URSULA AND THE HUMAN STUD FARM

Book Two

Preparing the fillies for their fate

By

Allan Aldiss

In Book Two of this story Ursula breaks-in Emma who with a team of other so-called models, including a beautiful Polish woman and her teenage daughter, and takes them to Brazil where, unknown to them, they are destined for the human Stud Farm 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 in the days of slavery. Like them, they are destined to be used for Forced Breeding.

But an even more shocking fate awaits Emma.

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 best selling Emma books by the same author, writing as Hilary James, and published by Nexus.

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 Two – The fillies meet their fate

PART VI – URSULA STANDS NO NONSENSE FROM EMMA
21 - Emma catches a glimpse of a terrible fate
22 - Emma escapes and is recaptured
23 - Emma's terrible thrashing
24 - Emma is finally broken-in
25 - Emma in milk

PART VII - INNOCENTS IN THE HUMAN STUD FARM
26 - Preparations for the journey
27 - The Journey - and security is strict
28 - Arrival
29 - The Brochure
30 - The Fashion Show

PART VIII - FUTURE BROOD MARES
31 - The girls learn the terrible truth
32 - Broken-in!
33 - Stabled!
34 - Emma experiences stable life
35 - The Gala Race Meeting

PART IX - MATINGS AND FOALINGS
36 - The dreaded Mating Pit
37 - A dam and her filly are put to the same stallion
38 - The auction of Emma's contract

PART X – EMMA'S STRANGE MATERNITY
39 - Emma's secret conception
40 - Emma realises the truth
41 - Kept at Livery
42 - Carmen shows off her European brood mares
43 - A strange delivery

PART XI - EPILOGUE- Emma goes home

THE STORY SO FAR

Ursula's Brazilian friend, Carmen, has written describing her new human stud farm, based in one used in the days of slavery, and asking her to bring out a team of white women, including an expectant girl, a mother and daughter and an upper class Englishwoman.

Ursula seduces and recruits a young English girl whom she renames Fifi and keeps her locked up in a cage under the supervision of her black overseer, Sabhu. To illustrate the effectiveness of Doctor Anna's new dildo, Pollinator, Ursula has used it to impregnate Fifi with Negro seed. She has also been put into milk.

Ursula has also bought a beautiful Polish woman, Mizzi, from the Arabian Princess Naima. Mizzi has a daughter in a convent in Poland whom Ursula seduces and recruits. She has them both trained together by Sabhu. She also buys three more Eastern European girls in Germany, including two Hungarian sisters, Heidi and Suzy, and a buxom, Slovene girl, Carla – as well successfully luring an unsuspecting and now horrified Emma back into her control.

NOW READ ON …

PART VI

URSULA STANDS NO NONSENSE FROM EMMA

21 - EMMA CATCHES A GLIMPSE OF A TERRIBLE FATE

The next day, Emma and the other girls were as usual locked into their small dormitory. She shared it with the two pretty Hungarian models, the lovely Slovene girl, the beautiful Polish woman and her very pretty daughter. Fifi had been put back into her cage off Ursula's bedroom.

Emma was laying on a top bunk with Carla, the Slovene girl in the bunk below her. Her hands, manacled now like those of the other girls, were dutifully on show above the bedclothes, holding a little doll.

It was a very pretty little doll and again, like the other girls, she found she loved playing with it, bathing it and dressing it. There was nothing else to do.

It was afternoon and, except for Heidi and Suzy who had been taken upstairs to pleasure Ursula, the girls were silently resting in their bunks. They were not now muzzled, but no talking was allowed except to ask in emergency to spend a penny or go to the loo - a rule that was enforced by a microphone hanging from the ceiling. It was sensitive enough to pick up the slightest whisper and would relay it to a loudspeaker in Sabhu's room. It was also a rule whose implementation was helped by the girls having no common language, other than broken English.

Under the bedclothes they were all just wearing their normal dress of a short tunic with Ursula's crest and initials embroidered over the right breast.

The room was brightly painted and airy, like a nursery, with little tales and chairs and a lovely big doll's house. But there were bars on the windows - nominally to keep out burglars. The room had its own bathroom and loo - though it had an electronic lock to prevent them from using it without Sabhu's permission. Only Sabhu knew the code that opened the door. The door could, however, be opened remotely from Sabhu's room.

Indeed the girls were officially only allowed into the bathroom, whether to have a shower, or to spend a penny, accompanied by Sabhu. It was so embarrassing! But, Emma knew Ursula would not allow her girls to have any privacy. They might use it to play with themselves - or each other - and that was strictly forbidden. They were only allowed pleasure in their Mistress's bed.

It was Sabhu who even stood over them humiliatingly whenever they spent a penny or went to the loo - and who afterwards

checked the cleanliness of the taut rubber white tubular cord that went up behind them. It was he who washed them all over with the slippery soap when they had a shower.

Sabhu's room adjoined the dormitory through a special door. He would often come through it unannounced.

It was embarrassing enough, the girls all felt, being under the constant supervision of Ursula's burly great Haitian overseer, but there was also a little television camera, high up in the corner of the room that constantly scanned to and fro, recording the girls' every movement and displaying it on a monitor in Sabhu's room.

It was Sabhu who not only strictly forbade the girls from getting into each other's beds, or having a shower together, but also insisted that, when in bed, they kept their hands above the bed clothes at all times. It was all very frustrating, but the slightest breach of the rules would earn a girl half a dozen strokes across the palm of her hands from the little dog whip that Sabhu always carried with him - as a reminder to them of his authority over them.

Not allowing them to wear normal clothes, keeping them manacled and silent, controlling their natural functions and treating them like little girls in a nursery, was all part, as Emma knew of old, of Ursula's power game. It was also a way of brainwashing naturally vivacious young women into being submissive little creatures, happily accepting their subservience.

Emma knew the television camera was also linked to a monitor in Ursula's sumptuous bedroom so that she could amuse herself by watching, on screen, the girls happily playing with their dolls, lying on their bunks or, as a special treat, watching a carefully vetted and harmless children's video.

Ursula's bedroom! Emma gave an angry little groan of jealousy at the thought of that stuck-up chit of a simpering girl, Fifi, being ensconced in the Favourite's cage. That was something Fifi kept rubbing into the other girls as proof of her superior status.

The Favourite's cage! How often in the past had Ursula kept her, Emma, in it when she had been the Favourite? And now she had come back into Ursula's service only to find, to her fury, that stupid big-boobed and swollen-bellied Fifi was proudly occupying it - and lording over her and the other girls, just because the Mistress had made her milk maid and breeding slave.

Overcome with jealousy, she had seen how Ursula was clearly thrilled with the girl's state and how she enjoyed showing her off to her friends. 'And no ghastly male is responsible for this!' she would say, stroking the blushing girl's swollen breasts and tapping the curved tummy over her shiny breeding belt.

Oh, how she resented the proud and superior way in which Fifi liked to parade her belly, her milk-laden breasts and her elongated

nipples, locked behind her transparent plastic milking bra, in front of the other girls! How jealous they had all felt.

But at least Emma's friend Mizzi and her daughter Maria had had been called out that afternoon by Sabhu to be put into the other cage. That would give the wretched Fifi food for thought. Serve the bitch right!

But neither resentment of Sabhu's strict and humiliating regime, nor intense jealousy of Fifi, was the reason for Emma's current mental agitation.

The dolls, Emma knew, were all part of arousing the girls' maternal instincts - was it, she had innocently wondered, in readiness for something that might happen to them in Brazil?

A rattle of the electronic lock in the dormitory door interrupted Emma's thoughts.

Sabhu entered. With a rattle of their heavy manacles, the girls all jumped off their bunks and stood up respectfully at Attention, hands clasped behind their necks.

As usual Sabhu was holding his dressage whip. Like the other girls Emma found that she could not take her eyes off it. Oh, how frightened she felt.

'Line up!' he ordered.

He snapped short lengths of chain onto their collars. They were all now fastened together by the neck - just as the mother and daughter were already.

Then he stood back and looked at the nervous women. Satisfied he barked another order,

'Follow me!'

Holding the chain fastened to the front of the collar of the leading girl, he led them downstairs to Ursula's office to sign their contracts. Fifi and the Hungarian sisters were already standing silently attention in front of Ursula's desk.

'All present!' Sabhu reported to Ursula who was busily writing. With a smile she put down her pen.

'Well girls, this is an exciting moment for you all,' she said, speaking slowly so that they could understand. Their English was now much improved for Sabhu had been giving them daily lessons in Basic English and had forbidden them, even the Polish mother and daughter and the Hungarian sisters, to speak to each other in their own languages.

The "standard modelling contracts", as Ursula described them, had been written in Portuguese, which none of them understood. Ursula gave them a brief outline of what the contracts said, but neither she nor the other girls were very interested. Their eyes were fixed on the cheques for the first six months' salaries that Ursula showed each of them. These would now be paid into their Swiss bank accounts.

Goodness, Emma thought, this alone would almost pay off the overdraft she had, unknown to her husband, run up whilst he was abroad.

In accordance with the contract, Ursula briefly explained to her, further sums would be paid into her bank over the next year, "subject to satisfactory conduct in Brazil" and further sums, if she "satisfactorily delivered" whatever was required of her - an expression she did not understand.

But never mind, she told herself, with all that money at stake she'd certainly make sure that her conduct was satisfactory all right. It all came to an excitingly large total.

Whereas the other girls' contracts had been for two years minimum, hers, as a married woman, was only for one year - until her husband returned from his long spell in the Pacific.

It all sounded very fair and the idea of being "hired out" to serving a new and unknown Mistress in Brazil sounded rather exciting to a confirmed and submissive masochist like Emma.

Then she noticed on a side table a small photograph album marked "'Carmen's Stud Farm in Brazil". Taking advantage of Ursula and Sabhu's preoccupation with the contracts and advance cheques, she discreetly opened it.

Quickly, before any saw what she was doing, she turned over a page marked "The Breeding and Foaling Wing". There were coloured photographs of a line of stalls, and of proud looking little South American Indian grooms, carrying short riding whips.

But she caught her breath and almost cried out aloud in horror when she saw that in the stalls were not horses, but pretty naked Mestizo coloured girls! They were chained by neck to rings at the back of their stalls. Some were crawling on the straw and others combing or brushing their hair.

She looked closer and again almost gasped aloud. Many of the girls appeared to be in an expectant state. Across the naked buttocks of one girl were the clear weals of a recent beating.

On the front of some of the stalls was a blackboard on which was written the heading in English: "Owner". Underneath these were Brazilian looking names. There was also a space for what looked like feeding instructions, written in Portuguese. But what really caught Emma's eye were some dates, headed in English, "Covered" and "Due to Foal".

Emma's head reeled. Could they really be the girl's date of being covered like a brood mare and her date of foaling? How awful! Was the Stud Farm a human one? Were the notices written in English to make it more like a real Thoroughbred Stud?

One photograph even showed a very light skinned girl, chained in her stall, with two very black little babies crawling at her feet

She again turned the page and caught a glimpse of photographs of heavily pregnant coloured girls, hands fastened to the

backs their collars, being led round a stage by their grinning Indian grooms. Looking up at them was a row of comfortably seated men. They were cruel looking and well dressed. My God...

She turned the page. The same pregnant girls were now shown harnessed singly, or in pairs, to lightweight trotting carts, driven by the same men. Oh no!

'Line up!'

Sabhu's brusque order interrupted Emma's shock. Hastily she discreetly closed the book and took her place in the line.

'Hands behind neck!' Sabhu ordered, followed by: 'Double mark time!'

The girls were now prancing on the spot, with Fifi in pride of place on the right of the line, her curved belly proudly thrust forward under her little tunic.

'Right Turn,' came the order, followed by: 'Forward!'

The prancing girls followed their overseer back upstairs to the locked dormitory.

22 - EMMA ESCAPES AND IS RECAPTURED

Emma's mind was in turmoil.

The photographs had made a lasting impression. They had certainly been enough to make Emma have second thoughts about the contract she had signed - despite the large sum that she was going to be paid.

She kept asking herself just what was Ursula intending to do with her and the other girls who had signed these lucrative "modelling" contracts, once they were in Brazil? Why was it worth her while to pay them so much? Horrified, she remembered about the "satisfactory deliveries" they were expected to make out there.

My God! Have I made a terrible mistake? she wondered.

She thought of those terrifying photographs of the girls in the stables being treated like human brood mares. And she had signed a contract for a whole year.

Innocently she had wondered just what Ursula would be doing with them in Brazil. Had she stumbled on the truth?

Oh yes, there was no doubt about it - she must escape. Now! Before it was too late and she found herself in what seemed to be some sort of human stud farm.

Emma got out of bed and with an air of apparent innocence. Then quietly, so as not to disturb the sleeping girls, she went to the door to Sabhu's room. She knocked discreetly with her manacled hands.

'Mr Sabhu, Sir?' she whispered urgently '

She heard an annoyed grunt. Clearly Sabhu had been dozing and resented being disturbed.

'Yes what is it?' came an angry voice.

'Please, Sir, Mr Sabhu, I want to spend a penny.'

Normally, of course, that always had to be done, embarrassingly, in front of Sabhu. But, on this occasion, she was counting on him, being sleepy and not bothering to come and take her into the bathroom. Her heart was in her mouth as she waited for his reply.

'All right, go on by yourself this time. But don't be long!'

Emma's eyes lit up. She heard the click of the electronic lock on the bathroom door, as it was remotely unlocked by the control in Sabhu's room.

There was a noise as if bedclothes were being pulled back up over his head. She found her coat and threw it over her shoulders and down over her manacled hands as if it were a dressing gown. Then she found her rubber soled walking shoes and slipped into them as if she was just putting on bedroom slippers. Then carefully hiding what she was doing from the watching television camera, she discreetly grabbed her handbag, and then ran into the bathroom - as if she could not wait.

She knew there was no television camera in the bathroom and quietly she opened the little slit of a window. It was so narrow that it had not been considered worthwhile to fit any bars across it. But Emma was slim and lithe and knew better.

She looked down at the little flat roof immediately below the narrow widow and began to squeeze out of the window. At last she made it and with a sigh of relief dropped down on the flat roof.

From there, despite her manacled hands, it was an easy job to reach the street. There was no one about. Hastily she ran away from the house. She had escaped. She was free.

But now what should she do? She did not have any money for a taxi, for Sabhu had earlier removed her purse, containing her money, credit cards and chequebook from her bag. He did not approve of any of Ursula's girls having any financial independence. She felt very naked in just her thin nightdress under her coat - and, of course, her hands were manacled.

A quarter of a mile from Ursula's house she saw a small hotel. Quickly she ran into it and, hiding her manacles under her coat, asked for a room for the night. From there, she thought, she would telephone Henry to come and collect her.

The reception clerk looked suspiciously up at this still panting, strangely dressed, wild eyed, woman with tousled hair and no luggage. Where had she come from? Was she mentally disturbed?

Awkwardly snatching the key to hide her manacles, Emma ran upstairs to the bedroom. She would get her breath back and then quietly ring Henry.

But her escape had been caught by one of the security cameras that guarded Ursula's house with it precious collection of paintings. Quickly alerting Ursula, Sabhu had run into the street behind Emma, only to find that she had disappeared.

Knowing that she had no money, he ran to the hotel.

'Have you seen a strange looking young woman?' he asked the receptionist, putting a ten pound note down on the counter.

'Yes. A moment ago,' replied the young man, pocketing the note. 'Room 14 on the first floor. Is she all right? She looked rather odd.'

'She's deranged and has to be looked after. She could be dangerous. Can you give the spare key to her room?' He put a twenty-pound note on the counter. 'We don't want her harming herself in your hotel, do we?'

'Oh no! Can you get her out quickly?'

'Yes! Please ring this number.' He handed the astonished young man a slip with Ursula's private telephone number. 'Please ring this number and when the nurse answers, tell her to bring the car round quickly. We'll then take the girl away before she does any harm.'

'Right!' said the young man eagerly, handing the man the spare key. Seizing the key, he bounded up the stairs and burst into the room.

Emma was sitting on the bed. She had just dialled Henry 's number and heard him answer. The man heard her say: 'Henry darling!' then, before she could say another word, he snatched the phone out of her hands and hung up. He seized Emma and pushed her down on the floor.

A few minutes later Ursula entered the room. She was looking furious. For Emma to have escaped just when, following her own exciting love-making with the sisters, she had been congratulating herself on having her team of women utterly helpless in her power, and under contract, was too maddening.

'The slut was trying to telephone some one called 'Henry',' he reported.

'Henry!' cried Ursula. 'That male bastard! The sheer effrontery of the girl! I won't stand for it. My God, she's going to be taught a lesson!

23 - EMMA'S TERRIBLE THRASHING

Contemptuously, the young man flung the coat over Emma's nightdress. With him firmly gripping her by the arm, Emma dumbly followed Ursula out into the corridor, past the hotel reception desk and out into the street.

Ursula threw open the back of her Volvo hatchback. It had tinted windows so that no one could see into it. There were dog bars across the top of the rear seat making the boot into a very effective cage. Ursula did not have a dog, but found the barred boot very useful for girls instead. A sliding plastic hood could be pulled over the top of the girl, if necessary, to prevent her from being seen or the girl from seeing where she was been taken. But Emma, cowering in the boot, knew only too well where she was being taken - and why.

When they arrived, Ursula drove into the private garage. The cringing girl was dragged out of the car and down into the brilliantly lit large basement punishment room.

'Strip her and put her on the wheel,' ordered Ursula in a quiet menacing tone that Emma found almost more frightening than being shouted at. Sabhu was already waiting. Smiling eagerly with anticipation, he took off his coat and shirt. He was now naked to the waist. His rubbed some oil over his muscular torso so that it was now gleaming frighteningly. Emma shuddered as he reached forward and ripped off first her coat and then her nightdress. She tried to shrink back but to no avail. Gripping her by the hair in one hand, Sabhu marched her, doubled up, to the large wooden wheel in the centre of the room.

It looked rather like the wheel of a cart, a rather wide rimmed wheel. It was held in a frame so that it could be turned on its well-greased axis by a handle at the side. Short little needles projected from the rim of the wheel. Ursula had shown Emma pictures of such a wheel in a medieval torture chamber. She must have had one specially made.

Sabhu pushed the now naked Emma down on her back onto the large wooden wheel and strapped her wrists onto a hook on the top, well above her head. She screamed as some of the little needles began to stick into her back. Then, slightly turning the wheel by the handle, he pulled Emma's ankles down taut and strapped them to another hook on the wheel as well.

Emma was now held, staring up at the ceiling with her body curved back below her along the outside rim of the wheel. She screamed again as more little needles began to stick into her bottom, he calves and her thighs.

'You can scream away, all you like, Emma,' said Ursula unpleasantly. She pointed to the padded walls and then to the video camera that was pointed at the wheel. 'No one outside will hear and your screams will make my video film all the more exciting to play to my friends.'

Emma gave a little groan. Oh how awful it had all been! Ursula knew now that she had run away to meet Henry. For one of her girls to meet any man was anathema for Ursula. For her to try and meet Henry was even worse. It was bound to enrage Ursula - and it had!

Oh what a fool she had been to run away. Would she never learn? Ursula was a cruel and vindictive woman when she was crossed and she insisted on complete obedience to her every whim.

Yes, indeed, oh what a fool she had been. If only she had listened to Henry's earlier warnings not to get involved again with Ursula. But what did he, a mere man, know about her deep need for the excitement of being controlled by other women?

But how silly of her to sign the contract to go out "modelling" in Brazil, and then, scared of what might happen to her, try to run away.

It was true that she had been mesmerised by the very large sum of money the contract said would be paid to her - and one third in advance. But after all, what was she agreeing to have done to her? Presumably just to be dominated, which she secretly adored anyway. To be paid a huge sum for doing what she enjoyed - no wonder she had signed.

Moreover, if the other girls were apparently quite happy to sign their contracts for two whole years, not one year like hers, then why shouldn't she be happy to sign, too? She might be a married woman, but her husband, John, away on his remote atoll in the Pacific, would not be coming back permanently before her contract was due to end.

Now she was going to be punished for trying to break her contract and run away. But run away from what? From what she secretly enjoyed so much: being under the utter control of a dominating man or woman. How stupid! Yes, she knew deep down, she deserved every stroke that she was going to get.

Sabhu turned the wheel another half circle. Ursula came up to the other side of the wheel to where Emma was now held helpless, upside down, curved back on the wheel, her body exposed and hair hanging down to the floor. Idly she started to play with Emma's beauty lips that were now level with her own eyes.

Then, as if she knew the very thoughts going through Emma's mind, she said, 'You know you deserve to be punished, don't you, Emma?' She squeezed Emma's exposed beauty bud. 'Don't you?'

'Yes, Madam!' cried Emma awkwardly. She groaned. She could feel the blood rushing to her head. 'But please, please, not too hard - and not like this ... It's awful being upside down ... Anyway, I'm very sorry. I really am!'

'It's too late to be sorry now,' said Ursula bitterly. 'I'm not going to have you wasting my time and money. When I say you're to do something, you damn well do it. And I'm going to use my new wheel to have you given a thrashing that you'll not forget in a hurry!'

Ursula turned the wheel. Emma began to come up on the other side. There was a sudden crack of a whip. Emma saw that Sabhu had a long black cattle whip in his hand. It had a short handle and a well-oiled tapering lash about six feet long with a little red leash at

the end. Emma gave a cry of genuine terror. With a whip like that the muscular Sabhu could half kill a girl. She might deserve to be punished - but not like this.

'No, please madam, not with that!' she screamed.

'Yes, Emma, with this - you've got to learn your lesson, haven't you?' Emma gave a sob of despair. 'Now Sabhu, use the whip whilst I start turning the wheel. Nice and slowly ...'

Emma screamed again as slowly her head rose up again as the wheel turned, before dipping down again back towards the floor. Her hair brushed the floor again and more needles began to stick into her. Held upside down, she began to feel sick.

Then, as her head came up again, she felt Ursula stroking her hair.

'You know, Sabhu,' Emma heard Ursula say, 'one day I'm really going to have all this shaved off. She'd look very slave-like with a completely smooth, bald head, like some other young girls I have seen. They can kill off all the hairs these days so that the girl has a permanently shiny little head. I'd have my crest tattooed on it. That'll stop her from running after men!'

My God, thought Emma, No! No! She must never let Ursula do that to her. And obviously her remarks about men meant Henry.

Then just as her head was beginning to drop yet again towards the floor, as the wheel turned, she heard another terrible crack of the whip and seconds later a hissing noise as Sabhu brought it down across her belly. She screamed.

'Yes, yes, scream away,' shouted Ursula, as Sabhu brought the whip down again, 'and just think that this would not be happening if you hadn't so stupidly run away. And think of all that money you're turning you nose up at!'

Emma sobbed, partly from the quite awful pain and partly at the thought of how stupid she had been in trying to run away. But she realised that Sabhu was not applying the whip with all his force.

'Now Emma,' I want to know what made you suddenly try to bolt? What was it? Tell me or you'll be on the wheel being thrashed all night - until you do. Well?'

'I … I saw the photographs, Madam,' Emma sobbed.

'Did you now! Well, this thrashing will teach you not to go round looking into your Mistress's private affairs. And Emma, just bear this in mind, if you ever say one word of what you saw to any of the other girls, it'll be straight back on the wheel for you - and a double dose from Sabhu! Understand?

'Oh yes, Madam, I won't say a word to the others,' Emma cried out fervently. She really meant it, too. The threat of another whipping on the wheel was too awful for words. 'I promise, Madam. I really do.'

'Well make sure that you do,' replied Ursula grimly.

Then she turned to Sabhu. 'Enough of this for the moment. Go up and bring down the other girls. I don't want them trying to slip away now that they've signed the contracts - and Emma's punishment will act as terrible warning for them.'

Minutes later, still hanging upside down on the wheel, Emma saw Sabhu lead all the girls, except for Fifi, into the room. They were chained together by the neck. She could hear them catch their breath and giggle nervously as they saw her naked body strapped to the wheel and the weals on her belly. She dropped her head in shame.

'Now girls,' she heard Ursula say slowly, for none of the girls spoke much English, 'here you can see what happens to disobedient or headstrong young ladies who sign contracts and then try and get out of them. You sign a contract, you keep it - or you get the whip!'

Emma shuddered, as there was another terrible crack of the whip just behind her. It made her jump almost out of her skin.

Slowly the wheel turned. Emma's head began to rise up again towards the ceiling. Suddenly the whip came down across her breasts. The pain was terrible.

'And just think, too, that you might not have had that stroke either, if your breasts, like those of Fifi and as specified in your contract, were already getting nice and ready to be in milk in Brazil.' Ursula's voice became harsh and contemptuous. 'Instead of being the dried up breasts of a barren spinster!'

Again the whip came down across them. Emma screamed again. My God, she was thinking, Ursula never mentioned a clause in the contract about being brought into milk. She must have used Doctor Anna's special pills to bring on Fifi's milk and now she was going to use them on her, too.

Secretly, she had to admit it would be terribly exciting for both her and for her Mistress, too, if she were in milk - indeed, almost as exciting for both of them as if she were also expecting a Happy Event like the awful Fifi. Both states she knew featured frequently in lesbian relationships especially when the girl was her Mistress's slave - as Ursula and her friends always insisted.

Many Mistresses, like Ursula herself, had rather masculine figures with small breasts and flat tummies - but that made them all the more keen for their girls to be fully breasted with soft gently curved tummies. And, as a nervous Emma had so often heard Ursula and her friends say, the best way of enhancing these curves was what happened naturally when, as they would cruelly say, the girl was expecting a Happy Event - something which her Mistress and her friends found fascinating.

Mistress! Would her Mistress still be Ursula in Brazil? Or had Ursula secretly already earmarked her for one of her women friends out there? Was that why had introduced her to that Brazilian woman friend of hers? Was she her future Mistress? Goodness! Was that

why she so angry at Emma trying to back out at the last moment? Ursula was always so secretive.

'But it's not too late, Emma, for you to be put on the course of pills too. You know you'd love that exciting feeling as your breasts gradually swell and fill - and then the thrill of giving your milk to your Mistress.'

'Oh!' gasped Emma, 'oh yes, yes!'

Ursula smiled. It was so easy to get these girls to do what you wanted.

Emma suddenly saw that her bête-noire, Ursula's new girl Fifi, had come into the room, proudly dressed in black as a housemaid with a starched white housemaid's cap and a white pinafore over her special locked bra.

She was carrying a glass of champagne on a silver salver, which she proffered proudly to her Mistress with a little curtsy. As she did so she flashed her big blue eyes up at her Mistress, in a way that made Emma feel sick, sick at the girl's sycophantic manner - or was it really just because she was so jealous of Ursula's new favourite?

But it was not so much her housemaid's uniform that made her look so smugly proud, thought Emma jealously. Rather it was her bulging tummy and the knowledge that she was Ursula's favourite - and had been chosen to have a Happy Event for her Mistress.

'Thank you, my dear,' Emma heard Ursula say as she took the glass and gave the simpering girl a kiss.

She turned to Sabhu and pointed at Fifi. 'And how's our little mother-to-be? Everything all right?' she asked with a smile.

Ursula had great confidence in Sabhu's experience in dealing with young females, in various states. This applied to both female animals, for he was a former animal trainer in a circus and to human females, for he had so often been left in charge of Ursula's - as Emma knew only too well.

'Perfectly, Madame' replied Sabhu with a little bow in his Caribbean accent - for Sabhu came from French speaking Haiti. 'But I'm keeping the belt on her - just in case.'

Ursula nodded in approval. Yes, she did not want the girl, in a sudden fit of temper, trying to interfere with what Nature. It was a prudent precaution to keep her locked up in her belt. Moreover, despite her present state, she remained a highly sensual creature and the belt would keep her utterly dependent on her Mistress for any relief.

Emma could not help a little sneering laugh at Sabhu's remark. Serve the damn slut right, she thought as another flash of intense jealousy flooded through her. Oh how she hated that girl. What could Ursula see in her?

'And now, Fifi,' she was enraged to hear Ursula say, 'as a little reward, you can stay and help Sabhu punish Emma for trying to run

away. You wouldn't try to run away from your Mistress, would you, little Fifi?'

'Oh no, Madam, little Fifi loves her Mistress,' came the lisping reply. Emma could have strangled her, especially when she went on: 'Emma deserves to be punished. She's such a nasty little girl - not like little Fifi! And the Mistress has not made her a little mother-to-be, like me!'

Ursula smiled. 'All right, little Fifi, if you feel like that, then you can turn the wheel for Sabhu.'

'Oh thank you Madam,' enthused Fifi. 'I'd like that.'

Yes I bet you will, you bitch, thought Emma, But her thoughts were cut short by another crack of the whip and another stroke - this time across the front of her thighs.

Emma screamed and screamed as the whole process was twice repeated as Fifi now slowly turned the wheel whilst Ursula stood back, watching approvingly.

'I want to really get at her with this whip,' Ursula suddenly said, taking the whip from Sabhu. 'Hang her up, Sabhu!'

Sabhu unstrapped Emma from the wheel. She was feeling rather sick and disorientated from the wheel, quite apart from the awful pain in her breasts and belly. She was too weak to protest as she was carried over towards a wooden bar hanging from the ceiling. It could be raised or lowered by a cord fastened to a hook on the wall.

Sabhu fastened Emma's wrists to straps hanging from opposite ends of the bar, and then raised it so that Emma was left standing painfully, facing the wall, with only the tips of her toes now touching the floor.

'Get your head up!' shouted Ursula. 'Look straight ahead!'

Emma could hear Fifi giggling, though the other girls were silent, as if awed by Ursula's anger. Oh, Emma thought, how she hated Fifi! But oh, she thought yet again, what a fool she had been to play into her hands by trying to run away. Ursula was bound to seek her revenge - and what better way than showing off to her new Favourite.

Emma's thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the sound of Ursula drawing back the long whip and then, standing right back, bringing it down across Emma's delicate back. The tip of the leash went round and cut into her already well whipped breasts. The double pain on her back and breasts made Emma scream yet again. She heard Fifi laughing.

'Oh what a cry baby she is,' came Fifi's voice.

'That was only the first stroke, Emma, and you're going to get nine more. Ten in all! Do you understand?'

'No! No! For God's sake, no! Please, no! I just couldn't stand any more,' Emma begged piteously.

'You should have thought of that before you dared to try and break your contract. It's time you learnt that I can do anything I want with you - and your body. I control it - not you. I can make it please me or my friends ... or I can whip it - like this!'

This time the streak of fire was across her buttocks, with the tip - that terrible tip, going round and catching her beauty lips. Emma howled in pain, dancing up and down on her toes.

'Please, Madam, let me have a rest, please! Just stop for a moment!'

But Ursula was too clever to be taken in by any of that sort of talk.

'Raise her right off the floor,' she ordered the delighted Fifi. Soon poor Emma was just hanging there. It was even more painful. But Ursula laughed heartily when, applying next stroke to the backs of Emma's thighs, she saw her trying to raise her legs up to ease the pain.

'Seven to go, Emma!' she announced. 'And from now on I want to hear you calling out the number left after each stroke. If you fail to do so, or if you get it wrong, then that stroke won't count. So you'd better start concentrating!'

She tossed the long black whip back to Sabhu.

'Here you are, Sabhu, you give the rest whilst I sit back and enjoy myself with Fifi and the girls. Make it nice and slow!'

Out of the corner of her eye, a now furiously jealous Emma saw Fifi take off Ursula's dress and slip down her frilly panties. Then Ursula sat back in an armchair facing the frame from which Emma was hanging. She saw Ursula motion the Polish mother and daughter to kneel between her legs and the Hungarian sisters to stand behind her, leaning over her shoulder, each massaging a nipple, whilst Carla was licking her neck.

But clearly the main source of Ursula's arousal during the long drawn out thrashing was watching the wriggling, screaming Emma being slowly and deliberately whipped across her back and buttocks by the burly and pitiless Sabhu. If the strokes delivered by Ursula were very painful, then those delivered by Sabhu were quite appalling. They did no permanent damage but caused exquisite pain.

Each scream from Emma was bringing Ursula nearer to her climax. No wonder Ursula had said that Emma would never forget this thrashing.

Once Emma forgot to call out the number of strokes remaining and once she got it wrong, so those strokes did not count.

It all excited Ursula greatly. She got up and stood in front of Emma, put her hand on the well striped buttocks and pulled her towards her, gesturing to Fifi to lower Emma slowly until her beauty lips were level with her own.

'Now, Emma, you're going to make your Mistress climax during the remaining three strokes by letting her feel you wriggling under the whip. And you're going to suck your Mistress's tongue and go on sucking as you get the next stroke. Sabhu, I want to feel her really jumping with pain.'

Emma gasped as she felt Ursula grinding her body lips against hers as she hung there helpless. She herself could not help also becoming aroused as Ursula gripped her buttocks, holding her to her. Then Ursula thrust her tongue into her mouth.

For a couple of minutes, there was complete silence, except for Ursula's heavy breathing and Emma's little whinnies. Ursula's arousal began to peak. She gestured to Sabhu with a finger and he, careful not to harm Ursula's hands, brought the whip down across the back of Emma's thighs, making her jerk madly with the pain and thus bringing Ursula to the very edge of her climax.

'Go on, Sabhu! Give it to her again! Harder!' Ursula cried hoarsely, her body on fire with excitement, before pushing her tongue back into Emma's mouth.

There was a sudden crack of the whip - this time across Emma's shoulders. Then, there was an even more violent reaction from Emma and a shriek of pleasure from Ursula. It was a shriek that was repeated several times as Emma's full sentence was ruthlessly carried out.

'No more, for God's sake!' cried Emma desperately as a satiated Ursula slipped her tongue out of Emma's mouth after the last stroke. She stroked Emma almost fondly before coldly turning to Sabhu.

'Get her out of my sight! Put her into the dungeon for a couple of days and don't give her any supper. It's bread and water for her until she comes to her senses. And keep her in her Purity Belt - the rubber type. I want her to be kept nice and frustrated whilst she's there.'

Sabhu bowed. His eyes gleamed. He always enjoyed depriving a sensuous girl of the ability to play with herself. 'Of course, Madam,' he said.

'Then,' went on Ursula, 'the day after tomorrow we'll see whether she wants another session on the wheel or whether she's going to do what's she told. And you, Emma, had better reflect on the stupidity of trying to run away and avoid the fate that I've in store for you in Brazil. Just remember: there's no point in trying to run away. I'll always catch you again in the end - and anyway you love being under my orders. Don't you? Well?

'Yes, Madam,' whispered a shamed and weeping Emma. 'But please Madam, not the Belt, please!'

'Yes, Emma - the Belt! It will make realise you that, once again, you belong to me, body and soul!'

24 - EMMA IS FINALLY BROKEN IN!

Holding Emma firmly by the neck, Sabhu unlocked the bottom half of the little iron barred door into the dungeon. Except for the rubber belt now locked round her loins, she was stark naked.

'Crawl in!' he ordered with a cynical laugh.

The sobbing and half hysterical Emma fell to her knees and crawled into the straw covered dungeon. A small electric light, controlled from outside, covered in a protective jacket of iron mesh, lit up the small cell like room.

The walls were of bare brick. There was no heating and no window, just a little ventilation duct. Under the straw the floor was made of cobbled stones that slightly slanted down to a drain. There was a small bowl of water and a small, empty, wooden feeding trough.

The door slammed and Emma heard the noise of it being bolted. Moments later the top half of the door opened.

'Here's your things!' shouted Sabhu with a cruel laugh as he flung her case through the door onto the floor. 'We don't want you dying of cold, do we?'

The top half of the door was shut and bolted. Emma was all alone and cold. She was still sobbing from the pain and shock of her beating. She looked down in horror at the weals on her breasts and thighs. The Belt hid those on her belly

The Belt! Oh how she had hated it when Sabhu had fitted the vulcanised rubber waistband round her. But even worse had been when he had pulled the heart shaped, wire-strengthened, thick rubber front piece down over her mound and beauty lips, before pulling it tight from behind with the strong rubber thong that went up between her buttocks to be locked to the back of the waist band.

Her beauty lips were now tightly compressed and, she knew of old, she would be quite unable to get at either them or at her throbbing beauty bud.

She saw the little plastic grille, set in the middle of the heart shaped piece of heavy rubber, that would enable her to spend a penny onto the straw covered cobblestones.

She put a hand behind her to feel the rubber thong pressing against her rear orifice. Only by straining with one hand to pull it aside would she able to perform her principle natural function - again onto the straw.

With a little sob of despair, she tried to lie down, the pain from the weals on her bottom and back stopped her from lying on her back and those on her breasts and thighs made it too painful to lie on her front. All she could do was to lie curled up on her side. It had been, as Ursula had said, a beating that she would not forget.

She made a little bed from the straw, using her empty little case as a pillow and covered herself with more straw to keep out the cold. Then she lay there curled up on the hard floor, a picture of misery and self-pity. Ursula's last words about the fate that she had in store for Emma in Brazil had really terrified her. So, too, had the threat of another whipping on the wheel if did not agree to completing her contract and going to Brazil - and in milk, she remembered with a start.

But what should she do? she kept asking herself. What could she do?

Suddenly she remembered her little mobile phone - carefully packed away in a secret pocket of her case. She'd ring Henry and tell him where she was and what had happened. He'd soon come and rescue her. Faced with the sight of a large Henry on her doorstep, Ursula would soon back down and let her go.

Eagerly she opened her case, found the secret pocket and pulled out the phone. She dialled the number. It rang and rang.

Then suddenly she heard his voice. Oh the excitement! But he sounded weak and distant - almost uninterested. The phone kept going silent. Her own voice was weak, too, after her beating. She kept hearing Henry angrily asking where she was. She couldn't make him hear, nor understand, though she was shouting now, shouting in desperation and frustration

Suddenly, door burst open - just as it had in the hotel.

'I'll have that, thank you,' said Sabhu taking the phone out her hand. 'I'd have thought you'd know that mobile phones don't work from dungeons.'

With a laugh he turned and went out, locking the double door behind him.

Was this fate, Emma asked herself? She was sobbing hysterically now. Twice she had managed to ring Henry and twice failed to make proper contact. Now her would just have to submit to her destiny - and try and make the best of it.

Two days later it was a contrite, and utterly frustrated little Emma whom Sabhu led crawling out of the dungeon. He washed her down and then led her, still naked except for the rubber belt, up to Ursula's office.

'Well, girl?' said Ursula. 'Is it to be another beating on the wheel or are you now ready, of your own free-will, to come to Brazil for Christmas? Which is it to be?'

'I want to come to Brazil, please Madam,' cried Emma. Her two abortive calls to Henry had been the last straw. She was now, indeed, ready to accept her fate.

'Good! Then I'll write to your husband to say that, as before, I am taking you with me, as my assistant, on an oversees tour. He has such confidence in me.'

It was true. John felt that Ursula was a good steadying influence on his flighty young wife. If only he knew …

'And Sabhu, make sure you keep her locked up properly until we leave - and keep her well away from phones. Oh, and also start her on the pills.'

What pills, Emma longed to ask. But she did not dare. Curiosity was something that Ursula simply could not stand in a girl. But she could guess all the same.

It was later that night that a well-whipped Emma hastened to obey the snap of her Mistress's fingers and scuttled across the floor on all fours to the foot of her Mistress's bed.

She could see Fifi kneeling over her, her heavy breasts hanging down, as she offered her milk to her Mistress. A pang of jealousy went through Emma. Would she, too, soon be able to offer her breasts to her Mistress?

She glimpsed the chain mesh Breeding Belt, locked over Fifi's intimacies, to prevent her from changing her mind and trying to interfere with what Nature and Ursula intended - an intention that was already well displayed, with the girl's belly showing increasing signs of a distinct curve.

She could not help wondering if she too was destined to be wearing a similar belt before long. My God!

Suddenly Emma heard another snap of Ursula's fingers and she slowly and humbly crept up between her Mistress's long slender legs, her tongue eagerly seeking out her Mistress's pleasure bud.

She was still locked into the dreaded rubber chastity belt and she knew there would be no pleasure for her tonight. For Ursula's girls, their pleasure came from satisfying their demanding Mistress, not from receiving any little attentions from Ursula. Nevertheless, it was for both Emma and her Mistress a significant and symbolic act.

For Ursula, it showed that she regarded Emma as now sufficiently punished, anyway physically. Moreover, whilst still determined to exercise a greater degree of control over Emma and to bring her quickly into milk, nevertheless she was now prepared to forgive her and to take her back into her service - for hiring out to clients of hers in Brazil.

For Emma, it was a sign that her beloved Ursula was now prepared to re-establish their former exciting and fulfilling relationship of strict and demanding Mistress and obsequious and obedient slave.

25 - EMMA IN MILK

For a week Sabhu had been giving Emma the pills that would bring on her milk.

Whilst refusing to answer her anxious questions, Sabhu had watched her carefully as her breasts had become to swell and harden. He had made her do special exercises to keep them firm.

Every day he had used his little vacuum pump to stretch her nipples. It now looked as though his efforts were about to be rewarded.

'Hands behind neck!' he now ordered, raising his dressage whip warningly.

Emma was kneeling up on the couch in Sabhu's training room. Her manacle chains clanked as she hastened to obey.

Sabhu looked closely at her breasts and lifted each one carefully as if weighing it in his hands. Yes, he thought, the telltale blue veins were now beginning to show nicely and the breasts were definitely getting heavier and firmer.

He picked up the little pump and placed the rubber mouthpiece over Emma's now elongated right nipple. Then he squeezed the rubber bulb that was attached to the clear plastic bowl, driving out the air and then released it. The resulting vacuum made her nipple stretch out even more.

A little moan of protest came from behind the muzzle that he had just strapped over Emma's mouth - he did not want to be interrupted in what he expected to be a final treatment to bring on her milk.

Twice he silently released the vacuum, only to squeeze the bulb again to make it even stronger. Would milk now be drawn down to the nipple? Yes! Suddenly he was rewarded by a few little white drops, jetting hesitantly into the plastic bowl. Milk! He repeated the whole process again and then again. By now a little fine jet of milk was apparent.

Sabhu grunted with pleasure and then repeated the whole process on the other nipple. Soon he had both breasts producing a steady little flow of milk.

Then, just as he had done with Fifi, he carefully thrust both of Emma's breasts into the clear, stiff, plastic cups of another of Doctor Anna's milking bras, making sure that her now nicely elongated nipples were in held in the smaller, clear plastic extension cups.

Then he locked the holding chains together between her shoulder blades. There would, he said to himself, be no risk of Emma easing the mounting pressure in her breasts.

He would put her into Cage Number 2 and teach her to thrust her breasts through the special little milking flaps in the wooden back door, just as Fifi did. There he would use the milking machine on her every few hours to get a steady flow established and then, after two days, her breasts should be ready to be presented to Miss de Vere - as an interesting alternative to those of Fifi.

He now had two girls in milk, two girls to check and to put to his milking machine and two girls competing to offer their breasts to their Mistress.

PART VII

INNOCENTS IN THE HUMAN STUD FARM

26 - PREPARATIONS FOR THE JOURNEY

It was nearly Christmas, several months since Ursula had received Carmen's letter and almost as long since the successful pollination of Fifi. It was also several weeks since Emma had come into milk.

Now she would soon be taking the unsuspecting girls to the airport - the start of their journey to Carmen's Stud Farm.

Ursula was satisfied that all the girls had now been properly broken in. They had also been taught to parade provocatively up and down the catwalk and had been fitted for the dresses they were to display. In particular Fifi had some lovely maternity dresses to show off and Emma some very pretty special nursing ones

Earlier, Sabhu, a burly and muscular figure stripped to the waist, had lined all the girls, naked, in the dormitory. Leaving Emma and Fifi's milking bras locked in place, he made all the girls clasp their manacled hands behind their necks. Then one by one he had unlocked their rubber chastity belts - or in Fifi's case her breeding belt.

It had been a pretty sight with each girl's beauty lips, previously kept tight compressed together, now opening like the flowers of a Morning Glory plant at dawn.

Oh the relief, each girl was thinking. Oh how she longed to put her hands down to feel her released beauty lips. But one glance at Sabhu's dreaded dressage whip had quickly put that idea out of her head.

Then he started to push a little trolley down the silent line of embarrassed women. Normally they spent a penny, under his supervision, through the plastic grille on their belts, or, in Fifi's case, through the chain mail mesh of her special belt. But now he wanted to be especially sure, before they left for Brazil, that all was well.

So it was that each woman in turn had to part her legs, bend her knees and, keeping her hands still clasped behind her neck, blushingly spend a penny into a bowl marked with her name, that Sabhu held between her legs as he carefully watched her flow. Oh the humiliation!

He then came down the line again and rubbed a little of his special depilatory cream over each girl's already hairless mound to make sure that it was absolutely smooth for her appearance in Brazil. Parting the girl's beauty lips, he rubbed a little of the cream inside each to remove any newly grown hairs.

He stood back while the cream did its work and the burning sensation made the girls all clench their fingers and bite their lips. Oh, each was thinking, like Emma, how could Ursula, their Mistress, allow this awful black man to do something so intimate to her?

Sabhu was also making sure that there was no sign of the women coming into season. He was prepared lest the worse should happen, but had been careful, using Doctor Anna's special pills, to bring all the women humiliatingly into season before they left London, to reducer the chance of any awkward scenes at the so-called Fashion Show.

He then washed each woman down with warm water and dried and scented her, before replacing the rubber chastity belts - and putting one on Fifi to replace her chain mail breeding belt which might cause problems with the metal detectors of the airport security check.

Finally he dressed them all in their special travelling clothes and supervised their special make up.

Seven girls, dressed and made up as schoolgirls, in a grey uniform, flat heels, ugly grey felt hats and no lipstick, were lined up at attention in front of Ursula's desk, heels together, heads up and clenched hands to their sides, thumbs pointing downwards. Each girl was looking straight ahead.

Sabhu stood behind them, like a sergeant parading his squad, proud of the discipline he had instilled in his charges, cane tucked under his arm like a military swagger stick. Their manacles and collars had been removed for the journey but, such was the fear that that he had instilled in the women with his cane, he had no worries. Moreover, he now had a new method of control.

Ursula looked down the line approvingly.

On the left was Fifi, her now nicely swollen belly hidden beneath her wraparound skirt and her equally swollen breasts held under her blouse and school blazer in a milking bra.

Next to her stood her great rival Emma, swollen breasts also now held in a milking bra, for Sabhu had now successfully brought her into milk. She was indeed giving a good flow and there had been no more trouble from her since her thrashing after she had tried to escape.

Then came the two red-haired Hungarian sisters, Heidi and Suzy, each more in love with their Mistress than the other. Then came the beautiful Mizzi and her daughter Maria. Oh, how she had enjoyed having a trembling mother and daughter in her bed.

Finally, on the right of the line stood the delightfully buxom Slovene girl, Carla, her large breasts discreetly hidden beneath her blazer.

Dressed as beautiful models, this international group of beautiful young women would have attracted considerable attention

at the airport and on the plane. But, dressed dowdily as a group of schoolgirls, they would be largely ignored - provided they behaved themselves and she knew this would not be a problem.

Ursula knew that beneath the dull schoolgirl uniforms were the bodies of seven vibrant young bodies. Moreover, they were seven bodies that were united in the acute frustration that had been enforced by their chastity belts. Each of them longed for relief.

It was this frustration, together with the isolation and discipline in which they had been kept, which ensured that each young woman secretly out-rivalled the others in adoring her wonderful kind Mistress, her Goddess.

Each felt that if only their Mistress really knew the truth about the awful discipline to which Sabhu subjected them and the way he terrorised them with the ever-present threat of his cane, then she would order an immediate amelioration of their lot. However, even the slightest attempt to broach the subject with their Mistress, or to criticise Sabhu, had invariably resulted in her ordering the girl to be thrashed. Moreover a grim faced Sabhu, livid that any girl in his charge would dare to run to the Mistress with tales about him, would thrash her.

Ursula knew that the white plastic grilles of their rubber chastity belts had been changed and that each girl could now feel a strange tingling in her beauty lips coming from the grille that kept them so tightly compressed.

'Well, my little girls, your kind Mistress feels that you're now ready for her to take you off to Brazil on your modelling tour.'

There was buzz of excitement that stopped when Sabhu hastily came round to the side of the line and menacingly took his cane from under his arm.

'Yes, little girls, think of all the lovely money that your kind Mistress will be paying into your bank accounts.'

Again there was a little buzz of excitement - if rather muted this time by the sight of Sabhu's cane.

'But, as you all know, I insist on complete obedience from my girls. Here you've been kept safely locked up,' Ursula said, with a glance towards Emma, 'and in your own interests ... during the journey I shall be insisting on the same degree of obedience - and enforcing it.'

This was greeted with little gasps of surprise. How, each was thinking, would the horrible Sabhu exert his control over them once they were in the airport or aircraft? They'd often whispered to each other how they'd then be free to buy chocolates and glasses of wine. Chocolates and wine. After all this time. If only they could get hold of a little of the money that was being paid into their new Swiss bank accounts.

Emma had closed her eyes and was thinking of a glass of Champagne and a slice of really creamy chocolate cake with the cream dripping down the side. Oh!

'So,' went on Ursula, 'your little rubber chastity belts have been slightly modified for the journey - but not enough to stop each of you from going through the metal detector at the airport. You may have felt a little tingling and wondered what it was. Well, now you'll see.'

She turned to Sabhu who was now holding a little innocuous looking electronic controller, rather like a child's toy. There were several tiny buttons on it, each marked with a girl's name.

'Sabhu, let's go down the line showing each girl what will happen if she tries to go away from you or disobey you. Let's start with Fifi at the end of the line. She's now back in a rubber chastity belt for the journey, I think?'

Sabhu nodded and pressed one of the buttons.

There was a little cry and Fifi put her hands to her below her swollen tummy.

'Ouch!' she cried. 'Ouch! Oh please stop!'

'Now let's have Mizzi and Maria ... and the sisters ... and Carla ... and finally Emma.'

As Ursula called out each name, Sabhu pressed a button and immediately there was a little cry from the girl. Each was horrified. Each was thinking she would do nothing during the journey to anger Sabhu. No cream cakes, Emma was thinking sadly.

'So, my little pets, you will all behave like good little schoolgirls, always walking hand in hand. There's to be no giggling and no talking to strangers - or you know now what will happen. Even on board the plane, too. Is that understood?

Seven schoolgirl hats nodded - sadly.

'You will have no money or personal luggage whatsoever. You don't need any, apart from one pocket-handkerchief each in your blazer pockets. You will not carry any bags or purses and Sabhu will have your passports.'

Seven pretty little faces looked sad. Discipline was not going to be relaxed even during the journey.

'Doctor Anna and I,' went on Ursula in a crisp tone of voice, 'will be travelling First Class, of course, up front. We've reserved a block of seats for you all in the back. Just remember that Sabhu will be sitting right behind you to make sure you all behave - and that in particular you do not speak to any other passenger or to the stewards or stewardesses.'

Ursula paused to make sure that they understood.

'Sabhu will take you all to spend a penny in the dormitory bathroom before we leave for the airport in my minibus and you are not to go the airport loos. If you want to spend a penny through the plastic grille of your chastity belt on board the plane, then you ask

Sabhu. He will accompany you to the door of the nearby aircraft loo from where he can still keep an eye on the rest of you. Just remember that, even in the aircraft loo, he can still control you through the locked door with his electronic shock controller - so don't dawdle there. Just spend your penny quickly, dry the grille and come out. And, if you do have to go the loo on the journey make sure that the white rubber strap running up between your buttocks is left spotless. Has everyone understood?'

The embarrassed and blushing young women all nodded. They had been given no solid food for 24 hours and had each been give an enema by Sabhu to make sure that their bellies were properly empty. Oh, each was thinking, how humiliating it was for their wastes to be controlled like this by the horrible Sabhu.

'Then,' Ursula went on brightly, 'after the take off, Doctor Anna will come and give you all a nice little sleeping pill - so when you wake up we'll be landing at Brazilia, from where we'll fly on into the interior. Finally a private bus will take you to the lovely house of my friend Carmen, where you'll be giving the dress show. So, girls, won't that be exciting! And aren't you all thrilled?'

Again seven schoolgirl hats nodded - this time more eagerly.

27 - THE JOURNEY - AND SECURITY IS STRICT

The sleepy half drugged, girls, were still dressed as schoolgirls. They were dozing in the back of the stud farm's own private van, which inside had been fitted out like a minibus.

In a normal minibus, the passengers can see out and talk to the driver; the door is at the front and can be opened from inside. But here in this air-conditioned van, there were no windows and the driver was in a separate compartment. The van doors were at the back and were locked. The only light came from opaque panels in the roof.

Like the other girls, Emma had no idea were she was being taken as the van drove for several hours across the hot featureless, scarcely inhabited plain. But the pressure of milk in her breasts was building up. Oh how she longed to be able to squeeze out some of the milk. How cruel the milking bra locked over her breasts and nipples was.

Sabhu was seated alongside the driver, a small, dark skinned South American Indian, dressed as a groom. Behind him was a small covered grille through which he could keep an eye on the girls in the back of the van.

Behind followed another van, carrying the dresses the girls were to model.

Ahead of them, Ursula was sitting in the chauffeur-driven Mercedes with Carmen - a rather large plump figure with dark hair

and rather cold eyes. She pointed to a clump of bushes by the side of the empty road and told the chauffeur to stop and wave to the vans following them to do likewise.

'I don't want them wetting my van,' she said to a smiling Ursula. They themselves had just made a comfort stop in a well-appointed gasoline station.

When the van stopped, Sabhu went round to the back. His dressage whip was now tucked under his arm. He was holding several lengths of light chain. He did not want any of the girls trying to run away at this stage.

He unlocked the double door of the van. Seven sleepy faces turned round to look at him.

'Out! One at a time!' he ordered.

As each girl stepped hesitantly out into the hot bright sunlight, he snapped one end of a chain onto a ring at the back of her collar, which he had refastened round the girls' necks when they had first entered the van at the airport. He fastened the other end of the short connecting chain onto the ring on the front of the collar of the girl behind her. The fastenings were self-locking and he would leave them on now until they arrived at the stud farm.

He led the coffle of girls round behind the bushes, where they would not be seen by any passing car.

'Dresses up!' he ordered, tapping his dressage whip impatiently against his boots. 'Right up!'

Eying the whip nervously, the girls hesitantly pulled up their schoolgirl dresses.

'Lift up rubber flaps!'

There was the sound of Velcro being parted as each girl blushingly lifted up the rubber flap that had covered the white plastic grille over her beauty lips.

Then watched now by Ursula and Carmen, Sabhu went down the line, checking that each girl's white plastic grille was held firmly in place.

'Legs wide apart ... Hold up rubber flaps ... Look straight ahead ... Bend knees ... Get ready ... Hold it.'

The girls were all biting their lips, as, like performing animals, they first got ready to perform and then held back.

'My God,' said Carmen admiringly, 'he certainly has them well disciplined.'

'Yes,' replied Ursula, 'they're terrified of his whip.'

'Good!' said Carmen. 'That's just as well, in view of some of the things they going to be made to do.'

'On the count of ten,' Sabhu called out. 'Ten, nine, eight ... three, two, one ... Go!'

Obediently, seven little fountains gushed through seven little white plastic grilles.

'You get better control if you make them do it standing up,' explained Ursula.

'Don't I know it!' Carmen smiled. 'And there's no better way to get complete control of a girl than by controlling her wastes.' She began to laugh.

'I see that great minds think alike,' said Ursula, joining in the laughter. 'Changing the subject, I'm getting a little worried about the two girls in milk. They're locked in special bras so that they can't get at their nipples and their breasts must be almost bursting by now.'

'Oh, don't worry, we'll soon be at the Stud Farm and my Head Nurse will then give them each a little piccaninny to nurse.'

Two minutes later the cortege of the car and the two vans was on its way again.

The empty road began to wind up into a range of wooded hills. It was cooler and there were numerous large, well laid out, coffee plantations with large, prosperous white painted houses and outbuildings.

Carmen pointed to a sign on the side of the road, written in Portuguese:

PRIVATE - STUD FARM

The car, followed by the vans, turned onto a dusty track. For a mile the track twisted its way through hilly country. Then it came out into small valley. Around it was a high electrified fence with notices in Portuguese

Danger to life. High voltage.

Where the road crossed the electrified fence was a double gate - also electrified, but with a remote television camera. The chauffeurs in turn got out and spoke into a microphone and the gate swung open - closed behind them, letting in one car at a time.

'I'm glad to see that your security is still very strict,' observed Ursula.

'Yes, I like to be careful who we let in,' said Carmen, 'Sometimes the former boyfriend of one of my girls may try to get in and his lost love.'

Past the electrified gate, the drive led on up to a high wall beyond which could be seen the roofs of several buildings.

'My Stud Farm ... my human Stud Farm.' announced Carmen proudly. 'It was a real one in the old days but was abandoned after slavery was finally abolished in this remote province, only a little over a hundred years ago. But I have restored to its former grandeur - and use!'

Carmen went to explain that the high wall surrounding the human Stud Farm complex was also a restored one as were the watchtowers at the corners. But what made it different to how it had been a hundred years ago as that the wall was now topped with an electrified fence. It was also now lit up at night with security cameras,

movement sensors and automatic searchlights replacing the many former guards.

'All my girls have special collars locked round their necks which would trigger off an alarm if they approached the wall,' Carmen added. 'I think we should later put them onto your girls too.'

'Of course,' agreed Ursula. 'I must I've always thought your security arrangements are all very impressive.'

'Yes, thanks to modern technology, security is much easier these days,' said Carmen.

'Do you get many girls trying to escape?' asked Ursula.

'Sometimes when a high spirited girl knows she's going to be mated in a few days' time, she may want to try to escape,' Carmen answered, 'but this wall soon makes her realise she just has to accept her fate, just like the slave girls kept here as brood mares a hundred years ago - and, of course, the European indentured servant girls'

'And our new modern ones,' Ursula added.

'In fact most of my mestizo girls soon settle down and accept their fate - they know that every month a tidy sum is being paid into their bank accounts. They love having no financial worries. Most girls have a strong natural masochistic streak and, here in the artificial atmosphere of a remote human stud farm, they rather enjoy being ordered about and being the centre of attention - as precious brood mares.'

'I expect our new girls will soon feel the same - once they realise that there's no escape,' said Ursula with a cruel smile.

'Once they feel their little progeny kicking, then the maternal instinct takes over and they find they love the idea of being in foal. Anyway, with no clothes, no money, no passports or identity papers and a big brass ring through their noses, where could they go?' added Carmen. 'There are no houses nearby and the friendly local police would soon pick them up and return them here - to get the reward.'

'Indeed,' agreed Ursula.

'The only way a girl could escape,' said Carmen, 'would be if she managed to hide in the boot of a client's car or aeroplane, and we keep these beyond the wall - just in case.'

Carmen then pointed to a car park and a grass landing strip for visitors arriving in their own light planes. 'Another improvement over how the Stud Farm was a hundred years ago,' she smiled.

28 - ARRIVAL

In the wall surrounding the farm complex was another double electrified gate. This time there were also armed guards. It was they who had controlled the first gate. One guard was watching a bank of

television monitors. The guards let the cortege through singly, but never with both gates open at the same time.

Ursula recognised the white painted buildings, very like those of a modern stud farm. But, as Carmen had said, they were clearly old buildings that had been done up. She also recognised the pretty hotel-like former main plantation house with its accommodation for visiting clients. To one side was a miniature American-style dirt racecourse with a paddock for parading the competitors and a small grandstand by the finishing line.

On the other side were the bare walls of the old Punishment Block and of the long, low Stables. Outside these, just as in a real stud farm, were paddocks and an exercise area.

However, whereas in a normal stud farm, the paddocks would be separated by white painted railings, here there were six-foot high wire mesh fences. In a normal stud farm, the paddocks would hold mares and their eager suckling foals, these much smaller ones held pretty coloured girls.

They each wore a simple cape, like a horse blanket, strapped round their necks. It hung down on either side of them as they knelt on all fours. Little piccaninnies were crawling below them, sucking their hanging breasts.

But, more sinisterly, there was also a large old fashioned treadmill like those found in the old days on slave plantations. It at also looked as though it had been renovated. All this was painted white and interspersed with beautifully tended lawns and flowerbeds.

The car stopped in front of the steps of the imposing front door of the main building. Several mestizo servants ran down to take the luggage.

Carmen showed Ursula to her spacious rooms.

'I expect you'd like to rest and shower,' she said. 'Let's meet downstairs for dinner in two hours' time and we can then go over the programme.'

'And the girls?' asked Ursula anxiously.

'Oh don't worry, my four overseers will be helping Sabhu to get them settled in one of the receiving dormitories we use for new girl before they are stabled.

'Four overseers?' queried Ursula.

'Yes, just as there were here in the old days - and, for greater realism, they're even dressed like the old overseers too.'

'What splendid idea, ' Ursula smiled.

Carmen explained. 'There's one in charge of each of our principal activities with my South American Indian Stud Groom in overall charge. He's also directly responsible for training the girls for racing, for getting them ready for mating and for supervising them when they're put to the stallion. His role is a bit like your Sabhu's, but he's got a team of young Indian boy grooms under him.'

Ursula nodded.

'Then there's my young Japanese Breeding Overseer. He's in charge of the girls once they've conceived - until after they've foaled. He's also a trained veterinary nurse and midwife. We call him the Vet.'

'Did you say Japanese?' asked the surprised Ursula

'Oh yes, there's a big Japanese population here in Brazil and in the old days they were often used as assistant vets, looking after four legged brood mares on the plantations and two legged ones in the human stud farms.'

'Well!' Ursula was intrigued. 'His role is going to a key one for our new girls. I hope he's good.'

'Oh, yes,' replied Carmen. 'The Vet is very professional. We rarely lose a foal.'

'Good,' said Ursula. 'What about the other two?'

'Well, there's my Negress Indian Head Nurse who looks after the mothers and their progeny after foaling and until the progeny are sold to, or technically "adopted" by eager local plantation owners. Then the mother can go back to the care of the Stud Groom to be got ready for mating again.'

'How long do you keep the progeny before selling them on?' asked Ursula.

'Oh, only a month or two. We want each girl to foal every year and it easier to get a girl in foal if she's not still feeding her previous progeny. So we like to dry off a girl's breasts after about a month and then get her ready for mating again.'

'Quite a little production line, you have here,' joked Ursula. 'But happens then to the progeny after they've been adopted?'

'Oh,' replied Carmen, 'the local plantation owners usually have their own wet nurses to take over feeding them and also have what used to be called in the days of slavery, their rearing pens. An "adopted" little girl is not free to leave the plantation that has adopted her until she is 21 and by then, if it's a girl, she will have been sent back here several times to be mated. She'll have had several foals of her own and have settled down as willing worker.'

'All very clever!' commented Ursula.

'Yes, even now, plantation owners around here still like to rear their own future female labour force - even if they are technically free. They pay well for carefully bred little girls. They'll pay even more now for progeny with a fresh new European strain, especially if they've seen the mothers perform well on the race track ... And also, of course, my clients just love to pay to come and see it all going on - and will pay even more now that we've got European brood mares as well.'

'Good,' exclaimed Ursula. 'And do you mainly get little girl progeny?'

'Our studs all have a record of throwing fillies and my native Indian stud groom swears by some special herbs that also seem to

work. So nearly all our foals are fillies - and the plantation owners don't mind taking the odd little colt. They like to rear a few for heavy duties.'

'And what about the fourth overseer,' asked Ursula, 'what does he do?'

'Oh, he's the Inquisitor, our Black Inquisitor,'

'Black Inquisitor? What's his job?'

'Ah,' replied Carmen. 'You see, when the Inquisition was stopped, many of the Black Friars as the Dominican Friars in charge of it were often called from their black and white robes, offered their services to slave owners to help maintain discipline. So here we use the methods of the old Inquisition in our displays to clients in the Punishment Block - even if the Inquisitor, these days, is no longer a former friar,'

'You mean, quite apart from the racing and breeding, you also show your clients girls being punished like the slaves used to be in the old days?'

'Oh yes,' replied Carmen. 'It's very popular with the clients - especially as our Black Inquisitor is just that: a huge muscular black man who puts the fear of God into the girls - just like Sabhu does yours.'

Ursula was delighted. 'Yes, I see!'

'What makes him even more like your Sabhu is that he is also in charge of my Livery Stables which are quite separate from the Stud Farm and which is housed in the Punishment Block. My clients, both ladies, and some gentlemen, can discreetly send their girls there for safe-keeping, or even for mating, knowing that my other clients will not see them - unless of course they also want to race them.'

'A special Livery Stables for girls.' Ursula grinned sadistically. 'I like that. I've also sometimes kept girls at Livery under Sabhu's supervision in the cages in my house in London. It used to pay very well.'

'And so do my Livery Stables,' Carmen commented.

'Well,' said Ursula, 'I hope the sight of these strangely dressed overseers won't make my girls suspect anything yet awhile.'

'Oh don't worry,' said Carmen, 'I told them they must leave their whips behind until after the Fashion Show is over. The girls will still think they've just come out here to work as fashion models.'

Meanwhile the vans had gone round to the back of the house. There, waiting to greet Sabhu, were four figures dressed like slave overseers of a hundred years ago.

First to shake Sabhu's hand was the diminutive South American Indian Stud Groom, dressed like an old fashioned groom in breaches and boots and wearing a straw hat.

He then introduced his fellow overseers to Sabhu: first the young Japanese Vet, dressed like a medical orderly; then the fat little

bustling black Head Nurse dressed like a traditional Nanny; and finally the big burly, jet black Black Inquisitor, dressed in the intimidating black and white robes of a Dominican friar.

None of them spoke more than a few words of English.

Moments later the coffle of pretty European girls, still chained by the neck, were led out of the van. They looked in astonishment at the strangely dressed overseers. Was this some sort of Fancy Dress party? Were they part of the Fashion Show? How odd. But also how embarrassing to be seen by these strange people, whilst they themselves were all chained together.

Then, before any of them could say a word, they were led up some backstairs to a light and airy girls' dormitory. It was specially designed as holding room for newly arrived, unsuspecting girls waiting to be put into the Stud Farm. Barred windows looked out onto pretty flowerbeds. In the room and facing the windows was a row of little beds.

Each girl was wondering why she was being treated in this way. Surely, each one was thinking, as models we should have proper dressing rooms and should be more or less free agents.

But the sight of Sabhu and of his whip was enough to stop them from daring to protest, or even from asking what was going on. Perhaps, each girl assumed, this was just Ursula's idea of an exciting build-up to what they still imagined was to be just the first of many Fashion Shows in different parts of Brazil - and at which they would be the stars. What an exciting prospect it all was.

As for the chains, they were all by now used to being under Sabhu's strict discipline. At least they were no longer locked in the small dormitory or in the caged alcoves off Ursula's bedroom. Anyway, there would soon be no more chains - once they started their new life as models.

When the door had been locked behind them, Sabhu unfastened their neck chains. The girls now ran to the beds and began to bounce up and down on them like excited children. After the bare bunks and cages of Ursula's house this was indeed luxury. Now at last they were going to treated as Ladies. Soon the horrible Sabhu would be returning to England and they would be free to start their new careers in Brazil as much sought-after models.

'Line up!' ordered Sabhu. 'Take off schoolgirl clothes.'

Embarrassed by the presence of the three strange men, the girls hesitated, making Sabhu repeat his order, this time raising his dressage whip menacingly.

Soon all four overseers were fascinated by the sight of a line of naked white girls with blond or red hair, and blue or green eyes, all locked into rubber chastity belts. How exciting, each overseer was thinking, these fresh European fillies would be for the clients. They looked up and down the line of women, weighing up each girl's potentialities.

Fifi with her already nicely curved belly and her milking bra with its separate stiff plastic breast and nipple cups, particularly caught their eye. It might be too late for her to star in the Mating Pit, the Stud Groom was thinking, but, with her swollen belly, she'd still make a fine sight for the clients in the stables and on the racecourse - with a handicap that would be increased with each month since her date of conception.

'How soon ... she ... deliver?' he asked.

'Four months,' replied Sabhu, holding up four fingers.

Similarly, the Black Inquisitor was thinking, her state would not excuse her from being displayed to the clients writhing in torment under the instruments of the Inquisition. Like the real Inquisition, he used different tortures for women Expecting a Happy Event and it was his proud boast that no human Brood Mare had yet lost her foal in his torture chamber.

Meanwhile, the Vet was assessing Fifi's hips. Yes, he thought, there's every chance that her foaling could be made into a fine and aesthetically pleasing spectacle for the clients.

The Head Nurse had been looking at Fifi's elongated nipples and milk filled breasts, nicely held by the transparent plastic cups of her milking bra - and at Emma's too. Yes, both would make fine wet nurses in the stables. Indeed she had better now go and bring a couple of little black piccaninnies from the rearing pens to ease the pressure in their breasts.

In the longer term, the Head Nurse was thinking, Fifi should now be dried off, but Emma could be used to take over a pair of mestizo twins that had been born a month previously to a privately owned girl sent to the Livery Stables, by her Mistress, to be kept at livery for her foaling.

The girl's Mistress had found it amusing at first to watch her having to rear and feed her little foals. However, they were shortly going to be orphaned, for the Mistress had now said she would be taking the girl home, immediately after the Fashion Show - and leaving the progeny behind to be sold.

The foals needed another week or so of mother's milk and Emma would be just the person to provide it.

Sabhu was pointing out in turn each of the other girls to his delighted fellow overseers.

'Polish mother ... and virgin daughter. Virgin, understand?

The four overseers nodded, grinning with delight.

'A pair of Hungarian sisters,' went on Sabhu slowly. 'English aristocrat ... already in milk ... and exceptionally buxom Slovene girl. All ready for stables after Fashion Show.'

The four overseers could hardly hide their delight. The Stud Groom pointed queryingly at Fifi's rubber chastity belt. Sabhu quickly unpacked Fifi's chain mail breeding belt. 'This better,' he said.

He beckoned Fifi over and invited the Stud Groom and the Japanese male midwife to help to help him replace her rubber chastity belt with the chain mail breeding pouch.

The two overseers put their hands down and felt the tightly fitting steel wire sides of the pouch. Yes, it was similar to the belts that they used, both to prevent a girl in foal from getting at her progeny and to stop a girl, whether in-foal or not, from wasting the energies that she should be conserving for the race track.

'Here, girls not jig-a-jig!' said the little stud groom, grinning and shaking his fingers in front of his crotch in a crude parody of a girl masturbating.

'Certainly not,' Sabhu commented sardonically, delighted to find the girls' new chief overseer had the same ideas as himself as regards preventing white women from playing with themselves, the disgusting little sluts.

Then he turned to the girls. 'Now girls,' he ordered, 'into bed and rest. Tomorrow there's a dress rehearsal for the Fashion Show.'

29 - THE BROCHURE

The scene on the lawn outside Carmen's house was one of great excitement and sophistication.

A crowd of Carmen's specially invited clients were drinking Champagne and eating delicious canapés as they chatted. Some had driven over from nearby plantations, others had flown in and a few were staying in Carmen's little guesthouses. All had been looking forward to this opportunity to see the new European girls that Carmen had so cleverly acquired for her human Stud Farm and who would be the stars at numerous performances and races over the coming months.

The guests were mainly men; formally dressed in cool, light coloured tropical suits. The women were dressed in flowing dresses and picture hats, as if going to a wedding.

A large, beautifully lined marquee had been erected and inside was a stage with a catwalk going down between several rows of chairs. It was open at the sides to allow in the breeze. Many of the guests were already standing drinking in the shade at the back of the marquee.

Numerous smart looking cars and cross-country vehicles were parked in a field and several light aircraft were parked alongside a grass landing strip.

Carmen and Ursula were mixing with the clients, delighted that so many had turned up.

In a air conditioned tent by the stage, Sabhu, aided by the enthusiastic Japanese Vet, was checking that the girls were ready for the show, with their various dresses neatly laid out ready for a quick

change. They were all beautifully made up and their long silky blond hair and the red hair of the Hungarian sisters, Suzy and Heidi, had been carefully shampooed, conditioned and brushed until it shone.

The excitement of the guests outside was matched by the excitement of the girls as they peered through little slits in the sides of the tent at the evidently rich men and women. Perhaps, each was thinking, this is where I make my fortune!

They still had no idea that they were in a human stud farm and, kept shut up in their dormitory or taken for little walks by Sabhu, they had not yet been allowed a glimpse of the way Carmen's other girls were treated.

They would have been horrified if they had understood the glossy brochure, printed in Portuguese, that the guests were now studying as they began to settle down on the chairs surrounding the catwalk: -

OUR NEW EXPANDED SERVICE

<u>First a spot of History</u>

As we all know, thanks to the political influence of the plantation owners, and their importance to the national economy, slavery was not abolished in Brazil until a little over a century ago - long after it had been abolished in the British West Indies and in the USA.

The slave trade from Africa, however, had been abolished long before. Therefore, here in Brazil, the breeding of slaves had become an important activity.

Large plantations often had their own slave breeding pens but many also relied on the output of special slave farms which were run on similar lines to stud farms for horses. In these human stud farms, black, local Indian and white blood was mixed to establish successful breeding lines of mestizo slaves.

The carefully selected studs were called "stallions" and girls chosen for breeding were called "Brood Mares" and their progeny were called "foals, fillies and colts." Fillies were in much greater demand than colts for the coffee and other plantations and stallions with a record of throwing fillies were much prized.

Successful brood mares were also highly valued. For ease of identification and to deter them from trying to escape, their noses were ringed with distinctive large brass rings, from which hung a disc showing their owner and their registered breeding number. This also helped prevent mistakes being made and the wrong girl being covered by the wrong human stallion.

To help establish the comparative resilience of various Brood Mares and to provide sport, it was also usual for the larger plantations and the Human Stud Farms to keep their brood mares in training and to race them, either singly or in pairs, in special trotting

races. The progeny of girls who had been winners in these races were particularly sought after.

Experience also showed that keeping a human brood mare well exercised and in training and raced right up to foaling, greatly helped delivery - as did regular daily exercise on the big treadmill. It was simple and effective form of what these days we would call prenatal exercises.

Not only did the Human Stud Farms offer the slave plantations a steady stream of new recruits, but they also provided proven human stallions to which the plantation owners could bring their best female slaves to be covered.

Indeed it was quite normal for plantation owners to send chosen female slaves back to the Stud Farm, where they had been born, to be mated - often several times. Daughters were even sent back to be covered, unknown to them, by their sires. In this way successful strains, or breeding lines, were established.

The Human Stud Farms received a further boost when in 1871 it was decreed that children borne by slave women on the plantations were free. But as the Stud Farms were not legally plantations this law did not apply to them and their produce, carefully bred slave children, were now more eagerly bought by plantation owners than ever.

They were taken away soon after birth, to be raised on their new Master's plantations, where children could be used to pick cotton or coffee beans at a very young age.

The Human Stud Farms were highly profitable and played an important part in the local economy, until finally all slaves were freed.

At the height of the slave breeding business there were over a hundred human brood mares stabled in this Human Stud Farm alone, as well as numerous visiting human mares sent by their owners to be covered by a particular stallion after they had next come into season.

<u>The importance of European female indentured servants</u>.

Experience on the plantations had always been that in this enervating climate the breeding lines needed regular re-injections injections of white blood, fresh from Europe. Moreover, this was more effective if it came from white females.

Accordingly, for nearly two hundred years comely and intelligent white indentured servant women, fresh arrived from the invigorating climate of Europe, were crossed with black, Indian or Mestizo studs to produce improved strains of mestizo slaves.

It was quite common in those days in Europe for young women to run away from unhappy homes, or from cruel husbands and come to Brazil unsuspectingly, as indentured servants, seeking their fortune and a rich new husband in this land of plenty.

Little did they ever think that that they might end up in this remote part of the country to be used for forced breeding in a Human Stud Farm - virtually the temporary slaves of the Stud Farm owner who had bought their indentures. These indentures were usually for seven years - time for seven forced pregnancies.

As with the mestizo brood mares, it was normal, before having a white indentured servant woman covered, to try her out in harness on the racetrack.

This enabled her Master to decide what sort of progeny to aim for and thus make sure that she was put to the most suitable sires. This in turn depended whether her Master was using her to produce a new and profitable breeding line for winners at the highly competitive local sport of racing pony girls, or for producing docile female labourers, resilient to the harsh climate, or for pretty bed companions for plantation owners - and for their house guests.

To give the best chance of success, often a different sire as used for each of the woman's carefully planned maternities.

Naturally, sisters and, above all, mothers still of breeding age with virgin teenage daughters, were in great demand since they enabled new strains and breeding lines to be established more quickly. Women already expectant on arrival in Brazil were also sought after, as were very buxom women - for experience had also showed that the milk of white women was excellent for rearing young mestizo slave progeny in the rearing pens.

Moreover, as with the Mestizo brood mares, it was found that exercising these white women daily on the treadmill whilst they were in foal and keeping them in training for racing, made for speedy and problem-free deliveries - and kept their breasts firm when they were feeding their progeny.

To ensure proper control of the breeding process and to deter escape, the same nose rings and discs, showing their registered breeding numbers, were used on these white indentured girls as on the mestizo slave girls.

Special white indentured servants

Sometimes the Caribbean pirates, or Buccaneers, would bring down to sell a rather grand European woman, Spanish, French, or English, whom they had captured at sea. Some of these also ended up in our Stud Farms - as what were called Special Indentured Servants - for their family would hopefully pay to ransom her,

Meanwhile, with her aristocratic blood, the girl might be hired out for rather special breeding - such as by a childless rich couple to produce an heir which the wife would pass off as her own, or as a wet nurse in a rich household, and so on.

Our modern Human Stud Farm

Here, we have reconstituted the breeding conditions of an old Human Stud Farm. We have restored the old Breeding Stables, the old Punishment Block, and the exercise area and gallops as well the racetrack - and even the old treadmill.

We have over thirty pretty Mestizo girls, modern brood mares, here under contract, of whom three quarters are in foal at any time, with three or so foaling each month. As in the old days, we like to get our girls to foal once a year with a gap of only two or three months between foaling and being mated again.

They are treated just like the brood mares of old and, like them, they are distinctively nose-ringed with discs showing their registered breeding numbers. We like to keep them happy and content, but they have to realise that they are here for breeding - and to be raced. We find that the ever-present threat of being sent to the dreaded Black Inquisitor for punishment is very good for discipline

Numerous clients come here to enjoy the sight of what it was like on a Human Stud Farm in the days of slavery - and to enjoy our trotting races in which our Brood Mares are made to show off their paces.

Moreover, in view of the difficulties that modern plantation owners have in recruiting good female labour, they are only too keen to "adopt" progeny produced by us and rear them on their plantations.

Modern fertility pills have replaced the former Indian traditional herbal recipes and we these days we obtain a high rate of twin foals, and even the occasional triplets.

<u>Our livery service</u>

In the old days the local stud farm also made its human stallions available, for a fee, to slave owners wishing to breed from their own slave women, So, too, we now also offer a similar service to clients, particularly lady clients, who want the excitement of using our stallions to impose a Happy Event on their own, usually white, girls.

Privately owned girls, both awaiting mating and already in-foal, can be discreetly kept at livery in our separate private wing for long and short stays. Here they can also be put into training and entered for races appropriate to their state, or brought back here in time for their foaling. The progeny of these privately owned girls can also be offered, like that of the girls in the stud farm itself, for "adoption" by local plantation owners.

This has also proved to be a highly popular service.

<u>Replacing European indentured servants</u>

Hitherto, however, there has been a big gap in our reconstruction of conditions in an old Human Stud Farm: we have not been able to provide a modern equivalent to the former female

European indentured servants - though, of course, the privately owned girls sent here to be covered, and/or kept at livery, are usually white.

But, in future, this will now be a star feature of our service, for we have just acquired a number of beautiful European women, under contract - just like the old indentured servants.

Just as, in the old days, the European indentured servants imagined that they would be treated in Brazil as very superior domestic servants, so these ones think they have come here to be fashion models. They think that today's Gala Fashion Show will be the first of many. Please do not disillusion them - yet!

Our Human Stallions

The following proven stallions, all with a good track record of throwing fillies, are now standing at our stud.

Hercules. Negro. 40. A great bull of man who was formerly a heavyweight boxer. His progeny have proved to be robust workers and excellent stamina for longer races. The brood mares dread being put to him.

Tarzan. Negro. 17. A very virile youth with a good temperament and an athletic record.

Tamaco. Purebred Amazonian Indian. 35. Small and petite but very resilient. His daughters are often very pretty.

Daffodil. Mestizo 25. Half Indian and half Negro. Especially popular with visiting plantation owners bringing their own mestizo girls here for mating and who feel that their girl's present mix of Indian and Negro blood is just about right.

The future programme for our new European girls.

So, as a spectacle for our clients, we will now be re-creating live, over the coming months and years, the full role of white female indentured servants, as well as mestizo slaves, in the old Human Stud Farm: on the Race Track, in the Punishment Block, in the Mating Pit, in the Stables and Exercise Area and on the Gallops, in the Foaling Box and, not least, on the Treadmill!

These new white girls include: an already expectant pretty girl already in milk and carrying, unknown to her, valuable black twins; two pretty red-haired sisters; a lovely buxom girl; and above all a beautiful mother and her pretty virgin teenage daughter. We even have a lovely English, aristocratic, young married woman, already put into milk but not yet expecting.

What a choice! And all blue-eyed blondes or green-eyed redheads! Indeed, what a magnificent addition to our reconstruction of the old Human Stud Farms. Moreover, except for the English aristocratic woman, who will be playing the role of a former Special Indentured Servant, they too will be nose ringed.

Meanwhile our Gala Fashion Show will provide our clients with a preview of our newly arrived future white brood mares. But remember, just as European women, arriving in the old days at a Human Stud Farm, had no idea that thy were intended for the breeding pens, so neither do these girls, So don't let on!

Well then, here they are - all unaware of what will happen to them here but certified as fit for breeding, racing, breeding and suckling their progeny: -

Fifi - Registered Breeding number E (for European) -11. English. Aged 23. Now in foal for the first time. Has already been brought into milk. Due to foal in four months time. Under contract for two at least more deliveries and, if required, a third one.

Heidi and Suzy - Breeding numbers E-12A and E-12B, showing that they are sisters. Aged 24 and 22. Hungarian sisters. Chestnuts. Similar conformation and disposition. Both under contract for at least two deliveries and possibly three. Neither have previously borne foals.

Carla - Breeding number E-13. Aged 28. Slovene, Very buxom and will make an exceptional wet nurse in the Rearing Pens. Has never borne a foal. Also under contract for at least two and possibly three deliveries.

Mizzi - Breeding number E-14. Aged 35. Polish. Dam of Maria, her only foal - so far! Was a winner over short distances as a filly. She and her progeny should do very well on the racing track. Also under contract for at least two or three deliveries.

Maria - Breeding number E- 14-A, the daughter of E-14. Aged 16. Polish. Still a virgin. Daughter of Mizzi and has her conformation and looks. Like her dam has been a winner over short distances. Under same contract as dam.

Lady Emma -Aged 29. British aristocrat of Irish descent. Has just been brought into milk. Just as in the old days Special Indentured Servants were only available for breeding until ransomed, so too she must return to husband in a year's time. Meanwhile she will shortly be auctioned for hiring out for special use as required. High price expected. Ideal for a discerning owner.

30 - THE FASHION SHOW

'Senhoras e senhores,' came Carmen's voice, speaking in Portuguese over the loudspeaker in the marquee, 'to launch our spectacular Fashion Show, here is our prize model, a young English filly, already in foal - for the first time.'

There was a round of applause as Fifi nervously began to step down the catwalk.

'As you can see she is wearing a long transparent evening dress of black muslin streaked with gold that emphasises, rather than hides, the lovely curve of her belly. She is wearing matching shoes and long gloves and a magnificent picture hat that must come straight from the Royal Enclosure at Ascot in England.'

She paused as Fifi came walking rather hesitantly down the catwalk.

'None of our models yet understand Portuguese, so I can tell you,' Carmen continued, pointing to Ursula, 'that the provider of these lovely girls, my great friend Ursula de Vere, herself put Fifi into her condition. Yes, a woman played the paternal role!'

This made several of the lady members of The Society look up with interest.

'Initially the girl as quite unaware of what had happened, for my friend Ursula used one of Doctor Anna's famous Pollinators which at first glance looks like many other dildos - and, of course, had not allowed the girl to go anywhere near a man.'

The ladies were now looking more interested than ever.

'Yes, ladies, Ursula used the Pollinator to play the paternal role herself. She has brought the girl here for two reasons. The first is to show you that Pollinators really do enable Mistresses to do to their girls what hitherto could only be done by a man.'

There several gasps of astonishment.

'So, ladies, buy them to use on their own girls back home - specially loaded for you here with the seed of your choice.'

This, too, provoked many whispered comments.

'And don't forget,' she continued, 'you can always send the girl to be kept at livery here - until she foals. And we'll find a ready buyer for the foal, or foals, from amongst our neighbouring plantation owners, many of who are here today. And we'll split the proceeds with you half and half.'

This produced several enthusiastic cries.

'Can I take a loaded one back home with me tonight?' cried one impatient lady.

'And me, please?' cried another.

'Certainly.' Carmen glanced at Ursula. 'These Pollinators certainly looked like providing a profitable sideline for the Stud Farm. 'But you'll have to store the loaded Pollinator in your deep freeze - so keep it locked. The second reason for bringing Fifi here today was a more general one - one of interest to our Gentlemen friends as well as our Ladies: to give you all today a preview of what her European companions will soon be looking like.'

There was a burst of laughter and applause from the guests.

'We want to encourage you to come and see them being raced and covered by our resident sires in the Mating Pit. Then you can come back and to see both their, and Fifi's, subsequent progress, leading up to a spectacular performance in the Foaling Box.'

Fifi now glided up and down the catwalk, her transparent dress cleverly showing off her state.

'Although Fifi does not yet know it, I can let you into a secret: the reason why her belly is already so well curved is that she is carrying twins. Black twins at that - for Miss de Vere's Pollinator had been loaded with the seed of a well known black wrestler, known as the Bone-Breaker, a huge brute of a man whose photograph is on the back page of your programmes.'

There was a rustle of papers was the audience turned their programmes to look at the photograph, followed by exclamations of astonishment.

'I hope she is giving you an appetite to come back and see what happens to the other girls. Remember that some of my resident sires are not all that dissimilar to the Bone-Breaker if that what you want to see in action on the other girls.'

Enthusiastic cries greeted this.

'Well, we aim to please,' Carmen smiled. 'Our motto here is that the customer is always right.'

This was loudly cheered. Fifi blushed, imagining that they were cheering her - which, of course, was in a way what they were doing.

'That seems to have gone down well,' murmured Ursula discreetly to Carmen.

'I think we can look forward to large crowds coming here,' whispered Carmen, 'provided we can spin the matings out over a week or two.'

'One every Sunday afternoon,' Ursula suggested.

Carmen turned back to the audience. 'But there is more,' she said, nodding to Fifi, who blushingly lowered her delicate dress down over her shoulders, baring her transparent plastic milking bra and her now large and milk-laden breasts.

There were gasps from the audience as they saw the transparent cups over her strangely elongated nipples.

'The milk of a white woman used to be guarded carefully in the old human stud farms and will be here too.'

Fifi made a last pass up and down the catwalk, her full breasts bouncing.

'There is no need, these days, to wait for a girl to deliver before she can be in milk,' Carmen announced, as Fifi disappeared behind a curtain. 'Our pills do the job just as effectively.'

This was greeted with a murmur of interest and surprise. Two pretty little schoolgirls in party frocks burst onto the catwalk, their red hair hanging in almost childish pigtails. They were both cleverly made up to look like teenagers.

'Heidi and her sister Suzy, 'announced Carmen as, pouting arrogantly like real models, the girls swayed up and down the catwalk, 'are showing the sort of dresses that your teenage daughters rarely wear these days - and which you wish that they did ...'

But her listeners were not really thinking about the pretty dresses. What was engaging their minds was how the sisters would look harnessed, side by side, to a racing cart - or being paraded, again side by side, to show off their identically curved bellies ...

Then a lovely creature in a long, low cut, pink satin nightdress strolled catwalk, her prominent breasts swaying provocatively. She was blushing at the way the nightdress revealed her voluptuous figure, but had been reassured that these days models think nothing of modelling lingerie as well as dresses. She might not have been so reassured if she had understood Carmen's commentary.

'Our lovely Carla,' Carmen was saying, 'is showing off a lovely nightdress, cut on the bias. It should, of course, lead up to a night of love and passion.'

She paused as the guests feasted on the girl's voluptuous figure that the figure-hugging nightdress showed off to perfection.

'However, little does this gorgeous creature imagine,' continued Carmen with a cruel laugh that was echoed by the audience, 'that it is not love but the trauma and pangs of the breeding box that await her.'

There were gasps from the audience.

'Imagine coming shortly to see this lovely creature, nose-ringed and chained helpless and naked in her stall - a young breeding filly waiting fearfully to be covered. She will know that, like the Indentured European girls a hundred years ago, she has been put on a course of fertility pills. But whereas in those days they were Indian herbs that worked rather erratically, hers are reliable modern drugs. Frightened, she wonders whether it will be twins or triplets.'

Carmen had her audience in the palm of her hand, listening to her every word. They were fascinated and mentally deciding that they would certainly be returning to see the sight of Carla chained in her stall.

'Imagine her longing to run away and escape her fate. But the high walls, the big brass ring hanging from her nose and the heavy chain linking the ring at the back of her collar to the large ring cemented to the wall at the back of her stall, all combine to make escape impossible - just as they all did for European indentured servant girls in the same stalls, in the same stables, a hundred years ago.

'Imagine her, chained in her stall, nervously waiting for the day when the Indian Stud Groom will decide that she is ready to conceive. Like those same European women of a hundred years ago she will never know just when it will be her turn to be taken down the stable passageway to the dreaded Mating Pit, to meet her chosen black lover, the sire of her future progeny - there to be made to perform for your delight in front of you all.'

There were sharp intakes of breath - oh yes, they'd be coming back to see this all right!

'Imagine seeing her later being driven naked onto the racecourse with those big breasts bouncing, harnessed side by side to a similarly buxom, chocolate coloured, mestizo girl also awaiting mating. Imagine examining them both in the paddock, before deciding whether to bet on them, knowing that the size of their breasts will earn them a good handicap. They'll make a fine sight,' Carmen went on. 'And, of course, which sire we use on her will much depend on how she performs on the racetrack at the next two weekends. The choice will be yours: by a majority vote of my guests. Doubtless this something you will also want to come and attend - and vote on.'

There were cries of 'Indeed! Indeed!

'But of course that is still only the beginning of the excitements. Imagine seeing her being paraded before you week after week, with her companions, but now held on a lead by my young Japanese breeding manager and midwife. Imagine seeing again, scared and frightened and again wearing this same beautiful night dress - but now with her belly increasingly thrusting against it ... '

Again and again, amidst increasing cries from the audience, Carmen would cleverly pause for a moment.

'Imagine seeing this night dress being slid down so that you can see for yourselves first her growing and hardening breasts ... and then her curved belly ... And below that the locked and gleaming chain mail breeding belt that, just as it did in the days of white indentured servant women, prevents her from interfering with what Nature intends - and you have paid to have done and see ... '

'Imagine watching her performing, naked, in the special handicap races for mares in foal, being urged on by her driver's whip, with her swollen belly matching that of her mestizo companion. That'll be a sight you won't want to miss!'

Carla now made her exit, leaving an audience determined to return - and return again - to see this arrogant and self-confident young woman humbled and degraded.

Each of Ursula's girls was repeatedly appearing on the catwalk in a different dress, or state of undress - accompanied by a similarly arousing commentary from Carmen.

Naturally the sight of Mizzi and her daughter attracted great attention, as made up and dressed identically, they looked more like sisters than a mother and daughter.

'Imagine for ourselves how greatly sought-after would have been similar European mothers and daughters in this very same human Stud Farm,' said Carmen as Mizzi and Maria innocently paraded up and down the catwalk.

'Imagine leading plantation owners looking at them carefully, just as you are now, assessing their physique and temperament. Imagine these men vying with each other to acquire a similar mother

and daughter to establish a new and improved strain of slaves on their plantations. Imagine them, alternatively, bidding for the mother and daughter's progeny as, muzzled to muffle their cries, chained side by side, half standing and half squatting and encouraged by the whip of their overseer, they drop them into the straw lined cribs of the Foaling Box.

'Imagine the fascination for a slave owner of acquiring progeny that are, at the same time, both sisters, and aunts or nieces, of each other. Imagine him coming to see the mother and daughter rearing and feeding the progeny that he has already bought and has now come to collect to be further reared on his plantation. Imagine him making a down payment for another set of identical progeny from the same white mother and daughter and the same black stud.' Carmen looked around at her clients.

'And now imagine you, yourselves, coming back here over the coming months and seeing all this being re-enacted.'

'And what abut the virgin daughter?' came a cry.

'Ah, Senhor,' Carmen smiled, 'I'm sure that my predecessors, the former owners of this human Stud Farm, would have jealously guarded that for the girl's chosen black sire - to make sure that there was no mistake in the breeding process.'

'Shame!' cried another voice.

'But, Senhor, I am also sure that my predecessors would have made the taking of the girl's virginity, in front of her mother, a fine spectacle for their clients - and I shall do the same. So keep in touch, so as not to miss such a stirring performance!'

'I'll be there!' cried another voice eagerly.

'And me, too!' came several other voices.

Carmen exchanged a triumphal glance with Ursula. What a clever idea it had been to suggest that Ursula should include a mother and daughter in the team. How clever Ursula had been to find such a delightful pair - and with the daughter still a virgin.

'And the deliveries?' cried another voice. 'Will they be a public display as they were in the old days?'

'Yes indeed,' said Carmen, 'though, these days, so as not to upset the sensibilities of our clients, as the performance reaches its climax and the breeding belt is finally unlocked, we will set up a little screen to hide certain parts of the girl. The rest of her body on display and my Japanese male midwife can then operate behind the screen as necessary. We also gag the girls, so that their cries do not upset the other girls in the stables, waiting for their big day in the foaling box ...'

Emma had also aroused great interest as she showed off a range of pretty dresses intended for nursing mothers.

As she had to parade up and down the catwalk, whilst Carmen extolled her unusualness as an upper class Englishwoman, Emma

could feel her heavily milk laden breasts almost screaming to be milked. Oh, how cruel Sabhu and the Indian Stud Groom had been not to have unlocked her milking bra and at least eased the terrible pressure in her breasts.

Then, as she was showing off the last dress, to her surprise and that of the audience, Sabhu suddenly sprang up onto the catwalk wearing his full circus dress with its heavily embroidered jacket, shining black boots and white breeches that contrasted with his jet black skin. He was making an almost final appearance before handing his charges over to the tender mercies of Carmen's own overseers

Cracking his whip and playing the part of a black plantation overseer, he called Emma over to him. The audience laughed as they saw her obediently run to him and stand at Attention silently in front of him.

'What a show of discipline,' murmured several of the audience to their neighbours.

'Now,' said Carmen, 'we come to a highlight of our display - an unsuspecting real English Lady, married to an equally unsuspecting English Lord. She thinks she's just come out to earn some much-needed pin money by modelling dresses. But we know better, don't we?'

There were laughs all round.

'We know that she's destined to play the role of a similar English Lady, brought here in the days of the Buccaneers, as what one of what then were called Special White Indentured Servants - young upper class women captured by Pirates in the Caribbean.

'So look at her, innocently parading up and down, our future Brood Mare Number E-27. Then imagine that an identical young English Lady, married and still nursing her child, had been captured by the Buccaneers whilst rashly making a social call on friends in a nearby neighbouring island, having left her child behind.

'Imagine that she has been brought down here to Brazil to be sold as a Special Indentured Servant. Imagine her having been put into the charge of a terrifying and smartly uniformed black Master at Arms, like Sabhu here - to make sure that she is taught proper discipline and that the unruly crew do not get their hands on her before she is sold.

'Remember that the milk of a white women, newly arrived from Europe, was much sought after,' Carmen went on, 'and that of an aristocratic one, even more so. So imagine the pirate Captain's delight when his black Master at Arms reports that the woman is still in milk. This would greatly enhance her value on the blocks of the indentured servants market.

'Imagine that he gives orders that she is to be locked into a special old fashioned milking brassiere, as used on the slave plantations to prevent wet nurses from wasting their milk. Moreover,

he gives orders that she is not to be milked for a whole day before being exhibited for sale - for it was usual in the slave and indentured servant markets for prospective owners to be given the chance of tasting the product of a woman in milk before buying her.

'Therefore the pirate Captain would have wanted her breasts to be bursting - as indeed are these ones of Emma's now. Like our imaginary young woman of the days of yore, Emma has also not been allowed any relief since yesterday.'

As she was talking, Sabhu had fastened Emma's hands behind her back and had then slid down her lovely dress to bare her breasts - locked, just as had been those of Fifi, into a special milking bra.

Sabhu now turned Emma round to show the audience the little padlock behind her shoulder blades that held the milking bra tightly in place. Then he unlocked it and Emma's full breasts eagerly sprang free to be greeted with cries of admiration from Carmen's numerous clients.

'As you can see,' went on Carmen, 'such is the pressure building up in her breasts that little drops of milk are escaping from her now nicely elongated nipples.'

Sabhu now made Emma kneel down in front of him on the raised catwalk with her hands still fastened behind her. Her breasts were now level with his waist. Reaching down under the catwalk, he produced a little glass flask with a small rubber balloon on one side and a rubber suction pad at the top.

Holding Emma's right breast in one hand he inserted the nipple into the suction pad and then gave several squeezes to the rubber balloon. Emma gave several little cries and then a little of milk jetted into the glass flask. Another squeeze of the balloon and there was another, this time rather larger jet of milk.

Soon the flask was full and Sabhu politely offered it to members of the audience nearest to him on one side of the catwalk. Fitting a new flask to his little vacuum pump, Sabhu repeated the process with Emma's left breast and offered its milk to the audience on the other side of the catwalk,

Soon half a dozen little flasks were being passed around and appreciated.

'But senhoras e senhores,' Carmen now said, 'please do not think that this girl, any more than the Special Indentured Servants in the old days, is simply here to be used as a milk slaves. They might only be available for a year or so before being ransomed, but that was still time enough for it to be worth the while of a human Stud Farm owner to acquire her indentures - and perhaps hire her out for whatever purpose his clients may have in mind. In a couple of weeks' time, after our forthcoming Gala Race Meeting, Emma's services will be similarly auctioned - for one year, during which time she must be brought back here for quarterly check-ups. At the end of the year she must be returned fit and well - in time to meet her husband in

England on his return from abroad. He will never guess, however, what we'll have put his precious wife through down here in Brazil!'

This raised a good laugh from her listeners.

'So during the next couple of weeks, you'll have ample opportunity to see more of her - writhing in pain in the Punishment Block, watching her straining to avoid her driver's whip on the race-track, harnessed to the Treadmill, or simply seeing her chained up in her stall in the stables. Finally, remember that even in these days, just as much as in the days of slavery, the feeling of having a married young, aristocratic European woman at your mercy for a whole year is enough to engender a tremendous feeling of power! ... This is exactly what we will be offering to you when we auction Emma's contract! So, both ladies and gentlemen, you now all have a couple of weeks in which to plan how you would like to use her - and to arrange matters with your Bank Manager, for she will surely go for a high figure at her auction...'

At last the Fashion Show was over. It had gone extremely well. Over more glasses of champagne, Carmen's clients were eagerly booking in to return again ... and again. Indeed, they could hardly keep away.

'Well, don't forget you're invited tomorrow to come - for a modest fee - to see our new arrivals learning the truth, their real fate.'

'Ah!' exclaimed several of her listeners.

'You'll be able to watch them being broken-in in the Punishment Block before they are put into the stables - and see for the first time their fellow mestizo brood mares.'

PART VIII

FUTURE BROOD MARES

31 - THE GIRLS LEARN THE TERRIBLE TRUTH

It was the following day. Ursula's team of girls had all innocently followed Sabhu to what they would later learn was the restored old Punishment Block, where reluctant young future mothers used to be sent to have their unwillingness to conceive beaten out of them by the Black Inquisitor. .

It was still used for that purpose, but in Carmen's modern human Stud Farm it was also used simply for putting on shows of girls being whipped and tortured, simply as an additional spectacle for visitors to the stud farm.

The girls were now standing silently and bemused in a line facing Sabhu in an empty room. As usual, when Sabhu took them out of their dormitory, they were chained together by the neck.

There were no windows in the room, but sunlight flooded in through long slits in the walls high up in the walls.

Facing the girls, behind Sabhu, were two long mirrors in which the girls could see themselves reflected. They had no idea why they had been brought there. Even Emma was still unsuspecting.

The girls kept admiring in the mirrors the new pretty flexible metal collars, engraved with the crest of the Carmen Stud Farm, that Sabhu had earlier exchanged for their old collars. He told them that they were a reward for having done so well at the Fashion yesterday. He glossed over the fact that the collars had a ring at the back of the neck to which a chain could be attached. Nor did he explain the bump at the back of the collar that contained a little battery. Nor did he tell them that once on, the collars could only be taken off with a special key.

They were also admiring in the mirrors the identical, attractive, but strangely out of date dress which Sabhu had made them all put on: long Victorian skirts and white frilly "mutton chop" blouses with tight belts round their waists. They could well have been a group of shop girls out on a party together a hundred years ago.

Unknown to the girls, the mirrors were two-way ones and, through them, a large audience of Carmen's clients, seated in the room next door, was already watching them. The room had had other mirrors that looked into what were known as the Inquisitor's Thrashing Room and his Torture Chamber. The watchers could already see the burly black skinned Inquisitor moving about the two rooms, preparing for the forthcoming demonstration of his skill.

Hidden microphones enabled them also to hear every word that was spoken, or every cry or scream.

In fact, unknown to them, the girls were dressed to play the roles of a group of equally unsuspecting young, collared, indentured servants. They would have recently arrived, a hundred years ago, from Europe to seek fame and fortune in the New World. An Agent acting on behalf of the then owner of the human Stud Farm would have simply purchased their seven-year indentures. He would then have brought them there, still blissfully unaware of the fate that awaited them.

The girls' Victorian dresses, like the old style uniforms worn by Carmen's overseers, were intended to give an air of authenticity to the forthcoming breaking-in scenes that would be watched through one way mirrors by a large number of Carmen's excited clients and invited guests. There would be little difference between the scene that was now about to take place and those on which it was based.

The door to the room in which the girls were standing was flung open and in strode Carmen and Ursula. They were laughing. They, too, were wearing Victorian dresses, though of a distinctly smarter type than that of the penniless indentured servants.

Ursula was playing the role of the Agent who, to keep the women from suspecting anything was indeed often female. Sabhu was her overseer. Carmen was playing her own role of owner of the stud farm to which the girls had been brought.

Ursula clapped her hands.

'Pay attention, girls. My friend Carmen has an important announcement to make.'

The girls smiled and exchanged glances. Doubtless they were going to be congratulated on the evident success of yesterday's Fashion Show and to be told details of where and when the next ones would be. Presumably their present strange Victorian style dress had something to do with it, but Sabhu had refused to answer any questions when he had made them put them on.

He had, however, told them, to their relief, that they would not be seeing him again now that he was "handing them over" to the strangely dressed "overseers" they had seen on their first arrival.

Carmen began to speak slowly in English so that the Eastern European girls would at least understand the gist of what she was saying, repeating important phrases.

'Welcome to my human Stud Farm. This a reconstruction of a genuine human Stud Farm that was still going strongly, breeding slaves, only a little more than a hundred years ago, when slavery still existed in Brazil. And we are all now enacting a scene that will frequently have then happened here.'

Carla raised her hand.

'Please, Madam, what is a ... Stud ... Farm, and why is it human?' she asked in a mystified tone. Clearly this expression was

also meaningless to the other girls as well - except to the increasingly surprised Emma. Even Fifi, the only other English girl, was confused.

'It's simple. In a normal Stud Farm brood mares are put to chosen stallions to breed horses. Similarly, a hundred years ago, here in this Human Stud Farm, the prettiest or strongest slave girls, or the ones who had done best in the popular Trotting Races for slave girls, were also treated like brood mares. They were put to chosen studs to breed more slaves for the plantations ... That's why it was called a Human Stud Farm, a stud farm producing not horses but slaves ... '

The girls were still looking confused as to what all this had to do with them. And what were they supposed to be re-enacting in their Victorian dresses? And why?

'However, young ladies, although slavery may no longer exist, our local plantation owners still pay well to take on carefully bred little progeny to be raised on their plantations. There they start work picking coffee and cotton as little children. And moreover, here in my restored human Stud Farm, rich men and women pay to come and watch young women being raced on my little race-track, just as they were in the old days, and then ... and then ... again, just as they were in the old days, ... mated with our selection of black studs.'

'But I do not ... understand,' cried Carla, struggling to get out her poor English. 'What has breeding of ... black slaves ... got to do with us? ... We are white women!'

'Well,' smiled Carmen, 'in the days of slavery, white indentured servants, freshly arrived from Europe, were brought here to serve out their indentures - just like you have been brought here to serve out your contracts. They were used to improve the various breeds of slaves on local plantations. And you are going to be used to re-enact just that, too - for the entertainment of my clients.'

There was a gasp of horror from Emma as she suddenly realised what Carmen was leading up to. She remembered the terrible photographs she had seen in Ursula's house - the ones that had made her try to run away.

Carmen went on, 'that's why you, like the indentured servant girls of a hundred years ago, have been brought here - to be human brood mares. Just like the indentured servants of old, you too are going to be used for breeding. You're going to be stabled, put into training like a racehorse and raced in our trotting races. Then you'll be covered, like a mare, by one of my black Negro, South American Indian, or mestizo studs - or stallions, as we call them. They are kept out of your sight in a separate building.' She paused to let her words sink in. 'And I shall want a foal, or better still a pair of foals, out of each of you every year - the same as your predecessors, the European indentured servant girls, had to produce in the old days. Do you all understand now why you are here?'

There was an appalled silence, suddenly broken by Emma.

'Oh no!' she cried, 'No!'

The hidden audience next door looked at each other and smiled. Yes, Carmen was certainly putting on a splendid show.

'Oh yes, Emma, oh yes,' replied Carmen with a sinister laugh. 'But for you, Emma, we've got a special fate reserved - but not just yet awhile.'

'What you mean?' cried Emma, appalled.

Carmen ignored her outburst and turned back to the other girls,

'You're all going to make fine little brood mares. Many of my clients had a fascinating preview of you all at the so-called Fashion Show yesterday.'

'You mean that the Fashion show and all this talk of coming out here as models was a sham?' cried Fifi.

'Yes, Fifi, yes!' cut in Ursula cruelly.

'But,' went on Carmen, 'you're all very lucky girls compared to the European girls who came here as indentured servants a hundred years ago. They had unsuspectingly signed a seven-year contract of indenture. Yes, seven years ... seven maternities ... seven valuable deliveries of progeny. Your contracts, however, stipulated only "at least two deliveries" before you can be released with a third one at my option - and that means three successfully completed maternities, each producing healthy live progeny.' She turned to Fifi. 'That means another three after your present one.'

There was a horrified cry from Fifi and then silence.

'Three?' queried Mizzi in a plaintive whisper.

'Yes, three,' replied Carmen firmly.

'But my daughter, you can't ... '

'Three for her as well,' came the stern reply. 'Putting a white mother and daughter to the same black stud was a favourite way in the old days of establishing a new breeding line - one that I shall be copying here with you both.'

There was cry of horror from Maria that made the clients laugh as they watched and listened from next door.

'But she's only sixteen and still a virgin,' cried Mizzi.

'Sixteen is a ideal age for a first maternity,' Carmen smiled, 'and being a virgin will make her first mating an even more interesting sight for my clients.'

'You cannot do this ... to me,' cried young Maria as the truth increasingly dawned on her. 'I run away!'

'Your new special collars will never let you!' Carmen snapped. 'Feel the little bump at the back of your collar. That'll start giving you unbearable electric shocks if you ever go near the wall that surrounds stud farm buildings and the racetrack. And there's another electrified fence surrounding the whole valley. Moreover, there's nowhere to run away to, out here. You'd have no money, no clothes and no passport.'

'I go to Police! They arrest you!'

'Oh no, not out here!' Carmen was sharp but amused. 'Even if you did somehow manage to find one of our few local underpaid policemen, he'd immediately recognise the crest on your collar, or suspect where you had come from. He'd simply bring you back here to claim the reward.'

'Oh!' cried a now dispirited Maria.

'And you'd then be given the thrashing of your life.'

'Oh!' again cried a now terrified Maria.

'In fact,' said Carmen proudly, 'no girl, no brood mare, whether in foal or not, has ever escaped from my human Stud Farm - no indeed has wanted to. For strange beasts lurk in the forests that surround this stud farm. Yes, strange and horrible beasts!
As elsewhere in South America, there are plenty of vampire bats, for instance. They are particularly attracted to horses - and humans. You will notice later on that the open sides of the stables are covered in with wire netting - to prevent the vampire bats from getting at you as you sleep in your stalls. But what protection would have out in the forest?'

'Vampire bats!' first one girl and then another echoed. 'Ugh!'

'And the same will apply to the giant Anaconda snakes. The Spaniards call them "Deer-swallowers". Well, you girls are not much bigger than deer! And how about all he little poisonous snakes out in the forests, from which you'll be protected in your nice comfortable stables.'

'Snakes! ... Giant snakes! ... Poisonous snakes,' came several cries.

'And there are alligators and man-eating piranhas waiting for you in the rivers and streams.'

There was a shocked silence.

Carmen looked at Ursula and gave her a discreet smile. These girls would be far too terrified now to even try to escape. They would just have to learn to accept their fate - like the European indentured servant girls of old.

'But ...' began Emma, 'I ...'

'Yes, for you Emma, the contract stipulates only one year - one delivery.'

Thank God for that, thought Emma, but even so, how awful! How dreadful for Ursula to have tricked her into coming out here. She should have realised that Ursula would not have paid her so much merely to go round Brazil showing off dresses.

'But why was I brought out here in this state?' cried Fifi, putting her hand to her belly.

'To arouse greater interest amongst the clients,' said Carmen, 'whilst they are waiting for the other girls to conceive. Looking at your pretty belly as you stand chained in your stall, or watching you being raced against mestizo girls also in foal, will give them a good

idea of what the other girls will soon be looking like - and encourage them to pay to come back and see them being raced and mated too!

'Raced in my state?' cried Fifi. 'You can't be serious!'

'Oh yes,' replied Carmen, 'my clients love to see a girl with a good belly being made to pull a racing cart. The races for brood mares in-foal are very popular, with handicaps being increased for each month they're in-foal.'

'Oh!' cried Fifi. 'I would never have gone to Miss de Vere's house if I had guessed that ... '

'But you didn't you?' said Ursula with a cruel laugh. 'And you're now going to earn your Mistress a lot of money - both from clients coming to see your growing belly and from the eventual sale of your progeny.'

'Yes,' went on Carmen,' and the most popular races are those for two girls, both in foal, harnessed by side by side to show off their bellies. We'll have to find a mestizo girl with the same size belly with whom to harness you, Fifi. A black and white pair - it'll be a lovely sight. The clients will love it!'

The girls all looked horrified.

'But you've nothing to worry about,' said Ursula reassuringly. 'Carmen's staff are very experienced in looking after human brood mares when they're in-foal. . You'll be kept well fed and warm, as your bellies become more and more curved and you're raced and displayed to clients, chained in your stalls. And, remember that meanwhile, you are all being well paid for your ... services.'

'You'll get a little bonus for successfully delivering twin girls and a bigger one for triplets,' added Carmen. 'And to help you earn the bonus, you all be put on a course of fertility pills - starting tonight! Except, of course, for Fifi.'

There was a horrified silence as her words sunk in.

'What about me?' asked Emma nervously.

'You'll start the fertility pills now too, Emma. I want you to be ready for anything that's required of you.'

'Ready for anything!' cried Emma anxiously. 'What do you mean?'

Ursula ignored her and Sabhu raised his whip warningly. Scared, Emma fell silent. Oh God, she thought, what are they planning to do to me?

Carmen picked up some cards and quickly went through them.

'Yes,' she said still speaking slowly, 'I see that Sabhu has very cleverly got all your cycles nicely into line with Mizzi and her daughter both due to come simultaneously into season shortly after the Fashion Show.'

Mizzi gave little cry as the significance of Carmen's remarks sank in.

'Then,' went Carmen went on, 'a week later it'll be Carla's turn and a week after that Suzy and Heidi.'

The girls were hanging on her every word.

'And then,' she smiled a cruel smile, pointed at Mizzi and Maria, and then at Carla and finally at Suzy and Heidi, 'then ... then ... for you ... all in turn ... it'll be a little journey along the passageway ... to the ... Mating Pit!'

There were cries of horror.

'Yes - it's the Mating Pit that awaits you.'

There were more horrified cries of protest.

Sabhu cracked his whip angrily. 'Silence!' he roared.

'Except perhaps for Emma, for whom something else is in store!'

'Tell me, please,' begged Emma.

But again Sabhu cracked his whip. 'Silence, you English slut!' he shouted. Again Emma fell into a terrified silence.

‘And so, not only will your matings provide good entertainment for my clients, but you'll all be in good form for the Gala Race-Meeting, for which we'll try and get you fit.'

Again there were protests, but this time only whispered.

'Now, no more questions,' Carmen said brusquely. 'You're now going to be handed over by Sabhu to my staff. And to start your breaking-in as brood mares, you're each going to be taken out, whipped - and nose-ringed.'

32 - BROKEN-IN!

'Whipped?' came several frightened voices

'Nose-ringed?' asked others. 'What does that mean?'

'Yes, whipped,' repeated Carmen, 'whipped by the Inquisitor and then nose-ringed by him just like the mestizo girls here and like the indentured servant girls of old.' The strangely menacing figure of the black and white robbed Black Inquisitor now entered the room. He exchanged grins with Sabhu as he fingered a black leather whip,

'The Black Inquisitor is, as in the old days, in charge of discipline amongst my brood mares and he runs this Punishment Block. You will soon learn to fear him greatly, for even being in foal does not protect you from his attentions if you misbehave or are disobedient - or from it merely being your turn to be used by him to put on a display for the clients.’

The girls gasped as they looked at the menacing figure of the large Negro so incongruously dressed as a friar. Were they now losing Sabhu only to find themselves being disciplined by an even more frightening figure?

'Yes, continued Carmen, 'just as newly arrived white Indentured Servants were whipped by the Inquisitor, to break them in to their new life as brood mares, so you are now going to be taken by him to the Inquisitor's Thrashing Room next door. You will each

be whipped until you beg to be allowed to sign a codicil to your contracts, saying that you want, of your own free will, to be put into the stables to be used as a brood mare, to be raced and put to which ever black stud may be chosen for you.'

Again, there were gasps from the girls.

Carmen turned to Mizzi standing chained next to her daughter. Like the other girls they were both embarrassed at being naked under their Victorian blouses and skirts - except for stockings and their shiny chain mail belts. Sabhu had put them into Carmen's "Combined Breeding and Purity Belts", which were emblazoned on the grille that covered their beauty lips with the crest of Carmen's human Stud Farm. He would be taking Ursula's own chain mail breeding and thick rubber chastity belts back to England.

How she and Ursula had enjoyed listening to Sabhu explaining to them both that the new belts were also intended to prevent them from masturbating. How both mother and daughter had prettily blushed at such an intimate subject being raised in front of each other - and by a man, and a black one at that.

'And, Mizzi, as Maria is still legally a minor, it is you who will have to sign for her - giving your express permission for her virginity to be taken by her chosen black stud.'

'Oh no, I couldn't do that,' Mizzi cried. 'I just couldn't - not my own daughter! Never. I signed her contract for her to come out here as a model - not for this!'

'Well,' interjected Ursula with a laugh, 'we'll just have to wait and see how many any strokes of the Inquisitor's whip it takes to make you change your mind!'

Carmen now turned to the other girls.

'And don't think you can avoid the whipping by just agreeing to sign the codicil. You're all going to get ten strokes of the whip anyway to impress on you new status here - and to amuse my clients who will be watching you through a two way mirror - as indeed they are watching you now, through those.' She pointed to the two long mirrors.

This time the gasps were replaced by little horrified cries.

'And now,' went on Carmen, it's time you were properly introduced to your new overseers - to whom Sabhu will be turning you over.'

There was a pause and then in walked Carmen's Indian Stud Groom, the young looking Vet and the fat Negress chief nurse, joining the terrifying looking Black Inquisitor. All were now carrying whips.

'Now,' Carmen began, 'first, here's my Stud Groom who will be in charge of you in the stables. He will be responsible for your training for the race-track and for your mating with the stallion chosen to cover you.'

'Mating!' This was a word that the girls readily understood. They gasped in horror

'Silence!' ordered Sabhu, cracking his whip.

The girls fell silent. They looked in horror at this ugly little native Indian who would now be so intimately in charge of them.

'Then, once you've conceived,' Carmen went on, 'my Japanese Vet, who's also a trained male midwife, will be overseeing the growth of your progeny in your little, or perhaps not so little, bellies.'

Appalled, the girls looked at this young Japanese. My God! But worse was to follow.

'The Vet will also be in charge of your foaling, which we like to make a little show for our clients, just as the slave breeders did in the old days. No nice maternity wards and comfortable beds for you! When you time comes, he'll take you from your stall to the Foaling Box where, in front of my clients, he'll chain you standing over the little straw lined crib into which you will drop your progeny.'

'Oh my God!' cried Fifi. 'You can't be serious!'

'Oh yes I am,' smirked Carmen cruelly. 'You'll be masked to hide your grimaces from the clients. All they'll see of your face is two little eyes peering out pathetically. And under your mask you'll be muzzled so that your cries don't upset them, or the other girls in the stables. And to make sure that your performance is aesthetically pleasing, the lower half of your body will be hidden from the clients by a little curtain. If the watching clients get impatient, then the Black Inquisitor will use his whip to stimulate a little action. Then you and your progeny will be put into my rearing stalls, under the supervision of my Chief Nurse, here. You will stay there, feeding your progeny under her control. You'll still be used for racing, however, for we have special races for mares that have newly foaled. They are paraded in the paddock with their little progeny - which are then auctioned to local plantation owners after the race.

'Then, when the successful bidder comes to collect your progeny to take them away, you will be returned to the kind care of the Stud Groom to be prepared for your next mating.'

Carmen looked at the horror-struck girls.

'So girls,' concluded Carmen, 'you're going to have a lovely life here, with no financial worries or concerns about the outside world. All you'll be thinking of is winning your next race and of successfully carrying and dropping your little progeny.'

Several of the girls began to sob. Maria was crying in her mother's arms. Heidi and Suzy were also crying in each other's arms. It all made a charming sight for the watching spectators behind two-way mirrors.

Carmen let them snivel for a full minute. Then she clapped her hands for silence.

'Now, as I said earlier, it's time you were each whipped. And, except for Emma, for whom we have something rather special in

mind, you're also going to be nose-ringed like the human brood mares of old. You'll all look very pretty with a big shiny brass nose ring hanging from you nose - with a disc showing your breeding number.'

Again there were horrified gasps of protest.

Again Sabhu cracked his whip. 'Silence!' he roared.

Again the women fell into a whimpering silence.

'Now,' said Carmen with a little smile, 'let's see, who shall we start with?'

The girls were looking at her, mesmerised with fear, as she pointed with her finger down the line of strangely dressed women.

'Yes,' she said turning to the Black Inquisitor, 'I think we'll start with ... with ... Carla ... Breeding Number E, for European, 13.'

The burly Inquisitor went up to the cringing Carla. He unfastened her collar chain and instead snapped a dog onto the ring at the back of her collar. Then, gripping her by the arm he frogmarched her out of the room. Several of her companions made as if to try and run to her rescue.

There was a crack of a whip. 'Stay in line!' warned Sabhu.

The remaining six girls now just stood there, chained together by the neck, terrified.

Unseen by the line of girls, but watched by the fascinated audience through the two-way mirrors, the Black Inquisitor had fastened Carla's wrists to two widely separated chains in the Thrashing Room.

Trembling with fear, she was now held standing up with her arms out-stretched, sideways on to two large mirrors. One mirror gave the watching clients a fine view of the girl from behind whilst the other looked out on her distraught face and her large firm breasts pressing through her blouse.

On a table in front of her was the codicil to her agreement, formalising her position as a human brood mare. Alongside it was a pen. But how, she kept asking herself, could she possibly willing agree to such a degrading fate?

The silent Black Inquisitor slowly unbuttoned her white frilly blouse and took it off the protesting girl. Thanks to cleverly placed mirrors in the Thrashing Room the now increasingly excited clients next door could see both her long, slim and still unblemished back and her trembling bare breasts.

Slowly he picked up his black leather whip. The spectators caught their breath.

He pressed a button that lit a red warning light in the room next door where the remaining six girls were still standing in line.

'Stand at Attention for thrashing!' ordered Sabhu. 'Heads up! Look straight ahead! Clasp hands behind neck!'

Trembling with fear, the girls silently assumed the position of Attention that Sabhu had so often made them practice.

The Black Inquisitor now slowly raised his whip and brought it down across Carla's white back - taking care, however, to check his wrist slightly at the last moment so as not to mark the girl permanently. Like his predecessors of old, he was an expert at his trade of thrashing women and well aware that white ones marked more easily than darker skinned ones. His aim was to make each stroke sting like mad and yet inflict little real damage.

The six remaining girls standing rigidly at Attention were horrified to hear a swishing noise from next door, followed by a scream.

'Keep your position!' warned Sabhu again.

Meanwhile, in the other room, the clients had thrilled to the sight of the whip landing on the girl's naked back and of the sound of the girl's scream of pain. Some had smiled at the grimace of pain on the helpless girl's face whilst others, looking through the other mirror, had pointed out to their neighbours the long red line across the girl's back. They also smiled when they looked through the other mirrors and saw the scared look on the remaining girls' faces.

There was a long pause as the Black Inquisitor again ran the thong of his whip through his fingers.

'Please, Sir, no more!' came the pathetic voice of Carla.

But the Inquisitor showed no sign of having understood. Instead he again slowly raised his whip, paused and then again brought it down across her back.

Again the noise of the whip and of the girl's scream penetrated to the room where the other girls were standing nervously at attention under Sabhu's eye. Each girl was silently counting the strokes. Each was wondering if she was going to be next to be whipped.

Moments later came a third stroke.

The screams that accompanied the fourth and fifth strokes were even louder - for the Black Inquisitor had come to the front of the girl and had delivered two strokes across her big breasts, leaving red lines going across each of them - one expertly placed above the nipples and the other on the tender underside of each breast.

There was now a longer pause as, unseen by the other girls, the Inquisitor had silently unfastened the girl's long dress, letting it fall to the floor. Erotically, however, he left untouched the girl's broad belt and her shoes and stockings. Watched by the clients, the Black Inquisitor now came behind the tall virtually naked body of the girl.

Again he raised his whip.

Five screams later and the girl's soft bottom was marked with five neatly spaced red lines.

'You sign?' he asked.

For a second, she hesitated. Instantly the whip fell again - this time across the soft front of her thighs, below the breeding belt.

'You sign?' he again asked.

This time he brought the whip down again across her thighs without even giving her the chance to reply. It was enough.

'Yes, I'll sign,' she screamed.

But that was not enough and down again came the whip.

'You beg to be used as a brood mare.'

'Yes,' she screamed. Anything to avoid another stroke. 'I beg to be used as a brood mare. I do, I do.'

But even this was not enough and again the whip fell.

'You beg to be mated and put into foal by chosen black stud. You say you long to feel little black progeny kicking inside you. You say you long show belly to clients on racetrack and in stables.'

Oh no, not that, thought Carla, it's too awful. I just couldn't say it. I simply couldn't!

Her thoughts were interrupted by another stroke of the whip, this time harder. That settled it. She was desperate. She would do anything, absolutely anything, to avoid another stroke.

'Yes!' she screamed, once again struggling to find the words in English. 'Yes! I long to be ... mated ...with black stud ... chosen for me ... I long to be ... in foal ... I long to feel progeny kicking inside me ... I long to show my swollen belly off to the clients ... on the racetrack and in the stables. I do, I do!'

With a chuckle, the black Inquisitor then picked a curved needle like that used by jewellers to pierce the lobes of girls' ears.

'Head back!' he ordered.

Gripping Carla's nose with one hand, he deftly pierced her septum with the needle and immediately threaded the end of a brass ring through it, closing it with a click. The part of the brass ring that went through her central nostril was only needle-thin, but the rest of the ring, although light, was large and wide - like a curtain ring. It hung down prominently from Carla's nose and circled her mouth with the bottom end of the ring level with her chin. In turn, hanging from the ring was a small plastic disc marked "E - 13".

Silently, the Black Inquisitor untied her. Desperately she started to rub her bottom, her breasts, and her thighs. Oh how she longed to be able to reach her back too.

Then she put her hands up to her mouth and looked into a mirror. She gave a little cry of dismay as she saw the big brass ring now hanging from her nose and the plastic disc, marking her like an animal. She felt it; she could not take it off.

Meanwhile the line of girls next door had been fearfully counting the strokes. Was fifteen or sixteen? Could each of them hold out so long?

Can I really let them do this to my daughter? Mizzi was frantically wondering. Could she hold out when it was her turn to be whipped?

Back in the Thrashing Room, the Black Inquisitor handed Carla the pen and pointed to the piece of paper. She bent over to read it. He raised his whip. Hastily she signed it.

The Stud Groom entered the room, a chain lead in his hand. He snapped it onto the ring at the back of her collar and led her, sobbing and rubbing her body, out of the room and down to the stables.

Carmen and Ursula had joined their clients in watching Carla being broken-in. They exchanged looks of triumph. What a spectacle that had been!

'I think we'll do your Polish mother and daughter next,' murmured Carmen.

'And both together,' Ursula smiled. That and the whipping of the aristocratic Emma would be the highlights for the clients of the entire performance.

So was that a few minutes later, chained side by side with their arms outstretched above their heads, like Carla's had been, Mizzi and Maria, now stark naked except for their stocking and chain mail belts, had just both received their ten mandatory initial strokes.

The sight of a beautiful European mother and her pretty daughter, both being thrashed in front of each other, had delighted the clients - as had the sight of identical red weals across their backs, bottoms and breasts and now on the front of their thighs.

The Black Inquisitor now began to tease them both.

'So is lovely mother now ready to sign codicil making daughter into a brood mare - and no longer a virgin filly?' he asked.

'No, it's not right. It's...' Mizzi began to protest.

She was cut short by two strokes across her tender thighs - followed by two across those of her daughter. Both screamed.

'Mother must say when she happy for daughter to become brood mare,' the big Negro demanded and promptly gave them another two strokes each - this time across their bottoms.

Then it was the turn of their backs. But it was the extra strokes on their breasts that made first Maria and then her mother cave in.

Sobbing, Mizzi slowly repeated each phrase as the Inquisitor read them out in strongly accented English from a little card that Sabhu had written out for him.

'Of my own free will I beg ... to be used together with my daughter as a brood mare. I beg for both of us to be raced naked ... side-by-side on the racetrack. I beg for both of us to be ... mated ... in front of the clients with the same chosen black stud ... I long for us to be made to show off our bellies ...to the clients on the racetrack and in the stables ... I long for both us to be made ... to deliver our progeny chained standing side by side in the foaling box and then to have to feed them ... before being made ready for our next mating ... with both us again being covered ... by one black stallion.'

Then the Black Inquisitor ringed both their noses, just as he had that of Carla. But in this case the registered breeding numbers on their discs showed that they were a mother and daughter.

Both were appalled as they saw the big shiny brass rings hanging from their noses. Which was worse, they both asked themselves, the gradually decreasing pain that they both still felt from their whipping, or the continuing humiliation of the nose rings?

As Mizzi took her weeping daughter into her arms, the Black Inquisitor chuckled to himself. Yes, he had made a good job of fitting the rings - as he had in spacing the whip marks. Yes, he thought, the nose-rings gave these haughty white women a very nice animal-like look and one that was very suitable for a pair of future brood mares.

Then he sternly clapped his hands and, raising his whip menacingly, pointed to the codicil that Mizzi would have to sign.

Moments later they were both taken away by the Stud Groom and his young assistants, to start their new life. .

Ursula was present, gloating at the scene, when it was Emma's turn to be thrashed. When she had been given her mandatory ten strokes and was sobbing hard, Ursula stepped up to where she was standing chained helplessly, her arms outstretched and smacked her face.

'Now stop it, Emma. I'm going to ask the Inquisitor to give you four more strokes and then you're damn well going to sign. Understand?'

With a little sob, Emma nodded. Four more strokes! Oh God!

'And in your case, you're signing your agreement, not only to being used for racing and for feeding other brood mares' progeny, but also to be hired out by auction for a period of one year, during which time you may used for whatever purpose your new Master or Mistress may require of you and your body.'

'Oh no! No!' cried Emma

'Make it an extra six strokes,' said Ursula to the Inquisitor holding up five fingers and a thumb to make sure he understood.

It was indeed a well-thrashed Emma who nervously signed her codicil and was then taken away to the stables.

After hearing the thrashings of the other girls, the remaining ones, Fifi and the sisters Heidi and Suzy, signed their Codicils only too willingly after they had their ten mandatory strokes.

In Fifi's case, her curved belly and milk-laden breasts made a delightful picture as she stood chained with her arms outstretched, ready for the whip.

Sabhu then shook hands with the Stud Groom. He had handed over the girls to his tender mercies. Then, with a substantial cheque from Ursula in his pocket and a big tip from a grateful Carmen, he left for a fortnight's holiday. He would return in time for Emma's action and then go back to England - where doubtless Miss de Vere would soon be requiring his services again.

33 - STABLED!

It was before dinner that night and Carmen had invited the clients, who had stayed on, to accompany herself and Ursula to the regular "Evening Stables" inspection and in particular to see how the new brood mares were settling down.

Together with half a dozen mestizo girls, Emma was barefoot and kneeling on all fours on the cobblestone floor of her stall. It was one of a line of some thirty similar stalls with a similar number on he opposite side of the dividing cobble-stoned passageway. It was down at the "rearing" end of the stables, which was presided over by the black lady Chief Nurse.

Her stall, like the others, was some six feet deep but only four feet wide and completely open to the passageway. There was no privacy. Hanging of the front of the stall was a board marked with her registered breeding number: "E-27". Beneath it was written "EMMA", together with her age and the date of when she last "came into season".

On either side of her stall was a high wooden partition, making it impossible for her to see into her neighbouring stalls. She could, however, see into the stalls across the passageway.

During the day, fresh air came in through a wide-open ventilation gap between the top of the walls at the back of the stalls and the roof of the building - for this was a warm climate. This air gap was covered with wire netting and, with a shiver of fear, Emma remembered what Carmen had said about the stables being protected against vampire bats.

Fastened to the wall on one side of the stall were mangers: one for water and the other for food. On the other side of the stall were a small metal mirror and a shelf holding make up. A comb and a hairbrush were attached to the shelf by light chains - for Carmen like to encourage her brood mares to keep themselves looking as pretty as possible and there was little else for a girl to do in her stall except endlessly brush her hair and make up her face.

Like the other, now over forty, girls in the stables, Emma was naked except for her little cape, made of striped horse blanket material that was fastened with a leather strap round her neck, over her new shiny collar. The cape was short and open at the front, half baring her breasts and completely baring her belly and her new equally shiny, chain mail, purity and breeding belt.

The cape also disclosed her number "E-27" that now gleamed from semi-permanent transfers placed on both cheeks of her buttocks.

Shocked, Emma had seen that the girls opposite her had big brass rings hanging from their noses with a numbered disc hanging

from the ring. The same number was displayed on the front of their stalls and, just like her, was unbelievably humiliatingly prominently marked on both buttocks.

At least however, she thought, she had not been nose-ringed. She wondered why.

Like those of the other girls, Emma's collar and chain main belt were decorated on the front with the crest of Carmen's human Stud Farm and on the side of the collar her name and address were also neatly engraved.

Also like the other girls, the ring at the back of her collar was attached by a heavy chain to a ring cemented into the wall at the back of her stall.

But also crawling in her stall and also chained by the neck to the same ring, this time to prevent them from falling out into the passageway, were two little black piccaninnies, the foals she had been given to foster. They were nestling under the sides of her hanging blanket and suckling at the extended nipples of her hanging breasts like real foals suckling at their dam's udders.

Emma had at first been appalled when the Head Nurse had produced them to ease the pressure painfully building up in Emma's milk laden breasts. To be used like this, like animal - how shame making!

However, a Indian boy groom had stood over her, his whip tapping her exposed and naked hindquarters, to make sure she allowed the hungry little creatures to suckle properly.

'They orphans,' he had said.

Orphans! Emma's heart had gone out to the poor little creatures for whom she was being made to act as a foster mother. Soon they were guzzling happily. Despite the shame, it was, Emma thought, a strange and somehow satisfying feeling.

Whenever one of the little creatures cried, she learned, she had to kneel over him and offer her nipples to silence him. The grooms did not want a lot of wailing little creatures disturbing the silence in the stables.

When she was first taken to her stall, she had seen that her similarly dressed neighbours and the girls in the stalls opposite hers were very pretty, coffee coloured, mestizos. They too each had one or two recently born little black creatures chained with them in their stalls - and in one case three.

They spoke no English and, of course, she spoke no Portuguese. However, except in occasional hushed whispers, there seemed little or no talking in the stables even in Portuguese.

She had seen Fifi, now degradingly nose-ringed, being taken to a stall further down the passageway in an area which seemed to be under the control of the Japanese so called Vet. There all the girls were clearly in foal, as she had already begun to call it. She remembered what Carmen had said about the young Japanese being

in charge of the mares in foal until after they had foaled. Goodness, how dreadful!

Indeed, judging by their naked bellies, most of the girls in the stables were in-foal with their tummies seeming to be more and more curved, the further she looked down the passageway.

Like hers, however, the bellies of the small group of mestizo girls around her, at this end of the stables, were all flat - even though they seemed to be showing the stretch marks of a recent maternity and their breasts, like hers, were clearly in milk. Goodness, she wondered, had they recently foaled and were the little creatures in their stalls their own foals?

She had also seen Ursula's other girls, now also now nose-ringed, being stabled amongst a small group of mestizo girls, also nose-ringed, next up the long passageway from the girls in milk. Were they, she wondered, waiting to be mated on the ideal day of their cycles? Goodness! And this was to be the fate of Ursula's other girls! What was hers, she wondered.

Did the girls all get moved down the line as their bellies grew, she also wondered. Were those about to foal kept at the far end? And were those feeding their newly born foals progeny, or awaiting mating again, kept at her end? It was like a production line. How awful!

At the far end of the passageway were two curious round wooden structures, both surrounded at the top by seating. Emma saw that the mestizo girls seemed to regard both with fear and dread. One was, she would learn, the dreaded Mating Pit and the Foaling Box.

She also wondered if being in milk and having been given two little creatures to feed, would delay her own mating? She remembered what Carmen had said about being reserved for a special fate. What did that mean? She had also heard Ursula and Carmen talking about "Emma's special auction". Oh God!

One of the young Indian grooms, evidently in charge of the stalls at her end, but speaking no English, had embarrassingly shown her by mime that, just as a real mare stales standing upright, so too she was to stand up over the cobblestones of her stall when passing her liquid wastes through the mesh of her chain mail belt. The wastes then ran down into a drain on the side of the passageway.

Then even more embarrassingly he had shown her how to pull aside the rubber cord that ran up between her buttocks from he bottom end of the triangular chain mail pouch over her beauty lips up to the securing padlock of the belt in the small of her back. She remembered seeing a similar arrangement for Fifi's similar chain mail breeding belt back in London.

Even more embarrassingly the young groom had insisted that she must keep the cord spotless, using the straw in the stall to clean it when necessary.

Yet more embarrassing, he had shown her how to make a little straw basket, into which, like the girl in the stalls opposite her, she must drop her solid wastes, again standing up with her knees bent. The wastes would then be examined and removed twice daily before "Morning and Evening Stables".

Then he had shown her a small rubber sleeping-mat rolled up in the corner of the stall. Until she had conceived, she would not be allowed to unroll the mat until after Evening Stables. It also had to be rolled up and put away and the cobblestones on the floor of her stall licked completely clean and dry by Morning Stables.

There was a shouted order in Portuguese, accompanied by the crack of a whip, from the main doorway into the stables, half way along the corridor. There was the noise of voices - of both men and women. My God, thought Emma, they must be clients. She blushed scarlet at the though of being seen by them like this.

But once again, even worse was to follow, for Emma saw that all the girls jumped up in their stalls and stood with their hands clasped behind their necks, and their bare toes gripping the raised edge of the floor of the their stalls. The girls opposite her gently manoeuvred their little progeny so that they were lying at their feet.

Hastily Emma followed suit and found that, because the length of her heavy collar chain was cunningly slightly less than the depth of her stall, she, like them, had to stand slightly leaning back with her belly thrust out into the passageway and her head back with her eyes focused on the ceiling.

Glancing down for a moment, she saw the astonishing sight of girl's bellies increasingly thrust out into the passageway, with Fifi's curved white belly showing up distinctively amongst the other more chocolate coloured ones. Goodness, she could not help thinking, what an erotic sight for the clients whom, she saw, the Indian Stud Groom was proudly was now beginning to usher along the passageway. Following them was the frightening figure of the Inquisitor.

Before moving along the passageway to the swollen bellies of the girls in foal, Carmen led her clients down to the other end, towards Emma and the girls feeding their progeny or awaiting mating. She stopped opposite the very blond Mizzi and Maria, who had been allowed adjoining stalls - as had the distinctively red haired sisters, Heidi and Suzy.

'It is fascinating,' Carmen was saying in Portuguese to the clients, 'having a remarkably similar European mother and daughter, and two sisters, all nose ringed as brood mares and chained naked in our stables. Look carefully at their bodies. Feel their bellies and start making up our mind which of our splendid young black or Indian studs they should be put to - and let's start them on their course of quick acting fertility pills.'

She nodded to the groom in charge of the mother and daughter who produced a strangely shaped green coloured pills.

'Take your fertility pill,' Carmen said to the embarrassed Mizzi, speaking slowly in English to make sure she understood. 'I want twins from you - and from your daughter.'

'No! No!' cried Mizzi, but the young groom quickly brought his whip down across Mizzi's exposed buttocks.

'Take it and swallow it properly - or the Inquisitor here will take you back to the Punishment Block for another thrashing.'

Mizzi looked at the terrifying figure of the Inquisitor, who as usual was running his long black whip through his fingers. She would do anything to avoid another thrashing from him. With a sob of despair, she dutifully opened her mouth. The Indian boy thrust the pill into it and made sure that it was swallowed.

This was a scene that repeated moments later in Maria's stall - and indeed in all the stalls of the girls awaiting mating.

Carmen and her clients then moved on and stopped in front of the blushing Emma. She heard Carmen's voice, speaking in Portuguese and the word "Emma".

Horrified, but not daring to move or to look down, she felt hands on her belly and milk laden breasts. Oh God, she thought, what was going to happen to her. Oh, what a fool she had been to allow herself to fall again into Ursula's clutches.

'Remember, ladies and gentlemen,' Carmen was, in fact, saying, 'that this is our married aristocratic Englishwoman - an astonishingly rare catch for our human Stud Farm. For the moment she is being used as a spare pair of breasts in milk and will be put into training for racing, with daily sessions in the exercise area and on the gallops - and on the treadmill, where she will make an erotic sight.

There were several cries of 'Indeed!' The sight of a mature married Englishwoman being made by an overseer's whip to perform on the treadmill would be a most invigorating sight!

'However,' went on Carmen, 'as I told you at the Fashion show, after she has been put through her paces here, we shall, quite exceptionally, be auctioning her services for one year. That's why she's not yet been nose-ringed. So please do start thinking how you might use her if you were to have the highest bid.'

Indeed, one of the watching clients, Senhora Francesca de Bohens, was looking closely at Emma, deep in thought. She was a tall, slim, good-looking woman of 35 with a hard look. She was in some ways, perhaps, a Latin version of Ursula.

She was wealthy in her own right, having inherited from an uncle a large coffee plantation near to Carmen's stud farm.

The need to keep an eye on the plantation and to modernise it had resulted in her living away for much of the time from her rather boring fat little husband, Carlos, a city-bound financier who was also her cousin.

The de Bohens family had played a leading role in Brazil for generations and prided themselves on their pure white lineage that, like that of their friends and relations, could be traced back on all sides to well connected European families.

It was whilst living alone on her remote plantation that she had come across Carmen and the other members of the local branch of The Society. Immediately she had been attracted by their lesbian attitude to life and in particular by their loathing for men. She had soon acquired a couple of Brazilian girls as maidservants and bed companions, but had not found them really satisfactory. But a specially trained white girl ... well!

However, what particularly concerned her was that having married rather late in life to a man with whom she found herself spending less and less time, she had no son and heir to whom to pass on her precious plantation, nor to inherit her husband's family fortune.

She herself had repeatedly put off what she now regarded with distaste as the messy business of motherhood. She had even considered adopting a good-looking young boy but her husband would not hear of it. He insisted that his heir must be his own son and one that had European aristocratic features - something that was rare in modern Brazil.

She was worried that if she did not soon produce a son for him, something that she was increasingly loathe to do, then he would divorce her and seek a well-bred new wife in Europe - a scandal that would destroy her social position.

It was Carmen who had come up with what seemed to be an idea solution - and one that might involve Emma …

Still chattering enthusiastically, Carmen and the clients moved back down to the other end of the passageway to look at Fifi and the other brood mares in an interesting condition.

34 - EMMA EXPERIENCES STABLE LIFE

It was the next morning.

Emma had passed a restless night in her stall, curled up on the little rubber sleeping mat with the heavy chain still securing her by her collar to the ring set in the wall. At first her two black piccaninnies, or rather her foster foals as she learnt to think of them, had constantly disturbed her, crying to get at her nipples.

Similar cries had come from the stalls around her - cries that stopped quickly as the girls concerned hastily offered their breasts to their hungry progeny. It was something that Emma had also learned to do, too - to avoid the whip of an angry young groom.

When at last the sweet little creatures had fallen asleep, Emma had put an exploratory hand down to feel if her new purity belt would really live up its name. Oh, how she longed for a little relief. Oh, how she longed to even merely play with herself for a few exciting minutes.

But the new belt had been cleverly designed. There was no way in which she was going to be able to get even a little finger under the edge and onto her throbbing beauty bud. She could feel herself becoming moist in readiness. But it was all for nothing. She, like the other girls in the stables, was going to kept utterly frustrated and completely pure.

All night she had heard sad little cries of frustration coming from the stalls around her.

At dawn the young Indian groom appeared again and made her and the other girls in her nearby stalls roll up their mats and put them away. Then, standing up over the cobble stones, she had been made to stale, to use the stable expression, whilst holding up for the boy's inspection the little rough straw basket she had made to hold her solid wastes.

Seeing that this was empty, the young groom had then forced a dose of castor oil down her throat. Soon she felt her tummy turning to water ... A few minutes later, the groom had returned. This time he had smiled as he saw a blushing girl, now half standing and half squatting over the straw basket, as she pulled aside the rubber cord attached to her purity and breeding belt that ran up between her buttocks.

A few more minutes and he was throwing the little straw basket into his mucking out trolley.

Then he clapped his hands, called out an order and Emma saw that the girls in the stalls across the gangway were actually licking the cobblestones of their stall clean and dry - not only removing any traces of their own wastes, but also those of their foals as well.

The young Indian groom shouted at her angrily and, horrified ,she too began to do the same for the little foals she had been given to foster - whilst the groom stood over her, his whip raised, to make sure that she did it properly. It was all, she realised, a good way of ensuring that the stalls were spotless in time for Morning Stables.

When Carmen arrived for "Morning Stables", she was accompanied by a little posse of clients, all eager to see the degrading and exciting spectacle of the stabled girls.

After Carmen's meticulous inspection of her brood mares, Emma watched with astonishment as a steady stream of brood mares from the far end of the stables were driven by young Indian boys, trotting singly or in pairs, down past her stall and out onto what she would soon learn was the exercise area and practice gallops.

Like her own breeding number, those of these other girls all gleamed prominently on their hindquarters, instantly identifying the girl.

She saw that white trainer type boots had been strapped onto their feet. But what really caught her eye was that all the brood mares had all been fitted with a simple excise bridle consisting of a rubber bit that was held in place, under their nose-rings, by a headpiece.

A strap went up from the from the back of their necks, over their heads, and down to the bridge of their noses where it divided in two, with one small strap running down over their cheeks to a large ring at either end of the bit. Two more straps ran back from the rings to meet again at the back of their necks where they joined up with the strap running over their heads.

The bits had a curved extension piece like on a Western or old-fashioned Spanish-style bridle, to which the reins were attached. Pulling the reins turned the bit in the girl's mouth, pressing a stiff flange attached to the centre painfully up against the roof of her mouth, thereby ensuring complete control for the driver.

A strap was also fastened round each girl's upper arms to which a ring was attached, with the wrists also chained back level with the shoulders.

She saw that the purity and breeding belts had all been removed, presumably to prevent rubbing. Instead the girls' hairless beauty lips were also nicely displayed.

Glancing through the door to the exercise area, she saw girls, sometimes in pairs and sometimes singly, harnessed to little lightweight dogcarts fitted with bicycle wheels and a seat for the driver. Each cart had two or three shafts, towards the end of which were straps that would act as traces.

In the dog carts pulled by only one girl, the two shafts came up under her arms on either side of her with the straps tightly buckled to her own arm straps - making her pull her cart in a prancing action with her shoulders back and her often swollen belly thrust forward.

Many of the carts, however, were being pulled by matched pairs of girls of the same height and build, and with similarly swollen bellies, harnessed side by side and made to keep in step as they ran at a brisk trot. In their case the third shaft can up between them and the straps round both their inside arms were buckled to this centre shaft.

The effect of this system of harnessing, Emma saw, was to leave the girls' back and buttocks exposed to the driver's whip as they ran, prancing, along. It also held back their shoulders and pushed out their bellies yet more.

She saw that Fifi had been matched with a mestizo girl of the same height. The contrast, between the white and dark brown of

their naked bodies and identically swollen bellies, was both marked and highly erotic.

Their drivers' whip cracked and they broke into a prancing trot. It was, Emma realised, an effective and yet simple form of prenatal exercises.

Moments later she saw Mizzi and her daughter, Maria, being harnessed naked together - an equally erotic sight.

Moments later her young groom came into her stall and thrust little rubber comforters into the mouths of her two little foals, which he fastened round their necks. Why, Emma wondered. Were they going to be taken away from her? Oh no! Oh how sad. It reminded her of how a mare in milk soon became attached to another mare's foal given to her to suckle. Had she already been reduced the level of an animal in this stud farm for humans? Oh God!

Emma was so absorbed by all this that she scarcely noticed that another young Indian boy had come up to her stall carrying a bridle and a pair of arm straps.

Suddenly she felt the bit being pressed into her mouth and the bridle slipped over her head and strapped in place. She could feel the flange pressing down on her tongue.

Then her arms and wrists were strapped together, making her, too, keep her shoulders back and thrust her belly forward.

Then the heavy restraining chain attached to the back of her collar was unlocked, together with her chain mail purity and breeding belt. She blushed at the thought that her carefully shorn beauty lips were now on display and free. She could feel her released lips opening like a flower. She longed to put her hand down to feel them, but they were held firmly chained to her to her upper arms.

Her two foals' chains were then unlocked. Awkwardly, with chained hands, she was then made to pick up them up. Carrying them she, too, was led out into passageway and outside.

Emma blinked in the strong early morning sunlight. A dozen dogcarts were being driven round and round a circular track, sometimes fast with the drivers cracking across the girls' naked backs and bottoms and sometimes at a gentle steady trot.

She was led over to a playpen in which several little foals had already been deposited. She was made to put hers down in it, too. It was, she realised, a clever way of keeping the stables quiet when a young mother was taken out to be exercised and could therefore no longer keep her foals by quiet by offering them her breasts.

Then she was led away to be harnessed in her turn to a little dogcart.

A group of clients, standing in the shade of a pavilion, were watching it all, absorbed. How embarrassing, thought Emma, as the two traces of the dogcart were buckled onto the rings at the back of her arms.

She heard little cries of dismay from her two little foals at being left behind. The cries tore at her heartstrings. She tried to turn back but, her young driver got into the dog cart and, giving her crack across her buttocks with his whip, made her learn, too, to pull the light cart at fast prancing trot into the exercise area.

Soon she was being driven round the track - sometimes being made by her driver's whip to stride out fast and then being pulled back by the reins.

Before long she was sweating and out of breath.

But her driver had not finished with her for he drove her over to a short smooth straight stretch of grass. Every real racing stables has its gallops - and so did this one. There was even an electronic timing device that showed a girl's time on a screen at the finish. These times were recorded and used later when working out the handicap for a girl in the races.

With sharp cracks of his whip across her bare bottom and encouraging but incomprehensible cries, Emma's driver made her really stretch her legs and run as fast as she could down the gallops. He smiled as her time flashed up on the screen. Not bad for a first time! He'd soon have her much fitter...

At last her driver unharnessed her from the dogcart and led her over to what she recognised with horror as a large treadmill.

A dozen pretty mestizo girls were already harnessed to it, wrists fastened to chains hanging from a beam above their heads. Once again their curved bellies were thrust forward erotically, as they each had to step interminably up the revolving steps. Equally erotic was the sight of the big brass rings hanging from their noses.

Another Indian boy stood by the side of the treadmill, a long carriage whip in his hand. Periodically he would crack it menacingly behind the naked bottom of a sweating girl whom he suspected of being lazy - or tired. A simple little brake enabled him to vary the speed of the treadmill. One minute the girls were methodically stepping up it, the next having almost to gallop up it.

Again, Emma thought, what a clever but dreadful form of prenatal exercise.

But the treadmill was not merely used as a form of exercising girls already in foal, she was to now to learn, but also as a good way of strengthening the thigh and belly muscles of girls not yet in foal - to improved their performance on the racetrack.

Moreover, as she was also soon to learn, an hour's stint on the treadmill, with her arms fastened above her head, also did wonders to firm up a girl's breasts. Indeed the Stud Groom was delighted both with the way it kept the swelling breasts of a girl in foal nicely firm, and those of a girl feeding her foals.

He always insisted on a girl feeding them whilst kneeling over them with her breasts hanging down, like those of a real mare - thus countering the normal downward drag that came from feeding a

human foal. The combination of this and an hour on the treadmill every day certainly kept his girls' breasts resilient and firm, no matter how big they became.

Emma's driver now called out something in Portuguese to the other Indian boy who pulled the brake hard, stopping the wheel completely. With sighs of relief the girls relaxed, hanging from their raised hands.

Then to Emma's horror, the two boys now fastened her wrists to chains hanging from the beam the beam in a gap between two of the mestizo girls. Like the other girls, she was still bitted and bridled.

There was a crunching noise on the gravel behind her. She turned her head and saw that Mizzi and Maria had been driven up to the treadmill. She heard little cries of horror and protest coming from behind their bits as they, too, were unharnessed and strapped to the treadmill, further down the line of girls from herself. Clearly orders had been given to keep Ursula's white girls separate from each other.

The Indian boy now released the brake. He cracked his whip. The mestizo girls all obediently stepped forward and Emma, like Mizzi and Maria found herself also having to step forward. A stroke from the boy's carriage whip across her naked backside made her step forward even faster.

For five minutes they were all kept at a steady walk and then the boy eased the brake and cracked his whip again. Suddenly the terrifying figure of the Black Inquisitor appeared, whip in his hand. The mere sight of him made the girls all step forward more quickly. The wheel picked up momentum and Emma found herself, like the rest of the girls, being made to run up the revolving steps at a faster and faster trot.

Soon she could feel the sweat running down her back and between her breasts. My God, she thought, these girls must be fit to do this whilst carrying a couple of foals. At last the boy slowed the treadmill down, but only for a few minutes to allow the girls to get their breath back, then it was back again to a fast trot.

She remembered watching Eventing horses being made fit by alternatively walking, trotting and cantering. This was just how they were being treated.

Half an hour later an exhausted Emma collapsed onto the hard cobblestones of her stall, her heavy collar chain and the chain mail purity and breeding belt both locked back in place.

Her two little foster foals greeted her return with joy and reached anxiously for her nipples. She tried to brush them aside, but received a crack of the whip from her Indian groom.

She struggled to her knees and let the two little creatures take their fill from her hanging breasts, before falling asleep.

35 - THE GALA RACE MEETING

Emma had no way of counting the passing days but, she realised, it must have been a week or so after she had first been stabled that Carmen's Indian Stud Groom confirmed that the new European girls were now getting fit enough, given a good handicap, to participate in the forthcoming Gala Race Meeting.

When the day came, there was an excited feeling of anticipation in the silent stables that morning. Carrying large wooden spoons and bottles of castor oil, the grooms paid even greater attention to making sure that the girls had all emptied themselves and that they had made themselves look prettier than ever.

Then the grooms rubbed a special foam over the girls' naked bodies and rubbed them with a soft cloth until they shone. It reminded Emma of the special foam that she had used before a Horse Show, to give her pony that extra shine.

Later there was the distant noise of cars driving up to the main house and of helicopters and light aircraft alighting on the airstrip.

Emma saw that the other girls' eyes were glistening with excitement. It reminded her of the excitement that her hunter used to show when he was plaited up before going hunting and heard her Landrover and trailer being driven up to collect him. But what on earth, she wondered, was going on here?

Oh, how she wished the boy grooms spoke a little English - though judging by the silence kept by even the local mestizo girls, any questions would have earned a stroke of the boy's whip, or worse, being sent to the Punishment Block for a thrashing from the terrifying Inquisitor.

Like the other girls, Emma found herself being put into a rather fancy bridle with silver buckles and a high white ostrich feather plume - white to denote that she was not yet in foal, as opposed to the scarlet plumes of those girls who were. The plumes, fitted to a special holder on the top of the bridle, nodded with the girls' every movement.

There was another change as well.

When her boy groom put on her arm bands and strapped her wrists back to them, and unlocked her chain mail belt, he embarrassingly made her turn round and bend over. She felt him grease her back entrance. Oh, the shame of having this done by a young Indian boy, half her age!

Then picking up a long beautiful tail of chestnut horsehair, he eased the stiff plastic plug, to which the tail was attached, up her backside. The tail at first curved upwards from her backside making it stand out realistically and proudly from her hindquarters.

The young groom made her prance up and down. The tail swished from side to side as she moved. Oh how awful!

Then there was a long wait.

She saw that the girls opposite her were impatiently stamping their feet - like racehorses impatient to be taken out of their stables.

She heard the sound of voices, animated laughing voices, men and women's, going past the stables. Had they been drinking she wondered - drinking champagne, and guzzling canapés and sandwiches, whilst her belly and that of the other girls had been deliberately kept empty

She heard a bugle call. Astonished, she recognised it as the same "Horses to the Paddock" call that she had so often heard back in England.

She saw the Stud Groom consult what looked like a race programme. Then he called out an order in Portuguese. She thought she recognised the word "Maiden", as in a Maiden Race and the numbers of various girls.

Every time that he called out a number, a young groom would go quickly into one of the stalls of the girls awaiting mating. Soon half a dozen pairs of flat-bellied girls were led down the corridor and out in the sunlight, white plumes nodding and long tails swishing from side to side.

They included, Emma saw, the buxom Carla, her white skin contrasting with the darker skin of the mestizo girl to whom she was harnessed. Even more fascinating they included a scared looking Mizzi and her daughter Maria, harnessed together and an equally frightened looking Suzy and Heidi, also harnessed together.

Then there was another long wait, accompanied by much impatient stamping by the girls left behind in the stables.

Emma heard a voice on a loudspeaker. It was calling out numbers. It sounded like the announcements of latest tote prices at a race meeting. But surely, thought Emma, the numbers could not be the numbers of the girls recently led out?

Suddenly there was a pause and then an excited voice of like that of a race commentator, culminating in a shriek as evidently one pair of human trotters won in what sounded like a close finish.

A minutes later there came an announcement that sounded to Emma like the trotting race equivalent, in Portuguese, of the traditional "Weighed In". It was followed by what seemed like the Tote Winnings being announced.

Then into the stables tottered the pairs of girls who had been raced. They looked exhausted. Sweat was running down their bodies and on their backs and buttocks were the marks of their drivers' whips - something that was more noticeable on the white bodies of Ursula's girls than on the darker skins of the mestizo girls.

Hardly had each of them been put back into her stall and her collar fastened to the wall chain, when there again came the bugle call of "Horses to the Paddock." Again the Stud Groom read out the numbers of the runners.

This was again a race for girls harnessed together in pairs, but this time the girls being harnessed together came from the far end of the passageway and included Fifi, harnessed to the same mestizo girl as Emma had seen her with in the exercise area. They were both the same build and their bellies were similarly prominent, one white and one a dark brown.

Indeed, all the pairs of runners made a fine sight as they pranced down the corridor, their shoulders back and their bellies thrust forward. All, like Fifi, were within a few months of foaling - the nearer they were the greater their handicap.

Ten minutes later they, too, were led back into the stables. Although they were sweating, it was clear that, because of their state, they had run a shorter race and were not so exhausted. Not were the whips marks so prominent. Clearly the Japanese Vet had briefed the young drivers to remember that safely carrying and delivering their foals was even more important for these girls than winning a race.

The bugle rang out again. The Stud Groom began to read out the numbers of the runners for the next race in Portuguese.

Emma recognised her own number and sure enough a young groom came into stall and unfastened her collar chain. To her surprise he also unlocked her wrist straps, freeing her arms, Then he unlocked the collar chains of her piccaninnies and thrust them into her arms, just as had been done every morning when she was taken out to be exercised in the training area.

Astonished she saw that the same was happening to the other girls who were feeding their progeny. Goodness, was this a race for mothers in milk, she wondered.

Horrified, she remembered what Carmen had said about girls in milk still being used for racing and how there were special races for mares in milk that have newly foaled. They were to be paraded in the paddock with their little progeny - which were then to be auctioned to local plantation owners after the race.

Then, she remembered Carmen also describing how when the successful bidder comes to collect the girl's little foals to take them away, the girls would be returned to the "kind care of the Stud Groom to be prepared for your next mating". Oh my God, she thought

It was a brilliant scene that greeted Emma as she was driven into the carefully tendered Paddock with its neatly cut lawns and impeccable gravel paths.

Several hundred men and women, friends, neighbours and clients of Carmen's had come to this Gala Race Meeting at which the new European girls would be performing for the first time. Carmen had charged an extra high entrance fee, though as usual this had included a delicious buffet lunch and Champagne.

The women were well dressed in fashionable race-going dresses and trouser suits, some were wearing hats. The men were wearing

smart South American lightweight suits or long brightly coloured shirts over their trousers.

The contrast of this sartorial splendour and her own nudity made Emma blush with shame as she trotted into the Paddock clutching her two dark skinned piccaninnies to her naked breasts.

As at a real race meeting, grooms led the girls round the paddock, one behind the other, each pulling her dogcart. On each grooms arms was tied a card with the e number of the girl he was leading: "37" in the case of Emma.

The spectators were leaning on the white painted fence that surrounded the Paddock, chatting, annotating their Race Cards, pointing out to each the supposed strong points and weaknesses of each naked girl. They were also glancing up at the electronic Tote Board that showed how much money had been put on each girl and the odds that the Tote was currently giving.

With little else on which to gamble locally, the local plantation owners were avid punters at Carmen's races, betting large sums on the Tote.

In this race all the girls were in milk, with their foals still suckling their heavy milk laden breasts right up to the start. The Race Cards, therefore, as well as giving the length of the race, in this case 1,000 metres, or five laps, also gave an indication of the relative buxomness of each girl, comparing her breast measurement with that of her waist and listing her current milk yield.

The Race Cards also gave the handicap in metres that each girl would be given at the start - something which had been worked by complex formula that took in account not only these three key measurements, but also the girl's age, height and weight, how long it was since she had foaled and the number of foals she had delivered. It also took into account her position in races in which she had run whilst in foal.

All these items were listed on the Race Card and the clever punters were those who, after looking closely at the girls and feeling the muscles in their thighs and especially the firmness of their breasts, decided that the handicaps had either over-estimated or under-estimated the speed or endurance of particular girls - and placed their bets accordingly.

Indeed, wildly swinging heavy breasts would, of course, seriously affect a girl's performance. Although they were a factor that was difficult for the handicapping system to take fully into account, it was one that weighed heavily with the individual punters. It was for this reason that these races for girls in milk were so popular, for the favourite rarely seemed to win.

At a signal the grooms now led their charges into the centre of the Paddock where they were formed up into a line, facing a row of raised baskets into which girl had to place her progeny. Each basket as marked with the girl's number as the dam and of that of the sire.

The spectators now came into the Paddock and swarmed round the runners and their progeny.

But it was not only the serious punters who pressed round the girls squeezing and lifting a breast, or running their hands down a thigh.

Other spectators, usually local plantation owners were equally interested in assessing the potential intelligence and strength of each girl's tiny foals. Indeed, the girls now had to place their little foals into the baskets and stand back. Their wrists were now strapped back again to their arms.

For these people, the Race Cards also listed the sires of their girls' latest foals, together with a description of their physical attributes. Although the girls themselves were kept unaware of the sire that had been used on them and, indeed, were never allowed to see any of them, the local plantation knew the various sires' breeding reputations of old.

One plantation owner, for instance, could be looking for the progeny of a particular sire, thinking that his progeny would be most suitable for his particular plantation and the mix of his labour force. Meanwhile, his next-door neighbour might for the same reasons be looking for the progeny of a quite different sire.

But it was not only the sire that they were interested in. Many devotees of the theory of the predominance of the female line in breeding, when it comes to conformation, were more interested in the mother's figure, looks and racing record.

Emma, her hands now strapped back level with her shoulders, was helpless to prevent both punters and potential buyers of her two little foster foals from feeling her breasts, her belly and thighs.

No was that all, for several other spectators, interested in acquiring her contract in a couple of weeks time, had also come to have a preliminary inspection.

'Open your legs, girl,' said a woman in a harsh voice. Although Emma did not know it, she was Senhora Francesca de Bohens. Emma blushed as, with her hands still fastened up level with her shoulders, she was helpless to prevent the woman from feeling, knowingly, up inside her.

Apparently satisfied, she turned on her heel and strode away.

The loudspeakers suddenly announced something that reminded Emma of the English order "Jockeys to mount". She felt the shafts of her dogcart shake as her young driver climbed in it. He shook the reins and touched her buttocks with his whip, driving her forward, out of the Paddock and onto the racecourse itself.

Emma's heart was in her mouth with excitement as the half dozen runners were each allocated their starting position by the Judge. She saw that she had a handicap of about fifty yards - a balance that allowed on the one had for her still not being very fit

and on the other, unlike her mestizo competitors, from not recovering from a recent foaling.

Suddenly there was a crack of a pistol. Her driver's whip lashed her back and with a start she ran forward, pulling her racing fast as she could. But then she felt the bit in her mouth being pulled, holding her back to stop her getting too tired at the beginning of the race.

Emma never knew how many laps of the course she was made to run. Was it three? Or was it five? Suffice to say that she was alternatively urged on by the whip and then held back - until towards the end of the race when almost exhausted she was lashed into a fast run up to the finishing line.

Emma was not first, but equally she was not last. Satisfied, Carmen nodded to her Stud Groom. Yes, for a girl not yet fit, she had had shown both stamina and courage - traits that would-be buyers of her contract would be looking for.

Panting with exhaustion and with sweat running down her naked body, Emma had to stand back in the middle of the runners, now placed with the first girl on the right of the line and the last one on the left.

An auctioneer now came down the line, selling each girl's little progeny as they lay in their little raised basket in front of their mothers - or in Emma's case in front of their foster mother. Plantation owners or their often brutal looking farm managers surrounded the auctioneer.

The distraught mothers were weeping as their precious little foals were bought and taken away - none more so than Emma, who had learned in a short time to love the helpless little creatures she had been made to feed

Back in the stables, Emma watched as the other girls whose foals had been sold, were now given injections to stop their milk. Then the laughing young grooms gave each of them the first of their course of fertility pills, cruelly making sure they knew what they were for.

The next day they were moved to new stalls further down the line - amongst the girls who were nervously waiting, in the case of Ursula's other girls to be mated, or, in the case of the mestizo girls, to be mated again.

How Emma longed to be able to talk to and comfort her friends from London. But, of course, the young Indian rooms enforced a strict silence. Four legged brood mares can't talk, they would laugh to each other and so why allow these two legged ones to talk, either?

What Emma did not know, however, was that she was going to be the star at a display of whipping that the Black Inquisitor was giving to clients that very evening.

It was, indeed, a well whipped Emma who painfully curled up in her stall that night.

PART X

MATINGS AND FOALINGS

36 - THE DREADED MATING PIT

Carmen liked to make the spectacle of a forced mating one of the highlights of her regular mid week and weekend events for her clients - along with, of course, some trotting races, a display of whipping in the Punishment Block and also, when due, a performance in the foaling box, with the Vet using modern medical techniques to time matters just right.

Like the old slave breeders, she did not want a mating to degenerate into a submissive brood mare placidly allowing a powerful stud to mount her. That would not be much of a spectacle for the clients.

Instead, again like her predecessors of yore, Carmen liked to see a girl fighting as if for her very life - or rather fighting to avoid the maternity with which she was threatened. This was, she used to say cruelly, 'a more natural way' way for a girl to conceive in a human Stud Farm.

She had therefore rebuilt the old Mating Pit along its original lines: a bare, sand covered shallow ring with high wooden walls, somewhat like an old fashioned cock fighting pit or a miniature bullfighting ring. Above the smooth walls were rows of seats, positioned so that their occupants had a good view of what was going on down on the floor.

Emma first heard about what went on in the Mating Pit when she found a little hole in the wooden partition separating her from her new neighbour. She had replaced a girl whose foals had been sold, much to her distress, to a local plantation owner for "adoption" and who had then been moved to a stall further down the passageway amongst the girls awaiting mating. .

Emma had been surprised to see that, although dark haired, her new neighbour seemed almost white. Apparently, she had just foaled. It had been a fine performance in the foaling box.

Then just as Carmen had described, she had been brought in muzzled and masked with just her eyes visible. Then she had been chained, half crouching and half standing over a little straw lined wicker basket with her hands fastened above her head. The inscrutable Japanese Vet sat behind her to make sure that all went well whilst a discreet little screen hid her intimacies so as not to upset the susceptibilities of the audience.

Then, to get things started the Black Inquisitor had used his whip ... just as it was normal for his predecessor to do in former days - for Carmen was a great stickler for historical accuracy.

Before long to applause from the audience the girl had dropped two healthy little female mestizos into the basket.

She was small breasted and the black Chief Nurse decided to give one of the little fillies to Emma to feed, now that her former foster foals had been sold off.

Thrilled at finding the little hole in the partition separating them, Emma wondered if the girl whose progeny she was now helping to feed was an educated Brazilian girl. Perhaps she might speak English?

Eagerly Emma waited until it was late at night and there were no prowling young Indian grooms about. Then, greatly daring, she put her lips to the little hole in the partition.

'Hello?' she whispered. 'Can you hear me? Do you speak English?'

'Yes, a little,' came a whispered reply in good English with a strong Brazilian accent. 'I have to speak English in my job as a secretary in Sao Paulo.'

'What!' exclaimed Emma in astonishment. 'How on earth did you end up here? And what's your name?

'Shush! Or they'll hear us,' whispered her neighbour. 'They call me Marta here now, though it's not my real name.'

She then explained that hearing that Carmen kept a stable of pony girls, she had left her job and volunteered to come her.

'Volunteered?' queried Emma. 'You mean you came here willingly?'

'Yes. I know you not believe me, but many girls have secret ... how you say? ... submissive desires. I used to dream of being treated like ... a pony girl.'

'Yes,' replied Emma, thinking back to her own secret masochistic desires, and how they had constantly driven her back into the clutches of Ursula. 'I know just what you mean.'

'Of course, I thought it only a joke and be for a short time. And Carmen, she seemed such a nice lady. She persuade me to leave my job saying that she would employ me instead. I never thought it would be like this - a human Stud Farm with the girls called Brood Mares, and put on a course of fertility pills before being mated with studs called Stallions, who have a proven track record of throwing more girls - fillies!'

'Nor did any of us,' Emma whispered back, bitterly.

'But when I arrive here, Carmen said I must sign contract for three years. Three years! And when I refuse I am handed over to the Black Inquisitor. He beat me so hard! It was terrible! Finally I just have to agree to sign contract agreeing to be used as ... how you say it? ... ah yes, as brood mare. Then he put big ring through my nose, with my breeding number, just like the mestizo girls, I so ashamed, but it make me realise I cannot now escape what Carmen had planned to use me for - to breed from educated girl. I now just as helpless as slave girls of old.

'But even worse when they put me on course of fertility pills ... And now nine months later now I just deliver my first two foals. They're sweet little things and I love them - and it's lovely having you to help feed them. But soon they take them away from me. So sad, so sad!'

She gave a little sob. How awful, Emma was thinking, to separate a mother from her children in this way.

'But,' the girl then went on, 'I never forget how they started - that was something really terrible.

'Tell me about it,' urged Emma nervously.

Hesitantly Marta described the Mating Pit and how it had two curved doors fitted tightly into the wall. Through one was thrust the brood mare to be mated, naked except for her little stable cape, but still wearing her chain mail belt. The other was to let in the naked chosen stud.

She described how the doors into the pit could not be opened from inside the circular mating pit as the only handles were on the outside.

'Yes,' she said bitterly, 'once in mating pit, there is no escape for girl, for on top of walls are curved sharp iron spikes - to prevent terrified girl from trying to escape her fate or to attack laughing spectators. And the doors - just as the doors into a Bullring are not opened until the bull as been killed by the torero, so here the doors of the mating pit are not opened until the chosen stallion's seed has been planted deeply inside girl - or, perhaps, she has killed the unknown stallion!'

'Unknown? Surely, you recognised the man they had chosen for you?' asked Emma

'No,' the girl replied, 'they always wear - how you say it? - Balaclava helmet. And stallions kept out of sight of girls here. All I see of man who cover me is that his skin is jet black.'

She went to describe how, in the centre of the pit, raised half a metre above the sandy floor, was a padded metal ring, some two metres across. In the centre of the pit was a big iron securing-ring, set in the sand, with a short length of chain attached to it. The stallion had a lasso with which to catch the girl and render her helpless.

'I like a wild horse in a corral in a cowboy film, rushing round and round to avoid being lassoed. I manage avoid it several times, but finally, to cheers from the horrible spectators, the black stallion get it over my shoulders. I fight him tooth and nail, until there is blood running down his body. But he too strong for me and eventually he get lasso down past my waist to my hips, pinning my hands to my side. Then he wind lasso several times round my body and over my arms, to make sure that I now quite helpless.'

The girl gave a little sob, distressed by the awful memory.

'He then pass end of the lasso through eyelet on the ground, in centre of ring, pulling me down onto my knees over the ring. To hold me there, he snap the short length of chain onto my collar.' She sobbed again as she described how she was then held degradingly kneeling over the ring which kept her hips raised high in the air, whilst the chain, fastened to her collar, kept her head right down.

The Stud Groom had then come into the pit. He had bowed to the spectators and inspected Marta's bonds. Satisfied that she was helpless, he had then unlocked the padlock, in the small of Marta's back and freed the throng rubber cord that went down between her buttocks. However, the two chains running from the padlock round her hips to the top of the chain mail pouch were left in place, so that it now hung down between her

bent knees, disclosing her depilated beauty lips to the spectators - and to the stallion.

'It was a wonderful feeling,' the girl said, 'as my body lips were now free to open like a flower. But what a feeling of shame as the Stud Groom use his whip to make me move on my knees right round the ring on which I kneel to show my body lips to all the spectators. That was truly terrible!

'It was awful and with my hands still tied to my side, there was nothing I could do to prevent the black stud from kicking apart my legs. First, he rub his huge manhood against my body lips. I cannot help becoming aroused. I so ashamed. Then encouraged by spectators, he mount me like a stallion mounting a mare.

'It was awful, feeling him drive in and out ... in and out - just like animal. Even worse, I feel myself, against my will, beginning to respond more and more to him. I blush as I hear spectators cheer and laugh as they see me thrusting my buttocks back to meet the thrusts of black stud. I was so ashamed.

'Finally I feel his seed jetting right up inside me and moments later he withdraw and leave pit.'

She went on bitterly to describe how she was left in the pit alone, still kneeling on all fours over the ring, mocked by the laughing spectators, as she had desperately, but to no avail, tried to expel the seed.

'I not know which worse: desperately running round pit to avoid lasso, whilst the audience laugh and clap; or, still fastened down helplessly on knees over ring and feel black stud's slimy seed slipping deeper and deeper down inside me.'

Then like the interval in a play, the spectators had left their seats for refreshments, returning, to her astonishment a quarter of an hour later.

'I wonder why they come back,' Marta went on. 'I soon learn! For black stud, now also refreshed. His manhood now erect again. He come back into the pit - and he mount me for second time. I suppose to make sure. But that not all, for after the stud had mounted me for the second time and leave pit, I hear gasps from audience. I look round and see terrifying figure of Black Inquisitor standing behind me. In his hand is large rubber paddle with a bamboo handle. Later I learn it called here the Conception Paddle - because it increase the probability of girl conceiving by making her blood run fast inside her.

'Anyway, he bow to the audience and without a word, begin to beat me on my bottom with the paddle, slowly and carefully. I scream and spectators laugh. He must have taken two minutes to give me about ten strokes. They sting like hell and I feel my bottom becoming hot. Then he bow to audience and leave.'

Then she described how, to her huge embarrassment, the Stud Groom had come back and parted her body lips to make sure that the stud's seed had indeed been well planted. Satisfied he then pulled up the hanging back cord of the chain mail pouch that was hanging beneath her and fastened it again to the padlock, pulling the chain mail pouch tight again over her beauty lips.

Even with her hands free, she would now be quite unable to get at either the seed or the little embryos inside her.

'Then leaving me held down on all fours by short chain fastened to my collar, he free my hands and leave again. I hear audience laugh as I try in vain to pull off breeding belt. It was awful feeling stallion's seed slipping deeper and deeper inside me and I not able to do anything about it.'

Marta gave a little sob of despair

'And soon they take me back into mating pit again for my next foals. My contract, it says six!'

37 - A DAM AND HER FILLY ARE PUT TO THE SAME STALLION

What Marta did not know was that whilst the girl would be horrified by what was going to happen to her, her chosen stallion would be would be rewarded for her successful conception. He was therefore anxious to get on with it.

Thus a natural conflict would arise, much to the delight of the spectators, with the girl not only running to dodge the lasso when it was thrown, but also, when at last she failed, in then using her fists and nails, to fight off the efforts of the stud to slip it down over her shoulders.

Nor did she know that, if two girls were due that day to be mated to different stallions then, to add to add spice to the occasion, both girls might be put into the mating pit, together and both studs then let in simultaneously, for a double mating.

Similarly, if there had not been a clear-cut preference by the clients for the use of one particular stallion on a girl, then two, or even more of them, might be let into the pit. The audience would watch open-mouthed as they fought with the cleverest or strongest one succeeding in planting his seed first.

Then, immediately, the other stallions would be withdrawn before the girl was penetrated for the second time, so that there would be no doubt as to which had actually sired the girl's foal, or hopefully foals.

Things were done rather differently, however, if two closely related women were both put into the pit to be taken in turn by the same stallion. Making one of them watch the other, perhaps her sister, mother or daughter, being mated in front of her and knowing that it would be her turn next, was a particularly popular spectacle.

However, to protect the stallion from being attacked by a furiously protective mother or older sister, perhaps at a critical moment such as just as he was achieving penetration, it was normal for both women to have their hands to be tied behind the backs.

This, too, had been the normal practice in the days of European indentured servants when mating a mother and daughter, or sisters with the same sire - a rare opportunity that could play a crucial role in the establishment of a new breeding line.

The women could still try to get away from the stallion - amusing the spectators by desperately running round and round the pit, with their hands tied behind them, until finally caught. But they could not now seriously harm the valuable proven sire.

Nor was it only the actual matings that were so popular.

The public selection of a mate, several days before the woman was due to be mated, was also very popular with the clients.

Emma was appalled when she first saw this being done. It was still too early for Ursula's girls, for they had not been on the fertility pills for long enough. But even limited to the Mestizo girls, also chained in their stalls, it was still a highly erotic scene for they were often very beautiful with lovely slim bodies.

The clients would also find it almost mind-splitting as the beautiful chained girl, awaiting mating, was made to stand at the front of her stall. Then the various stallions, naked except for Balaclava helmets hiding their faces, were brought up to stand alongside the girl, so that the clients could judge how their bodily traits might "nick-in" with each other, to use the old horse-breeding expression.

Before long it was a scene that Emma would watch with even more horror when it was the turn of Ursula's girls, first Mizzi and Maria, and then Carla and then the two Hungarian sisters.

One of the Negroes was a huge muscular brute, the sight of which made her shiver. The Indian was smaller and more delicately built, but still strong enough, she realised, to catch and hold down a writhing white woman like herself - or Ursula's other girls. Was this to be her fate, too?

The Stud Groom was, of course, delighted that, back in London, Sabhu had brought the mother and daughter's monthly cycles exactly into line - and those of the sisters as well. Both pairs had all come into season on time and their best time for conception was approaching.

Moreover, he was now satisfied that Ursula's girls had been on the pill for long enough to have a good chance of conceiving twins. He decided it was time they were moved down the passageway in the stables to join the mestizo girls also awaiting mating

The selection of the mate for the Polish mother and daughter and for the Hungarian sisters had been a highly popular affairs - as, indeed had been that for the buxom Carla. It was one thing to for the spectators pay to watch the fear in the eyes of a pretty mestizo girl as a huge Negro or a strong Indian stud was brought up, stark naked, to her stall. It was quite another when the same scene was enacted outside the stall of one of Ursula's lovely, slender, blonde European women.

The demand for tickets to come and take part in the selection of the sires to be used on Mizzi and her daughter, later on Carla and then on Suzy and her sister was a record - despite the extra high prices that Carmen was charging.

'Now,' announced Carmen to a large and expectant audience of clients, 'as you will have read in my latest programme of events, both mother and daughter will be ready to be mated in five days time - and

both with the same stallion that you will choosing here today. That'll give you a few days to come back and see how they are getting on with the Sword of Damocles, or rather the memory of the sight of the chosen black manhood, hanging over them - for, of course, they'll now be only too well aware of the fate that awaits them. So I expect we'll be getting a lot of crying and begging to be let off - all good fun to come and see!

'And our buxom Carla will similarly be ready in ten days' time - so we shall select the mate for her from amongst our stallions next weekend and the following weekend the stallion for our two red-haired sisters. So don't miss those either!'

The audience were busy consulting their diaries and making notes.

Thus it was that, several times, Emma had been horrified to catch a glimpse of how the clients enjoyed comparing the naked bodies of the black or coloured studs with the equally naked bodies of the future white mothers. Just as Marta had said, the stallions wore Balaclava helmets to hide their faces.

Carmen would let her clients vote on which stallion was to be used on which girl - stipulating only that, as in the days of slavery, the same one was to be used on both mother and daughter and the same one on both sisters.

A special little stand had been erected for the watching clients. Emma was horrified to see first Maria and then her mother, Mizzi, being unchained and made to stand, naked except for their little stable capes and chain mail breeding belts, alongside each other in the wide passageway. Their hands were tied behind them and then their capes were thrown back.

Each stallion was asked in turn to stand, first back to back with the mother and daughter and then facing them. Emma she saw that, to the delight of the spectators, the manhood of the biggest of the black studs was hugely in erection as first the naked young daughter and then her mother was made to stand with her breasts and belly touching those of the Negro, whilst his big erect manhood probed eagerly at their chain mail belts.

It was enough to make the laughing clients choose him.

No stud, however, was brought to her stall and she remained mixed in with the girls still feeding their newly- born foals. It made her wonder, with a little shiver of fear, just what fate really did await her.

She could imagine the mental trauma of Mizzi and Maria, and then of the other girls, as, their strangely alien mates having been chosen, they waited in dread for their mating.

A few days later she saw a weeping Maria and desperately concerned looking Mizzi, hands tied behind their backs, being led down the passageway to the dreaded mating pit where a large group clients had already gathered.

Indeed, such was the demand that an extra row of seats had to be installed and even then tickets were exchanged for double the seemingly exorbitant price that Carmen had originally charged.

Several minutes later there as the sound of cruel laughter coming from around the mating pit as Maria began to run desperately round, trying to get away from the huge, randy black brute who had been chosen to cover her. Then there were agonised screams that echoed through the stables as Maria was first caught by her stallion lover and then chained down. There were more screams as the Stud Groom then released her breeding belt and when she lost her virginity to the black brute - screams that were echoed by cries of helpless protest from Mizzi.

How awful, thought Emma, that this was being done to Maria in front of her mother.

Then there yet more screams as the Black Inquisitor applied his paddle to encourage a good conception.

There was now a long silence as the stallion retired to restore his virility and the audience were served refreshments.

Half an hour later, screams from Mizzi announced that the stallion had re-entered the pit and now chasing her. Further screams announced that she, too, had been caught and had been chained down alongside her daughter and that finally his manhood was jetting his precious seed into her now receptive body.

Again Emma's heart went out to her. How awful to be forcibly mated in front of your daughter - and vice-versa.

Then came anguished cries as the Black Inquisitor's paddle helped make sure that the mother was going to conceive too.

An hour later, looking white faced and shattered, they were both led back to their stalls. Their hands were free and the young grooms were laughing as they both angrily scratched at their unrelenting chain mail belts. Oh, Emma realised, how they must both be longing to wash themselves out.

To make certain of good conceptions and to meet popular demand, the whole process was repeated again two days later with the same huge stallion.

A few days after that, having tested positive, Mizzi and Maria were moved along the corridor to adjoining stalls amongst the mestizo girls whose bellies were beginning to show a little curve above their chain mail belts. For the next nine months they would come under the watchful eye of the inscrutable Japanese Vet.

He would be carefully watching for, and recording on the board in front of their stalls, their first morning sickness and then the first shock of feeling their progeny kicking - an event that was usually accompanied by desperate, but vain attempts by the brood mares to rid themselves of the unwanted little creatures happily growing under the protection of the chain mail belts.

Then, as each girl's natural maternal instinct took over, she would start taking an increasing pride in her growing belly - a belly that was kept well displayed - both in the stables and when harnessed to a dog cart.

All this would be recorded in full in Portuguese on the notice board in front of each woman's stall - to the amusement of the many visitors who paid to come and see the swelling bellies of a beautiful European woman and her teenage daughter - as well as those of her companions.

38 - THE AUCTION OF EMMA'S CONTRACT

It was an afternoon a few days after Emma's performance on the racecourse. Emma had continued to be used as a wet nurse and foster mother, helping to feed the hungry foals of her companions. It was a spectacle much enjoyed by visiting clients.

Every day her young groom had embarrassingly looked for signs of her coming into season and, finally delighted to find them, had gone off to report the good news to the Stud Groom. It had occurred nicely before for her auction, the brochure for which had said that she should be ready to conceive, if required, a week later - so that would be possible buyers could make their plans.

The display of this aristocratic married Englishwoman, in the Stables, in the Punishment Block and on the Race Course, had caused a considerable stir. She was looking slim, fit and beautiful and Carmen was confident that the auction of her contract, technically hiring her services for a period of one year, would attract great interest.

Emma was displayed at a Preview for the more serious of her potential buyers.

Some were cruel looking men. Others were wives of local plantation owners, together with a few wives of businessmen from the big cities who had let them borrow their planes to fly up for this auction. Many of the ladies present were members of The Society.

They were smartly dressed in bush jackets and trousers and were sipping Champagne as they strolled around the passageway in front of the stall in which Emma was chained for inspection - as in the old slave markets in Brazil.

Carmen and Ursula were mixing with their guests and answering queries about Emma, whose raised cobbled stall was well visible to the guests in the wide passageway.

Emma herself was naked apart from black stockings, shoes and a ribbon round her neck. She was still wearing the shiny collar of Carmen's human Stud Farm and was chained by the neck to a solid looking ring in the wall at the back of her stall.

Striding up and down in front of the stall was Sabhu, a long circus whip in his hand. His final return to England had been specially delayed until after Emma's auction and he had been asked to return to the stud farm for it.

He now made an impressive sight in his gold braided circus, animal trainer, uniform with peaked cap, scarlet tunic with its rows of buttons, tight white breeches and well polished black leather riding boots.

It was also a sight that was intended to give would-be buyers confidence that the girl on display had been well disciplined and broken in.

However, what also caught the eyes of the potential buyers was the sight of the naked little chocolate foal, which Sabhu had cunningly chained by the neck to the ring on Emma's collar. This made her hold both it to her milk laden breasts - a charming sight that gave many of the watchers food for thought.

The guests were chattering away in Portuguese, mercifully incomprehensible to Emma, as they boasted about they would do with her if they won her contract at the following auction.

'I'd take her back to Rio and use her as my ladies' maid,' said one woman. 'Imagine the excitement would result from having a titled English Lady, in milk, to wait at table at my dinner parties, naked to the waist. She'd cause a sensation!'

'Yes, but wouldn't she run away?' asked another

'Especially if you had her chastised by your black servants every time she answered you back,' commented yet another one.

'I'd give her to my teenage son for his birthday, with permission to flog her if she did do exactly what he wanted - but on condition he kept her here locked up at livery,' said another.

'And I,' said another, looking at her naked breasts, 'would use her to help feed my bitch's forthcoming litter of puppies.'

'I don't know about that,' said another woman, the wife of a local plantation owner, 'but I think she'd be very useful to feed the newly born next generation of workers - rather like what she's being made to do now.'

'And I,' said another,' would get a tremendous thrill from the feeling of power of keeping a beautiful young married woman like her here in the stables - and making her carry a black foal. It would be mind-blowing.'

These remarks were typical of the considerable interest that Emma had aroused amongst members of The Society. They were used to using local coloured or mestizo, girls for their pleasure. Now here was an opportunity of acquiring a white one, to use in their bed, and to show off as a personal attendant or ladies maid - or to breed from.

Clearly, for what ever purpose they envisaged using Emma, these wealthy women were willing to pay large sums to acquire her contract.

Carmen, a dark-haired, slightly plump but vivacious figure in fawn jodhpurs and brown boots, clapped her hands.

'Ladies,' she called out in Portuguese which, of course, the chained Emma could not understand, 'now is your opportunity to examine the woman whose contract will be auctioned shortly. Please don't hesitate to step into her stall to examine her more closely.'

Several people moved towards the stall.

'And,' added Carmen, 'if you would also like to examine the contract that the girl has signed, it is on the table at the end of the passageway. My lawyers assures me that someone buying one this contract will acquire the services of the girl just as if, in the old days, you had bought the articles of a Special Indentured Servant - available only until ransomed. In this modern version, in return for making regular monthly payments to the girl's Swiss Bank account, the contract allows the purchaser to use the girl for one year for any purpose he or she wishes.'

'Does that include breeding?' a woman asked.

'Any purpose,' repeated Carmen.

This was greeted with enthusiastic smiles.

'Indeed,' went on Carmen, 'you'll see that with her contract there's a medical certificate confirming that she should have no difficulty in carrying and delivering any progeny decided upon by her temporary owner.'

There was a general nodding of satisfaction.

'However, in the case of this married English aristocrat, the contract stipulates that she is only on hire from Miss de Vere and must be returned to her fit and well after one year - unless, of course, her purchaser decided to keep here at livery. But, as the notice in front of her stall states, this need not seriously restrict the use to which a discerning buyer can put her.'

This was greeted by a general outburst of laughter.

'And,' added Carmen, 'my Stud Groom says she will be ready to conceive, if required, in a little over a week.' She paused to give greater emphasis to this. 'Now,' she went on, 'you must all go and see how she has been so successfully artificially brought into milk - like Fifi, our pretty and very valuable little mother-to-be, who is already in-foal and who is further down the passageway amongst the other in-foals mares.'

Not surprisingly many of the women were soon having a closer look at Emma, judging her breeding possibilities.

Other women were admiring, Emma's swollen nipples and asked Sabhu to hold them for their closer inspection. Several of them then amused themselves squeezing little white jets of milk from her breasts. How thrilling it would be to have their own white milkmaid, they thought, and an English aristocratic one at that.

Poor Emma was so shocked and appalled by all this that she scarcely noticed another woman, well dressed, and slim, with rather cruel set to her mouth, who was saying nothing. But she went up where Emma was chained helpless in her stall and silently ran her hands over her hips. Apparently satisfied, she turned on her heel and walked away.

Clearly there was more to her keen interest in Emma than in simply acquiring simply acquiring a beautiful white European young woman for her pleasure or for showing off as her ladies maid. She was the Francesca de Bohens who had been so thoughtful when Carmen had exhorted her clients to think carefully how they might use Emma.

She had indeed thought very carefully about just that and decided that the stakes were so high that it would be worth her while to pay a very high sum to acquire Emma's services. She had also approached Carmen about using the services of her Japanese trained male midwife, the Vet. She had also discreetly prepared special secure quarters for Emma next to her own bedroom in her large, nearby, plantation house.

Meanwhile Ursula was exchanging a discreet little wink with Carmen. The forthcoming auction should go really well.

Ursula wondered what would be the fate of Emma, the girl she had so painstakingly re-recruited, disciplined and broken in. Only the thought of splitting with Carmen the winning bid prevented from feeling quite sad at the thought of losing her temporarily. Her share should certainly cover, several times over, what she had advanced to Emma when she signed her contract.

The next day dawned bright. Soon a large number of clients arrived for the day's events: in the morning the auction of Emma and the whipping of a recalcitrant Carla in the Punishment Block, followed by the selection of her mate: followed by a delicious buffet lunch and a race meeting in the afternoon; and then the mating of Heidi and Suzy.

It was a very busy and popular programme and one for which Carmen had charged accordingly.

This time the race meeting would include several handicap races were to be held for mares in foal. One race was for brood mares who had conceived up to three months before; another was for those who had been carrying their foals for four to six months and one, a very special short race, was for girls seven months or more months gone.

But the highlight of the morning was to be the auction of Emma's contract.

It was therefore at noon that the clients congregated at the Mating Pit, converted for the occasion into an old fashioned slave auction ring with a little podium above the pit for the auctioneer: Carmen herself.

The seated spectators were suddenly hushed as one of the curved doors into pit was opened to let in Sabhu - once again dressed in his smart circus outfit. He was carrying a long circus whip in one hand and in the other a long lunge to which he now gave a sharp tug.

Into the pit now pranced a beautifully made up and stark naked Emma. For once her breeding belt had been removed, leaving her smooth and hairless beauty lips on display. Her hands were clasped behind her neck and her milk-swollen breasts bounced. The lunge was attached to her collar.

Sabhu cracked is whip and the scared young woman began to prance round the pit whilst Carmen, like a good auctioneer, pointed out her good points.

'And ready, if desired, to conceive in a week's time,' she again emphasised. 'So may I have an opening bid, please?'

The bids soon came in fast and furious as Emma was made by Sabhu to break off running round and round and instead to show herself off. Cracking his whip and barking his orders in English he put her through the routine he had taught her in Ursula's house in London.

He made her kneel on all fours, then crawl and bark like a dog, bending over to display her hairless beauty lips and then, lying on her back, raise her hips as if offering herself. It was a good erotic display and one that brought in yet more bids.

Soon there was only a cruel looking man and Francesca left bidding. Finally the man dropped out.

For a whole year, Emma would belong to Senhora de Bohens - to use, as she liked.

Emma was taken out and the spectators drifted across to the Punishment Block to watch the whipping of Carla, whilst the pit was prepared for the double mating, that evening, of the two red-haired Hungarian sisters.

PART XI

EMMA’S STRANGE MATERNITY

39 - EMMA'S SECRET CONCEPTION

It was a week later, a week in which Francesca had kept Emma carefully locked up, out of sight, in a little nursery room next to her own.

This had also given her the opportunity of making her new acquisition perform in her bed. She had been delighted to find that Emma was well trained in the art of giving exquisite pleasure to her Mistress.

Francesca had, however, also cleverly organised a romantic reunion with her funny little husband. Busy as ever with his businesses in Sao Paulo, he had flown up in his private aircraft to join her at her plantation, where she insisted on living most of the time.

'Your business,' she would say, 'doesn't need you there all the time, but my plantation needs me here!'

They had fallen into a routine whereby she would join him in his luxurious apartment in Sao Paul once a month and he would spend a weekend once a month with her at the plantation. This also enabled Francesca, unknown to her husband, to indulge in her lesbian activities as a keen, if secret member of The Society.

Her husband had never guessed that the two very pretty Brazilian girls who waited at table when he came to stay were really his wife's bed companions, discreetly marked with the "S" sign of The Society on the inside of their wrists and with their Registration Numbers on the inside of the elbow.

His only disappointment was that his attractive wife showed little sign of wanting to make love to him and even less of wanting to present him with a son and heir.

But this time he was delighted too find her both amorous and full of plans to play an erotic game with him. Thrilled he let her undress him, blindfold him and even tie his hands behind his back, before leading him into her bedroom. How exciting!

Emma lay tied down over the edge of the bed. Her breeding belt had been unlocked and the rubber cord that normally went up between her buttocks had been slipped off the padlock, allowing the chain pouch itself to be lifted up onto her belly, disclosing her hairless beauty lips.

Her feet were on the floor and tied wide apart and her arms fastened to the far side of the large bed, holding her quite helpless. Her head and body above her hips, were hidden under a sheet. A gag kept her silent.

Her mind was in a torment for she could see nothing except the vague outline, through the sheet, of the naked back of her Mistress,

Senhora Francesca de Bohens, whom she could feel was, surprisingly, kneeling across her tummy.

At least, Emma thought, the awful breeding belt was no longer locked on her. Indeed she could not understand why her new Mistress had kept her in it. It wasn't as though she had been allowed near any men.

What Emma could not see, however, was the fascinating sight of her new Mistress's blindfolded husband who was standing between Emma's legs. Thrilled by the sexual games that his wife was unexpectedly playing, he found himself, his hands still tied behind his back, being alternatively invited to kiss his wife's lips and then her nipples, whilst she aroused him, squeezing his nipples and playing with his manhood, making him moan with pleasure.

Suddenly to her horror, Emma felt the man's manhood coming into erection between her outstretched legs. She could feel her Mistress tickling her beauty lips, feeling her to make certain she was nice and wet - and ready. Oh the shame! Emma felt her Mistress's fingers part her beauty lips and rub a little sexual lubricating oil inside her. Was she about to be taken by her Mistress's horrid little husband? But why like this?

She heard the husband give a further little cry of excitement as he felt his wife apparently rubbing his manhood against her own beauty lips.

Suddenly she felt her Mistress guide the manhood between her beauty lips. Little did her husband suspect that they were those of another girl. Ashamed, Emma could feel her own body reacting.

Then she gasped under her gag, as the manhood suddenly thrust up into her.

As it began to move to and fro she realised that her Mistress must be embracing her husband round the neck, holding his body to herself - and his manhood into Emma. She could hear them crying out little endearments in Portuguese, as the husband moved in and out of Emma's body, his arousal increasing with every moment.

Blindfolded as he was, with his hands tied behind his back as a joke, he was still unaware that his manhood was not inside the body of his wife but inside that of his wife's new English maidservant.

It was the feel of his wife's lovely body that was exciting him so. She hardly ever let him make love to her - and yet here she was playing love games with him. Who was he to object to being blindfolded and having his hands tied?

Suddenly he erupted. Emma tried to scream as she felt his seed shooting up inside her. But her gag still kept her silent, just as her bonds kept her still and the sheet kept her hidden.

She felt the soft manhood withdraw.

She heard her Mistress and her husband exchanging kisses and murmurs of love - in Portuguese. She would have been astonished if she had understood what her Mistress was saying.

'Darling, I think you may have made me conceive the son you so much want,' she said, as throwing on a wrap, she led her still blindfolded

husband out of the room and into his dressing room at the end of the corridor.

Meanwhile, a helpless Emma could feel the seed slipping up inside her. She remembered Marta's description of her horror as she had felt the black brute's seed slipping up inside her.

Impatiently she waited for her Mistress to return and to wash it all out. But when she did return she did no such thing. Instead, Emma felt her Mistress simply pull the chain mail pouch of the breeding belt down again over her beauty lips and, passing the rear cord up again between her buttocks, re-lock the belt tightly in place.

She would not be able to get at herself. Oh my God!

But worse was to follow, for Francesca had not watched several performances in Carmen's mating pit for nothing. She knew the importance that was attached there to the beating that the Black Inquisitor always gave to a girl in the pit immediately after she had been covered.

'My predecessors here in the days of slavery,' she used to say, 'felt that a good beating warmed the girl up, got her blood racing and so enhanced the chances of conception.'

As Carmen's stud farm was nearby, Francesca had, with Carmen's enthusiastic cooperation, made her plans accordingly. She now rang a bell.

Into the room, from the annex in which he had been patiently and secretly waiting, now stepped the sinister figure of the Black Inquisitor. In his hand was the dreaded rubber Conception Paddle with its bamboo handle.

He nodded to Francesca and without a word went up to the bed across which Emma, still gagged and half hidden under the sheets, was lying with her hands tied behind her back. Silently he unfastened her ankles, turned her over, and re-fastened her ankles. She was now tied down again - but this time bending over, with her buttocks nicely presented for the paddle.

Emma gasped under her gag as she caught a glimpse of the dreaded figure of the Inquisitor. Seconds later she screamed behind her gag as Inquisitor impassively laid on he first on the ten well spaced out strokes ...

Three days later Carmen's Japanese male midwife, the Vet, came over and did a test. Yes, he assured the smiling Francesca, Emma was had clearly conceived.

40 - EMMA REALISES THE TRUTH

A few weeks later, long after her new Mistress's husband had returned to Sao Paulo, Emma was preparing her breakfast. It was still early morning and she had just been sick. She wondered what she had eaten.

Lying back in her sumptuous bed, Francesca looked at her new maid as she brought in her breakfast tray. Terrified by the threat of the

Black Inquisitor being invited back, the English girl had made a very satisfactory pleasure girl and maidservant.

She saw the girl was looking a little white.

'Are you all right, girl?' she asked in her good English with a slight Brazilian accent.

'I was a little sick this morning, Madam. I don't know what it was but I'm all right now.

Francesca smiled, remembering how the Vet had assured her that Emma had tested positive, even though she did not yet know it. Now she had had her first morning sickness. Wonderful!

She, Francesca, must now start pretending to have morning sicknesses, too - and tell all her friends of her good fortune. Her fausse couche must now start, mimicking exactly everything that happened in Emma's real maternity. Her false pregnancy must be a realistic one - so that no one, and especially not her husband, would ever suspect that the son that Emma would be producing for her was not hers. So as not to arouse any suspicions later, the fact that Emma was pregnant must be kept secret.

Yes, she decided, she would stick to her plan. She would keep Emma on her plantation as her maidservant for the time being - until her tummy could no longer be hidden. Meanwhile, however, she must give a party to celebrate the news of her own interesting condition. And to make it more piquant she would have Emma, dressed as an English parlour maid, help serve the food and drinks.

It was a gay and typically Brazilian scene. A small band was playing in the corner of the large terrace. Young couples were dancing in the moonlight. Others were sipping Champagne and helping themselves from the delicious buffet.

Surrounding a long silk-covered couch was a small crowd of well-wishers. Lying on the couch and holding her proud husband's hand, was an artificially wan-looking Francesca. Behind the couch stood Emma, dressed as a maid, with a high necked white blouse hiding her shiny metal collar - the same one as she had worn since arriving at Carmen 's stud farm.

Occasionally Francesca, wearing a long lose gown of green silk, would put her and to her tummy. There would be murmurs of sympathy from her friends. No one guessed that it was not the resting Francesca who was in an interesting condition but the bustling Emma - though she did not yet know it.

Emma's role was to anticipate her Mistress's every desire, fetch little plates of delicacies and enable her, the delicate future mother, not to move. It was a role that she that she had already learnt to carry out very well - thanks to the ever present threat of a return visit by the Black Inquisitor and his whip.

The guests were almost as fascinated by their hostess's new English maidservant as they were in her Mistress's interesting condition. Little did

they imagine that Francesca's pregnancy was false and that it was Emma, still unknown to her, who was now in an expectant state.

Emma had, of course, thought about escaping from her new Mistress's plantation, but to her dismay she had found that the plantation house was surrounded by the same underground wiring as Carmen's stud farm. If she ever tried to go beyond the close confines of the house alone, she was halted by a series of unbearable electric shocks from her collar.

Clearly, she thought, escape from Francesca's plantation was as impossible as it had been from Carmen's stud farm. In any case, here just there, she had no money, no passport and only the vaguest idea where she was. And she was locked into a chain mail purity belt

It was soon after this party that Emma felt the first little kicks. At first she ignored them, but soon they made her realise, to her horror, that her suspicions that she might, to use the stud farm's cruel expression, be in-foal were confirmed. But why she wondered. Why?

She learnt why, a few hours later, when she was standing in front of her new Mistress, naked except for the shiny chain mail belt.

'Oh, yes,' said Francesca, speaking in English and running her hands over Emma's now slightly curved little belly and down over the chain mail pouch, 'this beautiful English aristocrat is going to be made to bear me a son and heir by my husband - and no one will ever know that it's not mine!'

'My God!' cried Emma as she realised the truth. Against her will, she was going to be used as a secret surrogate mother by a rich woman. It was unbelievable. 'No! No! I won't do it.'

'Oh yes, you will,' smiled Francesca. 'I've paid enough for the use of your aristocratic body.'

'But you can't make me do it!'

Francesca smiled again. 'Oh yes I can - and thanks to your locked breeding belt, there's nothing you'll be able to do about it. Nothing will get past that close mesh of that chain mail belt to harm my son!'

'Oh!' cried Emma. Was she really was going to be made, against her will, to go through with it? How awful! Had Ursula included her in her team of girls so that she could be offered for just such a purpose? Had she and Carmen planned it all? A blond English aristocratic being forced to act as a surrogate mother!

'And as my ladies' maid, you'll be the only person here who will know that I'm not really pregnant. Your state is going to be hidden for the first few months under a corset ... but not mine.'

She told Emma to open a cupboard. Hanging there were several artificial rubber tummies that could be slipped over a real one. Worn to next to her skin and under real maternity clothes, they would enable Francesca to give a very realistic impression of being pregnant. Each artificial tummy would produce an apparently increasingly swollen belly and she would wear them in turn as her false pregnancy developed.

'And' Francesca said, 'as my ladies' maid, only you will know about these. To the outside world, Carmen has simply kindly agreed that the Vet will keep an eye on me and deliver my child and that her Head Nurse will then supervise its upbringing. But, of course, it won't be me that they'll be supervising - but you!'

Emma gasped in horror. Francesca smiled cruelly.

'And, what will make it all the more amusing, is that after you have secretly delivered my son and it has been put into my arms, I will use you as his wet nurse - a wet nurse for your own secret child. And, officially, I will just have had your milk brought on artificially especially so that you can feed my child.'

Emma gave a little sob of despair. Francesca and Carmen had worked it all out. There was just nothing she could do.

'And finally,' went on Francesca, 'just remember that one word from you to my friends or husband, even hinting that you are the real mother and I'll have the Black Inquisitor to give you the thrashing of your life.'

'Oh my God,' cried in Emma in genuine alarm, as she remembered her previous thrashings from that huge brute of a man. 'No, Madam, not that! Please! I'll do anything ... I'll go through with it ... I will ... I will!'

'Oh yes, Emma you will. You certainly will,' agreed her Mistress.

41 - KEPT AT LIVERY

It was several months later and it was getting increasingly difficult for Francesca to hide Emma's state. It was therefore time, she decided, for Emma to be sent back to the Stud Farm.

To make sure that Emma's state remained a secret from Francesca's neighbouring plantation owners, whilst her own false pregnancy developed, Emma would not be put back into the normal stables, but would be kept hidden away at livery - in the Livery Stables.

As Carmen had explained to Ursula when she arrived, she kept her livery business in the Livery Stables in the former cells of the Punishment Block, quite separate from the stud farm. It was here, in the old days, that recalcitrant young women, white and mestizo, or women specially sent there by local plantation owners to be punished, were kept locked up.

Now, as then, it was supervised by he Black Inquisitor and provided a different but also profitable service to her clients. Unlike the girls in the stables, those at livery were not shown to other clients.

Indeed, these days some clients, men and women, used Carmen's Livery Stables simply as somewhere where they could discreetly send a girl for secret safekeeping whilst, for instance, they went abroad or went to stay with friends or relations, who might be shocked if they arrived with a girl in tow. Meanwhile the client could relax, knowing that the girl would be kept well disciplined and not be able to run away.

Other clients, mainly women, would send a girl there to be mated with a particular stud, knowing that that Carmen's Stud Groom could be relied on to prepare the girl properly for a private performance in the Mating Pit. The girl's Mistress would invite friends to come and watch the spectacle. Once it was confirmed that they had conceived, her Mistress usually then took her home to show her off to more friends.

Sometimes a client would send a girl who had be caught out being unfaithful to her Master or Mistress, either with another man or another girl, to be punished by the Black Inquisitor. Being thrashed by him twice a day for ten days, or even a week, rarely failed to cure even the most licentious girl of daring to deceive her Master or Mistress again.

Instead of being kept in a row of stalls, the girls in the Livery Stables were kept in rubber-floored cages. The cages were rather like those off Ursula's bedroom, with bricked back and sides and a barred front with a small sliding door.

Another door in the back wall, allowed the grooms to come in and clean out the cage. They also had a heavy curtain that could be drawn across the front bars to hide a girl from visiting clients other than her own owner.

As in the Stud Farm Stables, the girls were kept naked except a short stable cape and, for greater security, they were similarly kept chained by the neck to a ring set in the floor of the cage.

Alongside the Livery Stables was a private exercise yard, surrounded by a high wall, where the girls were taken twice to a day - to be made by the Black Inquisitor and his long lunging whip to run round and round - exercised like horses at livery during a cold snap.

The Black Inquisitor grinned as Francesca's cross-country car drove up to the private entrance to the Livery Stables. As always he was carrying his whip. Francesca watched approvingly as the big black man opened the car door and silently bared the collar round Emma's neck before snapping a lead onto the ring at the back of it.

Then he gave it a tug and, cracking his whip, drove her through the Livery Stables door and into a bare whitewashed corridor.

Emma gasped as she saw, facing her, a large old-fashioned grille made of square cut metal bars. It reminded her of the entrance to an old fashioned jail - which was exactly what it was.

The Black Inquisitor fitted a large key into a similarly barred gate in the grille and unlocked it. Again he cracked his whip and Emma quickly ran through the door. She found herself in a winding bare stone corridor.

Urged on by the Black Inquisitor, she passed several dungeon-like cells, each with a similar old-fashioned iron grille across the front of the cell. A thick curtain had been drawn across some of the grilles and she could hear metallic clanking noises coming from behind the curtains. Was there someone or some animal, behind them, Emma wondered anxiously.

She saw a very pretty half naked and almost white girl looking out into the corridor from behind the bars of one of the cells. Like Emma herself, she too was collared with a heavy chain going from her collar to a big ring set in the bare wall behind her. She was muzzled and she looked at Emma piteously.

The girl moved and Emma was shocked to see that pressing against the bars of her cell, under her short little open cape, was a swollen belly. The girl, like herself, was Expecting a Happy Event, as Ursula would have cruelly called it - cruelly because the shiny chain mail breeding belt, locked round the girl's loins clearly prevented her from interfering with what Nature, or rather the girl's Master or Mistress, intended. Just like me, she thought bitterly.

Nearly every day, Francesca would drive over to the Stud Farm to gloat over Emma's real live pregnancy. With the curtains on the other cages discreetly drawn. Emma would be ordered to press against the bars of her cage, so that her Mistress could see and feel her state.

By now Francesca was feeling that Emma's progeny really was her own - a feeling that was enhanced when once week Carmen's Japanese Vet would bring his mobile ultra sound scanner to Emma's cage. Francesca would be delighted as her future little son was displayed on the screen.

Because of the importance of hiding Emma's state, Francesca was determined to resist the temptation to enter her for any more races. Instead she would enjoy watching Emma being exercised by the Black Inquisitor on a long lunging rein in the special livery exercise yard. It also helped her to copy the way that Emma now had to walk and run.

42 - CARMEN SHOWS OFF HER EUROPEAN BROOD MARES

With Emma safely locked up in the Livery Stables, Carmen was also enjoying showing off Ursula's other girls to visiting clients. Their very presence had increased the number of visitors - and enabled her to charge more.

These European girls in the special races for in-foal brood mares had also greatly increased the popularity of the Race Meetings.

'These,' Carmen was now saying to a party of visitors as they came up to the adjoining stalls of Mizzi and Maria, 'are our prize brood mares, a rare item indeed, a European thoroughbred mare and her filly - and both in foal to the same local stallion: Hercules, the huge Negro.'

As always, this produced cries of wonder and astonishment from the delighted visitors. At a sign from Carmen, the Stud Groom raised his whip and gestured to both women to come forward and stand with their toes gripping the edge of their stalls and their heads held back by their now taut collar chains, so that their bellies were now thrust forward.

'And furthermore, thanks to a course of our fertility pills, both are now expecting twins - black twin fillies. Feel them for yourself!'

Before the eager clients began to feel the two proffered bellies, the Stud Groom quickly fastened both women's wrists to the ring at the back of their collars - to make sure that neither of the women could attack, nor even merely scratch, any of the curious visitors. Then he unfastened the front of their cape-like stable rugs and threw them back over their shoulders - displaying their now naked swollen bellies and breasts.

Carmen went on, 'white women, freshly arrived from Europe, played an important role in the old slave breeding farms - and they play a important role in this modern human stud farm, too. And, of course, crossing a mother and daughter with the same stallion greatly speeded up establishing a successful breeding line of slaves.'

'And now?' queried one of the visitors, as she stroked the trembling Maria's curved bare belly.

'In this day and age, too,' replied Carmen, 'the owners of coffee plantations still want to "adopt" little girls with the right temperament for the work. In this case crossing our mother and daughter with Hercules is intended to produce a new line of girls who will inherit their father's strength and resilience and their mother's intelligence and looks. And by putting a mother and daughter to the same prize sire we can quickly and safely produce pedigree progeny who are both sisters and cousins to each other.'

The clients in turn ran their hands over Mizzi or Maria's bellies.

'And just as, in the old days, the stamina of a brood mare was tested in the human dogcart races, so too we test that of our modern brood mares on the racetrack. And these two, mother and daughter, pulling a dog cart side by side, have done very well and have won several times - thanks in part, no doubt, to the spirited urging of their driver's whip. They'll be racing again this coming weekend, so come and see them perform on the race-track.'

Carmen smiled to herself as she saw that this was a highly popular suggestion. Indeed the sight of the mother and daughter, identically bitted and bridled, with their curved white bellies contrasting with the coffee coloured ones of their mestizo stable companions, made a fine erotic sight. It became even more erotic when, urged on by their driver's whip applied to both their bare backs, head plumes swaying, long tails, attached to the plugs up their backsides, swishing, they strained to pull their little dog cart.

What a great success Ursula's girls were proving. Indeed, she had already written to her suggesting she should bring out another team of girls.

'Now, over here,' went on Carmen, leading the way to the stall in which Carla was chained, 'we've got a European girl who've we crossed with our Amazonian Indian stallion. She's exceptionally tall and this should make up for the small size of the sire. As you can see she's also exceptionally buxom and we hope that this too will be inherited by her two little girls, too.'

Once again the sight of the proffered belly and breasts fascinated the clients.

'With her large breasts swinging she makes a fine sight on the racetrack. We allow buxom girls a special handicap and she's been a winner, too.'

A few minutes later it was the turn of Heidi and Suzy's swollen bellies to be shown off.

'Now these two sisters,' explained Carmen, 'have both been crossed with our mestizo stallion and it'll be interesting to see how their progeny turn out. Well, as you see, we won't have long to wait. Like the others they'll soon be performing in the Foaling Box. Why not come and see them?'

Carmen let her admiring clients spend a little time examining the two Hungarian sisters and asking about their performance on the racetrack. Then she led the way down the passageway to where Fifi was now standing chained in a stall amongst mestizo girls whose bellies, like hers, were only just showing.

'This European mare is an interesting case. Like many of the old European indentured servants who arrived in Brazil already in-foal, she did too - having been put to a Negro wrestler in England. She foaled several months ago and her progeny sold well - for adoption. Now she's in foal again, this time to our young black stallion. And we hope that her new progeny will be as popular as her first ones.'

But of all this Emma, kept locked up in the livery stables was, of course, blissfully ignorant.

43 - A STRANGE DELIVERY

Francesca was lying happily in her bed, making little moaning noises to match those that were coming from the annexe off her bedroom, where Emma was lying. She was looking suitably wan.

Emma had been secretly brought back from Carmen's livery stables to deliver Francesca's new son - which she was now doing under the Vet's experienced eye, with Carmen's Head Nurse also in attendance.

Suddenly there was a shriek that was dutifully echoed by Francesca. Minutes later Carmen's Head Nurse came in with a tiny wrapped up baby.

'He's a lovely boy,' she said as she handed the child to Francesca.

Later that day, a party of Francesca's excited women friends came to congratulate her and see her newborn son. The door to the annexe was firmly locked as they cooed and admired the healthy little creature that she was happily cradling in her arms.

'He looks just like his father,' said one.

'And like his mother,' added another innocently.

'A real little aristocrat,' enthused another, equally innocently, pointing to his blue eyes and blonde hair - something that was rare in Brazil.

The Head Nurse let them continue congratulating Francesca and admiring her son and then clapped her hands.

'Now you mustn't tire our lovely new mother,' she said officiously, as she bustled the visitors out of the room.

When they had all left, she unlocked the door to the annexe. She took the little creature from Francesca who, abandoning her former pretended state of exhaustion, jumped out of bed and followed her to where Emma was lying - now recovering from her ordeal.

Eagerly Emma tried to take the baby into her arms, but the Head Nurse drew him back.

'You not mother,' she said harshly in her broken English. 'You just wet nurse. You not bond with baby, only mother does.'

Then, watched by Francesca, she made Emma kneel up on all fours on the bed and pulled down her nightdress, baring her breasts, which now hung down below her. Then she placed the helpless little creature beneath the hanging breasts.

It reminded Emma sadly of how, watched by Carmen's laughing clients, she had to feed her foster foals, again on all fours, when she was first put into Carmen's stables, having already been artificially brought into milk. Now she was in milk again - but this time naturally.

'Let baby feed,' ordered the Head Nurse. 'But you not touch him!'

Emma lowered herself so first one of her nipples and then the other was offered to the gurgling child. Oh, how she longed to pick him and hold her to her breast, but she did not dare so.

Psychologically, her new role as a mere wet nurse to her own child had been impressed on her. In future Francesca would ring for her and hand her little son to Emma to be fed - or make her feed him in front of her friends.

And the all the time she knew that even if she ever merely hinted at being the real mother, then the dreaded Black Inquisitor would be summoned to thrash the living daylights out of her.

PART IX – EPILOGUE

EMMA GOES HOME

For two months Francesca had enjoyed boastfully showing off her use of a beautiful upper class Englishwoman as her newborn son's nanny and wet nurse.

Whenever her admiring lady friends came to visit her and to ask after her child, Francesca would ring for the blushing and embarrassed Emma to bring in her son. Then she would order Emma to unbutton her blouse and, with her collar still hidden, offer her milk-laden breasts to the little creature.

'Oh clever of you, Francesca,' the visitors would enthuse, 'to use one of Carmen's new European girls as a wet nurse. And isn't he thriving on her milk!'

Unable to understand what was being said in Portuguese, Emma would be going through a torment of humiliation and resentment. She adored her little ward, her own son and hated having to pretend merely to be its wet nurse.

It was even worse when Carmen came over.

'Is your wet nurse behaving?' she would ask in English so that Emma would understand. 'If you any trouble from her, just let me know and I'll send the Black Inquisitor over to apply his whip to her little bottom!'

It was a terrifying threat.

One day Carmen brought two visitors over with her. They were Ursula and Sabhu.

Emma scarcely knew how to react. On the one hand she hated Ursula for having tricked her into what had happened - and for probably having made a lot of money out of it. But she also knew that she was putty in the hands of her long-standing and ruthless Mistress - and was scared stiff of Sabhu. .

Ursula's eyes glittered as she saw the humiliating and degrading situation that Emma was in - just what she had wanted. Oh, how she laughed cruelly as she saw Emma having to offer her nipples in public to what was secretly her own child.

Yes, Ursula was thinking, what a profitable business it had been - hiring out Emma for secret use as a surrogate mother.

But now it was time for Emma to hand her child over to a mestizo girl and for Sabhu to take her back to England where her husband would shortly be arriving. She had, of course, arranged for Sabhu to give her an injection to dry up her milk...

'Well! Don't you think Emma's looking well,' Ursula was saying to John, the day he arrived back at his home after being away for over a year. Ursula had invited herself down to hand Emma over to him -

not, she smiled to herself, that the booby would realise that that was what she was doing.

Reluctantly she would also have to take off Emma's chastity belt, the same chain mail belt that had served so well as a breeding belt out in Brazil. But before doing and thus releasing Emma for her husband's bed, she would first make sure that Emma came to pleasure her in the guest room.

'Yes, she looks wonderful. Don't you darling?' replied John, looking admiringly at his wife. He turned to Ursula. 'How kind of you to have looked after her so well whilst I was abroad - and to have kept her busy helping you with your exhibitions.'

Looked after her so well! Kept her busy! Exhibitions! The words made Emma inwardly rage. The only exhibitions she had taken part in was that of showing off to a crowd of chattering Brazilians her milk-laden breasts and, more discreetly, her swelling belly.

But there was no point in making a fuss now. Anyway, who here in the English countryside would ever believe what she had seen and been through, first in Ursula's house under Sabhu's tutelage and then in Brazil, in a real live human stud farm? All that mattered now was to make sure that John never learned what had happened to her and how she had been made to provide a son for a Brazilian millionairess.

Then her mind turned to her former companions, still forced to be unwilling, but much prized, brood mares in Carmen's dreadful human stud farm. And still earning money for Ursula. Poor things!

THE END