URSULA AND THE HUMAN STUD FARM

Book One

Ursula recruits her fillies

By

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This is another story of Ursula, the rich and dominating mistress, and of Emma the young married woman who both loves and hates being in her power, both of whom featured in the six best selling Emma books by the same author, writing as Hilary James, and published by Nexus.

Ursula is recruiting, seducing, and breaking in, a team of so-called models, including Emma, and a beautiful Polish woman and her teenage daughter. Unknown to them, they are destined for the human Stud Farm in a remote part of Brazil run by Ursula's friend Carmen.

Here rich men and women pay to indulge their fantasies by invoking the old days of breeding slaves for the slave plantations. What could be more thrilling for them than seeing Ursula's team of girls forced to re-enact in the stud farm the role of innocent freshly arrived, European indentured servant girls. Like them, they are destined to be used as valuable brood mares.

But an even more shocking fate awaits Emma.

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 are both here again!

CONTENTS

Book One – Ursula recruits her fillies

PART I – PROLOGUE
Ursula receives an intriguing letter

PART II - URSULA AND SOME UNSUSPECTING YOUNG LADIES
1 - Emma is bored
2 - Ursula spots her first prey
3 - Ursula weaves her web
4 - An exciting prospect for Fifi
5 - The acquisition of Mizzi

PART III - UNDER THE DOMINATION OF URSULA
6 - Fifi in her cage
7 - The trap is set for Emma
8 - Fifi is jealous
9 - An act of submission
10 - The Confessional
11 - Fifi is pollinated - Ursula assumes the masculine role

PART IV - MORE RECRUITS FOR THE TEAM
12- Emma takes the bait
13- The seduction of Maria
14 - Ursula buys another three girls

PART V – PREPARING THE FILLIES
15 - Fifi in milk - and feels some strange little kicks
16 - A mother's moment of truth
17 - Mother and daughter - trained as one pleasure team

18 - A horrified Emma joins the team
19 - Trained fillies
20 – Ursula enjoys her girls

PART I – PROLOGUE

URSULA RECEIVES AN INTRIGUING LETTER

It all began with the letter that Ursula found awaiting her return to London. She had been abroad for several months, attending exhibitions of her paintings.

Her sharp, rather cruel eyes had lit up when she saw that it had Brazilian stamps. She was a striking looking woman: tall, well-dressed, slim, dark haired, with a rather angular figure, high cheekbones and rather Slavonic features. She did not look like a woman who would suffer fools gladly - especially if they were young women. Quickly she opened the letter and read it.

"My dearest Ursula,

During your visit, we agreed that for you to bring out a team of European girls would be just what I need to round off my thriving enterprise. As you saw, I have realistically re-enacted what was going on here, only a hundred years ago, on this former slave breeding farm, or human stud farm as it was called, in this remote part of Brazil. Not only have I restored the human brood mares' stables, together with the original mating pit and delivery box, but also the associated racetrack. You will remember that this was used and is used again now, to test the stamina of the girls being used as brood mares.

So, I have very profitably resurrected what it must have been like here - even having my assistants dressed as old-fashioned overseers and treating the girls, my modern day human brood mares, just as their slave -quarters of them are in-foal at any one time.

With labour being difficult these days to recruit for the hard life on the plantations, I have no difficulty in profitably putting my brood mares' progeny out for "adoption" by nearby plantation owners - just a hundred years ago their progeny was sold to the same plantation owners predecessors. Indeed, it won't be long before we have the first of our own grown-up progeny being brought back here to be put into training for our human trotting races and to be put to a stallion - just as in the days of slavery.

However, the one thing I have lacked so far, for greater realism, are white European girls playing the role of the old indentured servant girls - for the best slaves were obtained by crossing the black, South American Indian or mestizo studs, or "stallions", with the fresh blood of newly arrived young white female indentured servants, fresh from Europe. Their progeny were much

sought after by plantation owners and would be "adopted" again now.

I do have a few white girls sent here by their Masters or Mistresses either to be put into training for trotting races or to be covered by my stallion studs - or both. But, not unnaturally, their owners want to keep them for themselves, hidden away from my other clients in my special Livery Stables.

So, the whole operation will be transformed when we have a few of your white European girls here under contract, like my present mestizo ones. Light Palomino Brood Mares amongst the dark Bay ones. So do go ahead and recruit a team of them! I think it will be highly profitable for us. Already, quite apart from selling the progeny for "adoption" by local plantation owners, wealthy men and women pay handsomely to come here and see my brood mares being raced and put to a chosen stallion. They also much enjoy seeing my in-foal girls locked into breeding belts and being made to carry and, later, deliver and feed their progeny.

This has all made my human Stud Farm very profitable. Your European girls will make it even more popular. The sight of them being used for forced breeding will be mind-blowing for my clients - a real feeling of power and a throwback to the old days!

We'll publicise their arrival at the Stud Farm widely - with an outwardly innocuous Gala Fashion Show - and then, when they've been broken-in to harness, by a Gala Race Meeting, followed by a series of public performances in the Mating Pit!

But, don't tell the girls what's in store for them!

I enclose contracts for "Modelling and other duties" for your girls to sign. They are similar to the contract I use for my own girls. They're in Portuguese, but there's a rough English translation. You will see that it includes an innocuous looking clause about "wearing jewellery provided by the contractor" and another about "at least two deliveries, with a third one at the discretion of the contractor", before a girl is released from her contract. My lawyers say that this is enforceable out here.

If any of the girls query these, just tell that they refer to costume jewellery and to more tours of Fashion Shows.

In any case, in this remote part of the country, without money or passports, and with the local police on the side of us landowners, there would be nowhere for a girl to run away to. All very clever!

What girls to bring? As you know, we race girls both singly and in pairs in the trotting races and breed from the winners, so do try and include a pair of pretty sisters and, if possible, a pretty, but athletic European woman with a teenage daughter - but make sure they all have good breeding hips!

The clients will find it incredible to have a pair of pretty European sisters, never mind a mother and daughter, available for

breeding in my Stud Farm. They'd also be fascinated by the sight of the rather older white mother also being used as a brood mare - just like her daughter.

To accentuate the difference between these girls and my existing mestizo ones, I suggest you try and get hold of blue-eyed blond girls - or green-eyed redheads.

I also suggest you bring your team out at Christmas. That'll give me time to get all the invitations out for the Fashion Show - and give you time to collect and prepare your team.

Quite separately, can you also bring out an aristocratic Englishwoman - preferably with a title and short of money? Several of my lady clients would pay the earth to hire her services. I realise that a girl from this background will not want to sign even an innocuous-looking a contract for more than about a year but that would still be time enough for what they probably have in mind - which I am sure you can guess … I think we could very profitably put her contract up for auction after she has been on display here for a month in the various sections of the Stud Farm.

My clients also love seeing (and testing!) my nursing brood mares in the stables. So ideally this girl should arrive ready to join them for a short time before her new Mistress takes her off. And at the Fashion Show she could then model clothes "for the modern nursing mother"!

So, to sum up, do bring out a team of at least half a dozen girls - including, if possible, a young upper class English woman in milk, a mother and her daughter, and a pair of sisters. They'll really put my human Stud Farm on the map - and earn us both a lot of money!

Longing to hear that you have started to recruit a team of girls and to see you here again - with your little friends!

Your loving friend,

Carmen

PS

I forgot to mention that some of my lady clients, who keep their girls here at livery, were fascinated by Doctor Anna's video of her new Pollinator technique. 'And all done,' as she said, 'without the girl being touched by a man or even perhaps being aware that she has been put on a course of fertility pills and then impregnated!'

What a feeling of power over a girl it must give a Mistress! Indeed, many of my lady clients want to assume the paternal role, too, on their girls. So do bring out a couple of the Pollinators - and a good choice of different ... pollen …

And, as proof that the Pollinators work, I suggest you also bring out a young mother-to-be, with a certificate from Doctor Anna that you and your Pollinator were responsible for her state. Try and arrange that the seed that Doctor Anna provides for you is that of, say, a big black wrestler, whose photograph can also be shown to the clients.

By Christmas her belly should be showing nicely, as they used to say back in the days of slave breeding, especially if she were carrying twins - and preferably black. Mixed in with my own coloured expectant brood mares in my stables, your white one will fascinate my clients from right from her arrival - without waiting for her companions to be "showing."

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. Could she also be in milk - like the aristocratic woman?

Ursula put the letter down slowly, her mind racing. Well! She'd certainly have to get busy pretty quickly! She had been fascinated by Carmen's highly organised Human Stud Farm, with all her Brood Mares. Now this was her chance to cash in on merging Carmen's well-organised set-up with her own ability to find pretty European girls.

The initial expenses would, of course, be considerable, but she was a rich woman and was confident that she would end up making a large profit from selling the girls' contracts to Carmen. 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 her strict domination. 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. They would be ideal for the various roles outlined in Carmen's letter - with enforced motherhood being, it was clear, much to the fore.

But a submissive aristocratic English woman? And one for whom 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 - or, indeed, twins?

Suddenly Ursula thought of Emma, now Lady Rossrae. She had heard that her husband was about to be going off abroad again this time for year. How convenient …

Moreover Emma, with her expensive tastes, was always short of money. She was such a spendthrift that her husband was always terrified that she was going to run up big debts whilst he was abroad. Hence he had been only delighted when, in the past, Ursula had offered to "keep her busy" and employ her as a "Research Assistant."

Perhaps she should contact him again now? He could be sure, the unsuspecting booby, that his beloved wife would be kept very busy, very busy indeed, though the type of research on which she would be employed would be rather unusual … She had little doubt

about her ability to get Emma back into her clutches. She was such a masochist and adored being dominated and taken care of - and with no financial worries to bother her.

Indeed, Ursula knew just how to take advantage of Emma's need to be dominated. The girl just longed and yet feared to be kept helpless and locked up - and the feeling of fear of the cane just thrilled her. She was always in trouble with her bank and would accept almost any terms from Ursula in return for her paying off her overdraft.

However, like the other girls, little would Emma guess what would be in store for her in Brazil - nor how much money she was going to earn for her Mistress. Once there, she would have to go through with whatever her new Mistress decided.

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?

If she were quick, 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 have to be prettily rounded by the time she arrived in Brazil.

She smiled as she saw the album of photographs she had taken of Carmen's stud farm. She really must remember to lock it away. It showed too many photographs of pretty mestizo girls chained up in stalls or locked up in cages, being forcibly mated with huge great black brutes, or being paraded, heavily pregnant, on a little stage. She would not want to frighten off any of the team of girls she was going to recruit.

Playing for such high stakes, she would, of course, also have to make certain that none of the girls tried to run away after she'd seduced them and before she got them out to Brazil. Yes, 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. They would be quite safe with him, for he was more interested in his young Jamaican boyfriend than in girls. For him, they 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

catwalk and break them in to their duties as the playthings of Carmen's clients.

And, even if their English were poor, his cane would soon teach them to obey instantly a prearranged list of simple commands that would cover the requirements of the stud farm.

Meanwhile, of course, she herself would be testing them out - and enjoying their services!

Equally importantly, by keeping them 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.

Then when they arrived in Brazil, they might even enjoy being used for their pleasure by rich men - or women.

Perhaps 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 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. 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 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 they would not take seriously her enquiries about acquiring a team of girls.

Yes, 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 be the living demonstration of the effectiveness of the paternal role technique that Carmen wanted her to bring out with her.

And whilst she was about it, the girl could be ideal for meeting Carmen's request for a demonstration of the new way of bringing on a girl's milk.

But how was she going to find a suitable young mother and grown up daughter, to meet Carmen's other request? Then she noticed that there was a message on her answering machine. She pressed the replay button.

'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, but strongly made, piece of delicate 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.'

Well, what a coincidence! Delicate Polish porcelain indeed! Ursula was pretty sure that the member to whom the Secretary was

referring 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. As for "strong", she remembered that the woman had previously been a well-known athlete. Better and better!

The Princess had described her personal young black eunuch boy using 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, together with the Polish mother and daughter could well form the core for the team of "models" that she would 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 - and for Pollinator.

It was all a fascinating prospect and one that few people outside the secret world of The Society would ever have imagined possible in this day and age.

PART II

URSULA AND SOME UNSUSPECTING YOUNG LADIES

1 - 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 abroad again for months and months, leaving her alone in their country house.

With nothing else to do Emma kept dreaming about her exciting, sometimes terrifying, but never boring, adventures with Ursula, her friends and clients ... and with Henry, her former lover. 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 known just what she had got up to with Ursula.

She kept remembering the sheer excitement of her secret life - being made to submit to the continual control of the demanding Ursula, of having no idea what was going to happen to her next. It was even thrilling being secretly in Ursula's power financially. Unbeknown to John she was always running up overdrafts that she could not possibly pay off. Ursula would then step in and give her bank a guarantee that that she would pay it off - but slowly. Meanwhile Emma would have to do whatever her Mistress decided. There was the sheer excitement of Ursula ringing to summon her to London. 'A lady client of mine wants to pay to beat you Emma. Ten strokes of my cane in two days' time. So you'll have plenty of time to think about it. Ten strokes of the cane and you're going to earn your Mistress a nice little sum. Report here at twelve o'clock sharp on Thursday!'

Then the phone would go dead, leaving Emma in a state of terrified and yet wildly exciting anticipation for two whole days. Ten strokes! And of Ursula's dreaded cane! But she knew she have to go and have them - or else Ursula would remove her bank guarantee. It was lovely having no more financial worries but there was always a price to be paid.

Meanwhile the fear and excited anticipation she felt were overwhelming, as the as the two days of waiting slowly passed.

'What's the matter, Emma?' her unsuspecting husband would say. 'You seem so jumpy!'

Jumpy! She was terrified out of her wits. Ten strokes could so easily become twenty - if she were to cry out or move bending over to be beaten.

'Why don't you go and see your nice friend Ursula in London,' her husband would say, 'she always has a quietening effect on your nerves.'

Quietening effect? Oh, if only he knew! .

And, oh the problems of when she returned, having had her thrashing. She would of course have to stand in the train - it would be far too painful to sit down. And for a day or so she would have to sleep lying on her tummy - much to John's surprise. Back at home, she could hardly wait to go into the bathroom and look fearfully, yet admiringly, at the weals on her bottom. Then there was the exciting problem of hiding them from her husband - and the chastity belt into which Ursula often embarrassingly locked her before sending her back home.

But even that was not all.

It would be even more exciting and yet humiliating when Ursula came to stay.

Then it would not only be a question of hiding from John the chastity belt into which Ursula would again secretly put her. She would also have to hide from him having to crawl on all fours along the corridor at night to Ursula's room to pleasure her - and to be thrashed, before still frustrated, having to crawl back into her sleeping husband's bed.

Oh how exciting it had been! To be made to deceive her husband and to be secretly thrashed under his roof! How deliciously humiliating! Oh, how she missed being made to be submissive and subservient!

Oh yes, it had all been so thrilling, whether she was travelling with Ursula 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. And if she really wanted to please her Mistress, then she must accept it - indeed beg for it.

Of course, back home, in the cold light of day, wearing one of Ursula's corselets to hide her swelling tummy, it had 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. However, she 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 ...

2 - 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 so 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 her say to the girl who had just been pouring out her heart. '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 barstool. She noticed her well-groomed blonde hair, soft big blue eyes, slim legs and 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 short, brushed-back hair, piercing eyes, long thin face, high cheekbones and 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 round at her curiously.

'And what's so upset your young friend, Daisy?'

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's finding that jobs are not easy to find these days.' '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 led 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 boyfriends 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!' repeated 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!'

'But I don't want to be a nuisance,' said Fiona.

'Oh I don't think you'll be that,' laughed Ursula. 'Come!'

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 her. He looked terrifying as he had small bloodshot eyes, a shaved head and a thin Chinese style moustache that curved round the side of his mouth and down to his 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 was discreetly looking her up and down with a knowing eye.

'Ever driven one of these?' asked Ursula, as the car slipped through the traffic to Chelsea.

'Yes, I have,' replied Fiona. 'My boyfriend 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 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 wrought 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 a spotlight lit up the back of the alcove. Through the bars of the screen Fiona now saw that the alcove had bare, unaided, solid brick walls. The low ceiling was also of brick. On the floor of the alcove 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 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, was a strange-looking 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 another 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 lose 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,' Ursula's voice cut 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 features 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 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 where 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, 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 sketchpad.

'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 heard 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 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.

3 - URSULA WEAVES HER WEB

'Keep still, girl, hold the pose - or I really will have to punish you.' said Ursula, moving her charcoal pencil rapidly over her sketchpad.

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 didn't you also find it rather exciting?' Ursula's voice was at its 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 it 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 your 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, 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 its curved handle and ran her long painted fingernails 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 daydreamed 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 maidservant - 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 boyfriends 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 girl's slender waist to the golden curls on her mound. How much nicer 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 all right.

'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 and 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 led the quivering girl into her bedroom and then again kissed her, running her long fingernails over her breasts. The girl was looking up at her, eyes wide and trusting.

'You're cold, little girl,' 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, 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, my 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. This 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 forever! 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 its 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 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.

4 - 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 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. 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 boyfriends!'

'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 watchstrap. 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 Fiona's 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 an 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 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.'

Fiona wasn't sure what to make of this. What she did know was that Miss de Vere was unusual.

'And, just to make sure, our girls also have to have The Club's logo of a 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?'

Fiona scarcely knew 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 the 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 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 realised 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 the tiny lock at the back of the collar and took it 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. He's my butler as well my chauffeur and as my ladies' maid you're going to be under his orders. So mind how you treat him. I don't want to hear any complaints about you not showing him proper respect. '

Ursula paused to let her words sink in. '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.'

Fiona was 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!'

'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 just longing to touch yourself, to play with you little beauty bud. Won't you?'

'Yes, yes!'

'But you won't dare - and do you know why? Because there's a little television camera high up in the corner of your cage and 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 man! By a strange black man! A mere chauffeur! And to be put into a chastity belt! But also how exciting, she thought, to be under such strict surveillance and control. How deliciously frustrating!

'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.'

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. 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 bedroom 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 all right.'

'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!'

5 - 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 maidservant - 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 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.

She wore a matching white maid's cap and white serving gloves. She looked, Ursula thought, a very pleasingly erotic sight - an obedient servant girl.

Dressed like this, Fifi had blushed with embarrassment when answering the doorbell 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, speaking with a strong German accent as she looked Fifi up and down, 'I think you've found another little treasure.'

'And,' asked the other guest, speaking in German so that Fifi would not understand, 'does she know yet that she's going to be one of the team you're taking out to Brazil?'

'No not yet,' laughed Ursula, also speaking in German, 'nor what's going to happen to her before that!'

'And meanwhile is she obedient in bed?' asked the other guest.

'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, thinking of Emma. '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 swap 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 be 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 girl's party dress, with a big blue satin sash 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 Mistresses 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 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 any 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 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. She had to admit they looked a really lovely pair.

The woman greeted Ursula effusively, but 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 and not a bitch. He seems very interested in his little companion!'

'May be, but it's not right for 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! Keep your eyes down - I won't have you 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. Blonde 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 $5,000 or nearest offer, 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 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 her lead as she laughed and chatted to her neighbours. Behind one girl, with lovely long blonde hair and slightly Slavonic features, and holding her lead, was a little black boy, dressed like pictures of eighteenth century black pageboys in red satin trousers, with a blue bolero over his otherwise naked torso. He wore 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 as her hand was 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 pageboy. '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, 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! 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 $5,000 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 leave her convent soon anyway. I gather she wants to become a model. All European young girls these days think they're going to make their fortune as international models.'

'But what an astonishing coincidence! That's what my friend would be using the mother for too.'

'Well, your friend could now use both,' said 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 pageboy 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, where 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 girl's 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 who gave another order in Arabic. The boy lifted up the woman's short party frock. There on her belly was the crest of the Princess: a black circle enclosing a green crescent - obviously from a special transfer.

'I hope you don't mind that,' said the Princess.

Ursula laughed. It would soon come off.

'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 the 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 yours for $2,000,' said the Princess, 'provided of course your friend takes on the daughter's school fees. I'll have her ready for collection in a week's time.'

'Right!' said Ursula, thinking what a wonderful deal she had just made. Yes, the sooner she got this woman safely locked up in her house the better. 'I'll send my man round to tomorrow morning with my cheque and a letter promising to settle the school fees.'

'Then I'll tell my black eunuch to have her ready in a week's time and to give your man her passport.'

'Fine!' said Ursula and they shook hands on the deal.

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

6 - FIFI IN HER CAGE

There had been a change since Fifi's Mistress had taken her to the fantastic Black Tie Party at the Society. She was rarely used as a housemaid now and, indeed, rarely taken out of her cage.

Even worse, Sabhu had started to train her in the finer points of pleasuring her Mistress. Later she had to demonstrate her newfound prowess to her Mistress - 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.

Now, under the low ceiling of the alcove, Fifi was kneeling on all fours behind the locked gilded wrought iron screen. The curtain on the far side of the screen was drawn and only a small electric bulb lit the alcove.

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 was fastened at the sides with little ribbons that Sabhu insisted were tied in neat bows.

The shiny metal collar of The Society was still locked round her neck and Sabhu had made sure that her Mistress's own disc, hanging down in front, was securely fastened to the ring on the front of the collar. The distinctive capital "S" of The Society was still tattooed on the inside of her wrist and her registration number was discreetly tattooed on the inside of her elbow. The collar and the tattoos made her feel utterly in the power of her Mistress - as were intended.

Below Fifi's tunic was her chastity belt. One part of the belt consisted of a thick rubber belt that went round her waist and was fastened at the back with a small padlock. Sewn onto this belt were two strong rubber straps, which in turn held the top corners of a curved triangular shaped piece of tough vulcanised rubber. This fitted tightly over her beauty lips, making it impossible for her to touch her so-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 a girl expecting a Happy Event.

The belt was intended to be kept on permanently. Indeed, it was only removed once a week by Sabhu and then only temporarily, to allow him to check that the girl's mound and beauty lips were still smooth and hairless, and to depilate them as 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 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 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 woe betide 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 infrared 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 order 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 to repeat, again three times, after she had finished.

Woe betide 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.

The second dish of rose water was for her to wash with.

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 that, she felt, was not dissimilar to that of a nun.

Then, after she had performed, she had to use the second dish of rose water to clean herself - and the white cord. Woe betide her indeed, if Sabhu ever detected a speck of dirt on herself or on the gleaming white cord. As a precaution she had learned to spit on her hand and then reach back and clean the cord, 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 plastic 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, desperately humiliating experiences for a shy young woman.

Living in a curtained cage off 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 and a spotlight would come on. She would then be on display 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. This was the signal for her to crawl out of her cage, scuttle on all fours to the foot of Ursula's four-poster bed and then 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 - something 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 was about to climax 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 allowed to climax - 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 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 then hang down realistically between her Mistress's legs, whilst the other manhood would jut out in front of her, quivering with her every movement.

She would have to remember to squeeze and excite her Mistress's nipples until with a raucous cry her Mistress would throw her down. Then she would mount her and 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 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. All 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.

7 - THE TRAP IS SET FOR EMMA

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 about a year - long enough for her 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 make an unseemly haste in 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, 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 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. Emma remembered Ursula had spoken about going out there to model - and to earn such a huge amount.

Oh yes, she told Ursula, she would love to come and meet her friend - anything, she told herself, to see Ursula again!

8 - FIFI IS JEALOUS!

Suddenly Fifi heard the heavy tread of Sabhu approaching the back of her darkened 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. She licked her lips as she heard him apparently mixing her porridge in a metal bowl. Heavy manacles clinking, she crawled on all fours, in the half light, to 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 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 showed off the rippling muscles of his well oiled torso.

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 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 ascendancy 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. 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 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, drawing her muzzle back a little. She felt her tongue being freed from the rubber prong 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 thrust 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 oil sliding down inside her. But she could also smell the porridge below 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 so 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 picked up the pill with her teeth. He again stroked her throat to make sure she swallowed it.

He smiled as she did so. Little did she know that the pill was one of Doctor Anna's special fertility pills. Fifi's body was being secretly prepared to receive her Mistress's special dildo - the Pollinator. Unknown to the unsuspecting girl it would be specially loaded with the live sperm of a huge black wrestler - loaded to allow her Mistress to play the paternal role. He smiled again at the thought that, although Fifi would not know it, she would soon be carrying valuable little half black twins, or even triplets - safely inside her. They would, of course, be protected from any interference from the horrified young mother by a chain mail Breeding Belt, locked over her beauty lips and round her hips.

Later, once safely chained up in the Breeding and Foaling stalls of the human stud farm run by Miss de Vere's Brazilian friend, Miss Carmen, the girl's swollen white belly would instantly make her a popular sight for clients paying handsomely to come and see what was on view.

They'd be even more thrilled when they learnt that she was only the first of a succession of white European girls available for mating and forced breeding - something that later would be emphasised by the sight, also chained and now also crawling in a Rearing Pen, of her little black progeny ...

Happily ignorant of the fate that awaited her, Fifi hastily dropped her head into the trough and began gobbling up the porridge.

Sabhu watched her lapping up her porridge like a little dog. 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 closely as she carefully licked the bowl clean. Yes, there wasn't a speck of porridge to be seen.

'Head up!' he ordered, and then wiped her face with a wet rag. Then he replaced the muzzle, pushed her head back through the little opening and lowered its cover.

Fifi was alone again in the half-light of the small low cage.

Fiona had felt that entering the service of the fascinating if terribly strict, 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 black 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 even stricter than her Mistress and made her behave even more humbly and submissively.

She crawled across to the front of the low cage, to the locked gilded wrought 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 the black leather muzzle.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 the short tunic that was all she was allowed to wear. Once again, she looked 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 forever as a willing slave, 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 the half darkness of her cage, but to think of pleasuring her wonderful Mistress, she constantly felt herself becoming wet and aroused under the thick rubber chastity belt that fitted so tightly over her pouting, now hairless, beauty lips. Oh, how she longed to give herself a little relief. But, she simply could not now touch her beauty bud at all.

Oh, the frustration!

Oh, how it made her long all the more to worship and serve her cruel Mistress!

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? But 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 a terrifying man Sabhu was. Once again, she wondered if her wonderful Mistress had any idea just how strict he was.

She heard the noise of the bolts of a trapdoor being slid back. She gave a little shiver of fear. There was a creaking noise as a 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 jealousy run through her body. Another girl was being put into the cage next to hers. She heard the noise of the girl crawling into the cage. There a metallic rattling sound just like that made by 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 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 anyway, 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 two spotlights brilliantly lit up her cage.

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 heard the swish as the curtain covering the cage next door also 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 Fifi 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 blonde 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 lovemaking of Mizzi and her Mistress and could not help imagining what they were doing.

Minutes later, Ursula, lying back in her bed, dogwhip in hand, was thoroughly enjoying being pleasured by her new girl, Mizzi.

Sabhu had taken delivery of her that very morning. Gagged and just wearing her former normal uniform of black gloves, stockings, suspender belt and the collar of The Society round her neck, the former owner's young black eunuch had trussed her up like a turkey and put her into a crate. After Sabhu had signed for her, the two men had put the crate into the boot of Miss de Vere's Mercedes.

Ursula was wasting no time in trying out the charms of her new acquisition. Clearly, she decided, the Princess's eunuch had done an excellent job in training her 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.

But meanwhile what an exciting time she herself was having.

9 - AN ACT OF SUBMISSION

It was a week later and 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.

Still half naked, the woman was now standing nervously at attention in front of Miss de Vere's desk. Attached to a ring on the back of the collar was now 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 behind her neck. Her ankles were together, but she could feel the tassel easing its way past her smooth and hairless mound. Soon it was tickling her beauty bud.

Ursula looked down to where her whip was gently parting the woman's beauty lips. Sabhu had checked that there were no signs of hair along the lips or across the mound as 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's 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 the 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. Now the

prospect of being in the service of Miss de Vere seemed equally exciting - as was also 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. This young woman alone would make a fine "model" for her Brazilian enterprise. 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. But it was now high time for the daughter to join her mother.

She, too, must be properly trained by Sabhu, if the pair was to raise their full potential. Carmen liked girls who had already been broken in to pleasing women, leaving her to break them in to forced breeding and to harness.

Meanwhile, much to Fifi's jealous rage, the mother would be 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 would, she knew, pay even more if the daughter was still a virgin. It would indeed be mind-blowing, to use Carmen's expression, to have them both in her stud farm ... 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 model clothes or do other work for a period of at least two years.'

'And?'

'Accept what ever measures may be taken to enforce the contract.'

'And?' insisted Ursula.

'Then I must offer my daughter's 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 had certainly brainwashed her 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 brainwashing 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 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 whatever 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 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 her 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 could 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 blonde 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 leaned 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 in two quite separate ways!

10 - THE CONFESSIONAL

Locked in her cage, Fifi was, as always now, playing with her little doll, her only toy, her only possession.

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, what a pity, she often felt, it wasn't a real one!

Watching her on his monitoring screen, Sabhu would smile. The girl's maternal instinct was certainly being nicely brought on. But that was not all, for unknown to her, her body had also been prepared - for she had now been on the course of fertility for long enough to ensure conception when she was next ready. He looked at the chart of her monthly cycle: he safe period was almost over. 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 inside her before he had to 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.

He would soon have his hands full. Not only would there be 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 more amenable. There was only one thing that Emma understood - that was the cane!

The sooner Miss de Vere pressed on with getting Fifi expecting a Happy Event the better, Sabhu decided.

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, 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, once again, 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. But this time she would have to lick and please, alternately, her Mistress and her companion.

But sometimes 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, not for herself, but for her cruel Mistress. It was so humiliating! But she would be too terrified of the woman sending for Sabhu if she was not satisfied to even think of refusing.

Fifi bared one breast and held the baby doll to her nipple. Telling her that it was to please her Mistress, Sabhu had 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 than before.

Stroking 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 wrought 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. 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 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, cane in his hand, strong black hands and muscular torso contrasting 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 a 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 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 it towards Sabhu.

The women watching from behind the two-way mirror laughed. Yes, Ursula certainly knew how to train and control a girl all right!

'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 another sob of despair she leaned 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 grille 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.

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 anyway 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 chooses 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 in thrall to Ursula with whom he had had to deal.

'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. Wouldn't that be wonderful'?

'Oh, yes, Sir! Oh, yes!'

'To be in milk for your Mistress and her friends! You'd then 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 it 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?

'Twins?' queried a hesitant Fifi. 'Oh no!'

'Oh yes, Fifi, 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 even more 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 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. It was time to press on with the fertilisation of Fifi if her belly was to be nicely showing by the time she arrived in Brazil.

Doctor Anna was leaning over the couch on which Fifi was lying with knees raised.

Sabhu was standing by, 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 accent. 'And 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.'

'Good,' exclaimed Ursula. 'Can you bring the material over in a vacuum flask this afternoon, so that Sabhu can use it to load the Pollinator?'

'Yes,' relied Doctor Anna, 'but make sure you keep it in your 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!' Ursula clapped her hands with delight. 'I shall really enjoy that!'

'You're sure you want it loaded with Negro seed?'

'Oh yes, preferably one 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!' said Doctor Anna. 'I can offer you the seed of a black wrestler - a huge great brute.'

'That sounds ideal - but is Fifi big 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.' Ursula pointed 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.'

'All right!' 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

when going through the metal detector at the airport when she flies out to Brazil.'

'And what are you going to tell her?' asked the 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!' Ursula smiled. '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.

'No problem there,' replied Doctor Anna, bending down and feeling Fifi's big breasts. '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 to do so,' 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, one 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 to use on the other girls as they come into milk.'

The 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 stud farm, 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. '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 reassuring 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". However, she had insisted he had to 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 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.

Apart from her usual rubber chastity belt, the girl was naked except for a little chain that went round her waist from which 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 emblazoned with Ursula's 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, she snapped her fingers. 'Come here!'

Fifi scuttled across the room on all fours like an obedient little dog, breasts and modesty flap hanging down beneath her, her soft little bottom bare. Reaching her Mistress's feet, she licked them adoringly. She did not dare to speak.

Fifi heard her Mistress snap her fingers again and, as Sabhu had taught her, she deftly slipped off 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 under the negligee devotedly held up, in 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.

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, with a happy smile, Fifi ran over to the cupboard and 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, covered with 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 natural looking 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 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. It 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, legs apart, and 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's negligee again. Ursula was now standing up, her tall thin and almost masculine body hidden by the negligee, but poking out between its 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 bedclothes, helped her Mistress into bed and handed her book - an erotic bedside thriller. Then she silently knelt down at the side.

'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 through the front of 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 backside. 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 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 kneeling on the bed. Then she snapped her fingers and pointed at 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 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 trapdoor to her cage opened.

'Fifi! Come back here!' she heard her Mistress call. Her manacles clinking, she crawled back to the side of the bed.

Again her Mistress was lying on her back. Again 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 leaned across and put her mouth to the quivering manhood. It tasted strange, rather bitter - 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 saw that the testicles of Pollinator were 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 pointed 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 especially 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 held Fifi quite still under her as Fifi, her hips still raised high, 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 your buttocks.' He gave 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 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, work which would be repeated by Miss de Vere the following day with the Pollinator loaded again with the live sperm of a big black wrestler.

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 rather plump, well dressed, rather sophisticated and cruel looking, dark haired lady. She smiled approvingly at Emma as Ursula introduced Emma as Lady Rossrae. She only introduced the Brazilian lady as Carmen, nothing more.

Carmen slowly looked Emma up and down and then handed Ursula a cheque.

'My cheque for my share of the cost of acquiring 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 soon repay our initial expenses handsomely.'

'Good!' replied Ursula with a smile.

And this one,' the Brazilian woman 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 where she lived and what she did. But, as if wanting to avoid any awkward questions, Carmen rose to her feet, kissed Ursula and left.

Without mentioning Carmen, Ursula made Emma an offer she simply could not refuse: to go out with her to Brazil on a year's modelling contract in return for a 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 once again seduced the unsuspecting Emma, making her use her tongue to bring her former Mistress to the very heights of ecstasy.

She had 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 of being kept frustrated for the time being, locked into a chastity belt. It all made anticipating her eventual relief all the more thrilling.

She felt like a young bride, eagerly awaiting her marriage day to her virile young fiancé. Oh, the thought of going with Ursula to Brazil! 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, 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 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 pleased to see that she had inherited her mother's good looks, as well as her slim but buxom figure, long legs and silky long blonde 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 would make a fine matched pair for Carmen's human stud farm. Carmen's clients would be thrilled to see them both being used as brood mares and of watching the girl's virginity being taken by one of her black or coloured stallions.

But it was not only the idea of having such a beautiful pair in the breeding stables that would put up their value. Carmen would also be thinking what a fine looking pair they would make harnessed to a racing dogcart.

Yes indeed, Ursula laughed to herself, from what she had seen of Carmen, it would not be long before the bellies this pretty young girl and that of her mother, were both showing well, to use the old slave breeding expression. They'd fetch a good sum in Brazil. Meanwhile, the sooner this girl was safely locked up with her mother, the better.

However, 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 before that this lovely girl must be seduced into the ways of lesbianism, as her mother had already been. 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. Maria was delighted and rather awed when Ursula 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 godmother.

'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 the cheek. '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 boyfriends 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 no 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, 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 thought. 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 its international tentacles and contacts.

She knew that there was a continuing demand, from her like-minded friends, for pretty submissive girls. She had found that the ending of the Cold War had produced steady stream of Eastern European girls, all longing to get away to the West, but terrified of falling into the hands of unscrupulous men.

In her castle 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 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,

either from her, or 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 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. But, she still looks a little headstrong. You'd better soon put her into her a collar – these Eastern European girls become much more submissive once they've been collared.'

'Yes,' replied Ursula in German, which Maria did not understand, 'but I prefer to wait until the girl actually begs to be collared. I don't think it will be long with this one! 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.'

'Her mother as well! And a beauty! Well, they'll make a pair of good earners for you,' laughed Irma. '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,' said Ursula.

'As regards the other girls you want for Brazil, I have several available here - as you can see. And one in an interesting condition - if that's what you're looking for.'

'No not this time,' Ursula smiled. 'I've already made the necessary arrangements as regards that.'

'A pity, but doubtless another Member will be interested in acquiring her,' Irma replied. '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. I guarantee that they've all been put right off men and only like pleasuring a woman. I've trained them all, they're all registered with The Society and are suitably marked.'

'Excellent, my dear Irma,' Ursula said 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 saying "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 a long 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 now... well!

'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 water. '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 blonde. 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 blonde. Indeed, she had better tell him to do the same with Mizzi and any other blonde 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 was likely to happen frequently over the coming years, she thought with a cruel smile.

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, letting 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 all right. Her breath was coming in little gasps. It was time to check. Ursula parted the girl's 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 Mistress say.

Maria reached up and Ursula took her left hand under the bedclothes. She 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 other hand and very slowly, so as not to scare the fascinated girl, guided it over her hips and down towards her legs. Then she carefully 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 slapped the girl's face. 'Don't you dare,' she said and then lay back

again, eyes closed. Moments later she 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 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 girl's slim naked body kneeling at her bedside and the feel of her soft breasts on her own slender hips.

Suddenly she gripped Maria's 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 Maria 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 gentle 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 it'll be the cane!' she heard her Mistress add.

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 slim 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. 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 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 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. She noticed that they would display the mark of an "S" tattooed onto the inside of their wrist.

Goodness, she thought, was that the secret mark of The Society? Would she be 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. 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 upstairs,' she whispered with little secretive smile that made Maria feel she was very special, '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. 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 and longed to help her.

Then 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 that 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" tattooed onto the 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 bedclothes and, without a word, brought the cane down hard across her bottom, before lowering the bedclothes 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 your 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 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 say, '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.

'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 increasingly 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, her mound and beauty lips were as hairless and smooth as those of a 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 again, in assessing them, Ursula was putting herself into the mind of Carmen. She would be looking on them not as models but rather for their likely use as brood mares and judging their likely performance on the racetrack. She would, therefore, 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.

A pair of very pretty, red-haired Hungarian sisters, both in their early twenties, had particularly caught Ursula’s attention. A pair of very similar European sisters girls would, of course, be regarded by Carmen's clients as ideal for use in a human stud farm, just as successful four legged thoroughbred sisters were much sought after in equine stud farms for establishing good new breeding lines.

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 cosseted in the breeding pens, they in turn also produced twins or even triplets.

Irma said that she had started breaking the sisters in to pleasuring a woman together, something which Sabhu would doubtless perfect.

'Excellent,' said Ursula, 'but I think that once in Brazil, they're more likely to be used by Carmen prize stallions than by ladies like us.'

Ursula was also taken by an exceptionally buxom, blonde, 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 girls would come cheap, especially not the sisters. 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 selling their contracts to Carmen.

'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, of course, …'

PART V

PREPARING THE FILLIES

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 displayed Fifi's swollen breasts, with their now accentuated blue veins, as well as preventing her from squeezing them to relieve the pressure that gradually built up in each one, after being milked - or after offering them to her Mistress.

At the tip of each cup, was another, much smaller stiff plastic cup, also transparent, that held and displayed the girl's elongated and scarlet painted nipples. But, once again, the stiff plastic prevented her from touching her now extra sensitive nipples. These cups could however be readily slipped off by Sabhu using a special little tool.

The two plastic 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 between her shoulder blades, 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 she might try, Fifi was quite unable to take the bra off or slip her breasts out from under its cups, or ease the pressure in her breasts.

She never knew when her Mistress was going to call for a little light refreshment nor when Sabhu would use his electric milking machine on her. At times the pressure in her breasts would become unbearable and she would be thrilled when her Mistress at last took her nipples into her mouth or told Sabhu to milk her to provide milk for her morning coffee.

At other times, Sabhu would milk her every few hours to increase the flow.

When her 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. Woe betide her 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 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 into her cage.

She heard a click and then felt him slipping off the plastic cups over her elongated nipples - nipples that 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.

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 bars, 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 heard 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, her own milk.

A few 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 freed 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 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 her that it was 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 antenatal 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.

'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, 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 and pushed her head back into the cage. Unable now to see, she heard Sabhu closing the flap over the hole in the door.

At first she had been scared stiff, but then she found that there were little holes under her nostrils, allowing her to breathe 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 accented voice 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: '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 ultra sound 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 its 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 Naima.

'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 the buttons of the electronic lock to the dormitory being pressed from outside.

How often had she watched Sabhu pressing the buttons and 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 Naima.

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. And had said she wanted her. Oh how thrilling! She felt like a little excited schoolgirl.

But Sabhu's next words brought her down to earth again with a bump.

'Maybe she choose you. Maybe she choose 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 choose 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 daydreams.

With as little sob, she obediently knelt on all fours. The self-confident woman of 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-confident 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 lovemaking 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 girl 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 good 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.

'All right, 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 blonde and was manacled. It was Maria. The chain joining her wrists was fastened to 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 tiptoe, it must have been easy for Sabhu to fasten the belt round her - and to check that it fitted tightly and securely.

He would, Sabhu had decided, leave it to the girl's mother to teach her, like an animal teaching its 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 girl's 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 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, muzzled and chained together by the neck, but also 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, I expect they'll be put straight into the breeding stables,' Ursula smiled. 'The sight of a beautiful mother and daughter being used as brood mares is bound to thrill Carmen's clients.'

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,' said 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! 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 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 time, in response to 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 let's see Mizzi showing off her skill to Maria,' said Ursula in Polish to the two horrified women. But any thought of revolt evaporated when she brought her cane down sharply onto the bedclothes 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, a beautiful mother and daughter 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 sisters, 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 adapted to allow the sisters to share one, just as Sabhu had had already adapted 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 to continue Irma's work of breaking-in the Hungarian sisters to work together as team, as it had been to break in the Polish mother and daughter. 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, 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 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 pairs of women who closely resembled each other had actually been chained together 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 blonde girl, was pointing. There, on an empty top bunk, was laid out a collar and a set of wrist manacles and chain, just 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 the tunic, 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 and the collar round your neck. They'll lock automatically. Get moving! Remember the television camera is watching you - so hurry, if don't want to give Sabhu an excuse for using his dressage whip on you."

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 collar and the heavy 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 its distinctive accent. 'Or you get cane!'

With a sob of despair, Emma quickly undressed. She was now naked except for her rubber chastity belt. Hastily she snapped the collar round her neck and the manacles onto her wrists. It was, she realised, highly symbolic that she should have done so herself.

She was back in Ursula's power again - and, apparently, of her own volition!

19 - TRAINED FILLIES

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. Thick velvet curtains, drawn across the gilded and prettily worked metal bars of each cage's screen, hid them from view. She could hear rustling noises as Fifi moved about Cage Number One and the red-haired Hungarian sisters, Heidi 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 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 be fascinating Carmen's Brazilian friends.

Her pretty little tummy was 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 Carmen's clients - especially if their mother, despite her state, had performed well on the racing track.

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 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 milkmaid 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 sisters into the spare cage next to Fifi's. They were turning out to be an excellent couple of pleasure slaves. Always kept chained together by Sabhu, like Mizzi and Maria, they had turned out to be 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 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.

Thanks to Doctor Anna's cleverly designed milking bra, she was unable to relieve the pressure in her swollen breasts herself so 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; Ursula did not want to be bothered with any annoying importuning from behind the heavy drawn curtains. Woe betide 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 her Mistress would at least refresh herself from her milkmaid before enjoying herself with the Hungarian sisters.

Fifi winced as she felt a little kick in her tummy and remembered her forthcoming Happy Event, as she had been brainwashed by Sabhu into calling what was happening to her.

Oh, how proud she was to be her Mistress's ladies' maid - and her milkmaid 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 all right. 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 Sabhu was training the other girls in the art of pleasing a Mistress, in readiness for Brazil. Might she be replaced as the 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 wondered whether Fifi was sufficiently fearful of losing her place as the 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 sisters.

Equally 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 the 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 sisters 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 sisters 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 the key to her milking bra, lying on the bedside table, caught her eye. 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 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 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 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 sisters was almost as exciting as controlling a beautiful mother and daughter.

Momentarily putting down her cane, Ursula switched on 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 their hands well on display above the bedclothes 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 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 new 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 for the stud farm.

She was going to make a lot of money from this operation, starting with the 25% Agent's Fee on their contracts. She had also, of course, deducted the cost of their airfares and Sabhu's wages from the initial payments to the girls.

In particular she felt she would be able to charge a considerable fee for the use of Emma, Lady Rossrae - especially in view of what going to happen to her.

With her breasts in milk and her belly showing well, Fifi should also be a good money earner. Carmen's clients would be fascinated to see her two little black progeny on the ultra sound monitor. She would make a fine advertisement for what would soon be done to the other girls.

Also very appealing, would be the pretty Carla with her big breasts crying out to be put into milk. Here again, Carmen's clients would be fascinated to see her being brought into milk - and the other girls as well. Her mating would also provide a fine spectacle for which they could make a considerable charge.

So, too, would the mating of the sisters ... and, of course, of Mizzi and Maria, especially as the daughter was still a virgin. Indeed, only the thought of how much more she could ask clients to watch their mating, if the daughter was still a virgin, had prevented her from using Duet on the girl, herself.

Yes, the little innocents would make her a lot of money. Meanwhile, how enjoyable it was 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 with their tongues, 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 sisters 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 and 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 its 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 girl's hot little pointed tongue pressing again on her rear orifice, as she gripped her now madly wriggling 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 lovemaking 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 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 ought to be left to provide a further spectacle at the stud farm. Much the same applied to the sisters and to Carla.

That left Emma. Quickly bringing her into milk would firm up and expand her breasts nicely - something that her future hirer would much appreciate. Yes, she must remember to tell Sabhu to start her on pills straight away.

Continued in Book Two – Preparing the fillies for their fate