'm sure you'll soon find another nice young man soon,' she said comfortingly. 'Men!' sobbed the girl. 'They're all so selfish and only want one thing and, if they're young, then they have no money! Mark was hopeless' Ursula came over to the bar, a picture of tall, slim, self assured elegance. There was a look of Greta Garbo about her. She certainly looked striking, with her her short brushed back hair, her piercing eyes, her long thin face, her high cheek bones and her angular and almost masculine figure. 'Daisy, may I have a glass of champagne please?' she asked in a cool voice, with a distinct Slavonic accent, that made the girl look look round at her curiously. 'And what's so upset your young friend, Daisy?' Ursula asked the barmaid in a kind tone of voice. The girl looked at her and smiled. 'Oh nothing, I was just being silly.' she said in a well educated voice. 'Her boy friend, Mark, has just left her and gone abroad,' explained Daisy with another discreet wink, 'leaving her to pay the rent on their flat. And, to make it worse, she's been made redundant. She paused and then added: 'She's finding that jobs are not easy to find these days,' she added. 'Won't your parents help?' asked Ursula. It was she knew a critical question. With English girls, it was parents who so often prevented a girl from falling into her trap. 'Oh they live in Spain and aren't very interested in my problems' replied the girl sadly. 'Well, poor little you!' exclaimed Ursula sympathetically. She turned to Daisy. 'Make it two glasses of champagne,' she ordered. Then she turned again to the girl. 'Now, my dear, come and tell me all about it. First of all, what's your name?' The girl looked at Ursula and found herself obeying her almost hypnotic voice and staring eyes. 'Fiona Charters' she answered. 'Fiona! What a lovely name - for a lovely young woman,' said Ursula flatteringly. 'I'm Ursula de Vere - Miss de Vere. Reassuringly, but also quietly commandingly, Ursula took the girl's elbow and gently lead her across the empty room to an alcove. Soon cheered up by the champagne the girl was again pouring out her story, adding how her boy friend had really been very unsatisfactory, as he left all decisions to her. 'So you secretly like to be told what to do, do you?' asked Ursula with a laugh. The girl blushed. 'Oh yes!' She suddenly burst out. 'But none of my boy friends ever seem to do so! It's all so frustrating - and rather shame-making!' 'That's nothing to be ashamed of, my dear. It's quite natural. Lots of girls are like that. murmured Ursula and squeezed Fiona's hand comfortingly. To her delight the girl squeezed her hand back. Ursula smiled inwardly, for it was clear from her story that the girl was not naturally a lesbian - just the kind of girl she enjoyed seducing! With proper training and discipline, the girl would make a fine and obedient pleasure girl for a real lesbian, like herself. 'And I expect you secretly long to be looked after? To be protected?' 'Looked after ... and protected!' repeated the girl. She blushed prettily. Clearly Ursula's words had hit a responsive chord in her brain. 'Oh yes! 'And to have no more worries about money - or anything else?' 'Oh yes!' said the girl sadly. 'Oh how lovely it would be to have no more worries!' 'Well then, perhaps I could help you,' Ursula said in her slow and fascinatingly husky voice. 'Oh, could you! How wonderful!' cried Fiona. 'But how?' She looked admiringly at the strange woman who had befriended her. Her dark eyes seemed to reflect an unusual degree of determination and self composure. The cut of her business suit and the elegance of her matching crocodile skin shoes and handbag reflected a degree of wealth that Fiona found reassuring. 'Well, why don't we talk about it over lunch?' Ursula said quietly. 'Oh! Mad... ' She almost found herself adding "Madam" for this tall woman seemed so superior in every respect, reminding her of a similarly cool and self confident headmistress during her school days. 'What a lovely idea! Thank you so much.' 'We'll go back to my house, where I have my studio,' said Ursula decisively, rising to her feet. 'My chauffeur's waiting with my car outside. Come on!' 'But I don't want to be a nuisance,' said Fiona. 'Oh I don't think you'll be that,' laughed Ursula. 'Come on!' Having slipped a

substantial tip to Daisy, Ursula led Fiona out to a large Mercedes car. A large Caribbean looking man, dressed in black breeches and boots, that matched the colour of his skin, opened the door of the car for them. He held his chauffeur's cap respectfully under his arm. He looked strong and muscular. 'This is Sabhu,' explained Ursula. Sabhu! What a funny name, Fiona thought. But she could not help giving a little shudder of fear and repulsion as the big black man turned towards he. He looked terrifying with small bloodshot eyes, a shaven head and a thin Chinese style moustache that curved round the side of his mouth and down to is chin, giving him a sinister look. 'Home please, Sabhu,' ordered Ursula Fiona did not know which was more impressive: the luxurious car or the huge terrifying and very black chauffeur, whom she saw had been discreetly looked her up and down with a knowing eye. 'Ever driven one of these?' asked Ursula, as they slipped through the traffic to Chelsea. 'Yes, I have,' replied Fiona. 'My boy friend had one before he went bust and fled the country, leaving me high and dry. He used to get me to drive him to important meetings.' 'Umm! Like a chauffeuse,' mused Ursula. 'Interesting! ... Well, here we are.' Ursula's house was in a quiet street in Chelsea. The chauffeur drove into a private garage alongside the house, and Ursula then led Fiona in by a side door. They were met by her Italian cook-house-keeper, Rafaela. Ursula showed an impressed Fiona her beautiful large living room, studio, and her bedroom which, curtained in pink and dark green satin, was the most luxurious one that Fiona had ever seen. In the centre of the bedroom was a large four poster bed. 'Oh, it's lovely,' Fiona cried overwhelmed by the sheer luxurious sumptuousness. Off the bedroom on one side was an equally luxurious bathroom. Strangely, half way up one wall of the bedroom were two two heavy blue velvet curtains, apparently covering something. Above one curtain was strangely written the number "1" and, above the other, "2". How odd Fiona thought. Ursula went to the side of the bed and pressed a button. 'Oh!' exclaimed Fiona in surprise as the velvet curtain under the figure "1" slid back disclosing a gilded, and prettily worked, wraught iron screen. In the centre were the initials "U de V" and, below them, a little barred trapdoor. Behind the gilded screen was what seemed to be a darkened raised alcove. 'Oh, how pretty' exclaimed Fiona naively, clapping her hands with delight. 'Is it a sort of private safe?' Ursula laughed and pressed another button by the side of the bed. Instantly the back of the alcove was lit up by a spotlight. Through the bars of the screen Fiona now saw that the alcove had bare unaided, solid brick, walls. The low ceiling was also of are brick. But on the floor of the alcove was was a strange thick smooth rubber matting gradually sloping down to a little grilled drain in the centre. There was a small closed wooden door at the back, like another trapdoor. In it, she saw, was a small metal grille, or spy hole. On the floor next to the trapdoor was a dog's bowl. The alcove was a sort of kennel! 'How sweet' Fiona cried. 'What a lovely idea to have a beautiful little kennel like this off your bedroom. What kind of dog do you keep in it?' Again Ursula laughed, and again she pressed another bedside button. The front of the alcove was now lit up. 'Oh' cried Fiona catching her breath. For there, fixed to a floor in a corner of the alcove, a little three little three legged stool and, immediately above it, a mirror was fastened to the wall. Next to it hung a woman's hairbrush and a comb, each chained to a ring in the wall. 'You mean it's not for a dog at all, but for a ... girl? A cage for a girl! Oh!' How many times had she secretly fantasised about being in such cage, kneeling on the rubber floor, gripping the bars and peering out into a sumptuous bedroom, or combing and brushing her hair to make herself beautiful for her Master ... or her ... Mistress! But this was for real! Was there, she suddenly wondered, another similar cage behind the other curtain, the one marked "2". Did Miss de Vere keep two girls in cages off her bedroom, she wondered jealously. Fiona had to pinch herself to be sure that she was not dreaming. Miss de Vere was certainly an amazing woman! Fiona's reverie was interrupted by Ursula's voice. 'Let's open anther bottle of champagne and ask Rafaela to make us a simple prawn salad. We don't want you putting on weight, do we?' 'No! Of course not, Mad... ' Again Fiona almost called her Madam 'You certainly look as though you've got a lovely figure.' said Ursula with a light laugh. 'Ever done any modelling?' 'Er ... no.' replied Fiona. 'Well perhaps you'd better start by posing for me.' 'Posing?' asked Fiona hesitantly. 'Yes, I'm an artist you know.' 'Oh!' cried Fiona, intrigued. The champagne was making her loose her natural shyness. 'Come and look at some of my pictures,' invited Ursula leading the way into her well-lit studio. Fiona gasped at the pictures of naked young women in salacious poses, not sure whether to be shocked or fascinated. 'I think you'd make a splendid model,' she heard Ursula's voice, cutting into her thoughts. 'No time like the present. Let me quickly do a drawing of you. You can take off your things behind that screen.' 'You mean you want me naked?' gasped Fiona again, not sure whether to be shocked or excited. Ursula seemed to be taking it all so naturally. 'Of course! Hurry up!' As if hypnotised by Ursula's voice and eyes, Fiona went behind the screen and started to undress. Naked, she paused as if too shy to come out. 'Come on!' cried Ursula. 'There's no one else here.' She was rewarded by the sight of a naked Fiona boldly walking out into the room. Ursula looked her up and down. She was a beauty all right, with lovely, high, firm breasts, a slim waist, flaring

hips and long slim legs. Just what she needed to solace herself with on her return to London. The only feature that marred the girl's beauty were the little curls that hid her beauty lips. Sabhu would soon have them off, Ursula laughed to herself. Like her lesbian friends she liked a young woman to have the the smooth and hairless look of a young girl. 'Come and kneel down here,' she said pointing to a raised white sheepskin rug by the side of the easel in front of which she was standing. It held a large sketching pad. 'That's right - on all fours and looking up at me.' She bent down and gently lifted Fiona's head. Her hands grazed the girl's full breasts that were hanging down excitingly between her arms. How deliciously soft they were, with firm little nipples! How delicious they would be - in milk! 'That's better! Shoulders back and look up so that your breasts are thrust forward ... Pretend that you looking up at a column with a beautiful statue of Venus on it. Look admiringly up at it ... That's right. Now hold that!' Using charcoal, Ursula deftly began to sketch an outline of what could become an erotic picture of a pretty girl, on all fours and looking up adoringly at her Master - or Mistress. Indeed it was a sight that was already exciting her. The sheepskin rug was mounted on a swivel and Ursula now turned it so that she could draw the girl still kneeling on all fours and looking up, but sideways on. She made an erotic sight, with her full hanging breasts and her thrust up little bottom. It was one that Ursula quickly caught on her sketch pad. 'Now lower your forehead to the rug,' Ursula said, 'and stretch your arms out in front of you - keeping your bottom raised and your legs slightly apart.' Ursula looked approvingly at the humble and submissive pose. But it was rather wooden and there was something spontaneous that was missing. 'Now close your eyes,' she said slowly in her most hypnotic voice, 'and imagine that that you are a captured runaway slavegirl, kneeling at your captor's feet and begging not to be whipped.' She saw the girl give a sharp intake of breath at the words 'slavegirl' and 'whipped', and smiled to herself. So the girl had imagined herself as a slave! It was so easy to make young girls give away their secret desires and thoughts - if you knew how to handle them. Fiona now made a perfect picture of abject obeisance: of young womanhood prostrating herself before her captor. 'Yes, that's better,' Ursula murmured gently. It was indeed an arousing sight, and Ursula could hardly restrain herself from putting down the stick of charcoal, seizing the girl in her arms and making her admit her secret longing to be a helpless slave. But she knew that she must take it slowly - or the girl would take fright and she'd lose her. Instead, she must gradually get the girl to enjoy increasingly humbling herself in front of her Mistress - just as she was, very evidently, now. Another quick sketch was finished, and Ursula now turned the sheepskin so that Fiona was now presenting her with the sight of her parted legs, raised little bottom and long back. 'Keep your head down and your bottom raised,' she said. 'Close your eyes again, and imagine you're having to display yourself to your captor.' Again, the girl gave a little cry. Ursula saw her blush at her words. The girl moved her hips in a way that Ursula recognised. Clearly the girl was finding it arousing, pretending to be a slavegirl. Indeed, there was already a little glistening of moisture in the curls that hid her beauty lips. Yes, thought Ursula with a triumphal smile, like so many girls, this one was indeed a natural, but frustrated, masochist, secretly longing to be dominated by a strong minded Master or, although she perhaps did not yet know it, by an equally strong minded Mistress. It was, Ursula decided, time to move onto the next step in the girl's seduction - and the establishment of her control over this lovely and submissive young creature. _

4 - URSULA WEAVES HER WEB

'Keep still, girl, and hold the pose - or I really will have to punish you.' said Ursula, moving her charcoal pencil rapidly over her sketch pad. She heard Fiona give a little gasp. Punished! 'Have you ever been punished ... with the cane, little Fiona?' Ursula asked in her most beguiling voice. 'No, Mad... ' the girl cried, her head still down on the rug. Ursula saw that the curls between her legs were glistening more than ever now. 'At least not since school.' 'And what happened there?' came the hypnotic voice. 'Tell me!' 'I ... I was ...' Fiona broke off, too embarrassed to continue. 'Yes, go on, little girl. You were what?' 'Caned for disobedience by the headmistress.' 'Ah! And where were you caned, little girl? Tell me!' Ursula's voice was soft and encouraging. "On my bottom. It hurt terribly.' 'But did you find it rather exciting?' Ursula's voice was at it's most hypnotic. 'Did you? Well?' 'Yes!' cried Fiona. 'And have you often thought back to that incident and wished it could be repeated.' Ursula heard the girl gasp again as she had touched on one of her most secret and innermost thoughts! Again she blushed. 'Well?' 'Yes!' admitted Fiona in a little whisper. 'And I do rather remind you of that headmistress?' Ursula asked. This was, she realised, the moment of truth. 'Yes!' murmured Fiona, red with embarrassment. 'And what did you call the headmistress, when you were alone with her?' 'Er ... I had to call her Madam,' whispered Fiona, blushing even more. 'And would you like to call me that too?' asked Ursula gently. It was time she exercised a little authority over the girl. Then, she added: 'You'd like that ... wouldn't you?' 'Yes!' 'Yes, what? 'Yes, Madam!' Ursula smiled to herself. These girls were so easy to dominate - once you knew how! It was time to move onto the next step

in the girl's subjugation 'Well ... now get up and run to that cupboard in the corner.' As if seeking to break the spell that Ursula was exercising over her, Fiona jumped up, and ran to the cupboard, leaving Ursula to admire her soft little bottom and her long slender back. She opened the cupboard door and gave yet another gasp. 'What do you see hanging there?' insisted Ursula. 'Tell me!' 'Oh! It's a cane ... Madam, she added hastily. 'And is like the one the headmistress used? 'Yes, just like it!' 'Then bring it to me! Hold it reverently in both hands!' Fiona did as she was told. 'Good. Now kneel down again and hold the cane in the palms of both hands as if you were offering it to me. That's better. Now hold that position. And keep you eyes lowered demurely - like that slave girl you were pretending to be.' Ursula started a new drawing, knowing that the naked girl's mind would be racing, as she wondered whether or not she was going to be caned. There was a long silence. Then pleased with her quick sketch, Ursula, put down her charcoal stick. 'Well girl, what are you going to say to me?' 'I ... I don't know,' stammered the girl, as she knelt upright proffering the cane just beneath her firm breasts. 'Oh think you do!' laughed Ursula looking the girl straight in the eyes. 'Don't you! Well? Come on. Say it!' 'I ... I offer this cane to you, Madam!' stammered Fiona 'Good, little girl. But why are you offering the cane to me? ... Well? 'To use ... on me ... if ... ' 'If what, little girl?' 'If I'm ...naughty and ... disobedient, Madam!' 'Yes, and I think it's time you learned what my cane would feel like, if you were,' said Ursula with a gentle laugh, as she took the cane by it's curved handle and ran her long painted finger nails along its length. 'Oh no! Please no!' cried Fiona, not quite sure whether this was just a rather exciting game. But Ursula was insistent. 'Oh yes! Now stand up, turn round and bend over. Hurry!' With a little sob the girl again did as she told. Ursula put her hand down and stroked the soft little bottom. 'Now close your eyes again. Remember you just a little slave. Are you excited, little girl? Are you feeling almost overcome with shame and embarrassment? ... Do you feel a little throb inside you, deep inside you?' She heard the girl give a gasp. 'I expect one half of you wants to grab your clothes and run out of the house!' Then she added with a little laugh.'But the other half doesn't, does it?' 'No, Madam!' the girl cried. Ursula smiled. 'Well, little girl, are you getting very excited?' she again insisted in her hypnotic voice. 'Well?' Ursula nodded as she heard a little whisper. 'Yes, Madam!' 'Well, you're to get three strokes, and to please your Mistress you're going to count them. Aren't you? Well?' 'Yes ... Madam.' 'Go on! Start! There was little pause, and then came the girl's subdued voice. 'One!' 'No that wasn't nearly loud enough. And I want you to say: "I want Madame to give me the first stroke, please.' 'No, please, no!' 'Go on! Say it! Or it'll be six strokes - and kneel down again - palms on the rug.' Ursula watched as the girl knelt down abjectly in front of her. 'Now raise your bottom more ... That's better. Now say it!' 'I want Madam to give me the first stroke, please!' Seconds later Fiona gave a little cry as the cane came down softly across her bare bottom, leaving a little pink weal. 'Stay still!' ordered Ursula.'Now part your legs.' Eagerly Ursula put her hand down and felt the girl. Yes, she really was moist. 'So. little girl, you find the idea of being caned by your Mistress exciting as well as painful! Don't you? Admit it!' 'Yes!' came a little sob. 'But you'd do anything not to have the other two strokes, wouldn't you?' 'Yes ... Madam' 'Well, if you're a good little girl and please your Mistress and promise to obey her, then perhaps she might let you off! You'd like that, wouldn't you? 'Oh yes, Madam. 'Well, promise to obey your Mistress and beg to be allowed to please your Mistress - and beg nicely and humbly on your knees, or you'll get the other two strokes now.' There was no mistaking the desperate eagerness in the girl's voice as she looked up at Ursula who was standing over her, holding the cane menacingly in her hand. 'Oh please, Madam, please don't beat me any more. I promise I'll be a good girl and obey you.' 'And please your Mistress?' 'And please my Mistress.' 'Like a good little slave!' Ursula heard Fiona catch her breath. Slave! That word again! Ursula knew the girl's mind would once again be reeling. How often had she day-dreamed of being the slave of a strong and wealthy older man. And now here she was, pretending to be the slave of a wealthy, strong minded and elegant woman. It was a decisive moment. 'Go on,' said Ursula, as she looked down at the girl now kneeling on all fours at her feet, 'Say it!' 'Like a good little slave!' Fiona cried out. Ursula again smiled. It was now time to press her domination of the girl a little harder. Fiona was a very pretty and charming girl who with a little training might make an ideal pleasure girl and maid servant - the first of several she hoped to recruit. She might even be a good little money earner, for she was just the sort of pretty and submissive girl that many of her women friends longed to get their hand onto - but never seemed to know how to set about it. Moreover, Ursula thought, the girl seemed to be genuinely at a loose end at present, with no interfering boy friends or parents - or other women. Clearly the girl would respond well to the type of strict control that she liked to impose on her girls, but she would have to treat her gently for the time being - until she was firmly in her power. 'Then, stand up,' she said softly, 'and let your Mistress have close look at you. Pretend you're in a slave market and longing to be bought by the beautiful kind lady who's looking at you. So stand up straight. Hands clasped behind your neck and don't look down.' Ursula ran her hands approvingly over the girl's

breasts. 'You've got lovely firm breasts,' she said admiringly. She was used to having her girls' breasts discreetly enlarged, but these ones seemed perfect - or would be if they were in milk! Fiona blushed with pleasure at the compliment, but she obediently held her position and did not look down. 'I must take you to have a proper bra fitted for them.' Ursula added. It was, she knew an outwardly harmless little remark, but it would give the girl confidence and make her begin to feel that Ursula was really going to look after her. She ran her hands down over the girls slender waist to the golden curls on her mound. How much nicer, she again thought to herself, the girl would look with the little girl look of a smooth and hairless mound and beauty lips. 'Now little slave, part your legs for your Mistress,' she said in an encouraging tone. 'But go on looking straight ahead and keep your hands tightly clasped behind your neck. That's it! Well done! Now bend your knees for your Mistress.' She reached down and felt the moist beauty lips from the front. Oh yes, this girl was going to make a fine little slave! 'Head up and go on looking straight ahead, little girl!' she softly ordered. 'Your Mistress wants to know what she's buying!' She felt for the girl's little beauty bud and gently began to stroke under it - to be rewarded by a series of sharp intakes of the girl's breath. Yes, the girl was responsive alright. 'I saw you looking at the little gilded cage in my bedroom,' she murmured. 'Were you thinking how exciting it would be to be put into it? Well? Were you? Again Fiona gave a little gasp. How did this exciting woman know her innermost thoughts so well? 'Yes Madam,' she whispered. 'Well, you will!' whispered Ursula conspiratorially. 'Yes, you will!' Ursula stood up. She took the naked girl in her arms reassuringly. 'Oh yes, I think I'd like to own this little slave,' she murmured. For a moment the girl's body tensed - and then went submissively limp. She felt the girl's pert breasts pressing against her own. She kissed her on the lips, parting them with her tongue as the girl gave an excited intake of breath. Gently she lead the quivering girl into her bedroom and then again kissed her, running her long finger nails over her breasts. The girl was looking up at her, her eyes wide and trusting. 'You're cold, little girl,' she she murmured. 'Get into bed and warm up. Snuggle down, right down out of sight, under the bedclothes. Go on!' Ursula watched with rising arousal as the girl's naked body, slipped down out of sight under the satin sheets. Quickly, she undressed and put on a silken negligee. Then, still holding the cane, she, too, slipped between the sheets. Then, reaching down, she gripped Fiona's hair and pulled her soft little body up alongside her own hard and lithe, well scented, one. Again she kissed the girl, passionately, and again Fiona, her eyes closed in sheer bliss, opened her mouth to let in Ursula's eager tongue. At the same time Ursula gave her a sharp tap on her buttocks, through the sheets, with the cane. 'Now, darling, the little slave's going to do exactly what her Mistress orders - or she'll get the cane! And she doesn't want that, does she,' she asked with a masterful little laugh. 'Oh no, Madam,' laughed Fiona obediently as she excitedly inhaled the aroma of Ursula's body. Ursula was delighted to feel the girl's pointed little tongue. licking up under her chin and along her neck and under her ears. The girl was a little treasure! 'So this little slave enjoys pleasing her Mistress, does she? Good! Then suck my nipples. First one and then the other.'She emphasised her order with another sharp tap of the cane. 'Go on!' Lying on her side facing Ursula's body, Fiona lowered her face as she was ordered. 'Look up me, little slave! Look up adoringly!' The girls eyes widened as, still sucking, she looked up at her Mistress. Clearly she was thrilled at having to please this wonderful and masterful woman. Ursula hesitated. Would it be sensible to stop now for fear of frightening the girl off? Or was the girl now so thrilled by being able, at last, to express her long suppressed desire to be a submissive little slavegirl, that she could safely press on? Yes, it seemed a pity to stop now. A little more humble servility and the girl would be bound to her for ever! But she would not press her too hard - not yet! She gripped the girl's hair firmly gripped and pushed her head gently down under the satin sheets again. As Ursula turned slowly onto her back, she felt the girl's tongue licking it's way down her belly. 'Good little slave!' she cried out encouragingly. 'Now kneel on all fours!' Gently and carefully Ursula moved the girl, now kneeling in the half darkness under the sheets, between her own now raised and parted knees. She felt the girl give a little start as, again through the sheets, she gave her a warning tap on the buttocks with her cane. 'Now please your Mistress, properly little slave,' came the order from above the sheets, 'or your Mistress will give you a proper thrashing!' She heard a littler gasp from below the sheets. 'Use your little tongue! Thrust it out! Now gently move it up and down ... and from side to side ... Good! Now use the tips of your fingers too ... Oh yes, that's very good, little slave.' Ursula put down the cane. Her other hand was still firmly gripping the girl's hair and now with her free hair she reached down and caressed the girl's hanging breasts. Again there was another gasp from beneath the sheets - a gasp of pleasure! The exciting pleasure of being made to please her Mistress! The exciting Mistress she had only just met but whose slave she felt, in some strange way, she already was. Never had Fiona felt so excited, so thrilled. It was as if she had been waiting all her life for meeting such a woman. She made poor Mark look

a dithering fool! Oh if only she had met Miss de Vere before wasting time with Mark. But never mind, she felt that a new life was now opening up for her.

5 - AN EXCITING PROSPECT FOR FIFI

'That's enough little slave, for the moment!' Fiona felt so disappointed as she felt her head being lifted up and she was again brought up to lie alongside her Mistress. 'Well!' she heard Ursula whisper. 'Would my little girl like to come and work for her Mistress as her ... secret slave, kept chained in her cage, and locked into a chastity belt?' 'Chained! Caged! In a chastity belt! Oh, Madame!' cried Fiona ecstatically, her mind racing with excitement. Then suddenly she frowned. 'But what about my flat and the rent I owe?' 'Oh, don't worry about that. Your Mistress will take care of everything and you wont now have a care in the world - except serving and loving your Mistress.' She smiled and paused. 'You'd like that wouldn't you?' 'Oh, yes!' 'Well, if I'm going to be responsible for you and look after you, then you'll have to agree to be a very good obedient little girl - or you'll deserve to be punished, won't you? 'Yes Madam!' 'And that means no more boy friends!' 'Oh! No, of course, Madam!' 'Good! But I want you to feel you now really belong to me.' She turned to the bedside table and picked up a shiny metal choker collar. 'It's very pretty isn't it?' Fiona nodded. It was a lovely piece of costume jewellery, wide and made of little flexible silver links, like a metallic watch strap. At the front hung a little silver disc with something written on it and on the back, was a small hinged ring. Oh how lovely! She could hardly wait to wear it. Ursula reached forward and fastened it round her neck. It closed with a little click. Fiona looked in the mirror. Oh how pretty it looked! How kind of her Mistress to give her such a lovely present. She saw that on the front of the collar was a small but distinctive letter S. 'Why the letter "S"?' she asked. 'My name doesn't begin with an "S". 'No!' Ursula laughed cruelly. 'But to anyone who knows, it shows that you belong to a member of The Society.' 'The Society?' queried Fiona. 'What's that?' 'Oh just a international club of lady owners of little girls like you,' replied Ursula with a smile. Fiona gasped. She gasped again as Ursula then pointed to a small flat plate on one side of the collar. There was something engraved on it. 'That's your future registration number with The Society,' Ursula explained. 'We like to register our girls with them - it's rather like registering a pedigree dog with with the Kennel Club. It's a strict club rule that girls have to wear their collars at all times' 'Oh!' cried Fiona, not knowing whether to be thrilled or appalled. 'And,' went on Ursula, 'you won't be able to take it off - not without the little key that I shall keep. And so if you want to hide it you'll have to wear a little scarf.' 'Oh' cried Fiona. Miss de Vere was certainly unusual 'And, just to make sure, our girls also have to have the the Club logo of the pretty capital "S" tattooed onto the inside of their wrists and their registration number tattooed in little numbers on the inside of their elbows. 'Oh no!' cried Fiona in disbelief. 'To be permanently marked!' 'Oh yes,' insisted Ursula. 'It all looks so pretty and discreet - but it certainly makes a girl think twice about trying to run away from her Mistress!' 'Oh!' again gasped Fiona, uncertain whether to be shocked or secretly excited. 'Or,' went on Ursula, 'from trying to pass themselves off as free agents to other Members.' 'You mean they're no longer free?' cried a thrilled, and yet also appalled, Fiona. 'Certainly not!' replied Ursula. 'The Club Secretary keeps a list of the past and current owners of each girl. So that if you try to run away, any other Mistress will immediately see that you belong to another Club member and report you. And at the back of the collar is neatly engraved in several languages "Reward for return $1,000" and the Club's international telephone number! So once the collar's on, you'll never be free again! Won't that be exciting, little Fiona?' 'Oh!' cried Fiona, scarcely knowing whether to believe what she was hearing. How she had secretly fantasised about such things in the past. And here they were apparently happening for real! 'Oh!' she cried again. She again looked in he mirror. 'What's written on the little disc? 'Ah! That's my name and my telephone number,' Ursula said with a smile. 'Just like a dog collar! I think I'll now call you Fifi, like a little pet poodle.' She laughed aloud. 'Fifi, my little pet poodle!' Fiona blushed. Fifi! How exciting! 'And of course if I decide to sell you to another member then all that happens is that I take off my disc and she puts on her and we tell the Secretary of The Society of the change of ownership.' 'Sell me to another member!' cried Fiona How terrifying and yet again how exciting.' 'Don't worry little girl, you're going to stay mine!' laughed Ursula. It was a white lie, she thought, but who cared! Ursula paused cunningly, realising that Fiona was probably now feeling more shocked and excited than she had ever been in her whole life. 'Well, little girl. I'm going to send you home now.' Standing up over the now kneeling Fiona she reached down and inserted a small key into a the tiny lock at the back of the collar and took the collar off. 'Oh no!' cried Fiona overcome with disappointment and frustration after being so wonderfully aroused and excited. 'Yes, you're going home to think over what I've said. If you want to enter my service, and wear my collar, then you must return here with your things at seven o'clock tomorrow morning and report to Sabhu. 'Sabhu?' queried Fiona, looking up at her Mistress. 'Yes, of course. He's my butler as well my chauffeur and as my ladies maid you're going to be under her his orders - and of Rafaela, my cook-

housekeeper. So mind how you treat them. I don't want to hear any complaints about you not showing them proper respect. ' Ursula paused to let her words sink in. 'Yes,'she continued, 'Sabhu will take your things and give you your maid's costume. Then at nine o'clock exactly, naked under your ladies maid's dress, you're to knock on my door and bring in my breakfast - and bow your neck for me to put on your collar again. 'Oh!' cried Fiona, not quite sure whether to be shocked or excited. How exciting it would be to serve the beautiful and haughty Miss de Vere! Even the mere thought of it was arousing. 'Then,' went on Ursula, 'you'll run my bath and help me dress - and then ...' 'And then?' cried Fiona eagerly. 'And then?' 'Ah!' laughed Ursula teasingly. 'And then ... Sabhu will take off your maid's costume and put you into a little short satin tunic - and put you into the cage off my bedroom through the trapdoor at the back of the cage. ' 'Oh!' gasped Fiona. 'But not by him! He's so big and ugly!' 'Oh, yes! That'll make it all the more exciting. Just imagine it. Being undressed by such a terrifying man. But don't worry he's not interested in girls ... Then imagine the wooden trapdoor closing behind you. You're alone in the dark of the cage. You can see chinks of light from under the thick curtain. You try and reach through the bars to pull it back, but to no avail, the curtain is electrically controlled.' Fiona was listening spell bound. Her mouth wide open. She could feel herself becoming moist with excitement. 'So sitting on your little stool you just wait for your Mistress to return. Suddenly you hear footsteps from the other side of the curtain. Is it your Mistress, you wonder. Suddenly you hear a click and the cage is brilliantly lit up. You know what you have to do; comb and brush your hair for your Mistress.' 'Oh yes,' cried Fiona ecstatically, as she knelt at her Mistress's feet. 'I must be beautiful for my Mistress!' 'Then, through the curtains, you hear the noise of some one getting into bed. You kneel at the bars of the bars, gripping them as you impatiently and silently wait for the curtain to be drawn back. Oh, the anticipation! You'd be feeling so excited!' 'Oh, yes! Yes!' cried Fiona as she imagined the scene. 'And, as you wait and wait, you'll be longing to touch yourself, to play with you little beauty bud. Wouldn't you?' 'Yes, yes!' 'But you wouldn't dare - and do you know why? Because there's a little television camera high up in the corner of your cage and so your every movement is being watched by Sabhu on his large screen. And, you'll know that if he so much as suspects that, despite your chastity belt, you might be trying to give yourself relief it'll also be ten strokes of the cane!' 'Oh no! cried Fiona. How awful to be beaten by a a man! By a Negro! And to be in a chastity belt! But also how exciting, she thought, to be under such strict surveillance and control. How deliciously frustrating! 'Yes, and it's a special infra-red camera, so that even when it's dark in the cage, you'll still be being watched to make sure you keep yourself pure for your Mistress.' 'Oh!' cried Fiona. Kept pure for her Mistress! How often had she dreamt of being kept like that? 'And then ...?' she whispered, almost overcome with excitement. 'Then, nothing! But you can hear your Mistress reading a book in her bed.' 'But I'd cry out!' 'You might well long to but, thanks to the hidden microphone, you wouldn't dare. You'd know that if you did, then Sabhu would hear. He'd come, open the trapdoor at the back of the cage, reach in and, gripping by the hair, pull you out. Fiona gasped. 'Then he'd thrash you and put you sobbing back into the cage again to wait for your Mistress to feel like a little light entertainment.' 'Light entertainment!' 'Yes, that's what you'll be there for, little girl. And so, finally, you hear your Mistress put down her book and press the button for the curtain to slide back. Eagerly you peer through the bars of the cage, but the bed room is in darkness and you can hardly see anything. But, still gripping the bars of the cage, you feel more and more excited. Oh the feeling of anticipation, Fiona!' 'Oh!' Fiona was already about to explode. 'Then suddenly you hear another button being pressed and the little trapdoor in the screen opens. You'll crawl out on all fours, won't you?' 'Oh yes! Yes!' 'And you'll know what you've then got to do won't you?' 'Yes,' Fiona blushed. 'Well? 'I'll have to crawl to the foot of the bed and ... ' 'And ...?' insisted Ursula. 'I'll have to crawl up inside the bed, Madam.' 'And then?' 'I'll have to continue what I was doing earlier on.' 'Yes you will, won't you. And you'll be thinking all the time that if your Mistress is not pleased with your efforts, then she'll ring for Sabhu to come and take you away to give you another good thrashing, before bringing you back again.' 'Oh!' 'So it's all going to be so exciting for you,' said Ursula triumphantly. 'If you come back tomorrow morning - and I think you will, won't you?' 'Oh yes, Madam,' cried Fiona ecstatically. This was the most exciting thing that had ever happened to her in her whole life! 'Oh yes, I'll be here alright,' 'At seven o'clock sharp?' 'Yes, Madam, Oh yes' 'Good! But, from then on you'll be treated as my servant. You'll only speak when spoken to. You'll have no more financial worries, but you won't be allowed out of the house again without permission or to speak to any man - except your trainer, Sabhu.' 'Trainer!' Fiona's head was reeling. It was all so thrilling! 'Of course, I'm going to have you really well trained in the art of pleasing a woman.' 'But by Sabhu? A man!' 'Oh yes! He's a very good trainer of young women! But if you'd rather not be trained, then don't come back in the morning. If you don't want to enter my service ...' 'Oh, Madam, I do, I do!' wept Fiona. 'Very well then, but if I don't see you at nine o'clock tomorrow morning, dressed as a maidservant

and bringing me my breakfast, then I shan't want to see you again, ever. 'Oh Madam, I'll be there, I promise.' Ursula looked down at the kneeling girl. A wonderful and exciting feeling of power spread through her. She had the girl eating out of her hand. It had been so easy! And she had the makings of a first class pleasure girl. 'Yes little girl, I think you do and I think you'll be very happy here. So just sleep on it and then come back here early tomorrow morning. But I warn you, if you do come back here, there'll be no turning back. Fiona will have disappeared and there'll now just be Fifi. Now get dressed and go!'

6 - THE ACQUISITION OF MIZZI

It was a week later and Ursula had invited two lady friends in for lunch. She looked approvingly at the girl bringing in glasses of Champagne on a silver tray. The girl gave a little curtsey as she offered each of her guests a glass. Round her neck she wore a pretty metal choker with a distinctive letter "S" on the front. A little engraved disc hung from a ring on the front of the collar. Yes, Ursula thought, Fifi was becoming a useful and decorative maid servant - when she was not kept locked up in her cage by Sabhu! With her soft little tongue, she was also, thanks to Sabhu's intensive training, also becoming a good and obedient pleasure slave. 'Well little Fifi, tell my friends if you are happy here?' ordered Ursula as Fifi humbly offered her a glass. 'Oh yes, Madam,' replied Fifi fervently. Indeed, she had spent a wonderful first week in the service of Ursula. It had been so exciting! She just never knew what her wonderful Mistress and that terrifying Sabhu were going to make her do next. Ursula was pleased to see that Sabhu had dressed the girl in a very short flaring black skirt, black stockings and high heel shoes. From behind the frilly skirt scarcely covered her bare little bottom and in front gave tantalising glimpses of her now smooth and hairless mound - and of her equally hairless and scarlet painted beauty lips. She was naked to the waist except for a starched white pinafore that was tied round her waist and round her neck, over her shiny metal collar. The pinafore hung down in front but scarcely hid her full and pert breasts. On her head she wore a matching white white maid's cap, and on her hands were white serving gloves. She looked, Ursula thought, a very pleasingly erotic sight - and an obedient servant girl. Dressed like this, Fifi had blushed with embarrassment when answering the door bell for her Mistress's friends. She had longed to be allowed to wear a blouse to hide her breasts properly and a scarf to hide her collar - and above for a pair of panties to hide her now humiliatingly depilated beauty lips. She was blushing even more now as Ursula's admiring friends discussed her openly with her Mistress, enquiring about her state of training and whether she might be for sale or hire. 'Well Fifi, ' Ursula repeated, 'so you really are happy in my service' 'Oh yes, Madame, it's thrilling.' Ursula laughed. The girl might not find so thrilling next week when the first of the other girls, she was collecting to take to Brazil, arrived. She pointed to the girl's bottom. 'I see that Sabhu's had to cane you again. What was it for this time, Fifi? Don't say you've been disrespectful to Mr Sabhu.' 'Oh no, Madam,' replied Fifi. 'I've learnt now always to be respectful to Mr Sabhu!' 'Well then?' insisted Ursula. Fifi blushed prettily. 'I ... did not ask him for permission before ... spending a penny, Madam.' 'And how many strokes did you get?' persisted Ursula. 'Four, Madam' replied Fifi with a little sob. Ursula laughed. Controlling and supervising a girl's natural functions was one of Sabhu's more effective ways of breaking in a new girl. 'Darling,' said one the guests to Ursula, as she looked Fifi up and down, 'I think you've found another little treasure.' 'But is she equally obedient in bed?' asked the other guest in a strong German accent. 'Oh yes, Sabhu certainly sees to that. When I look down at the girl as she eagerly licks away between my thighs, I know she's secretly worrying lest, if she doesn't give the greatest pleasure, I'll send her with a note to Sabhu - a note that will mean her getting six of the best on her bare bottom. She's really scared of the cane!' 'Yes, there's no doubt about it,' said the other guest with Teutonic directness. 'The cane's the best teacher for a young girl. They don't make the same mistake twice after a good caning! 'And the best teacher even for older married ones too.' laughed Ursula, thing of Mizzi - and of Emma, too. 'Well, if I didn't want to keep her looking fresh for the Club meeting this evening, I'd invite you both to try her out for yourselves after lunch.' Indeed, that evening Ursula was taking Fifi to a special meeting of The Society. It was to be one of Club's formal Black Tie affairs. This meant that members would be welcome not only to bring new girls they wanted to show off or have registered and marked with the club's crest, but also girls that they wanted to swop or sell off. Members wore a female version of the normally male dinner jackets on such occasions to distinguish themselves further as Mistresses from the submissive young women they had brought. But it was a firm rule that only young women who had been registered and marked, or who were going to marked at the meeting, could be brought. Having their girls marked in this way had a strong psychological effect on them and had proved very successful in keeping registered girls in order. Once a girl had been registered and marked she rarely gave her Mistress any trouble. The Secretary of The Society was always in attendance at Black Tie meetings with her Registration Book and so was the Club's lady tattooist - ready to register and mark any new girls that members might bring. As for what the girls wore at these Black Tie parties, that

was traditionally at the discretion of the hostess for the particular evening - always provided of course that the girls were dressed in a way that emphasised their subservient position, and did not allow them to attempt to rival their more sophisticated Mistresses. Some hostesses stipulated baby doll nightdresses, others little tennis skirts, or Roman slave tunics, or transparent harem trousers and boleros. On this occasion the hostess, who enjoyed treating her own girls as pretty little schoolgirls, had asked for members to bring their girls dressed as if going to a children's party. Fifi had, therefore, found herself being taken to the children's department of Harrods and being bought a very pretty pink, flaring, young girls party dress, with a big blue satin sash that was tied in a bow behind her back. A matching bow was tied in her hair that was arranged to hang down her back like a child's. It was a procession of very pretty, if unusually tall, little girls who were brought by their proud Mistress's to this children's party. They were all cleverly made up to look like ten or eleven and all wore lovely little party frocks. Round their necks they wore silk scarves to hide their collars. On arrival, one of the hostess's girls, dressed as a maidservant, took Ursula's cloak, revealing her elegantly cut dinner jacket and evening trousers. Then she took Fifi's scarf, revealing her collar. A large black woman, dressed as a Nanny, now stepped forward. She was normally in charge of the hostess's girls, but on this occasion was acting as receptionist. She was holding a list and had just written a Lot Number in red on the forehead of a young girl that that the preceding guest had brought. 'Good evening, Miss de Vere,' she said, checking her list against the registered number engraved on the side of Fifi's collar and against the name engraved on the little disc hanging from the front of it. 'This must be young Fifi!' 'That's right Nanny Fripp,' answered Ursula with a smile. Baroness Fripp was the name of the Nanny's employer. The Nanny again checked her list. 'And she's not, I see, on the list for disposal.' 'Certainly not,' laughed Ursula. 'Anyway not yet awhile.' Fifi blushed at the way she was being discussed. Alarmed, she wondered what they meant by "disposal", but did dare to ask. 'Here's a list, Madam, of the girls for disposal, if you're interested,' said Nanny handing Ursula a copy of the printed list. 'You can see it gives the girls' Lot Numbers, which I've also written on their foreheads, together with their ages and owners, a brief description of her training and aptitude, and the asking price.' 'Thank you Nanny,' said Ursula in a bored tone. She did not want to show that she had primarily come to the Club meeting as a buyer. Better let the sellers get the impression that no one was interested in their girls, and wait until they reduce the prices accordingly. She wanted to buy low in London and sell high in Brazil! 'There are several inspection vestibules off the main room should girl take your fancy,' added the Nanny, picking up Fifi's left hand and turned it over. 'Not yet marked, I see.' She picked up another list. 'The tattooist can do her in twenty minutes time, Madam. Shall I book her in? Then I can come and collect her if you like, Madam.' 'Thank you, Nanny. That would be very kind.' Fifi's mind was in a whirl. Was she really going to be marked and registered as belonging to Miss de Vere? How awful! And yet how exciting! 'I'll just her on a lead for you, Madam.' It was a rule of the club that dogs and girls always had to be kept on the lead at Club Receptions. Fifi looked horrified as the black woman nonchalantly snapped a little chain lead onto the ring at the back of her collar and handed it to Ursula. 'All set to take her in, now, Madam!' the Nanny smiled. . But Fifi was even more horrified when she saw a another woman arriving, leading leading a poodle on a lead with one hand and a girl with the other. The girl was crawling on all four alongside the dog. Both had big red bows tied round the necks. The girl was naked except for a muslin ballet tutu round her waist. It matched a similar tutu round the poodle's waist. They looked, she had to admit, a really lovely pair. The woman greeted Ursula effusively, but the the Nanny looked at them very disapprovingly. 'Some people,' she said pointedly, 'never seemed to read their instructions. The Mistress's letter made it quite clear that girls were to come dressed tonight as for a children's party. The dog show is for next month's party.' 'Oh I expect she couldn't wait to show off her matched pair,' laughed Ursula. 'Come on Nanny, you must admit they look very pretty together - even if the dog is a stallion dog and not a bitch. He seems very interested in his little companion!' 'May be, but it's not right for this this time and she shouldn't have done it,' muttered the Nanny cantankerously, as she turned to deal with a new arrival. 'Come on, little dog' Ursula again laughed, giving Fifi's lead a sharp tug. 'You're lucky I don't make you crawl like that girl! Now just you follow me around, and stand behind me all the time. And no talking. And keep you eyes down, I won't have flirting with any of my friends' girls behind my back!' Before going into the drawing room where the party as going on, Ursula glanced at the list of girls for disposal. One immediately caught her eye. "SALE NUMBER 6. Mizzi. Polish. Age 35. Divorced. Tall, slim and beautiful. Blond with long hair. Medically certified fit and well. Teeth good. Wistful grey eyes. Owned by Princess Naima. Has been in training for six months. Keen and obedient. Has 16 year old daughter still at boarding school. Reason for disposal, owner going abroad. In view of age, only œ5,000 ono. for quick sale, especially if buyer taking girl abroad." Well, thought Ursula, remembering the letter from Brazil. Well! She resolved to keep a discreet

eye out for Mizzi and the Princess. Fifi gasped as Ursula led her into the big drawing room. It was beautifully furnished with gilded Louis V furniture and mirrors. But it was not the decorations that had made her gasp, rather it was the sight of some twenty pretty young girls, all dressed like her in party frocks and bows, with the shiny collars of the The Society fastened round their necks. They were sitting in a ring on the floor and happily playing "Pass the Parcel", just as if they really were little girls at a children's party. Behind each girl stood her Mistress, proudly holding her by he lead as she laughed and chatted to her neighbours. Behind one girl, however, and holding her lead, was a little black boy. He was dressed like a pictures of eighteenth century black page boys, in red satin trousers, with a blue bolero, over his otherwise naked torso. On his head was a large white silk turban. In his free hand he held a little dog whip with which he kept tapping the bare shoulders of the beautiful young woman in his charge. Ursula smiled as she saw that under her make up, the pretty young girl was really a little older than the other girls. All the more humiliating for her and more exciting for her Mistress. The girl turned her head towards her and Ursula saw that the girl did indeed have the number "6" written in red on her forehead. It was Mizzi! Her thoughts were interrupted by her hand being taken by a distinguished looking Arab woman. It was Princess Naima! They kissed like old friends. 'Oh darling,' the Princess immediately started, 'I'm so pleased to see you again. Where have been all these months? You must help me. My husband has summoned me back to Arabia. You'd have thought he already had all the women he could possibly want in his harem. But apparently he's doing a deal with my family and wants me to be there to emphasise the family tie. 'Poor you!' laughed Ursula. 'I can't see you going back to harem life, not after all the independence you've enjoyed here in London - quite apart from your taste for European girls! ' 'Oh,' said the Princess joining in Ursula's laughter. 'I expect I'll find quite a few of these in my husband's harem, and as his first wife ... ' 'I see what you mean,' said Ursula with a smile. ' But how can I help you?' 'It's about that girl, Number 6 on the list,' said the Princess pointing to the girl being held by the little black page-boy. 'I can't possibly take her back to Arabia with me, and yet if I pass her onto another Club Member here in London, I'm afraid the girl might be tempted to cause a scandal about me in the Press. I also feel rather responsible about her daughter who's still at school, at a convent, in Poland - at my expense. It'll be difficult for me to go on paying the school fees once I'm back in Arabia.' 'Yes, your husband might not approve,' laughed Ursula. 'Exactly! And you know how Arab men disapprove of anything that even hints of lesbianism', cried the Princess. 'So I thought you might know someone who would take the mother somewhere out of harm's way abroad and yet would also take the daughter off my hands.' 'Well!.' replied Ursula cautiously. 'Let me think ... Yes, I think I do know someone who might be able to help to send both of them off abroad and out of harm's way. 'Oh, how wonderful!' cried the Princess. 'I knew you'd be just the person I needed!' 'But the price would have to be very much less than the œ10,000 on the list.' 'Oh, darling, don't worry about the price. I just want the woman taken abroad quickly. And as for the daughter, I understand that she's planning to planning to leave her convent soon anyway. I gather she wants to become a model.' 'A model!' cried Ursula, her mind racing. 'Yes,' said the Princess, 'all European young girls these days think they're going to make their fortune as an international model.' 'But what an astonishing coincidence. That's what my friend would be using the mother for too.' 'Well, your friend could now use both,' laughed the Princess, 'if you can persuade the mother to let her daughter join her. But, first, why don't you come and have a closer look at my little Mizzi?' The Princess gestured to the black page-boy and pointed to an alcove. The boy nodded and gave Mizzi's collar a sharp tug. Then as she rose to her feet, looking around her in astonishment, he gave her a sharp little touch on the buttocks with his dog whip. Immediately she submissively lowered her eyes and allowed herself to be led across to the alcove, the Princess and Ursula, with Fifi still in tow, were already waiting. 'Position for Inspection' ordered the small boy in heavily accented English. Immediately Mizzi grasped her hands behind her neck and looking ahead stood up straight at attention. Fifi's eyes were on stalks as she heard the Princess say something to the boy in what she presumed was Arabic. The boy then slipped Mizzi's party dress off her shoulders, baring her breasts. They were remarkably firm. 'Feel free to examine her,' said the Princess. The boy shortened the girls lead and tightened his hold on it, pulling the girl's neck right back, as Ursula reached forward to feel first her breasts and then to look at her teeth. Satisfied she turned round enquiringly to the Princess. The Princess gave another order in Arabic. The boy lifted up the woman's short party frock. There on her belly was tattooed the crest of the Princess: a black circle enclosing a green crescent. 'I hope you don't mind that,' said the Princess. Ursula laughed. On the contrary, such a crest would enhance the woman's value in the eyes of her snobbish Brazilian friends. Indeed it might be as well to have the daughter done as well. 'Present for Inspection' he said and gave the woman another warning tap on the buttocks with his dog whip. The woman blushed, parted her ankles, bent her knees and thrust her belly forward, still keeping her eyes fixed on he wall behind Ursula and her hands

clasped behind her neck. Ursula dropped one hand and ran her fingers over the smooth and hairless mound. Then she ran her fingers down the line of the woman's beauty lips. She could feel the woman's body responding and becoming aroused. Very good! Very good, indeed! 'She's your's for œ2,000,' said the Princess, 'provided of course your friend takes on the daughter's school fees!' 'Right!' said Ursula, thinking that the sooner she got this woman safely locked up in her house the better, the better 'I'll send my man round to pick her up tomorrow morning with my cheque and a letter promising to settle the school fees.' 'Right!'agreed the Princess. 'I tell my black eunuch to have her ready and to give your man her passport.' Just then their hostess's black Nanny arrived. 'The tattooist is now ready for your girl,' she said taking Fifi's lead from Ursula.

PART III UNDER THE DOMINATION OF URSULA

7 - THE TRAP IS SET

Remembering what Carmen's letter had said about bringing out an English aristocratic lady, Ursula had been thinking about Emma. What a prize she would make for some Brazilian lady! She had learned that once again Emma's husband would be away for several months - long enough for her new Mistress's purpose! Apparently he had "had a bad Lloyds" and had had to return to his work as an oceanographer, working for months at a time in remote Pacific atolls. Indeed, Emma had apparently been going around saying: 'If only I could quickly earn a lot of money!' Then, unknown to Emma, Ursula discreetly arranged to be invited to a party to which she was also going. But, she had decided, she would not a thing, an unseemly haste, about ensnaring Emma again. She would keep the girl dangling - and so make her all the more anxious to come back into the fold, back into the control of her former Mistress. So it was that Emma's heart suddenly jumped. There across the crowded room ... as in the song ... was ... Ursula ... looking at her ... with her hypnotic stare. Emma just stood there petrified, not listening to a word of what the man she had just been introduced to was saying. Ursula! She wanted to run away ... quick ... before she again fell under her spell. But it was too late, she simply could not move. She saw that Ursula was beckoning to her, slowly, with one finger. She found herself turning away from the man who was speaking to her and going towards Ursula, at first slowly and then almost running. 'Well, little Emma,' came that well known voice. Emma was thrilled to be talking to Ursula again. She was fascinated to hear her news, of her successful exhibitions of her pictures abroad, of her new house, of ... She found herself listening open mouthed. She found herself jealously wondering who her young companions were these days. She was even more fascinated when Ursula started talking about her rich friends in Brazil, of their life style and of the chance of earning a lot of money there, modelling. And what a huge amount of money! Enough to pay off the overdraft she had secretly run up whilst John was abroad and which she was so worried about. Enough to solve all her financial problems. She wanted to know more. She wanted to see more of Ursula. She wanted to ... serve her ... submissively ... just as she had in the old days. Ursula was her Mistress! But Ursula seemed rather disinterested in her and soon turned away to talk to other people, leaving her standing there, feeling stupid. A few minutes later, Emma was mortified to see that Ursula was leaving - leaving without saying another word to her! Oh the humiliation! Oh the hurt! That night she had wept herself to sleep and then woke up weeping again. The next day she wanted to ring Ursula. But she did not now know where she lived. Their mutual friend who had given the party would know, of course, but she somehow could not quite bring herself to ring her and ask. Then a few wretched days later, the telephone suddenly rang. It was Ursula! Oh the joy! She was inviting her to come the following week and meet a friend of hers in the fashion business who was coming over from Brazil. Brazil! Emma remembered what Ursula had said about going out there to model - and to earn such a huge amount. Oh yes, she told Ursula, she love to come and meet her friend - and she told herself to see Ursula again.

8 - SOME HUMILIATING TRAINING

Under the low ceiling of the alcove, Fifi was now kneeling on all fours behind the locked gilded wraught iron screen. The curtain on the far side of the screen was drawn, and the alcove was only lit by a small electric bulb. The only noise came from the metallic chinking of the short heavy shiny chain that linked her manacled hands. As usual, she herself was kept silent by a black leather muzzle that covered her mouth and went under her chin. On the inside of the muzzle a stiff rubber projection pressed down on her tongue, rendering her completely mute. She was dressed in just a short white silken tunic that only came down to her hips, leaving her bottom bare. There was just a large hole for her head and it fastened at the sides with little ribbons that Sabhu insisted were tied in a neat bow. Round her neck was still locked the shiny metal collar of The Society with her Mistress's own disc hanging down in front. Sabhu had made sure that the disc was securely fastened to the ring on the front of the collar. Moreover, of course, the inside of her left wrist was still tattooed with the distinctive capital "S" of The Society and discreetly tattooed on the inside

of her elbow was her registration number. The collar and the tattoos made her feel utterly in the power of her Mistress. Below Fifi's tunic was her chastity belt, made of heavy vulcanised black rubber, into which she was now locked. It was held by a soft rubber belt that went round her waist and was fastened at the back with a small padlock. Sewn onto the belt were two strong rubber straps which in turn held the top corners of a curved triangular shaped piece of thick unbending rubber that fitted tightly over her beauty lips, making it impossible for her to touch her often throbbing beauty bud. Down between her legs and holding the triangular piece firmly in place was a thick white rubber cord that was attached to the bottom corner of the triangular piece. This cord ran up tightly between her buttocks to the padlock in the small of her back. The black rubber belt round her waist could be let out at the padlock to allow for the girl putting on weight, or expecting a Happy Event! The belt was intended to be kept on permanently. It was only removed once a week by Sabhu and then temporarily, to allow him to check that the girl's mound and beauty lips were still smooth and hairless, and to depilate them if necessary. Thus the girl had to learn to pass her wastes with the belt in place ... In the centre of the triangular shaped piece of rubber was a small hinged flap of rubber that was normally held fastened down with velcro. If the velcro was unfastened and the flap lifted, a small white plastic grille was disclosed, its whiteness contrasting prettily with the black of the rest of the belt. It was through this grille that a girl locked into the belt had to spend a penny. But woebetide Fifi if she did not first ask Sabhu for his permission, knocking on the wooden trapdoor at the back of her cage that led into his room. Blushing with embarrassment she would piteously ask his permission and then, holding up the little flap with her manacled hands, she would go and crouch over the drain in the centre of the rubber matted floor of the cage and wait for Sabhu to give his permission. She would look up at the little television camera in the corner of her cage, knowing that Sabhu would be watching her on his screen. Blushing with shame she would have to wait for his express permission before letting her liquid splash through the grille. And even then she would have to call out three times, slowly and clearly, the standard incantation that Sabhu made all his charges learn. "In the name of my beautiful and wonderful Mistress, Miss de Vere, to whom I have dedicated my body and my life, whose body I worship. She is my kind Goddess, the centre of my thoughts. She is far superior in intellect to her humble little slave who is not worthy to lick the soles of her shoes or to kiss the hem of her skirt. May I become worthy of being in her service." This was an almost religious incantation or chant that she would also have repeat, again three times, after she had finished. Woebetide her, however, if she ever did not say the incantation in a sufficiently devout and earnest tone of voice, or if she made the slightest mistake. For more solid wastes Fifi had to ask Sabhu for two special dishes of scented rose water over one of which she had to crouch, straining with her manacled hands to hold back, to one side, the tight white rubber cord over her rear orifice. Once again she had to repeat the same incantation and then wait for his permission to perform. It was a brain washing routine that, she knew, indeed ensured her continuing devotion to her Mistress, a devotion, she felt , that was not dissimilar to that of a nun. But that was not all, for also woebetide her indeed, if Sabhu ever detected a spot of dirt on the gleaming white cord. As a precaution she had learned to spit on her hand and then reach back and clean it, just in case. Oh, the humiliation! Then kneeling at the trapdoor, and holding up the dish, she would have to knock and wait for him to open the little door and take her offering under the scented water. She would have to watch as he poked it carefully, under the scented water, with a fork to test its constituency and then weighed it - just he also weighed the food she was given to eat. This was, Sabhu knew from his animal training days, an excellent way of keeping a constant check on the health of a caged animal - or girl. Satisfied, he would clap his hands and the girl would have to turn round and lower her head to the floor of the cage. Then reaching back again to pull the tight rubber cord again from her rear orifice, and again reciting her incantation, she would have to present her buttocks to the silent Sabhu for the cleanliness of the cord and of her orifice to be checked, before the trapdoor was slammed shut again and bolted. Like the way she was fed, both these performances were, and were intended to be, humiliating experiences for a shy young woman. Living in a curtained cage in Miss de Vere's bedroom had made her feel a close and rewarding intimacy with her Mistress. Oh, how she loved it when Sabhu took her out of her cage and washed, groomed and scented her ready for her Mistress and then put her back in her cage to await Miss de Vere's commands. Oh, how thrilling it was when later her Mistress, lying back in her bed, would press a button and the curtain in front of her cage would swish back displaying her to her Mistress, like a little dog being displayed in a kennel. Oh, how she would try desperately to attract her Mistress. Sometimes, but only sometimes, Ursula would then press another button and the little trapdoor in the middle of the metal screen grille would swing open. Then she would have to crawl out of the alcove, crawl to the foot of Ursula's four poster bed and slowly crawl up under the bedclothes from the bottom of the bed. She would have to lick her way up Miss de Vere's long legs until,

still out of sight under the bed clothes, she was in position to suck and lick her Mistress's beauty bud, thrusting out and rolling her tongue in the way that Sabhu had so embarrassingly taught her. Then as Sabhu had also taught her to do, she would reach up and roll her Mistress's nipples between her fingers whilst keeping her manacle chain lying on her Mistress's tummy - as an exciting reminder to her Mistress of her authority over the girl between her legs. All the time she would be trying to remember Sabhu's lessons and the sequence of events that he had taught her. Not only would she be thinking, fearfully, of the thrashing that Sabhu would give her if her Mistress was the least bit dissatisfied with her performance, but also of the interrogation that, cane in hand, he would later subject her to, making her describe in detail what she had and had not done to give Miss de Vere proper pleasure. Oh yes, she had learnt the hard way that she must strain and strain to give her Mistress exquisite pleasure. But she had also learned that, if Miss de Vere was really pleased with her efforts, then she might order Sabhu to reward her by putting a little chocolate mint on top of her next feed - some thing that thrilled her, for she was not normally allowed any sweets in her cage. Then, again, if she was very good and obedient, her Mistress might, yes, just might ring for Sabhu to come and unlock her hated chastity belt. Then lying under her Mistress with her wrist manacles above her head, and held down by her, she would have to raise her hips and rub her now smooth and hairless beauty lips excitingly against those of her Mistress. But always she had to be very careful not to get carried away. If her Mistress even suspected that she had climaxed without permission, she would angrily again ring for Sabhu and order him to take the girl out and give her ten strokes of the cane for "wanton behaviour". Sometimes, she might be be allowed to climax, herself - but only in the arms of her Mistress and to her order. What was most exciting of all was when she had to fasten Miss de Vere's her Mistress's favourite black coloured double dildo round her Mistress's hips. Reverently, she had to part Miss de Vere's beauty lips so that the smaller of the two manhoods was excitingly inside her, and the rubber knobs pressing against her beauty bud. The heavy, loaded, testicles would hang down realistically between her Mistress's legs, whilst the other manhood would jut out in front of her, quivering with with her every movement. Then whilst, usual, she would have to remember to squeeze and excite her Mistress's nipples until with a raucous cry her Mistress would take her like a man might do, thrusting the manhood up inside her and holding her down as she wriggled under her in a mixture of pain and excitement. The more she wriggled, she knew, the greater more the little rubber knobs would excite her Mistress - and the less the chance of a thrashing later. Then finally with another raucous cry, her Mistress would reach down and squeeze the rubber testicles. 'Take it, girl, take it,' her Mistress would cry as a jet of warm milk and cream shot up inside her. Oh the thrill! What a wonderful Mistress she had, she would be thinking, as humbly she licked up humbly at her, now satiated, Mistress's chin. But such thrilling treats were exceptional and did not last for long. Only too soon, Ursula would ring for Sabhu to replace the belt and put Fifi back into her cage. There she would wait trembling as she wondered whether she had sufficiently pleased her Mistress or was going to be taken out by a furious Sabhu and thrashed. But there had been a change since her Mistress had taken her to the fantastic Black Tie Party at the Society. She was now rarely used as a housemaid and, indeed, rarely taken out of her cage. The day after the party she had been mortified to hear Mizzi being put into the cage next to hers, and since then she had to compete against her for the privilege of being allowed to pleasure her Mistress. Even worse, Sabhu had started to train them both together to pleasure their Mistress. How soon would it be before they were both humiliatingly called together to her bed demonstrate their prowess - or face Sabhu's cane. Oh, how shame-making it was for a rather shy girl to be taught by a man, a black man carrying a cane, how to please a woman. Oh, what terrifying man Sabhu was. She was sure that her beloved Mistress had no idea just how strict he was.

9 - A SYMBOLIC ACT OF SUBMISSION

Ursula was sitting comfortably in her chair. She reached forward and placed the tassel of her long dressage whip between the legs of the beautiful woman standing submissively in front of her. The woman was naked, except for long black gloves, black stockings and a black suspender belt and the shiny collar of The Society round her neck. Attached to a ring on the back of the collar was a chain lead, the other end of which was held by Sabhu who was proudly standing behind her, as he showed her off. In his hand was a long whippy cane. "Stand up straight!' he ordered. Blushing the woman, coyly raised her head and looked straight ahead. She was gripping her hands were gripped behind her neck. Her ankles were together, but she could feel the tassel easing it's way past her smooth and hairless beauty lips. Soon it was tickling her beauty bud. Ursula looked down to where her whip was gently parting the woman's beauty lips. Sabhu had removed all signs of hair from along the lips, or across the mound, and this gave her the little-girl look that she and her women friends so liked. 'Well done Sabhu,' she said, 'she looks very nice and smooth. Just what I like! Did you have any trouble with her?' 'No! The Princess's black eunuch boy had kept this one well

depilated.' 'Good!' replied Ursula appreciatively. It was wonderful having an overseer for her girls on whom she could rely - and moreover one, whom they were too scared of, to try to twist him round their little fingers - as they would with a white overseer. Mizzi, for that who the woman was, blushed as she heard them discussing her as if as she were just some pet animal. But after a year in he service of the Princess, she was used to it. Indeed, she thought, a pet animal was just what she was - and very exciting it was. too! And now being in the service of Miss de Vere was equally exciting - as was the prospect of making some money out in Brazil! She strained to keep still as the tassel tickled her beauty bud tantalisingly. Oh, it was so exciting when her new Mistress aroused her - so humiliatingly and frustratingly exciting! But, she knew what the punishment would be if she moved or spoke a word: six strokes of that same dressage whip across her bare bottom. The woman had a good body, Ursula was thinking, for a thirty five year old. With her striking features she could pass for someone much younger. Good! She was indeed a lovely creature, tall with a tiny waist, good firm breasts and excellent child bearing hips - and topped by lovely blond hair and blue eyes. Yes, this young woman alone would make a fine "model" for her Brazilian friends. But there was more to come, she thought, looking down at a photograph of her in a bikini with a pretty young girl who had her looks and figure. They would make a fine pair - in harness, in bed or together in a breeding pen. They seemed just what Carmen had asked her to find. Her Brazilian friends would go crazy to get their hands on them - and purchase their contracts. Now it was now time, Ursula had decided, to bring in the daughter. She too must be properly trained by Sabhu, if the pair were to raise their full potential price. Carmen's friends liked girls who had already been broken in to pleasing women, leaving them to break them in to harness, to domestic service, to breeding, or to all three. Meanwhile, much to Fifi's jealous rage, the mother was providing much pleasure for her Mistress and, getting better at it every day, thanks to Sabhu's daily instruction. Ursula looked at the woman's slim waist. The Princess had shared the Arab liking for plump women, but clearly the strict diet which Sabhu was keeping her on was slimming her down fast, whilst keeping her breasts nicely full. Just as she had ordered! 'Well little Mizzi,' Ursula said mockingly as she glanced down to a typed list if questions and answers, 'so you love your Mistress?' Sabhu gave the woman a little warning tap on the bottom with his cane. He had made her practice this little catechism over and over again until she was word perfect. 'Oh, yes, Madam,' the beautiful woman answered in a Slavonic accent. The words may have learnt by rote, but they nevertheless clearly came from the heart. 'I adore my Mistress more than anything else in he world. I think of her all day and I dream of her at night.' 'And do you want to please her?' 'Oh yes, Madam, I love pleasing my Mistress.' 'Then you know what you've now got to do then?' Mizzi bit her lips. 'Don't you?' She nodded. 'Well?' 'I must,' she said with a sob, 'tell the Sisters running the convent, where my daughter has been for several years, to let you collect her and bring her here. 'And then?' 'Then,' the woman gasped, 'I must persuade her to join me in your service and to go out to Brazil with you as a model, just as I will do, explaining to her that we will both earn a large sum of money.' 'And are you sure she's still a virgin?' 'Oh yes, the nuns would not have allowed her to see any boys.' Ursula's eyes gleamed. Carmen's friends would, she was thinking, would pay even more if the daughter was still a virgin. Each would be thinking of the excitement of having a beautiful European mother and her virgin daughter in her power as indentured servants. How she would enjoy taking the girl's virginity! It would not be long before their new Mistress had them both covered by the same black stud - a beautiful white mother and daughter both expecting a mulatto foal by the same human stallion! She'd probably put them both onto fertility pills to try and get twins. It would indeed be mind-blowing, to use Carmen's phrase. And even more so, if their new Mistress herself had assumed the paternal role with the special harness loaded with the right stallion's seed. Ursula interrupted her reverie, and glanced down at the next question. 'So will happen when your daughter arrives here?' 'Then,' came the trembling and hesitant reply, 'she will have to join me in being trained by Sabhu to pleasure our Mistress, together or separately.' 'Say that again, Mizzi!' ordered Ursula. This was the moment of truth. 'Then she will have to join me in being trained by Sabhu to pleasure our Mistress, together or separately.' 'Yes, Mizzi, she will. And what will happen if she tries to refuse?' 'Then we'll both be beaten by Sabhu.' 'Yes, Mizzi, you will. And what else must you do?' 'As my daughter is a minor, I must sign on her behalf the Modelling Contract to go to Brazil.' 'Which includes?' 'That in return for a large sum of money, we must renounce all men.' 'And?' 'Dedicate our purity to our new Mistress out there, and accept what ever measures she may take during the lifetime of the contract to ensure our purity and to enforce the contract.' 'And?' insisted Ursula. 'Then I must offer her virginity to my Mistress to dispose of as she sees fit.' 'And if I prefer to offer her virginity to another Mistress in Brazil?' Mizzi hesitated. Sabhu tapped her buttocks with his cane. It was enough! She remembered the words she had had to learn by heart. 'Then I must offer my daughter's virginity to our new Mistress, and, Madam,' said the woman with increasing fervour, 'I must accept willingly anything that my

new Mistress decides, in her superior wisdom, to do with me.' 'And?' The woman gave a little sob. 'And what she decides to do with my daughter, as well' Ursula turned to Sabhu. He was certainly brain-washing well. 'Well done!' she said. 'She was almost word perfect this time.' Indeed the woman certainly seemed now to have learned her catechism well, Ursula noted with pleasure. It was a similar catechism to that which all her girls had to learn by heart. She knew from experience what an important part it played in bringing about a girl's utter and willing submission to her. Ursula smiled as she looked at Sabhu's long whippy cane. It did not account for all the fervour with which the woman had said her brain-washing catechism - part of it was quite genuine. 'And are you going to be a good little girl, Mizzi? Your Mistress's good little girl' 'Oh yes, Madam, I will be a good girl, I promise.' 'Good. Now, turn round!' Ursula looked downs at the weals across the woman's soft little bottom? She wondered how many weals her pretty young daughter would need before she was word perfect too - and before she was ready to make her act of submission. 'Or do I need to ask Sabhu to discipline you a little more?' 'No, Madam, no please,' cried the woman in anguish, her eyes now on Sabhu's cane. The words came tumbling out. 'I'll be a good girl now ... I promise ... I'll do what ever my Mistress wants ... But no more caning, please.' 'Then are you ready now to make your act of utter submission to your Mistress and to show your devotion to her?' The woman again bit her lips and blushed. She knew what she would have to do. She knelt down. 'Yes Madam, I beg my Mistress to accept me as her unworthy slave and to allow her to make her act of submission.' Ursula nodded at Sabhu. 'Crawl to your Mistress!' he ordered in his strong half Caribbean, half French, accent. ' Ursula stood up, a tall and regal figure. She smiled as looked down on the woman abjectly crawling across the carpet towards her, a perfect figure of submissive womanhood, straining against her lead like an eager little puppy. Having to learn her catechism by heart was one thing, this was different. This was more, much more. It was a ritual that all her girls had to perform, before she would accept them as a slave. It was, she knew, this woman's refusal to do it previously, as well as her hesitancy to offer her daughter to her Mistress, and the the mistakes she had made in the catechism, that had earned her so many thrashings. But now the woman was ready to obey, ready to show her Mistress that she was now willingly her abject slave. It was, Ursula knew, something that the woman would now feel was only right and proper to do as a sign of her love for her Mistress. It would bond her to her Mistress, just as it had had previously bonded her other girls. There would, mentally, be no turning back for the woman after this. It would be something that secretly she would never forget, something that she also knew she must bring her daughter to do as well. Ursula looked down at the naked woman kneeling at her feet, her hands now together as if in prayer, her lead held taut by Nanny, her eyes raised in abject supplication. Slowly Ursula parted her long silk negligee, disclosing her long slim legs - and then though the folds of the negligee appeared a thick black and remarkable realistic manhood, a rubber dildo, strapped over her beauty lips. Under it come be seen a very realistic looking heavy scrotum. Ursula thrust forward with her hips. The manhood was only inches away from the woman's face. She leant forward slightly and applied her lips her eyes half closed as if in ecstasy. But Mizzi was not the only person in ecstasy, for her action in sucking and licking the rubber manhood was making little rubber studs, in the base of the dildo, rub excitingly over Ursula's beauty bud. 'And would you like to receive this?' 'Oh yes, Madam, oh yes. Please.' 'Later, perhaps. But now ... there's something else ... you must do ... isn't there' The woman blushed and nodded. Ursula put her hand down and unfastened a catch. The black dildo slipped away. She parted her legs and again thrust her hips forward, curly blond hairs - for not for her the smooth little-girl look she imposed on her girls. Then Ursula saw the woman glance nervously, out of the corner of her eye, up at the cane raised behind her. Despite her feeling of excitement and fulfilment, the woman would, she knew, be remembering Sabhu's warning: 'Remember, one drop on the carpet and you'll get twelve strokes.' With a little sob, the woman leant further forward and pressed her mouth to Ursula's body. There was no going back now. Ursula smiled again as she felt the woman's gloved hands delicately part her beauty lips. She smiled yet again as she felt the woman sucking - eagerly sucking as she waited to receive the tribute that would slip down her throat and enter her body - symbolising that it was a body that her Mistress now owned, to do with as she liked. Ursula relaxed her muscles. Moments later, she could feel the liquid trickling down into the woman's eager mouth. Oh the wonderful feeling of power! It would be an even stronger feeling when it was the pretty daughter's mouth. 'Take it! Swallow it,' she cried. 'And remember this moment always!' She looked down at the lovely woman so abjectly kneeling at her feet. Most of Carmen's Brazilian friends were white, but an idea for a series of paintings suddenly occurred to her: this slim white mother and daughter, both naked and both serving or even pleasuring a large fat black Brazilian Mistress, exotically dressed and carrying a whip. Yes, she thought, the contrast between the very white, slim, servant women, and a black fat Mistress, would make an

interesting contrast in colours and shapes. It would be both provoking and erotic - and the pictures would sell very well. Mizzi and her pretty daughter, Maria, would soon be earning their keep!

10 - A LITTLE BRAIN-WASHING

Locked in her cage, Fifi was, as always now, playing with her little doll, her only toy, her only possession in the cage. In the half light of the alcove, waiting for the curtain to be drawn back by her beloved Mistress, she would play endlessly with the baby doll, washing it, dressing it, hugging it and rocking it to sleep. It had almost become her little baby, and what what a pity, she often felt, it wasn't a real one! Watching her, on his monitoring screen, as she happily played with her doll, Sabhu would smile. Yes, the girl's maternal instinct was certainly being nicely brought on. So, too, unknown to her, was her body - for she had now been on the course of fertility for long enough to ensure conception which she was next ready. He looked at the chart of her monthly cycle, yes the safe period was almost over and very soon it would be time for him to report to Miss de Vere that she was ready, if unsuspectingly, to put aside her doll and become a real little mother-to- be!. Indeed this would be the ideal time, for Miss de Vere wanted to go off abroad to recruit the rest of the team, leaving Fifi under his supervision. From his animal training days in the circus, he knew that the first few weeks of a first maternity were always tricky - even if the girl, like an animal, did not at first realise what had been done to her. So he'd rather get them over and done with, and Fifi's progeny properly established, before he had spend a lot of time breaking in and training the new girls. Moreover, if Fifi was covered by her Mistress now, then her tummy would be showing well by the time Miss de Vere took all the team out to Brazil at Christmas. She would indeed be able to model the lovely maternity clothes that Miss de Vere was planning for her to show off. Yes, he thought, he would soon have his hands full. Not only would there the new girls that Miss de Vere would be bringing back, but also Mizzi's daughter would soon be arriving. Then, of course, Miss de Vere was also planning to entrap Emma back into her fold - and back into his charge. That stuck up young married woman was always a handful, with her jealous rages and frequent disobedience, and now having a title would not make her amenable. There was only one thing that Emma understood - and that was the cane! Yes, indeed, Sabhu decided, the sooner Miss de Vere pressed on with getting Fifi expecting a Happy Event the better. Fifi kept glancing at the drawn curtain that prevented her from seeing into her Mistress's bedroom. How many times, overcome with jealousy, had she had to lie in the little cage-like alcove, listening whilst her Mistress and sometimes a lady friend had pleasured themselves in her huge bed. But humiliating though that might be, she knew she was her Mistress's Favourite. She was kept in the Number One cage! Sometimes, pressing a control button by her bedside, and switching on the spotlights, Ursula had briefly shown off the crouching figure of Fifi, to her laughing lady-friends. Half blinded by the spotlights, and unable to see into the darkened bedroom, Fifi normally had no idea of the identity of the woman to whom she was being so embarrassingly shown off - embarrassingly, but also, she had to admit, rather excitingly. Then, sometimes, Ursula would press another button and the metal screen grille would swing open. Then she would have to crawl out of the alcove, to the foot of Ursula's four poster bed and crawl into it from the bottom, licking and pleasing alternatively her Mistress and her companion. But sometimes, however, her Mistress would simply show her off to another woman as if she was a girl in a brothel. She would humiliatingly hear them agree a price and Ursula would show the woman how the buttons worked. 'And press this button to send for Sabhu, if you're not pleased with the girl's performance,' Ursula would say before leaving the room. 'A few strokes of his cane and she'll do anything you want!' Then Fifi would again have to crawl out of her cage and please the strange woman, knowing she was earning money for her Mistress. She would be terrified of the woman sending for Sabhu if she not satisfied. Fifi bared one breast and held the baby doll to her nipple. Telling her that it was to please her Mistress, Sabhu had, embarrassingly, been stretching her nipples with a little suction machine and then binding the now strangely elongated nipples with silk thread to keep their shape. Already they were much more prominent and sensitive. Stroking it and rubbing them, sent little shivers of ecstasy down her body, down to her imprisoned beauty bud, but nothing like those she experienced when Ursula played with her now enlarged nipples. She rubbed the doll's mouth against a nipple. How exciting, she thought, if one day she could do this for real! Suddenly she heard footsteps and voices in Ursula's bedroom. Then the spotlights suddenly came on, half blinding her. She heard the curtain on the far side of the wraught iron screen slide back. Still clutching her doll to her bare breast, a blushing Fifi found herself being looked at, through the bars of the metal screen, by half a dozen of Ursula's women friends. They were smiling and laughing as they pointed at her, making her feel like an animal on display in a zoo. 'I like my girls, ' came Ursula's voice speaking in German so that Fifi would not understand, 'to form an attachment to a baby doll. It's so effective in bringing out a girl's natural maternal instinct.' This was greeted with cruel laughter and there was a little round of applause. Yes, Ursula's friends were thinking, she certainly had not lost her

touch! Then the curtain was closed again and the spotlights went out, leaving Fifi once again alone with her doll in the half darkness. Minutes later, Fifi heard the noise of the bolts of the little trapdoor at the back of the cage being withdrawn. The small door was opened. She saw Sabhu bend down slightly to look into the raised alcove. Was it feeding time? Oh, how she hated being under the complete control of this awful man! How could Ursula use him to supervise a shy little girl like herself? But Sabhu was beckoning with the fingers of one hand. Terrified, she saw that in his other hand he held his long whippy cane, the cane she had come to know and fear. She gave a little shiver as she saw that he was was naked to the waist. His powerful black torso was oiled and glistening. Was she going to be beaten? It was so unfair, for she had tried so hard to please her Mistress and was always so respectful to Sabhu himself. 'Crawl out, girl!' he ordered harshly. Nervously Fifi hastened to do so. As she poked her head through the trapdoor, Sabhu snapped a chain lead onto the ring at the front of her collar. Then turning abruptly on his heel, he led her, still crawling, into the middle of the room. Watching the scene from behind a one-way mirror were Ursula and her friends. Discreetly placed microphones would ensure that they would also hear every word spoken. They were laughing as they saw Fifi crawling on all fours behind the imposing figure of Sabhu, his cane in his hand, his strong black hands and muscular torso contrasted vividly with Fifi's delicate white skin and slight build. Sabhu shut the door and, still holding Fifi by her lead, sat down on a comfortable looking sofa. Silently, he pointed to a cushion at his feet on the floor, and then at a raised box in which there were three holes at waist height. There was latticed grille at the side towards the sofa. It was what Sabhu ironically called his Confessional. 'It's an adaptation of a genuine old Confessional,' explained Ursula with a laugh, behind the one-way mirror. 'Sabhu finds it helps him to learn the secret thoughts and desires of my girls - though as you'll see he uses in a rather different way than was originally intended.' Indeed, the big Haitian now impatiently snapped his fingers and again pointed to the cushion at his feet. He raised his cane. Hastily Fifi fell to her knees and crawled forward onto the cushion. She had often nervously glanced at the strange looking box and wondered what it was for. Was she now going to learn? 'Show Respect!' came the order in the deep half Caribbean, half French, accent that Fifi had learnt to fear so much. It was an order that had been picked up by a microphone and repeated on a loudspeaker to the watching women. With a little sob, Fifi raised herself up on her knees, lifted up the little flap that hid the grille over her beauty lips and in a gesture of utter servility raised the grille towards Sabhu. The women watching from behind the one way mirror laughed. Yes, Ursula certainly knew how to train and control a girl alright! 'Bend forward! Tunic up!' Sabhu raised his cane again, and with a sob of despair, Fifi pulled up her tunic. Her buttocks were now bare and, she realised, would be well within reach of Sabhu's cane as she knelt on the cushion by his feet. Oh how shameful! Then silently Sabhu pointed at the lattice screen. With an another sob of despair she leant forward and put her neck and wrists through the holes in the screen, raising her buttocks as she did so. She was now in almost complete darkness. She felt Sabhu sliding a bar across the screen behind her neck, locking her head and hands into the darkened area. Blinking in the darkness she made out a grill by the left side of her head, behind which she knew Sabhu would be sitting. There was a long pause. Ursula explained to her guests that all this was intended to get the girl into a proper state to make her Confession. 'Right!' at last came the deep masculine voice. 'What's your name, little girl?' 'Fifi!' she replied automatically without thinking. She heard a sudden swishing noise and there was burst of fire across her bottom. She cried out with the pain and tried to ease it with her hands, but of course they were now rigidly held on either side of her neck. Oh what a fool she had been. 'Who are you are, little girl?' came the same question. 'This little girl is Miss de Vere's slave girl, Fifi' this time lisped Fifi. But again the cane came down, and again the same question was asked. This time the reply was the same, but 'Mr Sabhu, Sir' was respectfully added onto the end. 'And whose property are you?' 'Miss Ursula de Vere's, Mr Sabhu, Sir!' came the proud reply Again the cane fell, and again the same question was asked. For moment Fifi was dumbfounded. Then she remembered. 'My beloved Mistress, Miss Ursula de Vere's! 'And what sort of slave are you?' Fifi paused for thought. She heard the cane whistle. 'A pleasure slave girl, Sir!' she screamed. 'Yes! And what more?' Again she paused for thought, terrified of the getting the cane again. 'Just one of her pleasure girls, Sir!' 'Well, do you love your Mistress?' 'Oh, yes, Sir!' 'Do you really love her? How much do you love her?' 'I love more than anything else in the world, Sir,' came the genuinely fervent reply. 'I just long to please her all the time, Sir!' 'And do you think about her, locked into the alcove off her bedroom?' 'Oh yes, Sir, all the time.' 'And does that make you excited? There was a pause. 'Well?' insisted Sabhu. Fifi blushed in the darkness. 'Yes, Sir, it does.' 'And do you then long to be ale to play with yourself? ... Well?' 'Yes, Sir ... but I can't' 'Why not?' 'Because I'm kept locked into my chastity belt, Sir, and if I tried to do so it would be seen by the television camera in my cage.' 'So your purity is kept dedicated to your Mistress?' 'Yes, Sir,' cried Fifi with a proud little sob. 'And sometimes your kind Mistress lets your earn a lot of money for her by

pleasing her friends. doesn't she?' 'Yes, Sir.' 'And you like that don't you. What do you like?' 'Earning money for my mistress, Sir,' sobbed Fifi.' 'Like what?' 'Like a ... little ... whore, Sir!' stammered the blushing Fifi. Sabhu smiled. The confession was going very well. 'And if you love your Mistress, are you happy when she enjoys another girl?' 'Oh!' There another long pause, whilst Fifi remembered how madly jealous she felt whenever her Mistress took another girl to bed. Again the cane fell. Again Fifi found herself screaming with pain, and longing to ease the pain in her buttocks with her imprisoned hands. 'Well?' 'Yes, Sir,' she lied, as she knew she must. 'I am not worthy of her and so I am very happy when if she choose another girl for her pleasure.' 'Are you really?' Fifi jumped as she felt a little tap on her buttocks from the cane. 'Oh, yes, Sir, I really mean it, I promise.' 'And is it exciting when she uses her dildo on you?' 'Oh, yes, Sir, it's terribly exciting.' 'And which dildo do you find the most exciting one?' Fifi hesitated to reply. She felt so shy! But here, in the anonymous darkness of the Confessional, it was easier to pour out her innermost and most secret thoughts. 'The black one, Sir, Duet.' 'Why? 'Because it is so realistic.' 'Realistic?' 'Because it has ... testicles ... that my Mistress loads with warm milk and cream.' 'And you find it exciting when she jets this into you?' 'Oh, yes, Sir, very!' 'And does it make you feel that your Mistress is also your Master? A lady Master?' 'Yes, Sir,' came the reply in a little whisper. 'And is there nothing more, much more, you'd like to do to show her your love? Think little girl. Think! Something you've secretly longed to do, really longed to do? Well? Is there? The watching women caught their breath. The moment of truth was approaching!. Fifi again blushed in the darkness. 'Yes, Sir.' 'Well?' 'I ... I ... can't say it.' 'Is it something to do with your milk?' 'Yes, Sir,' whispered Fifi. How did he know? Sabhu smiled to himself. Fifi was not the first eager young woman, he had dealt with, in thrall to Ursula! 'Is it that you long to be made to give your milk to your Mistress?' 'Yes, Sir.' she cried. Again Fifi wondered how he could have known her most secret thoughts. 'It would be so exciting, wouldn't it' 'Oh yes, Sir!' 'And you're sorry that you can't do so now?' 'Yes, Sir.' 'And what would you have to do to be able to offer her your milk?' 'I ... I suppose ... I'd have to have a ... ' 'A Happy Event?' 'Yes, Sir,' came a tiny whisper 'But you'd love that wouldn't you, being able to lord it over the Mistress's other girls and making them feel so jealous! You'd love that, wouldn't you?' 'Oh yes, I'd really love that, Sir! But how, Sir? The Mistress doesn't even allow me to look at a man - except you.' Sabhu paused. The watching women again caught their breath. 'But, perhaps if you really beg your Mistress, she could arrange for your breasts to grow and start to give milk - milk you could proudly offer to your Mistress.' 'Oh!' cried Fifi' 'Wouldn't that be wonderful' 'Oh, yes, Sir! Oh, yes!' 'To be in milk for your Mistress and her friends! You'd feel more than ever that she controlled you completely!' 'Oh how thrilling!' 'She's your Goddess now, isn't she? You worship her, don't you? You've dedicated your body to her service - to do with as she likes. You're just her unworthy slave who longs to do anything to please her. Aren't you?' 'Oh yes! Oh yes!' 'And if she deigned to use your body in this way, then you'd be so proud! Wouldn't you?' 'Oh yes! And my Mistress would be so proud of me, too. It would be wonderful! 'And if your Mistress took you out to Brazil for the dress show, she could show you off as a modelling clothes for a lovely little wet nurse,. Think of all those ladies looking jealously at your flowing breasts. Wouldn't that be exciting, too?' 'Oh, yes,' cried Fifi. 'Oh yes!' 'But there's something more, isn't there?' There was a long pause. The watching women held their breath. 'Yes, Sir' whispered Fifi. 'Is about a Happy Event? You'd love to be expecting one for your Mistress, wouldn't you. You'd be so proud and happy to be carrying your Mistress's twins, wouldn't you? 'Oh yes, Sir,' cried Fifi, quite carried away . 'And you'd find it so exciting when she showed you off to her friends, or made you model clothes for a pretty little mother-to-be, wouldn't you? 'Yes, yes Sir, yes.' cried Fifi. 'I would! I would!' 'And you'd be able to lord it over the other girls, with their empty flat tummies, wouldn't you. You'd love that, wouldn't you?' 'Oh yes, Sir, yes!' cried an increasingly ecstatic Fifi. Behind the one-way mirror, Ursula laughed and turned to her friends. 'Well as you can see, here in this artificial atmosphere, cut off from the real world, Sabhu can certainly succeed in making a girl love the idea of expecting a Happy Event for her for her Mistress 'So the girl knows and welcomes what's being done to her?' asked one of Ursula's guests. 'Oh no! That would spoil half the fun. All that you've seen Sabhu do is to stimulate her maternal instinct ready for the day when she realises that she is expecting. But she is not allowed any choice in the matter, nor will she be aware of what is happening when she is fertilised.' There were several excited intakes of breath from the guests. 'Can I have her?' cried one of them 'Can I pay to sponsor this?' 'Or me,' cried another 'Sorry! No this girl is for me, this time!' said Ursula, shaking her head with a smile. 'But perhaps another time!' 'Oh how exciting that would be!' burst out one of the women. 'Well, ladies,' laughed Ursula, 'come back in a few weeks time and see how our little wet-nurse cum mother-to-be is getting on!'

11 - POLLINATED! URSULA ASSUMES A MASCULINE ROLE

'Well what do you think?' asked Ursula anxiously. There was no great hurry to recruit the other girls for, as Carmen had requested, she would not be taking them out to Brazil until Christmas. However, it was time to press on with the fertilisation of Fifi, if her belly was to be nicely showing by then. Doctor Anna was leaning over couch on which Fifi was lying, her knees raised. Sabhu was standing by her, his cane as always at the ready, to ensure she kept still for Doctor Anna's intimate examination. The lady doctor stood up. She was a squat, ugly, strong looking, woman 'I think she would be very suitable!' she said formally in her thick German accent. 'Ad this,' she added, switching to German so that the girl would not understand, 'this is just the right moment to get a good conception - and the fertility pills should ensure twins. I'll bring the material over in a vacuum flask this afternoon and Sabhu can use it to load your Pollinator. Make sure you then keep it in the refrigerator until you are ready to use it. I should not imagine that more than one application will be necessary, but just to make sure I'll bring enough for Sabhu to be able to load the Pollinator up twice, so that,' Doctor Anna gave a cruel little laugh, 'you can repeat the ... shall we say ... "Treatment" tomorrow! 'Good!' laughed Ursula, clapping her hands with delight, 'I shall really enjoy that!' 'And you're sure you want it loaded with Negro seed?' 'Oh yes, but preferably one with with a good record of throwing girls, for there's always a good demand for mulatto women on the plantations of Carmen's friends. 'Right then!' laughed the lady doctor. 'I can offer you the seed of a black wrestler - a huge great brute of a Negro.' That sounds ideal - but is Fifi bigger enough?' Doctor Anna put her hands down to Fifi's hips. 'Oh yes, she's got good child bearing hips.' She straightened up again and took Ursula and Sabhu aside so that Fifi could not hear. 'But,' she said in English for Sabhu's benefit, 'you really must take precautions against the girl trying to get at herself when she realises what has been done to her!' 'Of course,' laughed Ursula, pointing to the rubber chastity belt lying on a table where it had been put after being unlocked from Fifi. 'Well,' muttered Doctor Anna disapprovingly, 'I strongly recommend you switch to one of my proper chain metal Breeding Belts. We found them to be very effective in the woman's prison camp. Whereas a chastity belt is fastened round the girl's swelling waist and tummy which can be awkward, the breeding belt is fastened round her hips and under her swelling belly.' 'Alright!' agreed Ursula. 'She'll looking very pretty in a shiny metal belt - though she'll have to be put back into the rubber chastity belt for going through the metal detector at the airport when she flies out to Brazil.' 'And what are you going to tell her?' asked the lady doctor. 'On the hand many of my clients feel that it is best for the girl not to know that she is now expecting a Happy Event, whilst others like the girl to know that she is being inseminated by her Mistress, as they hold her down, so that psychologically she feels her Mistress is the father of her growing child.' 'Oh, I think it'll be more fun to keep her in the dark for a bit!' laughed Ursula. 'Sabhu will let her think, at first, that's it's just indigestion. The time to tell her the truth will be when her tummy's nicely showing and she has to start rehearsing showing off the maternity clothes, that our little mother-to-be is going to wear in Brazil.' 'Well, I'll want Sabhu,to check her once a week - with the scan, to make sure all is well.' 'Of course, Madam,' Sabhu replied obsequiously. 'I will have the scan, and the girl, ready for you.' 'And how about bring on her milk while we're waiting for her black progeny to show,' asked Ursula with a laugh. 'No problem there,' replied Doctor Anna,bending down and feeling Fifi's big breasts. 'And if she conceives big black twins then Nature will ensure that you quickly get an extra good flow. I'll will give her the first injection now and, Sabhu, you must then give her the usual course of lactation pills, as well her fertility ones, and the usual high protein diet. Then once the milk appears you must milk her several times a day.' 'He'll be delighted' said Ursula, again with a laugh. 'Well, Sabhu, you must also make sure that the girl doesn't waste the milk you're spending so much on building up,' warned Doctor Anna. 'I recommend that you use one of my new design of milking bras, that allows the swelling breasts and nipples to be shown off, but which prevents the girl from getting at them.' 'That sounds just we want,' said Ursula with a cruel smile. 'Sabhu, please give Doctor Anna, Fifi's breast size.' She turned back to the doctor, I think it would be sensible for me to buy several from you take out to Brazil - Carmen's friends would be very interested in buying them them to use on the other girls as they come into milk.' The lady doctor nodded. 'Do you remember that married girl, Emma? ' asked Ursula. 'The one we had so much trouble with. Well, I'm hoping to get her into this team, too.' 'But is she not now Lady something?' asked the doctor, looking surprised. 'All the more reason for getting her back,' chuckled Ursula. 'one of my Brazilian friends will pay the earth to have a real Lady in her bed, especially, I know, if she's in milk too. Do you think you can fix that too, when I give you the go-ahead?' 'I foresee no problem,' replied Doctor Anna in a formal tone of voice. 'We can start the treatment for her, too, as soon as you are ready.' 'And that won't later stop her new Mistress from having the excitement of making her, against her will, expect a Happy Event?' Not at all,' came the re-assuring reply. That afternoon, an excited Ursula swept into her bedroom. She had already told Sabhu to load Pollinator and put it into the refrigerator in her bedroom and then to get Fifi ready for her

"treatment". He must, however, she had insisted on, keep the girl guessing as to just what was going to be done to her. Oh, the feeling of power that had swept through her as she impatiently waited for Sabhu to report that all was ready. Now at last it was time for her unsuspecting ladies maid to come and undress her and prepare her for a little rather special lovemaking - of a type that she herself would find unbelievably exciting as she exerted her power over the unsuspecting girl. Just in case of any problems, she picked up a long little cane and then pressed the button that drew back the thick curtain in front of Fifi's cage. Then she pressed the button that opened the little trapdoor in the front of the screen. Blinking in the sudden light, Fifi crawled out of her cage, the heavy manacle chain attached to her wrists clanking noisily. She knelt up enquiringly, her knees respectfully apart in the presence of her Mistress. Except for her usual rubber chastity belt, the girl was naked except for a little chain that went round her waist from which in the front hung a short and narrow, modesty flap that hid the rubber triangle over the girl's loins. It was made of beautifully worked brown leather on which was emblazoned Ursula crest and initials. What a clever and delightful way for Sabhu to have decorated the girl for her forthcoming mating by her Mistress. At a sign from Ursula the girl obediently raised the flap to display her chastity belt and then, even more humiliatingly, the white plastic grille over her beauty lips. Again Ursula felt a surge of power going through her. Cane in hand, Ursula snapped her fingers. 'Come here!' she ordered. Fifi scuttled across the room on all fours, like an obedient little dog. Her breasts and the modesty flap hanging down beneath her, her soft little bottom bare. Reaching her Mistress's feet, she licked them adoringly. But she did not dare to speak. Fifi heard her Mistress snap her fingers again and, as she had been taught by Sabhu, she deftly slipped of her Mistress's shoes. Then she reached sensuously up under her Mistress's skirt to unfasten and slip down her stockings and then to ease down her panties. Ursula smiled again as she looked down at the kneeling Fifi. She gave a tap with her cane and the girl gently began removing her other clothes - and trying hard, just as she had been taught by Sabhu, to make it an erotic experience for Mistress, brushing her hands against her Mistress's hair covered mound and beauty lips, touching, as if by accident, her very sensitive nipples and running her hands excitingly down her spine. Then Fifi fetched her Mistress's long negligee, helped her into it and tied the sash. She followed her Mistress into the bathroom and kneeling up under the negligee devotedly held up, in a her manacled hands, a silver bowl into which Ursula released her liquid wastes. Humbly she then licked her Mistress clean - almost overwhelmed by the thrilling taste of her Mistress. Ursula now pointed to a little cupboard in the bathroom. It would, she had decided with Sabhu, be as well to deceive the girl into thinking that nothing unusual was going to happen. Eagerly, and with a happy smile, Fifi ran over to the cupboard and, with her manacled hands, awkwardly opened the door. Gently she lifted out something black - her Mistress's favourite double dildo, Duet. It was fitted with two very realistic, curved, black rubber manhoods, both covered with realistic artificial veins. They were mounted on a small rubber pad, on the inside of which was a double row of tiny rubber knobs, intended to excite the beauty lips and beauty bud of her Mistress. Hanging below both rubber manhoods was a realistic rubber scrotum. 'Load it!' ordered Ursula in a firm tone of voice. Quickly, as she had been taught, Fifi mixed some thick cream, milk and hot water into a sticky warm mixture. Then she squeezed the rubber testicles hard and dipped the tip of one of the manhoods into into the jug. She released the testicles and there was gurgling noise as the mixture of milk and cream was sucked up into the empty scrotum. Fifi lifted the dildo out of the jug. The dildo was now quite heavy thanks to the loaded testicles. She put a little cream on the tip of the manhoods. Then she ran over to her Mistress who was now standing up, her legs apart, her negligee thrown back. Deftly Fifi inserted the smaller of the two now slippery manhoods between her Mistress's beauty lips and then strapped the whole dildo round the her hips. The other manhood now jutted out in front of her, quivering with her every movement and making the little rubber knobs give her exquisite pleasure. Ursula reached down with one hand and gave the rubber testicles a little exploratory squeeze. She felt a little jet of something warm and sticky going up inside her. At the same time there was a squirt of liquid from the tip the manhood jutting out in front of her. 'Right!' said Ursula. Fifi closed her Mistress negligee again. Ursula was now standing up, her tall thin and almost masculine body hidden by the negligee, but poking out between it's folds was a trembling and well oiled, erect, black manhood. Moments later, followed by her ladies maid, Ursula returned to her bedroom. Fifi now drew back the bed clothes, helped her Mistress into bed and handed her book - an erotic bedside thriller. Then she silently knelt down at the side of the bed 'Head up,' ordered Ursula. There was a metallic clinking noise as Fifi knelt up and clasped her manacled hands behind her neck. Fifi kept her eyes looking straight ahead and held her breath with excitement. She felt her Mistress start to unlock the little padlock hanging on her belly. Oh how wonderful! But then her Mistress stopped, as if she had changed her mind. Oh no! Please God, Fifi prayed silently, let my Mistress take off my horrible chastity belt. Seconds later she heard the key again being

inserted in the padlock. The heavy rubber chastity belt fell to the floor. Fifi could not now take her eyes off the black manhood, that was still poking up between her Mistress's negligee. Would it soon be penetrating her, she kept thinking. She was overcome with a sense of aroused anticipation and desire. She watched with wide open eyes as her Mistress stroked the black manhood, knowing that as she did so she would be giving herself intense pleasure, not only from the from the little rubber knobs over her beauty buds at the base of the two manhoods, but also from the other manhood inside her. This was, she knew, a moment of truth. Would her wonderful and now highly aroused Mistress choose her for her afternoon pleasure? Would her Mistress take her? Had she sufficiently aroused her Mistress whilst undressing her? Had she been sufficiently servile whilst seeing to her intimate toilet? 'Kneel up on the bed!' ordered Ursula. Eagerly Fifi crawled up. 'Head down!' Ursula ordered. The girl's buttocks were now well displayed. Ursula came and knelt behind the girl. She put her hand down. Yes, Sabhu had greased the girl well! She aimed the probing manhood in front of her at the girl's back side. She heard a little cry of protest from the girl. 'No, Madam, please not there!' Again the feeling of power swept over her and with a sudden movement of her hips she thrust the manhood deep into the girl. Oh the excitement! There were more cries from the girl as she thrust in and out, her arousal increasing each time. As she approached her her climax she felt down to the rubber testicles hanging between her legs and squeezed - hard. There was another scream from the girl. It was enough! With a raucous cry, Ursula climaxed. But as she did so was she telling herself that all this was merely a preliminary to the real evening's work - a little fun for her and frustration for the girl, to distract her attention away from what was now going to happen! There was a long pause. Ursula lay back on the bed, leaving the humiliated girl still still kneeling on the bed. Then she snapped her fingers and pointed back to Fifi's cage. With a little sob of unbelieving despair, Fifi crawled back to the pretty metal grille and through the open trapdoor. She heard a click from her Mistresses bed and the trapdoor closed behind her, its electronic lock engaged. Moments later the heavy velvet curtain swished closed, leaving her in darkness with just a few chinks of light coming from under the curtains. Oh, thought Fifi, the feeling of frustration! She could feel herself still wet with the arousal of having undressed her Mistress, of having strapped her Mistress's dildo onto her hips, and of having offered her her milk. She longed, oh how she longed, to put her hands down to her throbbing beauty bud. But she knew that if she did so the infra-red camera in the corner of her cage would relay a picture of her doing so to the screen in Sabhu's room - and indeed perhaps to the screen by her Mistress's bedside. She bit her lips in futile frustration. Through the heavy curtains she could hear her Mistress moving about. She heard the small refrigerator in the corner of the bedroom being opened. Her Mistress must be helping herself to a drink after all her excitements. How she longed for one too. She had not had one since she had been caged! And how ago that was, she now had no idea. Suddenly the curtain in front of her cage parted. Eagerly she tried to peer through the bars. She could just make out that her Mistress was again lying in bed. There was an electronic click and the trap door to her cage opened. 'Fifi! Come back here!' she heard her Mistress call. Her manacles clinking, she crawled back to the side of the the bed. Again her Mistress was lying on her back. Again a manhood was thrusting up through the folds of her negligee. But it wasn't the normal black Duet, but a pink coloured one! 'Suck it!' ordered Ursula. 'It's called Pollinator.' What a strange name, thought Fifi innocently. Wasn't pollinating something to do with bees and blossoms? Obediently she leant across and put her mouth to the quivering manhood. It tasted strange, rather bitter tasting - quite different from the milk and cream taste of Duet. As sucked, she could feel her Mistress wriggling with pleasure. Like Duet, she realised, this Pollinator must also have the same exciting rubber knobs on the inside and must also be a double dildo with another similar pink manhood quivering inside her Mistress. She now saw that the testicles of Pollinator were, however, rather different from those of Duet - more complicated looking and apparently covered with a sort of insulation. How odd, she thought, why bother if they just held milk and cream? Her Mistress was becoming more and more excited. 'Come onto the bed and lie on your back, you little slut,' she cried out, 'pointing to a pile of pillows on which she made Fifi place her hips so that her tummy was lower. Moments later Ursula was excitingly holding Fifi down under her as the Pollinator thrust in and out whilst she approached her climax. Then she reached down and squeezed the specially loaded rubber testicles. 'Take it, you slut!' she screamed. 'Every drop of it! It's cost me a lot!' Wriggling under her, Fifi suddenly felt herself drenched, not by warm milk and cream but by something strange and rather cold. How odd! Suddenly fearful of what was being done to her she tried to throw Ursula off her, but to no avail. 'Take it, you slut, take it!' repeated Ursula. 'Let it slide down - right up you! For several minutes she now held Fifi quite still, under her, as Fifi, her hips still raised high, she felt the strange material sliding down deep inside her. It was an odd but rather exciting feeling - just as Nature had intended that she should feel. 'Now lie quite still!' ordered Ursula. 'Stay on your back with your hips raised. Don't you dare move!' Fifi heard her ring for Sabhu. Not daring to move she

saw her Mistress wrap her negligee round her, and disappear into the bathroom. Moments later she saw Sabhu enter the bedroom. For once he was carrying his short dog whip, rather than the long whippy cane. 'Legs apart and keep still!' he ordered giving her a sharp tap across her belly. She could feel him exploring between her moist beauty lips. Oh how shame-making! 'Close your legs and turn over onto your belly!' Sabhu now ordered as with one hand he kept her beauty lips tightly closed. 'Now head down and raise you buttocks,' he ordered, giving her another sharp tap with his whip.'Let it all slip down inside you. Don't you dare fight it' There was a pause as he watched the kneeling girl closely. 'You'll get a thrashing if I see one drop slipping out of you,' he warned. 'So suck it up inside you. Go on, clench and relax your buttocks to suck it all right down inside you. Yes, right down. And keep your head down - and bottom right up. That's better.' Shamed by his orders and terrified of his whip, Fifi strained for several minutes to do as she was told, wondering what on Earth it was all about. 'Don't forget what Doctor Anna said about putting the Breeding Belt on her,' came Ursula's voice from the bathroom. Fifi felt a metallic object being put over her still moist beauty lips. Then she felt light chains being drawn back tightly from her mound towards the small of her back and another light chain being tautly drawn up between her buttocks. She heard a click and realised that the three chains were now being held in place behind her back by a padlock. She glanced down between her arms and saw something shiny and flexible, like a chain-mail grille, had been mysteriously fastened over her beauty lips. 'Reach back and try to touch yourself,' ordered Sabhu. Blushing Fifi tried to slip her fingers under the side of the chain mail pouch. But there was a curved rod at the side of the pouch and it was far too tight! Sabhu grunted with approval. There was no risk of the girl undoing the work of fertilisation that was going on inside her and which would be repeated by Miss de Vere the following day with the Pollinator loaded again loaded with the live sperm of the unknown big black boxer.

PART IV MORE RECRUITS FOR THE TEAM

12 - EMMA TAKES THE BAIT

It was the day when Ursula had invited Emma to come and meet her Brazilian friend who was in the fashion business. She had apparently just flown in and was staying at the Ritz. Emma arrived at the hotel, dressed up to the nines. ready to impress someone in the international the rag trade - and, of course, to impress Ursula as well. She saw that Ursula was sitting in the Tea Room with a well dressed, rather plump, dark haired lady. She smiled, approvingly at Emma, as Ursula introduced Emma as Lady Rossrae. She only introduced the Brazilian lady, however, as Carmen, nothing more. Carmen slowly looked Emma up and down and then mysteriously handed Ursula a cheque. 'My cheque for an advance for the ... dresses, that you'll be bringing out,' she said to Ursula with a laugh. 'From what I've seen so far, I think they'll all sell very well indeed.' 'Good!' replied Ursula with a smile. And this one,' Carmen added in a low whisper that Emma did not quite catch. 'will really excite them - a real member of the British aristocracy! And Fifi will do excellently if her belly is showing well by when you come out. So will Mizzi, especially if you can get hold of her daughter as well.' Emma wanted to ask Carmen about her life in Brazil, about were she lived and what she did then. But as if wanting to avoid any awkward questions, Carmen rose to her feet, kissed Ursula ad left. However, without again referring to the mysterious Carmen, Ursula then made Emma an offer she simply could not refuse: to go out with her to Brazil on a six months 'modelling contract' in return for a very large sum - more than enough to pay off her overdraft. If she agreed, Ursula added, then she herself would write to Emma's husband, explaining that once again she was taking Emma off abroad on an art appreciation course and to help with her exhibitions. Ursula then had taken an excited Emma back to her house. Keeping the curtain across Fifi's cage carefully drawn, Ursula had then once again seduced the unsuspecting Emma, making her use her tongue to bring her former Mistress, once again, to the very heights of ecstasy. She had however been careful to keep the wildly excited Emma frustrated - until, she said, she had signed her contract to go to Brazil. Meanwhile, Ursula added, she would be sent back home. locked into one of Doctor Anna's latest rubber chastity belts. 'I'm not having you playing with yourself like a randy schoolgirl,' she said to the protesting Emma, 'nor having it off with some man.' Despite her protests and her hatred of the horrible belt - and especially of the taut white rubber cord that went up between her buttocks, Emma had been secretly thrilled that Ursula had insisted on putting her into it. It showed that she cared! Oh, the excitement of being back together again with her former Mistress! And being kept frustrated for the time being, locked into a chastity belt, made anticipating her eventual relief all the more exciting. It made her, she thought, feel like a young bride, eagerly awaiting her marriage day to her virile young fiance. Oh, the thought of going with Ursula to Brazil! And all alone with her with no other girls to make her jealous! And with no sign of the dreaded Sabhu! And being paid all that money, just to do a little modelling! How soon would they leave she kept asking eagerly. She herself would only need a few days to

shut up her house and could then come and join Ursula in London - and get her first instalment of her contract money.

13 - THE SEDUCTION OF MARIA

Ursula parked her Mercedes in the square of the sleepy little Polish town. She got out and knocked on the solid door of the convent. She was expected and was immediately taken to the office of the Mother Superior, who smilingly held Mizzi's letter in her hand. Being a Slav herself, Ursula spoke good Polish and had dictated the letter to a tearful Mizzi, whilst Sabhu stood over her, cane raised, to enforce instant obedience. In the letter Mizzi explained that she could now offer her daughter, Maria, a new life in the West and wanted her join her. Bearing in mind, however, what could happen to young girls travelling alone, she shad arranged for a friend of hers, a Miss de Vere, to go and collect Maria and bring her back to London. She would also settle any outstanding school fees. Now aged sixteen, Maria was bored with the dull life of the convent. She longed to see the outside world and to share the exciting life that her mother seemed to be enjoying. She was therefore thrilled to hear that her mother had arranged for the mysterious Miss de Vere to come and take her to the bright lights of London. Ursula told the Mother Superior how grateful they were to the nuns for having looked after Maria so well. She handed her a cheque that substantially exceeded the fees to the end of term. Delighted the Mother Superior rang a bell on her desk. 'This is Maria,' she said as a more vivacious and younger looking version of Mizzi stepped into the room. Ursula was delighted to see that she had inherited her mother's good looks, as well as her slim but buxom figure, her long legs and silky long blond hair. And good breeding hips too, thought Ursula, remembering Carmen's stipulation in her letter. Indeed the family resemblance was striking. She and her beautiful mother, Ursula thought, made a fine matched pair for a new Mistress. Carmen's friends would be thrilled with the idea of having them in her bed, and of taking the girl's virginity with their dildos. But it was not only the idea of having such a beautiful pair in their bed that would put up the bidding. They'd be thinking of how they would look in their stables or kennels; of what a fine looking pair they would make harnessed to a dogcart or to racing sulky sulky; and of showing them off in their breeding pens to their friends. Yes indeed, Ursula laughed to herself, from what she had seen of Carmen's friends it would not be long before the bellies this pretty young girl, and her mother, were both showing well, to use the old slave breeding expression. Yes, they'd fetch a good sum in Brazil. Meanwhile, the sooner this girl was safely locked up with her mother, the better. However, Ursula told herself, getting a really good price for the mother and daughter in Brazil, would largely depend on her certifying that they had already been broken in to working together, as a pair, to pleasure a Mistress. That would be the task of Sabhu and his whip. Doubtless he would, at first, have them both muzzled, as well as well as manacled, for they would both be highly embarrassed at being trained to perform together. But first this lovely girl must be seduced into the ways of lesbianism, as her mother had already been. And that would be her task - and a very pleasant one it would be too! Indeed, it would be delightful to be pleasured by such a pretty young girl - and to make the mother and daughter jealous of each other!. Maria, in turn, was thrilled to find that Miss de Vere was such a self confident and sophisticated woman. Could she become like her one day? With her well cut, smart but casual clothes, and fine new Mercedes, she was obviously a woman of taste and wealth. She was delighted and rather awed when she announced: 'We're going off to spend a couple of days with friends of mine in a castle in Germany.' She was even more delighted when Ursula took her off to buy some new clothes: a travelling dress, a smart long black silk dress high up to the neck, high heel shoes, some lovely underclothes and a pretty nightdress. She was surprised when Ursula added a white pinafore, white gloves and a white maid's cap to the black dress, but was reassured when Ursula explained that at the castle it would be easier for her, if Maria pretended that she was simply her ladies maid. 'That'll make it rather fun,' she explained, back in the car, 'but you'd better start practising calling me, Madam! And, of course, it'll give us more time together so that I can start training you for your new life as a fashion model.' 'A model!' Maria exclaimed excitedly. She had always secretly longed to be a model, but had been worried about her breasts. 'But aren't I too big - they always seem to have such boyish fashionable figures- like you ... Madam.' Ursula laughed. Yes, it was true that she and her lesbian friends tended to have boyish figures. It made them appreciate subservient buxom girls all the more! 'You're no bigger than Mizzi,' she said, 'and anyway they like buxom models in Brazil.' 'Brazil?' 'Yes, I'm taking your mother and a team of girls out there shortly to do a dress show. If you're a good girl, you could come too.' Brazil! Oh how exciting, thought Maria. This Miss de Vere seemed like a fairy god-mother. 'Oh I could I really?' 'Only if you promise to obey me,' laughed Ursula. 'Models have to accept very strict discipline.' 'Oh I will, I will,' cried Maria and promptly reached up and gave Ursula a kiss on he cheeks. 'Oh how wonderful!' 'Well, like your mother you'll have to accepted by and registered with The Society?' 'The Society? What's that?' Maria asked eagerly. It sounded

rather exciting. 'It's an international secret organisation which finds jobs for models,' replied Ursula. She was, she knew, being more than a little economical with the truth, but that was best at this stage. 'If you're seriously interested, I dare say I can arrange for you to be registered at the castle we're going to.' 'Oh, yes please!' cried Maria 'Well, it'll mean being put in charge of a sponsor, like me, and I warn you, it'll mean no boy friends and you'll be punished if you disobey your sponsor.' 'Oh I don't mind that,' laughed Maria scornfully. 'I'm used to that from the convent.' But not at the hands of a big black man, laughed Ursula to herself. But the girl certainly seemed promising material. Perhaps Sabhu would find her easy to break in. 'But, if you behave properly and please your sponsor so that you're accepted into The Society, then you and your mother will make a lot of money together and will have no more worries about money,' Ursula said to keep the girl keen. 'There's a big demand in Brazil for pretty young mothers with pretty young daughters as models.' Better and better, thought Maria. Never had she thought that her whole life would so quickly be turned upside down. Oh yes, she she'd be only too happy to please this exciting lady who was offering to sponsor her for this strange Society. Driving into Germany, Maria listened with mounting awe as Ursula described her international life style as a successful artist - though there was mention of a man in her life. 'Men,' she advised Maria,' are stupid and dangerous, and best avoided. Stick to women - they're safer!' 'Oh don't worry,' laughed Maria. 'The nuns warned me how awful men can be.' She gave Ursula's hand a little squeeze. 'I feel much safer with a real Lady like you.' Ursula stopped the car. Things were going very well. She looked Maria in the eye and silently took her into her arms. She felt the girl's body relax. She held her tight. She kissed her and was kissed back. She felt the girl snuggling up to her. She pressed her tongue against the girl's mouth. It opened and she thrust her tongue into it. It was symbolic moment. What a really delightful girl Maria was turning out to be,she taught. Obviously she must seduce her before, manacled and muzzled, she was confronted by the sight of her beautiful but half naked mother, also manacled and muzzled like herself. That was really going to be an exciting moment! Irma von Emmich had found a very profitable way of helping to pay for the upkeep of the isolated castle she had inherited from an uncle. She was an old friend of Ursula's and, like her, a confirmed lesbian with a penchant for dominating young women. She was also a keen member of The Society, with it's international tentacles and contacts. She knew that there was a continuing demand, from her like-minded friends, for pretty submissive girls. She had also found that the ending of the Cold War had produced a steady stream of Eastern European girls, longing to get away to the West, but terrified of falling into the hands of unscrupulous men. In her castle therefore she trained submissive young refugee girls to become Ladies Maids - and inducted them into the art of pleasing older women. Indeed the term Ladies Maid was a very convenient cover to allow her friends to make a girl submit a girl to all sorts of exciting activities. By registering her girls with The Society and marking them with its crest, Irma ensured that they could not easily run away, neither from her, nor from their new Mistresses to whom she sold them. Thus it was that when, that evening, Ursula's Mercedes drove up to the steps of the castle, half a dozen very pretty young girls ran eagerly down behind Irma to greet her. They were dressed in identically peasant costume with white aprons over dirndl skirts and low cut, wide, white blouses with a drawstring neck. They wore little coloured scarves round their necks to hide the gleaming metal collars of The Society from any casual observers. Would this rich lady, each was asking herself, be interested in taking her away with her as her ladies maid? They were therefore all disappointed to see that, when Ursula stepped out of the car to kiss Irma, she was followed by a young girl dressed as a maidservant. Was the post already taken? Or might this sophisticated and obviously wealthy woman want more than one girl in her serviced? Eagerly they took Ursula's matching cases and Maria's little suitcase up into the castle. 'My dear,' murmured Irma giving Maria an appreciative glance, 'your pretty new Ladies Maid looks very trainable.' 'Yes,' replied Ursula in German, which Maria did not understand, 'she's a sweet girl and, although she doesn't know it yet, she and her beautiful mother are going to make a splendid pleasure pair. 'Whom you'll be able to dispose of at a god profit,' laughed Irma. Well I've put her into your room with a little maid's roll up mattress on the floor next to your comfortable double bed. 'Excellent!' laughed Ursula. 'And as regards the other girls you want for Brazil, I've got several available ones here - as you can see. And one in an interesting condition - if that's what you're looking for. 'No not this time,' Ursula laughed. 'I've already made the necessary arrangements as regards that!' 'A pity, but doubtless another Member will be interested in acquiring her,' also laughed Irma. 'Now changing the subject, if your girl eats with mine in the kitchen, then she'll soon start boasting about you and about "modelling " in Brazil - and you'll be overwhelmed with applicants from whom you can choose. And I guarantee that they've all been put right off men and only like pleasuring a woman. I've trained them all myself and they're all registered with The Society and suitably marked. 'Excellent, my dear Irma,' Ursula laughed again. 'Why don't you take your girl and have a bath - you can start training her! Then we'll meet down in the Great Hall for

dinner. Maria had already found it quite normal to call Ursula, "Madam". Now, when the other girls, helping her up with the luggage, started jealously to refer to Miss de Vere as "Your Mistress?", she found herself, with a toss of her head, proudly replying, "Yes, my Mistress" Maria was delighted to be allowed to unpack for her Mistress and to put away her gorgeous clothes. Then she had caught her breath for there, curled up in the suitcase, was along whippy cane, with a curved handle. She remembered what Miss de Vere had said about girls being punished for disobedience. She had not taken her seriously. But ... 'Put that by the side of my bed,' came the order. Breathlessly, Maria did as she was told. 'Will that be all, Madam,' she asked. 'Certainly not, little Maria,' Ursula replied. 'A Ladies Maid must run her Mistress's bath, help her undress and attend her in her bath,' Maria had been enthralled by her duties. 'You're going to splash water over you smart new dress,' warned Ursula as she lay back luxuriating in the hot bath. 'You'd better undress too. A Ladies Maid should be naked when she attends on her Mistress in the bath!' 'Oh!' cried Maria, embarrassed. 'Come on,' ordered Ursula. 'Strip!' Blushing, Maria did as she was told. Ursula was delighted to see that the girl's big breasts, with their little pink virginal nipples, were still firm and pointed. She wondered how long it would be before one of Carmen's friends, looking at these fine firm breasts, would resist the temptation to have her put into milk - along with her mother. There was bound to be a special handicap in sulky racing for girls in milk - just as there was for girls Expecting a Happy Event. Ursula was also pleased to see that the girl was a genuine blond. Sabhu would so have that off, she laughed to herself. But perhaps he should tell him to leave just a faint little tuft on one side of her mound to show the potential buyers, that she really was a blond. Indeed, she had better tell him to do the same with Mizzi and any other blond girls. Yes, she had been right about the girl having good child bearing hips. They flared out deliciously from her slim waist. Her new Mistress would have no hesitation about putting her to the biggest of her Negro studs, or perhaps, to certain other male creatures! It was, something that, she thought with a cruel smile, was likely to happen frequently over the coming years. She told Maria to soap her all over. Yes, the girl had delicate little fingers! 'Soap my breasts and down between my legs,'she said. She let herself become increasingly aroused. 'Now put me into my negligee,' she told the still naked Maria after she had been dried. 'And pull back the sheets of the bed. Your Mistress is going to have rest.' Maria helped her Mistress into bed and blushing stood by the side of the bed. She had only left the convent that morning, but already it seemed a long time ago. Now lie down on your mattress by the side of my bed, and hold my handkerchief in case I want it,' ordered Ursula in a tone that allowed no prevarication - not that Maria would hesitate, she was far too thrilled not to obey instantly. Several minutes passed in silence. Lying on the little hard mattress, Maria was thinking of her good fortune in finding such a wonderful and exciting woman to look after her - and for her to look after too. 'Kneel up, Maria' came a sudden order. Ursula's reached down and cupped Maria's breasts. Yes they were deliciously firm. She heard the girl take a sudden intake of breath and begin to blush. Yes, the girl was becoming aroused. Good! Ursula's hand slowly descended over the girl's taut little tummy. 'Part your legs,' she whispered in a conspiratorial tone that reminded Maria of secret goings on in the convent dormitory. Gently, ever so gently she ran her hands down over the girl's wet beauty lips. Yes, she was certainly aroused. alright. Her breath was coming in little gasps. It was time to check! Ursula parted the girls beauty lips and slowly felt up inside her. Yes, the girl was a virgin! Satisfied, Ursula lay back - much to the excited girl's disappointment. But, Maria thought, a ladies maid could hardly expect her Mistress to give her satisfaction - the other way round, perhaps! 'Give me your hand, Maria' she heard her, now reclining, Mistress say. Maria reached up and Ursula took her left hand under the bedclothes and slowly led it up to her breast and onto her nipple. To her delight the girl started to squeeze it excitingly. Perhaps, she thought, these convent girls were not as innocent as they looked! Then lying on her back, she took the girl's other hand and very slowly, so as not to scare the fascinated girl, guided it over her hips and down towards her legs. Then very slowly she guided it towards her throbbing beauty bud. 'Tickle me, gently,' she murmured Thrilled, Maria did as she as told - and then, wildly excited herself, let her left hand slip down to her own beauty bud. Instantly Ursula sat up, still gripping Maria's right hand, she clapped the girl's face. 'Don't you dare,' she said and then lay back again, her eyes closed. Moments later she again felt Maria's fingers resume their work. The girl had learnt her first lesson: pleasuring her Mistress did not imply any pleasure for herself. It was a lesson that scarcely took Maria by surprise for the nuns had dinned into her the sinful iniquity of self abuse. At the same time one of the younger nuns had allowed her to do just what she was doing to Ursula - something that explained her expertise. Ursula was becoming more and aroused. The girl was tickling her very nicely, obviously keen to impress her Mistress - once the limits of her own enjoyment had been clearly established. It was time to move onto the next step, to strike whilst the iron was hot. She let go of the girl's hand. The tickling went on. Good! Then she began to caress the girl's face and hair. The girl moaned with pleasure. Ursula gripped her

hair and brought her head forward. 'Put your head under the sheets, little girl,' she whispered.'Remember what I said about models obeying orders! And go on tickling with your hands - both hands.' Then still gripping the girl by the hair with one hand and parting her own beauty lips with the other, she steered the girl's mouth down to where her fingers were still active. She waited to see what would happen. Perhaps because she led the girl on so gradually, there was no sudden movement of revulsion. Instead she was suddenly delighted to feel the girl's little tongue down between her fingers. At first Ursula wisely said nothing. Let the girl, her face down in the darkness under the bedclothes, take her time, she decided. But the little tickling from the girl's fingers and tongue was rapidly becoming unstoppably arousing - as was the sight of the girls slim naked body kneeling at her bedside and the feel of her soft breasts on her own slender hips. Suddenly she gripped the girls hair with both hand and pressed her head to herself. A series of violent spasms shook her. Oh, the thrill. 'Suck it!' she cried aloud. holding the girl's head quite still. 'Suck it all! 'And again!' she cried out moments later as another spasm hit her. Slowly she relaxed her hold on the girl's hair. But to her delight the girl remained in position, now gently licking what earlier she had been sucking. The girl was a natural slave! Just like her mother! How delightful! Ursula lay back on the pillows enjoying the aftermath and the gently licking under the sheets. She resisted the temptation to show too much tenderness. This was a girl who would obviously best react to strict discipline. 'Back onto your mattress!' she ordered. With a little sob of frustration and disappointment, Maria pulled her head out from under the bedclothes and curled up on the mattress. Tears filled her eyes and she pouted like a spoilt child. It wasn't fair! She had pleasured Miss de Vere, her Mistress, and now she wasn't going to be allowed any fun. It just wasn't fair! Minutes later her Mistress's heavy breathing told her that she had apparently fallen asleep. Was this her chance ? Once again Maria let her hand slip down to her throbbing beauty bud. Oh the relief! Then once again she heard her Mistress's voice: 'Don't you dare!' Startled, like a little girl caught with her hands in the sweet jar, she quickly took her hand away. 'Next time,' she heard her Mistress add, 'it'll be the cane!' The cane! She had forgotten all about the cane. But there it was lying by the bedside above her. She could not take her eyes off it. She had never been beaten, never. She lay mesmerised, her eyes fixed on the cane like a rabbit mesmerised by a stoat.

14 - URSULA BUYS ANOTHER THREE GIRLS

That night Ursula and Irma and two other lady guests, who had also come to inspect the girls on offer, dined by candlelight in the Great Hall. All were dressed in a stunning green velvet suit of slimly cut trousers and a long smoking jacket with braid piping and loops. To complete the rather masculine effect they all wore a frilly white shirt and floppy black bow tie. It was the evening dress of the local branch of The Society. Dinner was served by Irma's girls. But their wide blouses had been slipped down over their shoulders, baring their naked breasts. Their scarves had also been removed disclosing their gleaming collars each with the distinctive form of the letter "S" shining prominently on the front, immediately above the hanging the disc that showed that, for the moment, they belonged to the Grafin von Emmich. Standing jealously watching the scene from a dark corner of the large room was Maria, dressed as a maidservant in her long black dress and wearing her white pinafore, gloves and cap. She was naked under the dress. Maria could not take her eyes off the fascinating Miss de Vere, who was nonchalantly talking away to the other women as if nothing had happened during her rest upstairs. Then she saw Miss de Vere, her Mistress, look across at her with a slight smile. Oh, how she longed to please her again. She saw that every time one of the bare breasted girls served Miss de Vere, or the other two guests, she would provocatively lower her naked breasts and give them a little shake as if to catch the attention of the woman who might take her away with her. Maria was overcome with a feeling of jealousy. Then she saw that they would display the pretty mark of an "S" tattooed onto the inside of their wrist. Goodness, she thought, was that the secret mark of The Society. Would she marked like that, if she were very good and pleased her Mistress? Was that why the girls all wore those shiny collars with a similar shaped letter "S" on the front? Then when each girl came past the prudishly dressed Maria, she would toss her head in a superior fashion as if to show that, unlike her, they wore the pretty collar of The Society. Then they would put their noses in the air and sniff deprecatingly, as if to say that clearly Maria's own Mistress did not regard her as sufficiently attractive for her charms to be on display. In fact, of course, Ursula was very happy for Maria's charms to be kept hidden. She was not for sale! At the same time it would do the girl good to see something of her future duties But enough was enough! She beckoned the blushing Maria over to her. 'Go up stairs,' she whispered with little secretive smile that made Maria feel she was very special, 'and get into bed and wait for me out of sight under the bedclothes - and keep under them even when you hear me enter the room.' Thrilled, astonished and delighted, Maria sped from the room. Arriving upstairs she undressed, washed and got into the big luxurious bed that hitherto only her hands had been allowed into. She gave a little shiver when she saw the

cane, still sitting on the bedside table. She had thought that this would be an opportunity for her play with herself, but the sight of the cane stopped her. Was that why it had been left out. Did model girls have to keep themselves pure for their sponsor? Maria had dozed off under the bedclothes when she heard the bedroom open. Remembering what Miss de Vere had said about staying out of sight she lay very still. How thrilling it all was! She heard her Mistress undress. She longed to help her. Then suddenly her Mistress got into the bed. Her long legs came down on either side of her in the semi-darkness and then were still. Not a word was said. What should she do? Was she being tested? What was she expected to do? Instinctively, she knew the answer. Very hesitantly and gently she began to lick her way up first one slim leg and then the other. Instinctively she also reached up and gently squeezed her Mistress's nipples. She heard an encouraging little moan of delight. She was pleasing her Mistress! She felt Miss de Vere reach down and in the half light she saw she was parting her beauty lips - just as she had done earlier. She thought of the cane lying there waiting for her. She remembered what Miss de Vere had said in the car about pleasing her sponsor if she were to be accepted into the Society. She remembered the exciting little mark of an "S" secretly tattooed onto inside of the girls' wrists. Miss de Vere was lying there waiting. She dare not keep her waiting any longer. With a little cry she applied her tongue. Once again she felt her hair being gripped. Not a word was said, but sometimes she felt her head being moved gently from side to side, sometimes pressed hard down and sometimes lifted up as if her Mistress was giving herself a little rest. Once when she tired, Her Mistress lifted up the bed clothes and without a word, brought the cane down hard across her bottom, before lowering the bed clothes again. Maria's little tongue did not stop again after that. The just when she felt that her Mistress was going to let herself climax, she was pulled up alongside her. 'Lie on your back. little girl, and part you legs,' her Mistress whispered. She felt a bolster being slid under her hips. She was now raised up, as if on offer. She felt her Mistress now mounting her, lying between her legs and pressing down on her, just as she imagined a man would do. Her wrists were held above her head. She felt her Mistress's beauty lips pressing against her own. Oh the excitement. Half-heartedly she tried to wriggle away but her Mistress held her down. The more she tried to wriggle away, the more her Mistress seemed to enjoy it, pressing her own beauty lips down hard against her own ones. 'Go on wriggling' came the order. 'And lick up at me!' She found herself starting to raise her herself to lick up at her Mistress's chin, to raise her beauty lips up to her Mistress's commanding ones, to move in time with her. She was offering herself to her wonderful Mistress! And her Mistress was kissing her, kissing her passionately! The combination of having her Mistress holding her helpless whilst she rubbed her beauty bud against hers was unbelievably exciting. Then with a sudden raucous cry of triumph her Mistress climaxed. 'Go on wriggling!' she cried. As her Mistress climaxed yet again, she cried out: 'Now you can come for your Mistress, too.' Oh, the thrill! Oh, the excitement of being held down helpless! As she felt her juices mixing with those of her Mistress's she heard the order: ' Go on say it. Go on!' 'I'm coming. I'm for my Mistress!' she cried as she, too climaxed. These words and her own sudden spasm brought her Mistress to another and final climax. Oh the relief, Maria was thinking. But, she realised, she was still aroused. 'That's enough, little girl,' she heard her Mistress, 'But lie still now under me. You're a lucky girl, being allowed to climax. but no more fun now. Keep still!' Biting her lips with frustration, Maria lay still under her Mistress. Oh what a wonderful woman she was! And she had allowed her to come! Of course she did not deserve to be allowed to do so again. She was just her Mistress's servant girl. She lay quite still whilst her Mistress stroked her hair and her cheeks. Subserviently she licked up at her again. She blushed with pleasure as she heard her Mistress murmur: 'You're a good little girl and you pleased your Mistress a lot. Now thank her nicely for letting you come.' 'Oh thank you, Madam. Oh thank you Madam,'she cried fervently, 'for letting me come.' 'Tell your Mistress how kind she was to have allowed a mere servant girl into her bed!' 'Oh yes, my Mistress was so kind in letting her servant come into her bed,' Maria cried out. She meant every word. 'And are you happy serving your Mistress?' 'Oh, yes, Madam, oh yes!' Finally came the dreaded order: 'Now little Maria, back to your mattress! On the floor where you belong!' It was two days later that a now increasing well trained Maria, unable to stand any longer the taunts of the other girls, came to her Mistress to ask if she, too, could wear the same shiny collar as the other girls - and be registered with The Society. 'Of course, little girl,' smiled Ursula. ' I thought you'd be asking for it before long. You're lucky it can all be arranged here.' 'Oh how lovely,' cried the delighted Maria 'But there's one there's one additional point. You will also have to lose your beauty hair. Girls registered with The Society all have to be kept nice and smooth for their Mistresses.' So it was that at dinner the other girls were joined by a blushing bare breasted and collared Maria, the logo of The Society tattooed onto the inside of her wrist and her registration number tattooed discreetly onto the inside of her elbow. Moreover, under her skirt, mound and beauty lips were as hairless and smooth as those of little girl - or as those of her mother, as Ursula had laughingly remarked to Irma as

together they watched Irma's housekeeper finish depilating the girl. But what the girl was really proud about, was the little disc hanging from the front of her collar with the name "Miss de Vere" engraved on it, together with her London telephone number. Maria was now accepted by the other girls as one of them and the very next day came to her Mistress, again, with a message. 'Several of the other girls, Madam, are asking if you would like to take them to Brazil as models as well.' 'Thank you little Maria, I'll speak to Irma and have a closer look at them.' That afternoon a little inspection parade took place on a little platform in the Great Hall. Nominally the girls were showing off to Ursula their skill at modelling their dresses, walking up and down the platform as if on a fashion catwalk. But Ursula was putting herself into the mind of the women in Brazil who would be assessing them. They would be looking on them, not as models but rather for their likely submissiveness and willing skill in their new Mistress's bed and judging their likely performance on the race track. They would, however, also be looking for the breeding qualities that they would, hopefully, pass onto their coloured progeny: their conformation, their temperament, their intelligence and their ability to carry and deliver big strong progeny. Under the guise of showing off their skill at modelling underwear, they then paraded in slinky petticoats and then in panties - and then in nothing. Ursula's attention had been particularly caught by a pair of very pretty, red-haired, twin twenty year old Hungarian girls, Heidi and Suzy. A pair of European twin girls would, of course, be regarded by Carmen's friends as ideal ideal for establishing good new breeding lines of indentured servants on their plantations. The girls could both be put to the same black sire for their first progeny and then immediately afterwards to another one, to give a wider choice - especially if, before each mating, they had previously been put on a course of fertility pills so that, carefully cossetted in the breeding pens, they in turn also produced twins or even triplets. Irma said that she had started breaking the twins in to pleasuring a woman together, something which Sabhu would doubtless perfect, and which would greatly increase their value. Ursula was also taken by an exceptionally buxom, blond, twenty five year old Slovene girl Carla. She had lovely soft eyes and Ursula could imagine her breasts bouncing prettily as she pulled a little governess cart round her new Mistress's plantation in Brazil - perhaps with a nicely swelling belly too. An advantage of all these girls was that, like Maria, they spoke only rudimentary English and nothing else, other than their little known mother tongues. It would therefore be relatively easy to keep them unaware of the true fate that awaited them. None of these these girls came cheap, especially not the twins, However, after allowing for her own expenses in London, including employing Sabhu to supervise them, their air fares, and even for the sums that she would be paying into their bank accounts, Ursula calculated that she would still make a very handsome profit on them. 'Right Irma,' she said, 'let's discuss what discount you'd give me if I take all three of them.' 'What!'gasped a delighted Irma. 'You're going to take all three of them! Well ... in that case ...'

15 - FIFI IN MILK - AND FEELS SOME STRANGE LITTLE KICKS

Meanwhile, back in Ursula's house in London, Fifi was locked in her cage with her pretty little doll. Following the course of Doctor Anna's special pills, her milk had now come on well. She had been put into one of the doctor's cunningly designed milking bras, with specially shaped, plastic cups, into which her now flowing breasts were thrust. As the cups were made of transparent plastic, they prettily displayed Fifi's swollen breasts, with their now accentuated blue veins, as well as preventing her from touching them. At their tip was another, much smaller, stiff plastic cup, also transparent, that held and displayed the girl's prettily elongated and scarlet painted nipples. But, once again, the stiff plastic prevented her from touching her now extra sensitive nipples. These nipple cups could however be readily slipped off by Sabhu using a special little tool. The two plastic nipple cups were linked together by a little adjustable chain that was kept taut so as to train the breasts to grow closer together as they swelled up with milk. The special bra was securely held in place, over the girl's breasts, by two other little chains, one going round to her back under her armpits and the other going over her shoulders. All four chains met in the small of her back where they were padlocked together. To prevent the girl from pulling the shoulder chains off her shoulders, they were linked together by another short length of chain in front of her neck and by another behind her neck. Much as might try, Fifi was quite unable to take the bra off or slip her breasts out from under its cups. But when the Mistress wanted a little light refreshment, Sabhu could simply unlock the padlock in the small of the girl's back and the milking bra would fall off, leaving her quivering, but firm breasts and nipples bare. For simply milking the girl, however, Sabhu had even simpler routine ... In her darkened cage, Fifi looked down at her protruding nipples in their transparent plastic cups. Oh she longed to ease the pressure in her breasts. How cruel Sabhu was to keep her like this. Deprived of her wristwatch, she had no idea of the passing of time, but surely, she told herself anxiously, it must be time for her milking. Time passed and then suddenly she heard heavy footsteps on the other side of the trap door. Yes, they were coming towards her cage! Oh at last! Eagerly she crawled up to the little wooden door. She recognised the rasp of metal

catches being unfastened. Suddenly two slivers of light flooded into her cage as two small circular wooden flaps in the trap door fell open with a bang. 'Breasts!' she heard Sabhu shout through the door. Woebetide her, she knew, if she did not instantly obey! Hastily she thrust her plastic covered breasts through the two now exposed round holes. Unable to see what Sabhu was doing to her breasts on the the other side of the trap door, Fifi felt him slipping two apparently U-shaped bars under the base of the bra. These squeezed her breasts forwards and held them ready for milking. They also prevented her from withdrawing them back back into her cage. She heard a click and then felt him slipping off the plastic cups over her elongated nipples - nipples which seemed to become more and more elongated, and sensitive, with each milking. She could now feel the cold air on them. Moments later she heard the rumble of rubber coated wheels of a trolley and a pulsating noise began. Oh, how she longed to be able to see just what was being done to her! Suddenly, as usual, she felt Sabhu's fingers on one of her now long nipples. He was inserting it, apparently, into the pulsating machine. Moments later she felt him doing the same with her other nipple. With her breasts held tight by the u-shaped bar, there was nothing she do to stop him - not that she wanted to do so, for her breasts felt as if they were bursting. She felt the pulsating machine alternatively gripping and pulling on her delicate, but now erect, nipples. There was a strange feeling as if milk was flowing down from her breasts and into her nipples. Suddenly she dead the click of a switch. The whole rhythm of the pulsating machine slowed down and she felt first one nipple, and then the other, being slowly squeezed and released. She heard a little tinkling noise as if a liquid was being repeatedly squirted into a glass of some kind. It must be, she realised, be her own milk! Two minutes later, she heard the machine being switched off. She felt her nipples being released and the plastic tips replaced, together with their little taut linking chain. Then she felt her breasts being released as the U-shaped bars were removed. 'Withdraw breasts!' came Sabhu's harsh order. Not another word was said. Then, as soon as she pulled her breasts back through the trapdoor, the flaps on the far side, covering the two circular holes, were snapped shut and bolted again. Once again she was free to crawl about her little cage in the half darkness. Although she was unable to touch her encased breasts, hanging down below her, she could feel that they were now much lighter. She had been milked! Milked for her Mistress like an animal and by a machine! Fifi gripped the bars of her cage. The curtains had been drawn back and she could see into the sumptuous but now empty bedroom. Something was going on inside her, she kept thinking, as she helplessly gripped the bars of her cage. Was it imagination or were things moving about inside her tummy and underneath the chain mesh belt, that was so tightly locked over her loins, making it impossible for her to get at at her beauty lips. But what could it be? What was wrong with her? She could not, of course, be pregnant, for her Mistress had made sure that she had not even seen a man, other than Sabhu - and he was clearly only interested in women as animals to be controlled, fed, and trained. Sometimes she felt ill in the mornings and her milk laden breasts seemed to be strangely swelling up even more. When, greatly daring, she had asked Sabhu about it, he had merely smiled happily, and told he that it was just just a little indigestion Sabhu had changed the type of exercises he made her do when, with a lead fastened onto her collar, he led her, crawling, into the little gymnasium. Before he had always stood over her, a little cutting whip in his hand, whilst she sweated and strained on the rowing machine, or lifted heavy weights to strengthen her breast muscles. Now he made her lie down and do strange exercises, apparently to strengthen her tummy muscles. It was, she knew absurd, but it was almost as if he was now making her do ante-natal exercises! She winced as she again felt strange little movements in her tummy. What could they be? . She knew that if, greatly daring, she again asked Sabhu he would simply laugh, put his big black hand onto her naked tummy. 'Indigestion, girl,' he would again say laughingly. 'Caged girls often get it. It does them no harm. Don't you worry, doctor very pleased with your progress' Progress! What progress, she had wondered. Oh how she longed for her Mistress's return. It was so wonderful being completely and utterly looked after by her Mistress and not having a care in the world - even if the price for that was to be kept locked up in a cage off her Mistress's bed room and being under the control of the dreaded Sabhu - and suffering an occasional little attack of indigestion! As Fifi awaited the return of her Mistress, she had little idea of the passing of the days. How long, she wondered, was it since her Mistress has so excitingly taken her on successive days with the strangely named Pollinator? Her Mistress had not used it since, and Fifi often wondered why. She had wanted to ask her Mistress, but was too frightened to do so. 'I like my girls to be seen and not heard, Fifi,' her Mistress had once said warningly, 'and if you ever start asking any questions, then it'll be Sabhu's cane for you, my girl!' It was a threat that Fifi had learnt she must take seriously, very seriously. Indeed, Sabhu's cane was never out of thoughts for very long. Since the strange episode with Pollinator, the strict German lady doctor had frequently come to inspect her, mysteriously discussing her in whispered tones with Sabhu. She remembered the last time the doctor had come, just before her Mistress had gone off. On this occasion, without a word of explanation,

Sabhu had ordered her to thrust her head out through the small hole in the wooden trap door at the back of her cage - as if she were going to be fed. Then he dropped a canvas hood over her head, fastened it with a strap round her neck, pushed her head back into the cage and closed the flap over the hole in the door. At first she had been scared stiff, but then she found that there little holes under her nostrils, allowing her to breath freely. But the hood kept her completely blindfolded, unable to see anything as she crawled around her little cage, feeling her way with her manacled hands. Later she heard footsteps in her Mistress's bedroom, coming from behind the thick curtain in front of her cage. She heard her Mistress's laughing tones as well as Sabhu's distinctive deep voice and his half French, half Caribbean accent, and the heavy German accent of the lady doctor. Then suddenly there was the swishing noise of the curtain being drawn back. She was on display! 'Kneel up at front of cage, girl!' came Sabhu's harsh order, followed by; 'Press your belly up against the bars!' Awkwardly, unable to see, she rushed to obey. She did not want later to be taken out of her cage and caned by Sabhu for what he termed Slackness in Obeying Orders, for which she would have to bend over and get six strokes, or, even worse, Disobedience, for which she would get ten. 'Good little girl,' she heard her kind Mistress say encouragingly, as she strained to press her tummy against the hard bars. Then she had heard her say, once again mysteriously: 'Her belly's coming on well, isn't it Doctor?' The doctor said something in German and then wiped her tummy with a wet cloth, before starting to run something over it. 'Look!' Fifi had heard the lady doctor say. There was an approving grunt from Sabhu and a little laugh from her Mistress as she clapped her hands with delight. What Fifi wondered could they be looking at? Unknown to Fifi, they were, of course, looking at the screen of the portable scanner on which they could just make out two tiny twin black embryos, that, to Ursula's delight, Fifi was now unsuspectingly carrying. It was as progeny that would certainly increase the girl's value when she arrived in Brazil. Then her wonderful Mistress had gone off abroad on a mysterious errand leaving her, locked in her cage, and Mizzi, locked in the dormitory, both under the strict eye of Sabhu.

16 - A MOTHER'S MOMENT OF TRUTH

Mizzi was lying alone on her hard bunk in the dormitory. The only noise came from the chinking of the heavy manacles that joined her wrists. She was naked except, for her shiny metal collar with with it's little disc that showed she now belonged to Miss de Vere, and the simple little short tunic that was all that Sabhu allowed her to wear - and of course the strong black rubber chastity belt. Her Mistress had been gone for over a week now. She wasn't sure just how long it had been as she had no calendar or diary, not even a radio or television. All she was allowed were children's books and children videos. It had been the same when she had belonged to the Princess Naimah. 'We Arabs like a slavegirl to have the body of a beautiful woman, and the mind of a little girl,' had been one of the Princess's favourite sayings and it was evidently a view shared by Miss de Vere. But whether it was a week, or ten days, she had still missed being put into the cage off her Mistress's bedroom to await being summoned to please her. Oh how she longed for a little relief. With little else to do, she longed to try and touch her throbbing beauty bud. But she did dare to do so - not with the little internal television camera high up in the corner of the room which swept incessantly to and fro before coming back to point at her. She was far too frightened of Sabhu's long whippy cane - and in any case what was the point, for her chastity belt was firmly locked over her sex lips, not allowing even a little finger to get at her throbbing beauty bud. Mizzi jumped, as she suddenly heard heard the buttons of the electronic lock to the dormitory being pressed from outside. How often had she watched Sabhu pressing the buttons on this side. How often had she tried to learn the secret sequence. Once she had tried a particular sequence but it had not worked and the iron strengthened door had remained obstinately locked. In her disappointment and frenzy, she had shaken the door madly, and the bars on the windows too - but all to no avail, except that over the loudspeaker had come the sardonic laughter of Sabhu. He had been secretly watching her on the internal television! He had not even bothered to thrash her. She had learnt her lesson. There was no escape from the house of Miss de Vere, any more than there had been from the house of the Princess Naimah. Anyway, she asked herself, where could she go with no money, no friends in London, and her passport confiscated by her Mistress. If she went to the Polish Embassy, they would simply send her back to Poland and that was the last thing she wanted. More to the point did she really want to escape from her wonderful new and exciting Mistress and from her exciting, and financially remunerative, plans to take her out to Brazil? Oh, if only her Mistress knew how cruelly Sabhu was treating her, then she'd soon put a stop to it! The door opened. Sabhu strode into the room, as always his cane in his hand. Terrified,she could not take her eyes off it as she jumped off her bunk and stood respectfully at attention, her legs parted, her knees bent and her hands clasped behind her neck. Was she going to be beaten? Desperately she cast her mind back seeking some infringement of Sabhu's rules. This awful black Haitian was even stricter than the Princess's little black eunuch and even touchier about the slightest lack of respect, or answering back or,

so called, silent contempt. He insisted on a girl standing at this humiliating position of attention in his presence, not speaking without permission and answering his every order with a happy smile and the reply: 'Yes, Mr Sabhu, Sir, Yes.' 'Mistress on way back,' he announced. 'She arrive soon. She want you to be waiting for her arrival, in Cage Number Two.' Standing rigidly at attention and not daring to move, Mizzi's mind was in a whirl. Her Mistress was about to arrive back! And had said she wanted her! Oh how thrilling! She felt like a little excited school girl. But Sabhu's next words brought her down to earth again with a bump. 'Maybe she chose you. Maybe she chose Fifi. She like her swollen belly.' Fifi! thought Mizzi jealously. Bah! That boring little bitch who gave herself such airs just because she was kept in the favourite's cage, the Number One cage, instead of here down in the dormitory. And she was so stupid she did not even know she was expecting. She could give the Mistress far more pleasure than that little tart. 'Or maybe she not chose either.' Angrily Mizzi ignored this. Of course she would to use one of them, after her journey. Sabhu was just teasing her! Sabhu washed her all over like a little child and then, temporarily removing her beauty belt, he checked her state of depilation. The Mistress must not find a hair in sight on her smooth mound or down between her beauty lips. Then he brushed her hair and made her up. Glancing in the mirror she saw a beautiful and sophisticated woman. She tossed her hair, yes, she was a gorgeous and self confident woman of the world, a woman who was master of her own destiny, a woman who ... 'Down!' ordered Sabhu, shattering her little day dreams . With as little sob, she obediently knelt on all fours. The self confidant woman of the the world did not want to risk a caning! She felt Sabhu fasten a lead to her collar. Dutifully she dropped her eyes to the floor. The self confidant woman of the world was really just a little animal. She felt him give her collar a tug with the lead and she scuttled after him out of the dormitory, and up the stairs, her eyes on his shoes. Oh, how had she allowed her fear of men and her longing to be looked after financially by a rich woman, to bring her down to such a shameful level? But at least it would be different in Brazil. There she would be more or less free and earning lots of money - and be with her daughter. Who cared about a so-called two year contract! He stopped outside the trapdoor to cage Number Two. Then he held up a black leather muzzle. Dutifully she opened her mouth. Her Mistress liked to have women, waiting in the cages, kept gagged. She felt the hard rubber pressing down on her tongue and felt her chin being gripped by the muzzle so that she could not shake it off. She heard the click as it was locked behind her neck. She was now unable to make a sound. Sabhu opened the small trap door that lead into the back of the low cage-like alcove and thrust her into it. He closed it behind her and closed the two bolts. Mizzi was now in darkness, except for a glimmer of light that came from below the thick blue velvet curtains beyond the gilded bars of her cage. Beyond the curtains was her Mistress's bedroom - so close and yet so far. Unable to stand, she knelt on all fours and gripped the bars, eagerly waiting for the sounds of her returning Mistress. She could hear the rustle of manacles coming from the alcove-cage next door, as Fifi, her rival moved about her cage. Hearing the noise she was again overcome by jealousy. She remembered Sabhu's words: 'Maybe she choose you. Maybe she choose Fifi.' Again she asked herself what pleasure that chit of a girl could give their Mistress that she could not give better. Everything , she knew, would depend on the first impression she made on her Mistress when she pressed the buttons that would draw back the curtains in front of the cages and switched on the floodlights that lit up the cages. Languidly, her Mistress would look down on the two helpless women, both kneeling on all fours, both manacled, both muzzled and both looking up at her with silently pleading eyes. Each would shake her breasts under her thin silken tunic to attract her Mistress, each knowing that that the one who was not chosen, the one on whom the curtain over her alcove would close again, would later get six strokes of Sabhu's cane - to encourage her to greater efforts next time! Meanwhile she would have to listen in furious jealousy to the love-making of her rival and her Mistress, coming from behind the closed curtain. Desperately she wondered what she could do that would be sufficiently different to attract her Mistress away from Fifi and her damn belly. With her mouth tightly muzzled it was so difficult, merely using her eyes, to give the impression of abject servility that, she knew, never failed to turn her Mistress on and arouse her. Suddenly she knew what she would do. She would not even try to use he eyes. She would untie the pretty bows on the side of her tunic and slip it off. Then stark naked,except for her collar and the hated rubber chastity belt, she would, as soon as he heard the curtain sliding back, prostrate herself humbly on the floor of her cage. Then instead of seeing, as her Mistress would expect, an animal-like creature gripping the bars of her cage like a monkey, she would see a beautiful naked woman, kneeling with her forehead to the floor, her long honey coloured hair flung forward between her manacled hands, and her long bare back stretching back to her slim waist and then flowing out again, like a violin, to her hips and raised quivering buttocks. It would be an irresistible sight! Suddenly, after what seemed hours of excited anticipation, Mizzi heard the noise of footsteps from behind the velvet curtain. Her Mistress was back! She longed to cry out her welcome but, muzzled as she was, she could not

utter a sound. Hastily she got ready to prostrate herself humbly, as she had planned. Then suddenly she thought she heard other footsteps. Her Mistress was not alone. Had she brought one of her friends to join in having a girl pleasure her? She heard voices. They seemed to be speaking in Polish. How odd. 'Well, my little ladies maid,' she heard her Mistress say, 'go and run my bath and then come and undress me - and then later you can pleasure me in bed.' Jealousy and disappointment flooded through Mizzi. This wasn't one of her Mistress's lady friends. This was some girl she had brought back and was seducing - using her instead of herself, or even Fifi. She wanted to scream out - but her muzzle reduced her rage to a little whine. She heard a similar whine from the cage next door. 'Don't worry, my dear,' she heard her Mistress say, 'that's just my pet poodles in their kennels. They've recognised my voice and want to greet me.' Angrily Mizzi shook her manacles. Again she heard a similar noise from the next door cage. 'They have to be kept chained,' explained Ursula. 'Poodles! Oh how sweet!' she thought she heard a young girl's voice. It sounded familiar but she couldn't quite place it. 'No, not yet, my dear. You'll have plenty of time to see their cages before long. Now let's go into the bathroom. I want you to wash me all over.' She heard the bathroom door close. Moments later she heard, faint splashing noises and laughter, coming from behind the door. What was going on, Mizzi wondered jealously? Would the girl have slipped off her Mistress's clothes? Would she now be admiring her Mistress's tall, slim and almost masculine body? Was she now soaping her all over? Would she, too, have undressed and got into the bath with her Mistress? She was being driven crazy with jealousy! Finally she heard the bathroom door open. 'Oh, darling,' she heard her Mistress's voice. So the girls was already, Darling, was she. Well, she'd soon show her that she could please their Mistress better than her. 'Give me my negligee!' she heard her Mistress say. 'That's right the one that opens down the front.' Oh well she knew it. How often she parted it to please her Mistress. She heard the rustle of silk. She could imagine the girl holding out the negligee for her Mistress. Oh, how jealous she felt. 'You're becoming quite a young ladies maid,' she heard her Mistress laugh. Ladies Maid indeed! 'And what a pretty little body you have, too.' Furious, Mizzi could well imagine a naked girl standing in front of her Mistress, eagerly awaiting her next order. She heard kisses. 'Now kneel down and kiss your Mistress's other lips.' There was a long silenced punctuated by little moans of delight from her Mistress. It was almost more than Mizzi could stand. 'That's enough, little girl. Now let me hear you begging to please your Mistress in bed.' 'Oh please, Madam,' came the clear voiced of a young girl, speaking in Polish. 'please let this little girl pleasure her Mistress.' Mizzi almost jumped out her skin. The voice was that of Maria, her daughter Maria! Her Mistress was seducing her daughter! And she had to listen! Her Mistress, must she realised, have gone to Poland without telling her and had brought Maria back here. She remembered how, under the threat of Sabhu's cane, she had written to the convent asking them to do allow just that. For the next half hour Mizzi knelt in anxious concern as she heard her daughter pleasuring her Mistress first in one way and then another. She could not help, once again, feeling madly jealous. Jealous of her daughter!

17 - MOTHER AND DAUGHTER - TRAINED AS A PAIR

An hour later she heard her Mistress taking Maria off somewhere. 'Now I'm going to introduce you to the person who's going to look after you,' she said. 'and then we must take you to your mother.' 'Oh, yes please,' cried Maria. 'I'm so longing to see her again Mizzi wondered what on earth was going to happen. She remembered how her Mistress cruelly had asked her what would happen when Maria came here. With a shudder she remembered how she had been made to learn to reply: 'Then she will join me in being trained to please our Mistress, together or separately.' She was still wondering what was going to happen when, a little later, she suddenly heard the well known swish of Sabhu's cane coming from behind the bolted trapdoor at the back of her cage. She heard a little cry. Again there was the sound of a cane hitting flesh. And then again. Suddenly there was a girl's scream. 'Alright. Sir, I do it. I go into cage,' came a girl's voice crying out in broken English. 'But please no more cane!' It was Maria's voice! She was being caned! Caned by Sabhu! She remembered hearing her Mistress telling the unsuspecting Maria that she was going to introduce her to the person who was going look after her. Never in her worst nightmares would poor little Maria, her precious daughter, have guessed that her kind Mistress was going to turn her over to that cruel, black, Haitian giant. 'Good!' Mizzi heard Sabhu grunt. 'Now you open mouth for muzzle.' Poor little Maria, she thought, muzzled just like her mother! She heard the bolts of the trapdoor at the back of her cage being withdrawn. The trap door opened and she blinked at the sudden light. She caught a glimpse of Sabhu, looking stern and unsmiling. he was holding the ends of his cane, one in each hand, and bending the cane back, as if showing off its flexibility. Beyond him was a girl with her back to her. She was blond and was manacled. It was Maria. The chain joining her wrists was fastened to a another chain hanging from the ceiling, making the girl stand on the tips of her toes. She was just wearing a short silken tunic and below it, across her bottom were three red weals from Sabhu's cane. Sabhu had evidently already fitted her daughter

with a chastity belt - just like her own one. Between the cheeks of her buttocks could be seen the taut white rubber tube-like cord that, as Mizzi knew only too well, linking up with the black rubber belt round her waist, would keep her chastity belt tightly locked over her beauty lips. Once the girl had been manacled and raised upon tip toe, it must have been easy for Sabhu to fasten the belt round her - and to check that fitted tightly and securely. He would, Sabhu had decided, leave it to the girl's mother to teach her, like an animal teaching it's offspring, how to reach back and strain to pull the cord aside when she had to relieve herself. The mother would, of course, also have to teach her that she must always first ask his permission to do so and would then have to do so under his supervision. Doubtless the mother would also be teaching her daughter the importance of keeping the white cord absolutely spotless, if she to avoid a thrashing. The idea of the mother and daughter mutually checking the cleanliness of their cords made him laugh cruelly. Behind the girls neck could be seen the strap that kept her muzzle firmly in place. Mizzi started to crawl out through the trapdoor as if to run and comfort her sobbing daughter. 'You, get back into cage!' shouted Sabhu coming over towards her, his cane raised. Hastily Mizzi backed back into the cage. 'I give daughter extra stroke for mother's disobedience.' She watched helpless as Sabhu bent his whippy cane almost double in front of the terrified Maria. Then going behind her and lifting her tunic slightly he brought the cane down right across the girl's bottom - just above the the previous strokes. Maria moaned behind her muzzle. 'That teach you lesson,' shouted Sabhu. 'You misbehave and daughter get cane. Daughter misbehave and you get cane.' Then Sabhu slowly and deliberately lowered the chain hanging from the ceiling and uncooked Maria's manacles. She started to rub the weals on her bottom. Then with his cane he pointed to the trapdoor. She turned and saw her mother kneeling there, half naked, manacled and muzzled like herself. With sob she ran across the room, knelt down and fell into her mother's arms. Muzzled all they could say to each other were little animal-like grunts. Sabhu came over. Quickly he fastened a chain to the two women's collars. It was a chain, over a metre long, that would from now on keep them linked together at all times. Ursula was determined that not only must her precious mother and daughter be offered for sale in Brazil as a physically matched pair, but also as a psychologically matched pair as well. Then, satisfied that their collar chain was securely fastened, he kicked Maria through the trap door, which he now closed and bolted. Mother and daughter were now reunited, crawling on all fours in the darkness. Not only were they both manacled and muzzled, and chained together by the neck, but they now shared something else: fear of Sabhu and his cane. Surely, Mizzi as thinking as tried to take her daughter into her arms, her Mistress can't have known that Sabhu was going to beat poor little Maria into submission. Little did she know that Ursula, her beloved Mistress, had been watching the entire scene on the big internal television screen by her bed. It was a scene that she had carefully choreographed and she felt that Sabhu had played his role excellently. There was, she told herself, nothing like a short sharp shock to bring a girl to heel - nor a mother and daughter. An hour later the curtain in front of Cage Number Two slid back and a spotlight lit up the cage, disclosing the sight of two very similar little creatures kneeling up at the bars of their cage, their eyes piteously trying, above their muzzles to peer out through past the blinding light of the spotlight. 'Well, here they are, my little mother and daughter,' said Ursula speaking to Doctor Anna in German so that neither Mizzi nor Maria would understand. 'What's their future use?' asked Doctor Anna, her eyes taking in, professionally, the two women's bodies. 'Oh, initially pleasing their future Mistress in bed and then they'll be put into her stables to be trained for racing. If they're successful racers, then of course she'll breed from them, using a local sire. Doctor Anna nodded thoughtfully. 'I think they look very suitable. Keep them chained together by the neck for as long as possible, even when they're pleasuring you. And tell Sabhu to use my special pills to get their monthly cycles synchronised. 'Oh, what a good idea,' laughed Ursula. 'I'll certainly tell him to do so.' It was the following afternoon. Mizzi and Maria had been chained together for a whole day. They had not been able to speak one word to each other for their muzzles were only removed when one at a time they thrust their heads through the little hole in the trap door to be fed. Mizzi had had to show her daughter by gestures how to spend a penny through the grille in her chastity belt and how to relieve herself into the little bowl of rose water. Both were intensely embarrassed at having to relieve themselves in front of each other and to Sabhu's command. That morning Sabhu had replaced their muzzles with ones without the rubber pad that pressed down on their tongues. Instead these new muzzles had a little zip fastener over the mouth. Then he had taken them out of their cage and down to his training room. There, using a life size blown up rubber sex doll, he had ordered a highly embarrassed Mizzi to demonstrate to her daughter half a dozen basic orders in English: Suck! Lick! Get behind! Wriggle! Lie on back! Reach up with tongue! Watch! and so on. Only when the order Lick was given was the zip fastener pulled back - but only momentarily, so they still had no opportunity to speak to each other. It was not merely understanding the various uses to which these basic orders could be put, that Maria, copying her

mother, had to learn. Both also now had to learn how to apply them together to a demanding Mistress, as a a performing pleasure pair. It had taken several strokes of Sabhu's cane to get Mizzi to overcome her initial embarrassment at being made to do all this in front of her equally embarrassed daughter. It took even more strokes to get Maria to perform them, to the order of the huge horrible Negro, in front of her mother. Doing it in the secrecy of her Mistress's bed had been a very different matter. Now it was time Ursula felt for them to put in practice with her what they had learned from Sabhu. Once again the curtain slid back and the spot light came on. But this in response to a another button a little barred trap door in the front of their cafe also opened. 'Out' ordered Ursula as she lay back on the top of her bed, in her open negligee. In her hand was the long thin cane that had so scared Maria in Germany. Mizzi crawled out first , pulling Maria out by the chain connecting their collars. Maria had wanted to stand up, after being kept on all fours in the cage, but Mizzi urgently signalled her to get down again on her knees. The was an angry rustle of manacles from behind the still drawn velvet curtain in front of Cage Number One. Sucks and yah-boo to you, Fifi, you stuck up pig, thought Mizzi. Linked by their chain, the two women crawled to the foot of Ursula's bed. 'Now lets see Mizzi showing off her skill to Maria,' laughed Ursula in Polish to the two horrified women. But any thought of revolt evaporated when she brought her cane down sharply onto the bed clothes alongside her. The various standard orders in English were exercised and for a short time the zip fastener over Mizzi's mouth was slipped back. Then it was Maria's turn to show off the expertise she had gained whilst alone with her Mistress in the castle in Germany. Then finally Ursula broke into ecstasy as she felt two little soft pointed tongues, each vying with the other to give her greater pleasure. Oh yes, she thought, this makes my journey all well worthwhile!. Moreover, she thought, tomorrow the three girls she had acquired in Germany would all be arriving to be turned over to Sabhu and to join Mizzi and Maria in the dormitory. In view of the obvious success of keeping Mizzi and Maria muzzled for the first twenty fours and in keeping them chained together by the neck, it might well, she thought be sensible to treat the Hungarian twins, Heidi and Suzy, in the same way. Of course, as they would be kept chained together by the neck, the bunk beds would have to be adopted to allow the twins to share one, just as Sabhu had had already adopted another bunk to hold Mizzi and Maria. And as they would all be locked into their rubber chastity belts, there would be no risk of any misbehaviour, even if they were sharing bunks. It would, she thought, be as exciting break-in the Hungarian twins to work together as team, as it had been to break in the Polish mother and daughter. And she could hardly wait to get her hands onto the deliciously buxom Carla from Slovenia. That only left Emma to complete the team. Unknown to Emma, they would both be meeting at a party in London in only a week's time by which time it was important that Mizzi and Maria, Carla, and Heidi and Suzy, had all settled down under Sabhu's strict control - and Fifi, as well, of course. Ursula had no doubt as to Sabhu's ability to put the fear of God into all the girls, nor of her ability to seduce Emma back into her power. But, in view of the demand for an aristocratic Englishwoman, Emma would be a key member of her team. Christmas was now approaching, and with it the time for the team, all broken in and well disciplined, to fly top Brazil. Clearly the quicker she had Emma here, under lock and key, and signed up, like the other girls, to go to Brazil, the better.

18 - A HORRIFIED EMMA JOINS THE TEAM

The next day, Emma arrived back at Ursula's house with her suitcase. However, she was horrified to be met, not by a smiling Ursula, but by a grim faced Sabhu, her old enemy and overseer. Before she could say a word he gripped her by the neck and marched up her up to a locked door. Pressing the keys of an electronic lock with his free hand, Sabhu had pushed open the door and thrust Emma through it. Then he closed it behind her. Emma gasped as she looked around her. She was in what appeared to be a small dormitory with bunk beds. Five foreign looking, young women, all beautiful and all dressed just in pretty little satin tunics, open at the sides and fastened with little bows, were lying on little bunk beds. There was a rattle of chains and, horrified, Emma saw that their wrists had all been manacled and were linked by a short length of heavy chain. They wore shiny collars round their necks with a little disc hanging down in front as on a dog collar. Two closely resembling pairs of women had actually been chained to each other by the neck. Under their tunics they all wore rubber chastity belts, just like hers. My God, thought Emma, and turned for the door. But there was no handle! She pushed at it. It was locked. One of the women, a beautiful creature perhaps in her thirties said something to her sympathetically, in what seemed to be a Slavonic language. She did not understand. Then, in heavily accented English, she slowly said: 'There is no escape from here!' None of the women seemed to speak much English but she gathered they had been told that another woman would be joining them. Herself! 'But I've come here to go to Brazil with Miss de Vere,' she cried. The others nodded. 'Us too!' Totally unnerved, Emma looked to where one of the women, a very buxom blond girl, was pointing. There on an empty top bunk was laid out a set of wrist manacles and chain,

just the the ones the other women were wearing. There was also a short silken tunic - again just like the ones the other women were wearing. Attached to it, in Ursula's handwriting, was a note: "Emma, undress and put this on. And put all, repeat all, your own clothes away in the chest of drawers. And then snap the manacles onto your wrists. They'll then lock automatically. Get moving! Remember the television camera is watching you - so hurry.' With horrified gasp of fear, Emma looked up and saw in the corner of the room a little television camera. It was being remotely operated. She saw it swivel and point directly at her. She looked at the manacles with a mixture of fear and fascination. It had at times in the past been so exciting being in Ursula's power. But could she trust her? Who were these other women? Putting on the manacles would, she knew, have a deep psychological, as well physical, effect. 'Hurry Emma! Hurry!' Suddenly from a loudspeaker came Sabhu's angry voice, with it's distinctive half French, half Caribbean, accent. 'Or you get cane!' With a sob of despair, Emma quickly undressed to the waist and snapped the manacles onto her wrists. She was back in Ursula's power again!

PART V SABHU'S DISCIPLINE

19 - FIFI IN HER CAGE.

Ursula's team was now complete and Emma, Lady Rossrae, was now safely locked up in the dormitory downstairs under Sabhu's special supervision. Ursula entered her bedroom. It was early afternoon - siesta time. She looked across at the two alcoves. Both were hidden by the thick velvet curtains drawn across the gilded and prettily worked metal bars of each cage's screen. She could hear rustling noises as Fifi moved about Cage Number One and and the red-haired Hungarian twins, Heidi and and Suzy, chained together by the neck, moved about their equally darkened cage, Number Two. Oh, what a feeling of power surged through her as as she wondered which should she choose for her afternoon's pleasure. How delightful it was having such a choice! In London, she reflected, it was far easier for a rich and dominant woman to keep a harem of young women in her power, and under strict control, than for a man. Indeed she could virtually do so quite openly. No one queried a woman being seen with several young women, nor keeping several young women in her house or even sharing a hotel room - things that would certainly attract attention if done by a man. Fifi's milk continued to flow well, which was why Ursula had decided to keep her in the Favourite's Cage and not yet put her back in with the other girls in the dormitory. Sabhu had also now made a fine job of elongating her nipples so as to make milking her breasts, in his little pulsating milking machine, easier. Her now nicely stretched nipples also made a fine and erotic sight that would soon, Ursula laughed to herself, be fascinating Carmen's Brazilian friends. Her pretty little tummy was, of course, now beginning to look nicely swollen. Ursula remembered how thrilling it had been when Sabhu had reported that the test he had done was positive and when Doctor Anna had confirmed this. How exciting it was to see, on Doctor Anna's scan, the little dark female embryos. They would certainly catch the eye of one of Carmen's friends. How amusing it had been when Sabhu had told the anxious Fifi her that she was just suffering from indigestion. Then finally when the kicks became strong, he had told the anxious girl that she was indeed now expecting a Happy Event, as he called it. He had, however, left her mystified over how it could have happened. Ursula had laughed as she watched on the monitoring screen the sight of Fifi alternatively rubbing, in wonder, her swelling belly and then tearing in vain, with her manacled hands, at the shiny chain-mail belt that prevented her from trying to get rid of the progeny growing inexplicably inside her. Finally, Ursula had decided it was time to tell the girl the truth - or some of it. Fifi had listened, wide eyed with astonishment, as her Mistress told her that she was, mysteriously the father. Without going into details or mentioning what the Pollinator had been loaded with, Ursula had reminded the girl of the two times she had, so excitingly received the contents of the pink double dildo, with its rather special testicles. Not for nothing, she told the astonished girl, was it called the Pollinator! She refused to answer any of the girl's questions, simply repeating that she must accept that she was carrying her Mistress's child. But Ursula had not told her that she was carrying two little creatures, nor that they were black. Finally, brain washed by Sabhu into accepting that she was her her Mistress's prize breeding girl, she had settled down and took a growing pride in her swelling belly - something that none of the other girls had! But now, as both her Mistress's milk maid and breeding slave, she was getting too big for her boots and it was time she was taken down a peg or two. Accordingly, Ursula had told Sabhu that morning to put the Hungarian twins into the spare cage next to Fifi's. They were turning out to be an excellent pair of pleasure slaves. Always kept chained together by Sabhu, like Mizzi and Maria, they had turned out to be a highly satisfactory pair. So, too had Mizzi and Maria. The Princess and her staff of black eunuchs had certainly trained Mizzi well and Sabhu's cane had ensured that Maria followed in her mother's footsteps - and further developed her knowledge of the art of pleasing a woman, the basics of which she had learnt from the nuns and other girls in her convent school. Indeed so successful had been the concept of paired pleasure girls,

that she had wondered whether to train Emma and Carla as another pair. But of course, unknown to Emma, she was likely to be destined for a very special fate and, as for the excitingly buxom Carla, it would be more profitable to offer her to Carmen's friends as a single item of merchandise. Ursula now gave a little cruel chuckle as she thought of how the pressure in Fifi's breasts must be building up. She had deliberately not drunk from the girl's swelling breasts at breakfast that morning and had told Sabhu not to milk her either. Unable, thanks to Doctor Anna's cleverly designed milking bra to relieve relieve the pressure in her swollen breasts herself, she must be longing to be milked - or to offer her now nicely elongated nipples to her Mistress. Sabhu had now deliberately removed the girl's little wooden stool and Ursula chuckled again at the thought of the girl kneeling on all fours in her darkened cage, her inflated breasts hanging down beneath her in their plastic cups. She laughed again at the thought of the girl trying in vain to reach her swollen nipples or to tear off her bra - just as she had tried in vain to get at progeny or tear off the breeding belt! These milking bras certainly would sell well in Brazil to Carmen's coterie of members of The Society, especially now that she had a real live girl in milk to display to them. Perhaps, however, in view of the keen interest that they would arouse, she should bring out a second girl in milk ... perhaps one that was not expecting a Happy Event ... A lovely feeling of power flowed through Ursula at the thought of how excited Fifi must have been when she heard Sabhu's heavy footsteps coming up to the back of her cage. At last she was going to be milked! But then how jealous and disappointed Fifi must have been when she heard the wooden trapdoor at the back of the next door cage being opened and the clanking noise from the manacles of Mizzi and Maria, as Sabhu's cane drove them, crawling on their knees, into the other cage. Then would have come the noise of the trapdoor being slammed shut and the rattle of the bolts. As Fifi heard Sabhu's footsteps going away, she would have longed to call out and beg him to take her out to be milked, to be allowed to thrust her breasts into the cups of his milking machine. Later, she would also have longed to call out to the other cage to ask jealously who was there. In both cases, however, she would not have dared to do so, for although she was no longer now kept muzzled, no talking was allowed in the cages - for Ursula did not want to be bothered with any annoying importuning from behind the heavy drawn curtains. Woebetide any girl who broke that strict rule. Moreover the voice-activated microphones in the two alcoves were sensitive enough to pick up the slightest whisper and record what was said on the recorder in Sabhu's room. Well, perhaps she would at least refresh herself from her milk maid before enjoying herself with the delightful twin sisters. Fifi winced as she felt a little kick in her tummy and remembered her forthcoming Happy Event, as she had been brain-washed by Sabhu into calling what was happening to her. Oh, how proud she was to be her Mistress's ladies maid - and her milk maid as well and above all, thanks to her Mistress, to be expecting a Happy Event. She was the Favourite! The other girls might be just as pretty as her, but she was the Favourite and the one chosen to attend on her Mistress. None of them had been chosen to have flowing breasts for their Mistress, nor a prettily swelling belly! She might no longer be Fiona and instead have been given a silly little dog's name by her Mistress, but she was still the Favourite! As Favourite she enjoyed a great privilege: she did not have to go Sabhu's embarrassing training sessions with the other girls but had her own private ones - humiliating though they were. No, the other girls were nothing as compared to her, not even that chit of a girl, Emma, for all her superior airs. She seemed to have been one of Ursula's girls before. Was she a rival? Anyway she hated her! One day she would ask her Mistress to give her the power to order Sabhu to cane any of them who were disrespectful to her. Perhaps she might be allowed to order four strokes? That would assert her authority alright! And the first girl who'd get four strokes would be Emma! She could hardly wait to see that stuck-up, newly arrived, bitch writhing and wriggling under Sabhu's cane and to hear her crying for mercy. Perhaps, Fifi told herself, she might even be allowed to wield the cane herself. Oh what an exciting prospect! Meanwhile, she enjoyed the way the other girls jealously looked at her milk swollen breasts and lovely elongated nipples through the transparent plastic milking bra - and, of course, at her swelling little belly just above her breeding belt. The bra and the belt might be locked on her, but none of them, not even Emma, had been chosen to be their Mistress's milk slave nor to carry her child. She was special! However, she knew that the other girls were being trained by Sabhu in the art of pleasing a Mistress, in readiness for Brazil. Might she be replaced as Favourite? Might the milk of any of the other girls also be brought on to rival hers? Might her Mistress use the mysterious Pollinator on another girl? Indeed, why had other girls just been put into the other cage? And why more than one?

20 - URSULA ENJOYS HER GIRLS

Relaxing on her comfortable bed, Ursula thought she enjoyed having complete authority over Fifi. But, she wondered, was the girl sufficiently fearful of losing her place as her Mistress's Favourite? Perhaps it was now time to move Fifi down to the dormitory and try out the other girls as her ladies maid. Certainly, in the

past, Emma had made a very satisfactory one. Emma! She was going leave her in Sabhu's hands for a couple more days to ensure she was properly broken-in again, and then have her put in Cage Number Two! Ursula laughed at the thought of how easy it had proved to be to lure Emma back into her power. That girl would do anything for money! And how jealous she must have been, to find that she was just one of seven girls and that Fifi was already installed as the Favourite. Equally, she was thinking, how deliciously jealous Fifi must be that Heidi and Suzy had been put into the second cage that afternoon. She had also seen on her television screen how jealous the other girls in the dormitory had been when Sabhu came to collect the Hungarian twins. Equally how exciting, was the thought of how embarrassed the two Hungarian girls must be as they crawled naked about their cage, chained together by the neck. But it must have been even more embarrassing for Mizzi, no matter how much she might adore pleasuring her Mistress, when she was put naked into the cage chained by he neck to her daughter. As for the daughter, no matter how much Maria had adored being seduced by her Mistress and entering her service, it must be awful, to find herself crawling naked in the cage with her equally naked mother, as they silently waited to be summoned to pleasure their Mistress. Then, it must be as dreadful for them both, as it was arousing for their Mistress, when later they knelt on either side of their prone Mistress, each waiting for the order to apply her tongue to their Mistress's beauty bud. Ursula wondered if the twins would be exchanging glances as they waited in their cage, or firmly avoiding eye contact. Would they be exchanging little hand squeezes or, jealous of each other, would they be resolutely trying to avoid touching each other? Would they both be becoming secretly and shamefully aroused as they waited for the cage door to be opened? Perhaps it would be even more amusing to leave them in their darkened cage initially whilst they jealously listened to the sounds of the Mistress being prepared by Fifi? Yes, Ursula decided, that would be trick she would play on them all. Whilst the twins crouched frustrated in their cage, she would use Fifi to strap Duet onto her. She would then tease her by taking off her chastity belt and her milking bra and allow her to give her Mistress just a few drops of refreshing milk whilst she played with the girl's beauty bud. Then, she would send her, frustrated, back to her cage, before letting out Heidi and Suzy who would by now be even more desperate to please her than ever! Ursula reached across and pressed the buttons marked Cage Number One ... Minutes later, a thrilled Fifi, her chastity belt just removed, was kneeling by her Mistress's bedside, her eyes fixed on the wobbling Duet as it stood up from her Mistress's belly. How exciting to have had her horrible belt taken off. What exciting plans did her Mistress have for her now? Was she going to be taken by Duet? Oh, how she hoped so! And, anyway, sucks and yah-boo to those two spoilt redheads, still locked in their darkened cage! Suddenly her eye was caught by the key to her milking bra lying on the bedside table. Did that mean that her Mistress wanted her milk? How she longed to beg her Mistress to ease the pain in her swollen breasts. 'Head to floor!' ordered Ursula. Fifi obediently lowered her head to the floor. She felt her Mistress start to unlock the little padlock in the small of her back. Oh how wonderful! But then her Mistress stopped, as if she had changed her mind. Oh no! Please God, Fifi prayed silently, let my Mistress take off my horrible milking bra. Moments later she heard the key again being inserted in the padlock. The plastic bra fell to the floor. 'Up!' ordered Ursula and then, 'Offer your milk!' Hastily Fifi knelt at her Mistress's bedside, her now heavy breasts hanging tantalisingly down towards her Mistress's mouth. Ursula reached up and lowered one elongated nipple into her mouth. She started to suck letting the excitingly elongated nipple reach right up to the roof of her mouth. She could hear little moans of delight from Fifi. 'Let it down!' she ordered and gave the nipple a little squeeze. She was rewarded by a little warm jet of sweet tasting milk. It was delicious. She switched to the other breast. She did not want to empty them. Not yet! 'Up!' she ordered, nonchalantly picking up a book to read. 'And put your bra back on!' With a little sob of disappointment Fifi picked up the bra and inserted her breasts into the transparent cups. She gave another little push and her nipples filled the outer cups. She put the securing chains over her shoulders, offered the padlock to her Mistress and then turned her back towards her. She heard a click and the bra was again securely locked back in place. There was a long pause and then without raising her eyes from her book, Ursula snapped her fingers and pointed back to Fifi's cage. With a little sob of unbelieving despair, Fifi crawled back to the pretty metal grille and back into her cage. She heard a click from her Mistress's bed and the trapdoor closed behind her, its electronic lock engaged. Moments later the heavy velvet curtain swished closed, leaving her in darkness with just the usual chinks of light coming from under the curtains. Oh, thought Fifi, the feeling of frustration! She could feel herself still wet with the arousal of having undressed her Mistress, of having strapped her Mistress's dildo onto her hips, and of having offered her her milk. Now, for once, her chastity belt was off! Oh, how she longed, and longed, to put her hands down to her throbbing beauty bud. But she knew that if she did so the infra-red camera in the corner of her cage would relay a picture of her doing so to the screen in Sabhu's room - and indeed perhaps to the screen by

her Mistress's bedside. She bit her lips in futile frustration. Suddenly, Fifi heard heard the noise of an electronic lock clicking open. Eagerly she crawled forward again to the bars of her cage. Her Mistress, her adorable and wonderful Mistress, had changed her mind! Perhaps she had just been playing a game with her. Then she was overwhelmed with jealousy. Her trapdoor was still firmly locked! It was the trapdoor to the cage next door that she had heard being released. Indeed, she now heard the swish of the curtains next door as they were pulled back - again electronically. Fifi felt like screaming with rage as, once again, she heard the noise of two girls crawling out of the cage next door. Then she heard them crawling across the room to foot of her Mistress's bed, side by side, linked by the chain fastened to their collars. 'Come a little higher up, Heidi - and you Suzy' came her Mistress's voice. Heidi! And Suzy! Oh why, she sobbed, overcome with jealous rage in the darkness of her cage, did her Mistress choose those silly Hungarian sluts, when she could have her? And the thought of either of them being taken by Duet was enough to drive her crazy. Fifi's hands gripped the bars of her in desperation as she thought of Heidi and Suzy vying with each other to give pleasure as they crawled up her Mistress's bed, up beneath the bed clothes, up between her Mistress's legs, up to that black manhood. Oh! Oh! Holding her cane in one hand, Ursula kept both Heidi's and Suzy's heads in just the right place. As they had been made to practice over and over again by Sabhu, one of them was sucking the black manhood, Duet, whilst the other was licking the testicles. The combined effect on the little rubber studs now gently massaging their Mistress's beauty bud was thrilling for her. Oh the sheer physical joy. And, oh the mental excitement of controlling a beautiful pair of young twins was as exciting as controlling a beautiful mother and daughter! Momentarily putting down her cane, Ursula switched on the the television monitor. She smiled as the sweeping camera showed first a rather tearful Emma, then a happily smiling Mizzi and, chained to her, Maria, and finally the lovely buxom Carla. They were all lying down, resting in their little bunk beds, up in the attic dormitory. They were all keeping keeping their hands well on display above the bed clothes, and dutifully holding their little dolls, as they nervously glanced at the camera as it repeatedly traversed to and fro. Ursula smiled again at the thought that they would all be jealously imagining just what was was going on upstairs in their Mistress's bedroom. Once again a delicious feeling of power swept through Ursula as she surveyed them. They really were a lovely lot. What a success her shopping expedition to Poland and to the castle in Germany had been - four extra lovely and submissive young girls. And now Emma as well! She smiled at the thought of how easy it had been to collect them all and how willing they were to go to Brazil - even Emma. The power of money! They had all signed their contracts that morning and had been thrilled to be shown their initial cheques. A little more training by Sabhu, a few more fittings and rehearsals for the dress show, and a few more performances in her bed, and they would be ready. She was going to make a lot of money, starting with the 25% Agents Fee on their contracts. She had also, of course, deducted the cost of their air fares and Sabhu's wages from the initial payments to the girls. Emma, Lady Rossrae, in particular should earn her a very large sum, especially in view of what was likely to be done to her. So, too, would Fifi with her breasts in milk and her belly nearly ready to produce two valuable little black creature, for her new Mistress. Three for the price of one, she would tell the buyers. Also very appealing, would be the pretty Carla with her big breasts crying out to be put into milk by her new owner. Yes. Doctor Anna's special milk pills would also sell well! So, too, would these twins ... and, of course, Mizzi and Maria, especially as the daughter was still a virgin. Indeed, only the thought of how much more she could ask for the mother and daughter, if the latter was still a virgin, had prevented her from using Duet on the girl, herself! Yes, they made a fine team and it was indeed fascinating to lie back in her bed, whip in hand, whilst Fifi, or one or two of the other girls, lay between her legs obediently exciting her Mistress with her tongue, whilst she watched the other girls on the screen, innocently playing with their dolls, in their little short tunics, resting in their bunks or, as a special treat, watching a carefully vetted and harmless children's video. Ursula looked down at the red haired twins dutifully straining to give her pleasure. It was time for the next little excitement. The chain linking their collars was carefully designed to be long enough for it! Ursula's orders now came fast an furious. She was using the simple standard words of command that Sabhu was teaching them, in readiness for Brazil. 'Heidi!...Up! up! ... On you back! ... Legs apart! ... Knees raised! ..... Hands behind neck' There was a pause as Ursula positioned herself between the Hungarian girl's pretty legs. The tip of Duet now seemed to be poised to find it's way between Heidi's hairless and slightly parted beauty lips. 'Suzy!... Behind ... Tongue! ... More! ... Lick better or you get cane! ... Good ... Oh very good! ... Very good indeed! Suzy may not have understood every word, and Ursula did speak Hungarian. but seconds later she felt the girls hot little pointed tongue pressing again on her rear orifice, as she gripped her now madly wriggling twin sister round the waist and held her tight. Overcome with pleasure and excitement, Ursula plunged forward. There was a little scream as the jutting Duet penetrated the prostrate Heidi. It was a scream that momentarily

made Suzy stop concentrating on her work. 'Go on Suzy ... Lick again or by God you'll get the cane.' She could now feel Heidi's soft breasts rubbing against her own hard ones. Above all she could feel the other manhood up inside herself, and the rubber knobs rubbing against her beauty bud, in response to Heidi's wriggles of pain and pleasure. She began to thrust in and out. 'Rise up!' she ordered and picked up her cane to enforce the order. Now Heidi was raising her beauty lips up to meet her every thrust, producing more thrills of delight from the rubber knobs. Behind the curtain covering her cage, Fifi was listening to the love-making with unbearable jealousy. Her Mistress should have been taking her not that awful Heidi! But at least it was not Mizzi or her stupid daughter - nor Carla or Emma. She really hated them. Meanwhile Ursula was enjoying climax after climax as she held the beautiful and writhing Heidi down beneath her, clamping her mouth to her mouth and thrusting into her mouth with her tongue, just as she thrust into her body with her dildo, whilst her twin sister so excitingly wriggled her tongue from behind - just as she had, so embarrassingly and painfully, been taught to do by Sabhu and his cane. Ursula put her hands down to the rubber scrotum and squeezed hard. Then she screamed aloud as the warm sticky mixture shot up into her, releasing yet another mammoth climax. She was aware of a matching scream from Heidi as the same mixture hit her, with the same result. Then, exhausted, Ursula withdrew from Heidi and lay back. Moments later a now recovered Ursula snapped her fingers and ordered Heidi and Suzy to crawl back to their cage. As soon as they were both back in it, she pressed the buttons marked "Cage Number Two" to close and lock the little trapdoor, then to switch off the spotlights lighting up the cage and finally to draw the heavy curtain across the alcove. Her ladies maid could now come and clean her up! And her carefully saved milk would now be doubly refreshing! She pressed the buttons marked "Case Number One" to release Fifi ... Gently the still highly aroused Fifi unstrapped the dildo and withdrew it from her Mistress. Then she licked her Mistress clean tasting the mixture of milk and cream from between her Mistress's beauty lips. At least, she thought proudly, it was her duty, and her duty alone, to clean her Mistress after her lovemaking. She was her Mistress's personal attendant! Moments later she was again kneeling at her Mistress's side offering her milk - and this time her Mistress was determined to suck her dry! Meanwhile, her satiated Mistress, was yet again revelling in the feeling of power, the feeling of power that came from having all these girls at her beck and call. Yes, everything was going very well. All the girls were thrilled at the idea of becoming well paid, international models. All of them had happily signed their contracts without realising that she would be disposing of them in Brazil. They just assumed that their Mistress would go on using them modelling at dress shows, all over Brazil. None of them had an inkling of the fate that awaited them in the stables, kennels and breeding pens of their future Mistresses. Moreover, the girls were not skinny little hard faced creatures, like real models. Instead they were soft, submissive, curvaceous, little creatures, and eager to please: just the type that members of The Society like. They clearly all adored their Mistress, the woman who was offering them what seemed such a wonderful life, and who kept them, excitingly, collared, manacled and locked up. But they all feared Sabhu - as they should do. Only one matter was outstanding: deciding which other girl should be quickly put into milk to model Doctor Anna's clever Milking Bra, for Fifi would be used more as a practical example of the use of Doctor Anna's Pollinator. It would be thrilling, of course, to show off her Polish mother and virgin daughter both in milk - but doubtless that was something that whoever bought their contracts, would prefer to arrange herself - and therefore buy a course or two of Doctor Anna's expensive special pills! Much the same applied to the twins and to Carla. That left Emma. Quickly bringing her into milk would firm up and expand her breasts nicely - something that a potential buyer would much appreciate. Yes, she must remember to tell Sabhu to start her on pills straight away.

21 - EMMA ESCAPES AND IS RECAPTURED

Emma's mind was in turmoil. She was lying on her back on a top bunk bed in the small dormitory, which she shared with the two pretty Hungarian models, the lovely Slovene girl and the beautiful Polish woman and her very pretty daughter. Her hands, manacled now like those of the other girls, were dutifully on show above the bed clothes, holding a little doll. It was a very pretty little doll and normally, again like the other girls she loved playing with it, bathing it and dressing it. But now she had other matters on her mind. It was afternoon and, except for Heidi and Suzy who had been taken upstairs to pleasure Ursula, the girls were silently resting in their bunks. They were not now muzzled, but no talking was allowed except to ask in emergency to spend a penny or go to the loo - a rule that was enforced by a microphone hanging from the ceiling. It was sensitive enough to pick up the slightest whisper and would relay it to a loudspeaker in Sabhu's room. It was also a rule whose implementation was helped by the girls having no common language, other than broken English. Under the bed clothes they were all just wearing their normal dress of a short, little, tunic with Ursula's crest and initials prettily embroidered over the right breast. The room was

brightly painted and airy, like a nursery, with little tales and chairs and a lovely big doll's house. But there were bars on the windows - nominally to keep out burglars. The room had it's own bathroom and loo - though it had an electronic lock to prevent them from using it without Sabhu's permission. Only Sabhu knew the code that opened the door. The door could, however, also be opened remotely from Sabhu's room. Indeed the girls were officially only allowed into the bathroom, whether to have a shower, or to spend a penny, accompanied by Sabhu. It was so embarrassing! But, Emma knew, Ursula would not allow her girls to have any privacy. They might use it to play with themselves - or each other - and that was strictly forbidden. They were only allowed pleasure in their Mistress's bed! It was Sabhu who even stood over them humiliatingly whenever they spent a penny or went to the loo - and who afterwards checked the cleanliness of the taut rubber white tubular cord that went up behind them. It was he who washed them all over with the slippery soap when they had a shower. Sabhu's room adjoined the dormitory, through a special door through which he would often come through unannounced. It was embarrassing enough, the girls all felt, being under the constant supervision of Ursula's burly great Haitian overseer, but there was also a little television camera, high up in the corner of the room, that constantly scanned to and fro, recording the girls every movement, and displaying it on a monitor in Sabhu's room. It was Sabhu who not only, of course, strictly forbade the girls from getting into each other's beds, or having a shower together, but also insisted that, when in bed, they kept their hands above the bed clothes at all times. It was all very frustrating, but the slightest breach of the rules would earn a girl half a dozen strokes across the palm of her hands from the little dog whip that Sabhu always carried with him - as a reminder to them of his authority over them. Not allowing them to wear normal clothes, keeping them manacled, and silent, controlling their natural functions and treating them like little girls in a nursery, was all part, as Emma knew of old, of Ursula's power game. It was also a way of brainwashing naturally vivacious young women into being submissive little creatures, happily accepting their subservience. The television camera was also, Emma knew, linked to a monitor in Ursula's sumptuous bedroom so that she could amuse herself by watching, on her screen, the girls happily playing with their dolls, lying on their bunks or, as a special treat, watching a carefully vetted and harmless children's video. Ursula's bedroom! Emma gave an angry little groan of jealousy at the thought of that stuck-up chit of a simpering girl, Fifi, was now ensconced in the Favourite's cage off Ursula's bedroom. That was something that Fifi kept rubbing into the other girls as proof of her superior status. The Favourite's cage! How often in the past had Ursula kept her, Emma, in it when she had been the Favourite? And now she had come back into Ursula's service only to find that to her fury that that stupid big boobed and swollen bellied Fifi was proudly occupying it - and lording over her and the other girls, just because the Mistress had made her her milk maid and her breeding slave. Overcome with jealousy, she had seen how Ursula was clearly thrilled with the girl's state and how she enjoyed showing her off to her friends. 'And no ghastly male is responsible for this!' she would say, stroking the blushing girl's swollen breasts and tapping the girl's swollen tummy over her shiny breeding belt. Oh, how she resented the proud and superior way in which Fifi liked to parade her belly and her milk laden breasts and her elongated nipples, locked behind her transparent plastic milking bra, in front of the other girls! How jealous they had all felt! But at least Emma's friend Mizzi, and her daughter Maria, had had been called out that afternoon by Sabhu to be put into the other cage. That would give the wretched Fifi food for thought! Serve the bitch right! But neither resentment of Sabhu's strict and humiliating regime, nor intense jealousy of Fifi, was the reason for Emma's current mental agitation. The dolls, Emma knew, were all part of arousing the girls maternal instincts - was it in readiness for something that might happen to them in Brazil? Now, she thought, she had stumbled on the truth. Earlier that day Emma and the other girls had been brought by Sabhu down to Ursula's office by Sabhu to sign their contracts. The "standard modelling contracts", as Ursula described them, had been written in Portuguese, which none of them understood. Ursula had given them a brief outline of what the contracts said, but neither she nor the other girls had been very interested. Their eyes had been fixed on the cheques for the first six months salaries, that Ursula had shown each of them. These would now be paid into their Swiss bank accounts. Goodness, Emma had thought, this alone would almost pay off the overdraft she had, unknown to her husband, run up whilst he was abroad. In accordance with the contract, Ursula had briefly explained to her, further sums would be paid into her bank over the next year, "subject to satisfactory conduct in Brazil" and further sums, if she "satisfactorily delivered" whatever was required of her - an expression she did not understand. But never mind, she told herself, with all that money at stake she'd certainly make sure that her conduct was satisfactory alright! It all came to an excitingly large total. Whereas the other girls' contracts had been for two years minimum, hers, as a married woman, was only for one year. She would also be allowed back to England for a short visit when her husband was also returned for a brief visit. It all sounded very fair and

the idea of being "hired out" to serving a new and unknown Mistress in Brazil sounded rather exciting to a confirmed and submissive masochist like Emma. Then she had noticed on a side table a small photograph album marked 'Brazil'. Taking advantage of Ursula and Sabhu's preoccupation with the contracts and advance cheques, she had discreetly opened it. There were innocent pictures of Ursula's lady friends there and of their girls - mainly dark eyed Brazilian lovelies. Then turning over another page marked "The Stables", she had been astonished to see photographs of dark skinned grooms and overseers proudly showing off the line of lovely naked pony girls, happily smiling as they stood or knelt chained in to their stalls. Then quickly, before any saw what she was doing, she had turned over another page marked "The Breeding Wing". She had almost gasped aloud at the sight a line of low cages, holding not animals, but naked girls, some white and some half Indian looking. Some were crawling on all fours, with their breasts hanging down below them. Others were kneeling up and gripping the bars of their cages. She looked closer and again had almost gasped aloud. They appeared to be in an expectant state, the pretty line of their swollen bellies also hanging down below them or pressed up against the bars of their cages, above a shiny metal filigree belt locked over their beauty lips - just like Fifi's. Goodness! Was that to prevent them from harming their, perhaps, unwanted little progeny? How awful! On the front of each cage was a blackboard on which was written, in Portuguese, what looked like feeding instructions. And there were some dates, headed in English "Mated" and "Delivery". Emma's head reeled. Could they really be the girl's date of being covered like a brood mare and her date of foaling? How awful! She had not been able to look further, for Sabhu had called the girls to line up and follow him back upstairs to the dormitory in which they lived. But the photographs had made a lasting impression. They had certainly been enough to make her have second thoughts about the contract she had signed - despite the large sum that she was going to be paid. Just what, she kept asking herself, was Ursula intending to do with the her and the other girls who had signed these lucrative "modelling" contracts, once they were in Brazil? Why was it worth her while to pay them so much? Horrified, she remembered about the "satisfactory deliveries" they were expected to make out there. My God! she thought, have I made a terrible mistake? Again she thought of those terrifying photographs of the girls in the cages. Oh yes, there was no doubt about it - she must escape. Now! Before it was too late! Emma got out of bed and with an air of apparent innocence. Then quietly, so as not to disturb the sleeping girls, she went to the door to Sabhu's room. She knocked discreetly with her manacled hands. 'Mr Sabhu, Sir?', she whispered urgently ' She heard an annoyed grunt. Clearly Sabhu had been dozing and resented being disturbed. 'Yes what is it?' came an angry voice. 'Please, Sir, Mr Sabhu, I want to spend a penny.' Normally, of course, that always had to be done, embarrassingly, in front of Sabhu. But, on this occasion, she was counting on him, being sleepy and not bothering to come and take her into the bathroom. Her heart was in her mouth as she waited for his reply. 'Alright, go on by yourself this time. But don't be long!' Emma's eyes lit up. She heard the click of the electronic lock on the bathroom door, as it is was remotely unlocked by the control in Sabhu's room. There was a noise as if bedclothes were being pulled back up over his head. She found her coat and threw it over her shoulders and down over her manacled hands as if it were a dressing gown. Then she found her rubber soled walking shoes and slipped into them as if she was just putting on bedroom slippers. Then carefully hiding what she was doing from the watching television camera, she discreetly grabbed her handbag, and then ran into the bathroom - as if she could not wait. She knew there was no television camera in the bathroom, and quietly she opened the little slit of a window. It was so narrow that it had not been considered worth while to fit any bars across it. But Emma was slim and lithe and knew better! She looked down at the little flat roof immediately below the narrow widow and began to squeeze out of the window. At last she made it and with a sigh of relief dropped down on the flat roof. From there, despite her manacled hands, it was an easy job to reach the street. There was no one about. Hastily she ran away from the house. She had escaped! She was free! But now what should she do? She did not have any money for a taxi, for Sabhu had earlier removed her purse, containing her money, credit cards and cheque book, from her bag. He did not approve of any of Ursula's girls having any financial independence. She felt very naked in just her thin little nightdress under her coat - and, of course, her hands were manacled. Suddenly, a quarter of a mile from Ursula's house she saw a small hotel. Quickly she ran into it and, hiding her manacles under her coat, asked for a room for the night. From there, she thought, she would telephone Henry to come and collect her. The reception clerk looked suspiciously up at this still panting, strangely dressed, wild eyed, woman with tousled hair, and no luggage. Where had she come from? Was she mentally disturbed? Awkwardly snatching the key to hide her manacles, Emma ran upstairs to the bedroom. She would get her breath back and then quietly ring Henry. But her escape had been caught by one of the security cameras that guarded Ursula's house with it precious collection of paintings. Quickly alerting Ursula, he had run into the street behind Emma, only to find that she had

disappeared. Knowing that she had no money, he ran to the hotel. 'Have you seen a strange looking young woman?' he asked the receptionist, putting a ten pound note down on the counter. 'Yes. A moment ago!' replied the young man, pocketing the note. 'Room 14 on the first floor. Is she all right. She looked rather odd.' 'She's deranged and has to be looked after. She could be dangerous! Can you give the spare key to her room?' He put a twenty pound note on the counter. 'We don't want her harming herself in your hotel do we?' 'Oh no! Can you get her out quickly?' 'Yes! Please ring this number.' He handed the astonished young man a slip with Ursula's private telephone number. 'Please ring this number and when the nurse answers, tell her to bring the car round quickly! We'll then take the girl away before she does any harm.' 'Right!' said the young man eagerly, handing Sabhu the spare key. Seizing the key, Sabhu bounded up the stairs and burst into the room. Emma was sitting on the bed. She had just dialled Henry 's number and heard him answer. Sabhu heard her say: 'Henry darling!', then, before she could say another word, he snatched the phone out of her hands and hung up. He seized Emma and pushed her down on the floor. Moments later Ursula entered the room. She was looking furious. For Emma to have escaped just when, following her exciting love-making with the twins, she had been congratulating herself on having her team of women utterly helpless in her power - and under contract! 'The slut was trying to telephone some one called 'Henry',' he reported. 'Henry!' cried Ursula. 'That male bastard! The sheer effrontery of the girl! I won't stand for it. My God, Sabhu, she's going to be taught a lesson!'

22 - EMMA'S TERRIBLE THRASHING

Contemptuously, Sabhu flung the coat over Emma's nightdress. With Sabhu firmly gripping her by the arm, Emma dumbly followed Ursula out into the corridor, past the hotel reception desk and out into the street. Ursula threw open the back of her Volvo hatchback. It had tinted windows so that no one could see into it. There were dog bars across the top of the rear seat making the boot into a very effective cage. Ursula did not have a dog, but found the barred boot very useful for girls instead. A sliding plastic hood could be pulled over the top of the girl, if necessary, to prevent her from being seen or the girl from seeing where she was been taken. But Emma, cowering in the boot, knew only too well where she was being taken - and why. Arriving back at Ursula's house, the car drove into the private garage. The cringing girl was dragged out of the car and down into the brilliantly lit large basement punishment room. 'Strip her and put her on the wheel,' ordered Ursula in a quiet menacing tone that Emma found almost more frightening than being shouted at. Smiling eagerly with anticipation, Sabhu took off his coat and shirt. He was now naked to the waist. His rubbed some oil over his muscular torso so that it was now gleaming frighteningly. Emma shuddered as he reached forward and ripped off first her coat and then her her night dress. She tried to shrink back but to no avail. Gripping her by the hair in one hand, Sabhu marched her, doubled up, to the large wooden wheel in the centre of the room. It looked rather like the wheel of a cart, a rather wide rimmed wheel. It was held in a frame, so that it could be turned on its well greased axis by a handle at the side. Short little needles projected from the rim of the the wheel. Ursula had shown Emma pictures of such a wheel in a medieval torture chamber. Now she must have had one specially made for herself. Sabhu pushed the now naked Emma down on her back onto the large wooden wheel. He strapped her wrists onto a hook on the top of the wheel, well above her head. She screamed as some of the little needles began to stick into her back. Then slightly turning the wheel by the handle, he pulled Emma's ankles down taut and strapped them to another hook on the wheel as well. Emma was now held, staring up at the ceiling with her body curved back below her along the outside rim of the wheel. She screamed again as more little needles began to stick into her bottom, he calves and her thighs. 'You can scream away, all you like, Emma,' laughed Ursula unpleasantly. She pointed to the padded walls and then to the video camera that was pointed at the wheel. 'No one outside will hear, and your screams will make my video film all the more exciting to play to my friends.' Emma gave a little groan. Oh how awful it had all been! Ursula knew now that she had run away to meet Henry. For one of her girls to meet any man was anathema for Ursula. For her to try and meet Henry was even worse. It was bound to enrage Ursula - and it had! Oh what a fool she had been to have run away. Would she never learn! Ursula was a cruel and vindictive woman when she was crossed. And she insisted on complete obedience to her every whim. Yes, indeed, oh what a fool she had been! If only she had listened to Henry's earlier warnings not to get involved again with Ursula! But what did he, a mere man , know about her deep need for the excitement of being controlled by other women? But how silly of her to sign the contract to go out "modelling" in Brazil. and then, scared of what might happen to her, try to run away! It was true that she had been mesmerised by the very large sum of money the contract said would be paid to her - and one third in advance. But after all, what was she agreeing to have done to her? Presumably just to be dominated - something which she secretly adored! To be paid a huge sum for doing what she enjoyed - no wonder she signed! Moreover if the other girls were apparently quite

happy to sign their contracts, and for two whole years not one year, like her, then why shouldn't she be happy to sign, too. She might be a married woman, but her husband, John, away on his remote atoll in the Pacific, would not be coming back permanently before her contract was due to end. Now she was going to be punished for trying to break her contract and run away. But run away from what? From what she secretly enjoyed so much: being under the utter control of a dominating man or woman. How stupid! Yes, she knew deep down, she deserved every stroke that she was going to get. Sabhu turned the wheel another half circle. Ursula came up to the other side of the wheel to where Emma was now held helpless, upside down, curved back on the wheel, her body exposed and her hair hanging down to the floor. Idly she started to play with Emma's beauty lips which were now level with her own eyes. Then, as if she knew the very thoughts going through Emma's mind, she said, 'You know you deserve to be punished, don't Emma?' She squeezed Emma's exposed beauty bud. 'Don't you?' 'Yes, Madam!' cried the upside down Emma awkwardly. She groaned. She could feel the blood rushing to her head. 'But please, please, not too hard - and not like this ... It's awful being upside down ... Anyway, I'm very sorry. I really am!' 'It's too late to be sorry now,' said Ursula bitterly. 'I'm not going to have you wasting my time and money. When I say you're to do something, you damn well do it. And I'm going to use my new wheel to have you given a thrashing that you'll never forget in a hurry!' Now Ursula turned the wheel. Emma began to come up on the other side. There was a sudden crack of a whip. Terrified, as she hung upside down, Emma saw that Sabhu had a long black cattle whip in his hand. It had a short handle and a well oiled tapering lash about six foot long with a little red leash at the end. Emma gave a cry of genuine terror. With a whip like that the muscular Sabhu could half kill a girl. She might deserve to be punished - but not like this. 'No, please madam, not with that!' she screamed. 'Yes, Emma, with this. You've got to learn your lesson, haven't you?' Emma gave a sob of despair. 'Now Sabhu, use the whip whilst I start turning the the wheel. Nice and slowly ...' Emma screamed again as slowly her her head rose up again as the wheel turned, before dipping down again back towards the floor. Her hair brushed the floor again and more needles began to stick into her. Held upside down, she began to feel sick. Then, as her head came up again, she felt Ursula stroking her hair. 'You know, Sabhu,' Emma heard Ursula say, 'one day I'm really going to have all this shaved off. She'd look very slave-like with a completely smooth bald head, like some other young girls I have seen. They can kill off all the hairs these days so that the girl has a permanently shiny little head. I'd have my crest tattooed on it. That'll stop her from running after men!' My God, thought Emma, No! No! She must never let Ursula do that to her. And obviously her remarks about men meant Henry. Then just as her head was beginning to drop yet again towards the floor, as the wheel turned, she heard another terrible crack of the whip and seconds later a hissing noise as Sabhu brought it down across her belly. She screamed. 'Yes, yes, scream away,' shouted Ursula, as Sabhu brought the whip down again, 'and just think that this would not be happening if you hadn't so stupidly run away. And think of all that money you're turning you nose up at!' Emma sobbed, partly from the quite awful pain, and partly at the thought of how stupid she had been in trying to run away. But she realised that Sabhu was not applying the whip with all his force. 'Enough of this for the moment, Sabhu,' Ursula suddenly called out. 'Go up and bring down the other girls. I don't want them trying to slip away now that they've signed the contracts - and Emma's punishment will act as terrible warning for them.' Minutes later, still hanging upside down on the wheel, Emma heard Sabhu lead the girls into the room behind her. She could hear them catch their breath and giggle nervously as they saw her naked body strapped to the wheel and the weals on her belly. She dropped her head in shame. 'Now girls,' she heard Ursula say slowly, for none of the girls spoke much English, 'here you can see what happens to disobedient or headstrong young ladies who sign contracts and then try and get out of them. You sign a contract, you keep it - or you get the whip!' Emma shuddered as there was another terrible crack of the whip just behind her. It made her jump almost out of her skin. Slowly the wheel turned. Emma's head began to rise up again towards the ceiling. Suddenly the whip came down across her breasts. The pain was terrible. 'And just think, too, that you might not have had that stroke either, if your breasts, like those of Fifi and as specified in your contract, were getting nice and ready to be in milk in Brazil.' Ursula's voice became harsh and contemptuous. 'Instead of being the dried up breasts of a barren spinster!' Again the whip came down across them. Emma screamed again. My God, she was thinking, Ursula never mentioned a clause in the contract about being brought into milk. Ursula must have used Doctor Anna's special pills to bring on Fifi's milk and now she was going to use them on her, too! Secretly, she had to admit, it would be terribly exciting for both her and for her Mistress, too, if she were in milk - indeed, almost as exciting for both of them as if she were also expecting a Happy Event like the awful Fifi. Both states she knew featured frequently in lesbian relationships especially when the girl was her Mistress's slave - as Ursula and her friends always insisted. Many Mistresses, like Ursula herself, had rather masculine figures with small

breasts and flat tummies - but that made them all the more keen for their girls to be fully breasted with soft gently curved tummies. And, as a nervous Emma had so often heard Ursula and her friends say, the best way of enhancing these curves was what happened naturally when, as they would cruelly say, the girl was expecting a Happy Event - something which her Mistress and her friends found fascinating. Mistress! Would her Mistress still be Ursula, if she now agreed to go out to Brazil? Or had Ursula secretly already ear-marked her for one of her women friends out there? Was that why had introduced her to that Brazilian woman friend of hers? Was she her future Mistress? Goodness! Was that why she so angry at Emma trying to back out at the last moment? Ursula was always so secretive. 'But it's not too late, Emma, for you to be put on the course of pills too. You know you'd love that exciting feeling as your breasts gradually swell and fill - and then the thrill of giving your milk to your Mistress.' 'Oh!' gasped Emma, 'oh yes, yes!' Ursula smiled. It was so easy to get these girls to do what you wanted! Then Emma suddenly saw that her bete-noire, Ursula's new girl, Fifi, had come into the room, proudly dressed in black as a housemaid with a starched white housemaid's cap and a white pinafore over her special locked bra. She was carrying a glass of champagne on a silver salver, which she proffered proudly to her Mistress with a little curtsy. As she did so she flashed her big blue eyes up at her Mistress, in a way that made Emma feel sick, sick at the girl's sycophantic manner - or was it really just because she was so jealous of Ursula's new favourite? But it was not so much her housemaid's uniform that made her look so smugly proud, thought Emma jealously. Rather it was her little bulging tummy and the knowledge that she was Ursula's favourite - and had been chosen to have a Happy Event for her Mistress. 'Thank you, my dear,' Emma heard Ursula say as she took the glass and gave the simpering girl a kiss. She turned to Sabhu and pointed at Fifi. 'And how's our little mother-to-be? Everything all right?' she asked with a smile. Ursula had great confidence in Sabhu's experience in dealing with young females, in various states. This applied to both female animals, for he was was a former animal trainer in a circus, and to human females, for he had so often been left in charge of Ursula's - as Emma knew only too well. 'Perfectly, Madame' replied Sabhu with a little bow in his half French, half Caribbean accent - for Sabhu, of course, came from French speaking Haiti. 'But I'm keeping the belt on her - just in case.' Ursula nodded in approval. Yes, she did not want the girl, in a sudden fit of temper, trying to interfere with what Nature. It was. therefore, a prudent precaution to keep her still locked up in her belt. Moreover, despite her present state she remained a highly sensual creature, and the belt would keep her utterly dependant on her Mistress for any relief. Emma could not help a little sneering laugh at Sabhu's remark. Serve the damn slut right, she thought as another flash of intense jealousy flooded through her. Oh how she hated that girl. What could Ursula see in her? 'And now, Fifi,'she was enraged to hear Ursula say, 'as a little reward, you can stay and help Sabhu punish Emma for trying to run away. You wouldn't try to run away from your Mistress, would you, little Fifi? 'Oh no, Madam, little Fifi loves her Mistress,' came the lisping reply. Emma could have strangled her, especially when she went on: 'Emma deserves to be punished, she's such a nasty little girl - not like little Fifi! And the Mistress has not made her a little mother-to-be, like me!' Ursula laughed. 'Alright, little Fifi, if you feel like that, then you can turn the wheel for Sabhu.' 'Oh thank you Madam,' enthused Fifi. 'I'd like that' Yes I bet you will, you bitch, thought Emma, But her thoughts were cut short by another crack of the whip and another stroke - this time across the front of her thighs. Emma screamed and screamed as the whole process was twice repeated as the wheel was now slowly turned by Fifi whilst Ursula stood back, watching approvingly. 'I want to really get at her with this whip,' Ursula suddenly said, taking the whip from Sabhu. 'Hang her up, Sabhu!' Sabhu unstrapped Emma from the wheel. She was feeling rather sick and disorientated from the wheel, quite apart from the awful pain in her breasts and belly. She was too weak to protest as she was carried over towards a wooden bar hanging from the ceiling. It could be raised or lowered by a cord fastened to a hook on the wall. Sabhu fastened the protesting Emma's wrists to straps hanging from opposite ends of the bar, and then raised it so that Emma was left standing painfully, facing the wall, with only the tips of her toes now touching the floor. 'Get your head up!' shouted Ursula. 'And look straight ahead!' Emma could hear Fifi giggling, though the other girls were silent, as if awed by Ursula's anger. Oh, Emma thought, how she hated Fifi! But oh, she thought yet again, what a fool she had been to play into her hands by trying to run away. Ursula was bound to seek her revenge - and what better way than showing off to her new Favourite. Emma's thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the sound of Ursula drawing back the long whip and then, standing right back, bringing it down across Emma's delicate back. The tip of the leash went round and cut into her already well whipped breasts. The double pain on her back and breasts made Emma scream yet again. She hear Fifi laughing. 'Oh what a cry baby she is,' came Fifi's voice. 'That was only the first stroke, Emma, and you're going to get nine more. Ten in all! Do you understand?' 'No! No ! For God's sake, no! Please, no! I just couldn't stand any more,' Emma begged piteously. 'You should have thought of that before you dared to try

and break your contract. It's time you learnt that I can do anything I want with you - and your body. I control it - not you. I can make it please me or my friends ... or I can whip it - like this!' This time the streak of fire was across her buttocks, with the tip - that terrible tip, going round and catching her beauty lips. Emma howled in pain, dancing up and down on her toes. 'Please, Madam, let me have a rest, please! Just stop for a moment!' But Ursula was too clever to be taken in by any of that sort of talk. 'Raise her right off the floor,' she ordered the delighted Fifi. Soon poor Emma was just hanging there. It was even more painful. But Ursula laughed heartily when, applying next stroke to the backs of Emma's thighs, she saw her trying to raise her legs up to ease the pain. 'Seven to go, Emma!' she announced. 'And from now on I want to hear you calling out the number left after each stroke. If you fail to do so, or if you get it wrong, then that stroke won't count. So you'd better start concentrating!' She tossed the long black whip back to Sabhu. 'Here you are, Sabhu, you give the rest whilst I sit back and enjoy myself with Fifi and the girls. So make it nice and slow!' Out of the corner of her eye, a now furiously jealous Emma saw Fifi take off Ursula's dress and slip down her frilly panties. Then Ursula sat back in an armchair facing the frame from which Emma was hanging. She saw Ursula motion the Polish mother and daughter to kneel between her legs, and the Hungarian twins to stand behind her, leaning over her shoulder, each massaging a nipple, whilst Carla was licking her neck. But clearly the main source of Ursula's arousal during the long drawn thrashing was watching the wriggling, screaming Emma being slowly and deliberately whipped across her back and buttocks by the burly and pitiless Sabhu. If the strokes delivered by Ursula were very painful, then those delivered by Sabhu were quite appalling. They did no permanent damage but caused exquisite pain. Each scream from Emma was bringing Ursula nearer to her climax. No wonder Ursula had said that Emma would never forget this thrashing. Once Emma forgot to call out the number of strokes remaining, and once she got it wrong, and so those strokes did not count. It all excited Ursula greatly. She got up and stood in front of Emma, put her hand on Emma's well striped buttocks and pulled her towards her, gesturing to Fifi to lower Emma slowly until her beauty lips were level with her own. 'Now, Emma, you're going to make your Mistress climax during the remaining three strokes by letting her feel you wriggling under the whip. And you're going to suck your Mistress's tongue and go on sucking as you get the next stroke. Sabhu! I want to feel her really jumping with pain.' Emma gasped as she felt Ursula grinding her body lips against hers as she hung there helpless. She herself could not help also becoming aroused as Ursula gripped her buttocks, holding her to her. Then Ursula thrust her tongue into her mouth. For a couple of minutes, there was complete silence, except for Ursula's heavy breathing and Emma's little whinnies. Ursula's arousal began to peak. She gestured to Sabhu with a finger and he, careful not to harm Ursula's hands, brought the whip down across the back of Emma's thighs, making her jerk madly with the pain and thus bringing Ursula to the very edge of her climax. 'Go on, Sabhu! Give it to her again! Harder!' Ursula cried hoarsely, her body on fire with excitement, before pushing her tongue back into Emma's mouth. There was a sudden crack of the whip - this time across Emma's shoulders. Then, there was an even more violent reaction from Emma, and a shriek of pleasure from Ursula. It was a shriek that was repeated several times as Emma's full sentence was ruthlessly carried out. 'No more for God's sake!' cried Emma desperately as a satiated Ursula slipped her tongue out of Emma's mouth after the last stroke. She stroked Emma almost fondly before coldly turning to Sabhu. 'Get her out of my sight! Put her into the dungeon for a couple of days, and don't give her any supper. It's bread and water for her until she comes to her senses! And put her into a Purity Belt - the rubber type. I want her to be kept nice and frustrated whilst she's there. Sabhu bowed. His eyes gleamed. He always enjoyed depriving a sensuous girl of the ability to play with herself. 'Of course, Madam,' he said. 'Then,' went on Ursula, 'the day after tomorrow we'll see whether she wants another session on the wheel or whether she's going to do what's she told. And you, Emma, you'd better reflect on the stupidity of trying to run away and avoid the fate that I've in store for you in Brazil. Just remember: there's no point in trying to run away. I'll always catch you again in the end - and anyway you love being under my orders. Don't you? Well? 'Yes, Madam,' whispered a shamed and weeping Emma. 'But please Madam, not the Belt, please!' 'Yes, Emma - the Belt! It will make realise that, once again, you belong to me, body and soul!'

23 - EMMA IS FINALLY BROKEN IN!

Holding Emma firmly by the neck, Sabhu unlocked the bottom half of the little, iron barred, door into the dungeon. Except for the rubber belt now locked round her loins, she was stark naked. 'Crawl in!' he ordered with a cynical laugh. The sobbing and half hysterical Emma fell to her knees and crawled into the straw covered dungeon. A small electric light, controlled from outside, and covered in a protection jacket of iron mesh, lit up the small cell like room. The walls were of bare brick. There was no heating and no window, just a little ventilation duct. Under the straw the floor was made of cobbled stones that slightly slanted

down to a drain. There was a small bowl of water and a small, empty, wooden feeding trough. The door slammed shut and Emma heard the noise of it being bolted shut. Then moments later the top half of the door opened. 'Here's your things!' shouted Sabhu with a cruel laugh as he flung her case through the door onto the floor. 'We don't want you dying of cold, do we?' The top half of the door was shut and bolted. Emma was all alone and cold. She was still sobbing from the pain and shock of her beating. She looked down in horror at the weals on her breasts, and thighs. The Belt hid those on her belly The Belt! Oh how she had hated it when Sabhu had fitted the vulcanised rubber waist band round her. But even worse had been been when he had pulled the heart shaped, wire-strengthened, thick rubber front piece down over her mound and beauty lips, before pulling it tight from behind with the strong rubber thong that went up between her buttocks to be locked to the back of the waist band. Her beauty lips were now tightly compressed and, she knew of old, she would be quite unable to get at either them or at her throbbing beauty bud. She saw the little plastic grill, set in the middle of the heart shaped piece of heavy rubber, that would enable her to spend a penny onto the straw covered cobble stones. She put a hand behind her to feel the rubber thong pressing against her rear orifice. Only by straining, with one hand, to pull it aside would she able to perform her principle natural function - again onto the straw. With a little sob of despair, she tried to lie down, the pain from the weals on her bottom and back stopped her from lying on her back, and those on her breasts and thighs made it too painful to lie on her front. All she could do was to lie curled up on her side. It had been, as Ursula had said, a beating that she would not forget. She made a little bed from the straw, using her empty little case as a pillow, and covered herself with more straw to keep out the cold. Then she lay there curled up on the hard floor, a picture of misery and self-pity. Ursula;'s last words about the fate that she had in store for Emma in Brazil had terrified her. So too had the threat of another whipping on the wheel if did not agree to completing her contract and going to Brazil - and in milk, she remembered with a start. But what should she do, she kept asking herself? What could she do? Suddenly she remembered her little mobile phone - carefully packed away in a secret pocket of her case! She'd ring Henry! She'd tell him where she was and what had happened. He'd soon come and and rescue her. Faced with the sight of a large Henry on her doorstep, Ursula would soon back down and let her go. Eagerly she opened her case, found the secret pocket and pulled out the phone. She dialled the number. It rang and rang. Then suddenly she heard his voice. Oh the excitement! But he sounded weak and distant - almost uninterested. The phone kept going silent. Her own voice was weak, too, after her beating. She kept hearing Henry angrily asking where she was. She couldn't make him hear, nor understand, though she was shouting now, shouting in desperation and frustration Suddenly, door burst open - just as it had in the hotel. 'I'll have that, thank you,' said Sabhu taking the phone out her hand. 'I'd have thought you'd know, however, that mobile phones don't work from dungeons.' With a laugh he turned and went out, locking the double door behind him. Was this fate, Emma asked herself. She was sobbing hysterically now. Twice she had managed to ring Henry and twice failed to make proper contact. Now her would just have to submit to her destiny - and try and make the best of it. Two days later it was a contrite, and utterly frustrated, little Emma whom Sabhu led crawling out of the dungeon. He washed her down and then led her, still naked except for the rubber belt, up to Ursula's office. 'Well girl?' said Ursula. 'Is it to be another beating on the wheel or are you now ready of your own free-will to come to Brazil for Christmas? Which is it to be?' 'I want to come to Brazil, please Madam,' cried Emma. Her two abortive calls to Henry had been the last straw. She was now, indeed, ready to accept her fate. 'Good! Then I'll write to your husband to say that, as before, I am taking you with me, as my assistant, on an oversees tour. He has such confidence in me!' It was true! John felt that Ursula was a good steadying influence on his flighty young wife. If only he knew! 'And Sabhu, make sure you keep her locked up properly until we leave - and keep her well away from phones! Oh, and also start her on the pills.' What pills, Emma longed to ask. But she did dare to ask. Curiosity was something that Ursula simply could not stand in a girl. But she could guess all the same. It was later that night that a well whipped Emma hastened to obey the snap of her Mistress's fingers, and scuttled across the floor on all fours to the foot of her Mistress's bed. She could see Fifi kneeling over her, her heavy breasts hanging down, as she offered her milk to her Mistress. A pang of jealousy went through Emma. Would she, too, soon be able to offer her breasts to her Mistress? She glimpsed the chain mesh Breeding Belt, locked over Fifi's intimacies, to prevent her from changing her mind and trying to interfere with what Nature, and Ursula, intended - an intention that was already well displayed, with the girl's belly showing increasing signs of a pretty curve. Emma heard another snap of Ursula's fingers, and then she slowly and humbly crept up between her Mistress's long slender legs, her tongue eagerly seeking out her Mistress's pleasure bud. She was still locked into the dreaded rubber chastity belt and, she knew, there would be no pleasure for her tonight. For Ursula's girls, their pleasure came from satisfying their demanding Mistress, not from receiving

any little attentions from Ursula. Nevertheless, it was for both Emma and her Mistress a significant and symbolic act. For Ursula, it showed that she regarded Emma as now sufficiently punished, anyway physically. Moreover, whilst still determined to exercise a greater degree of control over Emma, and to bring her quickly into milk, nevertheless she was now prepared to forgive her and to take her back into her service - for hiring out to clients of hers in Brazil. For Emma, it was a sign that her beloved Ursula was now prepared to re-establish their former exciting and fulfilling relationship of strict and demanding Mistress, and obsequious and obedient slave.

25 - PREPARATIONS FOR THE JOURNEY

It was nearly Christmas, several months since Ursula had received Carmen's letter and almost as since since the successful pollination of Fifi. It was also several weeks since Emma had come into milk - thanks to Doctor's Anna's special pills. Whilsts refusing to answer her anxious questions, Sabhu had watched her carefully as her breasts had become to swell and harden. He had made her do special exercises to keep them firm. Then finaly the milk had begun to flow and Sabhu had locked her, too, into a milkin bra. He now had two girls in milk, two girls to check and to put to his milking machine, and two girls competing to offer heir breasts to their Mistress. Now he would soon be taking the girls to the airport. Ursula was satisfied that all the girls had now been properly broken in. They had also been taught to parade provocatively up and down the catwalk and had been fitted for the dresses they were to display. In particular Fifi's had some lovely matgernitydresses to show off and Emma some very pretty nursing ones. special nursing ones Earlier, Sabhu, a burly and muscular figure stripped to the waist, had lined all the girls up, naked, in the dormitory. Making them. first, all clasp their manacled hands behind their necks, he had unlocked their rubber chastity belts - or in Fifi's case her breeding belt. It had been a pretty sight with each girl's beauty lips, previously kept tight compressed together, now open like a flower. Oh the relief, each girl was thinking! Oh how she longed to put her hands down to feel her released beauty lips. But one glance at Sabhu's dreaded dressage whip had quickly put that idea out of her head. Then he started to push a little trolley down the silent line of embarrassed women. Normally, of course, they had spent a penny, under his supervision, through the plastic grille on their belts, or, in Fifi's case, through he chain mail mesh of her special belt. But now he wanted to be sure, before they left for Brazil, that all was well. So it as that each woman in turn had to part her legs, bend her knees, and keeping her hands still clasped behind her neck, blushingly, spend a penny into a bowl that Sabhu held between her legs as he carefully watched her flow. Oh the humiliation! He then came down the line again, and rubbed a little of his special depilatory cream over each girl's already hairless mound to make sure that it was absolutely smooth for her appearance in Brazil. Then parting the girls beauty lips, he rubbed a little of the cream inside each to remove any newly grown little hairs. Then he stood back while the cream did it's work and the burning sensation made the girls all clench their fingers and bite their lips. Oh, each was thinking, like Emma, how could Ursula, their Mistress, allow this awful black man to do something so intimate to her. Sabhu was also making sure that there was no sign of the women coming into season. He was prepared lest the worse should happen, but had been careful, using Doctor Anna's special pills, to bring all the women humiliatingly into season before they left London, to reducer the chance of any awkward scenes at the so-called Fashion Show. He then washed each woman down with warm water and dried and scented her, before dressing them all in their special travelling clothes - and supervising their special make up. Now seven girls, dressed and made up as schoolgirls, in a grey uniform, flat heels, ugly grey felt hats, and no lipstick, were lined up at attention in front of Ursula's desk, their heels together, their heads up and their clenched hands to their sides, thumbs pointing downwards. Each girl was looking straight ahead. Sabhu stood behind them, like a sergeant parading his squad, proud of the discipline he had instilled in his charges, his cane tucked under his arm like a military swagger stick. Their manacles and collars had now had to be removed for the journey but, such was the fear that that he had instilled in the women with his cane, that he had no worries. Moreover, he now had a new method of control! Ursula looked down the line approvingly. On the left was Fifi, her now nicely swollen belly hidden beneath her wraparound skirt and her equally swollen breasts held under her blouse and school blazer in a milking bra. Next to her stood her great rival Emma, her swollen breasts also now held in a milking bra, for Sabhu had now successfully brought her into milk. She was indeed giving a good flow and there had been no more trouble from her since her thrashing after she had tried to escape. Then came the two red haired Hungarian twins, Heidi and Suzy, each more in love with their Mistress than the other. Then the beautiful Mizzi and her daughter Maria. Oh, how she had enjoyed having a trembling mother and daughter in her bed! Finally, on the right of the line stood the delightfully buxom Slovene girl, Carla, her large breasts discreetly hidden beneath her blazer. Dressed as beautiful models, this international group of beautiful young women would have attracted considerable attention at the airport and

on the plane. But, dressed dowdily as a group of schoolgirls, they would be largely ignored - provided they behaved themselves, of course, and this would not, she knew, be a problem. Ursula knew, beneath the dull school girl uniforms were the bodies of seven vibrant young bodies. Moreover, they were seven bodies that were united in the acute frustration that had been enforced by their chastity belts. How each of them longed for relief! It was this frustration, however, that together with the isolation and discipline in which they had been kept, ensured that each young woman secretly out rivalled the others in adoring her and wonderful kind Mistress, her Goddess. If only, each felt, that their Mistress really knew the truth about the awful discipline to which Sabhu subjected them, and the way he terrorised them with the ever present threat of his cane, then she would order an immediate amelioration of their lot. However, even the slightest attempt to broach the subject with their Mistress, or to criticise Sabhu, had invariably resulted in her ordering the girl to be thrashed. Moreover she would be thrashed by a grim faced Sabhu, livid that any girl in his charge would dare to run to the Mistress with tales about him. Ursula knew that the white plastic grilles of their rubber chastity belts had been changed and that each girl could now feel a strange tingling in her beauty lips coming from the grille that kept them so tightly compressed. 'Well, my little girls, your kind Mistress feels that you're now ready for her to take you off to Brazil on your modelling tour.' There was buzz of excitement that stopped when Sabhu hastily came round to the side of the line and, menacingly, took his cane from under his arm. 'Yes, little girls, and think of all the lovely money that your kind Mistress will be paying into your bank accounts.' Again there was a little buzz of excitement - if rather muted this time by the sight of Sabhu's cane. 'But, as you all know, I insist on complete obedience from my girls. Here you've been kept safely locked up,' Ursula said, with a glance towards Emma, 'and in your own interests ... Now during the journey I shall be insisting on the same degree of obedience - and enforcing it!' This was greeted with little gasps of surprise. How, each was thinking, would the horrible Sabhu exert his control over them once they were in the airport or aircraft. They'd often whispered to each other how they'd then be free to buy chocolates and glasses of wine. Chocolates and wine! After all this time! If only they could get hold of a little of the money that was being paid into their new Swiss bank accounts! Emma had closed her eyes and was thinking of a glass of Champagne and a slice of really creamy chocolate cake with the cream dripping down the side! Oh! 'So,' went on Ursula, 'your little rubber chastity belts have been slightly modified for the journey - but not enough to stop each of you from going through the metal detector at the airport. You may have felt a little tingling and wondered what it was. Well now you'll see!' She turned to Sabhu who was now holding a little innocuous looking electronic controller, rather like a child's toy. There were several tiny buttons on it, each marked with a girl's name. 'Well, Sabhu, lets go down the line showing each girl what will happen if she tries to go away from you or disobey you. Let's start with Fifi at the end of the line. She's now back in a rubber chastity belt for the journey, I think?' Sabhu nodded and pressed one of the buttons. There was a little cry and Fifi put her hands to her below her swollen tummy. 'Ouch!' she cried. 'Ouch! Oh please stop!' 'Now let's have Mizzi and Maria ... and the twins ... and Carla ... and finally Emma.' As each name was called out by Ursula, Sabhu pressed a button and immediately there was a little cry from the girl. Each was horrified. Each was thinking she would do nothing during the journey to anger Sabhu. No cream cakes, Emma was thinking sadly. 'So my little pets, you will all behave like good little school girls, always walking hand in hand. There's to be no giggling and no talking to strangers - or you know now what will happen! And even onboard the plane, too. Is that understood.? Seven school girl hats nodded - sadly. 'You will have no personal luggage whatsoever. You don't need any, apart from one pocket handkerchief each in your blazer pockets. You will not carry any bags or purses, and Sabhu will have your passports.' Seven pretty little faces looked sad. Discipline was not going to be relaxed even during the journey. 'Doctor Anna and I,' went on Ursula in a crisp tone of voice, 'will be travelling First Class, of course, up front, and we've reserved a little block of seats for you all in the back. Just remember that Sabhu will be sitting right behind you to make sure you all behave.' Ursula paused to make sure that they understood. 'Then,' she went on brightly, 'after the take off, Doctor Anna will come and give you all a nice little sleeping pill - and so when you wake up we'll be landing at Brazilia in the interior of the country, from where a bus will take you to the plantation of my friend Carmen. So, girls, won't that be exciting! And aren't you all thrilled?' Again seven school girl hats nodded - this time more eagerly.

PART VI - EPILOGUE ARRIVAL IN BRAZIL

A Preview - The merchandise is inspected

It was the afternoon before the Fashion Show. The girls were being displayed at a private Preview for a score or so of the more serious lady buyers. These were dressed in the well cut riding clothes, or safari suits, that were popular amongst the local plantation owners. Some of the women were white, some were quite dusky in colour. Some had brought their plantation Vets or Doctors to help them assess the

merchandise on display The guests had all been shown by a smiling Carmen into the stables of her plantation where seven beautiful girls were standing in a line of stalls, exposed for inspection, as in the slave markets of old. The guests were sipping champagne and chattering away in Portuguese, mercifully incomprehensible to the girls, as they discussed the relative merits of the young white women whose contracts would be discreetly sold the following day under the guise of selling their dresses. Ursula and Doctor Anna mixed with the guests, answering questions about the individual girls in the various stalls. But there was more to their keen interest in Ursula' girls than in simply acquiring simply acquiring a beautiful white European girl for their pleasure or for showing off as a their ladies maid. Experience on the plantations going back to the days of slavery had always been that, whether it was for the local sport of racing pony girls or for producing a hard working female labour force for picking coffee, the best results were obtained from crossing a comely and intelligent white woman with a strong and resilient black sire. However, after a few generations the progeny degenerated and it was necessary to start again. But where in this day and age could suitable white girls be obtained? Ursula's girls companions offered a unique opportunity. But even this not all, for a certain video made by Doctor Anna was also attracting great interest. Carefully sited so that it could not be seen by he girls in their stalls it showed specially treated white girls being used as surrogate brood bitches for producing valuable pedigree puppies. Quite apart from the exciting and erotic aspect of this, many of the women were also fascinated by he practical aspect for they were keen dog fanciers and it was notoriously difficult in their climate to produce puppies strong enough to survive. But by using a girl the delivery could be delayed until the puppies were stronger ... But even this did not fully explain the great interest that Ursula's girls had aroused in these local members of The Society. They were used to using local coloured girls for their pleasure. Now here was an opportunity of acquiring a white one, to use in their bed, and to show of as a personal attendant or ladies maid. Moreover, for what ever purpose they envisaged using these girls, these wealthy women were clearly willing to pay large sums to acquire them.. The stalls were raised and their floors were cobbled. They were were separated by high wooden partitions - so that the girls could not see each other, whilst all being visible to the guests in the wide passageway. Hanging from the walls of each stall were the lovely dresses that each girl would be proudly modelling the following day with the matching shoes and gloves on shelves along side them. Also on the walls of the stalls were mirrors and a shelf containing brushes and combs. Rolled up in a corner of each stall was a rubber mattress and blanket. Ursula and Carmen had debated whether to put Maria and her mother, Mizzi, and the red haired Hungarian twin sisters, Heidi and Suzy, in the same stalls or in separate ones - bearing in mind that they were going to be offered as two special matched pairs the following day. Finally, however, they had decided that they would arouse greater interest if they were in adjoining ones stalls, with the mother naturally anxious about what was being done next door to her precious daughter, the daughter crying for her mother, and with the two twins anxiously trying to see each other,too. Each girl was again proudly wearing the shiny collar of the Society. To their dismay, however, each was now also chained by the neck to a solid looking ring in the wall at the back of her stall. Striding up and down in front of the stalls was Sabhu, a long circus whip in his hand. He made an impressive sight in his gold braided circus, animal trainer, uniform with his peaked cap, his scarlet tunic with its rows of buttons, his tight white breeches and his well polished black leather riding boots. It was also a sight that was intended to give would-be buyers confidence that the girls on display had been well disciplined and broken in. Beautifully made up as models, the girls were dressed in the strikingly revealing display dresses, under which they were stark naked - except in the case of Fifi and Emma whose milking bras were still locked round their breasts. The dresses had been designed so that they could be readily slid back in front to disclose the women's bellies and hairless beauty lips - a matter of some importance to the buyers. To make sure that the women would not interfere with any such inspection, their manacles had also been unpacked by Sabhu and each girl's wrists were now loosely manacled behind her back. The girls had been warned, their chastity belts would be replaced afterwards to make sure that no woman, lying on her thin rubber mattresses, exhausted herself, masturbating during the night before the Fashion Show Parade the next day. Ursula and Carmen were still not quite sure whether to keep the belts on for the show and auction the following day. On the one hand the belts might spoil the line of the close fitting dresses and on the other they would provide an erotic addition to the scene that might well result in increased bids. Each girl was silently wondering why they were being treated in this way. Surely, each one was thinking, as models we should have a proper dressing room and indeed were more or less free agents. But the sight of Sabhu and of his whip was enough to stop them from daring to protest, or even from asking what was going on. Perhaps, each girl assumed, this was just Ursula's idea of an exciting build up to what they still imagined was to be just the first of many Fashion Shows in different parts of Brazil - and at which they would be the stars. As

for the chains, well, they were all by now used to being under Sabhu's strict discipline. At least they were no longer locked in the small dormitory or in the caged alcoves off Ursula's bedroom. In front of each girls stall was a prominent notice, facing the passageway. Even if the girls could have read them they would have meant little to them, being written in Portuguese. In front of the first one was: "Fifi - English. Aged 23. In milk. Carrying black twins fathered by Ursula, using semen of a champion black wrestler. Due in four months. Recommended for further possible breeding." Next to her was: "Mizzi - Polish. Aged 35. Mother of Maria. Well trained by former Mistress. Recommend for Pony Girl racing and breeding together with daughter." And next to her was: "Maria. Polish 17. Virgin, Daughter of Mizzi. Recommended for Pony Girl racing and breeding together with mother." Then came Emma's: "Lady Emma. British aristocrat of Irish descent. Aged 30. In milk. Must return temporarily to husband in England in a few months time, but this need not affect breeding plans." The notice in front of the next stall stated: "Carla. Slovene 25. Would make an exceptional milk maid."l The last notice read "Heidi and Suzy, 23, Hungarian identical twin sisters. Ideal for establishing a new breeding line." Suddenly Carmen, a dark haired slightly plump, but vivacious figure in fawn jodhpurs and brown boots, clapped her hands. 'Ladies' she called out in Portuguese which, of course, none of the chained girls on display understood, 'now is your opportunity to examine the women whose contracts will be on sale tomorrow. Please don't hesitate to step into any of the stalls to examine more closely any of the merchandise on display!' Several people moved towards the stalls. 'And,' added Carmen, 'if you would also like to examine the contracts that girl has signed, they are on the table at the end of the passageway. My lawyers assures me that someone buying one these contracts will acquire the services of the girl just as if he had bought the articles of an indentured servant. In return for making regular monthly payments to the girl's Swiss Bank account, they allow the purchaser to use the girl for any purpose he wishes, including breeding, and to extend the contract indefinitely at will.' There was a general nodding of satisfaction. 'However, in the case of the married English aristocrat, Emma, the contract stipulates that she is only on hire from Miss de Vere and must be returned to her on demand for a period of two weeks when when her husband also briefly returns to England. After this she can be taken back to Brazil to complete her period of hire - and her duties! Carmen paused for a moment. 'However, as the notice in front of her stall states, this need not seriously restrict the use to which a discerning buyer can put her! This was greeted by a general outburst of laughter. "And," added Carmen, "you must all go and look at how Doctor Anna has so successfully brought her into milk - as well as Fifi, our pretty and very valuable little mother-to-be.' Not surprisingly many of the women were soon taking a keen interest in Emma and asked Sabhu to pull back her dress, so that they and their plantation Vets could get a better look at her breeding possibilities - and other ones, too! Others women were admiring, under their plastic cups, Emma's swollen nipples and asked Sabhu to bare them for their closer inspection. Several of them then amused themselves squeezing little white jets of milk from her breasts. How thrilling to have their own wet nurse, they thought, and an English aristocratic one at that. Poor Emma was shocked and appalled by all this. . Indeed she was so shocked that she scarcely noticed it when she unwittingly first came across her future Mistress, Francesca de Bohens. She was a tall, slim, good looking woman of 35 with a hard look. She was in some ways, perhaps, a Latin version of Ursula. She was wealthy in her own right, having inherited her large coffee plantation from an uncle. The need to keep an eye on the plantation and to modernise it had resulted in her living away for much of the time from her husband, Carlos, a city bound financier who was also her cousin. The de Bohens family had played a leading role in Brazil for generations and prided themselves on their pure white lineage that, like that of their friends and relations, could be traced back on all sides to well connected European families. It was whilst living alone on her remote plantation that she had come across Carmen and the other members of the local branch of The Society. Immediately she had been attracted by their lesbian attitude to life and to men in particular. She had soon acquired a couple of Brazilian girls as maid servants and bed companions, but had not found them really satisfactory. But a specially trained white girl ... well! She was also a keen dog fancier and had won many prizes for her pedigree Dalmatians - a difficult race to breed successful in that climate ... However, what particularly concerned her was that having married rather late in life, and to a man with whom she found herself spending less and less time, she had no son and heir to whom to pass on her precious plantation nor to inherit her husband's family fortune. She herself had repeatedly put off what she now regarded she regarded with distaste as the messy business of motherhood. She had even considered adopting a good looking young boy but her husband would not hear of it. He insisted that his heir must be his own son, and one that had European aristocratic features - something that was rare in modern Brazil. She was worried that if she did not soon produce a son for him, something that she was increasingly loathe to do, then he would divorce her and seek a well bred new wife in Europe - a scandal that would destroy her social position. It

was Carmen who had come up with what seemed to be an idea solution - and one that involved Emma! Francesca de Bohens, having satisfied that Emma would make an very appealing maid servant turned to her companion, the lady doctor of her plantation, and asked her to check Emma's apparent suitability. But even Emma did not guess must what she had in mind. But it was not only Emma who was so being so intimately inspected. Women were also discreetly drawing aside the other girls' dresses, too. Some had also brought their plantation Vets to check out the suitability of a girl for a career in their stables, kennels or breeding pens - or all three! The two sets of matched pairs, Mizzi and her daughter, and Heidi and Suzy, attracted great attention - and so did the very pretty Carla. Fifi's prettily swollen belly and breasts was also attracting great interest, especially when Doctor Anna brought over her portable ultra sound monitor. The women were fascinated when the screen showed two little black female creatures happily wriggling in her belly. There was even greater interest when Ursula produced the Pollinator and showed how it worked. 'Yes,' she said to cries of admiration and astonishment, 'the girl's progeny was sired by a black wrestler, but I assumed the paternal role and the girl conceived lying helpless chained under me in my bed - with no male coming near her.' Clearly the Pollinators and of Doctor Anna's choice of suitable material with which it could be loaded were also going to sell very well! Then Doctor Anna passed round several photographs of the wrestler, showing his strong muscular torso and arms. Several women were now determined to get hold of this girl to start a new breeding line of coloured indentured servants for their plantations. Others equally attracted to the idea of using a mother and daughter or twins - and for all sorts of purposes. Others were attracted by the beauty of Carla. Ursula exchanged a discreet little wink with Carmen. Tomorrow's sales should go really well! She wondered just what would be the fate of each of the girls she had so painstakingly collected and trained. She felt quite sad at the thought of losing them ... (To be continued in Book Two)