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URSULA'S DISCIPLINE
or
Emma's Unexpected Progeny

by ALLAN ALDISS

A NEW UNEXPURGATED VERSION
of the best selling erotic novel
"EMMA'S HUMILIATION"

BOOK ONE

This is a new and unexpurgated Internet version of the popular book "EMMA'S HUMILIATION" by Allan Aldiss (writing as Hilary James), published by Nexus. In this book Ursula, and her sinister assistant, Doctor Anna, had some rather special plans for Emma and her companions. But the full horrors, including some rather unusual forced maternities, had to be censored in the published version.

However, they are all described here in unexpurgated detail. Indeed, this is a story to satisfy all sophisticated tastes: caged women; a strict black overseer; forced breeding including an auction of girls for puppy breeding; dominant lovers including both lesbians and bull fighters; a strict punishment school for naughty young women; and life in a terrifying Middle Eastern harem.

"Emma's Humiliation", following on from "Emma's Secret Diaries", "Emma Enslaved", "Emma's Secret World" and "Emma's Submission" was the fifth book in the best selling and erotic Secret World Series, published by Nexus. They described the erotic adventures of Emma, a young married woman in the power of Ursula, a strict and terrifyingly ruthless woman who demands complete obedience from her girls and makes sure that she gets it.

Astonishing as it may seem, this unexpurgated version tells the true story of what happened, for both Emma and Ursula really exist,

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PART I

PROLOGUE

Sabhu checks his charges

'Bellies!' ordered Sabhu slowly in his strong Haitian accent, half French, half Caribbean, speaking into the microphone by the side of his bed.

He was lying back, resting, in his comfortably furnished room in Ursula's London house. His jet black skin contrasted sharply with the spotless white linen sheets.

A rattling of manacle chains came from the loudspeaker as the girls hastily crawled to the front of their low cages in the next door attic. The noise had been picked up by the little microphone hanging down in front of the line of cages.

Sabhu put down his magazine and glanced at the big monitoring screen as the special closed circuit television camera, high up in the corner of the next door attic, automatically trained down the line of cages. He checked that the girls had all dutifully put down their dolls and were now kneeling up in their low cages, their manacled hands gripping the bars of their cages, and their bare bellies pressed up against the bars.

He smiled at the thought that each of these girls had been seduced by Miss de Vere. In love with their strict Mistress, each had found the idea of being kept by her in a cage in her house to be very exciting.

Little, however, had the unsuspecting creatures imagine that, once caged, they would be under the supervision of a black, Haitian, former circus animal trainer! Nor that their Mistress would offer them to be sponsored, in different ways, by her lady friends and clients.

He smiled again as he saw how the bellies of the girls in the first three cages were prettily swollen. Yes, they were all coming along nicely - and the girls' delighted sponsors would tip him well!

He also checked that, to help Miss de Vere's lady clients identify a girl of their choice, they still had the number of their cage prettily painted on their chins in black indelible ink. It was the nearest thing to a permanent tattoo.

Yes, he thought, these white women were now remarkably well disciplined - like the teams of performing animals he used to train in his circus days.

Except for Number Four, Emma, all Miss de Vere's girls were from Eastern Europe and spoke little or no English. Sabhu had, therefore, to train them to recognise and obey a limited number of simple words of command.

It was a training in which his long dressage whip, with its little red tassel, played a significant role. The actual words, that the girls had been taught to obey, were written down on a list which was given to the clients, to help them obtain full satisfaction from their chosen girl.

'Capes!' he ordered slowly in his strong Haitian accent, half French, half Caribbean.

There was a rattle of chains as each girl unfastened the strap of her short cape round her neck, baring her breasts.

'Off!' he ordered and each girl obediently slipped her cape off her bare shoulders and hung it up carefully on a hook on the right side of her cage. He liked the cages all to look alike.

'Breasts!' The girls were all now again kneeling up in the front of their cages, their manacled hands again gripping the bars. But this time their now naked breasts were pressed through the bars. Their eyes were submissively lowered.

They made, he felt, a perfect picture of disciplined white womanhood - thanks to his much feared whip!

Sabhu pressed a button on the control and the camera zoomed in on Cage 1.

Number One was a pretty eighteen year old Hungarian girl, who lost in the West, had readily, if rashly, entered the service of her seductress, Miss de Vere.

Just how rash she had been was well illustrated by the naked belly she was pressing against the bars of her cage. It was pretty, but very swollen. The girl was going through the trauma of an enforced pregnancy.

Enforced? Sabhu smiled as he looked down below her swollen belly. To prevent her girls from masturbating behind her back, Miss de Vere, like many of her friends, always kept her girls locked into a leather or thick rubber chastity belt with a plastic grille over the girl's beauty lips. But in the case of the girls in the first three cages, the chastity belt had been replaced by a shiny chain mail breeding belt.

This was a simple belt, specially designed to prevent a girl from interfering with her growing progeny and to make her carry them right through to delivery.

The pouch-like, triangular shaped, breeding belt was held tightly in place over the girl's beauty lips by three small chains, two round her hips and one up

between her buttocks, that in turn were locked together by a small, but strong looking, padlock in the small of her back.

The mesh of the chain mail breeding belt was tightly interwoven. Just as the grille of a chastity belt prevented a girl from touching her beauty bud or lips with a finger or a vibrator, so the chain mail of a breeding belt prevented a girl, destined for a Happy Surprise, as Ursula ironically called it, from interfering with the unwanted progeny growing inside her.

In both cases, however, a girl could still pass her liquid wastes through the grille or the chain mail.

Together with her friend, the sinister German Doctor Anna, Miss de Vere, was providing a much sought-after service for her fellow dominant lesbian ladies.

They all found the idea of imposing the thrills and traumas of motherhood on a pretty girl to be very exciting, especially if at first the girl did not suspect what was happening to her. For the sponsor, who had chosen the girl and who had paid for her "treatment" the feeling of power was mind blowing.

Sabhu shifted the scene on his monitor to Cage 2. There a very pretty, petite, seventeen year old, Romanian brunette, with lovely soft eyes, was nervously gripping the bars. She was nervous, because she had just that very morning had her first morning sickness.

'Just a little indigestion,' Sabhu had reassured the girl, whilst carefully feeling her belly and letting her belt out a notch.

The sponsor of girl Number Two was an elegant, slim woman, an Arab Princess, who had paid an equally large sum to have Number Two Specially Sponsored, as Miss de Vere termed it. She had asked Doctor Anna to use the seed of a dwarf, for she was very interested in breeding them in her desert home. She wanted twin boys and, unknown to the girl, was going to get them - thanks in this case to Doctor Anna's expertise in IVF, In Vitro Fertilisation.

For centuries, dwarfs had played a part in the harems and palaces of the Middle East, but their successful breeding was always difficult because of the very smallness of the female dwarfs.

Now the Princess she was experimenting with a European mother - something she had wanted to do for a long time.

Soon she would be taking Number Two, back to her palace. There, branded with her Mistress's crest on her buttocks, she would disappear for ever, to be used again and again in her dwarf breeding pens - when not being shown off to her Mistress's Arab lady friends as her white personal attendant, or being used for her Mistress's private sport.

Sabhu laughed, as he moved the television camera on to Cage 3. Now, thanks to the miracles of modern medicine, is was not only normal maternities that Doctor Anna could offer to Miss de Vere's fascinated clients!

The inmate of Cage 3 was an attractive, thirty year old, Polish girl. It was only month since a client had paid to have her mated. But already, Sabhu could see that, above her shiny chain mail breeding belt, her belly was as prettily swollen as that of Number One who had been "treated" over six months ago!

How come, wealthy lady visitors to the cages would ask in astonishment. Yes, Sabhu would explain with a secret wink, there was indeed a difference between the Special Sponsorship of Numbers One and Two and what Miss de Vere termed the Extra Special Sponsorship of Number Three!

Numbers One and Two were having a normal maternity - normal that is, except for it being a forced one and the unusual nature of the respective sires.

However Number Three's motherhood, he would whisper so that none of the girls could hear, was based on the experiments that Doctor Anna had carried out whilst serving as a Medical Officer in prison camp in Eastern Europe for young female political dissidents. It was going to be quite different - and very much quicker, for the Number Three's little progeny were going to be quite different! But they were going to be as much sought after by her sponsor as that of the other two girls!.

It was an explanation that left the visitors open mouthed and desperate to learn more. In particular, they were wondering whether it was a technique that could be readily applied to their own girls, too?

Sabhu moved the camera onto Cage 4, the one that housed Emma.

She was, of course, only a temporary inmate, but she was very popular with Miss de Vere's lady clients. They found that the idea of a caged, and manacled, young married Englishwoman woman being made to pleasure them, was thrilling!

What a pity, he thought, that her little belly was still firm and flat. It seemed to be almost crying out to be sponsored!

However, he knew that Miss de Vere had to be careful here because of the girl's husband. He might be abroad for a lot of the time - but not for nine months on end!

However, he had heard Doctor Anna whispering that in view of the apparent success of the technique used on Number Three and the fact that it only took two months, perhaps ...

'Well,' Miss de Vere had replied, 'it sounds just what we should think about trying out on our little Emma, too. Quite apart from my women friends, some men would also pay a large sum to have her Extra Specially Sponsored - and made to go through with it! We must devise a suitable occasion - a Special Event!'

Sabhu's eyes had glistened.

'However,' Miss de Vere had gone on, 'I think that thanks to my German friend, Ingrid, we might well soon have one - and one that could involve the remaining girls, too!'

Sabhu switched the camera to Cage 5.

He chuckled as he saw how her well displayed naked breasts. Held and supported by the two straps that linked her chastity belt to the front of her collar, were showing the distinctive blue veins and prominent nipples of a girl in milk.

She had been sponsored to be brought into milk, thanks, unknown to her, to a course of Doctor Anna's special powders - also developed by her in the woman's prison camp. The client had been delighted as Sabhu coaxed the girl's breasts into producing a steadily increasing flow.

There was, he knew, no lack of rich clients willing to pay to sponsor a girl of their choice in this way - and the more milk the girl produced, the greater his tips from her delighted sponsor.

Although, of course, the girl's milk was primarily reserved for her sponsor, in her absence, other lady clients had been only too delighted to pay extra for her services. Indeed, Miss de Vere herself also much enjoyed being pleasured by her.

He laughed to himself as he remembered how simple it had been. After the girl had been selected and the client had paid the initial sponsorship fee, then he had discreetly slipped Doctor Anna's powder into the girl's yoghurt.

Soon the unsuspecting girl had been mystified as her breasts excitingly filled and firmed. No talking was allowed in the cages, and she had been unable to discuss it with the other girls. She had been further amazed when her swollen breasts had started to produced milk.

Sabhu smiled again, remembering how early that morning he had, as usual, strapped the girl to the bars of her cage so that she was kneeling up, her breasts thrust through the bars. Her hands were fastened above her head so that she could not interfere with what was now going to happen.

Then he had wheeled his portable milking machine up to her cage and had fastened the two pulsating rubber suckers onto her nervously quivering nipples. The girl had learnt to love its slow sucking and pulsating action. Indeed she now loved being in milk and being taken downstairs on a lead by Sabhu, her manacles clanking, to offer her milk to their sponsor - or, better still, to their beloved Mistress.

He had found the machine excellent initially for quickly bringing on the milk of a girl after she had been sponsored, and later, used every morning, for ensuring a good flow - and for measuring it.

It was amusing how proud the girls in milk were of their state and how they competed against each other to produce the most milk - and the sweetest, with each one anxiously awaiting her Mistress's verdict after she had tried out each one's milk with her morning coffee and muesli.

And now she, too, might be used in this new Special Event!

Moving the television camera onto the next cage, Sabhu could not helping smiling as he saw the extraordinarily elongated nipples of the buxom Number Six. She had been sponsored to have her nipples lengthened - with the delighted client paying more for each millimetre that he achieved.

This was a technique that Doctor Anna had also perfected in her prison camp days - fitting over the nipple a little rubber tube attached to a rubber bag which on being squeezed produced a vacuum which pulled out the nipple to a quite extraordinary extent.

Initially, to get the right effect, Sabhu had kept the rubber tubes on for half an hour twice daily - with the girl blindfolded so that she could not see what was being done to her and with her hands again chained above her head to prevent her from interfering. But twice a week was now sufficient to keep her nipples nice and long.

It was a technique that fascinated the clients - as well as the sponsor. They would willingly pay more both to watch it being done and to enjoy a girl who had been sponsored in this way. And as for the girl concerned, she was partly ashamed at what had had been done to her, but also a proud of her bosom and in particular of having nipples so much longer and more prominent than the other girls!

But she was ready now for a fresh new sponsorship - and the Special Event could provide it! It could well provide a splendid use for her large firm breasts and almost animal like nipples!

Sabhu stopped the camera when it slowly trained past Number Seven. He zoomed the camera in for a closer look. Then he grunted with satisfaction. There was no sign of any re-growth on her exotically glistening bald head.

She had been sponsored to have her head shaved and then given laser treatment by Doctor Anna to keep it shiny and bald. It had been quite a scene as, in front of the delighted sponsor and her friends, he had carefully shaved off the sobbing girl's beautiful long hair and eye brows. Then he had applied a stronger version of the depilatory cream that he used on all the girls' mounds and beauty lips.

The final effect was to give the girl an impersonal, strangely inhuman and almost animal-like look. It made the girl very popular, not only with the sponsor and with Miss de Vere herself, but also with the other clients as well.

Not only was it a highly erotic sight in itself, but many clients felt that a shiny bald little cranium gave more intense pleasure when gripped between their thighs than one covered with long hair. Indeed, the sponsor was happily paying for each month for which the girl was kept perfectly and beautifully bald.

The sponsor had been even more delighted when later he had tattooed a large figure "7" onto the girl's now shiny cranium, to match the number painted on her chin.

Some of the girls clients might use her sitting up in an arm chair, others lying back in bed. In both cases they would have an additional excitement when the well trained girl, her manacles clanking, crawled between their legs and started to pleasure them.

They might not now be able to see the number painted on her chin. Instead they would have the erotic thrill of looking down and seeing her number prominently tattooed on the top of the girl's carefully polished head as it dutifully nodded up and down, as , obeying the words of command, she alternatively licked and sucked their highly aroused beauty buds.

However it was time this girl, too, was offered for a new sponsorship. She, too, could be nice and ready for it at the Special Event!

The camera zoomed onto cage number 8. It was empty now, but Miss de Vere had told him that she had her eye on a delightful young girl, who once seduced by her, would make a very suitable occupant of the cage.

Sabhu rubbed his hands at the thought of having a new girl to break in - and perhaps also get ready for the Special Event.

Sabhu nonchalantly picked up his magazine again.

'Relax!' he called out to the microphone.

He laughed as he heard the rattle of chains, and saw on he screen that the girls were crawling back and picking up their dolls again. They were the only things they had to play with in their bare cages, and were excellent for bringing on their maternal instincts. And this was something that might be useful for them all before long - and not merely for Numbers One to Three!

Yes, Sabhu decided, how lucky he was to be paid so well to do what he most enjoyed: controlling young white women.

PART II

EMMA IS USED

1 - EMMA'S TERRIFYING DILEMMA
(Taken from the end of "URSULA'S CAGED GIRLS")

It was Sunday evening. Ursula and Her Excellency were about to leave Emma's house for London, where Her Excellency was due to catch a plane back to Africa.

Ursula had sent for Emma and humiliatingly told Sabhu to make sure the chastity belt was properly locked on her. Oh, the frustration! But also, oh, the excitement of being under Ursula's complete control!

Emma could hear raised voices coming from Ursula's room. The door had been left slightly ajar. How exciting, she thought. What are Ursula and Her Excellency having a row about? About herself? Gosh! Like a naughty eavesdropping school girl, she crept along the corridor to listen to what her elders and betters were saying.

'Emma? Well ... She earns me a lot of money - and Doctor Anna has made rather special plans for her, as soon as her husband goes off abroad again for one of his longer trips away. But, if you too really want to borrow her, then I suppose we could compromise ... Let's see ... How long would you want her for? ... Why don't you simply see her on your visits to Europe? ... Anyway we can discuss all that further on the way to the airport. I'm going off abroad myself shortly for several weeks - though I haven't yet told Emma! Now let's get your baggage down into the car.'

Emma scuttled away, back to her room, her mind in a turmoil. They had been talking about using her as if she had no mind of her own - as if she was a mere slave! It was very exciting not knowing exactly just what was going to happen to her next, but this was too much!

She hardly knew which was a more frightening prospect: Doctor Anna's apparent special plans or being lent again to Her Excellency to take back to darkest Africa?

Oh, what did the future now hold in store? Could she take advantage of Ursula's forthcoming absence abroad?

Suddenly the telephone rang. It was her private line - the one she used in the privacy of her bedroom to make her humiliating reports to Sabhu and Ursula. Hardly any one knew the number. Who could it be?

Hesitantly she picked up the handset.

'Emma?' boomed a man's voice.

'Yes,' she said nervously, looking at the door. Ursula would be furious if she learned that she was taking a call from a man.

'Where the hell have you been? I've been trying to get hold of you for weeks!' went on Henry's loud distinctive voice.

Henry! It was Henry, her former lover, before he went off and got married. Henry! The only man who had ever thrilled and dominated her in the same exciting way as Ursula. She felt a sudden tingling sensation running through her body.

'I suppose you've been off with that bloody bitch Ursula! Has she got her claws into you again? Got you locked you up in a chastity belt has she?'

How did he know? Henry always seemed to guess everything.

'Yes,' she whispered.

'Yes, what?' boomed the voice again. 'You call me Sir - and don't forget it'

'Yes Sir!' whispered Emma, giving a frightened look at the still open door. But the tingling feeling was growing stronger. Oh Henry! Why did you disappear?

'That's better!' came Henry's voice. 'Now listen carefully. I'm in a hurry. Meet me at my Club in London for lunch next Tuesday. One o'clock sharp!'

'But ... ' Emma began to wail.

'No ifs or buts - just be there. And look pretty - and don't wear anything under your dress - unless you're still locked in that bitch's chastity belt! See you Tuesday!'

The phone went dead.

Emma heard footsteps coming down the corridor. Ursula! Guiltily she hastily put down the phone, her mind more in a turmoil than ever. But the exciting tingling feeling was almost overwhelming.

'Now, Emma, come and say goodbye to your Mistress,' she heard Ursula call out.

Her mind in a whirl, Emma rushed out into the corridor - and with a sob flung herself into her Mistress's arms.

'Oh you are being an affectionate little girl, Emma. Are you going to miss your Mistress very much? Well, I'll see you in London as usual next week and meanwhile don't forget to make all your daily reports to Sabhu.'

She paused and then looked at Emma curiously.

'And remember, no flirting with any man - or else, you'll get my cane, or Sabhu's whip. And you wont like that, will you?'

'Oh no Madam, I'll be a good little girl, I promise.'

'Good', replied Ursula mysteriously, ' because I'm planning a rather special surprise for you.'

Oh my God, Emma was thinking, now what am I to do?

2 - EMMA'S EXCITING ANTICIPATION

Emma was sitting alone on a large sofa in the ladies' drawing room of Henry's club, sipping a gin and tonic.

Outwardly, she looked a sophisticated young woman, smartly dressed, well groomed and very pretty, with a slim, petite figure and lovely honey coloured hair brushed back in a stylish bouffant way.

She had a vivacious and self confident air. Only her soft eyes might have betrayed her secret and deeply felt masochistic yearning to be utterly dominated and controlled - by man or a woman.

She appeared to be idly flicking through the latest Harpers and Queen. Indeed she recognised many of the people in it. She herself came from a well-known Irish family, and her husband John, dull scientist though he appeared to be, was well-connected in the county in which they lived. With her lively personality and outward going ways, Emma had quickly made a hit there.

In fact, however, she was scarcely looking at the magazine for her mind was in a torment of excitement and anticipation as she waited for Henry to arrive.

Indeed the idea of meeting him after all these months of being locked up in one of Ursula's cages, months in which Henry himself had actually got married, was so exciting that she had arrived an hour early to make sure that she really had escaped, albeit temporarily, from the clutches of Ursula.

She had thought she done so when her husband, John, had recently returned from another of his long trips abroad. Ursula, of course, had then had to send her home. Thrilled, she had imagined that she would be free again. But Ursula had cleverly got Doctor Anna to send John a note saying that Emma had been seriously ill and was still too weak to carry out her conjugal duties. Instead, she would have to sleep in her own bedroom.

This had enabled Ursula to keep Emma - still humiliatingly locked up in her chastity belt and under her control. It was indeed a wonderful feeling of power - not allowing one of her girls to have any sexual relations with her own husband, despite living in his house!

For Emma, it had all been, oh, so embarrassing, and yet exciting. She had been terrified lest her husband saw, or felt, the chastity belt that Ursula still insisted that she wore.

Moreover, the Doctor had said that Emma was also too weak to run the house, and this had provided Ursula with the excuse to send her spy, Mrs Maunder, to act as housekeeper - and to keep an eye on Emma.

But that was not at all, for only last week Ursula had brazenly brought a rich lady client, Her Excellency, the wife of an African dictator, to come and stay for a weekend in the country - and to enjoy Emma under the nose of her unsuspecting husband.

Oh, it had all been so humiliating for Emma, and yet so exciting - having to creep along the corridor on all fours in her own house to Her Excellency's room, knowing that she was earning a large fee for Ursula and would be beaten if she were late.

Oh, where was Henry? Why couldn't he arrive early like her? Would he ever have any idea of what she had gone through to get here at all?

First of all, she had had to lie to Mrs Maunder, saying that she was simply going out to lunch with a girl friend.

Then she had to repeat the lie on the telephone to a suspicious Sabhu, the terrifying Haitian whom Ursula employed to supervise and train her girls. She had waited until she had to make her humiliating routine morning report to him and then, trying to sound casual, had just slipped it in at the end.

Like Ursula's other girls, Emma both hated and feared Sabhu - and the long dressage whip which he would use on them all at the slightest provocation.

'Mr Sabhu's such a nice black gentleman,' Mrs Maunder would say.

But for Emma and the other girls there was nothing nice about their burly Afro-Caribbean overseer with his cold frightening, blood shot eyes, and the contemptuous way he treated the European girls in his charge. Even worse was the hugely embarrassing way in which he supervised and controlled their most intimate moments.

Moreover it was also hugely embarrassingly being trained, very explicitly, and by a man, to please Ursula's lady clients - especially by this brutal and uneducated black Haitian.

What made it all now so worrying was that in order to pay for her ticket to London, she had secretly had to use the travelling money that Sabhu had given her for her next weekly day back in her cage in Ursula's house, in two days time.

How was she now going to pay to go London again later in the week? Should she simply ring Ursula and say that she had mislaid her travelling money and ask her to authorise Mrs Maunder to give her some more? Would Ursula smell a rat?

Certainly, there would be the most unholy row if Ursula ever suspected she had used the money to meet Henry! Lovers, or indeed any contact with a male, other than the dreaded Sabhu, was now a forbidden fruit for Emma.

Ursula liked to take advantage of the fact that John, as a scientist, never seemed to have much money, despite having inherited owning a lovely Queen Anne house. She would therefore keep Emma short of money so that she was dependant on her fluctuating generosity, and so was always anxious to please her.

Indeed, Ursula had taken possession of Emma's cheque book and credit cards, saying that, as she paid for the housekeeper and household bills, especially when John was away, Emma would not need any money. And, even when she herself went away, she always checked Emma's bank statements when she got back.

To make it even worse, Ursula also liked to make sure that Emma had very little ready cash in her handbag. Just a little pocket money and travelling money. She had to account for every penny of it in a little cash book which either Ursula or Sabhu would examine and sign when she went up to London for her humiliating weekly day back in her cage.

Their idea, of course, was to make sure that she did not spend her money on fattening sweets or chocolates, and so upset the strict diet of yoghurt and

fruit that Sabhu had kept her on whilst she was in his cages, and which Mrs Maunder had instructions to keep her on now.

Ursula's clients might themselves often be rather large ladies, but they certainly wanted slim young ones for their pleasure! ...

3 - HENRY!

Emma jumped. Her heart pounded with excitement. There, at last, coming towards her, across the large room was her erstwhile lover, Henry!

Tall and dressed in a well cut, dark, double breasted suit with a dark blue spotted tie, and well polished black shoes with gold buckles, he was looking as handsome as ever.

Horrified, she saw he was deep in conversation with an attractive tall woman. Henry, the man she was now supposed to be meeting, was with another woman! Was she his new wife?

Without a flicker of recognition from Henry, they walked past her and sat down on a large sofa just behind her.

Emma held her breath. What was it that Henry had said in his letter? "Be in the Ladies Drawing Room at noon sharp and wait. Do not show any sign of recognition when I arrive. Just wait for instructions."

For days she had been longing for this meeting. It had been so long since they had last met. Those awful months under Ursula's strict control - a control that was usually delegated to Sabhu, the terrifying Haitian Keeper of Ursula's girls.

Now at last he was here - and, yet, now married! Here she was, too, she thought, secretly meeting Henry - and, yet, still under Ursula's control. Moreover, highly embarrassingly, she was, still, locked into Ursula's flexible, and yet very effective, chastity belt. She could not, she knew, get even a little finger through the plastic grill over her beauty lips, nor underneath it.

Emma knew very well, of course, that Ursula did not insist on Emma and her other girls being locked into such a chastity belt merely to keep them frustrated. On the contrary, the belts had been cunningly designed not only as chastity belts but also as purity belts, specifically to meet the requirements of Ursula and her dominant lesbian friends.

They all had a strong distaste for the mere idea of their girls becoming aroused or playing with themselves without permission - especially when they were pleasing her.

They wanted a girl always to be kept pure and virginal, and they certainly did not want the girl herself getting pleasure when exciting and pleasuring her Mistress, no matter how much she was longing to share her Mistress's enjoyment.

A young nun devotes her life and her thoughts to bowing down and chastely worshipping, on her knees, the figure of Christ. So, too, Ursula insisted on her girls devoting themselves, whether they liked it or not, to worshipping her, also on their knees and with their mouths applied to her beauty lips or nipples.

Ursula liked to have her girls trained to worship her as a kind, wonderful, and yet rather remote, goddess - a goddess whose love and approval they were constantly striving to earn, even though they knew deep down that they were unworthy of it.

Being locked into a purity belt, as Ursula regarded the chastity belts, was, Emma knew, an essential part of this simple psychological process.

But at least, Emma thought with a laugh, the purity belts were not only designed to control a girl spiritually. They were also very practical: she could spend a penny through the plastic grill over her beauty lips. Moreover, by pulling back the tightly fitting serrated edges of the two little plastic plates that formed a separate circle over her little rear orifice she could also, albeit rather humiliatingly, expose her it and thus obey a call of nature.

Indeed, she had learnt, she could safely be left locked into the belt, and thus kept both frustrated and pure, for days on end - even when away from Ursula

and that horrible Sabhu. Although the belt fitted tightly over her body, it was cleverly designed to move with her body and did not rub.

Almost as embarrassing as the belt itself, padlocked round her loins, was the thick leather collar round her neck, studded like a dog's collar, and locked onto her by another little padlock behind her neck.

As with Ursula's other girls, Emma's collar was joined to the chastity belt by two black rubber straps, which were fastened to the sides of her collar. They gently pushed her breasts together, improving her cleavage. They were joined below her breasts by another strap which served as a bra, cleverly supporting and raising her breasts.

Another rubber strap went up her back from the padlock in the small of her back, that kept the belt tightly in place over her loins, to another padlock at the back of her collar.

Being of rubber the two straps stretched slightly with her movements, allowing her to bend forward or backwards. But she was constantly aware of them and they heightened the feeling of being locked into a tight chastity belt.

Of course the collar and the straps meant that she had to wear a scarf all the time - and could never wear an open necked shirt or an off the shoulder dress. Instead, just as Ursula wanted, she had to wear a chaste and rather prim high buttoned blouse at all times - except, of course, when in her cage or on display to Ursula's clients.

It was all very clever, but what would Henry say when he saw it? Oh, it was so embarrassing! She had begged Ursula again and again to take it off when she was at her home. But quite unavailingly.

'Certainly not, Emma,' Ursula had said. 'You're such a sensuous little girl that I can't trust you not to play with yourself. Anyway, I like to think of you writhing helplessly, in your belt, from enforced frustration and purity.'

Yes, she thought, Ursula really seemed to understand the overwhelming psychological effect of being locked into such a belt; of always feeling it there; of always being aware of it; of always being kept not only chaste, but also pure - and quite unable to touch herself.

'But my husband, John ...' she had protested.

'You know very well,' Ursula had icily replied, 'that Doctor Anna has sent him a letter saying that you must sleep alone. You must arrange to keep yourself to yourself, and not let him see either your belt or your collar ... And if I hear any more of your bleating about being kept locked in a chastity belt, I'll tell Sabhu to give you a good thrashing,'

Emma had not dared to say another word ...

Then there was also the humiliation of, still, having to report once a week in London to Sabhu, even when Ursula was away.

There Sabhu, Ursula's grim faced black overseer, would unlock the belt and temporarily remove it, so that he could check that her mound and beauty lips were still as smooth and hairless as those of a little girl. This was something that Ursula insisted on.

Oh yes, Emma told herself bitterly, Ursula understood only too well the abject humiliation and utter frustration of being locked into the belt, and of being kept under Sabhu's supervision. Yet, she also understood how thrilling it was for her girls to feel that both sexually and physically they were in someone else's power...

Now, however, there was the shattering embarrassment, and yet unbelievable excitement, of meeting Henry behind the absent Ursula's back, whilst still locked into the belt.

To cap it all this embarrassment and humiliation, Henry had actually turned up with another woman in tow! A woman, presumably his wife, to whom he apparently had no intention of introducing her. Obviously he found it all very piquant lunching with his wife in front of his mistress - and, thought Emma, a mistress who was locked into the chastity belt of her own Mistress.

Oh how complicated life was. And how exciting! And how shocked all these other charming people here, in Henry's own club, or indeed Henry's wife, would be if they had an inkling of what was really going on under their very noses.

Whilst all these thoughts were racing through her mind, Emma sat quietly on her sofa, not daring to turn round and look at Henry and his wife sitting on the sofa backing onto her's. She could just hear that they were talking about a play that they had seen the night before.

Suddenly one of the club waiters came up and handed her note. She recognised Henry's writing. He must have written it before coming to the club and then asked the Hall Porter to have it delivered to her now. Goodness, how Henry had planned it all!

She tore open the envelope.

"As soon as you have read this note, you are to get up and, showing no sign of recognising me, you are to walk past where I am sitting and go out of the room. Then you are to go to our room, Number 45, which has been left unlocked. You are then to put the 'Do not disturb' sign on the door. Then you are to lock the door - I have my own key."

Her heart racing, Emma read on.

"You will find a tray with a sandwich and a glass of wine in the room . You are to have a bath and then by two o'clock sharp you are to crawl into the bottom of the bed, naked. When I arrive (my wife has another appointment for the afternoon), I shall only want to see a little lump curled up at the bottom of the bed. When I get into the bed you are to keep absolutely silent and invisible, lying between my legs, until I pull you up to worship my manhood. Even then, I do not want to hear another word, or even see you, whilst you are pleasuring me. If you are locked into a chastity belt, then so much the better, for I am not interested in your pleasure."

Emma felt a flash of anger, but she controlled herself.

"After I have left, you are to dress and leave. Provided you have pleased me properly and humbly, and provided you have remained out of sight and have not said one word, I shall leave five œ50 notes on the mantelpiece, as payment for your services, and will ring your home tomorrow with further instructions. So do exactly what you told - or you'll get nothing!"

Her eyes flashing, Emma put down the note. How dare he treat her like this! Who did he think she was? A tart? A mere slut - a call girl, summoned for his pleasure? She wanted to turn round, to throw the note into his horrible sneering face and to storm out of his damn club!

Then she began to simmer down. Two hundred and fifty pounds! In cash!

Emma had a vision of mounds of chocolate truffles and of Bentick's Mixed Center's, especially the violet cream ones, and of slipping into a tea shop to enjoy meringues and cream cakes. But then she remembered that Sabhu weighed her naked every week and that the penalty for putting on weight was six strokes of his terrifying long dressage whip for every extra pound.

It was terrifying prospect. She would still have to control her craving for sweet things. Oh dear! But even so it would be wonderful to have a secret little store of cash that she could spend as she liked without having to tell Ursula ...

Two hundred and fifty pounds! Five fifty pound notes that she could easily hide. Normally the only money she was allowed was the travelling money that Sabhu gave her, and which she had to account for every time she went up to London.

She was supposed to be keeping it for her journey up to London again in two day's time when she was next due to report to Sabhu. Instead she had spent it all on coming up to London now to meet Henry! But she was terrified about how she was going to explain to Sabhu where it had gone and why she now needed more for her ticket to London.

Sabhu's standard punishment for spending travelling money without permission was two strokes of that awful dressage whip for each missing œ5. Oh God!

So this œ250 was like manna from Heaven. At one stroke, one of her most pressing problems had been solved.

Yes, she must have that money! But she'd only get it if she remained humiliatingly hidden and silent under the bedclothes. Well, perhaps after all, that in itself would be rather exciting - and the fact that she had not seen Henry for several months would make it all the more piquant and tantalising.

Perhaps, indeed, it would be rather amusing to play the role of an anonymous call girl, keen to earn her due payment!

Moreover if she did as he said, then he was going to ring later with further instructions - and it would be too tantalizing not to know what he had in mind! Thank Heavens he wasn't going to write, for Mrs Maunder intercepted all her letters and sent them onto Ursula to read first. She could imagine the row that would ensue if Ursula found out that Henry was writing to her.

Instead she would be waiting all day in her room for him to ring on her private number which had no extension - so Mrs Maunder could not listen in. It would all be so exciting, both now and tomorrow - and one in the eye for Ursula!

Yes, she decided, she would do as he said.

She stood up and smoothed her silken dress. She blushed as she felt, under the loose fitting pleated skirt, the soft leather of the tightly fitting Bikini belt and, under her scarf, the stiff leather collar to which the belt was attached. Momentarily as stood up she felt the rubber strap up her back stretching. Those straps certainly improved a girl's deportment!

She put her hand onto the small of her back and then onto the back of her neck and felt the little securing padlocks - the padlocks to which only Sabhu had the key. What would all those ice well dressed couples in the room think if they knew about them?

She saw Henry turn round for a moment, look her up and down and then turn back to his wife. Had he noticed her touching the padlocks? Was that why he had devised a scenario that enabled her to give him both physical and mental pleasure, despite the belt and its collar? What would his wife think if she ever learnt the truth?

Slowly she walked past them both, her head in the air and heart pounding. Then without a word or a backward glance she left the room.

Emma's heart was in her mouth as she walked along the corridor looking for the number 45, desperately trying to keep her high heels from tapping on the floor and drawing attention to herself. She tried to put on a nonchalant air, just in case a maid saw her and wondered what she was doing there. What on earth should she say if she were challenged? 'Just looking for the Ladies', sounded horribly weak.

Then she saw the number on the door. She put her hand on the door on the handle. It was unlocked. With a gasp of relief she quickly slipped into the room and closed the door. She paused to catch her breath. Goodness, this was certainly all very exciting! She saw the "Do not disturb" notice and, quickly opening the door again, hung it on the outside door handle.

Then she looked round the room. There was a large double bed, with a heavy bed spread. Good! It would help disguise a little creature curled up at the bottom of the bed.

But what caught her eye was the silver ladies hairbrushes and expensive Elizabeth Arden make-up on the dressing table, and all the woman's clothes hanging in the cupboard. So Henry really was staying in this room with his wife! He really was going to meet Emma here, surrounded by his wife's nightdresses and underclothes!

But supposing his wife came in unexpectedly? Supposing, indeed, she came in now, coming back to look for a hanky? My God! Hastily, Emma locked the door. But was that enough? Quickly she bolted it as well. But was that the answer? In any case she would have to remember to unbolt it by "two o'clock sharp".

Henry was really putting her through it! And the swine would now be tucking into a delicious lunch, flirting with his wife and quaffing the Club's excellent claret so as to be in good form for Emma!

She remembered that his note had mentioned a glass of wine and a sandwich. She looked around, hungrily. Yes, there on a tray were the remains of Henry and his wife's little elevenses. She was really being made to feel like a hired servant, or a dog - gobbling up the remains of her Master's supper. And his wife's!

How dare he treat her in this way! But, she had to admit, the food was jolly good all the same - and, as usual with Henry, it was all very exciting being treated like a servant girl.

Emma was still highly excited when she ran a bath. She found some bath salts and, as she lay back relaxing in the scented foam, she wondered what to do to titivate herself. But why bother, she thought, if she was just to remain hidden under the bedclothes? But such was her pride that she knew she would still use his wife's make-up to make herself look lovely.

Drying herself and coming back into the bedroom, she saw a large bottle of Madam Rochas scent. His wife's! All right, if that's what he liked, she'd use that too! She began to spray it liberally all over herself. Revenge!

Then she got into the bed and crawled down to the bottom.

At last there was the noise of a key in the lock of the door.

Emma could not help giving a little tremble of excited anticipation as she knelt in the dark under the bed clothes. She could feel herself becoming moist with arousal under her belt. Oh, how she longed to be able to touch herself! Oh how she hated Ursula's belt!

Then she heard the door being locked again and a man's footsteps coming slowly towards the bed. There was a rustling noise as he unhurriedly undressed. Oh the excitement! After all this time!

She was about to call out to him to hurry, then she remembered that if she said one word she would lose the money! Hastily, she bit her tongue. Then at last she heard footsteps slowly approaching the bed, and then going back as if he was looking for a book to read. He was even humming a little tune as he did so. God Almighty! Come on! She could hardly prevent herself from screaming out aloud.

At last she heard the sheets being pulled back. There was a glimmer of light and she felt a little draught of fresh air on her bare body. Then she felt a hairy male leg being pushed down on one side of her and then the other equally hairy one on the other side.

After months of having to please women, wealthy women with scented and soft, well cared-for, skins, the contrast with this rough skinned hairy male was almost overpowering.

Suddenly she felt one hand reach down and grip her hair. She heard his snap his fingers with the other. It was Henry's well known, but still humiliating, signal for her to commence operations.

She put out her tongue and began to lick her way slowly, very slowly, up his leg. The smell of Henry filled her nostrils. Then gradually she approached his even more hairy manhood. He raised his knees and obediently she began to lick underneath his scrotum - in the way that, she knew of old, drove Henry almost mad with delight. She heard him give a delighted moan and felt his whole body give a little jump.

She continued to lick, but now with fast little movements, keeping her lips pursed. Again there came a moan of deep pleasure and again his body gave a little jump. Oh, what a clever little slut she was!

She reached up with the tips of her fingers to where her tongue was wriggling to and fro ... and very gently began to tickle. Again came the moan and his whole body seemed to jerk. What an accomplished little tart she was, she thought, as well as being a slut!

She could feel his manhood surging into erection against her face. But the giving of pleasure like this was having it's effect on her too. She could smell her own arousal under the bed clothes. Oh, how she longed to reach down and give herself a little relief. Oh, how cruel both Ursula and Henry were.

She felt the hand on her hair slightly lifting up her head - and again there was a commanding snap of his fingers. His manhood was now under her eager mouth. Humbly, as if worshipping a god, she began to lick it up and down, whilst keeping the tips of her fingers still busy below.

She could feel his manhood grow and grow, until it seemed ready to burst. She took it into her mouth and sucked - dutifully and slave-like, her head rising rhythmically up and down in the dark, under the bed clothes. It was exhausting, but she knew she had to go on. She felt his whole body tense and then suddenly she felt him explode into her mouth.

With a natural grimace of disgust, she tried to take her head away, but the hand gripping her hair held her there, held her steady. held her so that she

had to swallow every drop. It was horrible and slimy, but it was also somehow madly gratifying.

Then she was kicked down again to the bottom of the bed.

Emma lay there, now quite still, under the bedclothes whilst Henry appeared to be taking a little nap after his exertions. She could not believe it! The indifference of the swine! Not one word of thanks, of kindness, or even of recognition! as this satiated male beast really Henry? She longed to wriggle up under the bedclothes and take a look. But the two strong legs kept her down at the bottom of the bed.

Then, suddenly, she felt him get out of the bed. She heard the noise of water splashing in he bathroom and then the rustle of clothes being quickly put on. She heard him brush his hair and put on his shoes. Still without saying a word, she heard him unbolt the door and step out into the corridor, leaving her alone in the room.

Lying under the bedclothes, she could not help beginning to sob with disappointment, and with frustrated lust.

My God, she suddenly thought, his wife might come back at any moment! She rushed out of bed, washed her face, dressed and put on fresh lipstick. Hastily she looked in the mirror. Fine! But her money? Her precious money!

She looked on the mantelpiece. There, under a book, were five new œ50 notes. She thrust them into her bag and fled, her mind in a torment of rage. Henry was just a swine, a damn selfish swine, a self opinionated swine, a ... anyway a swine!

But, by God, he knew how to wind her up and leave her in a state of wild excitement. Just like Ursula!

4 - EMMA IS PREPARED FOR DUTY

Emma knocked nervously on the door of Sabhu's preparation next to the cages - and to his own bedroom.

'Come in!' she heard Sabhu 's deep voice.

She entered the room and shut the door behind her.

'Number Four, Sir, Reporting for inspection!' she said, now standing respectfully in front of his desk.

She had just arrived up from the country for her weekly inspection - and to be put to work for her Mistress. She was still wearing her smart travelling suit.

Dutifully, as usual, she handed him her carefully completed daily record book for his scrutiny and signature. She gave a little shiver of fear as she noticed that lying on the desk was Sabhu's dreaded long dressage whip with it's little red tassel. She gave another shiver as she saw the specially accurate scales on the floor by Sabhu's desk

Then she came smartly to Attention with her hands to her side and her eyes fixed on the wall behind Sabhu' seated figure.

She heard Sabhu laugh cruelly as he opened the book she had so painstakingly completed. She blushed as she thought how awful it was that, even when she was at home and, to the outward world, a free and happily married woman, this terrifying and uneducated black man, was still exerting strict supervision over her, on behalf of his employer, her beloved Mistress, Ursula.

Every morning and evening she had to ring him with her intimate report on her natural functions, and her temperature, and enter them in her book. She would, she knew face a thrashing if Sabhu found any errors or omissions when she brought the book for his inspection.

It was not only the colour and consistency that had to be reported. She could not even just sit on her loo, but had to use a pot, like a child, for every thing had to be either weighed or measured. Only if she were caught short out to dinner with friends or out shopping would she be excused these measurements and even then she would have to give a detailed explanation of where she had been. It was all so demeaning and humiliating!

All this, of course, was not only to enable Sabhu to keep a check on her health and on her monthly cycle, important though these were. Ursula, she knew, attached equal importance to the psychological effect of having to make these humiliatingly reports to a man, a black man, as she did to her being kept locked into her chastity belt and collar..

They made her feel utterly subjugated, and under Sabhu's complete control, on behalf of her Mistress, even though she was living at her home.

Of course, she had to hide all this from her unsuspecting husband - though Doctor Anna had told him that she was not fit for conjugal duties and must sleep in a separate bedroom.

'I do not share one my girls with a man - even if she is married to him,' Ursula had declared.

She knew that Ursula had warned Sabhu to keep a close eye on her as she still tended to hanker after other men. She knew that Sabhu would regard any such behaviour as being unfaithful to her Mistress. It was his duty to make sure that she had no opportunity to get her chastity belt off and go running after them!

She may be allowed home, Sabhu told her, but her only aim in life was still to please her Mistress and her clients. And he was damn well going to see that she did just that! He was going to make sure that even at home she was kept, thanks to her chastity belt, as frustrated and pure as her little friends still in their cages.

'Strip!' Emma suddenly heard Sabhu order.

She made a face. Even now she still hated having to undress in front of this ignorant and frightening black man. But the sight of his whip overcame her modesty.

She saw that he was still busy comparing her record book with a note book of his own, marked "Number Four". It was the one in which he recorded her twice daily intimate telephone reports.

Emma unbuttoned her jacket. Nervously she took it off and placed it on a chair.

She blushed as she saw that he was consulting his notes, checking them against her own record book, to see if her monthly cycle was in order.

These white girls were such liars, he said to himself. He wanted to make quite sure that her graph of her twice daily temperatures was complete and fitted in with his own record of her cycle - which he would later show to Doctor Anna.

Then he had turned to her record of her natural functions, making sure that she was still healthy, and that her record tallied with the daily reports she had made by telephone and which he had also recorded in his record book.

'So you went twice on Tuesday?' He enjoyed asking Emma embarrassing questions about it all, enjoying the blushing girl's obvious humiliation as she answered them, standing naked at attention in front of him.

'Yes, Mr Sabhu, Sir,' she answered.

'Why?'

'I don't know, Sir.'

'You eat too much at dinner party Monday. I expect weight up too! You know what that means?' He picked up the long dressage whip.

'Yes, Sir - six strokes for every extra pound!' cried Emma.

'You learn eat small helpings only. I like girls to empty themselves only once a day. You understand?'

'Yes, Mr Sabhu, Sir.'

This was always a part of Emma's weekly inspection that he enjoyed, for the girl knew well that the punishment for being caught out having made an incorrect entry in either her Daily Record Book or in her daily telephone reports, was also six strokes.

Not until he was fully satisfied with her answers would he finally counter-sign her Daily Record Book. He always enjoyed the feeling of power as he kept the nervous white woman waiting, trembling with fear, her eyes on the long dressage whip lying on the desk.

Meanwhile Emma had slipped out of her skirt and put that on the chair, too. Moments later her petticoat joined it. Then biting her lips she unbuttoned her blouse and put that on the chair too.

She was naked now, except for her for her shoes and stockings - and of course for her leather chastity belt linked up her back and on either sides her breasts with the heavy collar also locked round her neck. Her well supported breasts were thrust forward.

At last Sabhu looked up from the books. 'Alright' he said, signing her book. Emma gave a sigh of relief.

'Turn round!' he now ordered.

He looked approvingly at her long naked back and at the soft cheeks of her buttocks. No wonder she was such a good money earner for her Mistress! Then he reached forward and unlocked the little padlocks in the small of her back and behind her neck.

'Turn round again!'

The chastity belt slipped away from her body and fell to the floor. Still looking straight ahead, she felt her formerly tightly compressed beauty lips begin to open like a flower in front of Sabhu. She blushed as she heard him laugh cruelly at the sight.

'Stand on scales!'

Trembling, she did so. It was, she knew, a moment of truth: six strokes for every pound she had put on.

'Up one pound,' he announced, picking up his whip.

'Oh, no Sir, I can't be.' Emma sobbed. 'I've been so careful.'

It must be all those chocolates that she couldn't resist, she thought bitterly, the ones she had bought for the dinner party she had given on Monday for her husband.

Scared stiff, she could not help looking at the whip lying on the desk. 'Oh, please, Sir, please,' she cried. She fell to her knees and clasped his legs. She looked up at him piteously, the tears running down her cheeks.' I'll get it all off again by next week, I promise, Mr Sabhu, Sir.'

But Sabhu was implacable. He enjoyed beating this stuck-up Englishwoman. 'Six strokes!' he said slowly.

He picked up the long dressage whip and with both hands bent it to and fro.

'Bend over! he ordered. 'Legs apart! Touch your toes!

There were two sudden cracks as he brought the whip twice down across her soft parted buttocks!

Emma screamed with the pain. 'No more please!' she pleaded as straightening up she rubbed her bottom.

There was a pause. For one wonderful moment she thought he was going to let her off the rest.

'Bend over again!' came the order. 'This time, heels together.'

Again there came the double crack of the whip. Sabhu laughed as he watched a married, white, upper class Englishwoman jumping up and down, first on one foot and then on the other as she tried to ease the pain inflicted on her by her black overseer.

'Last two strokes on belly!' he announced.

'Oh no, Sir, please no!' Emma begged - but to avail. With her hands clasped behind her neck, she had to thrust out her belly for the whip. It was a sight that made Sabhu wonder what she would look like Extra Specially Sponsored.

Seconds later Emma was doubled up with pain and there were two little red lines across her soft belly. 'Oh God,' she was thinking, 'I'll never have any chocolates in the house again. Never!'

Emma was now again standing in front of the seated Sabhu. Yes, he noted, there was only a little growth of blond hair on her mound.

'Legs apart! Bend knees! Head up!'

He parted her beauty lips. Yes, there a few little new hairs there. He felt up inside her. Everything seemed in order. Then he put on a pair of thin plastic medical gloves. He put a little vaseline on his middle finger. Then he reached down between her legs and found her rear entrance.

He saw that Emma's belly was trembling.

'Keep still! Head up!'he ordered angrily, as he pressed his finger up inside her. Yes, she was nice and tight and ready for the client that Miss de Vere had booked her in for - for that afternoon. Last week it had been a rich black lady from the Congo. Her special pleasure had been sodomising white women with her large dildo.

Who, Emma was meanwhile wondering, would be her client this afternoon - and how would she require Emma to perform?

He now felt Emma's breasts and the rest of her body, before painting the figure "4" in black indelible ink on her chin.

Finally, making the girl stand quite still, with her legs wide apart, he had twice covered her mound and pouting beauty lips with his burning lotion whilst she bit her lips with the pain.

How long Emma kept wondering, would he leave the burning cream to do it's work, before he applied his special soothing cream.?

At last, standing back to admire his work, he had smiled approvingly as he had seen that the whole mound and beauty lips were now as soft and hairless as those of a baby girl.

Replacing her belt, and closing the twin padlocks again, he had checked that the number '4' painted on her chin was now dry. Then he made her brush her hair and make up her face and eyes.

Finally, satisfied that she was now looking like a pretty and heavily made up little numbered tart, he had fastened the heavy manacles onto her wrists and ankles. It was, he knew of old, the sight of these that so excited the clients - and made them give him an extra tip.

Fastening a lead to her collar, he had led her, crawling on all fours, into the attic and had put her back into her old cage.

She was now ready to be shown off to the rather special client that Ursula had lined up for her.

5 - SABHU'S CONCERNS

Sabhu rubbed his hands contentedly and as he busied himself checking the record books of the women Miss de Vere had entrusted to his care.

Yes, he was thinking, this is the life! It was certainly infinitely better than life back in the primitive village in his native Haiti in which he had been brought up. It was even better than life as a respected animal trainer in the circus where he had been in charge of training and breeding the various performing animals - dogs and monkeys, as well as dangerous big cats.

It was there that Miss de Vere had seen his act and had afterwards asked to see the animals in their cages. She had then offered him a well paid job as a Trainer and Breeding Manager, not of animals but of young women: European women, white women - her girls.

Training young white women, he had queried incredulously. Controlling their breeding! A black overseer in charge of white women! Not surprisingly, it was an offer he had accepted with alacrity.

Miss de Vere's only proviso was he must not use the girls for his own pleasure. But this did not worry him. He got his kicks out subjugating women, rather than actually ravishing them! And in any case there was always Babindu, Ursula's attractive Afro-Caribbean housekeeper. Indeed she had only just left his room!

He was a big, strong looking man. His sheer size and strength, coupled with his hard, blood shot eyes, bristling short-cut hair, and unsmiling coal black face, combined to give him a frightening countenance. He was clearly a man who would stand not stand any nonsense - particularly from any white women in his charge.

Sabhu now sat back at his desk glanced at the large closed television monitor.

As in his bedroom, he had set the controls so that the camera would scan automatically up and down the line of ten numbered cages sited, like dog kennels, along one side of the long bleak attic with it's bare brick walls. The

television control, lying on his desk, enabled him to zoom instantly onto any cage that had caught his attention.

The bright lights illuminating each cage, together with the optical fibre link to the camera upstairs, ensured that the pictures on the screen were clear and sharp. They showed how the strongly barred roofs of the cages were too low for a girl to be able to stand up; instead she had to crawl around in her cage on all fours like an animal.

This was important for girls who had been Specially Sponsored as keeping them on all fours, with their swollen bellies hanging down beneath them, made the chance of a miscarriage much less. This was particularly important for girls who whose sponsors had paid an extra large sum to have her Extra Specially Sponsored.

The screen also showed that, although space only allowed each cage to be about four feet wide, each went back six feet to the wall of the attic. Thus the girls had room to crawl around and stretch out.

To allow visiting clients to have a better look at the occupants of the cages, they were all raised some two feet above the floor of the attic. Like the roofs of the cages, the floors were also strongly barred. However for comfort and hygiene they were covered by thick rubber mats.

The rubber mats slightly sloped down to a little shiny metal grille near the front of each cage, underneath which was a white enamel collecting tray from which a small clear plastic tube ran away to a drain in the corner of the attic. This enabled a girl's liquid wastes to be regularly collected for testing.

However, the sloped rubber mat and drain also enabled Sabhu to wash the girls, through the bars of her cage, with a hose - something which he did twice daily, just as he had washed the animals in the circus. Sabhu was very strict about cleanliness.

The barred sides of the cages were covered with wood. This stopped them from being able see, and in particular touch, each other.

Sabhu considered that, shut up in their cages, the girls should be thinking only of how to give more pleasure to their next clients, and thus avoid punishment from his long dressage whip. He certainly did not want them smiling at each other or trying to form forbidden relationships. Indeed, he liked to see them just silently gripping the bars of their cages, or playing innocently with their dolls.

Indeed, Sabhu liked to keep his grown up charges like little girls - something that also aroused the interest of Ursula's clients as, fascinated, they watched, unseen, the girls in their cages, either on the big screen of the internal television in Ursula's drawing room, or hidden behind the screen in the balcony that looked down at the line of cages up in the attic.

Each girl was allowed a doll in her otherwise bare cage. With nothing else to do, they would spend hours playing with their dolls, washing them, changing their dresses and cooing over them. It made a charming sight of girlish innocence for the secretly watching lady clients making up their minds which girl they wanted.

To bring on Number One and Two's latent maternal instincts in their otherwise completely bare cages, Sabhu had changed the normal caged girl's doll for two very realistic baby dolls, complete with nappies for them to play with. He had even put a cradle into each of the two girl's cages so that she could rock their baby dolls to sleep.

He laughed again as he remembered Miss de Vere, up in the viewing gallery of the attic with the fascinated sponsors, would point out how the little unsuspecting mothers-to-be were innocently responding to their bodily changes. As their bellies mysteriously swelled, they were becoming more and more broody, constantly rocking their baby dolls in their cradles, holding them to their now prominently swollen breasts, and changing their rompers.

The baby dolls had made realist crying noises when placed flat. The girls might still not know that that they were going to be mothers, but it was amusing to see how Nature made them respond by cuddling their baby dolls and making little maternal cooing noises. Doctor Anna said that their growing progeny would soon learn to recognise their mother's reassuring voice!

The crying and cooing had also affected the other girls and brought out their maternal instincts too.

They had noticed Number One's swelling belly, and later Number Two's as well, and had jealously suspected the truth - even if they themselves had not. Soon they, too, would be wanting to be Specially Sponsored! They would, however, have been appalled if they had known the truth about Number Three and her Extra Special Sponsorship

Indeed, although Number Three was still blissfully ignorant that she was carrying a litter of puppies, he had given her two pretty woollen toy puppies to play with instead of dolls. Just as the baby dolls cried realistically, so the toy puppies would yap.

The rule of strict silence in the attic prevented the girls from whispering about it all. In any case they had no common language except for their very broken English.

So for a long time Numbers One and Two had remained mystified about the changes in their bodies, and so, too, did Number Three despite her much more rapidly swelling belly.

Even after they first felt their very different progeny kicking, each had all dismissed their secret suspicions of being pregnant as ridiculous. After all, Miss de Vere had made certain that none of them even spoken to a man, other than the disinterested Sabhu, since she had so willingly entered Miss de Vere's service, only to themselves locked up in one of her cages.

Yes, they had at first thought, Sabhu must be right - it was all just a little indigestion and nothing to worry about.

Sabhu had been watching them carefully. He remembered well, as they had finally realised the truth, how the infra-red internal television camera, that secretly watched over the cages at night, had captured on tape the sight of Number One, and then of Number Three, each desperately trying, in vain, to tear at the chain mail belts that were preventing them from getting at their unwanted progeny.

It was a video that Miss de Vere had shown to many fascinated potential sponsors of both Special and Extra Special Sponsorship. It highlighted the feeling of power that came from imposing motherhood on an unsuspecting girl. Indeed such was the interest that Miss de Vere had told him she was considering taking delivery of another batch of Eastern European girls. There were still several empty cages!

After these frantic scenes, there had then been tears and pleading from both girls, also captured and recorded by the internal television. Then finally, again captured on video, Sabhu had had to take them one by one out of her cage, and thrash them - to make them accept in silence whatever it was that was growing and kicking away in their bellies.

In fact it was not long before Mother Nature had her way. Not only did the girls now accept what was happening to them, but were proud about their state and were positively enjoying it all. But Sabhu made sure that they were still kept in the dark about how it could have happened, what they were carrying and when their progeny were due.

And soon it would be the turn of Number Two to feature on the video, tearing in vain at her breeding belt, too. Already she had had her first mysterious morning sickness. Soon, she'd feel a strange kicking sensation inside her tummy. More indigestion?

However, the really amusing thing was that even the girls finally realised that they must be Expecting a Happy Event, to use Miss de Vere's euphemism, they still had no idea that it was not a pretty little white baby that they were carrying but several very different little creatures.

All this had been highly profitable for Sabhu.

The various categories of lady sponsors enjoy seeing their girl locked in her cage, or having her brought down to pleasure them in private. On each visit they would show their appreciation of Sabhu's strict discipline by giving him a generous tip.

In the case of girls who had been Specially Sponsored or Extra Specially Sponsored, Sabhu would also get an extra bonus for each week the girl remained ignorant of what was happening to her.

Moreover the sponsors enjoyed showing off to their fascinated friends the girls they had sponsored, whether it was simply her elongated nipples, her

milking breasts, her shiny bald head, or her swelling belly. All these friends would want to hear from Sabhu just how the particular sponsorship had been carried out. They would tip him accordingly - and often decide to become future sponsors themselves.

The front of each cage was barred like the roof and floor, but with a small hinged door in the center, with a little hinged wooden platform, like a miniature drawbridge, that could be lowered to slope down to the floor. This ensured that a girl had to enter and leave her cage on her hands and knees. She could not therefore rush out of the cage.

Instead, she had to crawl out of her cage with her head down, ready for the leash hanging from the front of her cage, to be fastened to her collar. Sabhu always liked his European women to be kept on a lead when taken out of their cages and also kept crawling on all fours - just like his circus animals.

As Sabhu well knew, this all played an important part in impressing on these women their subservient status - a status which, despite all the humiliations they had to suffer, or indeed perhaps because of them, they masochistically soon learned to enjoy.

Hanging from the bars of each cage, next to the lead, was the form on which Sabhu recorded, as he had just done for Emma, details of the young women's natural functions. It also showed on a graph the progress of their monthly cycles, illustrated by their daily morning and evening temperatures - and for this he enjoyed imposing a humiliating routine on these white women.

Striding into the attic room, he would order: 'Buttocks'

The women had been trained, on hearing this order, to turn round in their cages. Then, like a team of well drilled performing animals, they would all put their heads to the floor of their cages and press their raised bottoms against the bars of their cages.

'Expose backside!' was his next order.

The scared women would then reach back with their hands and, as they had been humiliatingly taught by Sabhu, part the serrated edges of the small semi-circular plastic discs that were sewn into the back of their Bikini belts to guard access to their little rear orifices - and now blushingly expose them.

Those girls who were Expecting a Happy Event and who were, therefore, wearing a breeding belt, had to pull back the little chain that ran up between the cheeks of their buttocks.

Satisfied that all was ready, Sabhu would then go down the line of cages inserting his well greased thermometers.

Sabhu grunted with satisfaction as he saw on the screen that the large padlock for each cage was properly in place.

He smiled to himself at the thought that even if a girl did somehow manage to unlock her cage, she would not be able to escape without also unlocking the door to the attic which had an electronic lock for which they did not know the combination. Moreover the door had been specially strengthened with iron bars to prevent a girl from trying to wrench it open.

Sabhu laughed aloud. No, there was no escape for the women in his care!

He smiled as from the monitor's loudspeaker came the chinking of chains mixed with soft little moans, as the girls crawled about their low cages, cuddling their dolls, or silently gripping the bars and peering out - just like the monkeys used to do in their cages in the circus .

The girls were not allowed to try to talk to each other in their cages, though he did not object to little animal-like grunts, barks, or purring sounds.

Sometimes he would press the button that automatically played soft background music in the attic to relax the girls in their cages, just as he used to play similar music to relax the caged wild animals at the circus. But he was careful to keep the level of sound down, for he did want to stop the sensitive microphone, that hung down in front of the cages, from picking up any attempt by the girls to speak to each other.

But for much of the time, as now, only the clinking of the girls' heavy chains broke the silence in the attic.

The girls never knew whether Sabhu was listening from another room or not. However, they did know that, like the pictures recorded by the watching internal

television, the sounds picked up by the microphone were being continuously taped. They also knew that the punishment for being caught talking was the usual six strokes of their black overseer's long dressage whip and that the microphone was so sensitive that it would pick up the slightest forbidden whisper.

Whereas, however, the circus animals had been free within their cages, Miss de Vere, as we have seen, liked her caged girls to be kept manacled, with two foot lengths of heavy chain linking their wrists and their ankles. It was these chains that were chinking with the girls' every movement. They were only taken off when, as a special treat, the girls were taken outside the house for a little fresh air and exercise - but, of course, still under Sabhu's supervision.

The constant rattling of the chains, and their sheer heavy weight, like the sight of the large padlocks on the little barred doors to the cages, and the design of the cages themselves, all played an important psychological role in constantly reminding the girls of their abject status. So, too, did the microphone, the ever watching television camera, the humiliating Bikini or breeding belts, and not being allowed to see any men - except, of course, for their dreaded black overseer.

The sight of the half naked and silent girls, manacled in their padlocked cages, was highly erotic - especially when seen from the little viewing gallery to which Miss de Vere liked to bring her clients. It was, indeed, a sight that served to arouse the clients greatly and this, in turn, helped to ensure the profitability of Miss de Vere's new enterprise - and the size of the tips that the delighted clients gave to Sabhu.

The stark bleakness of the cages in which the girls were kept, and indeed of the whole attic, with its bare brick walls and bare wooden floor, contrasted sharply, as was intended, with the comfortable and elegant opulence of the rest of Miss de Vere's house.

It was a contrast that reminded Sabhu of the rather similarly bare cages behind the grandiose ring of the circus in which he had been an animal trainer. They too had been barred on the front and top with solid sides and rear walls. They too had been raised up - in their case on mobile trailers. They too had a drain in the floor of the cage for liquid wastes. They too had been well lit to show up their contents to interested visitors.

There he had trained caged animals to perform to the crack of his whip. But how much more rewarding was now similarly training Miss de Vere's caged young ladies - also to perform to the crack of his whip! Just as he had then liked to see the animals cringing in front of him, so he now enjoyed the sight of these intelligent white women similarly cringing back from his whip.

He enjoyed treating them not only as dumb animals, but also as little girls who were only seen and not heard, only daring to open their mouths in reply to a question from him or a client, and even then, scared of being whipped for 'Impudence', always calling him 'Mr Sabhu' or 'Sir', and a client 'Madam'.

Yes, he certainly kept them all well disciplined - and that, after all, was what he was paid to do!

Each girl was wearing a pretty short little short velvet cape, prominently embroidered with the initials, "U de V", standing for Ursula de Vere, and with the girl's Cage Number. They were, as usual, naked under their capes - except for their heavy manacles and Bikini belts.

Sabhu smiled as he thought how the belts were cleverly designed to ensure both a girl's chastity and purity and yet to also allow a lady client to obtain great pleasure from a girl wriggling under her.

The pleasure came from the hinged rubber studded pad at the front of the belt which covered the plastic grille that in turn covered each girl's beauty lips. This hinged pad was cleverly attached to the sides of the plastic grille with velcro so that a girl could raise her pad to spend a penny through the grille without being able to touch her intimacies.

The pleasure she gave to her client could be further increased, thanks to the little vibrator built into the pad which a client could switch on with a little key. Moreover, the client's pleasure, Sabhu knew, would be made even greater by the knowledge that the girl obediently wriggling under the client

would not be feeling anything beneath the plastic grille. These Bikini belts were indeed very cleverly designed!

Of course, if a client wanted to feel the girl's own little shorn beauty lips wriggling beneath her, then, for a small extra charge, the belt could always be removed! However, this was not something that Sabhu much liked, for there was always the risk that the client might let the excited girl climax - and keeping the girls frustrated was an essential part of Sabhu's way of keeping them desperately eager to please their clients.

He liked to make the relief of climaxing a special secret treat for a girl, a treat that had to be earned, a reward for really good and obedient behaviour. For this reason, he kept in his own record book for each girl, a note of the date on which she had last been allowed to climax - and exactly how.

Sabhu regarded himself as the guardian of each girl's purity - but it was not merely a question of ensuring that they never had an opportunity of being with a man, but rather of making them dedicate themselves to serving women.

However, he had watch these white sluts the whole time. They were such lascivious little creatures that, if given half a chance, they would be constantly unfaithful to their Mistress, deceiving her by playing with themselves, or each other.

Sabhu smiled to himself as he remembered Number One's sponsor, as Miss de Vere liked to call clients who paid large sums of money for something to be done to a girl. She was the fat and wealthy owner of a huge, but remote hacienda, who had come over to London some six months ago.

She had specially sponsored the girl to be put on Doctor Anna's special fertility pills and then, whilst she was drugged, to be artificially inseminated with the seed of a particularly huge black champion wrestler.

The sponsor had, however, stipulated that the girl should be carrying at least twins.

'I want girl twins, so as to start a new breeding line back on my hacienda.' she had explained.

She had been delighted to learn that in fact she was going to get triplets!

'Wonderful,' she had cried. 'You see, we still have female indentured servants in my country. It is - how you say? - legal, even though slavery is abolished. It is necessary for our banana and coffee haciendas on which the whole economy of the country depends. No indentured servants - and no coffee, no bananas. So our law says any female children born to indentured girl are also indentured. So we breed annually from our best girls - our brood mares as we call them.'

'But why do you want this girl's progeny,' Ursula had asked, 'if you've already got plenty of your own girls.'

'Because,' the sponsor had replied, 'we find that the progeny of white mothers, crossed with big blacks, are much more hard working and more docile. You get the best results if the dam is a young European girl, straight from Europe - but that's usually rather difficult to arrange!'

She patted the belly of the bewildered Number One who did not understand what was being said.

'But this one's going to be my prize brood mare! She'll be mated every April. That's our mating season for indentured girls - so that they produce their valuable little progeny at the beginning of the dry season, when it's much healthier.

'I can see that you've got all worked out,' said Ursula with a smile. 'I'll have to charge you on-going fee for each live child the girl delivers in subsequent years, too!'

'Alright - provided she produces triplets!' had laughed the sponsor. 'Think of it! In five years time I could have a whole little tribe of the new strain in my rearing pens. And my neighbours will be queuing up to buy them, too!'

She again patted the girl's belly. 'Oh, yes, whether she likes it or not,' she laughed, 'this one's going to have lots of lovely little carefully arranged pregnancies - and she'll be a great little money spinner for me, too!'

'And for me, too,' Ursula had thought. After all there were plenty of other hacienda owners in Central America and plenty of innocent Eastern European girls like this one!

As Sabhu looked at the girl's swelling belly, he laughed as he remembered how he had, at first, kept the unsuspecting girl in her normal chastity belt, whilst unknown to her the little tiny embryos were growing nicely - as Doctor Anna regularly checked with her scanner, whilst Sabhu kept the girl blindfolded so that she could not see what was on the screen.

He remembered the excitement when the mystified girl had her first morning sickness and then later when she first felt her triplets kicking. 'Indigestion! he had told her, but shortly afterwards he had changed her usual chastity belt for a proper chain mail breeding one.

He remembered how the sponsor had laughed when he had shown her a video, taken at night with an infra-red camera, of the girl tearing at her breeding belt, as she tried in vain to get at her little progeny. To this very day, however, she had been kept completely mystified as to how it could have happened - for, of course she had not been allowed near a man.

Poor pretty Number One! She knew now that she was going to be a mother - but not of half black mulattos, nor of triplets, nor of her future fate in the breeding pens of a Central American hacienda.

Sabhu moved the camera onto the third cage housing the beautiful Polish who had been Extra Specially Sponsored.

As usual in these cases of Extra Special Sponsorship, the sponsor did not want the girl to know what was being done to her. Half the fun was keeping the girl kept completely ignorant, until her rapidly swelling belly and the kicking of her progeny, made her at last realise that she was, in some mysterious way, indeed undergoing a strange and rapid pregnancy.

Even then, she might not realise just what she had been made to carry until, chained down so that she could not interfere with Nature, she safely delivered her progeny for her sponsor.

Moreover, sometimes, the sponsor still did not want the girl to know what she was delivering. Blindfolded and chained, she never saw or touched the often valuable little blind creatures she was duly delivering for her excited sponsor.

However, in this case, Number Three's sponsor had decided that, on the contrary, it would be even more exciting for the appalled girl to know, from the very start, exactly what was happening to her - but to be quite unable to do anything about it.

To make it all even more of shock for the girl, her sponsor was even prepared to run the risk of foregoing the period of prior "canine assimilation". Originally, Doctor Anna had found in her experiments in her prison camp, that such a period was an essential part of the whole process. Being sewn into a dog skin, and shut up in a kennels with real dogs had, in some strange way, assisted Doctor Anna's special serum in stopping a girl's body rejecting the strange alien little embryos growing inside her.

However, more recent improvements to the serum had made this period of assimilation less necessary. Indeed Doctor Anna had found that she could now dispense with it entirely, though some sponsors still enjoyed imposing it on their human brood bitches.

However, Doctor Anna, still preferred a human brood bitch to be mounted kneeling with the dog mounting her from behind in the "natural" manner. She had found, in her experiments in the East German prison camp, that this position gave the best penetration and chance of conception.

So it was that, in front of the girl's rich sponsor and her lady friends, he had chained her down on all fours with her collar and wrist manacles fastened tightly to a ring in the floor. Her ankles were fastened well apart to other rings. She was now held as helpless as a brood mare in a mating harness.

Meanwhile as the sponsor's friends, sat comfortably sipping Champagne, Doctor Anna had prepared her special syringes ...

Then, under the guise of simply giving the girl a douche, she had given the unsuspecting girl, the preliminary, but still expensive, treatment that the

client had paid for. She was now ready to be mated - mated for real, and to conceive a good litter, too.

Sabhu had now sprayed the girl to make her smell like a bitch on heat. Then he had told the appalled girl just what had been done to her, and what was now going to be done.

Oh, how the horrified girl had screamed when he then led in the mate that her sponsor had chosen for her - a pedigree Dalmatian stallion dog. Oh, how she had wriggled and cried - trying in vain to break her chains.

Oh, how she had bucked and screamed when the dog had proudly mounted her. Oh, how she had screamed, and how audience had applauded, as she felt the dog's seed jetting up into her ...

...

Afterwards, Sabhu had kept the sobbing girl lying there on her back to allow the seed to work it's way right up her and to perform its natural function. Then locking her into a breeding belt, so that she could not try to interfere with the course of Nature, he had put her back into her cage.

Despite the lack of a period of "canine assimilation", the Extra Special Sponsorship had worked. A multiple conception had taken place and the girl's body had not rejected them.

Sabhu laughed again as he remembered how delighted the client had been when, only a couple of weeks later, he had brought the manacled girl, crawling on her knees, into Miss de Vere's drawing room on a lead. Then, with her hands tied behind her back, he had used his whip to make her kneel up so that Doctor Anna could use her ultra sound screen to show the sponsor the girl's already clearly visible progeny.

Normally, a still unsuspecting girl would be kept blind folded so that she could not see the screen. However, in this case, the sponsor had much enjoyed cruelly pointing out, to the appalled girl, the four little curly tailed creatures, valuable pedigree Dalmatians, that she was going to be made to carry for her sponsor.

Still lying back on his bed and watching television screen, Sabhu laughed again. He was thinking of how, deprived, in her cage, of access to calendars or newspapers, as well as to the radio or television, the girl would have no idea, as the days and weeks passed, just when her Day of Deliverance, as Miss de Vere liked to call it, would be.

6 - NATURAL FUNCTIONS - A TOUCH OF SABHU'S DISCIPLINE

Sabhu looked at his watch - it would soon be time to give the girls their midday meal of just a little yoghurt and sliced fruit. He wanted to keep their bellies nice and empty, for they were due that afternoon to be displayed to some important clients who would use them for their pleasure.

Sabhu as a firm believer in controlling white women's natural functions as a simple way of imposing his authority on them.

Indeed, early that morning, after being specially taken crawling out of their cages, they had had to line up, their hands clasped behind their necks, over a row of pretty little brass bowls each marked with the girl's number and placed on a similarly numbered red spot on the floor of the attic.

'Present backsides!' he had ordered.

The girls had had to bend over and lower their hands. Then, humiliatingly, they either had to hold back the serrated edges of the little plastic semi-circular discs in the back of their chastity belts, or hold aside the chain of the breeding belts going up between the cheeks of their buttocks.

It was just as they had also had to do when he took their temperatures whilst they were in their cages.

But, this time, standing behind them, and holding their leads, he had kept them waiting, making them crawl forwards or backwards until they were in a perfect line, whilst in silence each girl desperately tried to ready herself for what was to follow.

'Squat!' he had ordered.

The girls had been trained to bend their knees and to make sure that they were correctly positioned above the little bowls, but not touching them.

'Prepare to perform!'

Out of the corner of their eyes, the women could see Sabhu's much feared dressage whip, raised ready to strike any girl who did not perform immediately when ordered to do so. Sabhu could see that some were already straining to hold back, whilst others were still straining to get ready. He waited.

'Perform!' had at last come the order, accompanied by a crack of his whip.

Terrified, the women had simultaneously performed into their little brass bowls, each half filled with sweet smelling rose water.

Such a simple drill, Sabhu reflected, and yet what an effective way of imposing discipline on young women - and instant obedience.

Not until he had humiliatingly cleaned each of them with his sponge, for he was fastidious about such things, had he allowed them to release the plastic plates or chains that guarded their rear orifices and then, one by one, had locked them up again in their cages.

But now it was time for them all to spend a penny - something which they could do whilst still in their cages. However they were too well trained, and too frightened of his whip, to have dared to do so without his permission.

Moreover, making them all again perform together to his command was, once again, an ideal way of stamping his authority on them. But, he thought, as he lay back on his bed, he really could not be bothered this time to go up to the attic.

He picked up the microphone by his bed.

'Stand-by!' he ordered.

Hearing his preliminary warning, the girls all put down their dolls and straightened up in their cages. They were naked below their capes which only came down to their bellies and were then cut away to disclose their flat or swelling bellies and their chastity or breeding belts.

They would all be wondering, he knew, what they were now going to be made to do. They only knew a limited number of orders in English.

Sabhu interrupted his thoughts and stopped the camera as it trained past the cage marked "4" - the one containing Emma.

In the past, when he husband was away, she had been subjected to the full rigours of being caged and trained. But now that he was at home again for a short time, she only came up from her home once a week to be checked over and depilated - and, of course, to be caged and put to work for a day.

Her unsuspecting husband thought that her kind friend Ursula was giving her instruction in the appreciation of art!

But the art that she would be appreciating would be that of pleasing a woman. Indeed, the opportunity was always taken to put Number Four back into her cage and to offer her to a client - 'to earn her keep', as Miss de Vere put it. She would also, hereby, earn him a substantial tip from the delighted client - or else face his whip!

She was outwardly a well disciplined young woman and was certainly scared of his whip. But, quite apart from Miss de Vere's warning about her still lusting after men, he was never quite sure whether he could trust her - any more than he could trust the many wild caged animals he had broken in and trained in his circus days.

Miss de Vere demanded total submission from her girls. But Number Four did not always seem to accept being in the power of her dominating mistress. Half the time, he felt, she seemed to resent being in the power of her Mistress, and seemed to be longing to escape from her strict control. But, he laughed to himself, he would make certain that she never did!

He shook his head, disappointedly, as he looked at her pert little breasts. They seemed to be crying out to for the gradual, but substantial, expansion that he would achieve if they were brought into milk. Moreover it would help to settle her down and accept her subjugation ... Ah well, perhaps one day ..

Perhaps one day she might also experience the pangs and excitements of being Extra Specially Sponsored! However, she was an intelligent girl and knew about the puppies. Horrified at what had been done her, unless she was kept

caged after conceiving, she might well, once at home, try and get rid of them - wasting time and money.

Up to now, the main problem about offering Number Four for Extra Special Sponsorship, Sabhu knew, had been was that despite the short period of maternity there was also the preceding period of what Doctor Anna called Assimilation.

Extra Special Sponsorship was an expensive treatment and the sponsor would no want it to fail. Doctor Anna's experiments in the young women's prison camp had shown that the chances of a successful result were much improved if a girl, once selected to be a brood bitch, to first spent a period living like a real bitch.

This meant living in a kennels, half drugged and sewn into a dog skin, surrounded by other bitches and not seeing humans other than a masked kennelman.

Then gradually the girl's drugged brain would begin make her associate herself more and more with her four-legged companions and to forget that she was a two-legged human. It was at this stage that Doctor Anna would pronounce a girl as ready, both psychologically and bodily, for what was to come.

Moreover it meant that the girl should be repeatedly mounted by her chosen mate - and not only when she was on heat. To arouse the dog's interest at other times, her beauty lips would be sprayed with a special scent taken from a real bitch on heat.

In this way, Doctor Anna reasoned, her body became used to satisfying the demands of her canine lover and would accept what was to follow as a natural next step.

Blindfolded so that she could not see what was being done to her, the real brood bitches eggs would now be carefully inserted ...

The girl was now ready, though she did know it, to be mated for real. She would just think that she had been douched. She might now be horrified when she was again mounted, in front of her fascinated sponsor, and scream out her protests, but her body would assume that her canine lover was taking his pleasure yet again - and accept the consequences!

In this way, the failure rate was very low. It was rare for Doctor Anna to have to resort to the even more expensive technique of IVF, In Vitrio Fertilisation, with already fertilised bitches eggs being planted in the unsuspecting girl.

However the normal period of assimilation in the kennels would have added to the time in which Emma would be away from her home and husband - and it was this, Sabhu knew, that had so far saved her.

Moreover, Miss de Vere would not risk letting her out of her cage, once she had expensively conceived - nor allow her to go home unsupervised. She might go off and have an abortion - and Miss de Vere certainly did no want to risk the humiliation of having to repay the Extra Special Sponsorship fee to an angry client!

However, Doctor Anna had recently improved her stabilising serum and as Number Three had shown the period of assimilation was no longer considered necessary for a successful conception nor for a successful whelping.

This meant that the time that Emma would now have to be kept under lock and key had been shortened. Perhaps, unknown to her, Emma could now be offered for Extra Special Sponsorship, after all!

'Prepare for ...' Sabhu now ordered and then paused. He was pleased to see how each girl was straining to hear and understand his next order.

'... Fountains!' he ordered in a brisk tone of voice.

Recognising the word, and looking embarrassed, each girl parted her knees on either side of the little metal grille over the drain hole in the rubber mat at the front of her cage. There was a ripping noise as each girl still wearing a chastity belt used her manacled hands to loosen the velcro fastenings that kept her rubbed studded pad down between her legs and over her chastity belt.

'Up!' he ordered. Each girl wearing a chastity belt now lifted up, and held up, the rubber pad, disclosing a white coloured plastic grille over her beauty lips.

'Muscles!' he ordered. Each girl now obediently closed her eyes and concentrated on relaxing her muscles so that she would be ready to perform the

instant he ordered it. Each one knew that woebetide her if her terrifying overseer noticed the slightest delay in her flow - or, for that matter, a premature little dribble.

Such was their fear of Sabhu's whip that the fact that he was not actually present, but simply ordering all this by remote control did not affect their instant obedience to his commands.

'Wait for it!'

There was a pause. Sabhu smiled as he saw that several girls were biting their lips as they strained to hold themselves back. What a wonderful way of enforcing discipline this was! He picked up his whip and raised it.

Suddenly the girls heard on the loudspeaker the distinctive crack of their dreaded Keeper's whip. It was the signal that they had been trained to wait for, for Sabhu liked to see them move and perform to the crack of his whip.

'Fountains!' he ordered.

Instantly the television camera and the microphone picked up the sight and sounds of seven little fountains trickling through the white plastic grilles, or through the mesh of the chain mail breeding belts. The trickle fell down onto the rubber mats, ran on down to the little metal grilles in the center of each girls's mat, down into the collecting trays and on down the transparent tubes to the drain in the corner of the room.

Sabhu quickly trained the television camera on each girl in turn. Checking that her flow was satisfactory, he put a little tick in each of the notebooks he kept for his charges.

Doctor Anna liked him to keep a full record of all the girls performances - of every type.

Nonchalantly he pressed the music switch on his control box. Instantly the noise of soft gentle background music came over the loudspeaker, picked up by the microphone in the attic.

After their stressful little performance, it would do the girls good now to be relaxed by a little music. It was, he knew, this frequent contrast between relaxing and performing that kept them on their toes - just as it had kept the animals in the circus on theirs.

PART III

THE MAHARANI

7 - EMMA IN HER CAGE

The heavy chain of Emma's wrist manacles, chinked as she again knelt up and gripped the solid bars of her cage. Except for her chastity belt and manacles, she was naked under her cape, but the warm temperature in the specially heated attic prevented her from feeling cold.

How shame-making it had been - once again all the girls being remotely controlled by Sabhu to perform simultaneously onto the floors of their cages, like performing animals, and monitored by the ever watching television camera. It was even more humiliating, being made to it by a man, a mere servant, an ignorant Afro-Caribbean ... but deep down she also knew that it was also very exciting.

Oh, how she hated being put back into her cage, under Sabhu's strict supervision, as part of her weekly visit, after he finished inspecting and depilating her. Oh, how she hated the heavy wrist and ankle manacles being put back on her - and yet, once again, how exciting!

She glanced at the little mirror fastened to one of the walls that formed the side of her cage, and saw the large figure "4" neatly painted on her chin. Again, oh, how humiliating! And, yet again, how thrilling!

The mirror, of course, was made of metal, rather than glass, to prevent a despairing girl from harming herself - just as the girls were not allowed knives and forks, but had to eat in their cages with their hands or with a harmless wooden spoon.

Oh how dreadful it all was. But then she remembered how all this, the manacles, the numbers, the wooden spoons and, indeed, being put into a cage at all, had all been ordered by Ursula, her Mistress. It all made her feel Ursula's slave, or perhaps she should say, Miss de Vere's slave - a white slavegirl under the control of a black male overseer. Did she, perhaps, secretly really love it all? Did the other girls secretly love it all, too?

Was that why she had come back to Ursula's house that morning - to submit herself to Sabhu's discipline. Or was it just that, with that horrible chastity belt locked onto her, Ursula had made sure that she simply had no option? Oh how complicated life was!

But then how equally dreadful, and yet equally exciting, was the humiliation, when she was at home, of having to telephone her twice daily intimate reports - especially to a man, especially to an uneducated Haitian, like Sabhu. How she hated having to fill in her Daily Record Book and to hand it to Sabhu on her arrival, so that he could check both her health and her monthly cycle.

How she hated having to stand, shamefacedly, in front of him, not daring to say a word except in answer to one of his embarrassingly searching questions and then peppering her reply with 'Mr Sabhu, Sir', terrified that he might otherwise take offence at her tone and angrily thrash her for "Impudence".

It was bad enough getting six strokes for putting on one little pound in weight. Oh, how that had hurt!

It all seemed miles away from the sophisticated world of Henry and his wife, and the people in his Club.

Henry, himself, might understand why, masochistically, she allowed Ursula to have such extraordinary control over her. But, for his wife and the other people she had seen in his Club, what had just taken place would be just unbelievable in London, and in this day and age.

It was not merely, Emma reflected, that she loved to be strictly controlled and dominated, but now there was also the uncertain anticipation as to what was going to happen on each of her weekly visits ... She would, she knew, have 'to earn her keep', as Ursula put it bluntly.

Certainly, she thought, the cost of keeping Mrs Maunder, the housekeeper that Ursula had put into her home, and of her journey up to London and back, must all add up. That was why, she presumed, that Ursula liked to offer her as a rather special item to her more discerning, and richer clients.

To whom, Emma wondered, would she be on offer today? Another of Ursula's overseas visitors? They would always pay more if they first saw her caged and manacled.

Pay! Pay Ursula and, she thought bitterly, give a good tip to that swine Sabhu - but not a penny would come to her. Moreover, she would also be made to compete against the other caged girls. She would have to try hard to attract the attention of any clients that Ursula brought up to the viewing gallery - or else risk a thrashing from Sabhu.

But being chosen by a client was not the end of the story. Emma would then have to concentrate on really pleasing the client and on obeying her every command, - or risk another thrashing from an angry Sabhu who had not received his customary large tip.

What Emma really longed for, of course, was to be chosen by Ursula for her own pleasure - but then so did all the other girls, all equally besotted with their fantastic and cruel Mistress.

Oh, how Emma excited would feel when the internal telephone from Ursula's bedroom or drawing room suddenly rang. She, like all the other girls, would be holding their breath whilst Sabhu answered it. Were they going to be summoned to give their wonderful Mistress, or perhaps, in the case of the other girls, their sponsor, a little after-lunch pleasuring?

Oh, how she would be overwhelmed with jealousy when Sabhu put down the phone and called out the number of another girl. It was even worse having to watch Sabhu pick up a leash, take another girl, perhaps a sponsored girl, out of her cage, and fasten the leash to her collar.

Then he would proudly lead the girl, simpering with delight, crawling past Emma's cage, her nose disdainfully in the air, her manacles clanking erotically

and her breasts swaying underneath her. Oh, how Emma longed to reach out between the bars of her cage and scratch her rival's eyes out!

Instead, she would have to watch as Sabhu proudly led the summoned girl to the attic door and then down downstairs to be paraded in front of her mistress and, perhaps, her sponsor. It was enough to make her half regret not having been sponsored - yet.

Then kneeling in her cage and gripping the bars in silent rage, Emma would imagine what was going on in Ursula's bedroom, as still locked into her chastity belt, the girl would be ordered to apply her tongue to her Mistress's or her sponsor's beauty bud - or to both!

Then later, Emma would equally hate it when the chosen girl, tossing her head proudly, would be led back to her cage. Oh, Emma would be feeling, I could have given my Mistress much more pleasure than this girl - or any of these other girls!

These other girls! Who were they?

Oh, how Emma longed to be able to see them properly and to exchange little whispered confidences. It was so cruel not being able to talk to each other - or even see each other when they were in their cages. She could only hear the rattle of their manacles as they moved about on the far side of her cage's walls.

The girls, she felt, were her friends, even though they were also her competitors - and even though they seemed to be constantly changing as Ursula brought in new blood for Sabhu to train and for her clients to enjoy.

What happened to the ones who disappeared? She had never managed to learn. Had they been sold to clients whom they had particularly pleased? She had once asked Sabhu and he had angrily given six strokes of his whip for Impertinence - saying that it was none of her business.

Earlier on that very day, whilst being put into her cage by Sabhu, Emma had had a glimpse of another new pretty face staring at her through the bars of one of the end cages: the one marked "8" - like the number painted on the girl's chin.

She gathered that her real name had been Sofia. What a pretty name! But poor thing - here she was just Number Eight, as she herself here was just Number Four.

She wondered how the girl had been lured here by Ursula. Had she, too, been ensnared by Ursula's obvious wealth and sexual blandishments?

Had she, too, been intoxicated on by Ursula's ability to make pretty young women become infatuated with her, like schoolgirls having a crush on a beautiful Mistress? Besotted, just as she herself had been - and still was! And how all the other girls still were!

Poor thing! Had she, too, thought she was starting a lovely life as Ursula's pet companion, only to find herself being turned over to the tender mercies of Sabhu? Well, she too would now have to settle down to a life of being kept frustrated in a chastity belt, and of being kept manacled in a cage when not taken out to please one of Ursula's rich clients.

As she was such a pretty girl, it would not be long, Emma guessed, before she was in demand for sponsorship of one kind or another. Would her nipples be stretched, her lovely hair shaved off, or her full breasts enlarged or brought into milk? Or, more frighteningly, had she been perhaps already earmarked for Special Sponsorship or that awful Extra Special Sponsorship?

Meanwhile, there would be the humiliation of being taken down every morning by Sabhu with the other girls to the small gymnasium in he basement for a period of strenuous exercise under his whip.

There would also be the even more humiliating intimate training periods - being trained by Sabhu to please women and to obey instantly the standard words of command printed in English on the lists used by the clients.

And, of course, there would be the appalling daily embarrassment of having to perform her natural functions to Sabhu's order, and in time with the other girls.

Had the new girl yet got used to never seeing or hearing another man other than Sabhu? Had she got used to being put on a lead, like a little dog, whenever Sabhu took her out of her cage? Above all, had she yet got used to living under the constant fear of his long dressage whip? Had she yet learnt that he

would use it on any girl showing the slightest sign of recalcitrance, or even dumb insolence.

She would also soon learn that he would also use his whip if he ever saw that a girl was not smiling happily and doing her utmost to attract a client, when paraded for her inspection - or if the girl did not then do her utmost to please a client who had chosen her.

Perhaps she would also soon learn that even having a swollen belly would not protect her from Sabhu's much feared dressage whip.

Poor thing indeed! She had noticed how, looking scared stiff, the girl had shrunk back in her cage, her manacles clanking, when Sabhu came up to it. Did she have any idea of what she was in for? Or did she perhaps, like herself, also secretly find it all wildly exciting?

She longed to speak to the girl, but the walls separating the cages, stopped the girls from even smiling at each other, and there was, of course, a strict no talking rule in the attic - a rule imposed by the sensitive microphone that hung down in front of the line of cages. It was connected to a tape recorder - as well as to a loudspeaker in Sabhu's own room. One little whisper - and Sabhu would come and take the girls concerned out of their cages and make them bend over for a thrashing.

Sabhu only allowed the girls to play with their dolls or toy puppies - and, as a special treat, to look at children's nursery picture books. So, deprived of speech and of access of to the radio, television or newspapers, and only occasionally taken out for a carefully supervised little walk in the fresh air, the caged girls had no idea of what was going on in the real world outside.

Instead, as Emma knew only too well, kept relaxed by the soft background music, and never seeing a man other than Sabhu or hearing another man's voice, they lived in a totally artificial world created by Ursula. It was one dominated on the one hand by love for their wonderful mistress and on the other by fear of Sabhu's whip - and of not being chosen by the next client.

That clever swine, Sabhu, Emma realised, just wanted each girl to be alone with her thoughts. He knew that they would be thoughts of how she could best attract and please a client or, if she was lucky, her beloved Mistress, and so avoid another thrashing from her terrifying overseer - and, thus, earn him another good tip!

Emma also longed to hear how the girls who had been sponsored in various ways by rich clients, were getting on.

It must have been an awful shock for Number Five to find herself mysteriously in milk and not allowed to ask how it could have happened. And how awful for the girl who had been sponsored to have her head shaved - and for the girls whose nipples had been elongated. How much more awful though, for the girls whose sponsor ship had apparently resulted in a mysteriously swelling tummy.

It must all, she realised, have been very exciting for the sponsors and for the other clients. And indeed, how exciting, in the unreal world of Ursula's cages, for the girls themselves.

It would all be part of the power game that Ursula and her clients so enjoyed playing with young women. Indeed the power to select a girl for sponsorship, and then to watch her subsequent progress, must indeed be fascinating.

Sponsorship in it's various forms was also a threat that was always hanging over her, too. But was it really such a frightening threat? Would it rather be an exciting way of coming closer to her Mistress? Certainly, it must be an astonishing feeling being in milk or having one's nipples elongated. And, she supposed, she could always wear a wig back at home if a would-be sponsor offered to pay Ursula enough for her head to be shaved too! But how could she explain away a swelling belly?

But back at home, of course, the mere idea of any such sponsorship sounded quite appalling. But here, kept in the artificial life of the cages and of pleasing Ursula's lady clients, it seemed quite different. Here, it seemed quite natural, and even thrilling, for a slave girl to be used in these ways by her Mistress!

It was probably, she reflected, being a married woman with a home and a husband, even if he was rarely at home, that had probably saved her from being sponsored so far. But for how long? One never knew what clever plans were being mulled over in Ursula's fertile brain - or discussed with the clever Doctor Anna.

Certainly money would be no object, for the sponsorship payments might be very large - payments, of course, to Ursula, not to poor Emma!

The thrilling fear that she might, unknown to herself, already have been chosen for sponsorship by a rich client was with her always. She knew, even if the other girls had not, that Sabhu, or even Mrs Maunder, might at any time start mixing Doctor Anna's ground up fertility pills, or milk-inducing powders, in with her food.

She knew that any day she might find her breast strangely growing and producing milk. She also knew that at any moment Sabhu's clippers might be applied to her head or his glass vacuum tubes applied to her nipples.

But was that all? Emma had seen the swollen tummies of the girls in the first three cages and especially the strangely rapid swelling of Number Three's belly. She had been as mystified by it all as the girls themselves must have been. Was this another form of sponsorship?

But, surely Ursula would never have allowed any of her girls to have anything to do with a man, other than Sabhu - and he knew far too well on which side his bread was buttered to have raped the girls.

It was all very odd and especially poor Number Three. But it was also, she realised as she picked her doll, perhaps really rather exciting.

Half terrified, Emma wondered whether Doctor Anna's strange syringes and douches might have something to do with it? Might she indeed have used her syringe to plant something deep inside her whilst she was drugged and asleep, whist the sponsor secretly watched. Might she any day suddenly find herself suffering from the tell-tale signs of morning sickness.

She knew how the proud sponsor herself, her friends and other clients, and indeed Ursula herself, would find any of these wildly exciting.

Once again, she thought of the people in Henry's Club, and of her own friends in the country. If they would be horrified and astonished by the idea of girls being kept caged, how much more they would be by the idea of them being sponsored.

It was, she realised, all a strange and unreal dream world. Ordinary people walking or driving past Ursula's apparently innocuous house would ever imagine what went on in it.

Even nice normal people visiting Ursula's house to see her pictures, or to discuss the progress of one of her pet charities, would never guess that up in the attic was a line of silent, caged and manacled young women.

Nor would they ever guess that these pretty young women were all nervously, and yet also excitedly, awaiting being chosen to please, or to be sponsored by, some rather different women friends or clients of Ursula's.

In the real world outside it would indeed all seem ridiculous and even distasteful - but not here in the dream world of Ursula and her cages. Here it all seemed different, almost natural and inevitable ...

Indeed here she found herself constantly dreaming of finding herself in milk and of being made to give the milk from her excitedly swollen breasts to Ursula - or to ... No! ... Yes! ... to Henry!

Henry ! What on earth he would say to all this?

Being such a cynical cad when it came to women, he would probably laugh and say it served her right for letting herself get involved with Ursula and her secret world.

Henry! Oh, Henry!

Oh how she was longing to meet him again. But how on earth could she get out of her belt and join him next week?

She could still remember his every word on the telephone the day before. 'Go to Gatwick in a week's time, next Thursday at three o'clock in the afternoon and go the desk of the French airline Inter Air. They will have a ticket waiting for you. And don't forget to bring some cool clothes and your passport - and if

that bitch Ursula has confiscated it, then get a temporary travel document from your local Post Office. No arguments - just be there!'

No mention of where they were going - just be at the airport. No mention of how she was going to escape Ursula's strict surveillance - just be there!

Thursday was the day when she would be next be up in London to report to Sabhu. But how could she get escape and get away? And get out of her belt? Oh, it was all so impossibly difficult - and yet so exciting.

Oh, Henry! You've just no idea of the awful situations you get me into! Or did she really get herself into them by her ambivalent attitude towards Ursula? Oh why couldn't she face up to making a clean break, for once and for all, with Ursula, with her cages, her awful Sabhu and her unremitting control over every aspect of her life? Yes, indeed, why not? But deep down she knew that she never could.

The truth was that Ursula was like a drug. Emma simply could not give her up and when she tried to do so, she soon found herself crawling back to her, like a naughty child. She hated Ursula, just like she hated that swine Sabhu, but there was a difference. She was also besotted with Ursula!

The fact was that being under Ursula's control had been just about the most exciting thing in her life.

But now she longed to go away with Henry - and damn the consequences.

8 - URSULA DISPLAYS HER WARES

Ursula was smiling as she ushered the tall Maharani into the warm little attic viewing gallery.

The aristocratic Indian had a gracious air and was wearing a beautifully embroidered sari of scarlet silk. It contrasted vividly with Ursula's own discreet black business suit.

Ursula herself, a tall, angular figure, with short dark hair cut in a masculine style, a hard looking face and steely eyes, might have been a successful business woman, or a rich and dominant lesbian who stood no nonsense from her girls, or even a rather exotic foreign artist. She was, of course, all three.

The gallery was under the high side of the sloping roof of the attic and looked down at the line of cages and at the little display area in front of them. It was divided in two. One was hidden behind a lattice screen through which the girls in their cages could be watched unseen. The other part was open.

Unlike the bare attic with its brick walls and bare wooden floor, the gallery was thickly carpeted and comfortably furnished with armchairs surrounding small coffee tables on which were trays with cut glass decanters of dry sherry, some tall sherry glasses and a variety of biscuits.

Ursula politely offered the Maharani a comfortable chair in the open part of the gallery and poured her a glass of sherry. But clearly she was so overwhelmed by the erotic sight before her that she hardly noticed. Ursula smiled, it was the normal reaction of a new client - and one that augured well. The Maharani, she knew, was extremely rich.

Indeed, Ursula saw that the Maharani could hardly take her eyes off the raised row of low cages, each containing a pretty white girl, naked except for her chastity or breeding belt and her heavy wrist and ankle manacles. Each girl was silently looking up at the viewing gallery as she knelt up, gripping the bars of her cage with her chained hands.

European women, chained and caged!

One even had had her head shaved! Her erotically bald head was glistening under the bright light that illuminated her cage.

The Maharani again looked down he line of cages. Then she looked again in astonishment. Yes, there was no doubt about it, the bare bellies of some of the girls pressing against the bars of their cages and apparently locked into some sort of chain mail pouch over their beauty lips, were distinctly swollen ... Caged white girls being made to carry an unknown and unwanted progeny? White

girls being put through a forced pregnancy? Goodness, so Miss de Vere had not been joking after all! How exciting!

The Maharani's eyes further widened as Sabhu stepped into the arena. He was wearing his circus, animal-tamer, uniform of black leather boots, a sky blue jacket fastened with gold lace, a military peaked cap and tight white breeches that set off his jet black skin. He was holding his long dressage whip with its little red coloured leash at the tip.

His black skin and brightly coloured uniform contrasted sharply with the nakedness of the white women.

The black man bowed up towards to the Maharani and then turned to the cages.

'Show Respect!' he shouted, cracking his whip.

The women silently flung themselves down onto the floors of their cages, their manacled hands positioned on either side of their heads, with the heavy chain across the backs of their necks, their foreheads touching the rubber flooring, their long hair flung forward over their heads and their little bottoms raised high in the air.

'What a magnificent sight!' cried the Maharani speaking with emphasis in her sing-song Indian accent.. 'You must be very proud of how well disciplined they are!'

Proud? Yes indeed, thought Ursula. A strong feeling of pride of ownership surged through her as she looked down onto the row of beautiful young women, all kneeling humbly in their cages.

Yes, they were all hers! She owned them, body and soul! She had had them trained by Sabhu in the art of giving pleasure to an older woman. She prevented them from having any contact with men, other than Sabhu, of whom they were scared stiff. She could even breed from them - and had! And have anything else done to them that she or her clients wished.

But there was one thing that, thanks to Doctor Anna, she could do to these girls which beat all the others hollow as a way of exerting her power over them. It was also one for which her clients would also pay very her handsomely indeed: it was what she euphemistically called Extra Special Sponsorship.

She looked down at the rapidly swelling belly of Number Three, thrust against the bars of her cage. Yes, that really was even more thrilling than Number One and Two's more naturally swelling bellies, and for her sponsor, too.

She laughed again as she saw the milk laden breasts of Number Five and the now huge breasts of Number Six with their erotically, and artificially, elongated nipples.

Oh how thrilling it was, having such power over these girls - wildly exciting! There was just nothing like it! They were just as much her helpless slaves as if they had been the concubines of a Turkish Sultan.

Like real slaves, the girls were hers to use for both her pleasure and her profit. They were hers to do with as she liked: hers to thrash, or have thrashed, at the slightest sign of disobedience or sulkiness; hers to have slimmed down, fattened up, or mated; hers, above all, to have trained and put to work to earn her large sums of money by pleasuring her women clients, or by being sponsored, for the titillation of a wealthy client; hers even to sell!

Yes, indeed, the feeling of power that came from having complete control of these attractive young women was wildly exciting. There was just nothing like it!

Sabhu now turned back towards the viewing gallery and again bowed. The Maharani gave a little clap of delighted applause.

'How lucky you are to have such an efficient overseer,' she said.

Ursula nodded. Again she looked down at the line of abjectly prostrate young women. How well disciplined Sabhu kept them! What a relief it was being able to leave their day to day supervision to him.

Like herself, her clients wanted both beauty and instant obedience. With Sabhu's help, this was just the service she so profitably offered to her clients - and, of course, the opportunity to for pay the very high charges for different types of sponsorship.

Under the guise of her house being her painting studio and gallery, she was, running a very discreet, up market, enterprise that provided a particular service for wealthy lesbian women. She never though of it as a brothel, rather more as a club with members looking in regularly to enjoy a favourite girl. Certainly the Vice Squad were singularly disinterested in what went on there.

What was the secret of her success? The answer was simple: she used naturally submissive girls and a strict overseer who both kept the girls well disciplined and trained them to perform their money earning tricks.

Sabhu turned back to the cages.

'Up!' he ordered.

There was a noise of rattling chains as the women now knelt up straight, their manacled hands gripped behind their necks, their elbows back, their chins raised, their knees and their manacled ankles parted, their eyes fixed straight ahead, and their full breasts quivering.

'Ah! I see you also keep them all in locked up in a belt,' came the words of the Maharani words, cutting short her reverie.

'Yes,' replied Ursula, in her fluent English with a distinct Slavonic accent. With her formal matter-of-fact tone she might have been a Head Mistress showing a prospective parent round a school. 'Yes, I like to keep my girls in chastity or breeding belts, so as to control their sexual urges. I believe in keeping a girl pure - until I, or a client, decide otherwise. And, quite apart from the feeling of power that you get from controlling a girl's sensuality, I just can't tolerate the idea of any of my girls being free to play with themselves.'

'Indeed not' agreed the Maharani.

'In any case I feel it is much more satisfying if a girl is made to pleasure you whilst her own aroused beauty lips are kept tightly closed, by her belt. Moreover, it enables Sabhu to keeps an exact record of the dates of the rare occasions on which each of these desperately eager girls have been allowed any relief by myself or a client.

'And where did your overseer learn to control women so well?' asked the Maharani admiringly.

'Oh,' replied Ursula, 'Sabhu just uses the same technique - fear of his whip - that he was using when I found him working as a trainer of performing animals in a circus. He uses it now to discipline and train my girls just as used it to discipline and control the caged animals at the circus.'

'Oh!' gasped the Maharani,

'And, perhaps coming from a famous slave island, has given him an instinctive idea of the duties of an overseer and of how slaves should be treated - they always say that after the famous slave revolt in Haiti, the now free black slaves made slaves of the white wives and daughters of their murdered former Masters.'

'Ah!' laughed the Maharani

'Certainly I can rely on him to cope with their tantrums and monthly cycles and to keep them fit, well trained and submissive - as well as beautiful, well groomed and eager to please me and my clients - like you!'

'Good! But were did he get the name Sabhu? It sounds so delightfully primitive.

'Yes, replied Ursula. 'His real name is Aristide Beaumarchais. But in the circus he had been given the name of Sabhu and I kept it on hen he came to work for me. It sounded so suitable!'

'And how does he get on with your Doctor Anna?' asked the Maharani.

'Very well - luckily. They have confidence in each other's different abilities. Certainly Doctor Anna's former experiments in the young woman's prison camp had thrown up some fascinating possibilities for her and Sabhu to work on together.'

'And how on earth did you also get hold of her?'

'Well,' laughed Ursula, 'when communist rule collapsed, Doctor Anna had thought it best to flee to England. Here, as a confirmed lesbian, we met and I helped her to establish a thriving private practice - specialising in looking after the kept girls of rich older women. My own girls soon formed an important part of her practice. And, moreover I've been able to make use of her former

experiences - and in particular those that now enable me to offer my clients the Extra Special Sponsorship that I was telling you about - with Sabhu in charge of the girls Expecting Happy Events.'

'Sabhu?' queried the Maharani, 'but surely he's an overseer - not a trained nurse?'

'Yes, but he has had considerable experience, first of looking after female caged animals in the circus, including those being used for breeding, and then of similarly caged white women here in the cages of my attic. Doctor Anna and I can safely leave him to keep the girls healthy - and, much to their embarrassment, to cope with their minor female complaints.'

Ursula paused.

'Oh yes, Sabhu's well capable of looking after a girl who's been Extra Specially Sponsored, often initially keeping her guessing as to what was happening to her body and then using his whip to cope with the inevitable tears and pleading when, still astonished, she finally realised the truth ...

'Oh!' exclaimed the Maharani. 'How exciting that would be! But can Sabhu really cope?'

'Yes! Doctor Anna's always found, when she periodically comes to inspect my girls, that Sabhu produces comprehensive daily records of each girl's health and intimate functions. You can see some of them on the charts hanging on front of the cages.'

'Oh my humiliating it must be for the girls for this to be recorded by a great black brute of man,' murmured the Maharani.

'Yes,' agreed Ursula with another laugh, 'deliciously humiliating. That's half the fun!'

The Maharani took a sip from her glass of sherry and then gave a little gasp of excitement as she saw that, judging from the blue veins on her breasts and their large size, one of the girls appeared to be in milk. And on another the breasts must have been enlarged and the nipples had certainly been excitingly elongated!

'How did you manage to get hold of these girls?' she exclaimed in amazement.

Ursula laughed.

'Oh, you'd be surprised how easy it is to find and seduce secretly submissive and highly sexed young Eastern European women. Lost in Western Europe with little money, unable to speak much English, fearful of strange men, they're only too delighted to be looked after by a strict Mistress. They then quickly become both utterly dependant on her, and equally besotted with her - and, so, only too willing to sign a Contract of Service.'

'Ah!' laughed the Maharani. She pointed to the swelling bellies of the girls in the first three cages. 'But how did you get those ones to agree to sign?' Then she pointed to Number Seven with her shiny bald head. 'Or that one?'

Ursula laughed casually. 'Well, of course, I don't tell them just what's going to happen to them before they sign the contract. They have no idea what awaits them when I then turn them over to the tender mercies of Sabhu and Doctor Anna - and, of course, of my eager sponsors, too!'

'And then, I suppose, that once the girls have been safely caged and manacled, there's no escape, even if they wanted to?'

'Exactly! And, anyway, where would they go?' said Ursula. he pointed to a bin of muesli in a the corner of the room and to a radiator than ran along the wall. 'Here, at least they're fed and kept warm - even if they are half naked!'

'Yes, and at least you don't have to spend much on their food or clothes!' laughed the Maharani.

'And do they all come from Eastern Europe?' asked the Maharani.

Ursula again glanced down at the line of cages to check that Emma was in cage Number Four again - as usual on a Thursday. She had already decided that Emma would be ideal today for the Maharani.

She nodded in approval as she saw that Sabhu had fastened the heavy wrist and ankle manacles back on her - and had painted the figure "4" on her on her chin. These all played an important and erotic role in exciting clients, as well as in making a girl accept her subjugation.

'Oh no,' replied Ursula pointing to Cage 4, 'I also recruit well educated British girls of good family.'

'British girls of good family ... well!'

Ursula saw that the Maharani's eyes were glistening as she looked carefully at Cage Four. She was swallowing the bate! She smiled at the thought of how, with a little judicious encouragement from Sabhu's whip, Emma had turned out to be a good little money earner. Now that she only came here once a week, however, it was normally important to make sure that she was offered to more than one client - or preferably booked by several of them in advance!

Today, however, in view of the potential importance of the Maharani as a new client, or even perhaps as a potential sponsor, Ursula had given orders that Emma was to be kept free for her alone ...

'How delightful!' cried the Maharani admiringly.

Delightful? Yes indeed, thought Ursula - and very satisfying too.

She had always had a delightful little coterie of adoring and well disciplined pretty young women around her and in her power - and had the money to indulge her fantasies. She was a very successful artist, mainly known for her pictures of half naked nubile young women - for which she used her girls as models.

She had also enjoyed offering her girls to her friends. From that it had only been a small step to charging her clients for their use - and what a success that had proved!

Of course, the profits came largely from not having to pay the girls themselves anything. Ursula kept for herself the large fees she charged for the use of her girls, and, of course, the much larger ones she charged for sponsorship.

Moreover, being kept, half naked, in bare cages and fed on muesli, yoghurt and fruit, the cost of the girls' keep was minimal.

This new enterprise had more than made up for the drop in sales of her pictures during the recession. It had also been very enjoyable. But now she was under pressure from art dealers around the world to hold exhibitions again.

Not surprisingly, however, she was hesitant about giving up her girls and concentrating once again purely on her pictures - especially in view of her friend Ingrid's Special Event. This promised to be a highly profitable use of some of her girls.

Meanwhile, however, one of the joys of having Sabhu in charge of her girls was that it gave her time to paint ...

Ursula turned to look down again at the erotic sight of the manacled Emma obediently kneeling up in her cage. She remembered how the fact that she was a married woman had made her seduction and subsequent caging, or strict control at her home, all the more exciting and challenging.

She frowned at the thought that Emma was probably still attracted to the male sex - something that was strictly out of bounds for Ursula's girls. But she was confident that Emma was now too scared of Sabhu's whip to try and get up to any of her old tricks!

She looked at the cages on either side of Emma - at Number Five, whose swollen breasts were nicely coming into milk and at Number Three with her fascinatingly fast growing belly.

Yes, it was a joy to have an experienced overseer who knew how to handle her girls - especially if they were going through the trauma and initial mystery of Special or Extra Special Sponsorship.

In both these latter cases, she could rely on Sabhu playing a key role in meeting the requirement of some sponsors to keep, an unsuspecting, girl ignorant of what had been done to her for as long as possible, and of other sponsors for the girl to be fully aware of what was going on, but to be quite unable to do anything about it.

Either way, the feeling of power for the sponsor would be almost overwhelming. In both cases the sponsor would feel like a Goddess with the power of life itself!

Meanwhile, of course, Ursula herself would also be enjoying the sponsored girls! Moreover, although the sponsors, naturally had priority over the use of

their particular girls, other clients, too, would happily pay considerably extra for their use too - and would bring their friends along!

Yes indeed, Ursula laughed to herself, sponsorship of different kinds certainly played an important role in her operation. It was both wildly exciting and deeply satisfying to women like herself - the very apogee of a mistress's power over a helpless younger woman, and something that her clients would pay handsomely to enjoy

Ursula smiled again as she remembered that she was planning to travel out, next week, and see a villa she had taken for a month or two on a privately owned small island in the Aegean. She would be able to complete several paintings there.

However some of her clients and sponsors were also planning to come and stay - and would want to enjoy her girls. So once everything was ready, Sabhu would bring the girls out. Indeed, they were already thrilled at the thought of getting away from their manacles and from the cages in the attic - and getting out of their hated chastity or breeding belts.

How lovely, they were thinking, it was going to be to have a lovely comfortable bedroom overlooking the sea and to be free to excite themselves whenever they wanted.

Ursula had not had the heart to tell them that it would not be lovely bedrooms that awaited them there, but rather a line of dog kennels in the garden of the villa, each with its own attached collar and chain! Nor that once they had safely arrived, Sabhu would quickly be putting their belts back on again!

As Emma's husband was still around, it would be too difficult to take her out to the island with the other girls. No, she would have stay behind, living at home, kept frustrated by her chastity belt and longing for the return of her Mistress!

The problem, however, was leaving her locked in her chastity belt could perhaps be a little dangerous for such a long period

Perhaps it might be better to take a leaf out of what the Arabs had done for centuries - and sew up the girl's beauty lips, so that she could neither masturbate nor make love! It all depended on how soon Ingrid's Special Event came off - for, as she had mentioned to Sabhu, Emma could well play a key role in that.

Although there would be no clients visiting the house next Thursday when she was away, there was no reason why Emma should not report to Sabhu as usual for a last depilation and inspection before he came out to the island ...

9 - EMMA IS CHOSEN TO PLEASE A CLIENT

Ursula snapped out her reverie and turned to the Maharani. 'Would you like any of the girls to be paraded for you?' she asked. 'As can see, we have a good selection of girls here, of different ages and types of beauty'

The Maharani's eyes glistened. She was still looking at Emma's cage.

'The girls all come from different countries, but I think you're particularly interested in my upper class British one?'

'Yes!' replied the Maharani eagerly. 'I'd love to come back and try out the others another time, but what I really want now is to humiliate a girl from the race and class that so dominated us in India for two centuries. I was brought up to admire them and they seemed almost god-like figures. How exciting it would be now to humble one of them by making her pleasure me!'

'Then, in that case,' said Ursula with an innocent smile, as if she had not been planning this all along, 'Number Four is just the girl for you! Although she's not an aristocrat, she and her husband are very much from the elite class that went out to rule India.'

'Her husband!' queried the astonished Maharani. 'You mean she's a married woman and yet has to come here to be offered to other women?'

'Yes,' laughed Ursula, 'she certainly does - though her husband thinks she just comes here to study art!'

'Better and better!' murmured the Maharani

'Yes indeed,' laughed Ursula. 'It's a wonderful feeling enjoying the wife of an unwitting man - and putting the wife into a chastity belt to prevent her from sleeping with her husband makes it all the piquant!'

'But surely he ...'

'Oh, I just get Doctor Anna to send him a medical certificate saying that his wife is not well and she must sleep in a separate bedroom.'

'But how did you get her here?'

'Oh that's half the fun!' Ursula smiled. 'I just told her unsuspecting husband that I'd like her to come down once a week and help me prepare for my next exhibition of paintings. Moreover, in his innocence, he actually asks me if I could possibly look after his wife when he goes abroad!'

It was annoying, Ursula told herself, that Emma's husband was now only going abroad for short periods. She could therefore no longer keep Emma caged here permanently. With her very British blond beauty, she had been very popular with the clients, especially those who were overseas visitors.

But, Ursula knew, the embarrassing twice daily telephone reports to Sabhu, the humiliation of having to fill in her Daily Report Book for his subsequent inspection, and the constant feel of her chastity belt, all helped ensure that, although she was now living at home, she still felt as controlled and disciplined as when she had been kept here, with the other girls, manacled in her cage.

'And how does the girl take it all?' came the voice of the Maharani.'

'Oh, she adores her Mistress and hates Sabhu - like they all do. But kept locked in her chastity belt, she just does as she's told! She soon found that she had no alternative but to do what I have arranged with her husband - and, of course, that poor booby of a man little suspects that, once here, his dear wife is going to be caged - and put to work!

Ursula turned and called down to Sabhu: 'Parade Number Four!'

Sabhu bowed and went up to the cages, unlocked the padlock on Emma's cage, opened the little barred door and lowered the ramp.

'Number Four!' he ordered, 'Out!'

There was a clinking of chains as Emma crawled out of her cage and down the ramp.

Sabhu reached down and snapped Emma's long leather lead onto the ring at the back of her thick leather collar. Then, holding the lead in one hand, he stood back and, with his other hand, cracked his whip. 'To your spot ... go!'

Pulling on her lead like an eager little dog, Emma now scuttled on all fours to the red spot in the display area just below the viewing gallery. The spot, like her chin, was marked with the figure '4' in red. There she assumed the Position of Respect with her hair flung forward and forehead to the floor and her little bottom raised, whilst Sabhu stood behind her, keeping the lead to her collar taut.

Ursula looked at the Maharani. Once again her eyes were glistening as if she could not believe what she was seeing - the humbling of a manacled upper class British woman by a man of colour who was holding her on a leash. She was used to treating her own lower caste Indian servant girls as if they were mere chattels, but this was something more, much more.

'Stand-by for position for inspection' ordered Sabhu in his harsh voice. There was a pause. The Maharani saw Emma tense her body. Then suddenly there came the crack of his whip. Like a well trained animal, obedient to the whip, Emma jumped up, raised her head, and fixed her eyes on the wall below the gallery. Then she parted her manacled ankles slightly, bent her knees, clasped her manacled hands behind her back and pursing her lips stuck out her little pink tongue.

'She's certainly very well disciplined,' said the Maharani admiringly, turning to Ursula.

'Yes, we aim to please,' replied Ursula with a laugh.

The Maharani saw how the black soft leather chastity belt around the girl's hips, with its diamond shaped cutouts, contrasted with her white skin. She wondered about the black rubber pad prominently displayed over the girl's beauty lips and admired the thick leather collar round her neck, studded with brass knobs like a dog's collar.

She admired the way the collar was joined to the chastity by the two rubber straps that came up on either side of the girl's bare navel. She also admired the way her breasts were held up and presented by the strap that joined the other two just below her breasts and how her shoulders were held back by the rubber strap running up her back to her collar.

The half naked girl certainly made an erotic sight with her soft, pouting, belly and her quivering breasts that were prettily held and framed by the straps.

'A fine picture of a well trained, subjugated, British woman, silently and obediently waiting to please her Indian Mistress!' Ursula whispered enticingly.

'Oh yes,' murmured the Maharani, breathing heavily, 'that's the one I want!'

'See how she's trained to wriggle the rubber studs on her chastity belt to give pleasure to a woman lying on top of her and holding her down,' explained Ursula giving Sabhu a nod.

'Wriggle!' he ordered, raising his whip menacingly. Immediately, Emma began to wriggle her hips to and fro, and up and down, in a lascivious and wanton manner.

'Imagine that wriggling under you as you pressed down on her!' laughed Ursula.

'Goodness!' exclaimed the Maharani, biting her lips with excitement.

'But for no additional charge, there's more!' said Ursula giving another nod to Sabhu. Sabhu inserted a little key into the back of the chastity belt and immediately there was a little humming noise.

'Now imagine not only that the girl is wriggling under you, but also that the little rubber studs are also vibrating against your own beauty bud. Many of my clients find the combination wildly exciting! Would you like this additional service?'

'Oh yes,' the Maharani replied, 'oh yes'.

Then she paused for a moment. 'But won't the girl also be getting pleasure? I thought the whole point of this belt was that she feels nothing.'

'Exactly!' laughed Ursula.

'Oh? What do you mean?' asked the Maharani, puzzled.

'You see, the belts have been cleverly designed so that, when a client switches on the vibrator in the belt, it's only the little rubber knobs that actually vibrate - the girl's own beauty bud, hidden below the plastic grille under the rubber pad, feels nothing as you make the girl writhe under you.'

'Brilliant! laughed the Maharani. 'How clever!'

'And there are two other additional and optional services I can offer to heighten your pleasure this afternoon. Using them on a pretty young British woman would make you enjoy your feeling of power all the more - though I shall have to charge extra for them! '

'Oh?' said the Maharani intrigued.

'Well, Option One is ...' she began to whisper into the Maharani's ear. The Maharani's eyes opened wide and she licked her lips.

'Oh yes,' she said , 'I'll certainly extra pay for Option One. What about the other?'

'That something rather different,' Ursula said with a conspiratorial smile, 'something I myself much enjoy using on Number Four!' She opened a little cupboard, and pointed to something black with leather straps. 'And that is Option Two!' she announced.

'Well ... ' cried the Maharani, ' I see what you mean ... Oh yes!'

10 - THE MAHARANI

Holding the lead and his whip in one hand, Sabhu knocked at the door of the guest room. Behind him, held by the leash fastened to the ring on her collar, stood Emma - still naked except for her manacle chains and the belt.

'Come in!' came the voice of the Maharani.

Sabhu opened the door. 'Prance!' he ordered. He entered the room, leading in a now prancing Emma, obediently raising her knees high in the air behind him to the full extent of the heavy chain attached to her ankle manacles.

Her manacled wrists were again clasped behind her neck and her breasts were bouncing wildly, as she breathed heavily with the effort. Clearly it was something that she had been made to practice over and over again

The Maharani, sitting in a chair in the corner and now clad only in a simple silken sari, watched with mounting excitement as Sabhu now standing in the middle of the room, let out more of the leash and, cracking his whip behind her bottom, made Emma prance round and round.

'Halt!' he finally called out. Her bosom rising and falling as she got her breath back, Emma stood quite still, eyes lowered demurely, ankles together and her hands now to her side, the manacle chain touching her knees.

What was going to happen now, she wondered. Normally at this stage, Sabhu bowed, handed the lead to the client and left the room. But there was no sign of him leaving and he was still holding her lead himself.

With his whip, Sabhu pointed to the back of a special chair near the Maharani. Then he smiled, and speaking slowly and deliberately as if to a child, he ordered: 'Bend over! Yes, over the back of that chair!'

'Oh no!' Emma could not help gasping. 'Oh please, not that!'

It was some time since Ursula had offered the spectacle of Emma being beaten by Sabhu to titillate a client. She did not like her girls being marked and it was something that she offered to only the richest and highest paying of her clients.

'Silence!' shouted Sabhu, secretly pleased with Emma's terrified protest that could only serve to heighten the spectacle for the Maharani. 'Move!'

Scared almost out her wits, Emma rushed towards the chair and bent over it's low back. Then she reached down with her manacled hands to grip the arms of the chair. She was, she realised, ideally positioned to be thrashed.

'Head up! ... Look straight ahead! ... Tongue out! ... More! ...Up on your toes ... Present your buttocks for the whip!

With each order, Emma felt more and more humiliated and ashamed. As always when she was going to be beaten Emma could feel herself becoming aroused under her chastity belt. The thought of being beaten in front of this tall and attractive looking woman heightened her arousal even more.

Henry, his commanding masculine ways, and her plans to try to go off with him, that had all been so dominating her thoughts, suddenly now all seemed very remote.

Her buttocks, only partly covered by her belt, were thrust back, her head was raised, her tongue thrust out, and her breasts hung down prettily towards the empty seat. It was a position that she had often had to adopt in the early days of her breaking in and training by Sabhu.

Still holding her lead with one hand, Sabhu tapped her belly with his whip, making her slightly raise her bottom and part her legs. Then he turned and bowed to the Maharani. 'Permission to carry out Option One, Madam?' he asked ingratiatingly.

Oh God! Emma was thinking, how many strokes has the Maharani paid for? She did not dare to look round and did not therefore see Sabhu smilingly holding up six fingers to the Maharani,

She, in turn, could scarcely believe what she was seeing: a British woman, from the arrogant upper class, about to be thrashed by an uneducated black man. She could feel herself becoming wet with arousal.

Sabhu raised his whip, took careful aim and brought it down across the soft back of Emma's thighs - just below the line of the chastity belt.

Emma gave a scream of pain as a long red weal began to appear. She longed to rub her bottom, to ease the pain, but she did not dare to break position. As she absorbed the pain, she blushed as she felt herself becoming more aroused. But all she could think of was how many more strokes was she going to get?

Two more strokes slowly followed and then there was a pause. Still not daring to look round she felt Sabhu fitting a key into the little padlock in the small of her back and then into the one at the back of her thick collar. He was going to take off her belt!

Normally the feeling of relief as the tight belt and collar were removed, and as her tightly compressed beauty lips relaxed, was wonderful but now, bent over for a thrashing as she was, she could not help trembling as she felt the air on her now bare bottom and between her legs.

With his whip, Sabhu made Emma part her thighs more, and then, with a respectful gesture, he smilingly invited the Maharani to come and feel between them. He reached down and separated the now well exposed beauty lips.

Emma blushed scarlet with shame, as she felt the elegant Maharani's hand on her soaking wet intimacies. Oh, why did being beaten always have this shameful effect on her - even if it hurt like mad! She heard the Maharani give a contemptuous laugh and then go back to her chair. At heart these upper class British women were just low caste sluts!

Sabhu adjusted Emma's position again and then, once again holding her lead taut with one hand, he took careful aim and this time brought the whip down across her soft bottom ... Three times the room was filled with Emma's screams and then Sabhu replaced the chastity belt, closed the padlocks, bowed to the Maharani and left Emma alone to her mercies.

'Lick, you beautiful British lady, lick!' cried the Maharani as she knelt on the large bed over Emma's face.

Emma, lying on her back with her manacled wrists fastened to the head of the bed above her head, gave a little jump of pain from the weals on her bottom. Then biting her lips to keep herself from crying out, she reached up with her tongue and began, very gently, to lick up and down the Maharani's own well aroused beauty lips. She could hear the Maharani cry out with pleasure, speaking in a strange language - presumably her native Urdu, the language of the former Moslem princely rulers.

'Go on, you British girl!' the Maharani now called out, reaching down and pulling Emma's face up to her own eager body. 'And think what your husband would say if he could see you now - you slut!'

But it was not only of John that Emma was thinking with shame, but of Henry as well.

'Wriggle, you arrogant British bitch! Wriggle!' came the Maharani's hoarse voice as she later clasped Emma to her. Oh, the feeling of power from the sight of the helpless young British woman lying, in her manacles, under her! Two hundred years of humiliating British rule were being revenged!

She inserted the key that Sabhu had given her and the little black knobs started to vibrate deliciously as she pressed her beauty lips down onto them. Oh, the sheer bliss - and, moreover, a bliss that was further heightened by the thought that the British woman obediently writhing under her, could feel nothing - except the stripes across her bottom! Oh the ecstasy! Oh the feeling of power! Oh the exhilaration!

It was indeed not long before, with a shrill scream of delight, the Maharani reached a climax and collapsed onto the soft prone figure below her.

There was a long pause and then the Maharani reached for the house phone. 'Come and prepare her for Option Two!' she instructed Sabhu and then went into the bathroom.

Through the open door, the Maharani could hear Sabhu silently taking off Emma's belt again and then oiling her between the legs, get her ready for what was next to happen. Then, having, once again, made Emma lie down on the bed on her back, she heard him fasten the chain linking her wrists to a ring at the head of the bed. That would prevent her from interfering with Option Two! Then the Maharani heard him leave the room.

She looked down, at her own slim taut body and at Option Two, the well oiled double dildo that she had strapped onto her thighs. She could feel one of the two manhood's inside her, whilst the other one jutted forward, in a realist macho way.

With her every movement, not only did the manhood inside her excite her wildly, but also the other black rubber manhood, jutting out in front of her, swayed provocatively - in turn making the little knobs at its base rub even more thrillingly against her own beauty bud. Oh, the double pleasure! Oh what a

clever dildo this was! She could hardly wait to drive it up the British beauty lying helpless next door!

But that was not all, for she could also feel the weight and size of the rubber testicles that hung down below the manhood. They were heavy from the warm milk that they held - ready for the squeeze of her right hand that would jet the milk into the girl as she herself reached her climax - or climaxes!

'Moreover,' Ursula had explained, 'the insulated rubber testicles have been carefully designed so that each can be loaded with something different. I like to have the usual normal warm milk loaded in the right testicle for the final eruption. But you will find that the left hand testicle has been specially loaded with a harmless stinging lotion that will really make the girl jump every time to give the testicle the slightest squeeze with your left hand. You'll find that her sudden writhing and screaming will make it all even more arousing for you.'

'How thrilling!' the Maharani had cried.

'Yes, but you must be ready to hold the girl down as you ride her whilst she bucks and writhes under you. The burning feeling will make her want to throw you right off - and so you must press down hard.'

'Oh I'll do that alright!' laughed the Maharani

'Then,' Ursula had continued, 'when the girl's quietened down again, all you have to do to stimulate her into action again is to give another little squeeze with your left hand. So you can spin it out for a long time if you want to - until you are ready for a final climax when you get a different but equally exciting reaction from the girl by giving a good long squeeze of your right hand to get the warm milk jetting into her.'

'Oh, what an exciting idea!' gasped the Maharani clapping her hands with delight.

'Well, that's Option Two - a rather expensive one, reserved for my most discerning clients. They find it worth the price.'

'Oh the extra cost doesn't bother me - I can see that the sheer excitement will make it all well worthwhile!'

'Of course,' Ursula had then said to the Maharani with a sly smile, 'you don't have to load the dildo with harmless milk or a simple stinging lotion.'

'Oh' asked the Maharani, suddenly intrigued. 'You mean ... '

'Yes,' came the laughing reply, 'some of my clients like to ... shall we say? ... play the paternal role.'

'My God!,' the Maharani had gasped. This was something that she really might try out on her own serving girls back in her palace. 'But what sort of ... ?'

'Seed?' asked Ursula with a laugh. 'Well, I think that Doctor Anna can usually meet most tastes! White, Asian, Black ... we've even recently used that of a Dwarf.'

'And I can do this to that girl' the Maharani had excitedly asked, pointing at Emma. 'I would pay very handsomely.'

'Yes, I'm, sure you would,' Ursula had laughed again. 'But I'm afraid she is not at present available for this particular form of sponsorship. But go and enjoy the dildo even if, this time, it isn't loaded with the seed of life!'

Emma lay on the bed, writhing under a mixture, on the one hand, of the sheer unbelievable excitement of at last being free of her awful belt and of feeling a manhood, albeit a rubber one, up inside her; and, on the other hand, of the pain from the weals on her bottom as the Maharani pressed her down against the mattress.

She had recognised the dildo as one which Ursula had often used on her. Ursula would often cruelly tease her by refusing to tell her whether it was loaded with the awful stinging lotion.

What was it loaded with now? Oh my God, had Ursula hired her out to the Maharani to be made to really writhe? Emma found her excitement was mounting fast, overcoming the pain from her well striped bottom.

Then suddenly she gave a scream and jerked wildly as the Maharani with a cruel smile drove the first little jet of the stinging lotion up inside her. Desperately Emma tried to bring her manacled hands down from above her head to push the Maharani off her, but the manacles were too firmly fastened. All she

could do was to try and buck the woman off her - and thereby give her even greater pleasure.

'Take it,' cried the Maharani hoarsely, as she held the frantically writhing Emma down, 'take it, you upper class British slut, take it!'

A few minutes later the same scene was repeated, as the Maharani again put her left hand down ...

Listening at the door, Sabhu rubbed his hands with delight. Emma would, he felt sure, have earned him an extra big tip this time!

PART IV

FUN AND GAMES - AND RETRIBUTION

11 - EMMA MAKES HER PLANS

It was a very sore and contrite Emma that Sabhu drove back to the station for her to take her train home.

He did not say a word - not even when he put her into a nearly empty carriage. Indeed there was nothing to say. Emma had been examined and depilated by him and then, put back into her cage, she had been put to work, and made to pleasure the Maharani. It had been a pleasuring that included both Options One and Two. So she had earned quite a fee for her Mistress, a generous tip for himself - but nothing, of course, for herself.

Emma sat down in the train, but immediately jumped up with a little cry. Her bottom was still so sore after her beating - or her spanking as Sabhu humiliatingly described it, as if she had just been a naughty little girl who had been smacked on her bottom. Some spanking!

She would, she realised, now have to travel standing up - and sleep on her tummy that night. What a swine Sabhu was! Or was the real swine Ursula who had apparently offered to have her beaten by Sabhu to get more money from the Maharani? How could she have been so cruel?

As the train pulled out, Emma could help thinking what Henry would say if he knew what had happened to her that day. What a muddle it all was! Here she was loving, and yet at the same time hating, being one of Ursula's unpaid tarts, subject to Sabhu's terrifying discipline - thrilled to be one of Ursula's slaves and yet hating her. What a muddle indeed!

Would the marks of her beating have worn off by the time she met Henry in a week's time? More to the point, would she really be able to get away?

Oh how she longed to off with Henry once again - and to get away from the clutches of Ursula, exciting though they often were. She remembered what Ursula had said when Sabhu had taken her to report to her after the Maharani had left. 'You've been a good little girl, Emma, and the Maharani was very pleased.'

Emma had blushed with pleasure at being praised by her Mistress. Oh, how she longed to please her! But she had been dismayed when Ursula had gone on: 'I shall seriously have to think about having you thrashed by Sabhu before you service all your clients in future. It seems to make you far more eager to please."

Eager to please! Just scared out of her wits, Emma thought bitterly, would be a more accurate description.

Then Ursula had told her about the villa, adding, however, that she, Emma, was going to be left behind.

"Nevertheless, little Emma," Ursula told her," although I shall be away, and so there'll be no clients to service, you're to report to report to Sabhu next Thursday for him to check you, for the last time for a couple of weeks, before he brings the other girls out to join me in the villa. But don't you dare start slackening off with your reports - just remember I shall be expecting to have a good report from him about you."

At first Emma had been dismayed at the idea of being left behind by her exciting Mistress. But then she remembered that Henry had told her to meet him that very day. What an opportunity! But how could she get away from Sabhu? And

how could she get out of her belt? Feverishly, she began to wonder ... and wonder.

Yes, a clever little plan was beginning to form in her brain. It would need careful and secret preparation and not a little luck, but she had never been short of that.

12 - EMMA ESCAPES

'Up!' ordered Sabhu. Quickly Emma stood up high on the bench in the training room.

Sabhu unlocked the small padlocks of her chastity belt in the small of her back, and behind her neck. Then he slipped off the belt itself and the studded stiff leather studded collar. As usual, however, he had already put her heavy wrist and ankle manacles back on her. Except for them, she was now stark naked.

'Present!'

Blushing with shame, Emma immediately parted her legs and bent her knees so that her bare beauty lips were now level with Sabhu's eyes. At the same time she raised her wrist manacles, clasped her wrists behind her neck and, looking over Sabhu's head below her, fixed her eyes on the wall. She must not, she knew, say a word, nor must she look down. But she could feel him using a shaving brush to work his special depilation cream up into a lather over her mound and down between her beauty lips.

She bit her lips as she felt it begin to burn. Then she felt him wipe it off and rub his hand down between her legs, feeling for any signs of stubble, before repeating the whole process again for good measure.

Oh how she hated this being done by Sabhu. It was so embarrassing! It was one thing having it done by a nice friendly girl in a beauty shop. But having it done by a man, especially by this rough uneducated Haitian, was awful. It made her feel like an animal - animal in the intimate charge of this terrifying man. Of course, she reflected, that's why Ursula insisted on it being done by Sabhu.

Then apparently satisfied, he parted her beauty lips and began, as usual, to feel up inside her.

She remembered her plan - the plan on which so much depended. She plucked up her courage.

'Permission to speak, Mr Sabhu, Sir?' she said still holding her position of Present - presenting her beauty lips for inspection.

'What do you want, girl,' came the gruff reply.

'Please, Mr Sabhu, Sir,' said Emma, feeling very brave. She knew that the slightest failure to treat this horrible man with the utmost respect would result in twelve strokes for 'Impertinence'. She put on her best little-girl wheedling tone, 'I've got to go to the Vaccination Center at Westminster at noon.'

'What!' cried Sabhu angrily, immediately suspecting a ruse to avoid having the chastity belt put back on. Then, assuming it was something to do with Emma's monthly cycle, he pulled out his record book, turned to "Emma" and studied it carefully.

'Nothing wrong with you,' he announced in his strong half French, half Caribbean, accent.

'No, no, Sir,' cried Emma, praying that she would sound convincing. 'It's not that at all. It's just that John ... my husband ...'

'What about him?' queried Sabhu contemptuously. 'He no reason for you not wearing chastity belt.'

Sabhu knew that to make sure that Emma was not unfaithful to her Mistress, her chastity belt was kept locked on her, even when her husband was at home. Sabhu had often laughed at the thought of Doctor Anna sending her booby of a husband a letter saying that Emma was not fit to undertake her conjugal duties and that she must sleep in a separate room.

'Oh no, Sir, it's not that.'

'Well then?' Sabhu asked belligerently. He did not like Emma's husband. Even if he was a booby, he was the reason why she now only came to the house to

meet a client once a week. It was because of him that the tips he was getting for Emma's services were now so much less - despite all the hard work he had put into training and subjugating Emma.

'It's just that he has asked me to be ready to join him for a week or so at an international oceanographic conference he thinks he will be going to in ... in ... '

Emma was becoming flustered as she lied.

'In ... San Jos, in ...Costa Rica.' she finally remembered her story.

'Costa Rica?'

'Yes, Sir,' Emma was now getting more sure of herself. 'And you see, you have to have a Yellow Fever vaccination to go there. And you can only get one at the Vaccination Center when they open a batch of the vaccine. So you have to have a special appointment. My husband's office have arranged for me have one at noon today.'

'Why you not tell me this before,' asked Sabhu suspiciously. 'Why you wait until Madam not here'

'Oh, oh ... because I only heard about it from my husband's office this morning just as I was leaving ... And,' she added hopefully, 'they had great difficulty in getting me this appointment ... someone else cancelled. If I miss this chance, it will be too late.'

Emma saw that Sabhu had taken seriously what she had said. Good! Now was the time to make her story really sound true by taking advantage of the absence in the Aegean, with Ursula, of the sinister Doctor Anna on whom Ursula relied to keep her girls fit and well - in conjunction with Sabhu, of course.

'Doctor Anna knew about it,' Emma lied. 'It was she who said I must have it if I were ever to go out there. She said I was too valuable to risk not having it done.'

It was these words that persuaded Sabhu.

'Alright!' he said. 'But I'll drive you there, wait for you and take you onto the station for your train home.'

Emma gave a gasp of relief. He had fallen for it! 'But, Sir, I must have my chastity belt off - just like my manacles.'

'Manacles off? Alright!' Sabhu grunted. Anyway he would have to take them off when they arrived at the station. Emma could not wear those at home or in the train. But take her chastity belt? Certainly not!

'Why, you silly white girl,' he asked suspiciously, 'you need to have belt taken off for simple injection into arm?

'Because, Mr Sabhu, Sir,' said Emma, putting on an air of great respect for this awful man, her enemy, 'you see, the injection has to be into my bottom - and what would they all say at the Vaccination Center. Anyway, even if they agreed to give it to me in the arm, how could I hide the stiff leather collar and its connecting straps?

There was a long pause as the still suspicious Sabhu thought it all over. It was true that with Miss de Vere away, no clients would be coming to the house and therefore Emma would not be put back into her cage, but taken straight back to the station.

'Well, anyway,' said Emma brightly, 'if you're frightened I'm going to run away you can put the belt back on now. Then you need only take it off, temporarily, when you also take off the manacles off when the car arrives at the Center. Then you can hold them all ready to put on again, as soon as I come out again. I shall only be there for ten minutes or so.'

Sabhu grunted.

Emma bent down, picked up her bag and opened it.

'And look! I've hardly got any money - just my return ticket to the country. How can I possibly run away? Anyway you've got my passport!

'Alright,' said Sabhu, picking up the belt.

Emma looked back at the car in which Sabhu was sitting and pressed the Vaccination Center's doorbell. It was part of a much larger building. So far so good, but supposing they asked if she had an appointment? Luckily it was a remotely operated door.

'Come in and go up to Reception on the second floor,' came a flustered woman's voice. She was obviously too busy to ask more questions. Good!

Emma rushed in and then seeing a notice saying "Emergency Exit" rushed out again at the back of the building. Wonderful!

If later questioned by Ursula she would simply say that she got lost in such a large building, with several entrances, and must have left by a different one. She had looked around for Sabhu, but he and the car seemed to have disappeared. He had abandoned her! Then finding herself all alone, knowing that Ursula was abroad, like her husband, and having very little money she had made her way to the house of an old girl friend who had taken pity on her ...

That all sounded quite a convincing story, she thought, and might even get that swine Sabhu into trouble! In her heart she wondered if Ursula would smell a rat, but that was all in the future. Anyway, perhaps she would break with Ursula and never see her again! All that mattered now was that she had escaped! She was free - and on her way to meet Henry!

Out in the street again, at the back of the building, Emma looked around. An empty taxi was coming down the street. Her luck was in!

'The Grosvenor Hotel, Victoria' she told the driver and got in.

Then to her horror she saw that the driver was taking the taxi round to the front of the building. She had a glimpse of Sabhu, still sitting in his car - and still presumably holding her chastity belt and the manacles.

She lowered her head and started to adjust a shoe so that he would not see her. Emma's heart was pounding as the taxi drove right past him.

She did not dare to look up for a whole minute. Then she looked behind in the rear window. There was no sign of Sabhu following the taxi. What a relief!

She started to feel down through a little hole in the pocket of her coat and extracted from the lining a crumpled up ten pound note - change from one of the fifty pound notes that Henry had given her. Knowing that Sabhu would check her handbag she had secretly hidden it there.

When the taxi arrived, she thrust the note at him, and quickly looked up and down the street. There was no sign of Sabhu or the car. Without waiting for her change, she rushed into the hotel.

Oh thank God! There was the kind porter to whom she had given five pounds earlier that morning and asked him to hold onto her suitcase - opening it up to show him that there were no bombs.

Smilingly, he now handed it back to her and she rushed out again - this time into the station itself, struggling to tear open a hem in which she had hidden a crumpled up twenty pound note.

She rushed to the Gatwick Airport ticket office, and bought a ticket. A train was just leaving. She looked up and down the platform. There was no sign of Sabhu. She rushed into a seat away from the platform and flung open her case. There on the top of her clothes was the temporary travel document that she had managed to buy without Mrs Maunder knowing.

She sat back in her seat as the train pulled out of Victoria. Oh, the feeling of relief! And the sheer excitement! And the bliss of no longer being locked into that ghastly chastity belt! Being still naked under her dress, she could feel how her beauty lips were no longer tightly compressed. They were free to open like the petals of a flower, as Sabhu liked to say when he unlocked a girl's belt.

For the first time in months she could actually touch herself. She could play with herself! The very idea made her moist with excitement. She could hardly believe it was true - and had to drop her hands discreetly into her lap to reassure herself that it was! As she did so, a little thrill ran through her body.

She was free! A free young woman! A highly sensuous young woman on her way to meet her lover! This was what life was all about!

She looked about the compartment at the holiday-makers also going to Gatwick. What would they say if they had any idea of what she had through! What dull lives they probably lived - and what a amazing and thrilling one she led.

The svelte French booking clerk handed Emma her ticket.

'And I've got this envelope for you,' she said with a smirk.

"Emma" was written on the envelope in Henry's handwriting. Hastily Emma opened it. "You are to play the role of Miss Smythe, a temporary secretary whom I have hired from a agency to help on my trip. You will address me as Mr Fortescue on all occasions and keep your distance. Your object is to be attentive and helpful to me at all times. I will contact you at the appropriate moment. Meanwhile you have your ticket and should board the plane when the flight is called."

Oh Henry! At least life was never dull when she was with him!

She was about to join the queue to check in when she saw him ahead of her. But with him was his wife!

Emma's heart sank. Was she really just coming out as a Secretary? Would Henry also have his wife with him? Had she gone through hell to escape from Ursula and Sabhu merely, now, to play the role of gooseberry?

Then her heart sang again as she saw Henry kiss his wife goodbye and, without even a glance back towards Emma, stride through Immigration and Customs. His wife, Emma realised, must merely have driven him down to the airport to see him off. Oh the relief!

Still wildly excited, Emma kept seeing Henry in the waiting lounge, in the Duty Free shops, in the bar and as they queued up to board the plane, but, remembering her instructions, she did not dare approach him.

Once on board, she found Henry sitting next to her seat in the Business Class. Her heart was in her mouth. She longed to fling herself into his arms. 'Ah,' he said politely, 'you must be Miss Smythe?'

'Yes, Mr Fortescue,' Emma replied nervously.

'Well, I'm sure we will get on very well during this trip. Have you brought your typewriter?'

'No, Sir ... No, ' replied Emma feeling idiotic.

'What!'

'Well ... I ... I mean the agency ... never mentioned that,' stammered Emma, 'I didn't ... think ... '

'But you can take short hand?' he said irritably

'No ... no!' Emma was almost ready to burst into tears. She had been so geared up to escaping and this wasn't at all what she had been expecting, not at all what she had been so looking forward to.

'Ah, well, never mind,' laughed Henry, gently taking her hand, ' I expect you've got some other skills I can make use of! At least they've sent me a pretty girl!'

Emma thrilled to his touch and to his smile. Oh what a horrible tease he was!

'But you don't seem to be wearing very many clothes,' Henry went on. 'Did you have to leave in rather a hurry?'

Emma blushed. Had Henry noticed that in fact she was stark naked under her dress.

'Yes ... yes, Sir,' How could she ever explain the humiliation of Sabhu taking off her belt in the car when they arrived at the Vaccination Center and then just buttoning up her dress again before sending her inside?

'Yes, it was all rather rushed, Sir' she laughed. 'But I'm here now!'

'Well, my dear, you'll have to tell me all about it, later on,' Henry said gently, stroking her hand.

Again Emma thrilled to his touch. But how could she ever tell him what she had been through, ever! Tell him of her humiliating inspection and interrogation by Sabhu? Never! She wanted to keep all that a secret - a secret part of her life. But could she really keep it all from Henry?

Arriving at Bordeaux airport, Henry picked up a waiting hire-car, and they drove down along the straight road through the huge pine woods of the flat Landes. It was all new to Emma and she was delighted - and even more delighted to be with Henry, although he was still keeping up the pretext of having hired her as a temporary secretary.

Indeed, Henry said little during the drive and she was grateful for she wanted to unwind and put all thoughts of Ursula, of the cages in the attic, and of Sabhu behind her.

He did, however, say that the following day he would be picked up by a chauffeur and would spend the day at a business meeting.

As he was talking, Emma suddenly saw the spectacular sight of the Pyrenees mountains appearing through the mist and haze - high up and surprisingly near. Oh, how thrilling this was!

Indeed Emma was delighted with the little fishing port of St. Jean de Luz, and even more with the Chateau where Henry had booked a suite of rooms in an old tower. They looked down onto a pretty French formal garden of small square-shaped flower beds, each edged with a clipped miniature box hedge and separated from each other by narrow gravel paths.

'Oh, this is wonderful!' she cried happily, her eyes sparkling. She turned towards Henry and, unable to restrain herself any longer, flung herself into his arms. Oh, how she had waited for this moment! Oh, the thrill of feeling a man's strong arms around her again - so different from a woman's.

'Oh, Henry! Darling! Alone at last.' she murmured.

She felt his hands unbuttoning her dress. She remembered how Sabhu had coldly and deftly also done so - to unlock and remove that horrible Bikini belt. But Henry was much more gentle - like a lover.

Soon she was standing naked and excited in his arms. Then Henry turned and opening his suitcase, handed her a pair of long black gloves and a black suspender belt and fishnet stockings. With a delighted cry she rushed into the bathroom and put them on. They made her feel even more excited and even more naked. She went back into the drawing room, where Henry was now sitting in a large arm chair.

She sauntered provocatively towards him. She could feel her beauty lips becoming moist between the straps of her suspender belt. Henry, she knew, would approve of their smooth hairless appearance -but could she ever tell him that it was Sabhu who had kept her so carefully depilated?

'Now,' he said, 'come and sit on my knee like a little girl.'

A little girl? Oh, yes! With a deliriously happy cry, Emma threw herself on to his knee. It took her straight back to when as a little girl she used to sit on her father's knee. Henry was now her father figure - some one she could look up to!

'Yes, Papa!' she lisped, putting her arms round his neck and kissing him passionately. She could feel her naked nipples becoming erect. She felt his swelling manhood pressing against her.

Henry put his hands down. She found herself opening her legs wantonly. He touched her hot moist beauty bud, his finger caressing around it, and slipping in and out of her. .

'Now tell me all about it,' he ordered.

No! No, she told herself. It was all to remain a secret - especially from Henry. But as she became more and more aroused by Henry's fingers on her now throbbing beauty bud, she began to pour it all out. Prompted by his questions, she found herself telling him about the cages and the other girls, about Sabhu, about the clients, about the awful Bikini belts, about Mrs Maunder and about how she had escaped.

'Oh, I know,' she whispered, 'it sounds quite mad, here with you. How can girls like me really submit to being treated like that? Well, I can only say that, at the time, it all seems quite different, almost natural. The fact is ... that it's very exciting ... for a girl like me ... being completely in someone else's power.'

'Well, you're in mine now!' laughed Henry, sliding her down onto her knees on the floor between his legs.

She knew what she had to do, and with her gloved hands she unbuttoned his trousers and eased out his surging manhood. Humbly and reverently she began to kiss it and, with a wet tongue, lick the top.

Then he pointed to a beautifully wrapped package lying on the sofa.

Like a little girl being given a mysterious present by her father, Emma ran over and began to undo the parcel. Wonderful! A really sexy red basque! And a gorgeous black nightdress!

'Oh, darling 'she cried, dropping down again onto her knees and taking his manhood into her mouth in a gesture of humble gratefulness.

Henry gripped her hair and held her down. Emma was thrilled. Then he pushed her away. 'Your next task, after I've shaved, will be to attend to your Master in his bath. Now run off and get it ready!'

Master! First Papa, thought Emma happily, and now Master. Was she his little daughter or his little slave? Both sounded equally exiting.

Moments later she was happily scrubbing his back.

'Now go and make yourself beautiful,' he ordered. 'Put your hair up. We're going out to dinner at the port. Be ready in fifteen minutes!'

Emma was thrilled, as they dined in the Place Louis Quatorze, by the port, outside a little restaurant. The food was mouth watering. But after months of only being allowed little more than fruit and yoghurt by Sabhu, she could hardly touch it.

She just looked adoringly at Henry, her Master, her father-figure, as he told her about the little town and how the King of France, still a young man, had come here to marry the Infanta of Spain. But she hardly took it all in, for all that she could think of was that nightdress and of Henry's proud and unsatiated manhood ...

Meanwhile, the square had filled up. A band was playing in the bandstand. Young people were dancing the fast moving Paso Doble with it's stirring and jerky rhythm.

Suddenly the lights all went out. There were excited cries of anticipation from the crowd. Then there was a sudden burst of fireworks as a leather bull with real horns and carried by man running inside, rushed through the screaming and laughing crowd, fireworks exploding in all directions.

'It's called a Torro de Fuego, a Bull of Fire,' explained Henry.

Like a little girl Emma took Henry's hand and excitedly led him out into the crowd, dodging the bull and laughing. Oh what fun it all was!

Ursula, Sabhu, and the cages, were all very far away ...

Suddenly the bull stopped and stood there on its wooden legs. More fireworks were lit and finally a ring of fire soared up into the sky and burst in a dazzle of falling stars

'I'm taking you to Pamplona in a couple of day's time to see a real bull fight,' announced Henry. 'It's the Feria there - the annual bull fighting fiesta. The bulls run through the streets in the morning to the bull ring and the bull fights take place in the afternoon.'

A bull fight! Emma had never seen one, but she heard about them from friends - and about Pamplona.

Emma was looking gorgeous, she knew, as wearing the transparent black night dress, she knocked on Henry's bedroom door.

'Come in!' called a strangely muffled voice.

The room was in almost total darkness.

She made out a male figure standing in the middle of the large room. It turned slowly towards her. She could feel herself becoming aroused - like a bitch on heat, ready to be covered.

Then she screamed. She saw it was not Henry but a black man! And he was holding a whip! Sabhu had followed her here! He had come to take her back! Back to her cage! She hadn't escaped after all! Overwhelmed with the shock, she collapsed onto her knees and burst out crying - crying with a mixture of terror and disappointment.

'Come here and kiss me,' laughed Henry, pulling off the very realistic black plastic mask.

Her heart fast with relief, Emma crawled to his feet. She felt herself being lifted up and being carried to the huge four poster bed.

Oh the wonderful feeling of a real manhood inside her! It had been so long!

Her hands were firmly gripped above her head, as she wriggled beneath Henry's heavy weight. Oh, the sheer excitement! She seemed to have been climaxing again and again, as Henry brought her to one peak after another. Then he suddenly gripped her even tighter, and she felt him erupt inside her, making her ecstatic with his pleasure.

Oh, give me a man any time, she thought. Give me Henry! But did she really mean it?

14 - THE CROUPIER

Emma lay in the twilight zone between sleep and being fully awake. Bright sunlight showed round the edges of the heavy blue linen curtains. What a night! What a man!

She felt across the bed with her foot - no Henry! But there were noises coming from the bathroom and moments later Henry came into the bedroom fully dressed, picked up his watch and small change, closed his briefcase and glanced round the room.

'I'll be back around midnight. Be wearing your red basque with your nipples showing and painted to match, those fishnet stockings and high heels - oh, yes, and put your hair up again. Meanwhile use the car to explore a little. Go off to the casino at Biarritz if you like. Here's a little money to play with!'

Then he was gone.

What on earth am I to do by myself until midnight? thought Emma. My God, what a night, indeed! I bet his wife misses out on all that sort caper. But I certainly didn't. And I adore it. Hurry up midnight!

That afternoon Emma walked into the Casino. The room was magnificent with red brocade walls, huge gilt framed mirrors, and a parquet floor. The gaming tables were surrounded by seated players, both men and women, mainly above middle age and smartly dressed. She sat down as a chair was vacated and watched the ball spin round the roulette wheel, diminish speed, flicker up and down and then rattle into the number 8 slot.

Rakes, that reminded Emma of the food pusher she had had as a child, scooped up the round chips and various sized piles were pushed towards the positions of winners. There was pause and then again came the rattle of the ball, followed by 'Rien ne va plus' from the croupier.

Emma glanced at him and caught a quick sensual look in return. He resembled Rossano Brazzi, she thought, and felt a response low in her inside - and then a little gush. 'Oh Lord, now I can't get up because my dress will be moist - and there'll be damp on my chair,' she thought. Henry had had an active night inside her and always produced copious amounts when he climaxed!

'Well,' she told herself, 'now that I'm stuck here, I'd better start playing.'

She pushed a hundred francs towards the croupier and received her chips from the end of the rake.

'Thank you.'

The look that she received made her hand tremble as she tidied the chips into three even stacks in front of her.

The supervisors, sitting on tall chairs behind the croupiers, were changing over. Her croupier gave a meaningful glance at the wheel as if to indicate something significant and, as the ball clattered round, passed her a casino card.

'You might find this a help, Mademoiselle,' he said with a smile, in an attractive French accent.

Mademoiselle! She looked down at her bare hand. Ursula had, of course, confiscated her wedding ring and replaced it with a simple anklet that all her girls had to wear.

She took the card from the Rossano Brazzi croupier. Their fingers touched and a thrill turned her tummy over. He spun the wheel and flicked the ball free. Seconds later it fell into number 3.

Emma had tentatively put a chip on the nearest square to her croupier - number 3. To her delight he now pushed a pile of chips to her. Emma was thrilled and with her biro marked the number 3 on the wheel on her card.

An hour passed and the supervisors behind the croupier changed again. Emma looked at her croupier and the glance that he returned again resulted in the familiar thrill and feeling of flow inside her.

She looked at her wheel card. How curious! A pattern was forming. Number 7, then 22, then 2, each separated on the wheel by half a dozen slots, and then, when the supervisor settled in and was concentrating, the ball went random again.

My God, thought Emma, he's showing me that there is no direct supervision for the three or four numbers that come up, whilst one supervisor is climbing down off his high chair, and whilst his relief then climbs up to take over, adjusts his spectacles and settles down.

Indeed, more than that, she realised, her friendly croupier was telling her that, during these hourly change-over periods, he can flick the ball so that it comes down into one of several adjoining numbers on the wheel. She looked again at the wheel card he had given he. It had been divided up into seven marked segments, each of some five numbers. So what her friend was doing each change-over period was to flick the ball so that with each throw it falls into a higher segment than the previous one.

Goodness, Emma realised, all she had to do was to wait for the change-over period and then, for the next couple of throws, cover the five numbers in the next highest segment.

She widened her eyes at her croupier, and the secret smile acknowledged her awareness of how he could allow her to win.

Whoopee, thought Emma, now I know what Henry means when he talks of beating the system, but I bet he didn't have a Rossano Brazzi look-alike helping him.

The afternoon continued and Emma found that, indeed, when the supervisors changed over every hour, she was able to guarantee that, if she covered the five numbers in the right segment, one of the numbers would be correct and she would receive 35 chips. Then she would stuff the bulk of her winnings into her bag, and idly play on black on red, or just the occasional number, until it was change-over time again.

Rossano Brazzi gave her the most sensual smile that Emma had ever received and then left the room for his break.

Emma collected her winnings. She was up over a hundred pounds!

There was no sign of her croupier but he might have been on the terrace, smoking a cigarette, as she walked back to her car. Later she learnt that this was their favourite gathering place.

That evening she made her way back to the roulette table. Good! There was a free chair - but, alas no Rossano Brazzi, her friendly croupier! Was it because she had not been to thank him? She felt disappointed and depressed. Was this because he had let her win, or because he was so incredibly sexy - and, anyway, winning money was such an aphrodisiac?

Then, suddenly, oh joy! He comes! He looked quite something in his white dinner jacket - so smart. And what a sensual mouth, and those smouldering eyes!

Emma's senses were now alert, sensually aroused and overwhelmed by her response to this man who once again was letting her win lots of money.

Time passed and it was getting late. She was doing better and better. But her mind was divided between the thought of Henry returning shortly and of this devastingly attractive croupier. She would have to watch the time, for Henry had told her to expect him at midnight, and then to be at her most glamorous.

Suddenly her croupier got up to go, his shift over. Emma was up another two hundred pounds. Time to go, too!

She left the marble and red plush of the Casino entrance and walked to the sea front. A slight surf lapped the clear sand. There were few cars and the air was pure. The oleanders were scentless but there was a faint breath of pine.

A few people were wandering along under the plane trees, lit up by occasional street lamps.

She was only slightly startled when a hand took her arm and turned her to look into smiling and sexy eyes - and the sensual face of her croupier. He touched the backs of her fingers with his lips. 'Mademoiselle, good evening once more,' he said in his delightful French accent. 'Let us make our way to a cafe'

He led her to a bustling street with tables on the pavement. 'Pernod, Mademoiselle?'

Emma found the drink rather nasty, but she enjoyed the glow inside her as she and the croupier discreetly discussed his ability to spin the wheel and release the ball so that fell into a specific segment. He emphasised that it was strictly forbidden and that he had run a great risk on her behalf.

'I have to return after my break,' he said and, thinking that they were leaving, Emma followed him. But in the passage he took out a key and opened the door to a bedroom. Holding her arm he gestured to her to enter.

The door shut and the Yale lock clicked. Then with Emma's back to the door, he kissed her passionately and silently, his tongue in her mouth and his hands unbuttoning her dress - yet again she kept thinking. The dress fell to the floor and his fingers touched her nipples.

He seemed to be in a desperate hurry as one moment he caressed her back, his fingers between her buttocks, and then, bringing them to the front again, he used them to roll her nipples. Emma gasped for breath under the hot lips, the questing tongue and the expert touch of his hands.

Then his hands slipped her panties down her thighs. He lowered his head to her beauty bud and licked and sucked, whilst she bent backwards. French kisses! The expression raced through her mind as she climaxed almost at once and then again.

Sex, whilst standing up, seemed to double the intensity and she was totally lost in the in the sensation when, suddenly, in the back of her consciousness, she heard a church clock begin to strike. She found herself trying to count. My God! Was it eleven or twelve?

She snapped back into reality. She wanted to be beautiful for Henry and everything would be spoilt if she were not there when he returned. Understandably, he would beat her instead of enjoying, with her, the tender side of his personality - which he had shown her last night for the first time.

But the croupier was intent on enjoying her and it occurred to Emma that perhaps he might want some of her money. Was he a gigolo? Or was he now taking his just reward? She let herself be moved to the bed - awkwardly because her knickers were round her knees. Then the croupier pulled one of her legs out her panties. Now, putting her legs over his shoulders, he thrust into her again and again ... and again.

'Pretty good!' thought Emma, really only concerned that he should get a move on. However, he then turned her over, raised her hips and again penetrated her - this time slowly moving out and then back in again with a wham!

Good doggy! Emma wanted to cry 'Woof!' like she sometimes did for Henry. 'But do get a move on,' she wanted to say. 'I know you think you're giving me a wonderful time, but honestly I am so fussed about Henry that I can hardly feel a thing. I just want to go ...'

Now she was facing him on her side, and in he went again, kissing her, and rolling and pulling her nipples, her leg awkwardly over him. But there was no sign of him finishing. He was, she realised, a wonderful lover, but he seemed wasted on her that night.

At last she was on her back, legs apart, and his entering and withdrawing was becoming more urgent. As he became more and more active, she found, to her shame, that she too was reacting with increasing urgency.

Suddenly it was all over for them both. 'My boy friend is returning any moment,' she said frantically. 'Thank you so much!'

She left her croupier prostrate on the bed and fled buttoning up her dress and pulling up her panties as she went. She could still smell the croupier's pungent odour on her body as she ran to her car.

Emma parked the car outside the Chateau and rushed up to their suite. It was in darkness. Henry had not yet returned! All was well. She would give him

back his money and tell him that she had simply explored a little and then spent the evening in their suite.

Hastily she undressed and washed, before putting on her basque and painting her nipples - as Henry had ordered. Quickly she hid her winnings. Then in strode Henry!

Clearly his day discussing business had left him feeling more virile than ever. The sight of the almost naked Emma turned him on and she felt herself being thrown onto the bed.

Two men in one evening! What a tart she was, she thought, thinking of the precious three hundred pounds hidden in her case!

15 - EL MERCURIO

There was dead silence in the huge arena, and Emma caught her breath, as the slim figure, dressed like a peacock in his brilliantly coloured Traje de Luces, with its gold and silver embroidered short jacket and tight red satin breeches strutted slowly and arrogantly up the angrily pawing black Andalusian bull.

He was, she knew El Mercurio, the up and coming young torero, and the darling of the bull-fighting crowds. In his right hand he held the gleaming flat bladed estoque, the killing sword, and in his left the small red cloth muleta on which the bull's eyes were fixed and on which his life largely depended.

He was bare headed now. His black bicorne hat was prominently held by a beautiful woman to whom, only moments before and with a graceful gesture and set phrases, he had formally dedicated the death of the bull. She was seated in the front row only feet away from Emma and Henry. Emma could not help glancing at her jealously wondering whether she and this gloriously handsome young man were lovers.

Simultaneously she could not help glancing down at where El Mercurio's manhood was outlined in his tight crimson silken breeches. What a man!

Henry had explained to her the theory was that the bulls, who had been reared never seeing a man on his feet, but only on horseback, would take about twenty minutes to realise that the distracting red muletas and capes were not part of the bullfighters' bodies. After that they were too dangerous to fight - for they would charge, not at the cape, but straight at the man.

But these bulls here in Pamplona had been raced through the streets to the bull ring in the morning whilst numerous young men had risked their very lives by running in front of them. Emma had seen them doing it that very morning, and had heard how, only the day before one young man had tripped - and been killed.

How, she wondered, could they be sure that this bull had not already realised the truth and would not, as soon as he got his breath back, charge straight at El Mercurio?

Emma then gasped, and it was a gasp that was echoed by the thousands of silently watching spectators, as the slender figure dropped to his knees and flung his arms wide open, baring his body, in its silken and multicoloured dress, to a sudden charge by the infuriated bull.

Even Emma, who had never seen a bull-fight before, realised that this man's life depended on his having correctly assessed that he now mentally dominated the bull.

Her concern was clearly shared by the torero's own team of banderilleros, his assistants, who were anxiously standing back on either side of the bull, ready to dash in and try and to save their Master by distracting the bull with their capes.

Then slowly El Mercurio stood up again. There was dead silence in the bull ring as, unbelievably, he turned his back on the bull, and slowly, very slowly, as if challenging the bull to charge, walked away.

The whole arena bull burst into applause and cheers. Bands struck up and everyone was standing up and waving their red Basque handkerchiefs, the emblems of the Pamplona fiesta.

Emma was standing and cheering her head off with the rest. Such an act might have little to do with the finer points of bull-fighting, but it showed a

degree of sheer physical bravery that she had never seen before. What courage! What a man indeed!

If he could so dominate an infuriated bull, she was thinking, what more could he do with a woman like her!

Minutes later, having, to the delight of the crowd, killed the bull cleanly and instantly, El Mercurio was going round the arena with his banderilleros.

As he passed, whole sections of the spectators would rise to their feet and applaud. Numerous botas, the soft leather Spanish wine flasks, were thrown into the arena to be picked by the banderilleros, offered to the smiling and triumphant young torero, who would take a swig from it and then throw it back to it's rightful owner.

Emma felt completely overcome - emotionally exhausted. Earlier on, outside the bull-ring, Henry had bought her a rose to put in her hair. As the handsome El Mercurio came up level with their seats, she impulsively plucked it from her hair and threw down it at him.

Laughing, one of the banderilleros, picked it up and handed it to his young Master. As he did so, he pointed out Emma, with her distinctive honey coloured hair.

El Mercurio, still sweating from the fight, clasped in his hand, and looking Emma straight in the eyes, kissed it and thrust it into his short jacket. It was a gesture that brought more applause from the crowd around the blushing Emma.

Outside the arena, there was huge cheerful crowd, drinking and cheering their favourite bull-fighters as they made their way, with their teams, out of the bull-ring.

Henry and Emma found their car hopelessly blocked in by other cars, with a low barrier between the car and the street down which the crowd was slowly moving. Henry told Emma to wait by the car until the situation eased. He meanwhile, he explained, had to return to their hotel to make some urgent business telephone calls to England.

She was sitting in their car, wondering what to do, when a crowd of drunken young students, came by, saw her problem and unbelievably promptly lifted both her and car high in the air, over the barrier and dropped it back in the street.

Emma got out to thank them and it was just at that moment that El Mercurio accompanied by his team and by numerous half drunk supporters, all cheering and shouting, passed by.

She was recognised as the honey coloured woman who had thrown their hero a rose, and, before she could say a word she had been lifted up onto the shoulders of laughing young men and taken off in the procession back to El Mercurio's nearby hotel.

Arriving at the hotel, she could not make herself understood, nor understand quite was being said as, protesting helplessly, she was carried up to the suite of El Mercurio and his team.

There seemed to be constant drunken cries of 'La rubia guapa', which seemed to mean 'The beautiful blonde', and of 'La rosa' which seemed to refer to the rose which she had so impulsively thrown to their hero. And now, in their inebriated state, they clearly thought they were doing the right thing by re-uniting them!

The door to the room in which El Mercurio's men were changing out of their brilliant bull-fighting kit was flung open, and Emma was thrown on the bed. Before she could do anything her wrists were tied to the head of the bed and her now well spread ankles to its foot. Several pillows were thrust up under her hips. She started to scream, but the laughter drowned her voice.

Her dress was pulled up and soon she was naked. There were cries of delighted astonishment when her hairless mound and beauty lips were disclosed.

The team members, still wearing their tight red satin breaches, thrust the laughing young students out of the door and turned to Emma. She was, she realised, going to be their reward after the dangers and excitements of the bull-fight.

'El Mercurio, help!' cried Emma. But the half dozen banderilleros, picadors and chulos just laughed. Clearly their Master was still downstairs. Clearly, too, they felt it was their duty to prepare her for him!

Three of them now removed their breeches and came onto the bed. Others bent down over her. She felt hands all over her, prodding her, feeling her, examining her - and, most humiliating of all, stimulating her.

Then one, and then another thrust into her, arousing themselves to a climax. She was going to be gang-raped, she realised. Again she screamed for the handsome El Mercurio to come and save her.

Suddenly the door opened - and there he stood still dressed in all the finery of the bull ring, his black bicorne hat back on his head. He waved his assistants aside. He looked down at the naked and bound Emma.

'You were the girl ... who threw me this!' he said in heavily accented English, producing the rose from inside his short embroidered bull- fighting coat. Clearly he, too, had been drinking, celebrating his success in the bull-ring.

Emma remembered noticing his manhood under his tight silken breeches in the bull-ring. She glanced down at it now and could see that the sight of her naked and helpless body had aroused him considerably. It was a sight that also aroused her - much to the amusement of the watching men standing around the bed.

One of the banderilleros, apparently El Mercurio's right hand man, put out his fingers and felt her now soaking wet beauty lips. He raised his hand to his nose and nodded to his Master. The girl was now ready he seemed to be saying.

'So you, an English Miss, want me,' the handsome young man laughed. 'Well, I shall certainly have you!'

Before she could say a word he had flung himself down onto her and had silenced her with passionate kisses. She felt his tongue in her mouth. A shiver of excitement ran through her body and she found herself arching her hips to him. The handsomest bull-fighter in all Spain, she told herself. What a conquest for her - even if the circumstances were rather unusual.

Suddenly the young bull-fighter got up off her. She could not help moaning in disappointment. He said something to his men and Emma found herself being untied from the bed and then turned over, so that she was now kneeling up on it. Once again her wrists and ankles were tied, but numerous other hands held her up position with her bottom raised and her head thrust down into the pillows.

Out of the corner of her eye. she saw El Mercurio strip off his tight breeches, leaving himself dressed in his short stiff embroidered coat. His now exposed manhood was erect and huge.

Horrified she felt several fingers rubbing vaseline onto, and then into, her rear orifice. Oh no!

Then whilst she was still being held by the men, El Mercurio climbed back onto the bed and knelt behind her. She screamed as she felt his manhood drive into her. But seconds later she could not help moaning with pleasure as, clasping her from behind, he rubbed her nipples with his hands. She was, she felt, an English sacrificial lamb to Spanish masculinity ...

Half an hour later Emma tottered out of El Mercurio's hotel and found her car in the now empty street. Nervously she drove back to their hotel. Henry she knew would be waiting for her by now, waiting to take his pleasure.

My God, she thought, it had been two men, Henry and the croupier, only two days ago. Today it had already been three - or was it four!

What an ending for her wonderful little holiday with Henry!

16 - A STRANGE SCHOOL

It was now two weeks after Emma's little escapade with Henry, and she was enjoying life at home again. It was early summer and the garden was looking lovely, though there seemed so much to do to keep it looking that way.

John was frequently away as he travelled around the world attending symposiums and giving lectures. Mrs Maunder, the housekeeper that Ursula had put

in to run the house in Emma's absence had disappeared, and so indeed it seemed had Ursula herself, who was still away in the Aegean with Sabhu and the other girls.

She written a post card to Emma saying that the villa was lovely and that she was looking forward to seeing Emma again soon. Not a word about Emma giving Sabhu the slip! How strange, Emma thought.

Henry was often on the telephone and the memory of their little holiday together was never far from Emma's mind. How lucky she had been to escape from Sabhu and to have gone off with him whilst Ursula was away.

But did she want Ursula back in her life? Did she want to be one of her girls again - one of her slavegirls more likely! Did she really want the humiliating life of the cages, of the belt, of the manacles, of Sabhu's awful supervision, of having to please the clients, and the constant threat of being chosen for sponsorship?

It all seemed very far away as she looked round her lovely garden - as did the sheer shame and indignity of having to make those twice daily reports to Sabhu, of writing up her Daily Report Book for him, and of having him closely supervise her monthly cycle for Ursula .

Had it all been a dream? Did that sort of thing really go on in secret in this day and age? Had she just imagined, or exaggerated, it all? Anyway, she would keep her distance from Ursula in future!

Her relationship with Henry seemed much more part of the real world. Indeed, she was wondering whether to ring him and suggest taking advantage of John's next absence to go off for a weekend together, when suddenly the telephone rang in her bedroom.

It was her private number. Was it Henry? Her heart was pounding as she ran upstairs to answer it before he rang off. But it was a woman's voice. Emma's heart jumped as she recognised a rather cold metallic tone with a distinctive Slavonic accent. Ursula!

'So how's my little Emma? Have you missed your Mistress? And have you been a good girl?'

Emma's heart began to thump. She caught her breath. Her Mistress! Her exciting Mistress! Suddenly she forgot all about Henry and all about her thoughts of not seeing Ursula again. Her Mistress had rung her and was being nice and affectionate!

'Oh,. yes Madam,' Emma lied happily.

'Good. Well I thought it would do you good to get away for a little time. I'll come and pick you up tomorrow morning at eleven. I've spoken to your husband in New York and he's delighted for you to be studying art with me.'

'But ... ' stammered Emma. It was a very exciting prospect to be together with Ursula again. Was it to be another honeymoon? Goodness! But she needed a little time to arrange to be go away, to put off Henry, to ...

'No "buts" Emma! Eleven o'clock!'

The phone went dead. How long was she going to be away for? What clothes should she bring? She must find out! Should she send a message to John to say that she was going to be away, or had Ursula, who enjoyed discussing Emma with her husband behind her back, already done so?

And she had promised to ring Henry in a couple of days's time. Well, she laughed to herself, going off for a long weekend with Ursula should not prevent that! There were so many questions she wanted to ask, but she, realised, she did not even know where Ursula had rung from. She might still be abroad and only arriving back at Heathrow in the morning. With Ursula's energy and natural secrecy anything was possible.

She rang Babindu, Ursula's housekeeper, but she would not say more than that 'the Mistress was away.'

Ursula always assumed that a girl could drop everything and come running whenever she raised her finger. She was so selfish, so uninterested in her girls' own little problems. But all the same, how exciting it all was!

Life for the rest of the day was one mad rush as Emma arranged for the gardener to come in every day to air the house, cancelled a supper party she had arranged for some neighbours, and stopped the milk and the newspapers.

All night she tossed and turned, driven almost mad with the excitement and anticipation of seeing Ursula again the next morning and wondering what she would wear, and how she should do her hair and her face.

Ursula, she knew did not like to see her made up like a sophisticated woman, with her hair up. She liked to see her looking like a young girl with her long silky blond hair just brushed down her back and dressed like a school girl in jeans or a gym slip by day and in a party frock in the evening. Alright, that's how she'd be!

Indeed, next morning, wearing her jeans and a tee shirt, she really felt just like an excited teenager when she saw Ursula drive her car up to the house. She was surprised to see that Ursula was wearing a dark business suit. She rushed out to greet her, but Ursula was strangely cool.

'What shall I bring?' Emma asked.

'Nothing!' was the cold reply and Ursula silently pointed to a small suitcase on the back seat.

It was the suitcase that Emma recognised only too well. It was the one that Ursula had frequently used to pack the clothes that she had decided that Emma should wear and the "toys" that she was going to use on her. It was a sight that had so often proceeded an exciting time together.

Ursula said virtually nothing as she drove for some two hours to a part of the country that was unknown to Emma. Emma did not understand Ursula's strange mood. She assumed that Ursula must have suddenly received worrying news about her plans for more exhibitions of her pictures.

Suddenly she swung the car towards some closed iron gates in a high wall in a remote part of the countryside. She stopped the car and hooted three times. Emma saw a small television camera discreetly trained on the approach to the iron gates.

There a pause and then suddenly, apparently by remote control, the gates swung open and Ursula drove down the drive to an old Victorian vicarage. Emma was wondering why on earth they had come here but, with Ursula in such an odd mood, she did not like to open her mouth.

Ursula parked the car. 'Come!' she said in a hostile tone and strode up the steps to the front door.

'Do come in,' said a dapper tall man in his forties. His voice sounded cultured.

Emma was surprised to see that he was dressed in a khaki military uniform jacket with gleaming buttons and large patch pockets, a military cap, khaki breeches and highly polished brown riding boots. An equally highly polished leather Sam Browne military belt, with a leather strap over his right shoulder, and a long leather swagger stick tucked under his arm, completed the picture.

'You must be Miss de Vere,' he said. 'We have spoken several times on the telephone making the necessary arrangements.'

Ursula nodded and he pointed to Emma.

'And this, I presume, is the intended ... pupil?' He seemed to be eyeing Emma's slim figure, up and down with interest, making Emma blush.

Again Ursula nodded and he led the way across a large hall to an office in which a tall, unsmilingly, woman in her forties was sitting at a desk. Her brown hair was cut short in a mannish style. She wore a dark dress buttoned high up to her neck. She reminded Emma of one of her school headmistresses. Behind her back was a door covered in green baize. Emma wondered what was kept behind it.

'Shut the door, please, Randolph,' said the woman to the military looking man. Her voice sounded educated but, thought Emma, what an unusual name - Randolph!

'Of course, my dear,' he said. Were they were husband and wife? But what a strange pair! And, Emma wondered, what did they do in this house?

To Emma's surprise the man locked the door into the hall with a key. Then, turning back to Ursula, he politely drew up a chair for her in front of the desk and sat down alongside the woman. He made no attempt to produce a chair for Emma and she was left there standing awkwardly to one side, the only one casually dressed in jeans and tee shirt, and feeling very out of place.

'I think, Miss de Vere, my husband, the Major, has outlined to you our services here at our Private Offenders Rehabilitation School?'

But what on earth did that mean, thought Emma, though the words Private Offenders worried her. But evidently Ursula understood.

'Yes, Headmistress,' she said.

So, thought Emma, so she is a Headmistress. But of what sort of school?

'And you have kindly sent us your cheque for the initial period. Our aim here, in this rehabilitation centre for private offenders, is to achieve complete re-dedication, after unfaithfulness, through confession and a period of stress and punishment. We also, of course, aim to ensure that that the guilty person is both brainwashed into accepting the desired situation, and is far too frightened to dare to risk re-offending!'

Unfaithfulness! Oh my God, Emma thought, remembering her little holiday with Henry - and with the Croupier, never mind all those bull-fighters! Was that why she had been brought here? To confess all? To re-dedicate herself to Ursula? My God! To be punished?

'Oh, no! No!' cried Emma, suddenly realising the significance of being brought by Ursula to this strange school for "private offenders". And she had thought she was going off with Ursula for a second honeymoon!

She must have been mad to imagine, she now realised, that Ursula would condone her behaviour. Ursula's girls belonged to her and to her alone, and she required both complete obedience and loyalty. Loyalty! Ursula may hire her girls out to other women, but woebetide a girl who even looked at a man. Emma had broken all the rules and, as Sabhu was abroad, Ursula must have brought her here to be punished!

My God! I can't stay here, she decided, I must get away. I must escape! Now!

She turned and ran towards the door and tried to open it, wrestling with the handle and forgetting that it was locked.

'Young woman!' called out the Headmistress calmly, as if they had been half expecting her reaction, 'There's no way out for you. So go and stand in the corner of the room whilst we discuss you with your Mistress!

Emma caught her breath, but she was too frightened not to obey.

'No, not like that!' called out the Major, 'Stand in the corner facing the wall -and up on your toes!'

Scared, Emma did as she was told. She felt like a naughty school girl

'Thank you Major,' she heard Ursula say. 'As you can see the girl does seem to have quite a guilty conscience.'

'Don't worry,' came the voice of the Headmistress, 'we'll get the full story out of her and then invite you here to hear it in her own words. She'll stay here until we are all certain that we've got the truth out of her, using Total Control if necessary, and that, thanks to our strict regime here, she is really contrite and will not re-offend.'

Emma heard the noise of papers being turned over on the desk.

'Yes,' Emma heard the woman say, 'I think we have enough of the story to make a good start in interrogating the girl whilst her normal Keeper is away in the Aegean, keeping an eye on your other girls. Yes, let's see ... she appeared deliberately to give your Keeper the slip on the excuse of a vaccination ... and you are naturally concerned about what she then got up to ...

'No! No!' Emma could not help crying out. She remembered the story she had fortunately prepared. 'It wasn't like that, I got lost and couldn't find him. He abandoned me! I ...

'Silence!' ordered the woman. Then the now silent Emma heard her say. ' Miss de Vere, we like to give our pupils numbers rather than names. Do you have a number for her?

'Yes!' answered Ursula abruptly. 'The ungrateful wretch is called Number Four.'

'Number Four!' repeated the Major. That will do very well here too ... Well Miss de Vere, I think you can safely leave Number Four in our hands. We will be in touch with you!

Emma heard Ursula shake hands with the Major and his wife, the Headmistress. She heard the Major unlock the door and, without another word, Ursula left the room.

Oh my God, Emma thought, still standing in the corner like a child being punished, how did I let myself be tricked into coming here?

17 - THE SHORT SHARP SHOCK

Suddenly a bell rang harshly in the dormitory. It was the beginning of Emma's third day in the terrifying establishment.

The Major's authoritative voice rang through the room. 'Last one out of bed gets six!'

Emma flung herself out of her bed. All day it was 'Last one ... gets six!' And every time it meant someone getting six strokes on the bare bottom from the Major's swagger stick with it's flat leather end. She had learnt only too well how it stung.

She rushed to line up with the others in this strange establishment where the inmates all lived, slept and worked together irrespective of age or sex..

In the front row were four other inmates, two very pretty young girls in their twenties, an attractive and sophisticated older woman in her forties, and a very good-looking youth.

They had all been sent here by jealous rich men, their Masters, for suspected unfaithfulness. Emma knew their stories by now - how scared they were of their Masters, how the women had all fallen in love with another man, and the youth with a girl. They were all now having this love thrashed out of them, so that they could be returned to their Master's as good little slave girls or slave boys: loving, servile and utterly faithful.

Emma felt so sorry for the good-looking youth for he was also brainwashed into accepting that there was now no question, for him, of normal heterosexual love for a pretty girl. Whether he liked it or not, his destiny was to love and please men: his cruel Master and his friends.

He would stay at this terrifying institution until he had clearly accepted this and until his manhood remained soft and unaffected by the near nakedness of so many pretty women. To encourage this his manhood often encased in a little rubber tube with spikes inside it that thrust painfully into his manhood if it ever tried to swell into erection.

Emma had also been sorry for the older woman. How terribly embarrassing it must be for a sophisticated woman of the world to be treated like a naughty schoolgirl in front of much younger girls.

In the second row, alongside Emma, were two lovely girls and a handsome young man, a toy-boy. They, too had been sent here for unfaithfulness - to have their illicit love thrashed out of them. But they had not been sent by rich men but by equally jealous rich women - their Mistresses. The toy-boy, Emma learnt, had been caught by his Mistress with a younger woman and the girls by their Mistresses with young men.

Horrified she had seen that the young man's manhood had been infibulated with a large, locked, brass ring through the foreskin. Not only, she realised, would it prevent the handsome young man from penetrating a girl, but it also prevented his manhood from becoming erect. It would also prevent him from masturbating.

Not until his Mistress unlocked the infibulation ring, would his manhood be able to spring into eager and frustrated erection - ready to satisfy his cruel Mistress.

She herself and the other women each wore a black leather purity pad that was locked over their intimacies, both male and female. It was a more simple type of chastity belt than Ursula's, but it still prevented them from playing with themselves or each other, but it had to removed for spending a penny - or anything else.

Emma breathed with relief. This time it was one of the girls in the front row and the boy in the back row who were judged to be equal last, and who had to lift up their tunics and bend over in front of the others to be given six by the Major. Both were crying by the end.

Oh, how embarrassing it was being beaten by a man in front of the others - especially in front of the young men. But then she had learnt that half the object here was to so humiliate them all, both girls and toy-boys, that they would think twice about being unfaithful again to their Masters or Mistresses - knowing that, if caught, they would be sent back here, this time for a double sentence.

'Strip' ordered the Major. Quickly they all pulled off their tunics, and stood in line again. Then the Major, his boots and Sam Browne belt gleaming as usual, came down the two lines and unlocked the girls belts, which dropped to the floor. They were all now standing rigidly at Attention, stark naked.

Emma had seen that, like herself, that had all been completely depilated, boys and girls. The manhoods of the boys were now well displayed, but everyone was too terrified of the Major's swagger stick to do anything other than stand still, waiting for the next order.

'Bathroom! Last one there gets six! ... Go!' There was a mad rush as the terrified young men and girls struggled to get through the narrow door into the bathroom and then to queue up to spend a penny.

This time it was the other girl in Emma's group who got the six strokes. Soon she too was crying - and this was scarcely the beginning of a long day. Oh what a really terrifying regime they ran here!

Emma had noticed that the youth was frequently eyeing her body appreciatively. Now, several times a day, under the watchful eye of the Major or the Headmistress, they were made to take a shower together, stark naked, with the youth's rubber tube removed. They were using Emma to test his progress in no longer being attracted by women. He would be biting his lips as he struggled to keep his manhood soft as they had to soap each other's bodies - for the slightest sign of arousal would earn him the inevitable six strokes.

'Now I want to see that manhood remaining nice and soft as you clasp her body to yours,' the Headmistress would order. The youth would then have to hold Emma's soft body to his own.

Satisfied, the Headmistress would order. 'Now repeat after me. "I am disgusted with women's bodies. Women revolt me. I long only for my Master"'

It was a ritual that ended with the boy sobbing, either with frustration having somehow managed to control himself, or with the pain of the six strokes he got for having failed to do so.

But that was not all, for the handsome young toy boy was also made to shower stark naked with Emma, the ring through his now harmless little manhood, tickling her beauty bud as they, too, were made to clasp each other under the shower.

But this time it was Emma who had to repeat, over and over again: "I am disgusted with men's bodies. Men revolt me. I long only for my Mistress".

And woebetide her, too, if her body betrayed her by showing any signs of arousal.

It was all, she realised, a very clever way of brain washing young men and women into accepting their fate.

Emma now had only one aim in life - to persuade Ursula to take her away. She would have a chance that afternoon, when Ursula came down to discuss Emma's "progress and reports" with the Major and the Headmistress. Oh how she longed to be taken away from this awful place! But meanwhile there plenty to get through.

After the showers, with all the stark naked young women and men having to soap each other, without showing any sign of arousal, it was time for Morning Exercises. The lady Physical Training Instructress, a cruel faced woman now came to take over from the Major, who handed his swagger stick to her.

Still stark naked, they had to put on running shoes and rush outside into the cold morning air. There they ran round a quarter of a mile exercise track, complete with its high hurdles over which they had to jump; hanging rubber tyres through which they had to crawl; and a steep switch-back, up and down which they had to run.

It was indeed an exhausting circuit and they had to complete it ten times. 'Last one back after the next circuit gets six!' called out the P.T. Instructress.

Emma tried desperately but the tyres were so high off the ground that they delayed her. Straining with the effort, she tried hard to catch up on the switch back, but was just pipped at the post by one of the young men.

She was not even allowed to get her breath back before being made to bend over in front of the others and get her six strokes. They stung like mad, and soon she was in floods of tears and begging, in vain, for mercy from the steely faced P.T. Instructress.

Then it was time to run back into the house to have another communal shower, and brain washing. After this the girls had their belts put back on and they all had to put on their short unisex tunics. This time Emma escaped being last by a hairsbreadth. My God, she thought, to have had another six just after the last lot ...

Now came breakfast. After Sabhu's meagre meals, Emma was delighted to be allowed a little more substantial food - but, she realised, she was being made to take much more physical exercise than when kept locked up in the cages.

For the next two hours it was lesson time in the classroom. They had to share little desks - boys and girls all mixed up. First came lessons in Greek from the Major: having to master a new alphabet and strange new laws of grammar. The slightest mistake and the culprit had to bend over his or her desk for another six. It was terrifying and Emma found herself concentrating as she had never done before.

Then the Headmistress took them for Essay Writing. The subjects was always the same. "Why I love my Master/Mistress more than anything else in he world", "How I will always be faithful in future", and more embarrassingly "How I will give pleasure" and "How I will never be unfaithful by masturbating."

The aim, Emma soon realised, was, like the scenes in the shower, was simply to brainwash the inmates into adoring and humbly worshipping the Master or Mistress who had sent them there. At first Emma had treated this as bit of a joke, but each inmate embarrassingly had to read out her essay. If an essay was not considered to be sufficiently fervent or too repetitive about what had been written the day before ... then six strokes.

And, of course, there were always six strokes for the essay judged by the Headmistress to be the dullest. She demanded from her pupils, both boys and girls alike, complete openness in describing explicitly how the writer would give pleasure to his or her Master or Mistress; full details of exactly how just how the mere thought of her Master or Mistress made the slave, male or female, highly aroused; and how they promised to keep themselves pure in future and never, ever, touch themselves. It was all so embarrassing, thought Emma.

Just as was intended, Emma soon found herself thinking all day about what she was going to write in her next essay to avoid getting six. It was terrifying and preyed on her mind all day. How could she pretend to adore Ursula, when really she was longing to met Henry again?

But that was only the start of it - for after an early lunch, followed by another ten circuits of the track and a shower, they all had to rest in their beds. Supervised by the P.T. Instructress, they were not allowed to talk or to read, but just had lie there - never knowing when it was going to be their turn to be called out to a special interrogation session with the Major and the Headmistress.

These sessions a mixture of interrogation and brain-washing were much feared by the inmates of both sexes. The girls or the young men would return with their eyes red from weeping. Strangely they would also be rubbing their bottoms - although there were none of the usual marks of the Major's swagger stick. Emma heard murmurs about something called Total Control and wondered what it was - it clearly had a terrifying effect.

In her own sessions, despite all the harsh questioning and threats of a thrashing, Emma simply repeatedly stuck to her story as she stood at Attention every day in front of the Headmistress's desk, dressed in just her skimpy tunic, whilst the Major walked up and down alternatively menacingly tapping his swagger stick against the palm of his hand and against her buttocks.

She had got lost, she insisted, had failed to find Sabhu, had assumed that he had abandoned her, and had taken refuge with a girl friend. Then she had gone out to join her husband in Costa Rica and had only got back a couple of days before her Mistress had brought her here.

She had even made up a long story about going up the volcano that Henry had told her was the main feature in Costa Rica. And, yes of course, she loved her Mistress and had missed her so much.

It all sounded fairly convincing, Emma thought as she finally recorded this onto a tape that was going to be played to Ursula when she arrived that evening.

'Absolute nonsense!' was Ursula's reaction when the tape was played to her in the Headmistress's study whilst Emma stood, as before, in the corner with her face pressed to the wall. 'I don't believe a word of it. She was off with some man! She's just pulling the wool over our eyes. And she's not nearly contrite enough. I want her really feeling she's my property, my slave to do with as I like. I want her really hating all men.'

'Right!' said the Major, 'then can we have your permission to use Total Control on her?'

'Total Control?' thought Emma. That was the expression she had heard the other inmates whisper in horror as they waited their turn to go in for interrogation - an interrogation that up to now she had found surprisingly mild.

'Do what you like,' came Ursula's angry voice, 'but get the truth out of her and break her spirit. I want her crawling at my feet ready to do anything I order. You see, I've got some special plans for her.'

Ursula turned and whispered something to the in the Headmistress, who looked astonished and then smiled.

'Of course,' she said. 'We get her mentally ready for that , too.'

Good ' said Ursula, 'then I'll come back in three days time to hear just what she's really been up and to hear just how contrite she is.'

18 - TOTAL CONTROL

The frightening figure of the Headmistress appeared round the door of the classroom, pointed silently at Emma and beckoned her out.

Emma caught her breath, she had been waiting for this moment with a feeling of terror. Feeling like a lamb being led out to slaughter she followed the woman whose severe dress contrasted with her own simple pinafore that she had to wear during classes and which scarcely covered her intimacies, leaving her back and buttocks bare.

As the Headmistress led the way down a stone flagged corridor to the back of the house, the heels of her shoes clattered menacingly - in contrast to the shuffle of Emma's little slippers. She flung open a stout door.

'In!' she ordered, closing the door behind them both.

Emma looked round the room in astonishment. It was white washed and barely furnished. It looked more like a private chapel than anything else, with copies of Italian Renaissance pictures of the suffering of Saints on the walls.

Standing in the middle of the room was the Major, dressed as always in his quasi-military uniform. But instead of his swagger stick he was holding a small electric control box with several black knobs. One long lead led from the control box to a plug in the wall. Another one, thinner this time, led to one of the big patch pockets of his officer's khaki tunic.

He picked up what looked like part of a leather harness. Emma saw that it included a leather collar and that there was some lacing hanging down from it. He handed it to the Headmistress.

'Put it on her, my dear' he said. Then turning to the terrified Emma, he said: 'Hands behind your back! Now grip your forearms'

Scared, Emma did as she was told. The woman fastened the leather collar round her neck. Then she went behind Emma and wrapped the other part of the harness round her over-lapping wrists, tightening the lacing so that they were held bound to each other. Her bound wrists were now joined to her collar by a strap that went down her back.

Emma the strap tighten, so that her wrists were held, still bound together, high up her back, and her head was pulled back by the collar. She felt quite helpless.

'Ever seen this before?' asked the Major, pulling a small plastic ball from his pocket. Emma saw that the ball was attached to the thinner electric lead that ran back to the control box. It rather reminded her the two electrically controlled vibrating balls that Henry had used to arouse her.

'No, Sir,' she said.

'Well,' the Major added with a cruel laugh, 'you're going to see how it gives me total control, not only of your body but, more importantly, of your mind as well ... Now turn round and bend over.'

Emma blushed with shame as she presented her naked bottom to him. She saw the woman going behind her with a small jar of vaseline in her hand. She felt a finger smearing a little of the grease on her rear entrance. Then she gasped as the Major pushed the little plastic ball up inside her - but only a tantalising little way.

'Now, you see,' he said as if talking to a child, 'I can pull the little ball almost out by the electric lead.'

Emma gasped as she felt her muscles being stretched. It was horrible. She tried to lower her hands down to reach the ball, but the strap connecting her wrists to her neck prevented her.

'Or, I can push it back again.'

Emma felt his hand on her bottom, as with one extended finger he pushed the ball back again. She gave a little moan of relief as her muscles relaxed.

'But that's just by the way, little girl. Let's see what happens if I repeat the process with the current switched on!'

With one hand he turned one of the knobs on the control box and with the other he gave a little jerk to the lead behind her.

Emma gave a little scream as this time she felt, not only her muscles being stretched, but also a little shock as the ball was pulled down.

'Yes!' murmured the Major. 'And if I push the little ball back again?'

Again Emma gave a little scream as she felt another slight shock. Her eyes filled with tears. She realised that the shocks only came when the ball was moved - either inwards or outwards.

The Major was now standing to her side, with one hand on her bottom. Oh, for God's sake, she thought, don't let him move the ball again!

She saw that the Headmistress had placed a tape recorder on a table in front of her.

'I think it's time for a little confession!' she said switching on the recorder. 'Now first of all, who's Henry?'

'Henry?' said Emma bristling. 'I don't know anyone called Henry.'

Instantly she felt the little ball being moved. She gasped as she got another shock.

'Oh, but we think you do,' insisted the Major, pushing the little ball back again and ignoring Emma's scream.

'Now in a moment I'm going to ask that question again,' said the woman harshly. 'And this time you're going to give me a proper answer, - aren't you?'

The ball moved ... 'Yes, yes ' Emma heard herself screaming through her tears. She could feel sweat running down her face, as well as tears.

'Now think for fifteen seconds what you are going to say when I repeat the question - so as to avoid another little shock!'

Emma's mind was in a torment. She would, she knew, now say anything to avoid another shock, mild though it was. There was a long pause. Emma was very conscious of the little ball. She tried to expel it with her muscles, but the Major's finger kept it in place.

'No, little girl,' he laughed cruelly, 'we'll just keep it there nicely at the entrance - ready to be activated again if we have any more little lies!'

The silence continued. It was driving Emma mad.

'So, lets start again,' said the woman suddenly. 'Who's Henry?'

'He's an old friend,' cried Emma.

Instantly the ball moved and Emma got another shock.

'You know very well, little girl, that you hate all men - you just live to please your Mistress. So he can't be a friend can he?'

The ball was moved back again. Again Emma screamed. My God this was total control alright!

'No, I hate him!' Emma heard herself cry.

'Good! That a good start,' said the woman. Through her tears, Emma saw the Major switch off the control box. She felt him remove the little ball.

'Now,' said the Headmistress, 'we're going to take you back to your lessons and then in an hour's time it will be your turn again with Total Control - and this time we shall want to hear exactly how Henry contacted you, how you planned to escape with him and everything you got up to with him.'

'And,' added the Major, 'just remember that the slightest hesitation - and the little ball will be moved! So you've got a whole hour, whilst you're copying out those Greek words, to think about your next interrogation. You're going to tell us the full truth!'

Moments later a still sweating and tear stained Emma, clasping her bottom, staggered back to her desk.

'Get on with your copying,' she was ordered, 'And don't make any mistakes!'

But how, Emma was thinking, am I going to be able to concentrate on copying out these strange Greek characters whilst all I can think of is that in one hour's time it will be my turn to go back to the Interrogation Room.

By the end of the day, and three more sessions of Total Control, Emma had finally taped a full and very contrite confession of how she had met Henry in his Club, and of what happened under the bed clothes. This was followed by how she had schemed to get her belt off and run off with him, and had finally spent a holiday with him. They even got out of her details of making love to Henry, to the croupier and to the bull-fighter.

They made her record it over and over again until it was word perfect. With each session of the brain-washing interrogation, they made her confession become increasingly full of hatred towards Henry and towards all men.

'And now tomorrow,' the Major said, 'we shall want to achieve a word perfect recording of your attitude towards your Mistress. I shall want to hear how you sincerely long to serve your Mistress, utterly abjectly and in any way she chooses.'

'And,' cut in the Headmistress, 'I shall want to hear you confess that you are such a slut that she is quite right to keep you in a purity belt and unable to play with yourself.'

'Oh!' gasped Emma.

'And,' went on the Major in a menacing tone of voice, 'you're going to say how you love being under Sabhu's harsh control, how your Mistress is quite right to prevent you from sleeping with your husband, and how you really love earning your Mistress money with your body. I shall want it all really spelt out in detail '

'And, as a little extra surprise for your Mistress,' added the Headmistress with a smirk, 'by the end of the day we shall want a word perfect recording of you saying that you deserve to be punished for your unfaithfulness. Then you're going to add that you are just her little dog, a little bitch she can do with as she likes.'

'Oh!' gasped Emma.

'And then I want to hear you admitting that you are so jealous of her other girls, whom she has had sponsored to be put into milk and, of course, of those who have been sponsored in certain other ways too. That's something you'd really love to be done to you too, isn't it? You'd love to be sponsored to be brought into milk ... or to be totally bald with a number tattooed onto your scalp ... or to have your breasts enlarged and your nipples really well elongated ... or to have your Mistresses's crest tattooed onto your body.'

The Headmistress paused for a moment. Emma gave a little sob of dismay.

'But there's something else I shall want to hear you say you're longing for too. You're going to admit that you're secretly jealous also of the girls with prettily swelling bellies. That's what you want, too, isn't it? You'd love to be sponsored to have a Happy Little Surprise, wouldn't you?' That's what you're secretly longing for, isn't it? ... Well?'

Then Emma hesitated for a moment before replying. It was enough to make the Major push the little ball back into her. 'Yes, yes,' she found herself screaming out aloud, 'I really do want to earn my Mistress a large sum of money by being sponsored ...' Emma paused for breath, but immediately she felt the ball being moved again. 'Yes, yes,' she screamed, 'I long to be sponsored. It will be so exciting!'

'And?' came the Major's relentless voice, accompanied by another move of the ball.

'And,' cried Emma desperately, 'and I deserve to be punished - and to make it up to my Mistress by paying a fine.

'But you haven't the money to pay your Mistress a fine, have you? So what will you do?' asked the Major in an apparently innocent tone, as he flicked the knob on the control box, making Emma scream yet again.

'Earn her money by letting her offer me to her clients for sponsorship,' Emma screamed. But there was still no letting up.

'And?

This time the words came out in a rush. 'Including being made to expect a Happy Little Surprise for her clients, too.'

'And?' There was the same inexorable voice and the same tingling shock.

'And I shall be so proud to be shown off to her clients, once my Mistress has had me sponsored, and has put me back under Sabhu's control.'

'So?'

'So, I beg my Mistress to offer me for sponsorship in any way she chooses.'

'Good!' came the voice of the Major as he removed the ball. I think that will do for the time being. We'll see you again in an hour's time - and this time I will want to hear a really fluent and fervent plea to your Mistress about it all, without any prompting from me - just from the little ball! And I shall want to hear far more contriteness and genuine penitence for deceiving your Mistress. Then tomorrow we'll see about making a full recorded confession.'

The awful thing was, Emma reflected later, that she really had meant it all - anyway at the time. She was being thoroughly brain-washed, she realised. But she was dreading having to make a full recording about it the following day.

Anyway the talk about being Specially Sponsored to Expect a Happy Event was obviously nonsense. Ursula could not really make her submit to that. She was a married woman with a husband who visited England again every few months.

No, Special Sponsorship took far too long - nine months. How could she hide her state for that long from her husband, from her friends, from the office, from ... No, it was obviously just all silly talk - just an innocuous part of the brain-washing.

The three days were up. Emma knelt on all fours on in the corner of the room. She was naked except for a large feather that protruded up between the cheeks of her buttocks.

The end of the feather swayed with her slightest movement making the cork, into which the other end was inserted, move inside her. It was, she knew, to remind her vividly of the terrifying movement of the ball of Total Control.

Sitting in the armchair in front of the desk in the reception room, with her long legs crossed, was Ursula. The Major put the tape recorder on the desk.

'Listen to this!' said the Headmistress to Ursula. 'We got the whole truth out of her alright, but I'm afraid you're not going to like it.'

She switched it on, and soon Ursula was looking furious as she heard Emma confessing how Henry had contacted her under Ursula's nose, how she had slipped up to London to meet him, how despite the belt she had still satisfied Henry, how she had then managed to trick Sabhu and had finally escaped with Henry.

My God, Ursula thought, the little scheming bitch! Well for a start she'd certainly have that private telephone in Emma's bedroom disconnected! And as being locked in a chastity belt was clearly not enough to keep the little slut faithful to her Mistress, she'd just have to make sure that Emma didn't leave her own house in future without permission!

Emma lowered her eyes as she then listened to her own voice describing all that had happened on that wonderful holiday with Henry. Ursula, meanwhile,

looked as though she was about to have a heart attack as she heard as well about the croupier and bull-fighters.

Ursula's eyes softened a little as she heard Emma then denouncing Henry and all men. Ursula's eyes were glinting as Emma went on about how the only point in her life was to serve her Mistress, abjectly and humbly, and how she begged to be offered for sponsorship.

'Well,' laughed Ursula mysteriously, 'I might well use the girl for a rather unusual form of sponsorship.'

Emma gasped in horror. What did she mean? But then as if to test the girl, Ursula snapped her fingers. With a well rehearsed little bark, Emma, still on all fours, bounded over to Ursula and began to lick her shoes. Still listening to the tape, which was now repeating Emma's pleadings about being sponsored, Ursula raised her shoe so that Emma could lick the mud off the sole.

Yes, Ursula was privately thinking, together with the other girls now in the Aegean, Emma would make a very suitable contribution to the Special Event or House Party, that her German friend, Ingrid Marburg, had been commissioned to organise in a few weeks time - with a very large payment in advance.

She and Ingrid had made the preliminary arrangements, including sending Doctor Anna to Germany collect certain material that would play such an important part in this special event.

Ursula could now return to the Aegean for another ten days, to make sure that her other girls were satisfying her own clients who were staying in her villa. Then, just before the House party was due to start. she would return to England again with Sabhu and the girls for the House Party, She would keep Emma on tenterhooks about it, but without, of course, giving her an idea of what she was in for. Let her think that she would be going out to join the other girls in her villa in the Aegean, or even perhaps was off for a second honeymoon with her Mistress!

This Special Event would pay very handsomely indeed and provide an opportunity to punish Emma further, and get her revenge for the way Emma had deceived her - something she felt even more strongly about having heard the girl's shocking to Ingrid's sadistic male clients. However, she felt quite different about Emma - especially after hearing the confessions that Total Control had extracted from her.

Indeed, this newly subjugated Emma, with her class and background, and her striking blond looks, would, even against her wishes, make a popular star performer at the Special Event - and earn her a lot of money!

But, despite all Emma's apparently passionate assurances, Ursula still felt hesitant about going to back to relax in the Aegean. Was Emma yet sufficiently broken to be trusted to behave whilst her Mistress was away enjoying herself with her other girls and the clients who came to stay.

Could she be sure that this apparently now penitent and well disciplined Emma, once again under the discreet supervision of Mrs Maunder, would not dare to get up to any of her old tricks before Ingrid gave her the signal that the Special Event was about to start?

Moreover after the Special Event, great care would have to be taken to prevent Emma from going off and doing what she did before: getting rid of what, this time she would have been very profitably sponsored to carry out.

Although the people coming to the House Party were paying a substantial advanced payment, the actual winning bidders, the sponsors, would be paying only one third of their sponsorship fee up front when they saw their girls being mated, one third a month later at the special follow up Belly Show, and the final third when they delivered their progeny.

So, Ursula told herself, this time Emma would be damn well made to go through with it, like the other girls being sponsored at the special event, even if she was a married woman.

She looked down again at the little creature humbling licking the soles of her shoes. Her Mistress's obedient little bitch! That was just what she was shortly going to be!

'Right!' she said briskly, pulling her cheque book out of her bag, 'I must congratulate you on a very satisfactory result. However, in view of what I have just heard, there are certain steps I must immediately take to ensure that this

wicked little girl doesn't slip back into her old ways - no matter how much she may protest her love adoration for me.

'You mean ... ?' began the Headmistress.

'I mean that I want this unfaithful little bitch really put through the hoop here. I want her scared out of her wits at the mere possibility of being sent back here. You've got another three days! Then I shall come back and pick her up. I don't think there is anything more to get out of her, so you can let her off Total Control and just concentrate on really putting her through it physically!'

Emma felt like a prisoner being sentenced as she heard these words. Oh, what a fool she had been to have gone off with Henry! Oh what a fool she had been to have imagined that Ursula would not exact a terrible revenge!

Leaving Emma kneeling on all fours out of earshot, Ursula beckoned the Major and the Headmistress to one side.

'Although' Ursula said, 'the girl doesn't know it, she's going to be a little mother-to-be quite soon. I shall be taking precautions to make sure she is made to go through with it - but I want her really well disciplined in the meantime.'

Emma could not hear what Ursula was saying, she saw the Major and Headmistress looked at each and smile. Now what awful fate was being planned for her?

'Oh, no Madam, please,' she sobbed. 'No more. please. Please take me away now! I'll be a good girl, I promise ...I'll ... '

She fell silent as the Major now gripped her arm, pulled her to her feet and led her away.

19 - EMMA'S SMART NEW COLLAR

Those last three days at the special school had been sheer hell.

The words "Last one ... gets six" now seemed to graven on Emma's heart. Invariably, it seemed, it had always been her who had to bend over and present her bare bottom to the Major's swagger stick. Never in all her life had she had to run, to crawl, to sweat so much - around the grounds, down the cross country course, in the house ... and always there was that fear: 'Last one ... '

But it was not only the physical exertion that had so effected her - but the also the constant mental concentration on worshipping her Mistress - the written essays and the little speeches she had to make in front of her equally scared companions of both sexes ... oh, the brain washing never seemed to stop.

Then at last the three days were over. Dressed, ready to be collected, she was once again taken into the reception room where her Mistress was waiting. Emma stood there shyly, like a school girl whose parents had come to take her out.

This time Ursula seemed all sweetness and light, but she produced a strange looking dog collar and asked the Major to lock it round Emma's neck. Unlike the collar attached to the Bikini belt which had been fastened by a normal padlock with a key, this collar was fastened at the back of the neck by a small combination lock.

The collar looked like a dog's collar, a rather special dog's collar. It was nearly three inches wide and was made of made of stiff red coloured leather, strengthened by shiny metals studs. To make it even stronger and to stop anyone from simply cutting it with a knife, it was fitted with curved metal rods at the top and bottom. It had a ring on the front, and another on the back and, she saw, there was a curious swelling in the back, near the combination lock.

Emma saw there was a small keyhole in the strange swelling, as if for switching something on, or off, or for unlocking the swelling to open it so as to put something in it. Not little batteries, she had wondered! But whatever for?

Then, before putting the collar round her neck, the Major showed her that one side was a small flat plate. Emma had blushed, with a mixture of horror and

excitement, as she read the inscription: "Emma. Property of Miss U. de Vere. Reward for Return." Below was Ursula's telephone number.

Emma was even more horrified, and yet also secretly thrilled, to read on a small plate on the other side of the collar the engraving: "No; 76645. Lost Dog Defence League. Please Phone if found." Again there was a telephone number.

It really was a dog collar!

There was a sinister click as the Major closed the combination lock behind her neck. The collar was now quite tight round her neck. Only someone who knew the combination could take the collar off, Emma realised ruefully. Clearly the collar was now intended to remain permanently on her.

Ursula smiled as the collar was locked round Emma's neck. Now she was indeed hers again. The collar marked the girl as her property, marked with her name and telephone number. Hers to do with as she liked.

Emma gasped however as she felt how wide the collar was and how it made her keep her chin up high. Clearly she was going to be constantly aware of it - even when it was hidden under a scarf.

Ursula was very quiet as she drove Emma back to her home - as if she was planning some forthcoming excitements. Emma wondered what it could be and whether she would be involved. Oh, I do hope so, she thought.

Emma had not liked to ask her about the collar she was now having to wear. When she finally plucked up her courage to ask if she would have to wear the collar permanently, Ursula had reacted angrily.

'How dare you start questioning me,' she had replied. 'You just exist to do what you're told, when you're told, instantly and unquestioningly. Anything else is none of your business. I don't like inquisitiveness in a girl - and if Sabhu had been here in England I'd had him thrash you for impertinence!'

After that tirade, Emma had not dared to say another word. At least, she supposed, it was better than a chastity belt, and wondered whether, with Sabhu out in the Aegean, and Ursula apparently about to fly back there, it was intended as a more permanent and practical substitute. Certainly those embarrassing inscriptions had a profound psychological effect. Oh how humiliating they were!

Luckily Ursula had given her a scarf to tie round her neck to hide the collar. She would always now have to wear such a scarf she realised. She put her hand to her neck, and felt the scarf - and below it the awful collar.

Suddenly, as if she had made her mind up about something, Ursula started to talk about an exciting forthcoming House Party that she was arranging with a German friend of hers, Ingrid. Cunningly she started making Emma very jealous, by saying what fun she would be having there with some other girls. With an innocent air, she said that she was wondering whether to ask Emma, too. Secretly, of course, she knew how Emma hated being left out of a party.

Emma's heart began to race. Her Mistress was considering inviting her to come and join her house party - not telling her to come, but inviting her! And Ursula's parties were always so exciting. The mention of other girls had made her feel jealous - she certainly wasn't going to abandon the field to her rivals for her Mistress's affections!

Perhaps, she thought, she would be taken out to the Aegean to join Ursula's other girls in her villa. Perhaps Ursula was inviting some special guests there. Yes, that must be the plan, she decided. How exciting! She had been so disappointed, and jealous of the other girls, when Ursula had originally left her behind, because of her husband coming back again. But now everything would be alright after all.

Moreover, Ursula seemed to have forgotten all that earlier talk of Special Sponsorship - thank God!

'Oh, Madam,' she said with genuine fervour, 'yes, I'd love to come! Yes, please.'

'Oh, I'm not sure,' replied Ursula, with her tongue in her cheek, 'whether this party will be really your form, Emma.'

In reality, of course, Emma, like Norah and her new girl, Sofia, would be playing a key role, but she did not want to let on about that! Then she had

woundingly added: 'For one thing, I don't think you are beautiful enough! But I suppose I might take you there as the ugly duckling.'

Ugly duckling! She was beautiful! Not quite as striking, of course, as her Mistress, but certainly not an ugly duckling!

But thrilled at being included at all, Emma had suppressed her fury. At least her fantastic Mistress had agreed that she could come. But she had no idea what it was all about - or where. All she knew was that Ursula had told her that she would be away for over a week. A week with her Mistress! How wonderful!

Arriving at her house, Emma noticed, a line running across the drive as if it had recently been dug up and a pipe or something laid in the trench. Ursula, she presumed, must have told the jobbing gardener she paid for, to do something. She wondered what. But she did not like to ask. Ursula was always so secretive!

Parking the car in front of the house, Ursula curtly told Emma to remain in the car and went off to have a quick word with the jobbing gardener. Emma heard them talking.

'Yes, Miss I've laid that special wire in a trench round the garden, just as you said. I hear it's very effective at stopping dogs from straying, but what sort of dog are you thinking of sending up here?'

'Oh, probably quite a large and valuable one,' Ursula replied with a laugh.

What on earth were they talking about, Emma had wondered.

Then Ursula had gone into the house, saying that she wanted to have a word in private with Mrs Maunder. Mrs Maunder! So she was back! Emma's heart sank. She could have done without her.

Soon Ursula came back to the car and told Emma to get out. Then she inserted a little key into the small swelling at the back of her collar.

'And in future, Emma,' she said,' I don't think you'll feel like straying beyond the garden!'

Emma was mystified

'But why not?' she asked. 'What do you mean?'

But Ursula ignored her question. 'I shall be back in an hour. Go and have a good look at the garden. Then get ready to serve the lunch that Mrs Maunder has prepared and afterwards we'll have a little fun. I'm in the mood!'

Leaving Emma standing there her mouth open with astonishment and excitement, the car disappeared.

Curious to know what Ursula had meant, Emma went for a walk in the garden. Nothing very much seemed changed, but as she approached the end of the drive, where a trench seemed to have been dug, she felt a sudden little shock in her neck. Hastily she backed away and the shocks ceased.

Then, when she went across to the other side of the garden , near where it merged with the fields. She saw more signs of a recently dug little trench and suddenly the shocks started again. Again she backed away and the shocks ceased.

Horrified she followed the line of the trench. It went right round the garden and every time she went near it, the shocks started.

There was, she realised no way out, she was a prisoner in her own garden! She was "the large and valuable dog" about whom she had heard Ursula talking to the gardener. She was going to be confined to her garden - just like a dog! She was certainly going to be prevented from straying - with Henry or with anyone else!

Oh, How humiliating! And yet how exciting! Ursula never ceased to amaze her!

And how difficult it was going to be now with John when he was back. They didn't, of course, sleep together since Ursula had arranged for Doctor Anna to write to her husband saying that she was not fit enough to undertake her conjugal duties. She would always have to wear a scarf to hide the collar from his eyes, but what excuse would she have to make when he suggested they went out? Thank Heavens he was away again for the time being.,

But there was more to follow - as she discovered when she went up to her room. Her private telephone, her secret link with the outside world, the number on which Henry had contacted her, had been removed. Now, she realised, all calls, both in and out, would have to be made via Mrs Maunder's phone.

She now a prisoner in her own home, unable even to have any communication with the outside world, without permission.

She remembered Ursula saying at the Major's terrifying establishment, after hearing Emma's confession, that there were certain steps she would have to take to ensure that "this wicked girl" did not slip back into her former ways. Goodness, it was terrifying, and yet rather exciting, being under such strict control!

And if it meant that her Mistress had realised how impractical it would be to offer her to her clients for Special Sponsorship, then so much the better.

With a sudden jolt, she saw that laid out on her bed was a skimpy French parlour maid's outfit. She remembered Ursula saying that she would be back in an hour and that she would expect Emma to be ready to serve her lunch. But she had not realised that Ursula had also meant dressed for the part - that must have been what she had been speaking to Mrs Maunder about - how embarrassing!

And Ursula would be back here any moment! And after lunch they would make love!

Emma was over the moon with excitement as she slipped into the knickerless and provocative black silk outfit with its white pinafore and matching starched cap. She began to feel moist with excitement - it had been so long since she and Ursula had ... For good luck she also painted her nipples to match her lipstick, and then simply could not resist doing the same with her now eager beauty lips. She had already rouged her cheek bones, now with a little laugh she also rubbed a little of the rouge into her soft and still almost hairless mound.

Suddenly she heard wheels on the gravel. Ursula must have returned! There was a sudden imperious ringing of the front door bell. Hastily Emma put her hand up to her hair and ran downstairs.

Passing a mirror she felt even more aroused as she saw how, under her prominent shiny collar, the transparent blouse of the maid's uniform accentuated her otherwise naked breasts and scarlet nipples. She blushed as she saw how the little pinafore scarcely hid her naked rouged mound and her scarlet beauty lips. Yes, she decided, she looked a really lovely little creature - someone that Ursula would simply not be able to resist!

The bell rang again. Emma rushed down and opened it, lowering her eyes humbly as she did so and making a little curtsey.

Then she gasped - for there standing on the mat in front of her lowered eyes was not one pair of smart woman's shoes, but two!

'Ingrid, my dear,' came the voice of Ursula, 'this little creature is Emma, the girl I was telling you about. Now let's go in!'

PART V

SOME VERY PRETTY LITTLE FUTURE BROOD BITCHES

20 - PLANS FOR A RATHER SPECIAL HOUSE PARTY

Emma stood back against the wall, a napkin over her folded left arm. She was jealously watching Ursula and her German friend, Ingrid, as they tucked into the delicious lunch of filet of beef that Mrs Maunder had produced and which she had had to serve.

Oh, the exciting humiliation of having to act as a servant girl for her Mistress - and in her own house!

The two friends were having a very animated conversation about something - but in German, which Emma did not understand. How she longed to know what they were talking about!

She looked hungrily at their plates, and wondered whether she would be able to steal any left-over scraps. She had been kept half starved at the special school - and she just loved fillet!

Emma had been highly embarrassed at being seen by Mrs Maunder in her revealing French maid outfit, but the housekeeper had made no comment. She had also been embarrassed by the presence of Ursula's strict looking friend. Ingrid

must, she had realised, be the friend of Ursula's with whom she was arranging the mysterious Special Event.

Ingrid, too, had made no comment on Emma's erotic appearance, as if the sight of a half naked chatelaine of the house, with painted nipples and body lips, waiting at table, was quite normal in an English country house.

She was, however, very impressed, just as Ursula intended, by the sight of Ursula's evident power and authority over an attractive and well connected young married Englishwoman - or Irishwoman as Ursula laughingly corrected her. This young woman, she thought, would make a great attraction at the forthcoming Special Event, that she had come to discuss with Ursula.

From time to time, Ursula would point at Emma, making her again wonder what they were talking about. But perhaps it was as well that she did not understand.

'Tell me,' Ursula was saying, 'what is this "International Gundog Club" of yours. Who are they?

'Oh they're mainly well to do Germans, men and women, who enjoy both dominating girls, and breeding and working gundogs - and competing in gun dog trials. I run House Parties for them'

'House Parties! What a way to describe what goes on!' laughed Ursula.

'Well, we do have to be careful about security,' replied Ingrid. 'You see, the Club members are so demanding, and I have to lay on some very special events for them. For this one, they'll officially just be coming over for a day's first class shooting and to see some champion English gundogs at work.'

'Some work!' laughed Ursula.

'And we've rented the shooting for a weekend at a beautiful unspoilt English country estate. I've put in my own staff, whilst the owner is abroad.

'Your own staff?'

'Yes, Japanese. I use them for all our "house parties". They're very discreet.'

'And, apart from the shooting, what else will the members be expecting?' laughed Ursula.

'I've told them that they'll have the opportunity to bid to sponsor a girl ... '

'For the excitements of Extra Special Sponsorship?' interrupted Ursula with a cruel laugh.

'Exactly!' replied Ingrid. 'And I've told them that several male Red Setters, gun dog trial champions, will be in eager attendance at the House Party - ready to play their part.'

'In eager attendance! Ready to play their part! I like that.'

'Yes, you see I've also discreetly advertised the House Party as a "A unique opportunity to improve the breeding of your own English gun dogs". That's something that several of them would dearly like to do, including some of the women members who are keen breeders of gun dogs.'

'But what's the problem?' asked Ursula.

'The British anti-rabies quarantine regulations! These make it so difficult for us. Our members simply can't send their favourite English Setter bitches back to England here to be covered by a dog that's winning all the gun dog trials over here - no matter how they might be willing to pay. On arrival in England the bitches would have to go straight into quarantine for six months.'

'But why,' asked Ursula, 'don't your members persuade the British owners of their champion gundogs to send them to Germany for a few months to cover your members' bitches there?'

'Because they'd have to go into quarantine for six months on return, ' replied Ingrid.

'Aha!' laughed Ursula, adding in a whisper, and glancing at Emma to make sure she did not understand. 'But, of course, quarantine regulations don't apply to girls, do they?.'

'Exactly!' agreed Ingrid. 'So I've told the members that Doctor Anna will have a good stock of pedigree ... material ... on hand, some of from pedigree British bitches here and some collected in Germany from my members' own favourite Red Setter bitches.'

'But,' asked Ursula, 'in that case, won't these members expect some of the girls to be reserved for their exclusive use?'

'No,' replied Ingrid with a laugh. 'Prices at the auction will be much higher if those members, who have paid for Doctor Anna to collect the ... material ... from their own bitches, still have to bid against the other members to secure the Extra Special Sponsorship of one of our chosen girls.'

'Very clever!' laughed Ursula. 'And so whatever ... material ... Doctor Anna uses in a particular girl, she'll still be taking a pretty valuable prize litter to your castle in Germany, as a human brood bitch, for delivery to her sponsor.'

'Exactly!' agreed Ingrid. 'As the girls' sponsors, the club members will have the right to keep two of each litter but the remainder will be auctioned to the club members - with us getting half the proceeds, as the owners of the brood bitch concerned.'

'So we're going to do pretty well out of it all,' said Ursula.

'Yes!' laughed Ingrid. 'There'll be the profit on the house party for which they'll all be paying through the nose not only for the shooting but also to see what happens afterwards!'

'And there'll be the auction for the Extra Special Sponsorship,' added Ursula.

'Darling!' cried Ursula, rubbing her hands, 'we're going to make our fortunes! And as shall be keeping chained down on their backs in my cages during the first critical weeks, then we could charge your members, men as well as women, even those who are not sponsors, to come and see the caged and muzzled girls.

'Yes,' agreed Ingrid, 'the excitement for them is going to be mental - the thought that the girl doesn't understand just what she's being used for. So keeping them caged in your house will be very convenient for any sponsors who want to come and see how their girls are coming on.'

'Yes.' agreed Ursula, 'and being caged in my house, they'll then be under the eye of Sabhu.'

'And, moreover, after a month or so we could hold a Belly Show in your house - a competition for the largest belly! They'll be getting nice and big and interesting by then - so we could make a substantial charge. Entrance free for sponsors only!'

'And we'll charge members and friends of sponsors for coming to see the bitches later on in my castle,' said Ingrid becoming increasingly excited.

'And to see the whelping?' asked Ursula with a laugh.

'Of course!' agreed Ingrid, 'and with each sponsor paying to invite twenty of his friends!'

'And then to see the bitches feeding their progeny!'

Both women laughed and paused for a moment.

'Of course,' said Ingrid, 'as I said, what's really going to tickle the fancy of the would-be sponsors will be the thought that, although each girl will be covered for real, she herself will not, anyway initially, have any idea that she's actually conceived! And even if they do suspect it, they'll be completely s to how it could have happened. They'll certainly never guess that they're carrying a litter of puppies - not until we tell them!'

'Yes indeed,' agreed Ursula with a cruel smile. 'I've even had one girl who was blindfolded for the delivery and never knew that she'd been carrying peppiest all! She just thought it was all a false pregnancy! But I suggest we tell our girls the truth half way through their maternity - at the Belly Show.

'But when you do tell them, don't you find your girls turn against you in horror at what you've done to them?

'No!' laughed Ursula. 'I just give them a big hug, tell them that they're making their Mistress very happy and that all will be well - and then they smile happily. The maternal instinct is very strong at that stage - even if the girl's carrying puppies! I even make them thank me for letting them have such a thrilling experience. But I still have Sabhu check their breeding belts every day!

Then she paused for a moment.

'But I think we'll have to treat Emma differently. She's now sufficiently experienced to realise what's happening. So I suggest instead that it would be

equally exhilarating for your clients if, early on, they saw a horrified and protesting Emma, a respectable married woman, an upper class Englishwoman, realising only too well what her sponsor has paid to put her through - whether she liked it or not!'

'Yes! That does sound fun!' laughed Ingrid. 'And exciting for the clients.'

'And especially for her sponsor!' added Ursula. 'She'll fetch a really good price at the auction!'

I suppose we'll have to allow the sponsors to send for a girl to pleasure them,' said Ingrid thoughtfully.

'On the first night perhaps, but certainly not after they've conceived,' objected Ursula. 'Doctor Anna will want them kept flat on their backs for a couple of days whilst the valuable little embryos establish themselves.'

'Yes, we certainly don't want to disturb them!' laughed Ingrid.

'And on the evening before. I hope, if the sponsor is a man, that it'll be oral sex only,' said Ursula earnestly. 'We don't want any of the girls upsetting our plans by previously conceiving the wrong type of progeny.'

'Indeed not!' agreed Ingrid. 'We'll have to insist that any girl who's sent for by a male sponsor must first be locked into a breeding belt.'

'Right! I'll warn Sabhu,' said Ursula. 'But how about the members who don't succeed at the auction in securing a girl for sponsorship?' asked Ursula.

'Oh,' said Ingrid, 'don't forget they'll also be able to watch the matings, as well as attend your subsequent Belly Show. They'll also be able to come and see the delivery and rearing of the progeny and be able to bet on which girl is going to produce the biggest progeny!'

'With sponsors asking Doctor Anna to delay delivery so as to get bigger and stronger whelps!' laughed Ursula with a cruel smile.

'Yes, that'll be popular,' agreed Ingrid.

'And so, on the first evening night, you suggest laying on a little Japanese style cabaret?' asked Ursula as Emma silently came round again, offering them a second helping.

'Yes,' agreed Ingrid, 'it'll warm the members up and get them in the right mood for the subsequent auction. Moreover, you see, I've really got to provide them with something really erotic to watch on each of the two evenings. days!'

'Well, I'm not surprised that they're so demanding in view of what they're paying' Ursula laughed. 'I think I've been in the wrong business! My women clients pay very well, but not like yours!

'Ah, but just think what they'll be getting! Quite apart from your girls, there'll be my matched pair, a pretty young Roumanian mother, a penniless refugee, and her teenage daughter - available for sponsorship and meanwhile made to perform in the cabaret by the whip.'

'Yes indeed! Your Romanians will make a fine pair,' said Ursula with a knowing smile. 'But how on Earth how did you get hold of them?'

'Well, I speak a little Romanian and the girl was infatuated with me - especially after I taken her virginity, and the more I beat her the more she worshipped me. You know how it is!

'Yes, that's how I keep my girls too.' said Ursula with a little laugh. 'Choose a naturally submissive girl - even if she doesn't yet realise she is - and soon the mere sight of the whip or cane and will make her fall her into your arms! Then make her utterly dependent on you financially and you can do what you like with her - I've even had them begging to be sponsored just to please her Mistress!'

'But not, I suspect, for Extra Special Sponsorship.' laughed Ingrid.

'No, I always keep that as a little surprise for the girl! replied Ursula joining in the laughter. 'But how did you also get hold of the mother?'

'Well,' explained Ingrid, 'when she innocently came to stay, to see how her daughter was getting on, she became increasing jealous of the way I was treating her daughter as my favourite. Before long she, too, was making sheep's eyes at me.'

'Ah!' laughed Ursula.

'So,' went on Ingrid, 'I told her that unless she gave herself to me utterly, let me be financially responsible for them both and accepted a formal thrashing, I was going to send her away. I soon had her begging to be thrashed and, ever since, they've both been mine to do with as I like!'

'Rather reminds me of how I keep Emma in thrall,' laughed Ursula.

'Yes my matched pair and your upper class Emma are really going to be the stars of the our House Party,' said Ingrid reflectively.

'But so will my other girls, too,' said Ursula with a touch of pride. 'They're all equally fascinating in their different ways. And your members wont exactly turn up their noses at my almost virginal Sofia' added Ursula with a touch a pride.

'Almost virginal?' queried Ingrid with a laugh.

'Well she's never been penetrated by anything male - only by one of lady clients using a dildo to take her virginity!'

'Like the teenager in my matched pair,' said Ingrid. 'So, in both cases there'll be no awkward hymen in the way for when, unknown to them, Doctor Anna gives them the "preliminary treatment" - inserting the bitches eggs, read for fertilisation by the dogs' semen. And the day before she and your young girl can have their first males - as part of the cabaret.'

'Oh!' objected Ursula, 'but we want the risk of them conceiving a little half Japanese progeny.'

'Don't worry,' replied Ingrid, 'They'll be sodomised up their little backsides. I've spoke to Doctor Anna about that and she's going to take the right precautions - just in case.'

'Sodomised! Well,' said Ursula, 'perhaps in that case, could we have my Emma performing as well? That'll teach her a lesson - and put her off men!

'What a good idea! A respectable English married woman! That'll really turn on my members.'

'And get them worked up for the auction!' laughed Ursula.

Still ignoring Emma, as she served the meal, the two women went on discussing the House Party in German.

'And,' said Ingrid, 'we must make sure that all the girls are given Doctor Anna's special powders to bring them into season ten days before the party so that their bodies are then ready to conceive - even if it's going to be in a rather unusual way!'

'Yes,' agreed Ursula, 'I'll tell Mrs Maunder to put them in Emma's food, and Sabhu will do the same to m other girls. We certainly don't want any little accidents in front of your client! And Doctor Anna says we must start them on a course of her special fertility pills. They won't be working in the normal way, of course, but apparently they help make a girl's body ready to accept a multiple conception -a real litter of little creatures!'

'Even if the girl doesn't know it!' laughed Ingrid. 'But changing the subject, won't your Norah be a bit conspicuous, travelling back to England with a shiny bald head?'

'Oh no, Sabhu is used to fixing a wig in place when he takes her out.'

'Ah! Oh what a splendidly reliable man he is,' said Ingrid. 'My two girls will be in the charge of my young Japanese boy, Yamoto. They hate being supervised by a mere boy -an oriental one at that. They find so humiliating!'

'Like mine hate being supervised by a former, black, circus animal trainer!'

'Yes,' said Ingrid reflectively, 'there's no doubt that black or yellow men can discipline white girls much better than even the strictest European Nanny. '

'Oh, I quite agree,' said Ursula. 'And to get the best results, even with submissive girls, you've got to instill a constant and genuine fear of the cane.'

The two excited women had now almost settled the details of the House Party. 'I've now only got one worry,' Ingrid said. 'My clients will certainly pay well to sponsor Emma and to see her, a married upper class Englishwoman, being used against her will as a brood bitch. But are you sure you can put her through it all - right to the end?'

'Oh yes!' replied Ursula with a sudden vehemence. 'It's not only going be your clients and her sponsor who'll be getting all the excitement - I shall be enjoying it all too! The slut deceived me with a man! Several men! Now she's going to be punished - and really taught that she's just one of my girls and has to do what exactly what I decide.'

'And, if she's so keen on male lovers,' laughed Ingrid, 'then she can have another one - but this time, a rather different one, a four legged one.'

'Yes, that's the whole point. My revenge is going to be very sweet indeed!' said Ursula. 'She's going to experience the pangs and traumas of an unwanted motherhood! And, this time, I'm going to make sure she damn well has to go through with it, whether she likes or not.'

'But what,' Ingrid asked anxiously, 'will happen if her husband comes back from abroad?'

'Well he is due to come back, for a couple of days, a few weeks after the House Party. And that's going to be half the fun! I've made some special arrangements for our little Emma!' Ursula bent down and whispered at length into Ingrid's ear.

'Ah, so you've got all worked out!'

'Yes, the poor fool will be very grateful that his sick wife is being so well looked after for a little tummy upset that will, I am afraid, keep her out of his bed - on Doctor Anna's orders!'

'And what about Emma herself?' asked Ingrid.

'Oh, she'll be far too frightened and ashamed to tell him the truth or to let him see her swelling belly. However we might invite her sponsor to come and see how she's getting on!'

'Oh what a good idea.' laughed Ingrid.

'And, of course by keeping her here, at her home, for several of the early weeks, we avoid the risk of her telling my other girls, locked in their cages in my house, the truth about what's so mysteriously going on in their bellies - and so make it all the more fun for your members.'

'But,' asked Ingrid, 'are you sure you'll be able to get Emma away to come to the Belly Parade. Her sponsor will definitely expect to be able to show her off to the other Club members.'

'Of course! Don't worry! Although she doesn't yet now it, her husband's already agreed that I can take her as a great treat, whilst he's away on the other side of the world, for a special two month Art Appreciation course in Germany. He thinks it's going to be a lovely surprise for her!'

'A lovely surprise! A great treat!' Ingrid burst out laughing. 'An Art Appreciation course! A Motherhood Appreciation course rather! What a joke!'

'And to make it all even better, he hasn't yet told her he'll only be going straight off again for a few months, after his fleeing visit. He didn't want her being upset! But he's asked me to keep an eye on her and break the news to her gently - and meanwhile to keep her busy. The idiot has no idea just what we're going to do to his precious wife!'

Ingrid burst out laughing. 'Keep her busy! Oh yes, I'm sure we can see to that. She'll soon have something else on her mind - and in her tummy! So she'll be able to play a full part in it all - just like the other girls?'

'Yes, of course,' said Ursula reassuringly. 'Don't forget that I'll then be anxious to get the rest of her Extra Special Sponsorship fee! It'll all do the little bitch a lot of good and she'll earn me a lot of money - a sort of fine for having misbehaved so badly!'

Ursula paused, her eyes shining.

'Oh yes, it's all going to be so exciting for me too, never mind your Club members! Like so many of my friends I've always found it very exciting to impose a maternity on one of my girls and even more so if it's puppies - but to do so simultaneously on a group of pretty and unsuspecting young women! Oh, it'll be just mind blowing!'

'Especially,' added Ingrid cruelly,' as two of them will be a horrified mother and her daughter!'

Emma was now serving the sweet - a delicious sorbet. Unable to understand what was being said, she could not help wondering if Mrs Maunder had put one of the sorbets aside in the kitchen for her, too.

'Well,' Ursula was saying, 'I think we're providing the members of your club with a splendid lot of brood bitches to choose from at the House Party.'

'Yes,' agreed Ingrid, 'but, of course, the House Party will be only be the beginning of it all. And seriously, if, after the Party, you're going to keep Emma here, aware of what's happened to her, then won't there be the risk of her trying to escape and have an abortion - even if you do have a nurse to keep an eye on her?'

'Oh no, she won't be able to escape - not this time! Let me show you,' said Ursula with a smile. ' Have a look at her collar' ...

Ingrid got up to have a closer look. 'Well?' she asked. 'It's just like the dog collars that many Mistresses like to see their girls wearing.'

'But this one's special,' laughed Ursula again. 'Watch!'

'Now Emma,' she said in English, pointing to a clump of trees just outside the garden, 'would you like to run across the lawn and over the garden fence to those trees?'

'No, Madam, no! I can't!' cried Emma in genuine alarm. 'My collar - it won't let me!'

Ursula smiled at her friend. 'You see!' she said.

Emma saw Ingrid nod her head pensively. 'That's brilliant!' she said in German, her eyes sparkling. 'You mean she can't leave the place? She can't escape? Well, perhaps I should use the same system for the Special Event. It'll make security that much better.'

'Yes indeed,' agreed Ursula also now speaking in German again. 'It's a technique I've already used in similar circumstances - for my girls in the garden of the villa in the Aegean. I was nervous lest they too might try and escape, but these collars certainly put any question of that right out of their heads ... Psychologically, too, they make a girl feel, even more, that she utterly belongs to her Mistress.'

'And yet it seems so simple,' said Ingrid.

'Yes it is - once the cable has been laid round the house.'

Ursula paused and then went on in English. 'Well, my dear, I think we've finished talking business, now how about enjoying ourselves with Emma?

Ingrid beckoned Emma over and then and then with a well manicured hand started to stroke Emma's cheek. 'Keep still!' she said, in a strange German accent and started to run her hands down over Emma's breasts and down to her belly.

'Yes,' she said turning back to Ursula, 'I think that would be a splendid idea. How should we use her?'

'Oh,' Ursula laughed, 'she thinks she's very good at giving pleasure whilst hidden under the bed clothes, don't you Emma?'

Emma blushed as she realised that Ursula was alluding to the way she had been forced by Total Control to confess how she had first pleased Henry in his Club. 'Yes, Madam,' she said with a little sob.

'So off you go upstairs, Emma. Draw the curtains and then still wearing your Maid's costume, get into the big bed and hide yourself down at the bottom of the bed, until you're told to start working your way up! Now go!

With a little cry, Emma rushed out of the room and up into the spare room with the big bed - the room in which Ursula had so often slept when staying there.

21 - THE MAID CALLED EMMA IS MADE TO PERFORM

Curled up at the bedclothes at the foot of the large bed, Emma did not know whether to feel deeply humiliated by being treated in this way by Ursula in front of a stranger, or whether to be wildly excited at the thought that within a few minutes she would be pleasing her Mistress.

It was so long since she had been regularly in Ursula's bed! When she had been kept in the line of cages in Ursula's house, she had to compete with the other girls for Ursula's attentions. Then, when her husband had come back and

she had been sent home, Ursula had only come down for the odd night, to enjoy her, behind her unsuspecting husband's back.

She remembered the awful, and yet wildly exciting, fear of lying in her husband's bed, desperately trying to make sure that he did not notice the chastity belt into which Ursula had locked her into earlier that evening.

Then, when he was asleep, she had had to crawl on all fours along the corridor to Ursula's room and silently creep up under the bed clothes to pleasure her Mistress with her tongue - and all the time she would she be praying that this time her imperious Mistress might deign to unlock the chastity belt so that, for once, she too could have a little pleasure ...

Suddenly she heard the door open and the voices of the two women. She heard them make their way across the room to undress in the bathroom. She felt a sudden burst of arousal surge through her.

Then she heard feminine laughter coming from the bathroom. Evidently Ursula found the presence of her beautiful German friend very stimulating. Emma began to feel jealous.

'You'll find her well trained in the art of pleasing a woman,' she suddenly heard Ursula, speaking now in English, say from alongside the bed. 'Look, here's the list of commands that she's been trained to obey. They're in English but alongside each of them is a description in German. I've brought it specially for you! So we can both use her as a stimulus for our own love-making!'

Emma gave a little gasp. She was going to be used just as she was by Ursula's clients! She did not know whether she was desperately disappointed or, on the contrary, wildly excited.

The two women now sat on the edge of the bed, naked under their satin negligees, and kissed. Emma could hear both making little moans of pleasure. Jealously she began to imagine what they were doing. Suddenly she heard them laugh and felt the top of the bed clothes being pulled back on either side. But instead of a man's hairy legs reaching down towards the bottom of the bed, as in Henry's club, she felt two pairs of soft feminine legs, which began to play with her body.

'What have we here?' she heard Ursula laugh. 'Why don't you reach down and put it properly in position - and then use the list of commands!'

Once again, instead of Henry's strong masculine hand, it was Ingrid's well manicured female hand, with long carefully painted nails, that reached down and gripped her hair. She felt her head being slowly drawn up and then placed carefully in position.

'Worship!' she heard Ingrid call out and obediently she started to kiss her beauty lips, kissing them reverently and respectfully as if worshipping. She was aware that Ursula and Ingrid were meanwhile kissing each other passionately and playing with each other's nipples. She could taste Ingrid becoming more and more aroused.

'Lick like a dog!' came the next order and obediently Emma began to waggle her tongue up and down the length of Ingrid's beauty lips. She could hear her crying out in ecstasy.

'Part lips!' came the next order. Emma reached up and parted the beauty lips and inserted her tongue. She heard the woman give a little cry, and then she clasped her thighs around Emma's head.

'Lick it up!' came the order as the woman lay back and relaxed.

'My turn now!' she heard Ursula say, and she felt her head being pulled over to Ursula beauty lips as the two women started to kiss and play with each other again.

Ursula now put her through the same routine, with the same final result.

Poor Emma was now beginning to feel exhausted, as she lay still hidden under the bed clothes, whilst the two women lay back and caught their breath. Oh how she longed to throw back the bed clothes and join in the fun! But she did not dare to do so.

'I'll show you another exciting way of using her,' she heard Ursula whisper, after a time.

She felt Ursula roll over and lie on top of her friend.

'Part your legs, darling,' she heard Ursula murmur. Each woman's beauty lips were now rubbing against the other's, as they clasped each other, kissing passionately. There was a pause as they excited each other more and more.

'Come behind!' she heard Ursula order harshly. It was an order that the hated Sabhu had repeatedly trained her obey. Still keeping the bed clothes over her, Emma knelt up and came between Ingrid's outstretched legs, whilst straddling Ursula's closed ones. Then she lowered her mouth and applied her tongue to where the two highly aroused beauty lips met.

She was rewarded by both women giving a series of little jerks of sheer ecstasy as their juices mixed together under the stimulus of Emma's hot little tongue. She felt them once again becoming more and aroused. Then finally there was a cry from Ursula that was almost immediately matched by one from Ingrid.

Emma's mind was in a torment. She was wildly aroused herself, but would she, too, be allowed a little relief? At least she was not locked into a frustrating Bikini belt, as she would normally have been with Ursula's clients.

Had she really pleased them? Sabhu's training ensured that this question was uppermost in her mind. The threat of his whip! The slightest sign from a client that she was not fully satisfied with a girl's efforts had meant a degrading thrashing in front of the other girls.

Here, she knew that Ursula herself would thrash her if she or her friend were in any way not fully pleased. Desperately she re-applied her now flagging tongue ...

Suddenly she heard Ingrid whispering something in German to Ursula and Ursula's answering laugh. Leaving her still hidden under the bedclothes, the two women got up. She could hear them doing something and laughing. Now what was going to happen? Both women got back into bed, on either side of her.

'Up you come, little girl' ordered Ursula.

With a little cry of delight Emma wriggled her way between the two women. Oh the lovely feeling of fresh air! Eagerly, she turned on her side in the half darkness towards Ursula. She could feel Ingrid's naked body behind her, clasping her by the breasts, like Henry used to do when he was taking her from behind.

She put her hands lovingly round Ursula's neck, just as she had so often done in the past.

She gave a little startled jump as she felt two well greased rubber dildos, strapped onto the women's hips, now pressing against her between her legs.

'Grip me!' ordered Ursula, It was another order that Sabhu had trained her to obey. Still lying on her side in the soft bed, she gripped Ursula's waist between her thighs. She was, she realised now wide open - both in front and behind.

She could feel Ursula's dildo now probing between her beauty lips. Then she began to feel Ingrid's pressing against her rear orifice. She was about to put her hand to push it away when Ursula gripped her wrists firmly.

'Relax your little bottom for my friend, like a good little girl,' ordered Ursula. 'Let it go in - right up.'

Then further aroused by the sight of Emma's collar, and by her feeling of power over her, Ursula began to kiss her passionately on the lips

Seconds later Emma gave a little cry, that was smothered by Ursula's lips, as she felt the dildo penetrating her from behind. She felt Ingrid's hands excitingly gripping her nipples from behind as she held Emma to her, forcing her dildo deeper into her.

Emma's muffled cries of pain and shame now mixed with cries of pleasure and excitement from Ingrid. Emma's little wriggles were being transferred to little rubber knobs, on the inside of the base of the dildo, that pressed against Ingrid's beauty bud.

Moments later there was another muffled cry as Emma felt Ursula's dildo parting her beauty lips and then, too, forcing it's way up her. Ursula was now holding Emma still as she, too, drove her dildo deep into her.

Doubly held and doubly penetrated, Emma could hardly move. Oh, the discomfort and pain! But, also, she had to admit, the sheer shame-making excitement! And the thrilling feeling of utter helplessness!

Emma found herself submissively beginning to press herself back against Ingrid, and forward against Ursula, and accepting their dildos.

Both highly stimulated women were now thrusting and rubbing against her, aroused both mentally and by the cunningly sited little rubber knobs that were so tantalisingly tickling their beauty buds.

Emma, her hands again around Ursula's neck, found herself beginning to respond to their thrusts.

Soon the women were rewarded by hearing the girl's own little cries of ecstasy mingling with their own ...

22 - A TERRIFYING JOURNEY TO A SPECIAL EVENT

Emma was pacing up and down her bedroom in her home, occasionally looking out at the beautiful garden with its carefully tendered lawn. It was remarkable how it had all improved since Ursula had started to pay for a regular jobbing gardener - even if his duties had apparently included burying the cable that triggered off her collar.

For two whole weeks she had been confined to the house and to the immediately surrounding garden - thanks to her still activated collar. She wondered whether driving down the drive in a car would be a way of beating the underground cable that surrounded the house. But her husband was away abroad and Ursula had taken the keys of her car off with her.

If she wanted to anywhere, she had to ask Mrs Maunder to .hire a taxi - and invariably the housekeeper replied: 'Oh, I don't think Miss de Vere would want to pay for that!' Nor with her private telephone removed had she been able to make any outside calls.

She really was a prisoner in her own house. A prisoner with nothing else to do except think of the thrilling forthcoming Special Event or House Party, as Ursula had mysteriously described it.

She had had to start keeping up her daily record book again, just as Sabhu used to make her do. It was humiliating, but at least she wasn't, to her delight, locked into the awful Bikini belt that she had last seen in Sabhu's hands in the car outside the Vaccination Center. She had been rather surprised that Ursula had made no mention of it.

Perhaps with Sabhu and Ursula apparently away in the Aegean, with the frightening Doctor Anna, perhaps it had been decided not to leave her locked in it for too long. Perhaps the collar was regarded as a simpler alternative. Certainly she would not want anyone, not even Henry, to read those degrading inscriptions.

Perhaps she was now considered "safe" after her terrifying brain-washing at the Major's special school. Anyway, she knew, it was not for her to ask. But, whatever the reason, it was a lovely liberated feeling.

At first she had thought she would be free to play with herself to her heart's content - just as she had before Ursula had taken her to the school. Strangely, however, she now felt herself mentally inhibited from doing so. Had she really been brain-washed into wanting to keep herself pure for her mistress - pure for whatever was going to happen at the Special Event?

She had not heard another word from Ursula, but rather strangely her monthly cycle had suddenly come on rather early. She wondered it was anything to do with some strange looking powder that she had seen Mrs Maunder discreetly scattering over her food one day, or of the so-called vitamin pills that Mrs Maunder made her take every day.

When she had asked Mrs Maunder what the powders and pills were, she mysteriously replied: 'Oh you must ask Miss de Vere about that, dear. She just wants you nice and ready for the House Party'.

Anyway, whatever they were, she felt she was ready for anything!

Surely, she told herself, it must now be about time for her to join Ursula her? This special party had all sounded so exciting. But when was it going to start? How was she going to get to it? And where was it going to be? How cruel Ursula was to be so mysterious about it.

But, she thought with relief, at least Ursula had obviously put aside her threats of having her Specially Sponsored. Obviously her Mistress had realised that it was just was not practical to impose a nine month maternity on her, a married woman with a life of her own.

Suddenly her thoughts were interrupted by the telephone ringing in Mrs Maunder's room. Oh how she hated not being able to answer it herself- it was so humiliating!

Moments later Mrs Maunder's appeared. 'Miss de Vere is on the telephone for you, my child!'

Oh how she hated being called that! But never mind, Ursula was on the line! Her mistress wanted to speak to her!

She rushed downstairs to Mrs Maunder's room. 'You will be picked up today at noon,' abruptly came Ursula's cold voice, 'and don't forget to bring your daily record book!'

Then, before Emma could say a word, Ursula had hung up. Where had she rung from? Was she still abroad? Was she now on her way here? Goodness! How exciting!

She saw Mrs Maunder wave an admonishing finger. 'Now, my child, just compose yourself and get ready.'

Oh dear, what should she wear? What she should she take? What sort of climate was she going to? Would Ursula be angry if she took anything at all? She normally liked Emma to come naked under her dress and to bring nothing - so that she could then dress her from scratch, like a doll.

Perhaps just a loose frock would do - and a scarf to hide her collar.

Emma's tummy churned with excitement as she heard the drawing room clock downstairs chime twelve. Moments later there was the noise of a car on the drive. She looked out of the window. It was Ursula's car! Oh, how thrilling!

But she felt a cold shiver of apprehension when she saw that the car was being driven by Sabhu, dressed in black with a chauffeur's hat.

Sabhu! She had imagined that he was still out in the Aegean looking after Ursula's other girls. She had even begun to hope that he was now out of her life - for ever.

Would he ever forgive her for the way she had tricked him and escaped with Henry. She knew he would have taken it all very personally. A mere chit of a white woman had succeeded in escaping from his supervision! He would certainly want to get his revenge - and make sure she did not escape again.

She was even more horrified when she saw he was alone. Had Ursula deliberately sent him, knowing the effect his mere presence would have on her?

She gave a little start when she saw that he was carrying a leather lead - just like the dog leads he used when he took a girl out of her cage, or when he took a girl downstairs to show her off to a prospective client. She looked at it fearfully. Like his dressage whip it had been the very symbol of his former authority over her.

Her heart was now beating fast. She longed to run away - but how could she? Gradually she got control of herself. She reminded herself how she had been invited by Ursula to join her for this exciting sounding Special Event! What harm could Sabhu do her? No, she thought, she would just try to be very brave and ignore him.

'My child,' the voice of Mrs Maunder interrupted her thoughts, 'that nice Mr Sabhu has come to collect you.' Dumbly Emma followed her downstairs and out into the drive.

'I'll go and get a cup tea ready for you, Mr Sabhu,' Mrs Maunder said cheerfully. 'I expect you've got a long drive.'

A long drive? Where, Emma wondered, was she going to taken?

Mrs Maunder turned back to the house. Emma saw that Sabhu was contemptuously looking her up and down. She gave a little shiver of fear. She was about to cry out: 'You can't do anything to me. I'm Madam's guest!' when suddenly he gave her an order.

'Handbag!' Dumbly she handed it to him. He opened it and took out the little record book. He glanced at it, noted her changed monthly cycle and,

apparently satisfied, put it carefully into his inside pocket. Then he threw her handbag into the car.

'Hands behind your back!' Nervously she obeyed. Instantly she felt him grab her wrists. She tried to twist away but he was too strong her. He snapped a pair of handcuffs round her wrists. She was back in his power again!

She felt herself trembling as he came slowly round in front of her again. Then he sneeringly pulled off her scarf, disclosing her collar. With a contemptuous laugh he snapped the lead onto the ring on the front. Vainly she tried to back away as he raised a hand to feel her breasts through her thin her dress. Then he felt her waist and her belly. Was he checking whether she had put on any weight?

Holding the lead with one hand, with the other he opened a rear door of the car.

'Get in!' he ordered. Struggling awkwardly because of her handcuffs, but too scared to say a word, Emma sat down in the car. She saw him fasten the other end of the lead onto a hook above the window.

Then he pulled a leather mask out of his pocket. Emma gave a gasp as she recognised it. It was marked with the figure "4" in little brass studs on the front. It was like the one that Ursula used to enjoy putting onto her when she took her to bed. It covered her entire head except for little slits over her eyes and a zip fastener over her mouth. It rendered a girl completely anonymous. It also kept her silent - until the zip fastener was pulled back so that she could be made to use her tongue.

'No, not that, please!' she cried. But Sabhu did not reply. Instead, grinning cruelly, he silently let it hang from his hand in front of her face. Clearly he was enjoying his revenge! She longed to push him away, but with her hands handcuffed behind her she was quite helpless.

Finally, Sabhu deftly slipped the soft leather mask over her head. Like the one that Ursula used, it had little eyeholes, but hinged over each one was a blinker which Sabhu quickly snapped down and clicked into place. She could now see nothing.

She was about to cry again when she felt the zip fastener over her mouth being closed, pulling her mouth and chin up and effectively muzzling her. She could still breath through two little holes below her nostrils.

She felt Sabhu tightening the lacing of the mask at the back of her head. She realised that she would not now be able to shake it off. She was now in total darkness except for a glimmer of light from the two little breathing holes.

'Madam not want you to see where I take you!' she heard Sabhu laugh cruelly. 'And I not want to be disturbed whilst driving!'

She heard him then unhook the end of her lead from above the window. Then she was pushed down onto the floor of the spacious car. She heard the lead being clicked onto a ring low down. She tried to sit up but was held down by the lead. She felt a rug being thrown over her. Any one looking in through the window would simply see a rug on the floor of the car, with perhaps a dog playing underneath it.

The door was slammed shut. She heard him lock the driver's door from the outside. She heard all the locks in the other doors lock too. Then she heard Sabhu stride off, presumably to enjoy his cup of tea with Mrs Maunder. Emma was left blindfolded, muzzled, her hands fastened behind her back and her collar chained down to a hook on the floor of Ursula's locked car.

Never, she thought, had she felt so helpless. Was this all just an exciting game of Ursula's to get her into the right frame of mind for an exciting reunion at the Special Event? Or was Sabhu making sure that she did not escape from a more sinister fate?

After what seemed ages, she heard Sabhu's footsteps on the gravel of the drive. She heard the driving door being unlocked, and the car shook slightly as Sabhu settled himself into the driving seat and fastened his safety strap.

She heard a click and realised that he had locked the child's safety catches for the doors and windows. She could not now open either - even if she somehow managed to get her hands to the right place. She heard him start the engine and felt the car move off down the drive.

Her heart was in her mouth again, as she realised that the car must be being driven down towards the line marking the trench at the end of the drive. She gritted her teeth, expecting a nasty series of shocks from her collar.

But nothing happened! Soon she heard the noise of the wheels change as the car swung from the gravel drive onto the smooth Tarmac of the road. Clearly, as she had half suspected, the collar did not work inside a car!

For what seemed hours Emma lay on the floor of the car, helpless and hidden under the rug. Where was she being taken? And why like this? She had to admit that it was all rather exciting.

She heard the car stop at what she guessed must be a petrol station. For a moment, as Sabhu got out and before he locked the doors, she heard voices - the voices of ordinary people. What would they think, as they queued up to pay behind Sabhu, if someone told them that in the back of his car was a gagged and chained woman, a woman who was highly excited at the thought of being taken off to meet her Mistress? They would never believe it!

She was tempted to cry out. But she knew that, behind the mask zipped across her mouth, she could only make little moaning noises. Moreover all the windows were shut and locked like the doors. So no one would hear her. Anyway, despite her present degrading treatment, the fact was that she was thrilled at the thought that soon she would be meeting her Mistress again - and, as far as she knew, as her guest!

She heard Sabhu get back into the car and, without a word to her, start off again. Time passed slowly ...

Suddenly Emma felt the car swing off the road and onto another gravel drive. It seemed very long - much longer than hers! Finally, the car stopped. She heard Sabhu talking to someone - he had the high pitched voice of a young boy and was also speaking in a strange oriental accent.

She heard the door being opened and her lead being unfastened. She felt the rug being lifted off her, and heard the boy laugh. Then hands reached down and lifted her out of the car. They held her up by her arms, but propelled her forward. She could see nothing.

She felt herself being dragged up steps and then down a stone stair case. She heard a creak as a door was opened. She was thrust through the door and then down onto a stone floor.

Her hands were unfastened and instead were pushed into strange padded gloves that seemed to immobilise her fingers. Her shoes were taken off. She blushed under the mask as her dress was slipped down. She was now barefooted and stark naked - except for her collar.

Under her feet, she felt straw on the floor. The leash was unfastened from her collar, but she heard the click of a padlock as a heavy chain was fastened to it instead.

Then she heard the footsteps of Sabhu and this boy leaving the room. There was the noise of a heavy door being slammed shut and then locked.

She was alone - but where? And why? Desperately she tried to untie the lacing of her mask so as get it off. But she found she could not grip anything with her now helpless hands which seemed to be encased in a sort of fingerless and heavily padded boxing glove - but without even a separate place for her thumb.

She would not, she realised, now even be able to play with herself!

She wanted to cry out, but the mask prevented her. Frantically she began, ineffectually, to rub her head on the floor like a dog trying to rid itself of a muzzle. Then holding her head right back she tried to peer through the little holes in front of her nostrils.

She seemed to be in total darkness. Then slowly she began to make out a little line of faint light - as if from under a door. She tried to crawl over towards it, but the heavy chain attached to her collar pulled her up short. It did not even allow her to stand up.

She was, she realised, crawling on little paving stones. She felt back along to the end of the chain. It was securely fastened to a ring set low down in the wall.

She felt a tiny pile of straw. Was this intended for her wastes? How awful!

Suddenly she heard the voices outside her door. It was Sabhu and the boy. They were laughing cruelly. Then came the noise of other doors being opened and then slammed shut. She thought she heard a little moan, a female moan, as if from behind a mask like hers.

Were there other girls chained up in similar dark cellars? Was this all part of this mysterious Special Event, this strange House Party? Who was the oriental sounding boy? Was Sabhu exceeding his orders by treating her in this way like an animal, or had she been tricked by Ursula? My God! But why? For what purpose?

23 - EMMA MEETS HER COMPANIONS

Just how long Emma lay there she did not know. She slept for some of the time.

Then suddenly she heard the door being unlocked and footsteps approaching her. She made little moaning noises under her gag and then felt her hooded head being raised and then firmly held back so that her mouth was now raised. She could not move her head at all.

Then she felt the zip-fastener over her mouth being very slightly slipped open - not enough to allow her to speak but just enough to allow the lip of a little medicine glass to be put to her mouth and the contents quickly poured into her throat.

It tasted oily and horrible. My God, she thought, was it castor oil? She tried to spit it out, but the zip-fastener had already been closed again. Her head was still held right back and now she felt a hand stroking her throat, like a someone making a dog swallow a dose.

Satisfied that she had indeed swallowed the oily liquid, the unseen hands released her head, and she heard footsteps going away. Then came the noise of the door being slammed closed and locked again.

She heard other doors being unlocked and little feminine moaning noises like those she had made, shortly followed by the slamming a door shut again. Were other women being dosed, as she had been ?

Soon she felt her tummy turning to water. Twice she had to empty herself onto the straw. Unable to see, she desperately tried to cover her wastes with clean straw ... How shame-making! Was she being cleaned out for some purpose? How horrible! But why?

Hours later, perhaps the following morning, she heard the noise of voices outside and of other doors being opened and shut. Finally she heard her own door being unlocked and then flung open. She heard several people entering the room. Scared, she cowered in the corner.

Her head was again seized, but this time the blinkers over her eyes were snapped open. She gazed about her, dazzled by the light of a bare electric bulb hanging from the roof.

She saw that she was in what seemed to be a bare windowless cellar, with bare brick walls and ceiling and a floor of paving stones that sloped away slightly to a drain hole in the wall. The cellar had a small solid looking door. It was ajar and she had a glimpse of what seemed to be a corridor.

She trembled as she saw that Sabhu was standing over her, his whip in one hand and a long cane in the other. She tried to speak but found she was still gagged.

Alongside Sabhu was a plump, young, Japanese looking boy, dressed in a long silken robe. His face was expressionless, inscrutable. A short handled whip was tucked into his wide leather belt. It was bad enough to be supervised by Sabhu, to be naked and helpless in front of this awful boy was somehow even worse.

Horrified she tried to crawl away but the chain on her collar held her fast, making the Japanese boy break into a cruel laugh.

Then the familiar and dreaded figure of Doctor Anna entered. She was accompanied by Ursula and Ingrid, who were laughing and talking to each other.

With a sinking heart, Emma realised that her Mistress must have ordered her to be treated like this and that it was not just a matter of Sabhu exceeding his authority to get his revenge.

'So?' asked the doctor in her strong German accent. 'Has she performed properly?'

By way of reply, Sabhu used his cane to raise the straw in the corner of the cellar to display the two little piles of wastes. Still kneeling on all fours, Emma blushed, and Ursula laughed, whilst the doctor used Sabhu's cane to poke the two little piles. How could Ursula allow them to so humiliate her?

'Good. But no solid food until I perform the final treatment tomorrow.' She turned to Sabhu and pointed at Emma.

'Kneel up1' ordered Sabhu.

Recognising one of the standard commands, Emma quickly knelt up, parted her knees, clumsily clasped her heavily gloved hands behind her neck and looked straight ahead.

The doctor bent down and felt Emma's tummy and breasts carefully. 'Yes, I think we'll get very good result.'

'And the nipples?' asked Ursula.

'I think they will respond well,' replied the doctor rubbing one of them into erection, as Emma gave a little moan. She was horrified at the way they were casually discussing her as if she were some dumb animal, but with Sabhu's whip only inches from her backside she did not dare to open her mouth in protest.

'That's what we need!' laughed Ingrid. Then she turned to the doctor. 'But how certain are you? Can we really rely on your treatment for them all? The clients are paying a pretty high price - and I can't risk a failure'

'Oh don't worry.' cut in Ursula, 'I've never known Doctor Anna's treatments to fail.' Then she turned to the expressionless Japanese boy. 'Well, what do you think of this one?'

'Velly nice,' came the boy's impassive reply in a heavy Japanese accent. Then he, too, ran his hands over her tummy and her hips. 'This one also velly suitable.'

Suitable? thought Emma with trepidation. Suitable for what? And what did he mean by 'this one also'? So there were other girls down here, perhaps chained like herself, in the next door dungeons!

'Well you'd better let her rest,' Ursula said to Sabhu as she turned towards the door. 'But make sure the slut can't touch herself. I want her in good form this evening.'

Sabhu bowed. 'With those gloves, Madam, she can't do anything, but anyway.' he pointed to the fat young Japanese boy, 'my colleague and I will be watching her through the spy-hole.'

Then they all left the cellar. The door was slammed shut and locked, leaving Emma still kneeling up and the light burning. Emma saw that there was indeed a glass spy-hole in the door through which someone outside could look into the cellar without being seen. The switch for the hanging electric light bulb must be outside the door. There would be no privacy. Emma hated the thought of being supervised like a naughty little girl by Sabhu and that horrible boy.

An hour later the Japanese boy came in with a large pot of yoghurt. Emma was by now feeling very hungry and eyed it eagerly. Silently, his face still expressionless, he threw several spoonfuls of the yoghurt onto the paved floor, as if throwing food to a dog. Then he pulled back the zip fastener over Emma's mouth.

'Eat!' he ordered. The he turned on his heels and left the cellar.

Dismayed Emma tried to scoop up some of the yogurt with her hands, but her unwieldy gloves made it impossible. Driven by hunger, she put her head down to the floor and started to lick it up.

As she did so, she heard numerous footsteps from beyond the door and laughter, as if from several men and women, from behind the spy-hole. She was being watched! But by whom? Oh the humiliation!

The same scene, and the same footsteps and laughter, were repeated several hours later. Oh how shame-making it was!

It was not until what Emma thought must be late in the afternoon that Sabhu and the boy came for her. They were now incongruously dressed like highly respectable butlers in black suits and ties. The contrast made Emma feel her own nakedness and collar chain all the more, as she shrank back into the corner of the cellar.

It was the sight, however, of the leash in Sabhu's hands that made her realise that something different was going to happen. This time he pulled off her immobilising gloves and then snapped the leash onto the ring on the back her collar, before unshackling the heavy chain that kept her fastened to the ring in the corner of the cellar. She held up her head, expecting him to take off her head mask, but he paid no attention.

'Out!' he said simply and gave her smart little rap across the buttocks with his whip.

With a little cry Emma ran out of the little door, tugging at the leash that Sabhu was holding. She found herself in a long whitewashed passageway.. Along one side was a line of small doors, like that of her own cellar. High up on the wall facing the doors was a line of large metal rings, and from each hung a short length of chain. Above each ring was a pulley over which the chain had been placed. Emma gasped for there, each shackled by a leash like hers to one of the rings, were six other women, all facing the wall. They were naked like herself except for similar leather collars fitted with brass studs. Their heads were hidden by black leather masks, just like her own.

Sabhu reached up and snapped a padlock hanging from the end of one of the lengths of chain onto the end of her leash. Then he pushed her into the line of silent women.

'You, too, face the wall,' ordered Sabhu angrily.

Hastily Emma did as she was told. Not daring to look round she heard Sabhu and the boy walking up and down behind the line of chained women and whispering animatedly to each other.

Out of the corner of her eye, she glanced through the little peep holes in her mask, at her companions. Except for little slits over the eyes, their faces were totally hidden by the masks. Their bodies were slim and curvaceous - like her own.

Glancing discreetly down, she saw that they, too, had been depilated, leaving their mounds and beauty lips as hairless as those of a little girl - again just like her own.

Emma saw that above each girl's eyes, her mask had been marked with brass studs to form a letter or a number. They were prettily, and prominently, repeated, in what looked like indelible red paint, on each woman's belly, above her hairless mound. How denigrating, Emma thought.

She remembered seeing her own mask decorated with the number "4", the number of her cage back in Ursula's attic, before Sabhu had slipped it over head whilst she was sitting in the car outside her house.

'Turn round, Number Four!' she heard Sabhu order.

As she did so, he pulled the chain over the pulley and Emma felt herself being drawn up by her collar until she was standing on the tips of her toes, her tummy held taut.

Then she saw the Japanese boy pick up a pot of red paint and a brush.

'Thrust out belly!' ordered Sabhu, raising his whip.

Scared, Emma did so. The Japanese boy knelt down in front of her. She felt the brush on her belly. She tried to peer down through her eye holes to see what he was doing. But the taut chain fastened to the back of her collar kept her head up.

'Keep still!' warned Sabhu menacingly. The boy continued and then stood up.

'Velly nice!' he said looking at her belly.

The two men, chatting to each other in broken English, then strode down the passage to a metal grille which they momentarily opened with a key and then again, disappeared.

Emma was now just one of seven naked women left standing in the brightly lit corridor, each shackled by their collars to the rings high above their heads. Like her's, their leashes were so taut that they were all kept standing, helpless, on tip-toe.

Who were these women, Emma wondered. Why were they here? Indeed why was she here and anyway where was 'here'? Emma longed to whisper to them but remembering the punishment for talking in the cages at Ursula's was too frightened to start. Anyway, she realised, they were all effectively muzzled.

The women just stood there, their eyes looking worried, as if each was wondering what was going to happen. Although the masks hid their faces, Emma suddenly thought that she recognised the very pretty blue eyes of one of women. Her mask and belly were marked with the number "8".

Surely she could be the pretty new girl Emma had seen in cage number 8 in the attic? She had been taken by Sabhu off to Ursula's villa on that Aegean island.

Emma looked again. The girl turned and looked at her. Their eyes met. The other woman's eyes were sparkling. She nodded her head as if to say she had recognised Emma.

Suddenly Emma realised that she was Sofia, Ursula's very pretty new girl whom she had last seen in cage number eight. She must have been specially brought back here - to be marked, like herself, with her old cage number, "8". She, too, must have similarly recognised her from seeing her old number "4".

Under her mask, Emma smiled at Sofia. How wonderful to have a friend here!

Then she looked at the other women. The mask and belly of one of them was decorated with the number "7". This must be the poor girl, Number Seven, who had been sponsored to have all her hair shaved off and to be kept bald? Even her eyebrows had been shaved off, giving her a strangely erotic, inhuman, look. She remembered hearing that her real name was Norah.

She saw that another girl was marked with the number "5". She saw the prominent blue veins on her bare breasts. She must be Number Five, the girl from the next door cage in Ursula's house - the one had been brought into milk. Goodness!

She glanced at another girl, marked with the number "6". he remembered how Number Six in Ursula's cages had been sponsored to have her nipples stretched. Yes, she recognised the almost animal-like teats on the girl's big breasts. As with Number Five, she never had learned the poor girl's real name. In the cages they had just been called by the number of their cage.

My God, she thought we've all been brought here - except for Number One and Two who had already been Specially Sponsored and Number Three who, poor thing, she had suspected of being Extra Specially Sponsored. But why?

She looked at the two remaining women. Their naked bodies were strangely alike but one seemed rather more mature.

Were they new girls from Ursula's stable of young women, Emma wondered. She saw that the mask and belly of the more mature woman was marked with an "A" and that of the younger one with a "B". Clearly, wherever they came from, this different system of marking showed that it was not from Ursula's cages.

They must, Emma realised, have been brought by Ingrid. Had she and Ursula each produced several girls and an overseer for this strange event? But for whom and why? Had the Japanese boy in charge of the other two women, just as Sabhu had been in charge of Ursula's girls?

How horrible to be in the charge of a young oriental boy. But was it really any worse than being in the charge of a grown up, black Haitian man? Both looked as frightening as each other, thought Emma with a shiver of fear.

Oh God, how long are we going to be left here, she wondered, as she strained to keep on the tips of her toes.

Clearly Ursula been lying when she had spoken of a fun weekend? Lying so as to get her keen and excited? Oh how she hated Ursula. What a horrible and cruel woman she was! Was this Ursula's further revenge for her going off with Henry? If so, then she had to admit that she did deserve to be punished. But just what more punishment was in store for her?

24 - STRANGE PREPARATIONS

At last Sabhu and the Japanese boy returned. Silently they each unlocked their women from their rings and, holding their leashes, pointed to the floor. Terrified, the women all dropped to their hands and knees.

'You lead on, Yamoto!' called out Sabhu.

The Japanese boy cracked his whip and the two women, marked "A" and "B", scuttled along the corridor on all fours in front of him tugging at their leads like a pair of eager whippets.

My God, thought Emma, what horrors had those two women been through to be so desperate to obey their overseer? And she had always thought that Sabhu was the cruelest man in the world!

'Yes, you five sluts,' grinned Sabhu, 'you lucky you looked after by nice kind Sabhu and not by Yamoto! But you crawl like the other two women or you get Sabhu's whip! ... Now move!'

Scared out of her wits, Emma found herself also scuttling along on all fours, between Sofia and Norah, and tugging at her leash - just like the other two had done.

Driven on by their overseers the women crawled through the, now unlocked, iron barred gateway. They were driven on up an inclined passageway to a doorway that lead into an old fashioned communal bathroom. In the middle of the room was a big tub filled with steaming hot soapy water.

Along one side of the room were a line of make-up tables each in front of a brightly lit mirror - rather like a theatrical dressing room. Goodness, thought Emma, are we going to be made to put on some sort of show? But for whom?

Then she gave a gasp, as still crawling on her hands and knees, she noticed that half hidden by a screen was what seemed to be a gynaecological couch with a table on which an array of medical instruments and trays were lying. There was also what might be a ultra-sound monitoring screen. Horrified, Emma saw that standing waiting by this table, wearing a white surgical gown and rubber gloves, her bare arms akimbo, was the dreaded figure of Doctor Anna.

Silently the two overseers each led their muzzled charges up the edge of the bath. Yamoto cracked his whip. 'Get in!' he ordered his two women. 'And lie down!' Obediently they jumped up and started to climb into the large bath.

'And you, as well,' ordered Sabhu to his group of five women. As they, too, all jumped up and began to clamber awkwardly into the large bath, Emma was overcome with a feeling of shame at being naked in front of these two terrifying men.

In the bath, Emma could feel the women's soft bodies pressed up tightly against hers. It was like being in a tin of sardines, she told herself, as she lay down in the warm soapy water. But the feeling of relief, after being kept in that awful dungeon, was simply wonderful.

Sabhu and Yamoto went over to Doctor Anna. Emma could hear voices, sneering voices and then contemptuous laughs. Obviously they were talking about her and the other women. But what on earth could they be saying?

Meanwhile she longed to take advantage of, temporarily, not being watched over by them, to whisper to the other naked women in the bath, to ask if they knew what was going to happen. But, of course, her mask still effectively gagged her. She felt, first, Sofia's hand reaching for hers and giving it a little squeeze and then Norah's and then those of Number Five and Six. She gave little squeezes back. It was all so perplexing.

The women were left to soak for several minutes, but then the two men came back. Yamoto beckoned "A" to get out of the bath and dried her with a large towel. Then whilst Sabhu to watched over the women in the bath, Yamoto, as Emma had learnt was the name of the Japanese boy, gripped the woman marked "A" by the arm and led her behind the screen surrounding the couch. What are they doing to her, Emma wondered with alarm.

Five minutes later, she saw Yamoto lead the still naked woman across to one of the make-up tables. Astonished she saw that, below the letter "A" painted on her belly, a bright scarlet flower had been painted on her smooth mound with her beauty lips painted a bright green as if they were the flower's stalk. It reminded her of a Japanese flower painting. How erotic!

The woman sat down and Yamoto removed her mask, baring a beautiful face and long chestnut coloured hair, which he untied to let hang down her neck.

Astonished, Emma saw that she was a very attractive woman of about thirty five with fine Slavonic features. She might have been Polish or Ukrainian, Emma thought. She was looking flustered, and, although she was no longer muzzled, she did not say a word.

Yamoto gave her an order and she started to brush her hair and to plaster it with lacquer. She piled it high on her head in the traditional Japanese style. Then under his directions she began to rub a thick white make-up cream over her cheeks. It gave her an impersonal look, as her faced was made of fine porcelain, like that of an expensive doll.

Then she began to paint her eyes in the traditional Japanese style and to paint her lips scarlet. But this was not all, for she now painted her nipples with the same scarlet paint. She seemed to have done it all before.

Then apparently satisfied, Yamoto came over to the bath. He exchanged nods with Sabhu and then, silently pointing at Emma, motioned her to get out of the bath. Sabhu dried her with his towel. Then her arm held tightly by Yamoto, she too was led behind the screen where the grim faced Doctor Anna was waiting by her table of instruments and the monitoring screen. She was busy pulling on a pair of thin surgical gloves.

The Japanese boy pushed Emma down onto the couch and quickly fastened her wrists to straps by her head. Then he drew a little curtain across her belly so that, raising her head anxiously, she could now see nothing below her navel. She wanted to cry out in protest, and to ask what they were going to do but she was still muzzled.

She saw Yamoto go down to the end of the couch and bend down. Because of the curtain she could not see what he was doing, but she felt her legs being raised and parted, and her ankles being strapped into little stirrups. Her buttocks were now half off the couch and her whole weight on her shoulders. Then she felt her beauty lips being parted and clips being fastened to them. She felt them being pulled wide apart.

She was, she realised, now wide open for inspection. Oh, she thought, how shame-making to have this done by this awful young oriental.

She felt a burning lotion being brushed over her mound and beauty lips. She was being depilated - or rather her already virtually hairless intimacies were brought into an even more pristine and childish state.

She now saw Doctor Anna, standing on one side of the couch, switch on the monitor. It was pointed away from her and she could not see what was on the screen. She felt a damp cloth being wiped over her tummy, and then something hard being moved over it. She saw Doctor Anna looking intently at the screen. My God, she thought, it is an ultra sound machine. But what can the doctor be checking?

'This one's alright for tomorrow!' she heard Doctor Anna mysteriously call out to Sabhu, who grinned in reply.

Then holding a shiny metal tray with her rubber gloved hand, the doctor also disappeared behind the curtain across her body.

Moments later she felt a rubber-clad hand exploring inside her. Although she could not see what was on the screen, she saw that it was now flickering wildly.

Suddenly she felt something being inserted up inside her. What was it, she wondered desperately. Whatever it was, it was now left in place inside her.

She heard Doctor Anna give a little grunt of satisfaction and felt her hands being withdrawn. Then she heard Doctor Anna laugh and say something to young Yamoto. She could not make out just what it was but it sounded like: 'Just in case anyone gets carried away! We don't want her conceiving the wrong thing yet, do we?'

Conceiving! Yet! My God, Emma thought, what horrors are they planning to do to her? Had a sort of Dutch Cap been placed inside her as a precaution?

Moments later she felt a little brush. Yamoto must be painting her mound and beauty lips - just as she had seen on the woman "A".

Suddenly, the curtain was pulled back and she was released from the couch. Yamoto now led her over to the line of make-up tables. In the mirror she saw that a bright red flower had indeed been painted on her mound with her beauty lips painted green to represent a very realistic stalk, just like those of the woman "A", alongside whom she was made to sit down.

Yamoto removed her mask. Her long blond hair cascaded down over her shoulders and she started to move her hitherto restrained jaws. But if she had had any plans to say anything, they were cut short when Yamoto, pointing with one hand to the whip tucked into his belt, with the other raised a finger to his lips. His meaning and the accompanying threat was clear. Scared, Emma kept silent.

'You do exactly as woman "A",' he ordered in his sing song Japanese accent. 'She show you what to do, but no talking! You, too, soon look like nice Japanese geisha girl.'

Geisha girl! Emma turned to look at the naked woman seated alongside her. Her gleaming hair was now immaculately combed and piled up high on her head with a flower on one side.

But it was her face that made Emma gasp, for under her now sparkling eyes her cheeks were hidden by a thick white porcelain-like substance that hid all expression. Except for her light, slightly red coloured hair, the woman looked, Emma realised, just like pictures she had seen of Japanese women heavily painted in the traditional expressionless and doll-like way.

But, of course, Japanese women all had jet black hair. This woman's reddish hair gave her an even more erotic look - as would, she realised, her own honey coloured blond hair.

Overwhelmed at the thought of having to make herself, too, into an expressionless doll, Emma saw Yamoto now turn on his heels and go back to the bath. In her mirror she saw him gesture to girl "B" to come out of the bath.

Then she turned to the woman sitting by her side. The woman smiled at her and gestured to brush her hair, just as Emma had seen her do herself earlier on.

When Emma's hair was hanging gleaming down her neck, the woman pointed to several combs and to her own hair. Emma started to copy the way she had put it up, spraying large quantities of lacquer onto it to hold it in place.

Then she pointed to the thick make up white cream, indicating that Emma should rub it all over her face, and breasts. Then whilst the cream hardened into a mask she showed Emma how to paint her mouth , eyes and nipples in the traditional way, finally covering her lips and nipples with a shiny lacquer to make them glisten.

Soon, Emma saw with amazement a strikingly beautiful blond Geisha girl, with a white shiny face and breasts and expressionless as a doll, was staring back at her in her mirror.

Meanwhile the girl "B" had been brought by Yamoto back from Doctor Anna's attentions. When her mask was removed, Emma was this time astonished to see that she was a young teenager, almost still a school girl, perhaps of only sixteen. She had the same long chestnut coloured hair as the woman "A". But Emma saw with astonishment that there was also a strong family likeness.

My God, she thought, they must be mother and daughter! How awful! A pretty young mother and her teenage daughter both being treated like white slaves by Yamoto - and, to make it even worse, in front of each other, too! Had they both been seduced and ensnared by Ingrid? And the young girl was so young - so young and innocent looking.

The young girl was soon also making herself up in this strange way. Clearly this was not the first time that Yamoto had made Ingrid's girls make-up in the traditional Japanese way.

Soon it was the turn of Sofia to have her mask removed and to be ordered to make herself up, like Emma, as a blond Geisha girl. Then came Numbers Five and Six, nervous, but beautiful, their big breasts bouncing.

Minutes later, Emma could not help gasping as the totally bald Norah was led up to the make-up tables. Emma could see the number "7", tattooed on the top of her smooth and hairless head. She did indeed make an erotic sight. She was evidently going to be displayed bald - for she was not given a wig to hide her baldness. Instead she was also made to paint her face, mouth and nipples like a Geisha. The effect was startling: a beautiful bald Geisha girl!

It was not until about half an hour later that Yamoto was finally satisfied with his seven now very Japanese-looking, but blond, red-haired or, in one case, completely and erotically bald, women.

He and Sabhu then took them over to a cupboard in which several brightly coloured silken Japanese robes, like kimonos, were hanging. Each girl was put into one. They all hung open down the front but were closed by a broad silken sash. Under the gorgeous robes, however, the women were stark naked.

Suddenly an internal telephone rang. Yamoto picked it up and listened. Then putting it down he turned to Sabhu.

'They're ready for them,' he said.

22 - ON DISPLAY

The cocktail party was well underway with Yamoto and Sabhu, still dressed as butlers, passing round trays of champagne and delicious canapes.

A score of Germans, the women dressed in well cut trouser suits and the men dressed in green Bavarian hunting dress, were courteously chatting away to each other and to Ursula and Ingrid in German.

Ursula was looking very dramatic in a emerald green silk trousers with a matching jacket, whilst Ingrid was wearing a beautifully cut dark blue dinner jacket and bow tie.

Seven other women, dressed and made up as Geisha girls, were silently standing in a row, watching the scene. Emma was wearing a brilliant peacock blue embroidered kimono with a dark green sash and the others were a startling rainbow of scarlet, saffron, and turquoise.

The contrast, Emma was thinking, between this civilised scene and what she had only minutes before been experiencing in the communal bathroom could not have been greater. Had it all really happened? Had the awful couch and Doctor Anna, and the dreadful dungeon, all been some sort of dream?

Only the feeling of nakedness under her gorgeous silken robe, the name badge pinned onto her breast with just "4" written on it, the leather collar hidden by her brightly coloured silk scarf, and the knowledge that the figure 4" was also painted in waterproof paint on her belly, made her realise that indeed this was no dream.

But there was something else that as well. The hugely wide sleeves of her kimono, like those of the Geisha girls, seemed strangely held back. Indeed close inspection would show that each woman's wrists were discreetly linked together, behind their backs, by a length of thin, but strong, chain.

This Emma realised would prevent her from stopping anyone from drawing back her kimono below the sash round her waist which was all that kept it closed.

Who are these people, Emma wondered, with their cold expressionless eyes and expensive clothes. Were they rich Germans here for some sort of country weekend?

Was she just here as part of the light entertainment that would form the background to their serious discussions? Was it these same men who had been laughing as they watched her through the spyhole licking up her yoghurt, like an animal, from the floor of her dungeon?

Was the present scene, and the way that she and the other Geisha girls women had previously been treated. all part of some sort of deliberate scene of oriental cruelty? Were they enjoying contrasting the present gorgeous robes of the women with their chained nakedness in the cellars?

At a signal from Ingrid, Sabhu and Yamoto now lead each of their women to stools dotted around the walls of he room. They were made to stand up on them and told not to look down, but to keep their eyes fixed on the wall opposite.

Periodically, holding what seemed to be a printed catalogue, one or two of the men or women would go up to one of the seven silent Geisha girls. Then, walking round the silent woman like buyers at cattle sale, the men and women would look the woman up and down, commenting on her to each other.

This was humiliating enough but far worse would follow. They would then draw aside the woman's kimonos, check the number or letter emblazoned on her naked belly, run their hands over it, and then part her hairless beauty lips.

They would then annotate their catalogues accordingly, and rejoin the party - leaving a shamed woman, blushing under her thick Geisha girl make-up.

After a time, Emma saw that Yamoto was discreetly beckoning the girls to a small door. It led into a small service corridor. Sabhu ushered them through the door and shut it behind them.

Emma gave a gasp as Yamoto pulled his short handled whip out from where it had been tucked down his trousers, and Sabhu did the same with his long dressage whip. Once again, the contrast with the convivial voices laughing and chatting from beyond the closed door and the sight of these two threatening whips was overwhelming.

With Sabhu bringing up the rear, Yamoto now preceded the women down the corridor to another door. It led into what seemed to be a small stage. Double curtains shut the stage off from what, Emma guessed, must be some sort of auditorium.

'Now you women listen carefully,' said Yamoto raising his whip menacingly. 'You now practice for nice little show - starting shortly!'

The sound of oriental music filled the room. Still wearing her Geisha girl robes, but now released from the chain that had kept her wrists linked behind her back, Emma stepped onto the stage.

As she had been made to practise, she walked round it with little hesitant steps, tottering on strange Japanese shoes with high wooden heels and soles. They appeared to be simply intended to make a woman walk in this humiliating way.

She blushed under her thick Japanese make-up as a burst of applause came from the audience, now sitting with Ursula and Ingrid, at little tables and enjoying a delicious dinner served by Ingrid's Japanese staff.

To Emma's surprise, she noticed that several of the guests had cameras. She had noticed German tourists in London always taking masses of photographs. But, good God, what they going to photograph here to take back home as holiday snaps?

One by one the other six girls came onto the stage, all walking with tiny steps in these strange shoes. Each was greeted with applause.

Then suddenly Sabhu stepped onto the stage. He was no longer dressed as a butler but was wearing what Emma used to call his "lion tamer outfit" of a blue coat with black frogging, white breeches, shiny black leather riding boots and a military style hat. He was carrying a circus whip, which he suddenly cracked, making the women all jump. Quickly they formed up in a line - again as they had just been made to practise.

The watching Germans clapped. It Must be, Emma realised with a delicious shudder of excitement and fear, a very erotic scene.

Sabhu cracked his whip again, and one by one the women slowly unfastened the broad silken sashes that held their embroidered kimonos closed and dropped them to the floor. The whip cracked again and, one at a time, like well trained performing animals, the women, undulating their hips in time to the music, slowly pulled their kimonos back. As each woman did so, she disclosed her bare belly and the number or letter prominently painted on it - and also her smooth and beautifully painted mound and beauty lips.

Applause hisses greeted this further erotic and carefully choreographed scene, with the men and women evidently discussing the various merits of the numbered or lettered bodies on display.

A further crack of the whip and the women pulled their kimonos back over their shoulders, baring their breasts and painted nipples.

Yamoto now came onto the stage. Unlike Sabhu he was still dressed in his black butler's suit, which contrasted vividly with the white nakedness of the women. He went up to each of women in turn, squeezed their naked breasts and gave what appeared to be a description German, of their firmness and texture.

There was a gasp from the audience when he first cleverly stroked Number Five's heavy breasts and then squeezed each one so tat a jet of milk shot across the stage.

Again the whip cracked and accompanied by a running commentary from Yamoto, the women began to shake their breasts, turning to left and right so that they could be seen from every angle.

The discussions between the men and women in the audience more agitated. Some of the men, she saw kept pointing at her, and others at the other women on display. They were arguing amongst themselves and making more notes in their catalogues. Was it all a beauty contest, she wondered innocently. Was, she wondered proudly, thought to be the prettiest? How exciting! She could not help giving her naked breasts a little shake to show them off.

Then Sabhu stepped forward and again cracked his whip.

'Inspection!' he ordered.

The seven women now blushingly clasped their hands behind the necks, parted their legs and bent their knees. Oh, how humiliating, thought Emma, but one glance at the terrifying circus whip and she too assumed the same degrading position.

Sabhu paused to allow the audience time to enjoy the spectacle.

'Bellies!' he suddenly ordered with another crack of his whip.

Seven little tummies were now thrust forward with each woman straining to give a fair impression of what she would look like if she were several months expectant. But why, Emma kept asking herself, as she strained to hold the position that they had been made to practice.

Suddenly, Doctor Anna came onto the stage to be greeted with applause. She bowed to the audience and then went up to each of the straining women in turn.

Whilst Sabhu held back the woman's kimono from one side, and Yamoto from the other, Doctor Anna half turned her back to the audience. Then cupping first the young woman's hips , then her belly and finally her beauty lips, she gave in German her assessment of the woman's breeding capability - something that was noted down in their catalogues by the audience.

Thankfully for the women, none could understand what Doctor Anna was saying.

Emma found herself blushing yet again as she felt the horrible German doctor's hands stroking her tummy and then her beauty lips as she pointed out their features. What could she be saying she wondered. Again she wondered if all this was part of some kind of intimate beauty competition? Rather degrading - but also rather exciting. To her embarrassment she could feel herself becoming aroused.

It was as well that she did not understand German.

'So in conclusion,' Doctor Anna was saying, 'You can see how easily Brood Bitch becomes aroused. Although she has never had a child, she has the capability of carrying a good sized litter.'

'And delivering it?' came a harsh male voice in German from down on the floor.

'Oh yes,' replied Doctor Anna with a smile.

She nodded to Sabhu, who stepped forward. 'Turn round, Number Four,' he ordered. 'And part your legs and bend over!'

Overwhelmed with embarrassment at the thought of what she was displaying to the audience, Emma obeyed. She gave a shudder of fear as she felt Doctor Anna's hands touching her. It was shudder that was noticed approvingly by the audience.

'Just at these nice long beauty lips,' said the fat little lady doctor in German. 'And look at these prettily spread hips. Delivery of her little progeny would be no problem.'

The doctor moved on to the next woman.

Finally Doctor Anna completed her inspection.

Cracking his whip, Sabhu now ordered each woman to step forward and put out her tongue. The doctor meanwhile had produced a box of pills and, as each woman stepped forward, she thrust several pills into her mouth.

There was more applause and Doctor Anna bowed and left the room.

What, Emma was thinking desperately, were those pills she had just been made to swallow? Was there some connection between them and what ever it was that the doctor had done to her on the couch in the bathroom. My God, she thought!

23 - CABARET TIME - JAPANESE STYLE

It was time for the cabaret to commence. Ingrid rose to her feet.

'Gentlemen,' she began once again German with Yamoto translating for her, 'before we proceed to the main event of the evening, the auction of, what my friend Ursula calls her Extra Special Sponsorship, I felt that we should all be put into the right mood by a little erotic cabaret.'

There were cries of surprise and delight.

'You may,' Ingrid went on, 'have wondered why our young ladies here, so soon to be transformed into brood bitches, have been dressed and made up as Geisha girls. Well, it's because, as you'll shortly see, the cabaret that I've arranged for you has a certain Japanese flavour, something that I thought you would really appreciate.

This was greeted with more cries of surprise - and of eager anticipation. Just what on earth, each member was saying to his next door neighbours, had Ingrid laid on?

'Without telling you, yet, what is going to happen to them, I thought that you would like to know that the married, upper class, Englishwoman, future brood bitch "Number 4" will be made to take a leading role in the cabaret.'

This was greeted with applause. Unaware of what had been said, but realising that it had been about her, Emma blushed prettily.

'And,' went on Ingrid, 'I'm sure you'll also agree that it would only be right and proper for her to be joined by our delightful and equally bashful young girls "B" and Number Eight. Neither of them, you'll be interested to know have ever been penetrated by a male,'

There were more claps and laughter.

Emma now saw Yamoto beckoning her down from the stage. Were they the winners of the beauty competition? How exciting! But also how shame-making it all must be for the pretty mother seeing her daughter being treated like this in front of her. And vice-versa!

Emma followed Yamoto down some steps. He lead them to three strange looking stocks that been wheeled into the room, just below the stage, and right in front of the seated audience. She saw that the stocks were mounted on swivels. What had they to do with winning the beauty competition?

Yamoto now motioned to Emma to throw off her kimono. She hesitated to appear naked in front of so many men, but with an angry gesture Yamoto drew his whip out from under his coat. With a little cry, Emma hastily dropped the kimono to the ground. Oh well, she thought, they've already seen most of me anyway and if it's just a beauty competition, then who cares?

Then, things suddenly went wrong. Yamoto suddenly seized her by the neck and thrust her down onto her knees in front of one of the stocks. She saw that level with her tummy was a sort of raised cushion. Yamoto pushed her head forward and closed the stocks around her neck. Her navel was now resting on the cushion.

This was not a beauty contest at all! Emma screamed and started to beat the unyielding wood with her hands. This was greeted with laughter and applause - and then Yamoto bent down again and gripped her hands and fastened them by the wrist to solid clamps on either side of her head. Then he fastened a strap round her waist tying her down onto the cushion. He turned a handle and she felt her buttocks being raised up until they were higher than her head.

Yamoto then swivelled the stocks round so that she was now facing the audience. She could see the grinning faces of the men and amongst them those of Ingrid and Ursula. They were looking proudly proprietary as they acknowledged the congratulations of the excited guests. Oh, how she hated Ursula for allowing this to be done to her. But at the same time she could not stop herself from again becoming aroused by being helplessly tied down and displayed.

Someone focused a bright light onto her, half blinding her. She heard the click of cameras. So they had been saving their cameras for this!

She was aware that Yamoto was now fastening the now equally naked young girl "B" and poor little Sofia to the other stocks on either side of hers. Soon there were three frightened and anxious little faces peering at the applauding audience from their well lit stocks.

Glancing round she saw that, using the silken sashes that they had earlier discarded, Sabhu had meanwhile tied the hands of the anxious mother "A" and the other three girls, behind their backs. He had also fastened their leashes again onto the rings at the back of their collars.

They now knelt, as if waiting for something to happen, their beautiful kimonos pulled back to display their bodies and the number or letter painted prominently on their bellies. Behind them, stood Sabhu holding their leashes in one hand and his raised long dressage whip in the other.

The dining room was now silent. The guests were looking at the girls with glittering eyes. Now what, Emma wondered.

Emma's thoughts were interrupted by the noise of the door at the end of the dining room being opened. There was a burst of applause from the audience. Because of the spotlight focused on her, she could not at first make out who had come in but evidently whoever they were, their entry had obviously caused a sensation.

Suddenly she was amazed to see three extraordinary figures. She could hardly believe her eyes. She gave a cry of horror - a cry that was echoed by similar cries from the mother and daughter, and from the four girls still on the stage.

There, coming down past the tables were three hugely fat Japanese Somo wrestlers, naked except for a twist of silk around their vast waists which supported a tassel hanging down in front of their manhoods.

Their vast bodies glistened with oil. Their glistening hair was pushed up into the tradition top-knot. They were grinning with anticipation as they acknowledged their enthusiastic reception.

Open mouthed, Emma watched as the three wrestlers, their great bellies quivering, slowly waddled down past the stocks holding Emma, and the two naked young girls and ponderously climbed up onto the stage.

The kneeling women made an erotic sight as they watched, petrified and helpless, as the three monstrous male figures, slowly came towards them, their hands eagerly reaching out towards them.

The women gasped as they saw that beneath the hugely bloated bellies three large manhoods were beginning to thrust aside the silken tassels that only half hid them.

'You might like to know,' called out Ingrid, 'that this is the first time that any of the women on the stage have ever had to serviced a male - and probably, except for our pretty young mother, ever even seen an erect manhood.'

There was a round of excited laughter from the audience.

The half naked Somo wrestlers now stood over the kneeling women, their manhoods jutting towards the women's faces, their hands gripping the women's lacquered hair. .

'Suck!' cried Sabhu, cracking his whip alarmingly just behind the women.

'Suck!' he yelled bringing his whip down across the back of the horrified woman "A". She gave a cry - and there was an answering cry from her daughter down below the stage. It was a cry that was greeted with cruel laughter from the audience. Ingrid laughed to herself with delight. It was a good start!

'Suck! cried Sabhu, again bringing is whip down.

There was another scream - and another little answering cry.
But then "A" bent her head.

'Take it right into your mouth and suck!' ordered Sabhu.

Then he turned to the other women and cracked his whip menacingly. 'And you Number Six. And you Number Seven ... Number Five you work with Number Six'

Sabhu's whip had to be applied several times. Then, except for appreciative hisses from the wrestlers, and the click of cameras, there was again complete silence in the room as the three terrified women's heads rose and fell as, urged on by Sabhu's whip, they strained to prepare the three grotesque men for what was to follow.

The silence was broken by Ingrid.

'Those ladies and gentlemen, planning to sponsor the use of one of our young ladies as a brood bitch, but who haven't yet decided which one to bid for, might like to watch how each one uses her mouth. A successful purchaser of the right to impose Extra Special Sponsorship on one of our young ladies, will of course also have the right to use her tonight in this way, too - and on other occasions during the bitches forthcoming motherhood.

'Ah!' cried out several of the men, whilst several of the women smiled knowingly.

Moments later Sabhu nodded to Yamoto, who had been busy greasing rear orifices of Emma and her two companions, still tied down helplessly in the stocks. He now swivelled the three stocks round so the three girls raised bottoms were facing the audience.

Emma blushed with shame at the thought of both her now glistening rear orifice and her beauty lips again being so blatantly displayed. Horrified she felt her beauty lips becoming moist with arousal. She tried to close her buttocks - a gesture that was greeted with laughter from the audience and more clicking of cameras. She also heard little sobs of shame coming from the mother and daughter.

Then Yamoto swivelled the stocks round so that the three women were now sideways onto the audience.

The three wrestlers, now satisfactorily aroused by Sofia and her companions, came down to the front of the stocks, their manhoods jutting out even more.

Emma gave another gasp of horror as she saw that one of the hugely fat bellies was now only inches in front of her helpless face. Below the revolting belly, and reaching up towards her mouth, was a large and erect manhood. She heard similar gasps of horror from either side of her.

'Our young teenager, marked with the letter "B", has definitely never even seen an erect manhood before,' called out a laughing Ingrid, 'never mind licked one - or felt one up inside her!'

The watching Germans laughed appreciatively, as they saw the wrestlers thrust aside the tassels hanging down in front of their manhoods. They stood in front of the three women's appalled faces, holding their manhoods as if each was demanding a final arousal.

'Sluts! Thrust out tongues!' cried Yamoto, as he brought his whip down across each of the women's naked backsides in turn. He was very aware that several of the watching members of the International Sporting Club would be assessing the women on how they now performed.

'Touch tip of manhood with tip of tongue!' he shouted as three wrestlers now stood there waiting, their legs apart, their hands now on their vast hips, their manhoods eagerly thrust forward. 'Touch with tip of tongue. Go on!'

There were screams of pain as he applied his whip again - and again. Finally the excited audience saw first Emma's little tongue reaching forward to touch hesitantly the tip of the manhood in front of her mouth, and then that of the mother and, finally, with a cry of despair, that of the daughter.

Yamoto let the audience savour the looks of horror and disgust on the women's faces as their pointed little pink tongues touched the bloated manhoods. 'Open mouths!' cried Yamoto, applying his whip again. One after the other, three little mouths were nervously opened. Again there was a pause to allow the audience to savour the scene.

Then as one three manhoods were thrust into the waiting mouths. There was a noise of retching.

'Take it!' cried Yamoto applying his whip yet again. Soon three little heads were obediently nodding up and down, just as, earlier on, had those of their companions up on the stage.

Thoroughly aroused, the three huge wrestlers now came behind the cleverly raised buttocks of the women. Each positioned his manhood with care and gripped his woman by the waist.

'No! No! You've no right ... I'm a respectable married woman. My husband ...' screamed Emma as she felt a large manhood pressing against her rear orifice.

'Silence Bitch Number Four!' screamed an outraged Yamoto, bringing his whip down across Emma's shoulders.

Ursula smiled. Although the girl did not then know it, her frantic outburst would have greatly increased some of the men's interest in her - and thus her value.

Then together the three men gave a sudden jerk.

The watching men heard three separate screams from the women and saw the faces of Emma, and her two companions, suddenly twist with a mixture of pain and astonishment as the huge wrestlers penetrated them, their vast bellies resting on the girls' bottoms.

Hastily Yamoto checked that none of the wrestlers had inadvertently penetrated into orifices that were being kept unsullied - ready for the next day's performance.

Meanwhile Sabhu had led the other women down from the stage and had made them kneel behind the three wrestlers as they began to thrust in and out.

'"Number 7"!' Emma heard Sabhu call out, with an accompanying stroke of his whip, 'Lick from behind. Get your tongue out properly'

There was a scream from Norah and grunt of pleasure from the huge wrestler mounting Emma. Seconds later the audience was rewarded with a piercing scream from Emma as she suddenly felt her wrestler's large manhood shoot up yet further inside her. Oh how dreadful! Oh how disgusting! And yet, and yet, she found herself realising, how exiting!

The audience saw Sabhu turn to Numbers Five and Six. Again his whip fell. There was a similar little screams as they both struggled to apply their tongues to the huge naked backside behind poor little Sofia. There were several satisfied grunts from the wrestler and then a scream from Sofia as she, too, felt the manhood shoot further up inside her.

'And now,' called out Ingrid, ' we have the sight of our beautiful mother having to lick the backside of the man sodomising her daughter!'

'Thrust out your tongue, Letter A,' ordered Sabhu, ' and lick!'

But he had to apply his whip several times before with a gasp of horror, the woman obeyed. There was another hideous grunt and then another scream - from the young daughter.

Sabhu was now walking up and down behind the kneeling women, using his whip to urge them onto yet greater efforts.

Suddenly Emma felt Sabhu's whip across her shoulders again.
'Wriggle, Number Four, wriggle to please your lover!

Her lover! This repulsive Japanese wrestler her lover! But when the whip came down again, she quickly wriggled like mad.

Horrified, and held still by the stocks, Emma could not now help responding to the attentions of the brute who had so violently mounted her. She heard the audience laugh as she found herself thrusting back in time with her ravisher's own thrusts. Oh, the shame of it! Through the glare of the spotlight she could make out Ursula, licking her lips with excitement. Oh, how could she have arranged all this?

But her rising excitement made her put such thoughts aside. She could hear the three monsters groaning with increasing pleasure - a sound that raised her own level of arousal, too. Suddenly she felt the man's warm seed jetting into her and, with a cry, she too climaxed.

Seconds later a similar little cry came from the other stocks.

Ingrid and Ursula looked at each across the room, glanced at their watches and nodded.

The punters having been suitably warmed up, it was time for the serious business of the evening to start.

END OF BOOK ONE
To know what happens next, see BOOK TWO of URSULA'S DISCIPLINE