Downloaded from bdsmbooks.com
Copyright Allan Aldiss

# URSULA'S DISCIPLINE - BOOK TWO - Emma's little Puppies

A new UNEXPURGATED and considerably ENLARGED version
of the best selling erotic novel EMMA'S HUMILIATION

by ALLAN ALDISS

## AUTHOR'S NOTE

These two books are a new, and unexpurgated, Internet version of the best selling book "EMMA'S HUMILIATION" by Allan Aldiss (writing as Hilary James), and published by Nexus.

This book described some astonishing true life adventures of a young married woman, Emma, in the secret world of male and lesbian domination, as told by her to the author. I have no reason to doubt their truth.

Unfortunately, much of Emma's story was so shocking that it had to be omitted from the original book. It has, however, been reinstated in full in these two books, making them, virtually new books.

Like the other books in the unexpurgated Ursula series, these two describe just what really went on in the true life erotic adventures of Emma, particularly when she was 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.

Emma has a love-hate relationship with Ursula, one minute loving being ordered about by her, not knowing what was going to happen next and even being punished by her, and the next bitterly resenting being made to serve her and being under the strict control of Sabhu. But even his control is mild compared to that of Ali Effendi, the chief black eunuch in charge of Prince Faisal's secret harem of incarcerated European women.

In these two books, the rich and cruel Ursula de Vere and her sinister friend, Doctor Anna, have some rather special, and astonishing, plans for Emma and her companions. But although true, thanks to the miracles of modern medicine, they may still shock you!

Indeed, this is now a story to satisfy all sophisticated tastes: caged women, with a strict black overseer in charge of them; forced breeding, including an auction of girls for puppy breeding; dominant lovers, ranging from Ursula to a bull fighter; a strict punishment school for naughty young women; and life in a terrifying Middle Eastern harem - and it all really happened!

## CONTENTS

BOOK ONE

PART I - PROLOGUE
- Sabhu checks his charges.

PART II EMMA IS USED
1 - Emma's terrifying dilemma
2 - Emma's exciting anticipation
3 - Henry!

4 - Emma is prepared for duty.
5 - Sabhu's concerns
6 - Natural functions - a touch of Sabhu's discipline

PART III THE MAHARANI
7 - Emma in her cage
8 - Ursula displays her wares
9 - Emma is chosen to serve a client
10- The Maharani's pleasure

PART IV FUN AND GAMES - AND RETRIBUTION
11 - Emma makes her plans
12 - Emma escapes
13 - Off with Henry!
14 - The Croupier
15 - El Mercurio
16 - A strange school
17 - The short sharp shock
18 - Total Control
19 - Emma's smart new collar

PART V - SOME VERY PRETTY LITTLE FUTURE BROOD BITCHES
20 - Interesting plans for the special event
21 - The maid called Emma is made to perform
22 - A terrifying journey to a Special Event
23 - Emma meets her companions
24 - Strange preparations
25 - On display
26 - Cabaret time - Japanese style

BOOK TWO

INTRODUCTION - The story so far

PART VI - COVERED!
27 - The auction
28 - Pleasuring her Sponsor
29 - Prepared for mating!
30 - A mother and daughter are covered
31 - The mating of Emma

PART VII - IN WHELP
32 - Pregnant - and made to like it
33 - Back at home - as a future mother-to-be
34 - Emma has some unexpected visitors
35 - Caged women
36 - The Belly Show - and a mother and daughter learn the truth
37 - The Belly how continues and Emma is shown off

PART VIII - EMMA'S PROGENY
38 - Emma in the Nursery
39 - The Baron watches the brood bitches being exercised
40 - The Whelping Room
41 - Delivery!
42 - Emma bonds with her puppies
43 - The Grand Puppy Sale - and Emma is released!

PART IX - THE PRINCE AND HIS HAREM
44 - Emma meets her new Master
45 - Emma passes her test
46 - In the palace of the Prince
47 - Emma's first glimpse of the harem

48 - A jealous Emma sees the Prince select his bed companions

PART X - EMMA IN THE HAREM
49 - Emma enters the harem
50 - Emma's first taste of harem life
51 - Punished, chosen and prepared
52 - The Prince's Plaything

## INTRODUCTION TO BOOK TWO

### THE STORY SO FAR

Emma, a young married woman, with a husband often abroad for long periods. She is, however, in thrall to Ursula, who uses her on a part time basis as one of the girls she keep caged in her house - ready to be used by herself and by her wealthy women clients, many of whom also pay handsomely to "sponsor" a girl for a variety of fates.

Tempted by a former lover, Emma escapes from Sabhu's supervision and deceives and appalls Ursula, her Mistress, by going off on holiday with a man.

Furious, Ursula not only seeks her revenge but is determined to teach Emma a lesson. She sends Emma to be punished in a special school for wayward lovers.

But that is not enough and she then tricks Emma into joining the team of girls that she and her German friend, Ingrid, are taking to a Special Event.

Taking advantage of the miracles of modern medicine and of Doctor Anna's former experiments in a East German prison camp for dissident young women, the unsuspecting girls are to be offered to a club of wealthy German gundog owners for a very special purpose.

Emma finds herself on display and then to her horror is the star of a special Japanese cabaret, featuring Sumo wrestlers - a cabaret which is intended to arouse the club members in time for the forthcoming auction.

Now read on ...

## PART VI

## IN WHELP!

### 27 - THE AUCTION

It was an hour later. Dinner was over and the tables had been cleared.

There was an excited hush of anticipation as the Ingrid gave the signal for the curtains of the stage to be drawn back.
Then there was a burst of applause.

The stage had been transformed into a Middle Eastern slave market!

In the background were the minarets of a mosque and several large Arab style buildings with some windows covered with wooden grilles - covering the harem quarters.

On the stage itself in front of an Arabesque colonnade was a raised platform and standing on it were seven veiled women.

Walking up and down in front of the platform, and carrying a whip was Sabhu, dressed as a turbaned, dark skinned slave dealer. Dressed as his assistant, Yamoto stood behind the platform, his whip at the ready.

But it was the women who attracted the attention of the audience. They were wearing harem dress: silken, transparent, trousers, slung low on their hips and leaving bare their bellies on which their designating number or letter was still prominently displayed; and over their shoulders was a stiff brocade bolero, cut away in front to leave bare their painted nipples.

Round their necks were shiny brass collars from each which hung a large ring to which a leash had been attached. The ends of the leashes were locked to rings set in the wall behind the platform.

The women's veils rested on their noses. Their thick Geisha-girl make-up had been removed and instead they now looked like Eastern houris with eyes outlined in black kohl. Their hair now hung down their backs.

Each girls wrists were now fastened by a long, heavy, gleaming chain. A shorter similar chain linked their ankles.

'I want them,' Ursula had instructed Sabhu, 'to look like pretty captured and innocent white slave girls, who have no idea what's in store for them. That make it all the more exciting for the club members - for they'll all know the fate that's awaiting the girls the following day!'

It was an erotic scene that was being captured on by two video cameras set up on opposite sides of the stage.

'Before I start the auction,' said Ingrid, speaking in German from a small auctioneers podium by the side of the stage, 'I should like to show you this magnificent trophy.'

She pulled a green baize cover to display a large silver cup. She picked it up and read out he inscription:-

The International Sporting Club Trophy.
For the best Brood Bitch In Whelp'

This was greeted with a round of cruel laughter.

'Yes,' said Ingrid, 'as you can see, our future mothers-to-be, our future brood bitches, now all have pretty little slim waist lines. But starting tomorrow, and at the behest of each girl's sponsor, that will be changing - and changing fast!'

There was more laughter.

'And to make sure that they do not lose their valuable little progeny, they will initially be kept caged, like real little breeding animals.'

There sharp intakes of breath.

'But, of course, they will be available to be taken out of their cages to pleasure their visiting sponsors.'

This greeted with knowing chuckles.

'And even when a girl does begin to suspect the truth, her black overseer, Sabhu, and her chain mail breeding belt, will ensure that she can't do anything about it. Think of the feeling of power that will give her sponsor as he, or she, comes and watches the girl being subjected to forced breeding - the ultimate power over a girl!

There were gaps from Ingrid's listeners. She paused to let them enjoy their mental images.

'So,' she went on, 'the girl's will initially be kept in my friend Ursula's cages in London under the close supervision of their black overseer - and you've already seen how he disciplines girls under his control. You will be welcome to come and see them, naked in their cages, with their bellies prettily and strangely beginning to swell - though they won't e able to see what's happening.'

'What do mean?' cried several voices.

'Come and see the girls in their cages for yourselves,' laughed Ursula this time. 'I've made special arrangements so that they wont be able to see their swelling bellies or realise what's happening to them!'

'Oh!' cried some. 'Ah!' cried others. 'I can't wait to see this!' came a voice. 'Nor me!' cried another.

It was clear at this offer to come and see the unsuspecting girls in their cages was one that could well be widely taken up. More money for us, Ingrid was thinking.

'Yes, come and see them - sponsors free of charge, of course,' she laughed, 'and with a special discount for t heir guests and for other members!'

'Then,' cut in Ursula,' in about a month's time, you can all come back for a Grand Brood Bitch Show, or a Belly Show if you prefer, at my house in London. Each sponsor will be able, proudly, to show off the progress that his brood bitch has made.'

'And,' added Ingrid, 'we'll then present this cup to the sponsor whose girl has the largest belly - and another one to the sponsor showing off the prettiest one.

This was greeted with enthusiasm and cries of: 'A Belly Show! How splendid!'

'This Belly Show will be all more interesting because at it we will be telling the hitherto mystified, and now horrified girls that they are each being made to carry a litter of puppies - which they are going to have to deliver and raise for their sponsors.'

'It will also be amusing for the sponsors to see how the girls' own natural maternal instincts take over and how horror is replaced by pride as they now understand what the strange little wriggling they had been feeling going on inside themselves was really all about.'

There were cries of agreement.

'But,' went on Ingrid, 'please don't think that this will only be of interest to those of you who successfully bid to sponsor one or more of our lovely girls. We want you all there, and with your friends too, for we shall be having a Grand Belly Sweepstake.'

She repeated the words: 'A Grand Belly Sweepstake!'

'What's that?' came several cries.

'A raffle,' explained Ingrid. 'Tickets will be sold today and tomorrow and again at the Show, before the girls are judged. Tickets will cost DM 100 each and I hope you will all buy many of them. Then at the Belly Show, before the girls are displayed, we shall draw seven tickets - one for each of our pretty brood bitches. Holders of these tickets can sell them to other members at any time up right up to the final judging of the bellies. The prize for the holder of the winning ticket will be 50% of the total pot, with a second prize for the runner-up of 25%'

'And who gets the rest?' laughingly asked someone.

'The organisers, of course!' replied Ingrid with a smile, pointing at herself and at Ursula. 'I think we deserve it!'

Once again here was laughter.

'Then after the Belly Show, Sabhu and Yamoto will be taking the girls to Ingrid's castle in Germany to wait for their delivery. Here again, this will be spectacle for each sponsor to bring a party to see.!'

There was a spontaneous round of applause. Ingrid and Ursula had certainly organised an unusual weekend for them, they were thinking, and the idea of visiting the caged girls in London and then of a Belly Show there with a Belly Sweepstake, with more parties at Ingrid's castle in Germany for each girl's actual delivery, was just brilliant.

There was sudden hush as Ingrid now announced that it was time to start the auction.

The dealer cracked his whip.

'Heads up!'

Obediently the women straightened up, thrusting out their breasts.

'We'll start with Number Seven,' said Ingrid.

The slave dealer's assistant handed Norah's leash to Sabhu who removed her veil, displaying the beautiful girl's erotically shiny head. Using his whip to drive her on, Sabhu led her up to the front of the stage.

'Ladies and Gentlemen,' said Ingrid, again speaking in German, so that the girls would not understand, 'you have all had a chance to examine this very erotic looking creature, and you have heard Doctor Anna confirming that she will make an excellent and unsuspecting brood bitch for a discerning sponsor. She is ready to be mated tomorrow evening.'

She paused to give her words greater effect.

'Just imagine her with a shiny, and mysteriously swollen, belly that matches her shiny head - and each prominently marked with her number.'

She nodded to Sabhu

'Lower head,' he ordered in English, cracking his whip.

With a sob of same, Norah lowered her head so that the closely watching audience now saw that, on the top of her gleaming, bald, head, the number "7"

was tattooed in a bright red that matched the indelibly red painted "7" emblazoned on her belly.

'Ladies,' cried Ingrid with a laugh, 'quite apart from the excitement of making this exotic creature expectant in a highly unusual way, just also imagine the excitement of visiting the girl whilst she is unknowingly in whelp. Imagine having her pleasure you, imagine gripping that that shiny head between your thighs. Imagine looking down on that number, as you use a dogwhip to make its tongue bring you to a thrilling climax.'

There was a round of female murmurs. Ingrid paused cleverly.

'And, Gentlemen,' she went on, 'equally imagine looking down on it as it pleasured you, too, with it's mouth whilst it could feel mysteriously wriggling inside her the valuable little progeny you had so carefully sponsored!'

This was greeted with enthusiastic masculine cries.

'Furthermore, Ladies and Gentlemen, don't forget that, as with all the girls whose sponsorship is going to be auctioned tonight, we shall be supplying the sponsor with a unique and private video covering every aspect of what is going to happen to this girl.'

This announcement was greeted with yet more enthusiasm.

'Yes, you will be able to remind yourselves, and impress and astonish your friends, with a fine record of your sponsorship. Each video will cover the girl's display for auction, here and now, her mating tomorrow, her first morning sickness, her growing belly, the sight on the ultra sound screen of the little wriggling progeny, of the girl delivering her litter and of her being made to breast feed her hungry and valuable progeny.'

Ingrid paused cleverly. She could see that the eyes of the members of the club were glistening with anticipation. A private video of a pretty girl being used as a human bitch!

'And,' Ingrid added with a laugh, 'showing our video to our friends will inevitably create great interest in our services. We will, therefore, pay our sponsors an Introductory Commission of ten per cent of any sponsorship fees paid by their friends. Just think of that as you calculate how much you can afford to bid tonight!'

Ingrid paused dramatically to let her words sink in. They would, she knew, have a powerful effect on the bidding.

'Well then, Ladies and, I repeat, Gentlemen, how much am I bid for this delightful creature?'

Bids soon started to come furiously. Some were from serious men and women gun dog breeders. Some were from Club Members simply excited by the idea of using a white woman as a brood bitch. All were also attracted by the feeling of power that would come from subjecting a pretty girl to forced breeding.

Finally Number 7's Extra Special Sponsorship was bought by a large fat German lady.

A keen gun dog breeder, she had previously arranged for Doctor Anna to collect and bring to this House Party, what was euphemistically referred to as "The Material" from her own prize Setter bitches back in Germany. It would now enable the unsuspecting Norah to conceive a very valuable litter - when she was mated to a prize English stallion Setter the following evening.

But she was also excited by the idea of coming to use p using the girl for her pleasure, as the girl became more and more anxious about her mysteriously growing belly.

Sabhu now ceremoniously led the blushing girl down off the stage and up to the seated woman. He made Norah kneel by the side of her sponsor's chair and handed her the girls leash.

Exuding pride of ownership, the large woman acknowledged the jealous congratulations of the other members.

'Now, announced Ingrid, 'we'll move onto the very pretty little Number Eight. Remember that his innocent young creature has never been taken by a man - except earlier up her backside. To all intents and purposes she's still a virgin!'

There were murmurs of surprise and increasing interest.

'Yes, until she was sodomised earlier, she'd never had a man. Apart from that she's never felt a throbbing real manhood inside her. Think of the

excitement - watching her having, and at your command, her first male ever, her first lover - and a our legged one at that!'

There were more cries of enthusiastic excitement from the spectators.

'Then imagine her kept chained down in front of you as, unknown to her, conception takes place - and not once but several times!'

A few minutes later and the sponsorship of Sofia had been sold to a rich German businessman, excited both the idea of enforcing an unwanted pregnancy on this very pretty young girl and the mind-blowing idea using her as a brood bitch at that.

Her slim little body erotically exposed by her scanty harem dress, she blushed as she obediently knelt at her sponsor's feet as he held her humiliatingly by her lead.

'Now we come to the buxom Number Six. She, of course, is already in a very interesting state - bearing in mind her future role! Indeed, I am told by Sabhu that her milk flow is excellent. She will have no difficulty in feeding and rearing valuable little creatures!'

This introduction triggered a rush of bids, until she was finally knocked down to a keen German dog-breeder and led up t him by Sabhu.

Much the same happened when Ingrid introduced Number Six.

'Just look at those nipples. They're more like teats -teats that will be soon be sucked by several eager little pedigree puppies!

Finally she was bought by a another keen German sportsman.

There was now a short break in the proceedings and then came the auction of the pretty mother and daughter.

'What an opportunity,' cried Ingrid, 'a double litter! A double prize litter. And what an opportunity for them both not to know that they had conceived - for them, unsuspectingly, to be given the same preliminary "treatment" and then, both ready, both to be simultaneously mated. What an opportunity to establish a new line of pedigree dogs in Germany.'

Ingrid paused for a moment'

'But,' she then went on, 'quite apart from the progeny, think of the excitement for the sponsor as a horrified mother and daughter are both mounted by their four legged lovers in front of each other. Then think of them both, a little later, suddenly feeling something ... some things ... mysteriously moving kicking inside themselves. Imagine their horror when the truth finally dawns!'

Again Ingrid paused for effect.

'Imagine these two lovely creatures both tearing in vain at their unyielding breeding belts! Imagine the mother's horror as she realises what has been done to her precious daughter. Imagine the daughter's horror at realising that their mother is being subjected to a forced pregnancy.'

Again she paused.

'But, of course, that's not all. Imagine yourself as the proud sponsor of these two, having them both brought to your bed, chained together, for your pleasure.  A beautiful mother and her beautiful daughter being made to perform in your bed!'

Needless to say, after such an introduction, the competition to acquire the mother and daughter was fierce. Even those who had already bought the sponsorship of one of the other girls now eagerly tried to acquire these two as well.

The bids were rising rapidly, much to Ingrid's delight. Which cruel looking German would satisfy his desire to see them both put to similar dogs for his greater amusement? Would one of several keen German breeders, satisfy his dream of having two women, both identically "treated", both very alike and both covered by the same stallion dog?

Finally, however, it was a very rich, hard-faced, woman, Frau Engleburg, who bought them both. Soon, holding their leads in one hand, she was patting both their heads in a proprietary way as they knelt at his feet.

But, as Frau Engleburg explained to the people around her, she was not interested in simply using them for breeding shooting dogs. She He was far more interested in breeding pedigree Pekinese. Some of the best lines came from England and, indeed, in anticipation of winning a suitable brood bitch at the

auction she had already arranged for two prize Pekinese dogs to be sent overnight from London.

Moreover, when Doctor Anna had visited Germany he had carefully arranged that amongst the "material" she collected ready for the "treatment" of the girls being auctioned as brood bitches, some was also collected from his own prize Pekinese bitches. The doctor, only too anxious to increase her stock of "material" had bee delighted to oblige - little thinking that it would play such an important role in the this Special Event.

Furthermore, the woman explained, there were also two good practical reason for using these good strong girls: firstly his own Pekinese bitches were such slender and delicate creatures that it was often dangerous to use them as brood bitches, and secondly their milk was often inadequate, a problem that would not arise with human brood bitches.

So she was delighted to pay for the Extra Specially Sponsorship of this white mother and her daughter.

It would, she laughed, also be interesting to see just how they were going to mated with such little dogs!

Yes, indeed, her astonished listeners were thinking.

Emma was now the only girl who had not yet been sold. But sold for what, she wondered anxiously. Still secured helplessly on the raised platform, her eyes were desperately flashing as she wondered what was going to happen to her .

As she knew only too well, Ursula's girls were taught that men must be avoided at all costs. She remembered her own brain washing at the terrible school. And yet here was Ursula apparently allowing her girls to sold for some purpose to strange men as well as women. She would only allow that if she was being exceptionally well paid. But paid for what?

She remembered how she was brain-washed at the special school into accepting, and indeed welcoming, being Specially Sponsored. But she also remembered how in the light of day she had reassured herself that even Ursula would realise that it would be quite unrealistic to try and impose a nine month enforced maternity on her. She was a married woman and just an occasional visitor to her Mistress's cages - not a permanent resident of one!

She now saw that Sabhu and Yamoto were now going round the room collecting the other girls. Holding them by their leashes, they were leading them out of the room.

What on earth, she wondered, was going on? What was going to be said about her that they did not want the other girls to hear?

Moments later Sabhu and Yamoto returned. The lights in the room were lowered, leaving the scantily clad figure of Emma lit up by bright spotlights. She could see nothing now.

'We now come,' she heard Ingrid announce, suddenly speaking in English so that Emma would understand, 'to the highlight of the evening - the Extra Special Sponsoring of a beautiful married upper class Englishwoman, whose husband is conveniently working abroad for much of the time.'

Extra Special Sponsorship? My God, thought Emma, but surely that was Ursula's euphemism for making a girl carry a litter of puppies!

She suddenly realised what was going on here. The terrible scene with Japanese wrestlers had merely been a little warming up preliminary. Now she and the other girls were being auctioned to these awful people to be made to have a litter of puppies for their sponsors. How dreadful!

As the proceedings had all been in German, the other girls had not yet realised their fate. But Ursula wanted her to realise hers from the start. It was, she grasped, all part of Ursula's revenge for having run away from her with Henry. My God!

Her wrist and ankle manacles rattled as desperately she tried to get away - to escape from her terrible fate. But her collar chain held her tight. There was a burst of laughter from the unseen audience.

'As you can see,' came the mocking voice of Ingrid, 'she doesn't seem to like the idea very much.'

There was another burst of laughter.

'Don't forget that as we said in the catalogue, unlike the other girls, this one is going to know exactly what's going to be done to her- and what she's carrying, and is going to be made to deliver, and rear for her sponsor.'

'No! No! You can't do this to me!' Emma screamed. 'No! No! I'm a respectable married woman!'

Watching and listening from the back of the room, Ursula smiled. Wonderful! Emma's reaction had been even better than she had hoped. She had probably just doubled the fee that she was going to earn her Mistress for her sponsorship.

'No! No! You can't make me!'

'Oh but we can, little Emma,' came the triumphant voice of Ursula from the back of the hall. 'Tomorrow evening you're going to be mated with your four legged lover - and for real! And then you're going thank your kind sponsor for letting you conceive!'

'No! No!' Emma screamed. 'You've no right to ... My husband ... '

But the rest of her words were drowned in laughter. Ursula smiled again. Better and better!

Ingrid tapped her gavel for silence.

'Well, Ladies and Gentlemen,' she said with a smile, 'you can see that the transformation of this married English lady into a brood bitch is going to be an exciting affair for her sponsor. Very exciting!'

She held up a chain mail breeding belt. 'But don't worry, once the dog has done is task and planted his seed well inside her, this will ensure that the girl has to carry her progeny right through to delivery - husband or no husband!'

There was another burst of laughter - cruel laughter

Ursula now spoke up from the back of the hall, speaking in German so that Emma would not understand what she was saying.

'And to make sure that this young woman doesn't tell the other girls the truth about what's happening to them, she's going to be kept at her home in the country initially. But even if her unsuspecting husband is there, I guarantee that she'll still be available for inspection by her sponsor - or he'll get his money back. '

'So you see,' continued Ingrid, in English, 'all the more exciting for the sponsor of this charming, but delightfully unwilling, young married English lady.'

There a buzz of excited whispering. Evidently there was going to be keen competition for the sponsoring of Emma.

'So Ladies and Gentlemen what am I bid for the Extra Special Sponsorship of this reluctant little mother-to-be?'

The bids came in even faster than they had for the Mother and Daughter.

'Think,' cried Ingrid, 'of the excitement of a enforcing an alien maternity on a marred woman - and what a maternity at that!'

The bidding was reaching a crescendo. Horrified Emma looked around the room, seeking a saviour. It was in vain.

Finally she was knocked down to a large, unsmiling, German with metal pince-nez. My God, she thought, he looks like photographs she had seen of Himmler, the head of the Nazi SS during World War Two. But before she could get a better look at him, Sabhu had unlocked her collar chain and led her off the stage.

'If,' she heard Ingrid calling out, 'the successful Sponsors will return to their rooms, their girls will be brought to them shortly.'

Oh my God, Emma was thinking, will I have to pleasure that awful looking German. But her thoughts were really more on what was going to happen to her the following evening. Could she persuade her sponsor to let her off?

As Sabhu led her by her leash down to her dungeon-like cellar they passed a tearful mother and daughter being driven upstairs by young Yamoto. He was holding them by their leashes and using his dogwhip to drive them on.

Were they, Emma wondered, being taken to pleasure their cruel-looking lady sponsor? They were still dressed as harem slave girls, and still wearing them wrist and ankle manacles. But their wrist manacles now held their hands safely

fastened behind their backs. Was this, she wondered, to make sure they could not attack their sponsor?

Emma saw, that under each of their transparent trousers, now gleamed a shiny chain mail belt. The belts were just like the impenetrable ones that she had seen the Specially Sponsored girls in Ursula's cages having to wear.

My God!

## 28 - PLEASURING HER SPONSOR

Arriving back down in her cellar, Sabhu fastened her collar to a ring in the wall.

'Stand still!' he ordered.

She blushed as he lowered her harem trousers. But she blushed even more at his next order.

'Part knees!'

Reaching up to a shelf he then produced what Emma recognised to be another chain mail breeding belt.

'Oh no!' she cried, but Sabhu took no notice. He placed the triangular chain pouch over her smooth and hairless beauty lips. Then he brought the two securing chains attached to the two top corners back behind her back.

Now reaching down from behind, between her legs, he pulled the chain attached to the third corner of the pouch up between her buttocks and fastened all three together with a small, but strong looking, padlock.

Coming back to the front of the girl, he checked that the breeding belt was now securely held in place. Yes, there was no chance of the girl getting a probing finger, or anything else for that matter, under underneath it.

'After mating, you wear this belt all the time. Make you carry sponsored progeny!'

Emma gave a little gasp of horror. My God, would the belt really make her go through with it all, this time?

Sabhu pulled up her harem trousers. Then he chained her hands behind back - not too tight as to be uncomfortable but sufficient to keep her helpless - just like the mother and daughter, she realised.

'Now,' he said, 'I take you to room of your Sponsor. I collect you again in one hour. You make sure he pleased, so I get good tip. If not, you get cane!'

It was with this threat still ringing in her ears, that Emma crawled after Sabhu into the large comfortable bedroom. The big unsmiling German was sitting in an arm chair, wearing a silk dressing gown. Sabhu led her up to him.

'Stand up!' Sabhu ordered, giving her a tap on her buttocks with his dog whip.

Nervously Emma scrambled awkwardly to her feet and stood before her sponsor, her head raised, and her eyes fixed on he wall behind him. She did not dare to look at him.

'Show respect,' Sabhu ordered with another sharp tap of his dog whip.

Hastily, Emma parted her legs slightly and bent her knees, thrusting her belly forward over the harem trousers slung round her waist. Oh, the shame!

The German slowly put on his pince-nez to have a better look at her and then nodded appreciatively.

Sabhu handed him Emma's leash, and left the room.

The German gave it a tug. She now stood right in front of him.

'So,' he said in heavily accented English, 'this British lady is going to be mated with my chosen dog tomorrow! Good!'

He reached forward and stroked her hips and then her belly. Then he ran is hands down lower, feeling her chain mail breeding belt through the silken trousers.

'Yes, you will carry a litter well,' he said slowly, a wonderful feeling of power flowing through him - of power over this beautiful upper class Englishwoman. 'You are now in my power - and I am going to use you , a fine English lady as a brood bitch. Are you not ashamed?'

'Yes!' cried Emma, pitifully. 'Yes!'

'Yes what?' he said angrily. 'From now on you call me Sir, or Herr Baron. Do You understand?

A Baron! Her sponsor was a Baron!

'I am your Master! he went on. 'And you are going to be forced to make a fine mother for my new shooting dogs.'

'Oh, please Sir, please Herr Baron, please don't do this to me I'll do anything else, but please not that! Please, Master, please.'

The Baron smiled cruelly. Oh the feeling of power!

'Oh, yes I am! I want you to feel like a slave in the West Indies, a slave used by her Master for breeding, a slave made to conceive under the whip - and the more the slave hated it, the more her Master enjoyed it. And so shall I!

'Oh!' gasped Emma in horror.

'And I warn you, if you fail to deliver my pedigree puppies, then I shall have you put down - like a useless, barren bitch.'

Put down! Shot! O my God! She looked up into his hard, steely, grey eyes, glistening behind his pince-nez. He meant it! He really meant it!

'Yes, Sir,' she cried out, 'I'll do it, Herr Baron. I'll carry your puppies, Herr Baron, I will!'

'Yes girl , you will,' came the reply. 'Whether you want to or not, you will - or I'll have you shot!'

'Yes, Sir,' again cried Emma, terrified out of her wits 'I will! I will!'

Emma then gasped as she saw him pick up a long whippy cane with a curved handle.

'And to make sure you realise that you are now in my power, I'm going to give you six strokes of my cane - and between each stroke you will pleasure me. Bend over that chair! Now! And take down your harem trousers!

Seconds later there was scream from Emma as a line of fire ripped across her buttocks

'Now kneel down and please me - until the next stroke!' He grabbed her the hair and pulled head down to his now parted dressing gown. 'Take it!' he ordered, the cane again raised in his hand. 'Open your mouth and take it! And think of the litter you'll soon be carrying for me - and of the next stroke of my cane!'

## 29 - PREPARED FOR MATING

It as the following afternoon. Whilst the sponsors were all out shooting, Doctor Anna, accompanied by a smiling Ingrid and Ursula, was visiting each of the cellars. She was carrying a clipboard on which was a list of the girls, of their sponsors and of the sponsors instructions.

Following her was Sabhu, his dressage whip, with its distinctive red tassel, in his hand.

In each cellar Sabhu would harshly order the frightened naked girl, chained again by the neck to a ring set in the floor, to lie down on her back with her head between two other rings also set in the floor. Deftly he would then fasten the girl's manacled wrists to these rings.

'Raise knees' he would order, followed by 'Separate knees!'

Then he would fasten each ankle to other rings also set in e floor.

Doctor Anna then gave the girl a tiny injection into the back of her hand. Seconds later she was unconscious.

Then Yamoto would wheel in a trolley on which were several shiny medical instruments and syringes and also half a dozen carefully marked hospital vacuum flasks.

Sabhu would then turn to Doctor Anna and call out the girl's number and the name of her Sponsor. The doctor would then carefully check her list and point to one of the flasks. Yamoto would then open one of the flasks and load several syringes.

None of the girls felt Sabhu unfastening their chain mail belts nor saw how he raised it to bare her beauty lips.

Nor did they feel their beauty lips being parted to allow the now carefully loaded syringe to be inserted - not once but several times. Nor did they feel Doctor Anna's "material" being carefully placed inside them - not once but repeatedly.

Minutes later the girl would recover consciousness. It was as if she had never been asleep. The breeding belt would be back in place and the girl had no idea that it had been unfastened, nor that anything had been done to her.

But unknown to each girl, she was now ready to be mated to a canine lover - and to conceive.

To make sure she remained like that she was left chained on her back on the floor of her cellar.

But it was different when they came to Emma's cellar. She too was tied down helplessly on her back with her knees raised and parted. But the girl was kept fully conscious and gasped in horror as Yamoto wheeled in his trolley and again as Sabhu unlocked her breeding belt and raised it to disclose her beauty lips .

'No!' she kept crying out. 'No! No!'

'Yes, Emma, yes!' cried Ursula her eyes glistening. 'Perhaps this'll finally teach you not to go off with a man behind my back.'

'Raise belly' ordered Sabhu, giving her a sharp tap with his dressage whip across her naked tummy.

'Yes, Mr Sabhu, Sir, I will. I will,' cried the terrified Emma, as she now strained to raise her belly. 'Please don't beat me, please!'

How awful, she was thinking, to be made to present her body for this dreadful thing to be done to her. She saw the dreaded doctor pick up a syringe. She felt Yamoto part her beauty lips and insert an instrument that kept them open.

She watched in horror as the doctor, her syringe in her hand, knelt down between her legs. Moments later she felt the syringe going up inside her, right up inside her. Then she felt something being injected out of the syringe.

'Oh no!' she sobbed, realising, with horror, just what was happening, 'No!'

'Yes, Emma, yes!' repeated Ursula. 'And there's nothing you can do about it.'

The whole process was repeated several times.

Finally Doctor Anna stood up. She turned to Ursula. 'That's enough for her to conceive a good litter,' she said with a laugh.

Sabhu replaced her breeding belt, again checking that it  was tightly fastened over her beauty lips.

Then still tied down helplessly on her back. Emma was left alone in her cellar.

## 30 - A MOTHER AND DAUGHTER ARE COVERED

It was later that evening. Some of the members of the Club, the men in dinner jackets and the women in evening dresses, were standing in groups, or walking up and down, in the immaculate, white painted, passageway of the former stable block. They were sipping Champagne and nibbling smoked salmon canapes.

Ursula and Ingrid were going from group to group like perfect hostesses. It was charming scene.

Along one side of the passageway was a row of stalls marked 4 to 8 and A to B. Each was some twelve feet wide and were evidently horse boxes from which the front had been removed. The floor of each stall was covered with fresh straw which covered several sets of rings set in the floor. At the back of each stall was a small grilled gateway leading out onto another passageway.

By the side of each stall stood the sponsor, proudly wearing a rosette which was embroidered with the number of the girl he was sponsoring. On Frau Engleburg's rosette, however, were the letters "A and B".

Walking up and down in front of the stalls was Sabhu, now dressed again in his circus, animal trainer outfit, a long carriage whip in his hand.

There was an air of expectant anticipation - as if everyone was awaiting something rather exciting to happen. People kept glancing into each stall and smiling or exchanging words with the sponsor.

This was not surprising for in each stall was a young woman, Moreover each woman was laced into an elasticised, tight fitting, dog skin.

Each dog skin came up to the neck, leaving uncovered her beautifully made up face and well brushed hair. However their hands and toes were covered and, in the case of the fingers, immobilised by realistic paws made of thick black plastic.

One of the women, Emma, had been gagged, with a ball gag thrust into her mouth and locked behind her neck.

To keep the women in their stalls, sturdy brass studded dog collars had been fastened round their necks and these were attached to rings on the center of the floor. Driven on by cracks from Sabhu's long whip, each woman was crawling, on all fours, round and round he stall like a caged animal in a circus.

The women were blushing with embarrassment and the watching Club members could see that the dog skins were cut away around the breasts, which hung down prettily below them. But that was not all, for when the crawling girls turned so that their backsides were towards the passageway, their hairless beauty lips were also displayed through another cutaway between their her legs. The crawling women made an erotic sight.

One stall, however, was different. As well as several sets of ring were set in the floor, two sets of manacles hung down from the ceiling on chains that could be raised and lowered.

Moreover, this stall in of containing one chained human bitch, held two: the mother and daughter, "A" and "B". Their collar chains were fastened to the same ring in the floor, around which Sabhu was making had made them embarrassingly crawl - again displaying their prettily hanging breasts and their bare beauty lips.

There was an air of expectant anticipation - as if they were all awaiting something rather exciting to happen.

Suddenly the excited barking of dogs could be heard coming from the adjacent kennels. A row of barred kennels opened up into the passageway behind the stalls. Evidently the dogs had now caught the scent of a bitch of heat with which each woman had been unwittingly sprayed between the legs before being put into her stall.

The members smiled knowingly at each other. Oh my God, thought Emma. It couldn't really be happening. Not like this. She wanted to cry and warn the other girls destined, like her, to become human brood bitches. But, gagged as she was there was nothing she could do. So they remained mystified.

Doctor Anna was busy explaining to the members the significance of the dog skins.

'You see.' she was saying in German, 'when I started my experiments in the young woman's prison camp, our stabilising serum was not very effective. We found that it was important for the women to spend a period of canine acclimatisation before being "treated" and put to a dog.

'Canine acclimatisation?' queried one of her listeners.

'Yes, we used to put a girl into the kennels, with the real bitches. There, sewn into a realistic dog skin, fitted with a realistic dog's head that kept her muzzled, fed only on dog food, she had nothing visible to remind her that was really a human being. She soon learned to associate herself with her canine companions.'

'And so?'

'And so, in some strange way, her body became far more receptive to conceiving the alien little creatures that later would be growing inside her.'

'But ...?'

'But,' went on the doctor, 'as we improved the stabilising serum, so this period of canine acclimatisation became less and less necessary. But we still have to restrict a girl's movements during the first month or so after conception. Caging the girl or keeping her in bed is ideal. And I still find we get the best results if the girl is mated in a dog skin. Even if she as no idea that she is being mated for real, her body does.'

'Ah!' murmured the doctor's enthralled listeners.

'Meine Damen und Herren,' Ingrid called out, 'I thought that before we started on the serious matter of breeding your future shooting dogs, we might have a little light diversion, thanks to Frau Engleburg, who you will remember is sponsoring our mother and daughter. As you know she is more interested in breeding her miniature Pekinese than our big shooting dogs - and you may well wonder how these two large human brood bitches could be covered by such tiny dogs.'

'Indeed! Indeed!'

'Well, ' said Ursula with a laugh, 'you'll soon see, how it's done. But could I first remind everyone that none of these girls, except for Emma, realise that they are actually going to conceive. They will be horrified enough when their canine lovers mount them, in what they will think was just an erotic show, put on for your benefit.'

'Yes, ' cut in Ingrid, 'never in their wildest nightmares would they have imagined that thanks to Doctor Anna, they are now ready to conceive a litter of valuable puppies!'

This was greeted with cruel laughter.

'So,' added Ursula, 'just as we have gagged Emma, to prevent her from warning her companions of just what is going to happen to them, so please make in German any comments on what you are now going to see.'

She clapped her hands and nodded to Sabhu.

Sabhu went into the cage holding the mother and daughter. He cracked is whip. 'Down on your backs!' he ordered.

Wondering why they had been dressed up in these strange dog skins and what was going to happen, but too terrified to object, they lay down. Sabhu made them lie next to each so that the head of the mother was near to the feet of the daughter.

Then he fastened their front paws to rings by the sides of their heads. They were both now held helpless. Both raised their heads to look silently at each other, in horrified wonder.

'Raise knees!' ordered Sabhu with another crack of his whip. 'Wide apart!'

The watching members laughed as they heard the mother and daughter give little sobs of despair.

Then Sabhu bent down and fastened their ankles wide apart to the manacles hanging down from the ceiling. Then he slipped a cushion under each woman's hips, raising their bellies. He now sprayed their now well displayed beauty lips with a strange smelling spray and rubbed a little oil between them. He ran his fingers along them. Yes, they were nice and slippery.

Then he stood up and looked down at the women. Yes, they were now both ready. He nodded to Ursula.

'Yamoto,' she called out, 'bring out the lovers for "A" and "B". We'll have "B"'s first.

There was rattling noise from behind the stalls as if the gates of two kennels were being opened to let out two dogs. There were foot steps along the passageway at the back of the stalls. Then the members saw Yamoto appear at the gateway in the wall at the back of the stall holding the mother and daughter. He unlocked it and stepped into the stall.

There were gasps from the members as they saw that he was holding the leads of a tiny and beautifully groomed miniature Pekinese. The little dog was pulling on his lead eagerly as if he could not wait to get at the two prostrate women.

Watched with horror by her mother, he led it up to between her daughter's raised and outstretched legs.

'No!' screamed the mother, to the delight of the watching members. Then a stroke of Sabhu's whip across her raised belly silenced her.

The daughter gave a sudden start as she felt something between her legs. Seconds later she felt something soft and exciting on her beauty bud. Horrified, she raised her head and looked down to see Yamoto holding back the little dog by it's lead.

'No!' she, too, screamed. There was burst of laughter from the watching members and then she, too, was silenced by a stroke of Sabhu's whip.

Yamoto now tied the dog's lead to a ring in the floor so that he could do no more than go on licking the exciting smelling lips.

He then gagged both women lest they upset the other still unsuspecting ones and went back to the rear passageway. Moments later he led in another miniature Pekinese. It, too, needed no urging as, watched by the appalled daughter, he led it up to between the mother's legs and fastened it's lead similarly top a ring between her outstretched ankles.

Soon both dogs were avidly licking their helpless tied down mates. Soon Nature began to take over. Soon their little pink manhoods emerged from their hairy sheaths. But that was not all for, first the horrified mother, and then her daughter felt themselves beginning to respond. How awful! How shame-making! And not only in front of all these dreadful people, but in front of each other as well!

Then Yamoto loosened the lead of the dog between the mother's legs and picked up the front paws of the little Pekinese between the mother's legs and put them on her naked belly. The dog gave an excited little yapping bark. His little manhood thrust between the slipper beauty lips.

Moments later, the delighted sponsor, Frau Engleburg, and the laughing spectators had been fascinated to watch the each little Pekinese wriggling backwards and forwards on the wriggling woman's belly. Each tiny manhood had jabbed in and out, whilst screaming behind their gags and still chained down, both the mother and daughter had writhed and struggled in vain to throw off their ravisher - and eject their fiercely probing little manhoods.

However, the more the woman writhed, the more excited each dog became until finally each deposited his seed up inside his mate.

Minutes later it was all over.

The two dogs were back in their kennels and the gagged mother and daughter were still lying tied down in their stall.

Frau Engleburg went into the stall, and looked down at the two glistening beauty lips. There was no sign of any semen. It had all been well and truly planted up inside them.

She reached down and patted the two naked and raised bellies. Above their gags, the beautiful mother and her pretty daughter silently looked up at her with horrified resentment.

She laughed at the thought of how even more horrified they would be if they realised that they were being kept lying on their backs with their legs raised so as to allow the seed to work it's way up them and then, finding what Doctor Anna had earlier carefully inserted in them, perform it's natural function.

Neither of them had an idea of what was taking place inside them: a strange multiple conception!

## 31 - THE MATING OF EMMA

Emma was suddenly aware that everyone was gathering round her stall.

She saw her sponsor, the cruel Baron, in the front. He was talking and laughing to the others with a proprietary smile. She saw Ursula standing next to him, her eyes glistening. She could hear the excited barking of the dogs. Oh my God, she thought, is this it? Am I, am I now really going to be mated?

She wanted to runaway but her heavy collar chain stopped her. he wanted to scream and protest, but her gag prevented her.

The lights in the other stalls were dimmed, leaving Emma's brilliantly lit up. The fact that, unlike the other unsuspecting girls, she knew only to well what was in store for her, made it all the more exciting for the spectators.

'Stay on all fours' Sabhu ordered. Although, he knew, it was not practical with very small dogs like the miniature Pekinese, Doctor Anna always preferred a human brood bitch to be mounted in the natural way from behind, with the girl on her knees. It was the position she had always used in her experiments with girl prisoners and fierce Alsatian police dogs in the East German prison camp.

Emma gasped as Sabhu pulled her collar chain through the ring to which it was attached, pulling her neck down to the floor of the cage. Then he parted her legs wide and fastened her ankles to other rings. She was now held with her buttocks raised and her back sloping down prettily to her shoulders. She was held wide open and helpless, sideways on to the watching members.

'This position will ensure that the dog's seed slides happily down inside her,' She was horrified to hear Ursula explain to the watching members. 'We want to get a really good conception, so that her sponsor, the Baron, gets his money's worth!'

The Baron getting his money's worth! He was paying Ursula to use her body for breeding puppies! She wanted to scream out in protest, but her gag held her silent.

She felt Sabhu spray something cold and strong smelling on her on her exposed beauty lips.

'Now our lovely human brood bitch will be irresistible to her lover,' she heard Ursula explain. 'But, with a girl like this, there is one infallible way to make sure that her body is ready, too. The cane!'

She nodded to Sabhu. he came up slowly to he now terrified Emma, swishing his cane-like long dressage. Horrified she could feel herself becoming moist at the mere sight of it.

Three times Sabhu brought it down across her bottom - not too hard but hard enough he knew, to have the desired effect. Three times she screamed - much to the delight of her audience.

Then she felt Sabhu feel between her legs.  He parted her beauty lips. She felt him put his fingers inside her.

'The bitch is nice and ready, Miss de Vere,' he reported. Then just in case horror at what was going to be done to her made dry up, he smeared a little oil inside her.

Emma began to tremble as she now heard footsteps in the corridor behind the line of stalls. Oh my God, she thought, that awful Yamoto must going to fetch the dog I'm going to be mated with. She heard the barking reach a crescendo. All the dogs wanted to get at her!

Never had she felt so utterly in the power of her implacable Mistress. Oh what a fool she had been to deceive her with Henry.

She trembled even more as she heard the door of particular kennel being opened. Oh my God!

The watching members laughed cruelly as they saw her eyes rolling in horror above her gag. Yes it was highly amusing having one woman well aware of just what was going to be done to her. And the fact that she was a respectable English, upper class, married woman made it all the more piquant. How clever, they thought,  Ursula and Ingrid were to ring the changes in this way.

Suddenly Emma heard the door at the back of her cage being unlocked. She tried to peer round.

She could just see Yamoto stepping into her stall.  He was holding a lead. The lead was holding back a large Red Setter with a long silky coat. The dog was pulling at his lead and growling. Terrified she tried to move away, but she was held tightly by her chains. She could not move at all.

Again she tried to scream, but all that came out past her gag was a little moan. Desperately turning round to look, she saw that Yamoto was leading the drooling dog, slavering with excitement, up behind her.

She tried to scream again as she felt him sniffing her. Horrified she saw that his pink manhood had emerged. Oh my God!

Suddenly she felt his tongue. It was persistently lapping. She felt herself beginning to respond. Oh the shame!

'Look how our English lady is welcoming the attentions of her lover!' she heard Ursula call out. Oh the humiliation! But there was nothing she could do to stop herself.

'Release him, Yamoto!' she heard Ursula order.

She heard a metallic click behind her and suddenly she felt the dogs paws gripping her waist. He was mounting her! Mounting her just like he would mount a real bitch!

She could feel his manhood pressing between her beauty lips as he alternatively gripped and released his hold on her waist. Desperately she tried

to close her beauty lips, but with her legs held so wide apart she was quite unable to do so. She felt so helpless!

Suddenly she was penetrated!

Again she tried in vain to scream. Again she tried in vain to repel the hard invader. Oh my God!

She could now feel his haunches driving to and fro, and as they did so, so too his manhood was driving in and out, in and out. It was terrible. She could do nothing but kneel there and accept it - and to her horror she could feel herself responding more and more. Soon, against her will, she too was moving her haunches to and fro to meet her canine lover's thrusts.

'Oh look,' came Ursula's voice, 'the little bitch is enjoying her mating!'

Emma blushed. Oh the shame!

But now she could feel the manhood swelling inside her. She felt locked to the dog. Moments later she felt his seed being injected up inside her. Oh God! There was nothing she could do about it. She heard laughter from the watching audience.

The manhood inside her was still huge. She was still locked to the dog. She felt him relax his grip with is forepaws on her waist. Then she felt him swing round so that, still linked by his swollen manhood, she was now held pressing her backside against the dog's hindquarters. It was a terrifying and painful feeling.

She was held like that for several minutes. Desperately she tried to expel the seed inside her. But the swollen manhood prevented her. Was this, she thought with horror, Nature's way of ensuring a good conception. How awful!

'I think we can assume that the dog's seed is now well and truly deep inside our little bitch,' she heard Ursula say with a careless laugh. 'So I think we might now assist the separation.'

Suddenly Sabhu emptied a bucket of cold water over their two backsides. It was enough. She felt the manhood shrink inside her and then slip out.

'Good Dog!' cried Ursula, as Yamoto refastened the lead, ready to lead the dog away. 'I think we should thank him for a job really well done.'

Emma heard a round of applause led by her sponsor, the awful Baron. She saw the Baron pat the dog and give him a piece of chocolate as a reward. Nothing for me, she thought angrily.

Sabhu now came over to her, carrying her shiny breeding belt. He positioned it over her exposed beauty lips and, pulling it tight round her waist and up between her buttocks, locked it firmly in place.

Then he ceremoniously presented the Baron with key.

The Baron took it. There was more applause and then he handed it onto to Ursula'

'Look after her carefully,' he said speaking German. 'I do not want her to lose her puppies.'

'Don't worry, Baron,' replied Ursula in German. 'I'm personally going to see that she doesn't.'

It was as well that, once again, Emma did not understand what was being said, for the Baron then continued: 'Good! I should like to come and inspect her progress at her home - perhaps, to make it more interesting, when her husband is there, too. You say he will be quite unaware of what has been done to his wife?'

'Yes, indeed, Baron. I will arrange to take you there for an interesting weekend visit. You will not be disappointed!

'Now' announced Ursula in English, 'we must leave our little English lady tied down as conception takes place.

Conception! Oh my God, thought Emma.

'Yes,' went on Ursula, speaking again in German so as not to alert the other girls to their fate, 'we must move onto our other little mothers-to- be. All four them will be mated simultaneously with their chosen mates, so you'll be able to move from stall to stall and watch it all taking place.'

The light in Emma's stall was switched off and she was left alone still chained kneeling with her head down and her buttocks raised. She could feel the dog's semen still sliding down, relentlessly, deeper and deeper into her. Constantly she tried to expel it, but to no avail.

Nature she realised was taking it's course and there was nothing, absolutely nothing, she could do about it. How awful.

As she lay there writhing helplessly in her chains, she could hear the other girls being mated in the other stalls. Poor things, she thought, at least she knew what was happening to her, whereas they thought they were merely part of an erotic performance put on he benefit of the guests, and had no idea of its's real implications - nor, indeed, that the planned outcome was scientifically possible.

It was later that night that Doctor Anna gave each girl a sleeping pill. Then treated like delicate flowers about to come into bloom, they were all carefully taken back to their cellars and, once again, chained down on their backs.

The members left the following morning, with each exuberant sponsor paying a farewell visit to his still sleeping girl.

# PART VII

## THE BROOD BITCHES - ON DISPLAY AND DELIVERING

### 32 - PREGNANT - AND MADE TO LIKE IT

Half drugged and only vaguely aware of what was happening, the girls remained chained on their backs for three days, whilst Doctor Anna satisfied herself that each had taken.

Emma was vaguely aware of Sabhu embarrassingly making her perform.

'For Doctor Anna,' he would see as he took away a bottle. 'She want to be sure you took!'

Then finally on the third day, Sabhu ushered Ursula and Doctor Anna into the cellar. The doctor was holding a clipboard with a list of tests and results.

'Yes,' Emma heard her saying as she looked at the clipboard, 'she's shown positive consistently since her mating, whereas before she was definitely negative. Yes, there's no doubt now that she's taken - just like all the others. You can now send her home and let Nature take its course.'

'Oh!' cried Ursula. 'I'm so glad!'

She knelt down and took the helpless Emma into her arms.

Emma was thrilled. To be back in her Mistress's arms again! Just like the old days before she had so stupidly run off with Henry.

'I'm so thrilled little Emma!' Ursula whispered. 'It's all going to be so exciting having you carrying a litter of puppies for the Baron. And you deserve it as a punishment, don't you naughty little girl?'

'Yes, Mistress, 'she had heard herself whispering back.

'Well, the Baron is very rich and he's paying me a lot of money for the use of you body, little girl, and so your Mistress is very pleased with you now. You're going to earn her a lot of money.'

Her Mistress was pleased with her. Oh how wonderful!

'Oh yes, it's going to be very exciting, isn't it?

'Yes, Madam.' she had found herself whispering back. And the awful thing was that she had really meant it. 'But, Mistress ...' she had begun, thinking of when John would be coming back.

'No buts, little Emma! No questions! All you need to know is that your kind Mistress is going to take care of everything. So just thank her for giving you the chance to get back into her good books again and of becoming her favourite little mother-to-be!'

Her favourite! Oh how exciting!

'Oh, thank you, Madam. Thank you,' she had whispered fervently.

'And thank her properly for choosing you to be one of my little Extra Specially Sponsored girls. Oh, it's going to be so exciting, isn't it, watching your little tummy grow and grow,' said Ursula giving Emma a proprietary hug. 'Aren't you thrilled?'

'Oh yes, Madam! Oh yes,' Emma cried only vaguely aware that she was being brain-washed into accepting her new state.'

'So thank our kind Mistress properly!'

'Oh thank you, Mistress, thank you,' cried Emma overwhelmed with happiness at being back in her mercurial Mistress's good books again.

'Kind Mistress, you silly girl, your kind Mistress,' repeated Ursula, harshly, her eyes glistening with excitement. The girl was actually going to thank her for having had her mated! Indeed, she was damn well going thank her - or she'd have her thrashed by Sabhu!

'Oh yes, my kind mistress' cried Emma genuinely distraught at having annoyed her Mistress, just when she thought they were friends again. 'Yes my kind Mistress.'

'That's better, little girl,' said Ursula now apparently mollified by Emma's contrite tone of voice. 'But say it properly,' she cooed like a Nanny talking to a contrite little child. 'Lisp! Just like I taught you to do - and say just what it is you want to thank your kind Mistress for doing.'

'This little girl,' lisped Emma happily, 'thanks her kind and beautiful Mistress for ...' She faltered.

'For allowing little me to have a Happy Event, for my adorable Mistress, whom I love more than anything else in the world ' prompted Ursula, giving Emma another reassuring little hug. 'Well, little girl?'

Emma hesitated, but only for a moment. She was feeling so happy again, so thrilled to be in her Mistress's arms again.

'For allowing little me to have a ... a Happy Event for my adorable Mistress ... whom I love more than anything else in the whole wide world!' she whispered ecstatically.

'And so are you very excited at the prospect, little girl, are you?' whispered Ursula.

'Oh yes, Madam. Oh, yes!' Emma cried out happily. 'I do want to please my Mistress!'

'And whilst it's all going on you're going to be so utterly and excitingly dependent on me, aren't you, little girl'

'Oh yes, Madam, oh yes,' cried Emma fervently.

Ursula closed her eyes in ecstasy. Oh, the feeling of power that was surging through her: to have made a married woman knowingly conceive a litter of puppies; and then to be thanked for it! To have her so completely and utterly under her thumb!

An hour later, having been given more sleeping pills, the girls were loaded into two private ambulances, one driven by Sabhu and the other by Yamoto. The windows had been painted over and Emma could not anything as they drove off.

But she was sleepy that she was fast asleep before they even reached the end of the long drive.

## 33 - BACK AT HOME - AS A FUTURE MOTHER-T0-BE

Emma slowly woke up. Her brain equally slowly cleared. She vaguely began to remember with horror the events at the Special Event. She began to remember what had been done to her. It just couldn't be true!

She opened her eyes. She was in her own bedroom in her own house, wearing one of her pretty nightdresses. Goodness! So had it all just been a horrible and vivid dream? Oh thank Heavens! Perhaps Ursula wasn't so awful and vengeful after all?

She looked out through the windows. The garden was looking so lovely and inviting. She started to get out of bed to go and have a closer look. But she couldn't do so! Her ankles seemed to be somehow fastened to the bottom of the bed.

With her ankles apparently held about a foot apart, she was having to lie on her back. She could feel a long bolster under the sheets in the small of her back, pushing up her tummy. She vaguely remembered having been made to lie like this in that awful cellar after ... after ... her mating with the Red Setter dog. Oh my God! So it wasn't a dream! It was real.

Horrified she now vaguely remembered Doctor Anna smilingly telling her that her mating had been successful and that she could now go home and let Nature take its course. Vaguely she now remembered being loaded on a stretcher into an ambulance, with several of the other girls - and promptly falling asleep.

Let Nature take its course? Certainly not! How dare Ursula use her in this degrading way.

She remembered the chain mail breeding belt. She put her hands down below the bedclothes. Her belt was firmly in place. Oh my God!

She tried to sit up and lift up the bedclothes to have a look at the chains holding her ankles. But her head also seemed to be chained down. Frantically she put her hands to her neck. She felt a leather collar fastened round her neck!

Horrified, she found that it was fastened to a ring at the back of her neck was a short lent of chain. The other end was, she discovered, fastened to a ring at the top of the bed.

She was, she realised, chained down on her back, not only by her chained ankles, but also by her chained neck.

Suddenly her hand touched a strangely raised section of the collar behind her neck. She felt a little keyhole.

My God! It was the same collar that she had been made to wear in her house before Sabhu had taken her off to the awful Special Event.

Again she looked out of the window into the garden. She remembered the horrible invisible ring round the garden that had kept her in it. She remembered the awful shocks she had got from her collar if she ever tried to cross it. It was a system devised to prevent dogs, wearing the collar, from straying. But it had worked just as well for her, too.

Goodness! Ursula was certainly determined to make her carry the puppies. The belt kept her from getting at them. Being chained down on her back made sure that they would establish themselves well. And the collar made sure that, even if she was able somehow to escape from the house, then she would not be able to get beyond the garden fence.

She tried to call out. But something like a baby's dummy had been put into her mouth and locked round her neck. With her gloved hands she could not get it off.

She lay back in despair. It was all she could do. She was indeed being made to lie back in bed and let Nature take its course.

She remembered the auction and the horrible German Baron, her sponsor. She must be being kept on her back to make sure that her ... her progeny ... the property of her sponsor ... property for which he must have paid a considerable sum ... were not disturbed and that there was no miscarriage.

Would her sponsor not pay Ursula in full until she had successfully delivered her progeny, live and well? Was this why she being held like this, lying helplessly on her back?

She wondered what had happened to the other girls - and to the lovely mother and daughter. Had they too conceived, and were they being held equally helpless in the cages in Ursula's house and under the supervision of Sabhu? Were they blissfully unaware of just what had happened to them? For the greater amusement of their sponsors? Oh, how cruel!

Why had she been separated from them and brought back here? To prevent her from telling the others the truth about what had bee done to them? And because her husband was due to come back soon for a short visit? She knew that Ursula was often in touch h with him behind her back - in the guise of kindly looking after his wife whilst he was away.

But how were they going to hide her state from him?

But at least, she thought, this meant that she would no longer be in the terrifying thrall of Sabhu. Surely she could get round Mrs Maunder and slip away to have an abortion?

She remembered how excited she had been when Ursula had reassuringly taken into her arms. She remembered how she had thanked her for making Expect a Happy Event. hew knew she had meant it then, but here back in her own house, and in the clear of day, it all seemed very different. Unbelievable! Horrible!

Suddenly her thoughts were interrupted by a large, powerful looking woman, dressed as a hospital nurse, coming bustling into the room.

Emma gasped as she recognised the Dragon, as she had before secretly called Doctor Anna's confidential nurse. She was, Emma knew, a woman who stood no nonsense - almost as terrifying as Sabhu himself.

She had, Emma knew, worked with Doctor Anna in the young woman's prison camp in East Germany were the doctor had carried outer medical experiments - experiments which were responsible for the state in which Emma now found herself.

Had Ursula sent her here specially to take charge of her? Was it she who had fastened her ankles under the bed clothes? Was it she who had put those immobilising gloves onto her - and the collar - and the dummy in her mouth?

Had Sabhu handed her over to the Dragon after dropping her off here, and then gone on to Ursula's house with the other half drugged girls in the ambulance?

The Dragon came and stood at the foot of her bed, her strong looking akimbo across her starched nurse's uniform. For once, she was smiling as she looked down on the now cringing Emma.

'So,' she said in her strong German accent, 'our pretty little future mother has woken up, has she? Well, it's time she had her medicine and her glass of milk. We don't want her losing her little baby puppies, do we? We want our little girl to be her nice and strong so that she'll earn lots of money for her Mistress and deliver a healthy and strong litter of puppies to her sponsor.'

Emma tried to protest but all that came out past her dummy was a little gurgling noise.

'No, little Emma, don't try and talk - or ask any questions. Real brood bitches can't talk and I don't want you to either. And one of these medicines will make you feel nice and drowsy'

She opened a cupboard door and pointed to a cane hanging on a hook on the inside by its curved handle. Emma looked at it with alarm as if mesmerised with fright.

'I'm going to leave it here for you to see. If you try to talk, or if you disobey me, or if you don't eat up your special food that Doctor Anna has ordered for your puppies, then you'll get six strokes - across the front of your thighs so that your little babies won't be affected.'

Emma could not take her eyes off the cane. To be caned by this powerful looking woman across her sensitive thighs!

'Yes,' the Dragon went on, 'that's how in the prison camp we used to punish girls like you - Expecting a Happy Event.'

A Happy Event! Emma's eyes were on stalks.

'Now,' said the Dragon, coming over to the bed, 'I'm going to undo your little baby's dummy for a moment. But remember: not one word - you'll get the cane.'

She then undid the dummy, poured out a teaspoonful of medicine and pushed it down Emma's throat. It tasted horrible.

'Ugh!' she cried, pushing aside another teaspoonful of the same medicine. 'What is it? What does it do? I'm not having any more of that! '

'How dare you question what I give you,' shouted the Dragon, smacking Emma hard across the face. 'You insolent girl! I warned you not to speak. Now you get six strokes!'

She went across to where the cane was hanging.

'No, please, no!' cried Emma. 'I'm sorry, Nurse,' she added in a contrite tone of voice.

'Yes, you will be!' answered the Dragon grimly as she returned to bed, the cane in her hand. She bent it nearly double with both hands and then let it sprig out straight again. Then she pulled back the bedclothes. 'And another word from you and it will twelve strokes.'

Emma gasped and lapsed into a terrified silence. She had a had a brief glimpse of two short chains that were fastened to manacles locked round her ankles and to the railing at the foot of her bed. No wonder she had been unable to get up.

'Raise your belly.' the Dragon ordered, 'knees together and hold up your nightdress. And remember one word more and it will be twelve!'

Seconds later there was a whistling noise and Emma tried to stifle a scream as she felt a line of fire across the fronts of both her thighs. The pain was awful.

The Dragon waited.

'Raise your belly for the next stroke,' at last she said.

Again there was the whistling noise. Again a half suppressed scream. Again a long wait.

Four times more the cane was applied. Emma was half out of her mind. Never again, she vowed, would she say a cross word to the terrifying Dragon.

Satisfied that she had now beaten any idea of being insolent or disobedient Emma, the Dragon hung up the cane again. But she left the cupboard door open so that the cane could be seen. Emma could scarcely take her eyes off it.

Moments later, the Dragon held out another teaspoonful of the nasty medicine and this time it was an obedient Emma who silently swallowed it.

'Good girl! Now that you've learned our lesson, I think we can take off your gloves and remove your dummy. But remember, the slightest sign of insolence or disobedience - and back they go!

It was a week later, a week that for Emma had passed in a half drugged haze. The Dragon had treated Emma as if she was a sick little girl, unable to do anything for herself and kept firmly in bed, kept lying on her back by her chained and parted ankles. She only sat up to pass her wastes under the supervision of the Dragon or to be spoon fed by her.

'Now eat up this specially nourishing food that Mrs Maunder has prepared,' the Dragon would say with a warning glance at the cane that was still hanging menacingly from the cupboard door. 'Remember you've got to feed your little puppies, too,'

Then suddenly that morning, much to the Dragon's delight, Emma had had her first morning sickness.

She had heard the Dragon telephoning her Mistress and then Doctor Anna with the good news.

Ever since, the Dragon had been in a state, tidying and re-tidying the room, writing up the records of Emma's daily temperatures and natural functions, and making sure that Emma's little baby doll nightdress was spotless and her hair nicely combed and brushed. She even put on a fresh nurse's uniform herself.

Suddenly Emma heard the noise of a car on the drive.

Moments later the door opened in came a smiling Ursula dressed in a well cut beige suit with a matching green and brown spotted silk scarf. She was carrying a small, expensive looking, Gucci canvas bag. Oh, how smart and sophisticated she looked, Emma thought wistfully. What a contrast to her own simple little shorty nightdress.

Oh, how competent and self-assured her Mistress seemed. She could feel her own antagonism fading. Did she really hate and resent her Mistress for having so ruthlessly had her mated with a dog - mated for money. Or had her Mistress's very ruthlessness made her respect and worship more than ever?

'Well,' Ursula asked the Dragon, 'and how's my little mother-to-be been behaving herself?'

'Oh, she's learned to be a good and obedient little girl,' replied the Dragon, 'and is settling down nicely now to letting let Nature take its course.'

'With a little encouragement, no doubt,' laughed Ursula, catching sight of the cane hanging in the open cupboard.

The Dragon smiled.

Ursula called a caning "a little encouragement"! What a seemingly innocent and yet really quite terrifying phrase, Emma thought. And how humiliating to be talked about as if she were a mere child. But at least her Mistress was taking care of her.

Then she moved her ankles and felt the chains. Some care! But it was, after all, perhaps, all rather exciting: being kept chained down and made to carry her puppies - especially now that her Mistress had come to see her? Oh, how confusing it all was ...

The short plump figure of Doctor Anna had also appeared, looking as sinister as ever. The Dragon handed her Emma's records.

Meanwhile Ursula had sat down on the side of the bed, bending down to kiss Emma. Emma was intoxicated by her scent. Her anger at what had been done to her evaporated. Her Mistress, her kind Mistress for whom she was going to have a Happy Event, had come to see her. Oh how exciting!

She blushed as she heard Ursula, her beloved Mistress murmur: 'And what a pretty little future mother she looks.'

Emma could feel herself blushing with delight. She just loved compliments, especially from her Mistress.

'And isn't it exciting, being my own little Emma again?'

Her Mistress's own little Emma again! Oh how wonderful!

'Oh yes, Madam!' she whispered back

Ursula eyes glittered as once again the feeling of power surged through her.

'And isn't it exciting being a lovely little brood bitch and being in whelp to earn money for your Mistress.'

A brood bitch! And in whelp! For a moment her resentment and horror returned. But Ursula cleverly whispered: 'Isn't it exciting my little Emma?'

'Oh yes, Madam!' Emma found herself whispering back.

'And isn't it even more exciting knowing that you can do nothing about it and that you're again completely in my power?'

'Oh yes, Madam,' Emma again heard herself murmur

'Well your kind Mistress is going to take care of you and make all the arrangements for your Happy Little Event. Oh, aren't you thrilled, little Emma?'

'Yes, Madam,' Emma cried yet again, completely carried away by her Mistress.

'As you're being a good girl,' Ursula whispered 'I think I'll let you pleasure me after Doctor Anna has finished looking at you.'

Her wonderful Mistress was going to let her pleasure her!

'And remember that if you don't do it properly, then you'll get the cane,' Ursula added.

The cane! Oh no! Rather than that, she'd make jolly sure she pleased her Mistress. But to her shame she could feel herself becoming moist with arousal under her breeding belt at the thought of being caned by her Mistress.

'No! No! Madam please,' she cried tearfully. 'I'll do it properly. I will! I will!'

'Good!' laughed Ursula, standing up again.

'Please fasten her hands to the bedposts, Sabhu,' said Doctor Anna. I don't want the little brood bitch trying to scratch me.'

Sabhu secured her wrists to the bed head leaving Emma now completely held down on her back with her belly raised, her legs parted and her knees bent.

'Sabhu, please undo the breeding belt,' said Doctor Anna, pulling on a pair of thin rubber gloves. ...

Several minutes later, Doctor Anna stood up. 'You can put her belt on again,' she said to Sabhu. Then, ignoring Emma, she turned to Ursula.

'Our little brood bitch is coming on nicely. She'll soon feel her puppies kicking and then we'll be able to check them on the scan.'

Doctor Anna's harsh words made Emma give a little gasp of despair. But Ursula was quick to give her a little reassuring pat on her cheek.

'Oh isn't that exciting, little Emma,' she said with a happy smile. Then picking up her Gucci bag she went into the next door bathroom.

Doctor Anna and the Dragon now left the room, leaving Emma with her hands still fastened to the bed posts, with the bed clothes pulled down, and her mind racing with a mixture of horror and delight.

She could hear a rustling noise coming from the bathroom. Then suddenly Ursula reappeared. She was now just wearing a long flowing housecoat. It was beautifully cut and made of jade coloured satin. Her eyes on stalks Emma watched her cross the room, pick up the cane and then come over to the bed.

She climbed up onto it and without a word knelt across Emma's head facing her chained ankles, She spread her satin housecoat out around her, leaving

Emma's face under it, in the darkness. She gave Emma a sharp tap on the front of her thighs

'Lick and suck,' she ordered, 'just as you've been taught to do.'

She gave a little cry of pleasure as she felt a soft little tongue dutifully licking her rear orifice. Yes, she thought, Sabhu had certainly trained the girl well! No wonder she had been in such demand by her lady clients.

Ursula looked down at the girl's naked belly. Once again she felt an exciting feeling of power at the thought that soon it would be swelling prettily. A further feeling of power swept through her as she looked down at the shiny chain metal belt that would ensure that the girl could not interfered with the growth of the puppies she was being made to carry.

'Go on, lick!' she ordered hoarsely as her arousal began to peak. She gave the girl another tap with the cane.

Then she swung her legs right round so that she was now facing the head of the head, but once again, with her satin house coat completely hiding the girl's head.

She reached down and pulled the girl's still hidden face up against her beauty lips - and was rewarded with the feeling of the tongue wriggling up and down. Oh the excitement! Then the well-trained tongue began to alternatively tickle her beauty bud and to push it's way between the lips.

She looked down and pulled back the skirt of her house coat sot hat she could see the terrified eyes of the girl as she applied herself to her duty. She could see the leather collar locked round the girl's neck. Oh, even more excitement!

Suddenly she erupted into the mouth of the girl. Oh! Oh! Seconds later she did so again ... and again.

It was a very pleased Ursula who finally again patted Emma's cheek. Silently she got up off the bed and went into the bathroom, leaving Emma frustrated and yet thrilled to have evidently pleased her Mistress.

She heard the noise of her Mistress taking a shower and minutes later a well-groomed Ursula emerged. She hung up the cane and smiled at Emma.

'Well done little girl. I shall tell the Dragon to give you only three strokes of the cane, to encourage you to do even better next time - and then I shall expect to see your little tummy beginning to swell nicely.'

Then without another word she walked out, leaving Emma dreading the return of the Dragon.

Three strokes of the cane!

## 34 - EMMA'S SPONSOR AND HER HUSBAND

It was about a week later. Emma began to have strange dreams about the dog that had covered her. He was the father of her progeny! Oh how masterful he had been. She even began to look on him as her Master, her four-legged canine Master. Oh how confusing! How shameful!

Now she began to notice that her breasts were hardening and filling.

'That's Nature's way of getting you ready to feed all your progeny,' had laughed the Dragon. 'With only two nipples, Nature realises you're soon going to be a busy girl!'

Now, still chained down on her bed, she was snoozing happily, as a future little mother should, when suddenly she was awakened by a jolt in her tummy that made her cry out. It was followed by another one - and another.

The Dragon came running, smiling happily. She put her hand knowingly on Emma's tummy. It was now beginning to curve prettily.

She hastened to telephone the good news to Miss de Vere.

Later that day Ursula arrived with Doctor Anna who had brought her mobile ultra sound scanner.

Once again Emma's hands were strapped to the head of the bed. But this time Doctor Anna ran the small plastic receiver over her belly.

'Yes, look!' Doctor Anna called out. 'Here's one! And here's another.'

Ignoring Emma, Ursula and the Dragon excitedly crowded round the small monitoring screen.

'Look Emma, look!' cried Ursula. 'Your own little puppies! Aren't you a clever girl to have conceived them?

Emma peered at the screen and saw a vague shape. It had a puppy's head and a little tail. Oh my God, she thought. Oh my God! It really was true!

'Here's a third one and another,' cried Doctor Anna. 'I placed six eggs into her and I was hoping to get five embryos - for not all of them are ever successfully fertilised. But four will do very nicely for her first litter!'

Her first litter! My God, thought Emma.

'I'll just run off some still photographs, print-outs from the screen,' said the fat little lady doctor, 'so that you can send them to the Baron, her sponsor. He'll be so delighted to see that he hasn't wasted his money that I expect he'll come rushing over for a closer look.'

Ursula clapped her hands with pleasure. 'Oh I'm so excited,' she laughed, 'you'll now just have to leave me alone again with the girl!'

Again clutching her Gucci bag, she rushed into the bathroom, whilst Doctor Anna and the Dragon packed up the scanner and left the room ...

This time Ursula felt the feeling of power was even greater as she looked down now onto a prettily swelling belly.

## 34 - A BROOD BITCH HAS SOME VISITORS

It was another week later and Emma's belly was now showing well, as Sabhu would have said.

She, herself, did not know whether to be horrified or proud, or both, as, still kept chained down on her back, her natural maternal instincts began to be increasingly aroused. Maternal instincts! For a litter of puppies! Oh my God! But it was true. She could not help now enjoying the strange and exciting feeling of being pregnant.

She still kept thinking of the Red Setter. He was her Master! A dog was her Master!

But she also kept thinking of her Mistress. Her wonderful and capable Mistress who was taking care of her pregnancy - even it was an enforced one.

Meanwhile back in London Ursula was planning to come down for the weekend and to bring with her some visitors to see Emma.

One visitor was going to be John, Emma's unsuspecting husband. He had just flown back from the Pacific for a few days to report his oceanographic results to his scientific colleagues in London.

Mrs Maunder had intercepted his letters and telegrams to Emma announcing his brief return and Ursula had decided not to tell Emma until the last moment.

Another surprise visitor was going to be the Baron, who intrigued by the still print-outs from the scanner had, just as the Dragon had forecasted, flown in from Germany to see for himself the progress of the girl he had Extra Specially Sponsored. The fact his girl's husband was also going to be there had intrigued even more.

But there was also going to be a third visitor as well ...

'Aren't you a lucky girl,' the Dragon suddenly said to Emma one morning. 'Miss de Vere is coming here again this afternoon and is bringing with her your sponsor, the Baron.

'Oh no, not him!'

'Yes, my girl,' replied the Dragon grimly, 'and in front of Miss de Vere you're going to show him your lovely little belly.'

'Oh no!' cried Emma despairingly.

'Oh yes you will, ' said the Dragon, 'or you'll get the cane!'

Yet despite the threat of the cane, and the embarrassment of having to show belly to the horrible Baron, she could not help being thrilled that her Mistress was coming to see her again. It was so lovely being looked after by her - and being so utterly in her power.

'And,' went on the Dragon, 'Miss de Vere will later also be bringing Master John to see you.'

'Master John?' queried Emma, still overcome with thought of shortly seeing her wonderful Mistress again.

'Your husband, you silly girl,' laughed the Dragon.

'Oh my God, 'cried Emma, looking down at her swelling belly. 'What will he say? What will he do?'

'He won't he even know about you state,' replied the Dragon it a smile. 'Doctor Anna will have explained to him that you've had a little heart attack - nothing to worry about, but you must be kept in bed, and no sex! So when he comes see you, we'll keep the bedclothes up and he'll never guess that under them is a prettily curved little belly, carrying a litter of valuable puppies for the Baron.'

'Oh!' gasped Emma. She would be thrilled to see her husband again, but also terrified lest he realised what was going on. 'But how about the Baron?

'Yes, added the Dragon, 'the Baron particularly wanted to come when your unsuspecting husband was also here - the husband of the upper class English woman whom he has paid to have mated for real with a dog!'

'Oh my God!' cried Emma.

'Here's your little brood bitch,' said Ursula proudly as she and the Dragon ushered the unsmiling German into Emma's bedroom.

'Ah! cried the Baron as he took in the sight of a horrified Emma lying helpless in her own bedroom with the ring at the back of her collar chained once again, to the head of the bed, and her ankles chained slightly parted, to keep her flat on her back.

He was followed into Emma's bedroom by Doctor Anna, again carrying her portable scanner.

'I expect,' the Dragon said to the Baron, switching on the monitor display of the scanner, 'you'd like to have a good look at her.'

'Clasp your hands behind your neck,' she ordered the blushing young woman. Then she pulled back the bedclothes and pulled Emma's nightdress up over her head, leaving Emma stark naked, except for her breeding belt and collar.

'Now raise your belly,' she ordered.

The Baron's eyes gleamed as Emma's swollen tummy was nicely displayed. Doctor Anna began to run the head of the scanner over it.

Soon, one by one, the four little wriggling creatures, with their paws and curly tails showing clearly, appeared on he screen.

'Ah ja,' cried the Baron, 'Wunderbar!'

He ran his hand over the prettily swelling belly. 'Very nice,' he commented. Then ignoring Emma he turned to the Dragon. 'Coming on well, I see.'

'Oh, yes, Baron, and she's going to be made to deliver her full litter,' replied the Dragon. She pointed to the chain mail belt glistening below the swelling belly. 'And whether she likes it or not!'

'Ah yes,' said the Baron with a cruel laugh. 'The implacable breeding belt.'

He put his hand down and felt how tightly it fitted over Emma's beauty lips. 'Not much chance of her getting at her puppies!' he commented.

'I should think not!' said the Dragon. 'Not while I'm in charge of her!'

'Now, Emma,' Ursula then said. 'pull up your bedclothes before I bring in your next visitor.

Her next visitor? Not her husband surely? Anxiously Emma pulled up the bedclothes again.

'Yes,' Ursula announced, 'I've got another visitor for our little brood bitch - the Red Setter, Pluto, the father of her puppies.

'Ah so,' cried the Baron with delight.

Emma's mind was in a turmoil when Ursula now brought the dog into the room. He ran over towards the bed, his tail waggling. 'Aren't you going to show him your tummy?' Ursula asked cruelly.

'No! No!' Emma cried. 'I won't! You've no right to ...'

Ursula turned to the Dragon. 'I think we're going to need the cane.'

The Dragon went to the cupboard where the cane was hanging. She picked it up and came back to the bed. She was smiling as she held it both it in hands, bending it and then straightening it out again.

The Baron smiled as he saw Emma give a little shiver at the sight of the cane. Evidently his brood bitch was being kept under strict discipline. Good!

'Alright! Alright!' Emma screamed. 'But not the cane, please not the cane!'

'Oh, yes Emma,' said Ursula angrily, 'I'm not going to have you answering me back. You're going to show your Sponsor what an obedient little brood bitch you are - and show your lover how successful his efforts were.

She paused.

'Now bare yourself for a beating'

Emma pushed down the bedclothes, baring both her belly and her thighs.

Ursula turned to the Dragon. 'Three strokes, please.'

The Baron sucked in his breath.

'Hands back behind your neck,' ordered the Dragon.

Then, as the Baron and Pluto watched, she slowly raised the cane and then brought it down across Emma's thighs.

There was a scream of pain.

'Count!' ordered Ursula.

'One!' Emma cried out. Oh the humiliation of being thrashed in front of the Baron - and of Pluto.

Moments later there was another scream and then another.

'Now raise your belly for your canine lover to see,' ordered Ursula.

With a little sob, Emma did so.

Ursula patted the dog. 'Oh yes, Pluto, aren't you a clever dog! You've given her your puppies!' She laughed as the dog caught sight of Emma's swollen tummy. 'Come and give it a little lick!'

Emma gasped as she felt the dog's tongue on her belly.

'Isn't that lovely, Pluto!' she heard Ursula say. 'Now little girl I want you to pat Pluto and thank him nicely for making you pregnant.'

'Oh no, please!'

'Oh, yes, Emma,' insisted Ursula, her eyes gleaming, 'I want to hear you say it.'

The Dragon raised her cane.

With a sob of despair, Emma patted Pluto. 'Oh, Pluto ...' she began.

'Oh no!' Ursula interrupted. 'You don't call him Pluto, you call him Master!'

'Master!' whispered Emma.

'Speak up girl,' ordered Ursula angrily, '- or it'll be the cane again!'

'Master!' cried Emma.

'That's better, little bitch. Now thank him properly and tell him how happy and proud you are to be carrying his puppies!'

'Thank you, Master,' Emma cried, eyeing the cane anxiously, 'thank so much for ... '

'Go on, say it!'

'... for making me pregnant.'

'And?'

'And, Master, I'm so happy and proud to be carrying your puppies. '

Both Ursula's eyes and those of the Baron gleamed.

'Now,' said Ursula to the Baron, 'I'll leave you with our maternity team whilst I go off to the airport to pick up her returning husband. But remember not a word of what we're doing to him!'

'Of course not,' laughed the Baron cruelly. 'that'll be half the fun!'

'Well,' said Ursula, 'after you've had another good look at your brood bitch, take your car and return here in three hours time with Doctor Anna. I shall then introduce you to the husband as a leading German consultant whom Doctor Anna has asked to come and see Emma after her supposed heart attack. To avoid the husband asking any awkward questions, just pretend you only speak German - to Doctor Anna. If you want to examine the girl in front of the husband, don't bare her tummy. Keep that out of his sight!

'Of course!' laughed the Baron, highly amused by it all. Already his human brood birch had had to display her belly to himself and to Pluto. Now she was going to have to hide it from her husband. Well!

'And you Emma, in your own interests, make quite certain that John does not see that you are now well and truly pregnant!'

'Oh no Madam,' cried Emma, 'it would be too awful if he were to suspect the truth.'

'Well, just make sure that he doesn't - or you'll get the thrashing of your life,' said Ursula grimly. 'Remember that you may be deceiving your husband with a dog, but you're also earning me a lot of money to make up for deceiving me - with a man.'

'Yes Madam,' answered Emma contritely.

Ursula turned to the Baron with an engaging smile.

'I'm sure that you must be finding all this rather arousing! I'm afraid . Emma can't, of course, satisfy you in the normal way, but feel free to make her use her mouth after I take the husband out of the room. The thought that her unsuspecting husband will be in the next door room will make it all the more stimulating ... won't it Emma?'

Oh my God, thought Emma.

The Baron nodded eagerly.

'As a precaution against her husband getting a glimpse of her tummy,' Ursula said to the Dragon, as she left the room, 'you'd better put her into her satin pyjamas before he sees her. And, of course, you'd better take off her collar chain, but leave on her collar - just in case, she's tempted to try and escape. Hide it under a scarf.

The Dragon went to a chest of drawers and pulled out a lovely pair of peach coloured pyjamas and a silk scarf. One by one she unfastened Emma ankles and slipped on the legs of the pyjamas.

A few hours later, Ursula ushered John into Emma's now empty room.

'Don't worry,' she was saying, 'Emma's going to be quite alright soon - provided we keep in her bed for the time being.'

'Darling,' he cried, running over to the bed on which his wife was lying. 'I'm so sorry you've had such a dreadful time.'

A dreadful time! It's lucky, Emma was thinking, as she reached up to kiss him, that he had no idea what had really happened to her. Anxiously she pulled the bedclothes up around her neck.

'But, thank Heavens that it's all over.' he went on.

All over now! How little did he know, she thought. She smoothed the bedclothes to make that her tummy was well hidden. As she did so she could feel the little chains on her ankles. He mustn't see, or hear, these either! Nor her collar, she thought anxiously, making sure it was well hidden by her scarf.

Just then there was a tap on the door and in came Doctor Anna followed by the Baron. Both were now wearing white hospital coats and both had stethoscopes hanging round their necks. With his small pince-nez, the Baron looked every inch an eminent German doctor, which was how Doctor Anna introduced him to John.

'My English,' he said, 'she is not very good.' Then he said something in German to Doctor Anna.

'My colleague says that your wife has made a fine recovery, but he would like to examine her briefly as a check. But please feel free to stay.'

Examine her! In front of her husband! Emma's heart was in her mouth as the Dragon carefully slid the bedclothes down to below her breasts and then undid the buttons on her pyjama top, baring her breasts completely.

Emma blushed as, in front of her unsuspecting husband, the Baron ran his stethoscope over her swelling naked breasts. She did not dare to say a word.

Meanwhile the Baron was chuckling to himself. What a scene it was, he was thinking, with the poor husband having no idea what his dear wife was being made to do - nor what she was about to be made to do!

The Baron straightened up and said something in German to Doctor Anna.

'The Herr Doctor would like to examine your wife privately,' explained Doctor Anna. Ursula smiled cruelly. Any feeling of jealousy over Emma faded, as she realised that the humiliating way in which Emma would have to please the Baron would only increase the repulsion of men that she had paid to have instilled in the girl at the special school.

'Come on!' said Ursula to John, 'we'll leave them to it. I expect you'll like to unpack.' She ushered John and Pluto out of the room.

The Dragon put down the cane and bent down over Emma. She carefully refastened Emma's collar chain to the head of the bed. Then she fastened a

special black gag over her mouth. It had a circular hole in the center and two stiff leather prongs that went into her mouth, stopping her from closing her mouth - or from biting.

'That'll stop her from making any noise - or hurting you,' she explained, checking that the gag was firmly fastened. .

She picked up the cane again and handed it to the Baron.

'I don't expect you'll need this,' she laughed, 'but just in case! Anyway, don't forget to lock the door,' she added as she and Doctor Anna now left the room, leaving the Baron alone with the helpless Emma.

The Baron came up to the head of the bed. He pulled the bedclothes down further and untied Emma's pyjama trousers, baring her belly and breeding belt. She made an erotic picture of helpless womanhood, as she tried in vain to wriggle away or call out in protest.

Thrilled, the Baron ran his hands over his brood bitch's belly and breasts. Ursula would have recognised the arousing feeling of power that was running through him.

'Oh yes,' he murmured, 'I paid to have this done - and you can try and call out to your husband next door as much as you like. He won't hear you. You're at my mercy! You're just my paid brood bitch now - mine!'

He parted his white hospital robe. His erect manhood surged forward. He turned Emma's head towards him.

'Take it!' he ordered raising the cane and thrusting his manhood into the hole in the girl's gag. He was thrilled to feel a soft little tongue.

'Suck it!' he ordered. He looked down at the girls muzzled face. All he could see were her terrified eyes. He again looked down at her swollen belly. Oh, the feeling of power!

Minutes later came another order, this time accompanied by a sharp warning tap of the cane on her thighs.

'Swallow it. Every drop!'

But that was not the only occasion that evening when Emma was made to give satisfaction.

After Doctor Anna and the delighted Baron had departed, with the later the Dragon a handsome tip, Ursula took John back into Emma's room to say good night.

The Dragon was fussing round her, but there was no sign of the case, nor of the cleverly designed gag, nor of the collar chain.

His wife was now lying prettily in her bed, her eyes beautifully made up and sparkling. John had absolutely no idea that only a short time before his precious wife had been forced to give oral sex to the strange looking German - nor that, under the bed clothes, her little tummy was now strangely stretched.

Emma winced as she felt the puppies give a sudden kick just as, watched by a smiling Ursula, John bent down to give her a kiss.

An hour later, Emma was again lying alone in her room. The curtains were drawn. The collar chain had been refastened, keeping her down on her back. The door was locked - and, she knew, only the Dragon and her Mistress had the key.

She thought back on the events of the evening. Only her extraordinary Mistress would have had the gall to make her thank Pluto for making her pregnant - and in front of the Baron. Only her Mistress would have arranged for the delighted Baron to examine her, half naked, in front of her husband. Only her Mistress could have arranged for her to be made to pleasure the Baron under the very roof of her husband.

Suddenly she heard the noise of a key in the door. Now what?

Emma gasped as she saw her Mistress, dressed for bed in a long silken peach negligee, come into the room.

She went to the cupboard and picked up the cane. Checking that Emma was again chained helplessly down on her bed, she got up on it. Soon she was astride Emma, facing the head of the bed, the folds of her negligee spread out prettily around her - and hiding Emma completely.

Momentarily, she lifted up the front of her negligee and looked down at the little face of Emma, now held between her strong thighs.

'Now. my girl,' she whispered, 'you're going to please your Mistress. - and do it properly, as you've been taught to do, or it'll be six strokes of the cane for you.'

Oh, Ursula thought, the excitement as moments later she felt a soft little tongue caressing her beauty under her negligee. Oh, the feeling of power as she thought of John lying in his bed alone next door and of the little puppies wriggling inside Emma's belly.

Oh! Oh!

## 35 - CAGED WOMEN

Sabhu was proudly walking up and down between in front of the line of raised cages in the heated attic of Miss de Vere's house. He had just relieved Yamoto on duty - for with so much at stake financially for both Ursula and Ingrid, constant supervision of the human brood bitches was required.

For once Sabhu was not carrying a whip or a cane. Instead he held a long electric cattle prod, or goad. It had a switch in the handle, so that, pushed through the bars of a cage, it could be used to give a girl a shock. Just how sharp the shock was depended on the position of the switch

It was an excellent way of installing discipline in human brood bitches. Often, just the sight of the goad or the feel of it on her bare skin, would be enough to bring a wayward girl instantly to heel.

There was, moreover, a change from the usual sight of girls kneeling up and gripping the bars of their cages with their manacled hands, as they displayed themselves for his inspection.

With the sponsors from Ingrid's International Sporting Club paying so much for the successful delivery of their litters of potentially valuable puppies, Ursula was taking no chances. As with Emma, for the first few critical weeks of their strange pregnancies the girls were being kept flat on their backs.

Some of the cages had accordingly been modified by the dividing bars and their wooden covers being removed to make a double size cage some six feet long. Running along the front of these cages were now two shelves, one above the other. They were made of metal bars, covered with thick foam rubber.

On each shelf lay a naked, chained, woman. Each was also carefully muzzled with a stiff black leather gag fitted with a zip fastener over the mouth.

Girls Number Five to Eight, Miss de Vere's contribution to the very successful Special Event, were in two of the cages and Miss Ingrid's pretty pair, the Romanian mother "A" and her daughter "B", were in the third cage. There were no other girls now in the cages - only the brood bitches.

Another cage, this time with only one shelf, lay empty - ready for the eventual arrival of Emma. Sabhu was looking forward to getting his hands again on the wayward Emma. However he had been glad to learn that her enforced maternity was also progressing well and that the Dragon was keeping her in order.

He was also looking forward to the Dragon joining him and Yamoto in helping to supervising his team of pretty little mothers-to-be.

As with Emma, to keep the girls flat on their backs, each was held down on her shelf by a short length of chain which linked the ring at the back of her collar to a ring in the wall of her cage by the end of her shelf.

Her ankle manacles were fastened to a similar ring in the wall at the bottom end of the shelf. This chain was sufficiently slack to allow her to raise her knees but not to part them.

As each girl had her first morning sickness, a metal screen had been fitted over her body just below the breasts to prevent her from seeing her now rapidly swelling belly. It was curved at the bottom to fit over the girl's body. To make certain that the girl could not even get a glimpse of her belly through a chink between her body and the metal screen, a heavy black velvet curtain hung down on the far side of the screen.

If a girl disturbed the others by battering on the metal screen in a vain attempt to see what was happening in her belly, then, as a punishment, her manacled hands would be fastened to a ring above her head for several hours.

As further precaution against prying eyes, and to prevent the sponsors and their guests from seeing the state of the other bellies before the Belly Show,

these modified cages were also fitted with side curtains of the same heavy black velvet.

Each little swelling belly was therefore hidden as if in a cocoon. But, of course, by pulling back these side curtains a girl and her naked belly would be well displayed through the bars at the front of each cage, to Sabhu or Yamoto, or to her own visiting sponsor.

A little white notice hung over each set of side curtains and on each Sabhu had written a number: the number of puppies that Doctor Anna's ultra sound scanner had shown that each belly was carrying. Extra Special Sponsorship was not an exact science. Not every egg that Doctor Anna carefully inserted was actually successfully fertilised.

All the curtains had now been pulled back, displaying to Sabhu six little bellies, each already nicely swollen like a little Christmas pudding. Moreover each was shiny for Sabhu liked to keep them well polished, in case one the Sponsors unexpectedly came to see his girl.

Keeping the bellies all well polished also gave a better contact between the girls' skin and the plastic mobile detector of the ultra sound scanner - and a visiting sponsor would, of course, want to see the little wriggling progeny that he had paid to have his, or her, girl conceive.

The sponsor would be even more delighted to be invited by Sabhu to feel the little movements going on under the well polished surface of the belly - for along each shelf a long hinged section of the bars could be unfastened and lowered to give access to each girl's belly and hardening breasts.

The sponsor, delighted to see with his own eyes and feel with his own hands, that all was well, would then invariably give Sabhu a handsome tip.

Yes, Sabhu kept telling himself, he was doing very well out of the results of the Special Event!

Another hinged section along each shelf, gave access to the girl's head, allowing her to be fed and watered - after the zip fastener in the middle of her muzzle had been slipped back. To make sure that the girls did not take advantage of this to call out to each other, particularly the anxious mother and daughter, only one girl was fed or watered at a time.

In the center of each shelf, the thick rubber matting had been cut away under the girl's buttocks to disclose the metal bars that formed each shelf. Through these, the girl's liquid and solid wastes could drop down into a removable collecting tray hanging under her shelf. Each tray was half filled with scented water.

Sabhu had trained each girl to perform into her tray under his supervision and to his order - using his cattle prod as necessary to obtain instant obedience. However, he knew from experience that girls who were carrying a litter of puppies could not always control their wastes - and this arrangement was therefore ideal.

Moreover, the metal screen not only prevented each girl from seeing her swollen belly, but also stopped her from reaching down with her manacled hands to feel her strangely hidden tummy. It also stopped them from being able to get at their beauty lips or from interfering with their happily growing progeny.

This had enabled Sabhu to remove the girls' chain mail breeding belts and thereby making it easier for each girl to drop her wastes tidily into the scented water of her tray.

However each girl's belt was kept hanging from the bars on the outside of her cage, ready to be locked back on, should she ever be taken out of her cage to be paraded in front of her delighted sponsor. On these occasions she would, of course, be blindfolded and have her hands tied behind her back so that she could not see, or feel, her prettily swelling belly.

On these occasions the heavy velvet side curtains were drawn closed along the top end of each shelf. This prevented the other girls from seeing their companion's swollen belly when she was taken out of her cage, and thus realising what was happening to their own ones.

Similarly the very effective leather muzzles prevented them from even whispering to each other to ask what was happening to them.

Each muzzle was held in place by a strap that locked behind the neck. To prevent the muzzle from slipping up, it was designed to fit tightly under the chin.

To prevent if from slipping down, was supported over each corner of the mouth by a two soft leather strips that ran up to the bridge of the nose where they joined to form a strap that ran up the forehead and back over the top of the head to join the other strap at the back of the neck.

To keep this strap in place over the head, two smaller straps ran down from it, in front of the ears, to join the main gag strap.

These muzzles made an erotic sight as well as playing an important role in keeping the girls ignorant of their state.

Yes, thought Sabhu, keeping the girls on their backs like this for the first few weeks had certainly prevented any miscarriages of the of the valuable progeny that the various sponsors were paying so much for her to carry - and deliver!

The muzzles, and the curtains across their bodies, reduced any stress by ensuring that the girls were kept blissfully unaware of just what happening to them.

Indeed, it was Sabhu's proud boast none of the girls had seen their swollen bellies, hidden behind the metal screens and thick curtains, nor realised that they were now Expecting a Happy Event.

To help them pass the time and to keep their minds off what was going on inside their tummies, Sabhu would play childish videos on a large screen which they could watch through the bars of their cages.

It was important, of course, that the eyes of a sponsor, inspecting the swollen belly of his girl, were not offended by the sight of any body hair. So once a week, Sabhu specially lower the hinged bars along each girl's shelf. Then reaching into the cage he would apply his burning depilating creams to each girl's now hidden mound and down along her beauty lips.

It was a process that that would be repeated, accompanied by little moans from behind the girl's muzzle, until he felt with his fingers that the mound and beauty lips were as smooth as that of a little girl.

Sabhu laughed as he now saw six pairs of eyes peering anxiously and resentfully at him over their leather muzzles, through the bars of their cages. They were anxious because they were terrified of his long electric cattle goad and resentful because they did not understand why they were being kept chained down like this.

He laughed to himself as he remembered how a week before each pair of eyes had silently looked up at him with amazement as, one by one, the girls had first felt their little progeny kicking in their bellies, hidden behind the metal screen below their breasts.

He laughed again as he remembered how he had let down the side of their cages opposite their naked bellies and had felt, for himself, the occasional strange little wriggles.

'Don't worry,' he had told each of them. 'It's all just a another little attack of indigestion.'

They had believed him, for none suspected that behind their curtains was a swelling pregnant belly. Indeed such an idea would, he knew, be privately dismissed by each girl as impossible. No man had penetrated her! Even the three awful Japanese wrestlers had only sodomised their girls. And as for the dogs, each girl remembered her Mistress's reassuring words: 'Humans can't, of course, conceive by a animal!'

Sabhu checked that the trays were all now empty, for he was expecting an important visitor, the rich lady sponsor of the mother and daughter.

Indeed just at that moment there was a knock on the door. Sabhu hastened to go over and unlock the electronic lock. He ushered in a smiling, and elegantly dressed, Miss de Vere. She was accompanied by a large, fat woman - the expected sponsor of "A" and "B", the mother the M. Following them was Doctor Anna, dressed in a long white hospital coat. Round her neck hung a stethoscope.

Through the bars of each cage, two pairs of eyes peered above their gags at the visitors. Below their gags, their chained naked breasts could be seen,

but the rest of their bodies were hidden by the curtains across and on the sides of the cages.

'Ah, I see you're taking no chances,' said the sponsor in her native German.

'Yes,' replied the lady doctor, 'it's best, just as a precaution, to keep them like this whilst their progeny establish themselves.

'May I see, mine?' the sponsor asked.

'Of course,' laughed Ursula, leading her over to the cage in which the naked mother was lying above her equally naked daughter.

The woman licked her lips excitedly as she looked at the two women she had had mated to her pedigree Pekinese.

'The breasts are beginning to harden nicely,' said Ursula, nodding to Sabhu to let down one of the hinged sections in both cages. She put her and into the cage of the young girl and felt the nearest nipple. A little moan came from behind the girl's gag. Over it, her eyes were flashing helplessly from Ursula to the sponsor, and from Doctor Anna to Sabhu.

Then Ursula felt the nipples of the mother - and was rewarded by another little muffled moan.

'Feel them for yourself,' Ursula said to the delighted lady sponsor. 'But,' laughed Ursula, drawing back the curtains at the sides of the of the shelves, 'I expect this is really what you what to see.'

'Oh yes!' the delighted woman cried. 'Oh yes! And both of them in the same state!'

Sabhu now also let down the hinged sections of the cages by the well polished swollen bellies. He gave them both a quick final polish with a damp cloth and stood back so that Doctor Anna could run the head of her scanner over first one belly and then the other.

Moments later the thrilled sponsor was looking at the tiny wriggling embryo Pekinese puppies.

'The mother's carrying eight and the daughter six,' explained Doctor Anna in German. 'I hope that's enough for you!'

'Oh yes,' cried the sponsor. 'But will they all live?'

'Well, I thought we might take advantage of using human brood bitches to delay the delivery for a week or so, so that the puppies are all that much bigger and stronger, before they're born.'

'Brilliant!' cried the Pekinese breeder.

## 36 - THE BELLY SHOW - AND A MOTHER AND DAUGHTER LEARN THE TRUTH

It was now just over a month since the women had been mated. Each of their bellies was now well swollen, though they did not know it - for of course, except for Emma, none had been allowed to see or touch their tummies.

The large drawing room in Ursula's house had been transformed into a little theatre with some fifty gilt painted chairs facing a small but well lit raised stage.

To one side of the stage, Yamoto was seated at a desk in front of two video monitors and remote controls for two video cameras sited on either side of the stage. It would be his responsibility that ensure that a full video and sound recording of the Belly Show was made, including close ups, where appropriate.

On the stage was a large blackboard. Three columns had been written on the board. One headed "Woman" showed the five numbers and two letters of the brood bitches. The second column headed "Belly Size" was still blank, as was the third one marked "Number of Puppies".

The draw for the Sweepstake for the largest belly had taken place and seven potentially winning tickets had been drawn - one for each the brood bitches. Each winning ticket was marked with the number or letter of one of the women.

Although individual sponsors and their friends had seen the swollen belly of their own girl, none had seen them all. So the relative size of the bellies remained a mystery.

Standing at the back of the room was an animated crowd of Sponsors, as well as other Members of the International Sporting Club, and their guests. Those with the potentially winning ticket numbers were excitedly discussing their chance of winning the sweepstake. Many of those who had been unsuccessful in the draw, were now eagerly seeking to buy a ticket from those who had been successful. The bargaining was tough.

How appalled the young women would have been had they realised that it was the size of their bellies that would win the sweepstake. But they were still unaware that their tummies were prettily distended.

Indeed, before each woman had been released from her cage, still muzzled and still wearing her collar, Sabhu and Yamoto had carefully slipped a stiff black leather hood over her head to ensure that she still could not see her now much enlarged belly. There were little breathing holes at the sides of the hood, but she could see nothing.

Moreover, each girl's hands had also been fastened behind her back, so that she still could not feel her tummy, nor take off her hood.

Hooded, muzzled and chained, the women were now standing in a little room next to the drawing room under the supervision of the Dragon. They were chained by the neck to a bar running along one side of the room. They could hear the animated voices in the drawing room but had no idea what now lay in store for them.

Ursula clapped her hands. She was delighted to see such a large crowd had turned up - paid to do so!

'Ladies and Gentlemen,' she called out, 'when you have finished bargaining, please take your seats and we will start the Belly Show'.

A few minutes later there was an expectant hush.

Then, through a side door, Sabhu led in a shuffling and hooded woman. Yamoto started the video cameras and sound recording.

Except for her collar and hood, the woman was stark naked and hanging from Sabhu's hand was her shiny breeding belt. Her hands were tied behind her back. Her breasts seemed to be slightly swollen but it was her prettily curved, and highly polished, and gleaming white, belly that caught the eye of the audience.

She was led by Sabhu into the center of the stage. Then he turned her slowly round showing off her belly, onto which Yamoto made one of the cameras zoom in on.

There was a round of applause as the audience recognised the letter "A" prominently painted on her swollen belly, as being that of the attractive Romanian mother - and as they saw that her previously flat little tummy was indeed now showing very well.

Ursula stepped up onto the stage, a tape measure in her hand. Recorded on video tape, she deftly ran the tape round the woman's belly and wrote the result against the letter "A" on the blackboard.

There was a round of applause and the holder of the ticket marked "A" was congratulated by his friends.

Then there were gasps as Ursula wrote the figure "8" in the column headed "Number of Puppies." The woman's fat lady sponsor blushed with pride as she received many congratulations from the other spectators.

Meanwhile several of the more discerning amongst the audience, impressed by the size of the mother's belly and by the number of puppies she was carrying, tried to buy the ticket off the holder. Indeed, deciding that a modest, but sure, profit was better than a larger, but uncertain one, he finally sold it to the highest bidder.

When the excitement had died down, Ingrid now joined Ursula on the stage.

'Now, Ladies and Gentlemen,' she announced, 'let's now allow our unsuspecting but very pretty mother to see for the first time her changed tummy and, as I speak a little Romanian, it'll be interesting to see her reaction when I tell her the truth about what we have done to her.'

Sabhu now fastened her collar to a ring at one side of the stage. Ursula gestured to the woman's fat lady sponsor to come up and join her. She invited the lady sponsor to lift the hood off the woman.

The video cameras caught the moment that she did so, revealing the pretty features of the still muzzled woman, the mother of the teenager "B". She had been beautifully made up and her hair carefully brushed back.

At first she just blinked in the sudden bright light. Then, over her leather muzzle, her eyes became wide open with astonishment as she saw, right in front of her, the woman who had so mysteriously apparently "bought" her services at the auction a month beforehand and who had then, in the stables, allowed her horrible little Pekinese to mount her as a little amusement show for the other Club Members. For her, however, it had been a disgusting event that she had tried to forget.

Then her eyes flashed from side to side in even more astonishment as she saw the audience looking up at her naked body. She blushed as she saw two video cameras apparently zooming in on her. She tried in vain to free her hands and cover herself. As she did so she saw her bloated tummy. A muffled scream came from behind her muzzle.

Again Ursula nodded to Sabhu. This time he slid back the zip-fastener on the muzzle. This eased the pressure on her chin and allowed her to open her mouth - just enough to make her herself understood. It was enough, however, to allow a stream of horrified Romanian to pour out as her worst suspicions were suddenly and brutally confirmed - much to the amusement of the audience.

Ingrid stepped forward.

'Yes,' she said brutally speaking slowly in Romanian, repeating each phrase in German for the benefit for of the spectators, 'your sponsor here ... has paid ... for you to be made ... pregnant.'

There was a cry of despair from the woman.

'But why? But why?' she cried. 'How awful! How cruel! How ... '

Ingrid let the woman rant on. There was no need to translate her words into German. Her anguish was clear for all to see. Then, when she stopped, momentarily exhausted, Ingrid continued: 'But why do you think your belly has so quickly become so prettily curved?'

'Oh!' cried the woman in astonishment.

'Perhaps you're not ... carrying a child after all!' laughed Ingrid cruelly.

''Not carrying a child?' gasped the woman. 'But I don't understand!'

'Perhaps ... you're carrying ... something quite different ... for your kind sponsor.'

'Something quite different!' cried the woman. her voice quavering. 'What in God's name, what?'

Ingrid paused cruelly. There was complete silence Then, finally, she went on: 'Yes ... do you remember ... the beautiful little pedigree Pekinese dog ... with whom your sponsor ... had you mated? ... Well ... thanks to Doctor Anna's clever prior preparation ... of your body ... '

'Oh no! Not ... '

'Oh yes,' repeated Ingrid slowly, 'Thanks to Doctor Anna's clever prior preparation ... of your body ... your mating ... was for real.'

There was a gasp of horror from the woman.

'But ... but that's ... just not possible.'

'Oh yes it is, these days,' laughed Ingrid. 'The miracles of modern medicine ... '

She paused cruelly whilst the woman looked at her, open mouthed.

'And ... the proof that it is possible,' she then went on slowly, 'is that you're now ... carrying ... a litter of lovely little ... Pekinese puppies.'

There was a scream of horror from the woman that was well caught on the video tape.

'No! No! It can't be true!'

'Oh yes it is' laughed Ingrid. 'A litter of eight! ... Eight tiny ... but very valuable little puppies ... Yes, eight!'

There was another cry of horror from the woman.

'Yes, eight,' went on Ingrid, pointing to the figure on the blackboard. 'That's why your tummy is ... already so big. You've already felt them kicking ... as they wriggle inside you!'

'Oh!'cried the woman remembering the strange feelings in her tummy. 'But they must be got rid of quickly!'

'Oh no!' again laughed Ingrid. It was a laugh with which the fascinated audience joined, too.

'You've been kept lying on your back ...to make sure that they had a good start.' said Ingrid.

'Alright,' the woman cried in despair, 'you've had your fun, but now please get rid of them.'

She tugged at her hands, fastened behind her back, as if trying t to get at her exposed, smooth, beauty lips.

'Oh no!' again laughed Ingrid. 'Your breeding belt is now going to be locked onto you ... so that you will just have to deliver ... your valuable little puppies ... safely for your sponsor ... in a month's time.'

The woman gave a scream of utter horror and tried to rush off the stage. The audience laughed again as she was stopped by the chain fastened to her collar.

Slowly and teasingly, Sabhu came up to her holding out her breeding belt.

The woman gasped as Sabhu deftly put the belt round her hips, under her swelling belly, and over her hairless beauty lips.

'Open legs 'he ordered, It was one the few commands in English that she understood.'

'No please don't ... make me ... ' she cried in broken English. The audience laughed.

Then Sabhu pulled the rear chain up between her buttocks pulling the chain mail pouch down tightly down over her beauty lips. He locked it firmly in place in the small of her back and that the pouch fitted snugly.

Then he untied her hands and stood back.

To the great amusement of the audience, she now began desperately to tear at the chain mail pouch. But all in vain.

'So you can all see.' said Ursula, 'how she's going to be made to carry her little puppies against her will!'

She turned back to the mother.

'Now ... I want to hear you thank your sponsor ...for so kindly having you mated with her prize, pedigree, Pekinese.'

'Oh no!' the pretty woman cried

'Oh yes!' replied Ingrid wit as smile. She nodded to Sabhu.

He raised his electric animal goad. He pressed it against her naked right breast. The woman screamed in pain.

The audience were spellbound, sitting forward n the edge of their seats.

Sabhu raised the goad again and made as if he was going to  touch her other breast with it.

'No! Please, no!' screamed the woman.

'Well then, thank your kind sponsor for having you mated!' ordered Ingrid sharply.

Then still watched by the video cameras, the pretty mother turned to her fat sponsor. 'Thank you, Madam,' she sobbed, 'for ... having me mated.'

'For so kindly having me mated ... with your prize, pedigree, Pekinese.'

The woman hesitated, outraged at what she was being made to say. Sabhu slightly raised his goad. It was enough.

'For so kindly having me mated with your prize, pedigree, Pekinese!' she screamed terrified into submission.

There was a burst of applause from the audience. he mother hardly seemed to be aware of it. She now called out: 'But my daughter ... you haven't done the same ...' She was interrupted by another burst of laughter from the audience.

However, before she could finish her sentence Sabhu had quickly closed the zip-fastener over her mouth, tightening the muzzle under her chin and reducing her again to silence. Then, dropping her hood over her head again, he re-fastened her hands behind her back.

Unfastening her lead from the ring in the wall, he led her, stumbling and unable to see, across the stage and fastened her lead to another ring.

There she stood pulling on her lead, moaning beneath her hood and muzzle, and wriggling in vain to free her hands.

Now,' announced Ursula, 'it's time we had a look at her daughter!'

Moments later Sabhu led in, also on a lead, another hooded and naked figure. Yamoto trained one of the video cameras onto her. leaving the other trained on the mother.

The girl's prettily swollen and well polished belly, glistened like that of her mother. On it was painted the letter "B" in red. Her breasts seemed to be firming up nicely for their future role. Her previously virginal pink nipples were now a darker red and they too were more prominent.

Sabhu handed her leash over to the fat lady sponsor who now walked the stumbling girl up and down the stage, proudly showing off her belly.

'Our prize sixteen year old, teenage mother,' announced Ingrid in German, as Ursula now carefully measured her tummy. There was a sudden hush as she crossed over to the blackboard and picked up a piece of chalk.

Although B's slender girlish figure made her belly seem even more swollen, in fact it was a slightly lower number that Ursula now wrote up on the blackboard. Then in the third column she wrote the figure "6".

There was a groan from the holder of the girl's ticket for the sweepstake and a cry of delight from the new holder of that of her mother. Quickly he was surrounded by eager would-be purchasers of his ticket. At first he laughingly swept them aside but then, thinking of that perhaps it could yet be beaten by one of the five bellies they had yet to see paraded, he quickly sold it.

'Look at the girls breasts.' called out Ursula. 'You can see that Nature, knowing that six little mouths will soon be hungrily sucking at only two little young teats is making sure that they will be able to provide sufficient sustenance!'

There was greeted with cruel laughter, making the girl blush under her hood - a blush that slowly spread to her swollen breasts.

What are these cruel beasts laughing at, she wondered.

Suddenly Sabhu removed her hood. The girl gasped in horror as she saw her naked mother and, for the first time saw her mother's swollen belly.

Moments later Sabhu lifted up the hood that covered her mother's head. For the first time also, the mother saw her daughter's belly. Seeing her mother's horrified look, the girl looked down and for the first time saw her belly, too.

Yamoto made sure that the video cameras caught this dramatic moment. Muffled cries came out from under both their muzzles. They looked at each piteously, trying in vain to get at their bellies with their tied hands and pulling usually vainly on their leashes to try and go and comfort each other. It was a scene that was fully enjoyed by the audience and by the women's sponsor, who was herself still holding the girl back by her leash.

Sabhu released the girl's zip-fastener for a moment.

'What have they done to me. Mummy,' she cried out in horror. 'What have they done to you? Surely we can't be ...?'

But her muzzled mother was unable to reply and instead there was a cruel laugh from the audience.

But the girl's cry of horror was even greater when Ingrid told her that, like her mother, she now expecting a litter of Pekinese puppies - six in her case.

Then the zip-fastener in her muzzle was closed again.

Ingrid turned back to the mother.

'Now your zip is going to be opened again, and this time I want to hear you thank your kind sponsor for having had your precious daughter mated too.'

Again she nodded to Sabhu who slid back the zip and then raised his goad menacingly.

'Say it!' ordered Ingrid. 'And speak up!'

Eyeing the goad in terror, and with another sob of despair, the humiliated mother did so. But even that was not enough for Ingrid. Before the woman's zip was again closed, she was also made to tell her kind sponsor how proud she was that both she and her daughter were carrying a litter of pedigree puppies for her - and how she looking forward to delivering them safely for her.

There was more applause and then the daughter was led to stand next to her mother, both now firmly muzzled, both helpless with their hands fastened behind their backs, and both now chained by the neck to the same ring.

Their fat sponsor now resumed her seat amongst her delighted and astonished friends in the audience.

'We'll now a little break for Champagne and canapes,' announced Ursula. But there was no Champagne and no canapes for the two very pregnant naked, and similar looking, women still chained side by side on the stage. Nor was there to be any for the four girls of Ursula's now still lined up outside under Yamoto's supervision, hooded, muzzled, and chained - and wondering what was going to happen.

Nor, indeed, was there to be any for Emma. But, as we shall see, she was in a rather a different state.

A very different state!

## 37 - THE BELLY SHOW CONTINUES AND EMMA IS SHOWN OFF

After Ingrid's dramatic and arousing presentation of her horrified mother and daughter, Ursula decided to play the presentation of her girls on a calmer note.

Except for Emma she presented all four of them simultaneously, whilst Yamoto made sure that his two video cameras caught every moment of the poignant scene.

As with the Romanian mother and daughter, great care had been taken to make sure that they had not neither seen, nor felt their own now nicely curved bellies on which their number was prettily pained, again in bright red. Nor had seen those of their companions.

As Sabhu lead them, stumbling, onto the stage, the audience saw that like the previous two, they were all hooded with their hands tied behind their backs - a position that showed off their gleaming bellies well.

With the mother and daughter again muzzled, neither of these could call out and warn them of the shock that awaited them.

The looks of horror on their pretty faces, as each of their hoods was removed, and they saw their bellies for the first time, was therefore quite genuine - as were the despairing moans that came from behind their tightly fastened muzzles.

Each was told the truth by a cruelly laughing Ursula. Once again the threat of Sabhu's goad was enough to ensure that, as the zip in each girl's muzzle was momentarily slid back, each prettily thanked her sponsor for having her mated and said how proud she was that she was son going to be allowed to deliver her litter to her sponsor.

They then looked on in horror as their carefully numbered bellies were each measured and the result put up on the blackboard. There were groans from the holder of the ticket for the Romanian mother as the belly measurement of Number Seven, her well polished bald cranium matching her equally well polished and prominent belly, took first place.

Although she was only carrying seven puppies as compared to the Romanian's eight, they were, of course, the much larger Red Setters.

Soon, again watched by the video cameras, it was turn of Emma to be brought onto the stage. To make it different, she was lead in by her sponsor, the Baron. Moreover, she was led in crawling on all fours - and dressed in an artificial, but very realistic, Red Setter dog skin. This reached up to neck - leaving her eyes beautifully made-up eyes, and her prettily brushed hair on display over her black leather muzzle.

Nor was that all that was on display for her dog skin had cut away over the breasts and over the belly, both of which now hung down prettily below her. Similarly the dog skin had been cutaway between the legs, baring her shiny chain breeding belt, and over her rounded little feminine bottom.

As with the other girls, Nature being concerned at her ability to feed all her progeny, had cleverly extended her nipples until they were almost teat-like.

To the delight of the audience, these now almost touched the floor as, driven along by touches to her bare bottom of the goad that the Baron was

holding in one hand, she strained at the  lead that the Baron was holding in the other hand.

A burst of applause now broke out as the audience saw that, linked to Emma by a short collar chain, like the couples used to chain young inexperienced hounds to older ones. was a real Red Setter dog - and a male one at that. The lead that the Baron was holding was fastened to this shiny metal couple, half way along its length.

'Ladies and Gentlemen, meet Pluto,' announced Ursula, 'the prize winning Setter and the beautiful woman who is being made, against her will, to carry, and deliver, his progeny: our upper class, married, English woman, Emma.'

There was another round of applause, that made Emma blush prettily. But, oh, the humiliation! She felt even more humiliated when she saw that the Baron was acknowledging the applause - as was his right, as her sponsor, the man who had paid to have her made pregnant.

'Hasn't she made a lovely brood bitch,' she heard Ursula continue in a mocking tone.

Oh, how she hated Ursula, her Mistress, who had allowed this to happen to her - or rather had arranged it all in her desire to seek revenge for one of girls daring to run away with a man.

'Don't they make a lovely couple,' Ursula went on. 'Beauty and the Beast - rather the Beast and his Pregnant Mate!

Again there was more applause and laughter.

Ursula now stepped forward, ran her tape measure round Emma's belly and wrote it up on the blackboard. There was a groan from the holder of Emma ticket who saw that she would not be the winner.

Then under the "Number of Puppies" she wrote "4" - less than most of the girls.

'I'm afraid.' she laughed, 'we had to limit the size of Emma's belly in case her husband unexpectedly came back again and we had to hide it. But we'll make up for it next time, by which time her presently narrow little hips will be nicely spread to carry and deliver a really good sized litter.'

Poor Emma almost fainted at these words. However, a touch on her bare bottom from the goad soon brought her to her senses and she allowed herself, together with Pluto, to be driven round and round the stage to yet more applause.

Finally he Baron brought them to a halt.

'Unlike the other brood bitches, this one, you will remember, knew only too well, right from the start, that she was being mated for real. Thus she had a rather different relationship with her mate, Pluto, than did the other girls with theirs. Pluto was this girl's lover! A married woman with a dog for a lover!

This was greeted with another burst of cruel laughter. The watchers all knew that Emma's maternity was not a voluntary one!

'So, rather than hear her thank her kind sponsor for having her mated, let's make her thank her lover.'

Sabhu now came forward and uncoupled Emma from Pluto. Then leaving the Baron holding Pluto by the lead, he fastened a new lead onto the ring at the back of Emma's collar.

Then taking the dreaded electric goad from the Baron, Sabhu led the still crawling up behind Pluto. Holding her lead taut, he reached down and pulled back the zip over her mouth.

Yamoto caught on tape the moment when kneeling behind the dog, Emma was appalled to see, right in front of her, the dog's hairy black testicles, the testicles that had held the seed that had made her pregnant.

'Well, little Emma,' she heard Ursula say in a mocking tone, don't you think it's time you, a respectable married woman,  repaid the gorgeous, handsome, Pluto, your Master, for letting you conceive his puppies?'

There were titters from the audience. With a shock Emma remembered how she herself had day dreamed about Pluto, and of how she had indeed thought of him as her manly Master. But not like this! Not in public like this! No! No!

'Tongue out!' she heard Sabhu order and to make his point he touched her buttocks momentarily with his goad.

Emma gave a little cry of protest, but she also quickly forced her tongue out through the open zip-fastener.

For once the audience were silent, absorbed by the shameful spectacle. There was a long pause. Emma's mind was reeling,

Then suddenly Sabhu jerked her lead back. Whilst the Baron held Pluto, Sabhu led Emma round to Pluto's head.

'Go on, little Emma,' came Ursula's angry voice. 'Lick him. Lick with your tongue.'

Again Emma hesitated. She just not bring herself to do it.

Suddenly she screamed as Sabhu gave her a sharp shock. Instantly, as the Baron held Pluto still by his lead, she reached forward with her tongue and started to lick, humbly, her Master.

Oh the shame! She lifted her head. Instantly she felt the cold metal goad again on her buttocks. This time there no shock but the warning had been enough.

Again she reached forward and again she licked his head up and down with the tip of her exciting little tongue.

The Baron relaxed his hold on Pluto's lead and instantly the dog began to lick her back.

'Aren't they sweet!' Emma was horrified to hear Ursula cry.

But she was even more horrified to see that, watched by one of the video cameras, the dog's erect bright red manhood had begun to push itself out of its sheath. She was being made to arouse him. At any minute he would mount her!

'Go on Emma, give him a nice farewell kiss - properly.'

As if to warn her to do so, she felt the goad again touching her buttocks. Oh my God! The audience was watching in silent fascination and the other girls in horror.

Then, Pluto was led away.

There was a roar of applause.

'Well done, little bitch!' she heard Ursula say. 'You've done very well! Your Mistress is very pleased with you.'

The shame disappeared. Her Mistress had praised her! Her wonderful Mistress had praised her - and in public.

Meanwhile Ursula was exchanging glances with Ingrid. What a show the two of them had put on! Except for the sponsors, they had charged the audience a lot to come and watch - without telling them just what they would see.

Clearly, however, they all felt that they had had their money's worth.

Ursula turned and looked at Yamoto with an enquiring look. He smiled and nodded, raising both thumbs to show that the video cameras had captured every moment of the erotic scenes.

Yes, the Belly Show had indeed been a great success. Already several of the guests had enquired when the girls would be having their next litters, so that they too could sponsor one of them.

Now, however, it was time to move the girls by to Ingrid's remote Schloss in Germany, to prepare them for whelping.

She had, indeed, already made arrangements for them to be discreetly taken there by ambulance, under the watchful eyes of Sabhu, Yamoto, the Dragon and, of course, of Doctor Anna.

# PART VIII

# EMMA'S PROGENY

## 38 - EMMA IN THE NURSERY

Wearing her pretty little children's frock over her now greatly curved belly and her tight breeding belt, Emma walked awkwardly across the large nursery. Although her dress looked like a child's party dress, it was also, like that of the other girls, specially cut so as to emphases her swelling tummy and to support her increasingly heavy milk-laden breasts.

She went over to join several of the other girls in a childish game of Snap. Except for the Romanian mother and daughter, they had no real common language except a little broken English. So Snap provided a ideal pastime.

Like them she was clutching a pretty little, woolly, toy puppy dog, cleverly given to them by Sabhu to help them quietly accept their fate.

How long was it she wondered since, half drugged by Doctor Anna's pills to keep them quiet, she and three other girls had been taken out of their cages in Ursula's house? Then watched over by the Dragon they had been loaded up into a ambulance driven by Sabhu.

After a long journey during which she had been mainly asleep, they had joined the other three girls, already here under the supervision of Yamoto, in what seemed to be the renovated former children's nursery of a castle. But either Emma, nor the other girls, knew just where the castle was.

But never mind, thought Emma, the nursery was light and airy. It was in a wing of the castle and looked out onto a lovely large park with trees and lawns, and in the background a line of romantically snow covered mountains.

Indeed, like the other girls, Emma could not help being thrilled by what was happening to her. Yes, thrilled she told herself. Now that she was no longer suffering from morning sickness, Nature now ensured that, as her belly grew, she felt wonderful and, above all, strangely fulfilled.

Fulfilled? Oh yes, she thought. And it was all happening so excitingly quickly with her puppies now wriggling away all the time.

Emma and her companions were indeed being brain washed into thinking that this was the most natural and exciting thing that had ever happened to them.

It was a feeling that was further encouraged by the walls of the nursery being cunningly decorated by Ursula with large drawings of happy, pretty, little girls playing with adorable looking puppies.

But, in fact, this was no ordinary nursery.

There were bars on the windows and an electronic lock on the door. In one corner was a gynaecological couch with stirrups for holding a girl's leg apart.

Moreover, hanging prominently on a wall, and ready for instant use, was a long whippy cane. Facing it on another wall was a pretty iron-wrought viewing balcony, protected by iron spikes that curved down to prevent a girl, maddened by what was happening to her, from trying to reach up and attack her cruelly grinning sponsor. Next to this balcony was a large mirror.

There were also no beds just a line of rolled up rubber mats which spread out in two neat lines on the floor at night and at resting times during the day, enabled a patrolling supervisor to keep a close eye on the girls - and on the valuable litters they were carrying.

They could also be similarly spread out for Sabhu's twice-daily period of pre-whelping exercises.

Off the nursery was a children's bathroom where the Dragon would daily bathe all the girls in a large old fashioned tub.

It also included two old fashioned loos over which, always humiliatingly supervised by Sabhu or Yamoto, they would pull up their children's frocks and squat, to pass their liquid wastes through the chain mail mesh of their breeding belts.

For their solid wastes, of course, they still had to strain to pull aside white rubber cord that ran up between the buttocks to the padlock in he small of their backs, and which kept the chain mail pouch fitting snugly over their beauty lips.

These loos enabled Sabhu and Yamoto humiliatingly to inspect each girl's wastes and to record them for Doctor Anna.

Perhaps the most striking aspect of the nursery was that to brain-wash the girls into accepting their fate, the walls were decorated with drawings of little girls playing with adorable looking puppies.

The inhabitants of the nursery may have been kept dressed in children's frocks and nighties, and made to behave, and be treated, like happy little girls, but their prettily enlarged bellies and heavy breasts were scarcely those of children.

Moreover, the girls were all wearing strange looking dog collars, like the one that Ursula had put Emma into when she took her home after the terrifying time at the special school.

Like that collar, these ones were nearly three inches wide and made of stiff red coloured leather, strengthened by shiny metals studs. To stop anyone

from simply cutting them with a knife they, too, were edged in rubber covered metal. The only way they could be removed by the small combination lock at the back of the neck.

Also like the collar that Emma had had to wear at her home, these collars had a curious swelling in the back, near the combination lock, and in it was a small keyhole for activating the collar.

Just as Emma had learned that a underground cable round her garden set off violent shocks in her collar if she tried to escape, so here, on arrival, the girls had also been taken by Sabhu out into the park, where a similar underground cable been laid around the Castle, on Ingrid's instructions.

The girls had been shown that, even if they did, somehow, manage to get out of the Castle, unaccompanied, in a desperate attempt to seek a late abortion, they would not be ale to escape.

Nor would they when Sabhu took them out on their leads for their daily airing in the park near to the Castle, or if a sponsor amused himself by similarly taking his brood bitch out for a little walk, waddling along with her huge tummy thrust out.

No, the pain from their collars would stop them dead in their tracks as they tried to cross the clever invisible electronic fence.

The girls were all being subtly made to realise that, whether they liked it or not, they were going to be made to deliver their puppies for their sponsors. The bars on the windows, the electronic lock on the door, the special collars locked round their necks and, above all, the breeding belts locked over their beauty lips, would all ensure that they did just that. There was no way they could escape their fate.

Sabhu wanted the final weeks before the bitches each whelped to be as stress-free and happy as possible. Although they did not know it, each in turn would then be taken out, without disturbing the others, to whelp in the special Whelping Room downstairs in the cellar near the castle kennels.

It was for this reason that the girls were treated and lived like little children. Watched by Sabhu, the Dragon played the role of Nanny, making sure that they all eat up the food that their fast growing puppies needed.

Being in an expectant state the girls often became highly emotional. Several times, the normally stern Dragon had had to take a weeping girl, and even the Romanian mother, to her ample bosom and soothe her like a little girl when, bursting into tears, she had begged her not to make her go through with her terrible and shameful fate.

'There, there,' she would say. 'aren't you a clever girl and your Mistress is so pleased with you. You should be so proud to be carrying a litter of puppies for your sponsor.'

Her exact words may not have been understood by her polyglot charges, but her meaning was clear. The girl would dry her tears and run back to join her friends. Soon she would be sitting at the Dragon's feet as she taught them to chant nursery rhymes and play childish games - as they waited for their time of delivery.

The same thing often happened when Ursula or Ingrid made their daily visits to the nursery to see how their little girls were getting on, their sophisticated and well cut country clothes contrasting vividly with the girl's own childish frocks.

On one such occasion, Emma well remembered, she had been so overwhelmed with worry and shame, and by jealousy of the other girls, that she had flung herself into her Mistress's arms, begging to be allowed to have an abortion.

'Don't be silly, little Emma, you know very well there is no question of that. Anyway, it's far too late now,' Ursula had said angrily, making Emma burst into tears.

Then sitting down and smiling, she had taken Emma onto her lap. She patted Emma's huge tummy, and whispered in her most hypnotic voice: 'You know you love being in whelp, don't you? You just love it! It's all so exciting!'

It was true, thought Emma ruefully. She hated that animal expression, "being in whelp", but it was a state that had certainly brought a bloom to her cheeks and a wonderful feeling of well being, as if it was her natural state.

'Yes. Madam,' she whispered.

'And it's very exciting for your Mistress, too,' murmured Ursula. Indeed the exciting feeling of power over a younger girl was again coursing through her. To have made a young married woman actually conceive and successfully carry a litter of puppies - and against her will! It was mind-blowing!

'And you're pleasing your Mistress very much, little Emma,' she added. And making her a lot of money, she was secretly thinking.

Pleasing her Mistress! Oh yes, thought Emma, all her doubts and fears disappearing, yes, that was what she really loved doing. All her pent-up resentment, at what her Mistress had done to her, was evaporating fast as she listened to her Mistress's hypnotic voice. Indeed, Ursula was very good at brain washing her girls.

Ursula now again put her hand down and patted Emma's belly. 'And you're going to make our Mistress very happy and earn her a lot of money when you whelp like a good little bitch. You'll love that wont you?'

For moment Emma hesitated.

'But I'm so frightened, Madam,' she sobbed,

Ursula gave her a little comforting kiss.

'But you've got nothing to worry about. Your Mistress is taking care of everything. And you know that more than anything else in the world, you adore being totally taken care of by your kind Mistress, don't you?'

'Oh, yes, Madam,' repeated Emma fervently. 'More anything in the whole world.'

'So just relax and pretend that you're a little girl again. You're Mistress's favourite little girl.'

Her favourite little girl! Oh! And to think that she had been jealous of the other girls!

'Oh, Madam,' she had lisped like a child, snuggling up to her Mistress, 'Am I really you favourite? Oh how exciting!'

Ursula smiled knowingly. How easy it was to make these girls eat our of her hand!

'Oh yes, I expect so,' she whispered back, 'but it's just our little private secret!'

A private little secret with her Mistress. Oh! How thrilling!

'But,' again whispered Ursula cunningly, 'you mustn't tell the other girls, or Sabhu will have to thrash you for stirring up trouble and disturbing the happy little atmosphere here in the nursery, It'll just be our little secret!'

'Oh yes, Madam, oh yes,' Emma had lisped back

'And you love now love your little puppies, don't you?'

It was true! It was so exciting, and somehow satisfying, to feel them moving about inside her. It made her feel that they were hers!

'Oh, yes, Madam,' she again whispered. 'it's all so exciting.'

'And for me, too, little Emma,' said Ursula with genuine enthusiasm. 'Now wipe your tears and run back and join your little friends,' Ursula had said, standing up and smoothing her now rumpled dress.

Sabhu was keeping was keeping a close eye on the progress of his human brood bitches.

Their bellies were coming on nicely, especially that of the bald headed Norah, Number Seven, who was carrying no less than seven pedigree Red Setter puppies, and that of the Romanian mother who had successfully been made to carry eight of the smaller Pekinese ones.

Despite the rapidly growing size of the girls' bellies, both Sabhu and Doctor Anna were confident that, unknown to the mothers, their whelping could be safely delayed artificially by a week in the case of Norah and by rather more for the others. In this way the puppies would be bigger and stronger when born and the risk of a few dying would be much less.

As regards the mothers, although carrying their puppies for an extra week was the equivalent of carrying a baby for an extra month, the puppies would still be much smaller than human babies, when born.

However, it was not only the girls bellies that were rapidly swelling up. Their breasts were growing fast, too. It was as if Nature was suddenly realising

that with only two nipples to feed a whole litter, the supply of milk in each breast would have to be greater than for a normal maternity.

Accordingly, Sabhu fitted each of the girls with a special nursing bra of soft leather that supported each, increasingly heavy, breast from underneath. The under support was held up by four two supporting straps two running up the sides of each breast to join the shoulder strap above each breast. In this way the nipples and growing breasts were left bare.

These special leather nursing bras would remain on until after the puppies had been weaned.

However, Sabhu was not leaving matters entirely to Nature. Just as, before calving, a good dairyman "steams up" the udders of his expectant heifers by giving them extra, high protein, cattle cake, so Sabhu was giving his expectant mothers a special high protein feed, too - and was making them drink a lot of milk.

He was delighted to see that already little drops of milk were escaping from his girls nipples - much to their embarrassment.

As she played Snap with her friends, Emma was wondering how soon her time would come and what would then happen.

Like her tummy, Emma felt that her breasts seemed as though they were about to burst. She wondered if Doctor Anna was going to give her an injection to stop the milk coming. She longed to ask, but knew that to do so would risk being caned for "unseemly curiosity and impertinence."

Only the day before, Sabhu had given the beautiful Romanian woman six strokes on her bare bottom for asking what was going to happen to her and her daughter. Now that their puppies were well established, Sabhu and the Dragon were no longer reluctant to cane the girls on their buttocks - as they had been immediately after conception.

Emma wondered if their whelping was being held back by the mysterious pills of Doctor Anna's that Sabhu made them take every morning? But why? Was it to make their puppies stronger when they born?

Was it imagination or had she really overheard Sabhu telling the Dragon that the Romanian mother was being held back so that she and her daughter could both perform together for their sponsor and her friends? Perform together! My God!

Here they were, she thought, well educated grown women being treated just like dumb animals, like mares in a stud, or rather like brood bitches in a breeding kennels - which, of course, was just what their excited sponsors had paid for. But, in their case, of course, the sponsors had also paid to watch girls being humiliated and degraded. Degraded! Oh, how awful!

But how equally awful, she told herself, was the way in which in which one moment, like now, she bitterly resented what Ursula had so cruelly done to her and, then later, she wanted to thank her kind Mistress for giving her the chance to serve her in this wonderfully exciting way. Oh, how difficult life was. Oh, what a terrible hold Ursula had over her!

Suddenly there was the noise of a car on the gravel drive outside. Was it another of the sponsors and his, or her, friends come to inspect their girl - and perhaps give the go-ahead for her delivery?

She got up to peer through the window. Astonished she saw the Baron, her own sponsor, get out of his large Mercedes. Evidently he was expected, for Ursula ran down the steps to greet him effusively. He was evidently a valuable client, Thanks to her, Emma thought, bitterly.

She remembered now on his last visit, he had arranged with Ursula to take her out to dinner in a nearby fashionable restaurant. At first Sabhu had been horrified at the idea but the Baron had finally persuaded him that the risk of Emma escaping, in her present now very advanced state and in a strange country, was very slight.

For the Baron it had been a wonderful ego trip as he swept into the restaurant with a beautiful and obviously highly pregnant girl on his arm, her head pushed up high by the collar, only half hidden by a silk scarf. He had greatly enjoyed the jealous and admiring looks of the other diners. He also

enjoyed Emma's obvious great embarrassment at being seen in public in her highly pregnant state.

For Emma, it had been a strange experience as wearing a special maternity dress, and beautifully made-up by Yamoto, she been led out on a lead by Sabhu to her sponsor's large car. There Sabhu had inserted a key into the back of her collar to switch it off so that she could leave the castle had unfastened her lead.

'Now, girl,' he had warned her, 'don't start getting any ideas into your silly little head. You're still locked into your breeding belt and, although your collar may have been switched off, you still won't be able to get it off. And your Mistress's name is still engraved on the side.'

Emma's hopes of getting away were now fading.

' You've no money and no passport,' Sabhu went on remorselessly. 'You're in a strange country where you don't speak the language ad where you have no were to go. You're due whelp very shortly and you need Doctor Anna's expert medical attention ... So just forget about any silly ideas of escaping.

Emma had given a little sob of despair.

'And remember that the cane is waiting on the wall, in case I have any complaints about you from the Baron. So be very polite and respectful to him - or else!'

The Baron had then come out of the house, nodded politely to Emma and helped her into the car. His very politeness that evening had been a delight but had also made her feel all the more helpless. She was really just his paid brood bitch.

Arriving in the restaurant she had been appalled at all the people staring at her and at her huge tummy. As the Baron made polite conversation and ordered a delicious dinner, she could not help thinking how shocked all these highly civilised people would be if they knew that instead of the Baron's baby she was carrying a litter of gundog puppies for him.

How astonished they be to know that under her beautiful maternity dress, she was locked into a breeding belt to make sure that she could not get rid of her puppies. What would they say if they knew that the pretty choker, that they could glimpse under her scarf, was in fact a dog collar locked round her neck and bearing the name of her Mistress.

On the way back, the Baron had stopped the car in a secluded part, locked the doors, and lowered the back of his seat. Lying back he had ordered her to kneel up on her seat and pleasure him with her mouth and hands. Bearing in mind Sabhu's warning about a caning, she had hastened to obey.

How awkward it had been with her huge tummy getting in the way. And all the time she had felt her puppies wriggling and kicking inside her.

It had been an unnerving evening, and she was glad when finally the door of the nursery shut behind her and Sabhu put her into her children's nighty.

## 39 - THE BARON WATCHES THE BROOD BITCHES BEING EXERCISED

It was a week later.
The girls, all dutifully dressed in their pretty, modified, children's frocks, were playing games under the smiling supervision of the Dragon, or sitting reading nursery books.

The beautiful Romanian woman and her pretty daughter were standing holding hands and wistfully looking out of the window as if hoping that a knight on a white horse would suddenly come from Transylvania to rescue them.

The mother would occasionally clutch her prominent belly as one of her growing Pekinese puppies moved impatiently inside her. Moments later her daughter did the same. Clearly their, carefully planned, simultaneous whelping could not be much more delayed.

Looking down on this innocent scene through a one way mirror in the wall by he side of the balcony were the Baron, together with Ursula and Doctor Anna.

'Yes,' Doctor Anna was saying, 'in the young woman's prison camp where we first experimented with using women for puppy breeding, we initially found we got the best results by keeping the human brood bitches sewn into dog skins and living with real brood bitches. In this way they assimilated better, and their

bodies in some way learned to associate themselves with their four legged companions. This gave better results both for conceiving puppies and for retaining them after mating - and for when we made them feed their newborn progeny.'

'Then why are these girls not now being kept in the kennels,' asked the Baron rather angrily.

'Because we later found, as we perfected the serum that prevents rejection, that we got the same results after mating if we treated the human bitches as little girls. Either way, the aim to stop them thinking of themselves as grown up women and thus, in some strange way, help their bodies to accept happily the alien little creatures growing inside them.'

'I see,' said the Baron now reassured.

'But sometimes a sponsor wants her girl to be treated entirely like a real bitch and I've had great success with this system, too.

'Ah,' said the Baron turning to Ursula, 'perhaps we might try out that system for Emma's next litter?'

'Why not?' replied Ursula with a smile. Although she was not yet making any future plans for Emma. Nevertheless, it would be amusing to use Emma regularly. That would teach her to go running of with men behind her back! 'Meanwhile, perhaps you'd like to see her sewn into a dog skin whilst she rears and feeds her progeny?'

'Oh I think it would be more exciting to see a beautiful naked woman being made to feed them!' laughed the Baron.

'Indeed!' laughed Ursula. Revenge was very sweet!

'Why don't we go out onto the balcony,' suggested Ursula. The sight of one of the dreaded sponsors always excites the girls. But don't worry, you'll be quite safe there.'

Laughing she opened a door and led the Baron out into the balcony.

The girls all immediately stood up respectfully. The Dragon clapped her hands.

'Line up for inspection!'

Looking scared, the girls hurriedly put down their woolly puppies or nursery books and silently lined up along a red line painted on the floor in front of the balcony. As usual their hands were clasped behind their necks and their eyes were fixed on the wall in front of them, below the balcony.

Meanwhile the Dragon had taken the long whippy cane down from the wall. She went to the end of the line of women and facing them raised the cane. The women all gave a little shiver of fear, as they glanced out of the corner of their eyes at it.

'All well disciplined, I see, ' remarked the Baron. 'That's what I like to see in a girl - and fear of the cane!'

'We both have similar ideas,' smiled Ursula.

'Prepare to show your bellies!' came the Dragon's next order from below the balcony.

The girls dutifully dropped their hands and gripped the hems of their pretty swirling dresses.

'Up!'

The girls raised the front of their child's dresses up to their chins. Seven beautifully curved bellies were exposed to the Baron's gaze.

Blushing, Emma saw that the Baron was pointing at Emma's belly and saying something to Doctor Anna. It was lucky for her that she did not understand German.

'Now,' Doctor Anna was saying, 'you can see how yours is really coming on well.'

'Isn't it time then for her to deliver her litter?' the Baron asked.

'Well, she's certainly due now, and I've been artificially holding her back. But I could now bring her on, if that's what you want,' replied Doctor Anna impassively, 'However I'd rather leave her for another week, so that her puppies are that much bigger and stronger when they're born.

'Ah, well in that case, I agree' said the Baron, his eyes gleaming. He took his diary out of his inside pocket. 'Can we make a date? I'm a busy man and I'd like to ask some friends.'

'Let me see,' replied Doctor Anna, consulting her clipboard. 'This week I've got Number Seven, Norah, and next week on Monday the Romanian mother and daughter are booked in with Number Eight on Tuesday. I'm away on Wednesday, but we could make a date for you and your friends on Thursday. By then she'll be getting rarely ice and ripe!'

'Come and bring your friends bring your friends at noon, and then whilst your girl starts her contractions we can all have an amusing buffet lunch before returning in time to witness the delivery of your sponsored litter.'

'That sounds fine,' said the Baron writing it down in his diary.'

Suddenly Sabhu entered the nursery, his long dressage whip in his hand. He gave a blast on his whistle.

'Ah,' laughed Ursula, 'you're just in time to see the brood bitches being put through their twice daily pre-natal exercises.

The girls now ran off to the corner of the room. Each pulled out her rubber sleeping mat and a wooden stool. They laid the mats on the floor in two lines and each placed her stool at the bottom of her mat. Then they stood by their mats, waiting obediently for the next order.

'Strip!' he ordered, impatiently tapping his whip against the side of one of his gleaming black boots.

Each girl hurriedly took off her pretty dress and folded it and laid it by her mat. Then each untied her ribbons and took off her shoes and socks, placing them also neatly along side her mat.

'Stand for Inspection!'

Naked, except for their shiny chain mail belt and leather nursing bras that left their breasts and nipples bare, the girls now stood up on their stools, toes apart, ankles touching, hands clasped behind necks, and eyes fixed straight ahead.

Slowly Sabhu came down the front line. Each girl held her breath as he paused in front of her, checking the exact layout of her clothes, and her position.

He stopped in front of the Romanian mother.

'You disobedient!' he shouted. He pointed down with his whip. 'Ankles not touching!

Hastily the woman brought them together. But that was not all. He pointed down to her clothes

'Ribbons all on one side of dress and not laid out on either side!' he said angrily. 'And shoes not touching each other!'

The woman gasped in horror at her mistakes. She had been in such a hurry from fear of Sabhu's whip - and now she was going to get it!

'Step down onto mat. Bend over!'

He bent his whip with both hands and then straightened it out again, making the other girls tremble with fear lest he find something wrong with them also.

'Three strokes!' he said announced.

'A mild beating will not harm a girl in this late stage,' whispered Doctor Anna to the Baron.

Sabhu raised his whip, three times. Three times a sharp little cry echoed round the nursery. Then Sabhu continued is inspection of the now terrified women.

Sabhu was now walking up and down, cane in hand, between the rubber mats on which the girls were lying on their backs, their hands clasped behind their necks, and their knees raised.

Each girl was still naked, except for the glistening chain mail breeding belt firmly locked in place over her beauty lips. Sabhu was not going to risk them interfering, in the last week or so, with their now much larger progeny. They would all be made to deliver them as intended.

Lying there helpless on her mat, Emma could not take her eyes of her pretty and greatly swollen belly. She could feel her little puppies wriggling inside her.

Sabhu was putting them through their twice-daily period of prenatal exercises, accompanying his barked orders with cracks of his long circus whip. The scared looking girls were straining to obey him - and no wonder for the

weals on the front of several of the girls' thighs showed what happened if Sabhu suspected that a girl was slacking.

'Turn over! Kneel on all fours!'

This was the most important of the exercises.

'Head down on mat! Buttocks raised! Face up and look ahead'

There was a pause.

'Thrust back! ... Forward! ... Back! ... Forward! ...'

The girls were moving together in perfect time. They did realise it but each was now in the position in she would deliver her brood and was exercising the muscles that would ensure a quick delivery with no harm to her precious and valuable whelps. It was also an ideal position for capturing by video.

## 39 - THE WHELPING ROOM

It was several days later. Emma and her friend Sofia were holding hands and standing on tiptoe to look wistfully out of the high barred nursery window onto the spacious castle grounds.

'When?' whispered Sofia.

Already one girl, the bald Number Seven, who had won the competition for the biggest belly at the Belly Show, had been quietly taken out of the nursery and not brought back.

What had happened to her? Had she had her puppies? If so, where? And what had then happened? It was all a mystery.

'And where and ... how?' added Emma in another whisper, looking over her shoulder to make sure that the ever-present Dragon had not heard them.

'I expect they've got a nice maternity ward waiting for us, with lovely white sheers and a comfortable bed,' Emma added with a reassuring little squeeze of her friend's hand.

There was no need for them to explain more. It was all that that they and the other girls in the nursery could think about: their uncertainty and fear about how it was intended that each should deliver her evidently valuable progeny. But it was a topic that they were forbidden to talk about - or ask about.

Oh, how they all longed to tear off their horrible breeding belts!

And their breasts seemed to be ready to burst with milk, with little droplets already escaping from their swollen nipples.

They had no idea of the passing of time - nor indeed of when their unusual progeny were due. It all seemed to be happening so fast - just like with real bitches. But the curve of their tummies seemed to stretch and stretch, until it seemed that they must burst.

Emma was pretty sure that they were being artificially held back. Was that, she often wondered, why Sabhu gave them those strangely coloured pills several times a day?

She hated them, but Sabhu had threatened to thrash her when, once, she had said she did not want to take them. 'You here,' he had said in his half French, half Caribbean, accent, 'to do exactly what you're told - and you'll damn well do it without asking any questions - or you get whip. Understand?'

'Yes, Mr Sabhu, sir,' the terrified Emma had replied. But one day she thought she had noticed that the colours of the pills that Sabhu gave to the now particularly large Norah, Number Seven, seemed different.

Next day, at noon, Sabhu had appeared at the door of the nursery, carrying as always his long dressage whip. The girls were used to seeing him smartly dressed like a groom, or kennelman, in breeches and boots. But this time he was also wearing his former full circus uniform with its military style hat and bright blue tunic emblazoned with black frogging and gold aigulettes.

Emma remembered that it was something he had only previously worn on important and formal occasions: like when, she thought with a shiver of fear, she and other girls had been auctioned, when they had been mated, and at the Belly Show. But why, she had nervously asked herself, was he wearing it now?

She found herself, like the other girls, backing away from him. But there was no escape from the nursery.

Smiling cruelly, he had looked around, as if making up his mind. Then silently he had pointed at the scared Norah, Number Seven. Equally silently he had beckoned her forward.

Emma remembered that Norah had said earlier that morning that she was feeling strange. Now, as if hypnotized, she had tottered towards him. Still not saying a word he had snapped a lead onto her collar and had led her out of the nursery, closing and locking the door behind him.

Norah had not returned and the Dragon would not tell them what had happened to her.

'That's none of your business,' she had said. 'Just remember that good little girls don't ask questions - and if they do, then they get the cane!'

Then a few days later, first the Romanian daughter and then her mother had both said that they were feeling strange. At noon, Sabhu had again appeared at the door dressed in his full circus outfit. This time he had silently beckoned to the beautiful Romanian mother and daughter, behind whom the door had also closed.

They too had not come back. Again there had been no explanation.

There were now just four girls left in the nursery. No wonder that that Emma and Sofia were so anxious.

They would have been even more anxious had they know that Sabhu had made both Romanian women take off their child's dresses and hang them up in a wardrobe. Startled, they saw that Norah's distinctively coloured dress was already hanging there.

'Your dress also now ready for next girls,' Sabhu had mysteriously said. Then incongruously leaving their ribbons and shoes and socks on, together with their soft leather nursing bras, he had unlocked their breeding belts and subjected them to being again depilated with his burning lotion.

'We not want any hairs showing on video,' he had said mysteriously.

When he was satisfied that their mounds and beauty lips were sufficiently smooth to face the video cameras, he had replaced the breeding belts and had put them both into pretty little short nightdresses. They were silk and transparent.

'You make very pretty picture now!' he laughed cruelly pointing with his whip at their children's ribbons and shoes and socks. 'Make video very erotic!'

He now tied their hands behind their backs. Then, whip in hand, he had led them, by their leads, down a stone staircase to a room in the castle's old back quarters.

Emma and Sofia would, however, have been even more anxious had they known that this room was the castle's Whelping Room, formerly used when hounds were whelping - or for assuring secrecy when a seduced servant girl was delivering her potentially embarrassing child.

They would similarly have been even more appalled if they had seen what was in the middle of the cobbled stoned floor of this white painted room. Brilliantly lit up by a series of spotlights, was a large, thick, black rubber mat, like in a veterinary operating room.

They would have been yet more appalled if they had seen that surrounding the lit up black mat were several video cameras, ready to record what was would shortly be taking place there.

Moreover, at regular intervals newly installed metal rings projected through small holes in the mat, having been recently cemented into the floor underneath it.

At the bottom of the mat was a drain in the floor and alongside it was a hose, ready for washing the mat clean. But some old bloodstains were still visible on the mat.

In the center of the large mat was a long padded bar over which one, or this case two, women could be tied down kneeling, with their heads and hands strapped down to the mat, and their buttocks and faces raised. Their knees and ankles could similarly be fastened wide apart to suitably placed rings - to help the whelping process. At the same time the girl could be made to raise her face and look into one of the video cameras as she dropped her progeny one by one into the collecting basket.

This was, of course, the position in which Sabhu had so often exercised the unsuspecting girls during their pre-natal exercises.

'In our experiments in the camp,' Doctor Anna had explained to the Baron as he had watched the girls being put through their paces by Sabhu, 'we found that this was best position for a girl to drop her progeny,'

Indeed, ready to be put between the stretched knees of both the mother and daughter were two straw filled baskets into which each could drop her progeny.

By the bar lay two black leather gags, ready to be tied over the women's mouth's to muffle their cries, if they were unduly disturbing the audience.

Indeed, seated around the mat on comfortable chairs were the friends of the Romanian women's fat sponsor together with Ursula and Ingrid. They were all dressed in smart dresses and hats, as if for a wedding - or a christening.

Interspersed amongst the chairs were little tables on which were glasses and tea cups and saucers, and delicious looking cakes. A refrigerator in the corner of the room held several bottles of Champagne - ready for congratulating the sponsor and for toasting the health of newly arrived progeny.

Yamoto was busy in the room arranging several video cameras each carefully trained on the mat, but from different angles and to capture the reactions of different parts of the human brood bitch's body and facial expressions.

It would be his task, as well as serving refreshments, to ensure the forthcoming remarkable event was captured on tape for the sponsor, together with a sound track that had recorded the human brood bitches little cries, the soft little moans of the newly born progeny and the applause of the spectators.

In case the guests were unable to see exactly what was going on, several large monitoring screens showed the views that each video camera was then recording s

Also present was Doctor Anna wearing veterinary surgical kit with a surgical mask slung round her neck. Behind her was a metal hospital trolley on which veterinary forceps and other surgical instruments were neatly laid out, together with a hypodermic syringe loaded to bring on rapidly the whelping process.

However, once the process had been started, Doctor Anna was firm believer in letting Nature take it's course - with a little judicious help from Sabhu's cane. Only in the rare case of an emergency would she intervene.

'Will the girls be given an anaesthetic?' asked one of the guests.

'Oh no!' the doctor had replied. 'The aim is to copy as closely as possible the whelping process of real bitches - and they aren't given any anaesthetics, are they? They whelp relatively painlessly and quickly and so I have found do our human brood bitches too.'

Just then the door had opened and the beautiful mother and her daughter had both cried out in horror at the scene which awaited them. Never in their worst dreams had either of them expected anything like this.

Their cries brought cruel smiles to the eager faces of the guests, as did the way Sabhu used his long dressage whip to drive the two reluctant, and erotically dressed women, into the room in which they were to be the stars in a strange and carefully synchronised and filmed performance.

'Prance!' he ordered cracking his whip.

## 41 - DELIVERY!

The following morning Sofia told Emma that she was feeling odd. 'It's as if something is going to happen,' she whispered.

Sure enough, promptly at noon, Sabhu appeared at the door of the nursery, again dressed in his full circus fig. He beckoned silently to Sofia.

With a little sob and a pathetic backward glance at Emma, Sofia now, too, disappeared behind the locked nursery door and did not reappear. Three girls were left: Emma and the two other girls of Ursula's.

Emma looked carefully at the pills that Sabhu gave her that evening. The colours were all so muddling - but he seemed to know exactly which he was giving her.

She slept unusually soundly and then woke up the following morning to feel as though something very strange was going on inside her. Oh my God!

For the rest of the morning she was feeling increasingly strange. More than ever, she longed to tear off her horrible breeding belt. Suddenly at noon,

Sabhu, once again arrived at the doorway, dressed in his full circus animal trainer outfit. Again he beckoned silently - this time to her.

When the door into the nursery closed behind her, she too had to take off her pretty dress and hang it in the wardrobe together with those of the other girls. Then she, too, was humiliatingly subject to Sabhu's burning lotion, and was put into a pretty but very short little transparent silken nightdress which prettily set off her now hugely curved belly.

With her hands tied behind her back, a lead fastened to the ring on the front of her collar, and still wearing her ribbons, and her socks and shoes, she made a strangely erotic picture as Sabhu led her staggering and awkwardly down to the Whelping Room.

Thank God, she was thinking, she would soon be tucked into a lovely bed.

Moments later she, too, gasped in horror when the Sabhu opened the door of the Whelping Room, and she saw the brilliantly lit up big black mat and it's padded bar and securing rings, the video cameras, one of which was already trained on her, and the cruelly smiling figures of the Baron and his friends, nonchalantly looking her up and down as they munched chocolate cake.

Behind them sat a smiling Ursula. This was indeed to be her moment of revenge!.

'Oh no!' Emma cried out. Never in her worst dreams, either, had she imagined anything like this. So much for the luxurious maternity ward with its comfortable beds and glistening white sheets!

The black rubber mat reminded her of one she had seen in the operating or treatment room of a horse vet. My God! She tried to back away and make a run for it - but Sabhu held her tightly by her lead. Blushing, she tried to hide her exposed body under the erotically transparent shorty nightdress that scarcely reach down to her hips. But with her hands tied behind her back, she was quite unable to do so.

'No, not like this,' she cried. 'Please!'

But her cries were greeted with laughter.

Appealingly she looked to Ursula, but her yes were hard and glinting with pleasure.

Suddenly she screamed as Sabhu brought his long dressage whip down across her shoulders. He liked to keep a girl's buttocks clear for the strokes that would initiate the safe delivery of each whelp.

'Silence!' Sabhu shouted as he gave her another stroke with his cane-like whip.

Terrified, her shoulders burning, Emma fell silent.

'Onto mat! Prance!' ordered Sabhu, driving her forward with another sharp tap of his whip whilst also holding her back by her lead.

'Prance!' he repeated with a crack of his whip. 'Up! Up! Up'

Prance in her state, thought Emma desperately? How could she? But prance she did! Terrified by the whip, she awkwardly raised her knees as high as her swollen tummy would allow and leant back to counter balance the weight of her projecting belly.

There was laughter and round of applause. But the applause was not for her, she realised, but for Sabhu's vivid demonstration of his authority. A woman being driven prancing to her whelping!

Slowly Emma pranced towards, and then onto, the dreaded mat, the awful mat on which was soon to perform - and unbelievably, it seemed, to perform to the whip!

She was sweating and breathing hard with exhaustion, her now heavy breasts rising and falling. Was this all a clever way of helping to bring it on, she wondered.

'Up! Up!' Another sharp tap on her bottom made her strain to raise her knees even higher. Oh the shame!

'Brood bitch will halt!' came Sabhu's preparatory order. Emma was remembering the military drill that Sabhu had instilled into her. But to be drilled like this, at this moment! Oh the shame!

'Halt! ... One! One two!'

Panting with exhaustion but glancing nervously at Sabhu's raised whip, Emma made a perfect military halt.

Sabhu smiled to himself. That little demonstration alone must have earned him some good tips!

'Kneel down in front of bar!' ordered Sabhu, holding her by the arm to make sure that she did not topple over. Then watched by the fascinated guests he fastened her ankles and knees wide apart to rings in the mat.

Then he pushed her body forward over the bar and untying her hands secured them to rings in the mat on either side of her head. He now raised the back of her shorty nightdress to bare her bottom - and her well displayed smooth beauty lips.

Shattered and feeling utterly humiliated, Emma hid her face, lowering her forehead to the mat. Immediately Sabhu gave her another sharp tap on her now naked bottom.

'Raise your face and look ahead into camera,' he ordered. 'And keep looking at it - or you get whip,' he warned.

Emma's terrified and shamed face was now displayed on one the large monitoring screens.

Doctor Anna now stepped forward, and putting her hand under the kneeling Emma, felt her belly. Yes, she as coming on nicely - thanks to the prancing. She nodded to Ursula and picked up a syringe from the hospital trolley

'I will now give her a preliminary injection that will start the whelping process,' she explained to the Baron and his friends. 'When you come back from lunch she will be nice and ready to perform for you - and for the video cameras.'

It was an hour later, an hour during which Emma's contractions had started and were now coming on fast.

The guest now filed in again, laughing and joking after their excellent lunch. They laughed even more wen they saw that a change had been made whilst they were lunching. On the mat, between Emma's parted knees and immediately below her raised beauty lips was a wicker basket, lined with straw.

When they had all settled down again in their chairs, Yamoto, having switched on the video cameras again, served them a post lunch coffee.

Sabhu then formally presented the key, to Emma's breeding belt, to the Baron and invited him to let his sponsored girl perform her duty.

Watched admiringly by his friends, the Baron went up to the kneeling Emma. He stooped down and unlocked the little padlock in the small of her back. The breeding belt fell away. Emma was now read to deliver her progeny!

Then Doctor Anna gave Emma another injection and then stood back.

The result was almost immediate. It was as if Nature having been artificially held up by the pills, was now determined to catch up again. Before long the room was filled with Emma's little cries as her contractions grew more and more rapid. She was now covered in sweat.

'Thrust back! ... Forward! ... Back! ....Forward! ... ' ordered Sabhu, emphasising each order with a tap from his cane.

Emma was now carrying out for real what she had been to practice in those exercise sessions. And indeed it was not long before the first little puppy appeared on one of the large monitoring screens.

'Drop it into the basket,' ordered Sabhu, giving Emma a judiciously timed hard stroke of his cane. It made her scream with pain but also made her relax her muscles at just the right moment - and a beautifully formed little puppy dropped into the basket.

Using the cane in this way was, he knew, an old trick that had been much used in the forced slave breeding pens in Haiti back in the days of black slavery. And now, here he was, using it for forced breeding from a white woman! She had conceived under his cane and now she was whelping under it - as in the breeding pens of yore!

Again there was a round of applause - again not for the sweating whimpering Emma but for the smiling and triumphant Sabhu.

Before long, three more strokes of the cane announced the arrival in the basket of three more little helpless creatures, all healthy and perfectly formed.

There were now four clear, long, red weals across Emma's soft little bottom all neatly and exactly separated. Sabhu was indeed an expert when it came to caning a woman.

Sabhu picked up he basket and took it over to the smiling Baron and who then proudly showed it to his friends. There was laughter and cries of congratulations. Several bottles of Champagne were opened and the health of the little puppies was toasted.

Finally, Sabhu took the basket round to the top of the mat to show them to Emma. It was, he knew, important that she quickly bonded with them.

Indeed Emma's heart went out to the four little half blind, helpless, little creatures wriggling in the basket. A feeling of love, and of pride at having produced them, went through her. They were hers! She longed to touch them, to hold them. But with her hands still tied to the rings in the mat all she could do was look at them with fascinated eyes. Already in her mind each was becoming a different personality with it's own name: Happy, Droopy, Smiley, Sleepy.

As she gazed adoringly at them, she was vaguely aware of the Baron and his friends leaving the room. Then Sabhu untied her knees and ankles, and finally her hands. He put her hands into thick immobilising gloves and fastened them round her wrist so that she would not be able to pull them off with her teeth. They were like boxing gloves but without a separate thumb.

'Bitches not have hands,' said Sabhu mysteriously. Indeed, Emma realised, like a real bitch she would not now be able to use her hands to hold, or harm, her puppies.

Sabhu now took off her pretty little nightdress and her ribbons and her child's shoes and socks. She was now stark naked except for her collar and her nursing bra.

'These made video film even more erotic,' he muttered.

Emma gasped. A video had been made of her, a grown woman, delivering her puppies, whilst still wearing her children's white socks and black buckle, party shoes, and little nightdress, with her pretty little girl's satin ribbons prettily tied in a big bows in her hair! How strange and erotic it would seem. And all cleverly planned beforehand by Ursula and Ingrid. How cruel! How shame-making!

'But,' went on Sabhu, 'you not need them where you now going.'

What did he mean? Emma did not understand. But she was feeling too weak after her ordeal to argue.

He then tied hands behind her back again. Satisfied that she was once again helpless, he put one of the leather muzzles that were lying on the black mat, over her head and down over her mouth.

It had a little grille in the front of her mouth that would allow her to suck up the all important liquid part of her future diet, but on the inside of the muzzle a little stiff rubber bar pressed down on her tongue, silencing her.

The muzzle fitted tightly under her chin preventing her from opening her mouth. Two straps led back on either side of her face and were fastened together at the back of her neck, keeping the muzzle firmly in place.

To prevent the muzzle from being pulled down, two narrow leather straps went up over her cheeks to join on the bridge of her nose. The combined strap went up over her head to meet at the back of her neck the other two straps. To prevent the combined strap from slipping off the top of her head, a short strap led down on each side to join the straps leading to the back of her neck.

It was a most effective muzzle and yet by unfastening the buckle at the back of the neck it could be easily eased to allow the girl to eat at feeding time.

'Bitches not talk,' said Sabhu ominously. 'Unable to talk or use hands, you now live like real bitch and just concentrate on rearing puppies - like real bitches.'

Before Emma could think about what he meant, Sabhu effortlessly picked her up and carried her out of the room.

Anxiously she looked round to see her progeny. Surely they were not going to take them away from her? Oh no! She was very relieved to see that the Dragon was following Sabhu, carrying the basket and its precious load.

Where, she wondered, was she and her progeny being taken?

42 - EMMA BONDS WITH HER PUPPIES

Sabhu now carried her out of the Whelping Room and into the next door Puppy Rearing Room of the Castle's former kennels. It was warm and there was an animal smell.

On either side of a central passageway were half a dozen small barred rearing kennels. Each could be divided into two halves by a wire grill that could be raise and lowered from the passageway to separate the puppies from their mother for increasingly long periods when they being gradually weaned.

But, of the significance of this, Emma was at present blissfully unaware.

Unlike the cobblestoned Whelping Room, the floors of the kennels were cemented, and except for a pile of straw in the corner of each kennel, the cement was clean and looked well scrubbed. The cemented floors sloped gently down to a drain in the middle of each kennel.

Emma saw that in one kennel was a real bitch with her puppies. Oh how sweet, she innocently thought.

Then, she gasped as she saw in the next kennel, the naked and muzzled figure of Norah. Her hands were also encased in he strange immobilising gloves. With her were over half a dozen puppies. Goodness, Emma thought, were these Norah's own puppies and was the real bitch there to show her what to do?

Indeed, she saw that just as the real bitch was standing up whilst her puppies reached up for her teats, so Norah was also kneeling up on all fours whilst her, no longer blind and helpless, puppies fought to get at her two nipples. How awful! How shocking! But also how sweet!

But Emma gasped as she counted seven separate, fading, weals across Norah's bottom. So she, too, had to whelp to order of Sabhu's cane. But seven! Seven strokes. Seven puppies. My God!

She now saw the real bitch pick up with her teeth one of her puppies, who was wandering off. Moments later she saw Norah, unable to use her teeth because of her muzzle, use her gloved hands lovingly do the same with one of her puppies. Goodness!

In a kennel on the other side of the passageway was another real bitch. She must have whelped more recently for her puppies were still blind and helpless. She lay on her side whilst they too reached for her teats.

'You look carefully', said Sabhu. 'You do the same'

No! No! thought Emma. She could never bring herself to feed an animal! Or ... perhaps ... after all ...could she?

In the kennel next to this second real bitch, and clearly copying her, were the naked and muzzled Romanian mother and daughter. They too were lying on their sides and seemed to be surrounded by a swarm of tiny little Pekinese puppies. Their hands were also immobilised by the strange gloves.

In the kennel on the other side of the real bitch, was the equally naked and muzzled figure of Sofia. She was also lying on her side with a litter of little puppies eager to feed from her nipples. She was pushing some aside with her gloved hands and encouraging other to come and suck. It was a charming sight.

Then Emma's heart went out to the poor girl as she counted four weals on her bottom. So Sofia had only had four puppies like her. She remembered overhearing Doctor Anna saying to Ursula that with Sofia's slim hips it would be better to keep her first litter small. Her first litter! What was now in store for the poor girl? What was in store for herself?

Sabhu now put Emma down. Feeling weak she fell to her knees. Her hands were still tied behind her back.

Sabhu turned and unlocked a small barred gate in the front of the kennel next to the first real bitch.

'Crawl in!' he ordered.

Shuffling on her knees, she obeyed. She tried to ask him to untie her gloved hands, but her muzzle reduced her words to an unintelligible little moan.

She tried to stand up, but the bars over the top of the kennel were too low. She would have to crawl around on all fours. Just like a real bitch, she thought.

The Dragon then placed the basket containing her puppies onto the floor of her kennel.

'Lie on side,' ordered Sabhu. Dumbly she obeyed.

He then lifted the puppies, one by one, out of the basket and placed them against Emma's milk filled breasts. Oh how sweet and helpless they were, Emma thought. She longed to hold them but her tied hands prevented her.

'Very important each now gets your special first milk,' he said holding first Smiley and then Happy to her swollen breasts.

Suddenly she felt them both beginning to suckle. She could feel her breasts reacting as if it was all the most natural thing in the world. A wonderful feeling of love flowed through her as she gazed down at the two happily suckling puppies.

Then Sabhu moved the two puppies away. They gave little cries of protest and tried to get back to Emma's nipples, but he held them firmly away and put the other two, Droopy and Sleepy, to her nipples instead.

'Very important each puppy gets special first milk,' he repeated. 'You make sure, like good little mother - or you get whip!'

Emma gasped behind her muzzle. She had to whelp to order of Sabhu's cane, was she now going to have to feed her puppies to the order of his cane as well? She would do anything to avoid another stroke!

Reaching over her Sabhu untied her hands. Delighted she reached down to clasp the puppies to her breasts. But her stiff, paw-like, gloves prevented her. Like a real bitch she could only push one puppy aside and offer her nipples to another one.

It would be a time consuming, and yet also absorbing business, making sure that each puppy got his fair share of her milk.

Sabhu stood up and looked on into the kennel. Yes, the girl's maternal instincts were nicely evident and she had bonded with her puppies. He could now safely leave her and get Number Six ready for her whelping tomorrow.

Sabhu and the Dragon left, leaving Emma alone with her puppies and the other human brood bitches in the silent Rearing Room.

The only noise came from the little puppies in the various kennels, as they happily sucked or tried to get to a teat or nipple.

Gradually her hesitation faded. A desire to feed her helpless little puppies, overcame her. They were after all her own ones, her own progeny.

Awkwardly and hesitantly, she pushed with her gloved hands a swollen nipple down towards one of the lovely little puppies. Eagerly he began to suckle. A thrill of horror went through her. She was suckling her own puppies - and loving it!

She glanced across the passageway to where Sofia was similarly suckling two of her puppies. Emma longed to call out to her but her muzzle stopped her. Over their muzzles their eyes met.

Moments later Emma found herself gently pushing her other nipple down to another of her helpless little puppies and then replacing the first one with another. Soon she decided it was time to let the last one have his suck, too ...

Meanwhile, only a few feet away and looking down into the Rearing Room through a large one-way mirror, stood the Baron and a group of his friends. They were enjoying the sight of beautiful naked, and full breasted, young women being driven by Nature into feeding their litters of puppies. In the background was a cruelly smirking Ursula.

'Yes,' Ursula was saying to the Baron, as she pointed to Emma, 'she's already bonded with them nicely. She's going to make a good little mother.'

## 43 - THE GRAND PUPPY SALE - AND EMMA IS RELEASED

It was several weeks later and Sabhu had started gradually weaning the puppies off their mothers' milk.

He was now giving each kennel its morning hosing-down, for Sabhu was a fastidious man and liked both his kennels and his girls, and their puppies, to be spotlessly clean.

First, he removed the little pile of dirty straw that he had taught each mother to use to keep her kennel spotlessly clean and then place by he locked door of her kennel ready for collection.

Then he placed a shallow bowl of milk and chopped meat in a corner of each kennel. The puppies would eagerly run to it, allowing him to then lower the wire grille that would temporarily separate them from their mother.

Then with his hose he washed down each kennel, letting the water run away down the drain in the center of each kennel - and, whilst he was about it, giving each naked little mother a good hosing down, too.

Meanwhile the puppies were kept on the far side of the wire grille - for Sabhu did not want to risk them catching cold. However, in preparation for the now much bigger puppies all being weaned, Sabhu had started leaving the dividing grilles down for longer and longer periods.

Emma's heart used to go out to her adorable little puppies as she saw them whining hungrily on the other side of the wire grille. She longed to thrust her nipples through the wire grille so that the puppies could suckle, but Sabhu had angrily stopped her doing so.

'You stupid bitch!' he had shouted. 'Puppies cannot live on your milk for ever!'

When he had finished hosing down the kennels, he would pour a mixture of milk and fruit juice into little troughs fastened to the outside of each kennel.

Then would come another order: 'Bitches, eat!'

Indeed, four times a day Sabhu would give this order, so as to maintain a good flow of milk in each girl's breasts. He would then raise a little barred section at the front of each kennel sited over each feeding trough.

Eagerly the waiting women would now thrust their still muzzled heads throw the holes in the bars and start sucking up their liquid food. Once a day, they would be allowed solid food, and on this occasion their muzzles would be temporarily released.

However, Sabhu always then patrolled up and down the passageway to make sure that none of his human bitches tried to talk to each other. The successful rearing of the puppies largely depended, he knew, on the mothers forgetting that they humans, and just competing against their equally dumb companions to rear the best and biggest puppies.

When his human bitches had licked their feeding troughs dry, he would drop a little bar over the back of each woman's neck, imprisoning her head. They would then all be held kneeling on all fours, their heavy breasts and swollen nipples hanging down below them.

Then Sabhu would now let the two smallest puppies from each litter through the grilles. Eagerly they would bound towards their mothers and reach up and suck, anxious to get their fill before their bigger brothers and sisters came and jostled them out of the way.

Then he would let the rest of the litter in through the grilles and a free for all would then develop.

As the growing puppies temporarily sucked their mothers' breasts dry, Sabhu would then tempt the little puppies back into their side of the grille with more little bowls of chopped meat and biscuits to supplement their mothers' milk.

Yes, he thought, it was all working very well. The valuable puppies had all survived and, thanks to being able to delay their birth by using human brood bitches, they were much stronger than more normally produced ones.

They would, indeed, soon be weaned. Then their delighted sponsor would choose his two to keep - and would undoubtedly express their pleasure with a substantial tip - to himself, of course, not to the mothers! They had just done what they been told to do!

Meanwhile, the girls' sponsors had repeatedly come to watch, through the one-way mirror, their human bitches rearing their valuable puppies - and had brought their friends. The idea of these enforced pregnancies, and such unusual ones at that, had certainly caught the erotic imagination of many would be sponsors, both men and women, - and not merely of gundog breeders!

Indeed, the girls would soon be ready for a much needed repeat performance. An increasing number of would-be sponsors were now pestering Ingrid and Ursula to give them priority to Extra Specially Sponsor a girl. Money no object!

This time, after they had been "prepared" by Doctor Anna, the girls would be simply mated here with German dogs and kept safely kennelled in the castle after they had conceived.

One day Ursula came to visit the Rearing Room. It was the first time that Emma had seen her since she had whelped. Indeed Sabhu, acting as her Kennelman, was the only human that Emma and the other girls had seen. Sabhu had not wanted to break the spell which seemed to make the girls think it quite natural for them to be feeding their puppies.

Ursula's smart business suit contrasted sharply with Emma's nakedness. She was looking excited and in her hand was a letter.

She came straight up to Emma's kennel.

'Now listen carefully, Emma,' she said. 'I've just had a wonderful offer to take an exhibition of my pictures abroad. With the money you and the other girls have earned me here, I shall be able to mount a really worthwhile exhibition, and I shall be away for at least several months.'

This sudden contact with Ursula, and the reminder of the demands of the outside world, gave Emma a nasty jolt. Cocooned in the Rearing Room, all that she had thought about for the last few weeks was happily feeding and rearing her puppies. She had almost forgotten about everything else: about Ursula, about her husband, about her home ...

But now Ursula was going away for at least several months. Several months! What would happen to her meanwhile she wondered anxiously. She longed to ask, but her muzzle prevented her from saying a word.

'So, Emma, I've arranged for you to be sent back home as soon as your puppies have been weaned and sold.'

'Weaned and sold!' Emma thought, aghast. 'My puppies sold! Oh no! Don't take them away from me! I love them!'

Desperately Emma shook her head. She tried in vain to shake off her muzzle.

'Don't be a stupid girl, Emma! What did you think was going to happen to them? And anyway they're not yours. The Baron will be able to choose two of them and the rest belong to me - and I shall be selling them to other members and then sending you back home, whether you like it or not.'

'Oh no! Please' sobbed Emma, behind her muzzle.

'Oh yes, Emma your little puppies are to be sold. And you're going to be there, smiling like a happy little mother - or you'll be feeling Sabhu's whip!'

'Oh! Oh!' sobbed Emma. She was going to lose her lovely little puppies!

'And then Sabhu will put you on a plane for London - taking care that you'll still have no idea just where you've been.'

Ursula paused.

'You're lucky, that you're a married woman. All my other girls are being lent to Ingrid, and they'll be staying here to have their next litters. The demand is tremendous and I was tempted to leave you here too. But you being married makes it all too complicated for Ingrid to take on, on her own.'

She paused again.

'So I'll contact you again when I eventually get back to London. Meanwhile make sure you behave yourself!'

With that she swept out, leaving Emma crying her heart out. Ursula left the castle that day.

Meanwhile the weaning of Emma's puppies was carrying on, though Sabhu was keeping a good flow in the girl's breasts. The puppies were now been separated from their mothers for longer and longer, and were having rely more and more on the solid food put out for them in their part of each kennel.

Ursula and Ingrid did not want too many gundog puppies being offered for sale at the same time - and so spoiling the market. Norah had whelped a week or more before the other girls and, therefore, her puppies were ready for weaning first. So it was decided that her seven, or rather five, after her sponsor had selected the two he wanted to keep, should be offered at a preliminary sale to test the market.

In fact, they had sold very well -just after Ursula had had to leave. There had been so many disappointed buyers asking if any puppies would be coming up for sale, that Ingrid decided to hold a Grand Puppy Sale in the castle - with all the puppies guaranteed to have been raised on human milk!

The rare little Pekinese that the Romanian mother and daughter had produced appealed, however, to a different market from he gundog puppies. They would, however, all help to make the Grand Sale an even more prestigious event.

That meant that, after the sponsors had first taken their pick, over a dozen gundog puppies produced by Emma, by Sofia and by Numbers Five and Six, and ten Pekinese puppies, would all be on offer at the Grand Sale.

Despite what Ursula had told her was going to happen, it was a great shock when, one day, Sabhu suddenly brought the Baron to her kennel to choose which puppies he wanted to keep.

Emma was desperately embarrassed at being seen by him in her kennel, stark naked except for her nursing bra. However, he seemed more interested in the puppies than in her. Finally, as Emma watched in horrified silence behind her muzzle, he pointed to Happy and Dopey.

Sabhu unlocked the barred entrance to the kennel, reached down and lifted them out of the kennel. They little cries at being taken away from their mother - cries that were frantically repeated by Emma from behind her muzzle.

However, ignoring the cries, Sabhu tied a red ribbon round their necks and put them back in the kennel. The Baron then turned on his heel and left without a word, leaving Emma in a state of shock.

She remembered that Ursula had said that the Baron would choose two of her puppies to keep for himself. Had he chosen poor little Happy and Dopey? Oh, how she longed to pull her muzzle off and demand that Sabhu told her what was going on. But, of course, her thick immobilising gloves made that quite impossible.

Tears ran down her face as she thought of losing her precious little puppies.

Over the next couple of days the puppies of all the girls were weaned and Emma saw similar heart-rendering scenes as the sponsors of the other three girls came to select their puppies and their mothers thought that they were going to lose them.

Then on the third day, Sabhu appeared in his formal circus lion tamer outfit, his dreaded long dressage whip in his hand.  Now what's going to happen, Emma wondered anxiously.

She watched as in turn he took Sofia. Number 5 and Number 6 out of their kennels. Each girl was made to kneel on all fours outside her kennel, still naked and muzzled.

Then it was her turn to crawl out of the kennel followed by her four devoted puppies. Sabhu snapped leads onto the girl's collars and drove them, crawling, down the passageway, each followed by her. He drove them out of the Puppy Rearing Room, in which they had been incarcerated for several weeks, along a corridor and into dog's wash house.

Here he fastened their leads to a series of rings low down along a wall. Emma was thrilled to find that she was chained next to Sofia.

Then without a word of explanation Sabhu picked up a hose and a huge bar of soap and washed each girl all over, rubbing the soap over her breasts and down between her legs. Then he poured some shampoo over each girl's head and proceeded to wash her hair. It all made Emma feel wonderful - and almost human again.

She felt even more human when Sabhu unfastened all the girls muzzles and took off their thick immobilising gloves.

After over a month of being unable to touch or hold anything, it was wonderful to be able to be able to reach out and take Sofia's hand. They gave each other a little squeeze as they gazed into each other's eyes.

Similarly, after such a long period of enforced silence, and of isolation from each other, they were all longing to talk to each other, not least Emma and Sofia, and our Romanian mother and daughter - about their humiliating experiences in the Whelping and Puppy Raising Rooms.

But with Sabhu still holding his long whip, they did not dare to do so without permission.

However, leaving the kneeling naked women, still chained to the wall, to dry off naturally, Sabhu put a put some food into a long trough on the other side of the room. Immediately all the puppies rushed over to it, leaving their

anxious mothers to call out to them - even though their puppies did not recognise their voices, nor the pet names that their hitherto silent mothers given them.

Emma found herself calling out: 'Smiley! Sleepy! Be careful, my darlings! Dopey, come back! Don't eat so fast, Happy!'

But, of course, they paid no attention to her and being still chained to the wall, she could not run after them. 'Are you alright, darling?' she whispered anxiously. 'Oh how awful our whelping was - like a pair of animals on that dreadful mat!'

'Yes, Mummy,' came the whispered reply, 'but I've learnt to love my puppies, although that awful German woman wants two of them.'

'And two of mine, too!'

'Darling' whispered Emma to Sofia, 'wasn't that black rubber mat just awful?'

'And to think that it was all being videoed!' came the whispered reply. 'But I love mine now!'

'And so do I!'

'Silence!' cried Sabhu, cracking his whip angrily. Frightened, the women all fell silent.'

Satisfied with the appearance of the puppies, Sabhu now concentrated on that of the mystified women. First they all had to dry and brush their hair, and make up their faces. Then Sabhu produced several sets of Austrian peasant girl dresses with wide Dirndl skirts, embroidered black boleros and white very low cut blouses with a string halter.

'Take off nursing bra,' he ordered mysteriously. 'Before buying puppies, clients will want to see breasts of bitches that have been feeding them.'

There horrified gasps from the women. Oh no! But Sabhu cracked his whip.

'Now you listen to your orders - and any girl who is disobedient, or who does nor smile happily to the clients will get six strokes. Understand? Now listen carefully. ...'

Half an hour later the arriving potential buyers were greeted with a charming sight. Six small wire runs had been erected on the lawn in front of the castle, and in each a litter of puppy Red Setters was happily playing.

By the side of each run stood a blushing, very pretty, and surprisingly buxom, young woman dressed as an Austrian peasant girl.

They were each blushing because beneath their prettily embroidered black velvet boleros. the draw strings of their halter neck blouses had been drawn under their breasts. Thus their full breasts, with the nipples still enlarged by giving suck, were erotically half hidden and half displayed.

Moreover, an observant would-be buyer would have noticed that half hidden in the grass was a tiny chain that fastened each girl by an ankle to her run.

Behind the line of wire puppy runs stood the majestic figure of Sabhu wearing his full fig. Again an acute observer would have noticed that the six young women were all constantly glancing nervously at the long dressage whip that he was, perhaps rather surprisingly, holding.

The pretty peasant girls were all making an effort to smile happily at the clients who came to inspect the puppies in their run but, once again, an acute observer would not have been wrong in suspecting that tears were not far away.

Also alongside each run was a notice giving the pedigree of each litter and the prizes that their progenitors had won in both England and in Germany. The notices also gave the kennel name of the young woman who had carried, delivered and fed the puppies with her milk - the woman who was now standing blushing by the run. The notice also showed her date of conception and date of whelping.

Emma looked down lovingly, and yet sadly, at her puppies, the puppies that had borne. Here she was now being made to help them - sell them for the further profit of her Mistress, who was now abandoning her.

She saw Sabhu hovering behind her. She knew that such thoughts could earn her a thrashing. She bit her lip, and tried to put on a brave smile a brave smile to two stern faced women who were looking with keen interest at her puppies.

They looked at the notice.

'Well, I see she carried them for ten days more than the usual period,' said one of them. 'No wonder they look so strong.'

'Yes, but did she have enough milk for all four?' said the other.

'Look for yourselves, ladies,' came Sabhu's voice, as he embarrassingly pulled back Emma's bolero to disclose her blue veined, still heavy, milk-laden breasts, and her enlarged nipples. He squeezed one of them. There was a little jet of milk.

'No shortage here!' he laughed. The women reassured joined in the laughter.

'I'm afraid that the two with red ribbons have been retained by the sponsor,' Sabhu went on, but the other two are also fine puppies.'

To Emma's dismay, they selected one of them, Smiley, and took him away. It was too much. She burst into tears.

'You see how the mother is going to miss them,' laughed Sabhu, giving Emma a pinch and whispering to her to pull herself together.

A little later Sleepy was also bought - by a fierce looking shooting man who insisted on feeling Emma's breasts for himself.

The puppies had all now been sold and certificates of pedigree issued. Ingrid was looking very pleased. Only the puppies retained by the sponsors still remained in the little puppy runs. Ingrid clapped her hands. It was time for the last ceremony: the formal presentation by each girl of the red ribboned puppies to her sponsor.

Emma's knees shook as she carried little Happy and Dopey up to the Baron. Desperately she repeated to herself the little speech that Sabhu taught them all to say, thanking their sponsor for having had them covered. Thanking the awful Baron for what he had so kindly paid to have done to her, was almost too much. It was, she realised, Ursula's last act of revenge.

Only the sight of Sabhu's whip made her somehow get out the humiliating words.

Soon it was all over and once again the girls found themselves all back in their kennels, naked and alone, without their puppies. Emma was weeping silently.

Doctor Anna then came round and gave each girl an injection to stop her milk.

'Being still in milk,' Emma was horrified to overhear her say to Sabhu, 'would make it much more difficult for them to conceive again, and having seen the videos, the new sponsors also want their girls to be mated "normally" again.'

Poor things, Emma thought. Poor Sofia! But, she wondered, would she herself really escape their fate?

Two days later and her milk had almost dried up. All she could think of were her missing puppies.

Suddenly Sabhu came to her cage. It was still early in the morning. Under his arm he had a simple girl's coat and skirt.

'Get dressed!' he ordered.

Anxious to get away home before Ursula changed her mind, Emma did not argue. Blindfolded, with her hands tied behind her back, she felt herself being put into the back of large car.

She was driven for several hours by a chauffeur who spoke no English. She had no idea whether she was being misleadingly driven round and round, or was being taken fast across country. She heard him use his mobile phone several times and assumed he was either reporting progress or checking on a flight departure.

Suddenly her blindfold was removed. She saw they were approaching a small airport. She saw the name Salzburg. Had Ingrid's castle been in nearby Bavaria or Austria, or far away in North or East Germany? Emma had no idea and did not care. She just wanted to go home.

Arriving at the terminal, the chauffeur silently handed her a wallet containing her passport and an airline ticket for a flight leaving for London within an hour - together with enough English money to get her home. Then he drove off. She was so relieved that she did not even note the car's number plate - and anyway she had nothing with which to write it down.

Moreover she certainly did not want to do anything that result in people knowing about the puppies. They must now remain her very private secret.

Six hours later Emma arrived home.

There was no sign of Mrs Maunder and no word from Ursula. The garden looked lovely.

Having been made to carry, deliver and raise her puppies, she was now free.

# PART IX

# THE PRINCE AND HIS HAREM

## 44 - EMMA MEETS HER NEW MASTER

It took Emma a little time to get over the shock of all that had happened. She had been used for puppy breeding! And to make money for Ursula!

At the time it may have seemed just another of Ursula cruel ways of dominating her girls, and sometimes really rather exciting. But now in the harsh light of day, and back in her own charming house, it all seemed unbelievable and awful.

How could Ursula have brain-washed her into accepting it? Not that she had had much choice in the matter!

However she seemed to have suffered no permanent harm from what Ursula had put her through. Thank God that John, or her friends, would never know about it. But it had made her all the more delighted to be free of Ursula and all her works - anyway for time being!

Oh, how she secretly still missed her puppies, even though she now realised that she would never have been allowed to keep them - they were far too valuable! But even so, it was so sad losing them: Happy, Smiley, Dopey and Sleepy. Which had been her favourite? Smiley or Sleepy? She loved them all! She fretted about whether their new owners were being kind to them.

She also kept wondering about how poor little Sofia was getting on? And the others, especially the beautiful Romanian woman and her daughter, whose names she never learnt. Were they all, too, heartbroken when their puppies were taken away?

How many would they make Sofia have next time? She longed to go and see her and, perhaps, rescue her - if it was not too late and she had not already been mated again. She'd also love to try and see her own puppies.

But Ursula had made sure that she did not know the name of the castle, nor where it was, nor even Ingrid's or the Baron's full names. She did not even know the names of the other buyers of her own puppies. She felt so sad ...

Now longing to talk to someone about it all, she had rung Henry. He was the only person who knew about Ursula and the strange hold she had over her. Even puppies would not shock him! To her dismay she learned that he had gone abroad.

John would not be returning from abroad for another two months and so she was feeling very lonely and down in the mouth a couple of days later, when she received a letter. It was written in a handwriting that Emma thought she recognised.

Eagerly she opened it. It was from a racehorse trainer, Paddy, an old friend of her family in Ireland. He was inviting her, very pressingly, to come to a dinner party on a floating restaurant in Westminster.

'Do come,' he wrote, and she could imagine him saying it in his slight brogue that took her straight back to her childhood days, 'just for old times sake. You'd be doing me a great favour.'

They had know each other since they were children, but she hadn't heard from him recently. His racing stables were quite near, he wrote, and so he could pick her up and drive her to London. He had been lent a house in London and could put her up afterwards, if she liked. It would be great to see her again.

A party in London! With Paddy! But did she dare go? Hesitantly she rang Ursula to check that she really had closed her house and left - only to hear a recorded message saying that Miss de Vere had gone abroad.

'Whoopee!' she cried, excited as a school girl at the end of term, as she ran upstairs to her room to write her acceptance of the invitation. Suddenly she was over the moon with excitement - and all thoughts and memories of Ursula forgotten. She'd even forgotten about her puppies and about Sofia.

Driving up to London, they were held up by traffic and were a little late arriving at the restaurant. Paddy dropped her off and went to park his car. Emma walked up the gangplank and was shown to his table and sat down in a vacant chair, feeling a little lost. She recognised several faces from the racing world, but none she knew well.

She was wearing a black jersey sheath dress, under which her breasts and nipples were clearly defined. Thanks to the absence of knickers and of pubic hair, the dress was flat on her tummy. She was looking, she knew, very good.

Evidently eyeing Emma with approval, her neighbour courteously introduced himself in an attractive voice with a slight Arab accent: 'I'm Prince Faisal.'

A Prince! An Arab Prince! Emma glanced up at his strong face, with deep-set brown eyes and a short pointed beard. He was a virile looking man in his forties, rather ruthless perhaps. He was dressed as an English gentleman and only his prominent hooked nose, and perhaps his unusually shaped beard, betrayed his Arab background. Well, she thought, well ...

But just then Paddy arrived. 'Emma!' he cried. 'You're supposed to be sitting over here.' As she re-positioned herself, Emma wondered why the other women were looking at her as if she were some sort of Exhibit A.

Just then a striking girl arrived. She had long straight hair, brown eyes and was wearing a red leather mini skirt with a sleeveless white T-shirt. Her legs were tanned and provided a glimpse of lace topped hold-up stockings. She started talking about her recent trip to Israel to see her family.

'Bugger!' hissed Paddy in Emma's ear. 'Oh well, it'll just have to be yourself, me darling, that sorts him out. Thank the Lord I had the sense to ask you along, too, just in case. The fact is that I need his horses.' Apparently he had especially flown the international call-girl in from New York for the Prince's pleasure - never thinking to check on the girl's nationality.

He tapped his glass for silence. 'I think you have all met our esteemed guest, Prince Faisal, who like many other Arab gentlemen is doing so much for racing over here.' There was a murmurs and smiles from around the table. 'And now, Ruth, you come and sit here and Emma you can tell the Prince all about our stud in Ireland.'

As Emma sat down, her leg brushed against the handsome Prince's thigh. He was wearing a dark grey, pin stripped suit, and her imagination flared into an image of him in Arab dress. What did wear underneath, she wondered. Trousers, like vicars? Or naked, with a huge manhood, hooked like his nose? With a laugh she remembered being told by a girl friend that you can judge a man's masculinity by the size of his nose.

Perhaps, she fantasised, she would be riding behind him on one his beautiful stallions. Holding him round the waist, she would feel down to an amazingly erect and dominant manhood that filled her with lust ... Hastily she collected herself, as the familiar ache and wetness indicated what, at that moment, she really desired ...

Had the faint odour also reached the Prince? Blushing she glanced up at him from lowered eyes. He was smiling. Oh, yes, she thought, he knows what I feel.

Indeed the Prince was clearly delighted that this vivacious blond English girl was apparently available for his pleasure, and her reactions appealed to his sensuous nature.

It was an hour later and Emma drank her Dom Perignon champagne with care, noticing that the Prince was also drinking. 'When in England ... ' she thought. Obviously he was well used to Western ways, but how much more intriguing it would be to find out how he lived at home. Did this highly civilised, charming and urbane man have a whole harem of Arab girls at his beck and call? Might some

of them be European women? Goodness! Did his perfect manners mask a cruel and despotic nature? Oh, how exciting!

They had been discussing the advantages of the early spring grass in County Kilkenny to bring on foals born in January, and he had told her of his plans to winter his thoroughbred yearlings in his Gulf state of Marfa. If it succeeded, with the Arabian sun improving their development more than would a normal English winter, then he would have an edge over other bloodstock owners and breeders in this country.

However, he must first send a trial consignment of four year-olds to his air-conditioned yard, to assess their reaction to the long flight and to the change of climate and feed - and to see if his own stable lads were up to the job. He would be returning shortly to make sure that everything was ready. Later the horses would be returned to his new trainer, whom he had not yet chosen, to be sold as potential hurdlers or to run in handicap races. If all went well, then they would be succeeded by more valuable young stock. He was planning to send out the initial consignment in a couple of weeks time.

The decisive character of the Prince and his obvious disregard of all expenses were like an aphrodisiac to Emma. What a man! How could she see more of him? A plan was forming in her mind. Could she perhaps hitch a lift on his plane - officially to help look after the horses? Could she then see something of his life-style and then be seduced when she decided to indulge him? Oh what fun!

What would stuck-up old Henry have to say about that? What a delightful contrast the two men made. Thanks to the Prince's courteous manners and obvious appreciation of the sexually aware Emma, she would have a marvellous experience - and be able to throw it all back at Henry next time he went too far in humiliating her.

Oh I wonder, Emma thought as she flirted with the Prince, can I brush my nipple against him? She let her napkin slip to the floor. Then, bending down, she turned towards him, her nipple sliding over his knee. The reaction in Emma was almost explosive. As she straightened up again, her hand came up between her legs and, despite the tight skirt, her fingers felt her beauty bud, sensitive and firm - and ready for more. She glanced at the Prince and blushed - he had been watching her!

* * * * *

But the Prince needed no more games! He had already made his decision. He would invite her to his palace. How he would then enjoy the conquest of this lovely British lady. Indeed a longer term plan, involving her, was already forming in his mind, especially as it seemed that she was a married woman with a husband who was often away abroad. She might well be ideal for his purpose.

The call-girl had been unacceptable because of her nationality, but this ambitious young trainer had been intelligent enough to get rid of her. Yes, he seemed to understand his needs, and was quick to acknowledge an error and remedy it - just the kind of man he liked to have working for him. He would take him on, he decided.

First, however, this delicious trifle of British womanhood must be discreetly tested and then, if suitable, persuaded to accept his invitation. His cunning mind started working out a way.

But it was the unsuspecting Emma who was the first to raise the subject. 'I'm married, as you know, but my husband realises how much I miss not still being involved with horses, especially racehorses. They were such a large part of my childhood. Perhaps I could use my interest in your racing plans to be an excuse to travel out with your horses - and help keep an eye on them. He wouldn't object to that, and anyway he's abroad for much of the time. Would you let me?'

She put on the submissive, humble, pleading face that Ursula liked, pouting her short upper lip and speaking in a wheedling voice, like a child asking to suck a lollipop.

'With pleasure, my dear,' he said with a laugh, 'you would be very welcome in my palace guest house. How long can you spend with us?' Then he paused as if gathering his thoughts. 'You are very beautiful,' he added, 'and I shall enjoy showing you to my harem. My women will be inspired to emulate your charming and well- mannered ways'

'My palace ... my women' ... my harem' the words were racing round Emma's brain. Goodness! How exciting!

The Prince, however, was a clever, if cruel, man and his subtle mind was already planning the future of this evidently sensuous and submissive young woman. A week in his Palace should suffice to bring her to heel. How he would enjoy playing with this trusting little fool, who thought that she knew it all and could beguile him with her big blue eyes and prominent nipples - and her obvious flirtation. She would be in for a shock. But first he must test her - in a subtle way that would enable him to put her harmlessly aside should she not, in the cold light of day, prove likely to meet his requirements.

'Why don't you come and see some of my four year-olds,' he said. 'You'd find it interesting and we could talk about you flying out with them.'

Emma's heart was in her mouth with excitement. But before she could say a word, the Prince rose, thanked Paddy, and prepared to leave. He beckoned to his private secretary and gave him instructions to call for his chauffeur and to pay the bill. Despite Emma hovering anxiously for further confirmation of her invitation, he had ignored her until the last moment.

Then as, if the matter was already settled, he added: 'I'll send my car to pick you up the day after tomorrow at nine o'clock in the morning.'

With that he was gone - leaving Emma standing looking after him with her mouth wide open.

Emma's elation overflowed. 'Oh darling, darling, Paddy,' she enthused after everyone had left. 'You are wonderful letting me meet this marvellous man. He's asked me to come out with the flight the horses will be on. Oh yes, and he said he thought you'd be an excellent new trainer for him. Big kiss, darling, I do love you!'

Paddy heaved a sigh of relief. The job was in the bag. Bless little Emma! The strain and suspense began to ebb away and his mind was already working out the financial implications. 'Come on, Emma, he laughed as she joined him in his car. 'You've now got to pay for your supper! I want your best efforts and let's be having a good look at those tits you've been flaunting all evening.'

He put his fingers round them, kneading them deliciously, and then slipped a hand up her skirt. She had always been a hot little number, he thought. He licked his finger as she watched him. 'You always had your honey pot overflowing for me,' he laughed. But Emma was still reacting more to the memory of the Prince's commanding ways.

'Now backwards up the stairs, Emma,' he ordered when they arrived at the charming little mews house he had been lent. 'Dress up and legs apart, and let me have my share of the honey.'

His tongue was in her, licking away. 'Wow!' thought Emma, as he crawled up the stairs, bending her back and thrusting his tongue into the final crevice, searching for her juices. 'This is just what I need.'

At the top, he unzipped his trousers and his long thin manhood thrust into her and he climaxed almost immediately, collapsing on top of her and then came back to sucking her so that she came again and again.

But it was the Prince who was still in the back of her mind. Heavens, what fun it had been meeting him. It really had been pretty cheeky of her to jump in and ask him outright like that. Thank God he had been interested in the idea. And what would the visit really entail? But what a fabulous invitation ...

Emma and Paddy had had a good evening. They slept the same sound slumber of their teenage days when, together in the big Irish barn in Kilkenny, they had climbed erotically in the same way up the ladder to the hayloft. But Emma was dreaming of the Prince.

## 45 - EMMA PASSES HER TEST

Two days later, on arrival at the stables and wearing jeans, she was not, to her great surprise, taken to the line of looseboxes in which the racehorses were kept. Instead she was lead by a young groom into a large indoor riding school.

There the Prince was exercising a succession of hacks or hunters and popping them over a line of small jumps. He was wearing riding breeches and

highly polished boots and was carrying a long riding whip. He greeted her courteously and Emma watched entranced. What a magnificent man this Prince was, she thought, an intelligent, charming and yet excitingly terrifying man.

Before dismounting from each horse, he rode over to her and described it in detail: its character, its temper, its degree of obedience and the pleasure it gave when being ridden. Emma could not help wondering it he might describe the women in his harem in a similar way. Did he master and control his women as he evidently so well mastered and controlled his horses?

The Prince went on to describe the way his stud groom broke in and trained his horses, and kept them enjoyable to ride. Then, tapping his boots with his whip, he looked down at her and smiled. 'A beautiful and high-spirited horse,' he said,' is a like a beautiful and high-spirited woman. Both need constant supervision and to be looked after with a mixture of care and discipline so that they become and remain a perfect ride for their master.'

What an expression! Emma gasped and felt herself blushing. Then she pulled herself together. She was an intelligent woman, not some dolly girl that the Prince had picked up somewhere. But the hypnotic voice of the Prince brought her back to reality - to the reality of her own sensuality.

'My servants are patient, but they stand no nonsense. Their aim is simply to bring me a well trained, perfectly mannered creature.' Was he talking about his horses or about his women, Emma wondered, or both.

He looked down at her meaningfully. Had he guessed the secret battles that went on in her mind between her desire to be a sophisticated, self-composed woman of the world and her secret longings to be dominated and controlled? Was he testing her in some clever way? Shyly she lowered her eyes.

'A hot blooded man may feel tempted to break a beautiful woman to his will, particularly if she is a European woman who has not yet appear to have learned the joy of submitting to a strong minded man. But his pleasure will be all the greater if he lets her willingly crawl to his bed and then gives her to his servants to train and discipline properly for his greater pleasure.'

'And if she does not want to crawl to his bed?'

'Oh, she will,' he laughed. 'She will!'

Emma's mind was in a whirl. A woman, a free Western woman, crawling to his bed! To the bed of a handsome and dominating Arab Prince! And then being trained and disciplined by his servants. It was all too unbelievable, too thrilling. This knocked anything that Ursula and Sabhu had done into a cocked hat!

'Our religion teaches us,' he went on, 'that Allah put women into the world for the enjoyment of men and that he made men to excel over them. It tells us to enjoy as many of them as we can afford to look after ... and I am a rich man.

He paused. Emma was hanging onto his every word. How she longed at that moment to be enjoyed by him, to be excelled over by him, to be looked after by him. He looked so fierce, so commanding.

'And the women in your harem are all equally ... ' she began hesitantly.

'An Arab does not discuss the women in his harem with outsiders,' he said reprovingly, 'only with his servants.'

Emma blushed with shame at the snub.

'However,' he went on with a smile, 'if you simply meant to ask whether, if they existed, they would be kept as well trained and well disciplined as my horses, then the answer would be yes. My concubines all know they exist only for my pleasure and, denied even the sight of other men, they think only of how to provide that pleasure.'

'Oh!' gasped Emma. It was several seconds before she could pluck up her courage. 'And if, for instance, they were educated, intelligent women ... Western women ...European women ... British women?'

'Then they would be treated in the same way. They would all just be women who find themselves happy to serve a rich and strong man.'

Again, Emma could feel herself flushing. Was it from anger at his incredible, sheer, male arrogance? Or was it rather from shame at her own excitement and arousal. Certainly the Prince's arrows were striking home alright. Did he know her secret desires?

She looked up at his strong face, at his strong thighs above his highly polished riding boots, at his equally firm hands grasping the reins and the whip with which he was controlling his horse. Oh! Oh!

Before she could collect her thoughts and say something sensible, the Prince had dismounted, and handed the horse to a groom. Then gripping Emma's arm he led her into a palatial tack room full of beautifully kept saddles and bridles.

Leaving Emma standing, he sat down on a comfortable looking chair. There did not seem to be anything else to sit on. She had heard that it was considered bad manners in Arabia for a woman to sit down in the presence of a man, but even so was rather taken aback at her first experience of the way Arabs naturally treated women.

Smiling, the Prince pointed to a tray on a table. On it was a coffee pot and a small cup and saucer. She noticed that there was only one.

'Pour me a cup of coffee,' the Prince ordered nonchalantly, stretching his hands behind his neck. It was, she realised, the first time that she had served him with anything, the first time that he had commanded her. He had not said 'Please'. He must be very sure of himself, she realised, and a wave of anger momentarily swept over her.

Angrily she looked up. He was looking straight at her. She could not meet his gaze. She lowered her eyes. The anger left her.

What was the point of walking out now, she told herself, just when she was on the point of being invited to stay in a fabulous palace. Anyway she enjoyed being ordered about. She would do as he said. He was, after all, a very rich man - and, she had offered, in effect, to enter his employ. What was the technical legal expression? The relationship of master and servant. Master!

Blushing she turned and poured the coffee. How should she serve it, she wondered. There was no little table near the sofa. How does a mere woman serve an Arab Prince in Arabia? Was this some sort of a test? A test of her submission? Goodness! Was he deliberately establishing his authority over her?

She turned towards him, the coffee cup and saucer in her hands. Expressionless, he looked her up and down. He had not seen her in jeans before, she realised, blushing. Did he approve of what he saw? Still he did not say a word. Clearly he felt that he had given his order and there was no need to say anything more. Again she lowered her eyes.

Suddenly, obeying some instinctive urge deep down inside her, she dropped to her knees and held the coffee up to him. It seemed only right and proper.

'Your Highness,' she murmured.

He smiled down at her. He said nothing. It was as if seeing a young Englishwoman kneeling at his feet was the most natural thing in the world. Then slowly he picked up the cup, leaving Emma holding the saucer with both hands. He sipped the coffee. Emma kept quite still. He put the cup back on the saucer. Then he touched Emma's cheek with his hand. She could not help slightly rubbing her face against his strong hand.

It was, Emma felt, a thrilling moment.

Suddenly, greatly daring, she put down the cup and saucer. She grasped his hand. She brought it to her lips. She about to kiss it humbly when, as if again obeying some strange primeval instinct, she did what she had never done to a man before: she turned his hand over and gently licked his palm.

It was, she knew, a secret, intimate, gesture of subservience to a man whom she hardly knew and in whose service she now was. She looked up at him. She felt that she was in the power of a real man, a cruel and ruthless man, but one who would take care of her. A feeling of complete and utter happiness spread over her.

With his other hand he stroked her hair gently. At that moment, she knew, he could have done anything, absolutely anything with her. Had he any idea what she was feeling?

In fact, however, he knew exactly how she felt and was delighted by her reaction to his test. After a little training in his harem she would be just what he was looking for: an attractive, submissive, well educated and sophisticated young married woman whose husband was often abroad. His mind was made up.

'One of my cars,' he said decisively, 'will take you home and bring you back here tomorrow morning to discuss with my stud groom the arrangements for the flight. My private secretary will make all the necessary arrangements and give you a cheque for ... what I will call your expenses. The plane is now due to leave in a week's time and I shall expect you to stay on in my palace guest house for a week or so after that. All right?

Dumbly Emma nodded, overcome with excitement and anticipation.

'To avoid any silly tittle-tattle I suggest that you do not tell anyone where you are going. You will not, in any case, be seeing any other men there - it would cause great scandal, for we Moslems do not like other men to see our women.' He laughed and then added: 'Nor do we allow our women to see other men ... So, if anyone asks where you are off to, just say you are going away to Switzerland for some mountain air'

He rose to his feet. 'I shall look forward to seeing out there shortly,' he said and left the room, leaving Emma, still on her knees emotionally drained. He had, she realised, taken complete charge of her. Where, she wondered jealously, would he now be going? Flying back to his harem? Goodness!

## 46 - IN THE PALACE OF THE PRINCE

It was the warmth and a distinctive and exciting smell that first struck Emma as the doors of the big transport plane swung open. It was getting dark. Still wearing the blouse and jeans she had put on to look after the horses during the flight she looked out. Her first sight of Arabia!

The journey had been uneventful. Paddy's had arranged for both Emma and his own experienced lad, who had accompanied the horses, to be taught how to tranquillise any horse that went berserk. However, despite Paddy's fears and precautions, the horses had all quietly dozed or munched away at their sweet smelling horseage throughout the long journey .

A smart new Lambourne horsebox drove up to the plane. Two young Arabs lowered the ramp and the Prince's head groom introduced himself.

The horses were led down the ramp of the plane and up into horsebox. Nothing could have been easier. Emma fetched her case and, saying goodbye to Paddy's lad and the crew of the aeroplane, swung herself up into the horse box.

Now that the horses had been handed over to the Prince's Arab grooms, her duties were over. What now? She still had no real idea - except for a note from the Prince's private secretary saying that she was expected at the palace guest house, and enclosing a reassuring ticket back to England for a flight in a week's time. He had also enclosed a substantial cheque, a very substantial cheque, 'for her time.'

A whole week in the palace! Well, had thought Emma, what was the Prince planning to do with her? Had he cunningly and deliberately not told her, nor written to her, so as to heighten the anticipation, the excitement. If so, he had certainly succeeded. She had been on tenterhooks ever since that dinner on the floating restaurant a bare week ago and even more so since that extraordinary meeting at his stables.

The horsebox drove from the airport through the darkness and across what seemed to be empty desert to the Prince's stud farm. The grooms were chattering amongst themselves. They seemed to speak no English. Emma saw that the well lit up stud buildings were all painted white and beautifully kept. Gorgeous Arab horses grazed in the small well fenced paddocks surrounding the actual stables. Money seemed no object.

She saw that the Prince, now wearing long white Arab dress with a black, gold edged kafiya, or rope, round the headpiece, was waiting for them. Laughing to herself, she remembered her fantasy in the restaurant about what he would wear under Arab dress. She could not make out any sign of anything. But how strong and handsome he looked.

She was taken aback when the Prince seemed to ignore her presence entirely. Clearly out here men did not speak to women in public.

Instead a young boy led her to a chauffeur-driven, air conditioned, big Mercedes car with tinted side and rear windows and a similar opaque window

between herself and the chauffeur. Silently the boy handed her into the car and then got in himself. The car drove off through the darkness. There seemed no sign of a town.

Then the car stopped before some tall gates. She had an impression of high walls and of armed guards with torches which they flashed into the car, and then of the gates being opened and the car driving through - only to be confronted with another inside gate with more guards. Security was obviously very tight.

Finally the car seemed to be driving across a park and came to a stop in front of a pretty white painted bungalow with iron bars on the windows. Two laughing Filipino servant girls, in long Arab caftans, came down the steps and opened the door of the car. Behind them she saw a hugely fat black man in a white Arab robe, presumably a servant of some sort. His podgy face was impassive. Watched by the black man, the two Filipino girls took her baggage and led her into the house. The black man closed and locked the door behind them.

The house seemed spacious and was air conditioned. Emma was shown into a pretty bedroom, furnished in an English country house style with chintz's everywhere, and a large bed. Emma was surprised to see, facing the bed, an illuminated portrait of the Prince in Arab dress, looking rather severe.

The servants brought her orange juices and then a light supper with delicious bits of roast lamb and then pieces of mango. She ate it all eagerly. Meanwhile the giggling Filipino girls started to unpack her clothes, showing each item to the silent black man. Embarrassed at having her things seen by a man, Emma tried to wave him away. But one of the Filipino girls laughed and whispered to her in simple English: 'Don't you worry. He used to looking after European women.'

What! thought Emma. Did the Prince often bring European women to stay?

But by now she was too tired to argue. She just wanted to go to bed and sleep. She had to be ready for the Prince in the morning!

As if reading her thoughts, the black man went to a cupboard and produced a gorgeous silken nightdress. He handed it to the Filipino girls, saying something to them in a strangely high pitched voice.

To Emma's horror they started to undress her in front of the black man. She began to protest. 'Don't you worry,' whispered the Filipino girl again in an encouraging tone, as if talking to a little girl, 'he used to seeing Prince's women naked.'

'Well he's damn well not seeing this one,' cried Emma with a sudden burst of temper. Before the big man could say anything, she bundled him out of the room, slammed the door shut and turned, grinning, to the two girls, brushing her hands as if wiping off his taint.

The girls stood there aghast. 'He very important man here,' cried the girl who spoke English. 'He Ali Effendi. He in charge of all Prince's women.'

'Well he's not in charge of this one,' laughed Emma. She had not shaken off the clutches of Sabhu to fall into those of another black man.

Shaking their heads fearfully, the murmuring girls put her into the nightdress. She saw that Arabic writing had been embroidered on the right breast. It looked very similar to the Arabic crest on the horses' travelling rugs. Was it the Prince's name? How exciting!

Tired and emotionally exhausted, Emma got into bed. The maids switched off the light and left the room. But the portrait of the Prince remained lit up. Sleepily, she found herself looking at it again and again. What a man he was! But who were all those women that the black man was supposed to be in charge of and was used to seeing naked? The Prince's Arab harem girls? A pang of jealousy ran through her.

The next two days passed slowly for Emma in the guest house. She saw only the giggling Filipino maids. She longed to go off for a drive and to see this new exciting country. But every time she asked she was told that no car was available. There just seemed nothing to do. Had the Prince forgotten all about her, she wondered. Was he playing some game of cat and mouse with her? But why? She longed for a stiff drink, but there was only fruit juice.

Photographs and portraits of the Prince dominated every room, making sure that, like it or not, her thoughts were constantly of him as she lounged about

the house. She asked about the Prince, but was told he was busy. Busy in his harem, she thought with mounting jealousy.

She thought of walking down to the palace gates and going out for a walk, but the Filipino maids were horrified and told her that the guards would never let her out. Was she a prisoner, she asked herself as she eyed the high unscalable walls that surrounded the palace grounds. She remembered what the Prince had said about not allowing his women to be seen by other men - or even to see other men.

Then, smilingly, one the maids handed her note. It was polite formal invitation from the Prince to join him for dinner that night. Oh the joy! Thrilled she wrote her acceptance and sent it off with the maid.

All day she could think of nothing else but what she would wear and how she would do her hair. Her hair! How she longed for a hairdresser and then as if in answer to her dream the maids told her that, Hazud, the palace hairdresser had arrived.

A palace hairdresser! Astonished Emma went to meet him. He was a dapper young black man. He spoke quite good English - but once again with a high pitched voice. Anyway, he certainly knew what he was about when it came to arranging women's hair and making up their faces. To her surprise he had even unlocked a proper little hairdressing salon in the guest house.

After her hair had been washed and set, and freshly tinted, It was now gleaming beautifully and Emma wanted him to coil her long hair up in a sophisticated way. However, he just shook his head and brushed it so that it now hung down her back like that of a young girl. 'Master like that,' he explained. Just like Ursula, Emma thought ruefully.

Then the hairdresser started to make up her eyes in Arab style. Emma was startled when she saw an Arab houri staring back at her in the mirror, a houri with huge eyes, outlined in heavy black, brightly rouged cheeks and glistening lips and eyelids.

Back in her bedroom, she was astonished to see that the maids had laid out a beautiful cream coloured silken caftan. 'Ali Effendi send this over. Present from Prince. You wear this tonight.'

Thrilled, Emma lifted up the gorgeous dress. She gasped as she saw, embroidered on the right breast, as on her nightdress and as on the saddle clothes of the horses, the insignia of the Prince.

'Hurry!' whispered the Filipino maid, pulling some sheer self supporting stockings up her legs and then lifting up the caftan to slip it over her head. 'Ali Effendi now coming to take you to Prince.'

'But I haven't got any under clothes on,' Emma protested. The thin silken robe would accentuate her every curve - and was slit up one side.

'Prince's women not wear underclothes,' giggled the girl. Emma was about to insist when she heard a cough from the doorway. Ali Effendi was watching her. Hastily she allowed the girl to slip the caftan down to hide her nakedness.

'Come!' beckoned Ali Effendi in his strange high voice. 'Prince waiting.'

Uncomfortably aware of her nakedness under the long caftan, Emma followed the big black man into a large air-conditioned Mercedes car. Tinted glass hid the chauffeur, reminding Emma of the Prince's remark about not allowing his women to see other men.

They drove several hundred yards across the palace grounds, and up to a magnificent white painted house built like an Italian villa with steps leading up to a doorway surrounded by columns. To one side was another very high wall surrounding a wing of the palace. Over the wall she had a glimpse of a few barred windows made of frosted glass. Was this the harem, Emma wondered. Was the frosted glass not only to prevent the women from being seen by visiting men, but also, as the Prince had said, to prevent the women from seeing other men. Goodness!

The palace was cool and very luxurious. She was led through a large hall and up a marble staircase into a reception room furnished in simple Arab style with low sofas and couches, and little tables with gleaming beaten copper tops. There, evidently waiting for her, stood the Prince. He was alone.

Astonished, Emma saw that he was wearing a European-style dinner jacket and black tie. The contrast with her own flimsy Arab caftan was marked. She felt very naked and embarrassed. Had he deliberately arranged all this to emphasise

his psychological ascendency over her? Could she, however, turn it to her own advantage and use it to seduce him - at last!

But the Prince was all charm and courtesy, as smiling, he handed her to a sofa. She listened spellbound as he began to talk of his successes in the past racing season in England and France and his hopes for the future. He showed her the latest daily fax from his racing manager reporting on his various horses in training, and on his mares and foals. He clearly knew a great deal about them all individually.

Then he spoke of the political problems here in his home country: of the rivalry between the Shia and Sunni sects and of the growing anti-Western fundamentalist demands for an Islamic state with ever stricter control and isolation of women.

'But how does keeping a harem fit in with this?' asked Emma intrigued.

'Oh, it's well known that my concubines are under strict supervision in my harem. The Mullahs want the influence of women to be limited to the home. They like me to set an example, and so the stricter the discipline in my harem, and the larger it is, the happier they are.'

'Oh!' gasped Emma. What a dreadful male chauvinist society this was. And yet, and yet ... a sudden rush of arousal made her wonder if it was not all rather exciting. 'But how,' she asked, finding her words with difficulty, 'would they ... react ... if you had ... European women ... Christian women ... in your harem ... and this was also known."

The Prince laughed. 'Well! Of course, no one would ever know - any way not for certain, for Moslem men do not discuss the women in their harems. But if it were rumoured that I did keep some European women locked up in my harem then that would make me all the more popular with the Mullahs, since they would know any European women would be kept under the strict control and supervision of my black eunuchs.'

'Black eunuchs!' cried Emma in disbelief. 'You mean they still exist in this day and age?'

'Oh yes, I have four of them. You've already met three: Ali Effendi, my chief black eunuch, Hazud the harem hairdresser and young Abdul - who's coming on well. He's developing into a natural strict disciplinarian - just what's needed in a harem. He accompanied you in the car when you travelled to the palace from the stables. Then there's Nagu, an older black eunuch who supervises the harem by night '

Emma sat spell bound.

'I suppose,' went on the Prince, 'that you're wondering where they come from. Well, there's no shortage of young black eunuchs - thanks to the continuing unrest and revolts in the southern Sudan. And modern surgery makes it quite a simple operation, these days'

'But how dreadful!'

'Not at all,' laughed the Prince, dismissing her concern, 'they have a much better life here, in charge of the women in a rich man's harem, than they ever would have had in their primitive villages in the bush ... and much responsibility too. Ali Effendi is as important, when it comes to my women, as my racing manager is for my racehorses in England, or as my head groom is for my stud of Arab horses here. That's why he has the title of Effendi, to show off his high rank, and the respect with which he should be treated ...' He broke off, 'Ah, here he is in person!'

Seated on her sofa, Emma could not help give a little shiver as the large, fat, black man dressed as usual in an immaculate white Arab robe came waddling into the room, bowing humbly to the Prince. Was it a shiver of fear or disgust? Or was it just anger at being interrupted in her hopeful seduction of the Prince?

She saw that in his left hand he was holding, like a wand of office, a long, slender, silver tipped bamboo cane with a curved handle. In his right hand he held what seemed to be a printed list of names. There were ticks and Arabic writing against each name. Ignoring the presence of Emma, he proudly handed the list to the Prince.

'Ah,' said the Prince to Emma, 'you see this is his daily report on the state of my concubines - the women in his charge. It's as important, in it's way, as the daily report on my valuable horses that we've just been discussing.'

Damn that black man and his silly report, thought Emma. She wanted the Prince to be thinking of her, not of his wretched concubines. And anyway, what a shockingly callous way to treat women: to have a daily report brought to him like the report on his racehorses. And how many concubines did he have, for Heavens sake? The list seemed quite long.

Indeed, the Prince was going down the list, nodding and putting the occasional question in Arabic to Ali Effendi. She noticed that the Prince was pointing to one name against which a black star had been put. 'Ali Effendi has the authority to award up to six strokes of the cane,' the Prince explained to Emma, 'but he wants to give this girl twelve. She's getting slack, lack of zeal we call it, and getting above herself. He feels that she needs a proper thrashing to shake her up.' He turned back to the big black man and nodded.

Horrified, at the casual way in which a woman had been sentenced to be thrashed, Emma found herself looking silently at the long whippy cane in the black man's strong hand. My God!

'My women all get a good thrashing from time to time,' the Prince nonchalantly informed Emma. 'It makes them adore and respect me all the more.'

Oh the sheer arrogance of the man! Emma wanted to hit him, but she had to admit there was some truth in what he had said. But her thoughts were then interrupted by the Prince, who was pointing at half a dozen red ticks against some of the names. 'Please excuse me for a moment,' said the Prince politely, turning back to Emma, and indicating the ticks against some of the names, 'but I must discuss these recommendations for a short list for this evening's selection parade.'

Emma eyes widened. This evening's selection parade? Did the Prince really mean what she thought he meant? She simply could not believe what she was seeing, as the Prince and his chief black eunuch began a detailed discussion in Arabic, both repeatedly pointing to the names against which the red stars had been placed. Then the Prince gave the list back, and the big black man, throwing a curious glance at Emma, again bowed humbly and left the room.

'He always has his favourites,' complained the Prince as Ali Effendi left the room. 'Well, I'll just have to see later ...'

Emma caught her breath, was he really talking about a selection parade of his women? And did the short list really include European women? She felt a sudden pang of jealousy. Why about herself? Why wasn't he interested in her? Or was she just imagining it all? Could this charming, civilized man in his well cut dinner jacket, who spoke such good English, really have a harem of Arab girls at his beck and call, selected for his pleasure by a black eunuch?

'Now how about a little dinner,' said the Prince briskly. 'I've ordered some local delicacies specially for you.'

The Prince politely led her into a beautifully furnished European-style dining room with a small round, mahogany, Regency table and Regency chairs. The only light came from silver candlesticks on the table and sideboards. How romantic, Emma thought, thought for a moment - just what I need. Then she remembered the scene with Ali Effendi and his damn list. She gave a little of shiver of despair.

Then, astonished, she saw that two very good looking white youths were drawing back chairs for her and the Prince. They were dressed in bright blue European page boy outfits with buttons going down the front of their tight tunics. On their right breasts was the same embroidered insignia that Emma wore on her own breast. Perched on the side of their heads were little blue pillbox hats on the side of their heads with a leather strap going under their chins.

'I copied their uniforms from those of the pageboys in Claridges,' explained the Prince with a laugh as he saw Emma staring at the two boys. 'They're orphans from Romania who were only too happy to have the chance to start a new life out here - even if it did, first, mean being gelded.'

'Gelded!' cried Emma as she sat down, looking up at the youths smooth skins.

'Oh, yes, it's an old custom here in the Middle East for wealthy men to use white eunuchs as their personal attendants or valets, and as confidential clerks - and black eunuchs to supervise and discipline their women. White eunuchs are very different from black ones, but they both have one thing in

common: they're both exceptionally loyal to their Masters. Like neutered dogs they don't run away ... '

The Prince paused and then laughed. 'And being eunuchs I can also safely use these two to attend on me even when I'm enjoying one of my women, particularly a new one - holding her down for me, taking her to the bathroom, and so on.'

Holding her down! Taking her to the bathroom! Emma looked at the two youths with a new respect. They looked so young and innocent. 'You mean ...' she stammered, 'you ... have them with you in your bedroom whilst you're ... '

'... making love?' laughed the Prince, nonchalantly. 'Oh, yes! They can make themselves very useful, particularly with a new girl ... Moreover,' he went on, 'they can also unobtrusively accompany me as my valets when I travel to Europe. People just think that they are rather effeminate personal servants ... '

Poor Emma was altogether too stunned, by all that she had seen and heard, to want to make much conversation during dinner, or to do justice to the delicious food. Indeed she wondered whether the Prince was secretly laughing at her, having succeeded in both shocking her and exciting her, in both making her bitterly regret coming out here at all and, yet, also being thrilled out of her mind by it.

All that she could really think about was that hidden within yards of her was the harem, a harem in which women were kept hidden away, purely for the pleasure of this all-powerful man. It was astonishing.

She would have been even more astonished had she known what the Prince was planning for her, as he carefully judged her reaction to what she had heard and seen - what, indeed, he had been planning from the first moment he saw her.

## 47 - EMMA'S FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE HAREM

Suddenly, as if knowing her thoughts, the Prince asked her: 'Would you like to see into the harem?'

Then, turning to the two white pageboys, he pointed to a curtain that ran down one side of the room. They pulled it back to disclose what seemed like a window with a long piece of glass - a one-way mirror, Emma realised, intrigued.

The window looked straight into a large room, beautifully decorated in Arab style with brightly painted mosaics on the walls and ceilings. It was simply furnished with large, coloured leather cushions.

Emma gasped as she saw that walking about, or sitting talking on the cushions, were a dozen young women. Then she gasped again.

'But they're all European women!' she cried out.

'Indeed!' laughed the Prince. 'I would have thought that you would have realised by now that my tastes in nearly everything tend towards the European way of life. But, of course, I can't spend all my time in the West. So I need a little touch of Europe back here too - and where better to have it than in my harem?'

Emma saw that they were all dressed in beautifully cut caftans, just like the one that she was wearing. Through the thin material of the caftans, the lines of the women's bodies showed erotically. She remembered what the Filipino maids had said about no underclothes being allowed in the harem. Goodness! Did she look like that in her caftan?

Embroidered on the right breast of each woman's caftan, just as on her's, was the Prince's insignia. Their hair gleamed and hung down their necks, just as the black hairdresser had arranged hers, and their eyes were heavily made up in the same way as hers.

Some were slender, others quite plump. 'I like them all different shapes and sizes,' she heard the Prince say, 'provided they're beautiful, of course, with good breasts.'

Then she saw that they were all wearing a shiny metal collar. Something about these collars reminded her of the leather collar that Ursula had locked her into after the special school. Yes, it had the same little box at the back. The Prince must use it to prevent his concubines from escaping from his harem, just as Ursula had used hers to prevent her from escaping from her own home.

Well, he certainly seems very with it, she thought - and up to date with all the latest electronic gadgets.

Occasionally the women would look towards the one-way mirror and smile coquettishly as if wondering whether they were being watched.

'Yes,' said the Prince, 'they know I often watch them unseen from behind this one-way mirror - and other similar mirrors and wooden screens. I find it fascinating. Rather like many people find it fascinating to watch fish in an aquarium! I can happily watch them for hours, enjoying the feeling of owning these lovely and helpless creatures - now kept purely for my enjoyment.'

Helpless creatures! Kept purely for his enjoyment! Emma could feel herself becoming aroused.

The Prince saw her flushed face. Yes she might well do very well in the role he was planning for her - after a spell in his harem so that she could be taught to please him properly.

'But ...' said Emma hesitantly, 'there don't seem to be any children in the harem ... and I don't see ... any of the women ...

'In an expectant state?' the Prince completed her question. 'No, these are merely my white concubines, and as such aren't worthy to be the mothers of my sons. Ali Effendi ensures they don't become pregnant. How he does it I don't enquire - he doubtless has his own methods.'

He laughed. 'No that is the role of my two high-born wives, the Princesses, who each live with their children in their own house, away from the harem, in the palace grounds. I visit them there one night a week and sometimes take one or other of them with me to Europe.'

Emma gasped at his arrogance. Then she saw two blond girls, sitting together on a cushion, and holding hands. They were dressed in identical caftans and looked remarkably alike. Surely, she thought, they could not be sisters, twin sisters - not here in a harem? They were very pretty with bright blue eyes, pretty ankles and extraordinarily long, slender necks. They were looking at each other and smiling. The Prince pointed to them. 'Twins,' he said proudly, 'from Poland. Very sensual - and very valuable, of course. They cost a lot.'

'You mean you bought them?' gasped Emma

'Of course. And they were then still virgins, straight from a convent. They thought they were coming to the Middle East to teach in a girls school. But instead they found that they were ones being given the lessons - lessons from Ali Effendi - in how to give me pleasure, not only together in my bed, but also by performing together, in front of me.'

'Performing together!' repeated Emma. ' You mean ... but I imagined ... '

'That lesbianism is forbidden in a harem? Yes, of course it is - and so is playing with themselves. I don't mind it much but the black eunuchs regard both as being as being unfaithful to the Master - almost on a par with adultery and certainly an insult to them, the guardians of my women's purity. So if they catch two women alone and not under the supervision of a black eunuch, or alone by themselves, then they assume the worst - and it's an automatic ten strokes of Ali Effendi's cane in front of this mirror, and their companions have to watch too.'

'Yes!' laughed the Prince cruelly, 'they have to be feeling pretty desperate to risk it, but then, of course, the harem system keeps them pretty desperate. So it's all a game of cat and mouse between the women and the black eunuchs - an amusing game for me to watch. Mind you, the black eunuchs rules don't stop them teaching the girls to put on a little ... exhibition for my enjoyment - but they only let them go so far - unless I give my permission ... Yes, I like watching a woman- or several women - being made to arouse themselves in front of me.'

The Prince paused. How awful, Emma was thinking, it would be to have to play with herself in front of the Prince. How embarrassing. But, also how exciting! Blushing, she heard the Prince go on

'Of course, it's only natural for the women in a harem, deprived as they are of even the sight of a another man, to ... What is your English expression? ... Ah, yes, ...to form crushes on each other - just like English girls do in a boarding school. I don't mind particularly, but the black eunuchs do - they are afraid that if a girl is not kept frustrated, then she will lose her drive to catch my eye. That's why they watch all the women so carefully.

They even insist on me paying extra for the old retired black eunuch, Nagu, to patrol the harem dormitory all night - to make sure that all the little creatures remain frustrated in their own little cots, with their hands well in view above the sheets.'

He paused for a moment. 'Yes, I let Ali Effendi have a free hand to run the harem as he likes - provided, of course, he produces my women for me, at any time of the day or night, happy, vivacious and eager to please. So, dealing with the women is his responsibility. I don't ask questions about how he does it. Why keep a dog and bark yourself, as you English say'.

The Prince laughed sardonically. 'Yes, to use another English expression, he runs a very tight ship, with lots of little petty rules that the girls have to learn about: just what has to be done, where, how and at what time; about addressing him or the other black eunuchs, and so on. The girls all know that any breach of the rules is likely to result in her getting the cane from him. But, as you can see, he certainly doesn't keep them all cowered and sulky. On the contrary, as I'm sure you'll agree, they're a happy looking batch!'

The Prince paused ... ' But, I must confess, I do like to see them treating my chief black eunuch with the respect he deserves - and certainly, if, as very occasionally happens, he reports a girl to me for impertinence or dumb insolence towards him, or young Abdul, then I automatically support his authority by authorising him to give her a full dozen strokes of the cane. Just as I do if any girl is not desperate to please me in my bed - something that Ali Effendi takes as personal effrontery to his authority ...'

'Yes,' he continued, 'it all works out very well and, I must say, he's certainly turned my Polish girls into a splendid pair of eager love machines - and a very beautiful pair at that!'

My God, thought Emma, uncertain whether she was more shocked or more jealous. Memories of the awful Sabhu flooded back. How strange it was, and yet how true, that most white women could be wildly happy and yet be subject to the strict discipline of their Master's, or Mistress's, black servants - something that both Ursula and Prince evidently well knew ...

But before she say anything, the Prince had pointed to a beautiful woman of about thirty-five with delicate cheekbones and dark flashing eyes. She was talking to a younger girl of perhaps seventeen. They were smiling happily and were dressed, like the two Polish girls, in identical caftans. But curiously, despite the difference in their ages, there was a strange resemblance between them.

'My hot blooded Italian mother and daughter!' laughed the Prince. 'They also cost me a lot. Pretty mothers and daughters don't grow on trees, you know. The daughter was still a schoolgirl and a virgin. The mother was a divorcee. She hated it here at first, especially as she was used to having lots of boy friends. Now, of course, I'm her only boy friend! Indeed, except perhaps for a distant view of a guard, or a gardener, she hasn't even seen another man, other than my black eunuchs, since she woke up to find herself in my harem ...'

The Prince paused reflectively for a moment. 'Yes,' he went on, 'by not allowing them to see another man, or allowing them to know anything of what is going on in the world beyond the very high walls of the harem garden, and by treating them like little girls, my black eunuchs keep my women both frustrated and fascinatingly childlike - but children with the bodies and desires of grown up women.'

Then the Prince laughed. 'These two hated being trained by Ali Effendi to perform together in my bed, and he had to use his whip a lot before he had them ready for me. But now the daughter is as desperate for a man as the mother - and both are desperate to catch my eye! But they know that I'm only interested in them for my bed if they're together, pleasing me together as a little well trained pair.'

A mother and daughter in a harem, Emma was thinking. Trained to perform together! Prevented from even seeing other men! European women kept in the harem of a Moslem Prince! A man who outwardly is a highly civilised and erudite man, well known in Europe!

'And,' went on the Prince, 'to make sure that they do regard themselves as a pair and not as individuals, they both get beaten together by Ali Effendi, whenever one of them breaks one of the harem rules, or if I feel that that one

of them was lacking in eagerness to please in my bed. It makes each of them very anxious that the other always behaves properly, smiling happily and never sulking - and the sight of them both nervously bending over for Ali Effendi's whippy little cane can be a very arousing sight, even if I'm feeling a bit jaded.'

'You mean you watch your women being punished by your black eunuchs?' cried Emma in mock horror, secretly thinking how exciting it would be to be punished in front of the handsome Prince.

'Of course! It's one of the principal joys of having a harem ... But to return to my beautiful mother and daughter,' continued the Prince, 'I shall never forget that first night, when Ali Effendi proudly brought them both to my bed, and I took the girl's virginity whilst the mother licked me from behind - just as she had been taught to do. And then they had to swop places, both knowing that the one who gave me less pleasure would be getting a thrashing from Ali Effendi in the morning. That really was a memorable occasion.'

'Oh!' exclaimed Emma. How awful for the mother having to witness the deflowering of her daughter. How equally awful for the daughter having to witness the shaming of her mother. But, she had to admit, how exciting for the Prince ... 'But,' she asked after a pause, ' how on earth did you get hold of them?'

'Oh, the Mafia and other organisations always have women they are keen to get rid of - perhaps they have been unsuccessfully kidnapped for ransom, or perhaps they just know too much for their own good. For them to disappear behind the doors of a rich man's harem is an ideal way of getting rid of them - and a profitable one too, for there are plenty of modern equivalents of the old fashioned slave dealers around to handle their disappearance ... They often send Ali Effendi details of what they currently have on offer. . I leave it all to him - provided he keeps within his budget ... And to his assistant, whom I was telling you about, young Achmed. He's also developing a good eye for a likely performer.'

He pointed to the black youth standing in the corner of the room. Emma recognised him as the boy who had travelled with her in the car from the stables to the palace. He was dressed just like Ali Effendi, but instead of a cane, he was holding a black leather whip with a short handle. The whites of his bloodshot eyes gleamed as they darted to and fro whilst he carefully watched the women's every movement.

Emma's head was reeling from all this. Slave dealers handling white women! A budget for buying them! A young assistant trainer! Developing a good eye for a likely performer! My God! Was the Prince talking about his women or his horses?

'You mean you often acquire ... buy ... new ... women for your harem?' Emma stammered.

'Oh yes, but I find that about a dozen at any time is a comfortable number to jog along with.'

'My God,' cried Emma unable to keep her thoughts to herself any longer, 'you're the most arrogant and self-opinionated man I've ever met. You're ... just ...the ...'

'The most irresistible man you've ever met?' he laughed.

'Oh, you ... you ...' she cried. Then seeing the way he way he was laughing at her, she too could not help bursting out laughing. 'You're just impossible.' she finished lamely and then added: 'And anyway even if what you say is true what happens to the girls you get rid of?'

'Oh, that's no problem. The dealers will always give Ali Effendi a good price if he trades in an older girl for a fresh one. There's always a good demand for girls that have been already broken in by an experienced chief black eunuch.'

'Trading in a girl! Broken in!' Emma almost gasped aloud. My God! Then collecting her thoughts she asked: 'But surely there's the risk that they would talk about you and your harem - and create a scandal.'

'Not really, everyone here knows I have a harem. It's expected of me.'

'Yes but what if one of these European women should later tell the world press about your harem. Think of the story in the English press. How would that affect your image in England as a benefactor of the Turf.'

'Oh, I think the English racing fraternity would be very surprised if I did not have any women in my life. But anyway these European women here don't even know where they are or who I am, so they could hardly cause much of a stir even if they were to try and sell their story to the papers.'

'What' cried Emma in astonishment, 'you really mean they don't know where they are or in whose harem they are? I can't believe it!'

'Of course they don't. Why should they? Most of them have never seen over the walls of the harem, never mind over the walls of the palace grounds. They scarcely know how they even got here. And to them I am just the Prince, their Master. They only see the black eunuchs and the occasional servant girl - and they all know that their very lives would be at risk if they told my women who their Master was.'

The Prince paused and looked Emma in the eye. 'And the same would apply, of course, to any else going into the harem temporarily - or leaving it. We Arabs have a long arm. Any one opening their mouths back in Europe would also be killed. It's as simple as that!'

Emma caught her breath. Was he giving her a warning? The threat was certainly clear and unmistakable.

'But ... but,' she stammered, 'Isn't there a risk of them smuggling out a letter to their families back in Europe ... or ... perhaps of them discreetly giving a note of their families name and address to ... a visitor?'

'Oh no, Ali Effendi makes certain that there are no pens or pencils, or other writing materials, in the harem. It's a tradition going back to the days when women were deliberately kept illiterate.'

'But surely they still might tell a visitor their names?' said Emma, wondering if they might, should she ever visit the harem.

'No, no,' laughed the Prince. 'Ali Effendi would first warn them not to talk to the visitor. It's one of the strengths of the harem system that the identity of the women in one remains completely secret to the outside world.'

Shocked, Emma looked into the harem again and through the barred windows on the far side of the room she saw a lit-up formal garden, and beyond that the high palace wall. She saw that several other rooms led off from this large room. There were no doors, no privacy.

Suddenly she saw the hugely fat figure of Ali Effendi waddling into the main harem room. The black youth clapped his hands. All the women respectfully stood up or stood quite still. Clearly he had them all well disciplined. Watched by the women, the big black man ponderously made his way to the middle of the room. He pulled the list out of his pocket. The women's eyes were on it, as if waiting eagerly or expectantly.

Slowly Ali Effendi read out some names. As he did so first one woman and then another would blush with excitement. He finished and put away the list, leaving the other women looking sad and disappointed. He clapped his hands and gave an order. The excited looking women all ran off to one of the alcoves. Emma saw the twins amongst them, but not the mother and daughter. They and the others all now meekly sat down on the cushions.

Emma saw that the alcove, to which the women had run, seemed to be fitted out like a larger version of the hairdressing saloon in the guest house. She saw the black hairdresser being besieged by half a dozen eager women.

Then the Prince snapped his fingers and the curtain over the one way mirror was drawn across again. 'We'll see them again soon when Ali Effendi has them ready to be paraded for my final selection for tonight.'

Final selection! Again a wave of jealousy flowed through Emma.

'Well then,' she said with a flash of anger and getting up from the table, 'there's not much point in me staying here any longer.'

'Oh, but there is!' laughed the Prince, putting out a strong hand and pulling back down onto her chair. 'I'm sure you're secretly longing to see what happens next. You might learn something!'

'What!' she cried. But secretly Emma knew that the Prince was right. She was indeed fascinated by it all, even if she was being driven mad with jealousy over this handsome and astonishingly self-confidant man.

The Prince now cleverly started to draw Emma out about herself: about her up-bringing in Ireland, about her marriage and about her country house. Emma was

terrified he might trick her into talking about Ursula or Henry, but he was far too well mannered to press her.

Suddenly a red light started flickering above the curtains covering the one-way mirror. The Prince nodded and the two pageboys again drew back the curtain.

Emma gave a gasp of surprise.

## 48 - A JEALOUS EMMA SEES THE PRINCE SELECT HIS BED COMPANIONS

Emma now saw that, standing immediately before the one-way mirror, were the two Polish girls, the twins, looking more lovely and beguiling than ever. They were identically made-up, their hair beautifully brushed back over their shoulders and they were wearing identical caftans of silken pink gauze.

Behind them stood the frightening and repulsively fat figure of Ali Effendi, legs apart, his long bamboo cane now menacingly gripped in both hands across his chest and bent so that the middle was raised up towards his chin. Behind him could be seen the other women sitting still on their leather cushions, looking bitterly jealous as they watched in silence. Were they, Emma wondered, feeling as jealous she was? Why were they being made to watch? Why, for the matter was she? For the same reason? To make them try harder to catch the Prince's eye? Goodness!

Then the figures of young Abdul and of Hazud, the black hairdresser, appeared. They were each carrying little canes in one hand and a short length of silvery chain in the other. They bowed up at the unseen Prince and then snapped the chains onto a ring at the back of the girl's shiny collars.

The Prince pressed a button on the table. The haunting sound of "Night and Day" filled the room and the two girls, held by the neck by the black eunuchs, began to sway in time to it, their breasts and haunches quivering under their silken caftans.

"I like all my women to have a theme tune,' laughed the Prince,' and I love this one - and it seemed so apt for these twins. I love dancing to it with them both together. I call the one on the left 'Night' and the other one 'Day'.'

Even the shocked Emma could not help giving a little laugh. Perhaps this cruel Master had a sense of humour after all.

Then she noticed that the twins were now wearing a different type of caftan - one which buttoned up the front. The black eunuchs gave the two girls a tap on the buttocks with their canes and immediately they lovingly started to unbutton each other's caftans, kissing each other passionately and baring their full breasts. Emma saw that their nipples had been painted a glistening scarlet to match their lipstick. Then as the caftans fell to the floor with a rustle of silk, she saw their smooth mounds on which the Prince's crest had been painted in henna and their bare beauty lips which had also been painted a gleaming scarlet. What an exciting sight! And all for one man!

The Polish girls swayed against each other to the music, their bodies touching erotically as they strained against their taut collar chains, held by the black eunuchs, to play with each other's nipples in what seemed to be a well rehearsed routine. Soon, they were both clearly becoming aroused, their eyes glazing and their necks reddening.

Frequently the two black eunuchs would pull the two girls back by their collar chains, leaving them frustrated but still swaying to the music, their hands outstretched pathetically towards each other. Then with a sharp stroke of their canes, the eunuchs would drive them forward to touch and stimulate each other again, only to be pulled back when the eunuchs judged that they were getting too aroused again.

The black eunuchs, Emma realised, were making the twins put on a very exciting and well rehearsed exhibition of female sensuousness - and one that clearly was appreciated by the watching Prince. What would it be like to be made to perform like this with another woman in front of the Prince? She remembered how the Prince had said that the beautiful Italian mother and daughter had hated being made to perform together in his bed. Were they, she wondered, also made to perform beforehand like this?

Then as the black eunuchs made the girls swing round to display their back views, Emma saw the marks of a recent caning on each of their bottoms. Driven mad by being constantly made to practice arousing each other but denied any relief, had they been caught desperately trying to play with each other? Or had they simply answered back the dreaded Ali Effendi? Either way, it was clear that life in the Prince's harem, under the supervision of Ali Effendi, was no bed of roses.

It was a highly erotic sight and even the jealously watching Emma could feel herself becoming aroused too. How she wondered could the Prince ever want anybody else, other than these two glorious girls. But then the music died away, and the two girls, moving as one, fell to their knees in humble abeyance, their foreheads touching the floor and their long blond hair flung forward towards the Prince, their collar chains held taut by the black eunuchs standing proudly behind them.

Ali Effendi tapped the floor with his cane and, led by the two black eunuchs, the two girls flounced proudly out of sight to the right. He beckoned to the left and immediately a gorgeous girl, dressed as a belly dancer sprang into sight. The rhythm of the music changed to a much faster Arab tempo and the girl began the age old routines.

'She's Mira, a Greek girl, and I saw her belly dancing in a night club in Istanbul. I arranged for her to be offered a contract she simply could not refuse - to dance in a night club in Cyprus. But somehow she fell asleep in the special plane she thought was taking her there. It was my own plane, of course, and when she woke up she was safely locked up here in my harem

Whilst the Prince had been talking the girl had slipped off her top and continued dancing, her heavy breasts jiggling. Emma saw that her nipples too had been painted a glistening scarlet to match her lipstick. Moments later off came the slip of gold cloth that had hidden her more intimate charms. Now with her naked belly jerking in and out, the henna coloured crest on her mound and the bare beauty lips, again painted scarlet like those of the Polish girls, started to play an essential part in the whole display.

'You'd never think that at first Ali Effendi had a little difficulty in ... persuading her ... to dance here for me in a rather more uninhibited way than she was used to doing ... but such is the power of the cane that she soon learned to perform some unusual little tricks!'

As if to illustrate his words, Ali Effendi standing behind her his cane in his hand, suddenly handed the girl a lighted cigarette. The girl bit her lips and then put it, to Emma's astonishment, not to her ordinary lips but to her beauty ones. Straining to make her belly now slowly jerk in and out, the girl was actually smoking the cigarette down there. Emma could hardly believe her eyes as the tip of the cigarette sticking out obscenely from between the girls beauty lips started to glow red and little smoke rings were expelled from between the pouting lips.

'It took her hours and days of practice under the threat of Ali Effendi's cane before she was able to do it properly,' laughed the Prince cruelly. 'You can imagine the way the internal muscles have to be taught to work. And the way those same muscles can now also give me enormous delight, too. That's the whole point, of course, of teaching a girl to belly dance ... And the joke is that the girl is really longing to put the cigarette to her proper lips and take a long drag - but, of course, Ali Effendi doesn't allow any smoking in the harem.'

Shocked and yet intrigued, Emma watched as, the little trick satisfactorily performed, Ali Effendi stepped forward to remove the cigarette. Moments later the Arab music came to a crescendo and stopped with the girl flinging herself down onto the shiny parquet floor in front of the mirror, her hair flung forward, offering herself in a well trained gesture of utter subservience.

Again, Emma could not help jealously thinking that nothing, not even the two Polish twins, could ever be so erotic.

Then it was the turn of an exquisite little half Chinese girl. She was dressed in a long, heavy, green robe embroidered with red dragons and, accompanied by the music of Chinese gongs and drums, sang a Chinese song in an appealingly helpless and childlike voice.

'Were did you find her?' whispered Emma.

'Oh,' replied the Prince airily as, now naked, she continued to sing, 'she's half French - one of the boat refugees from Vietnam. She was just a gift from a Japanese company seeking a license to drill for oil.'

Then there was a pause and a large double wheel, over six feet in diameter, and made of aluminium bars, was rolled in front of the glass window. Strapped inside it by her wrists, with her ankles free but pressed against another part of the wheel was a beautiful white girl. She was stark naked except for the gleaming metal collar round her neck.

To the strangely evocative music of the waltz from the "Merry Widow", and smiling entrancingly, she cleverly rolled the wheel to and fro. One moment she was hanging upside down with her long blond hair, and scarlet tipped breasts, hanging down below her head with her legs wide apart displaying her scarlet painted beauty lips; and the next she was hanging the right way up with her knees chastely drawn up to her navel.

'This is Helga,' said the Prince. 'I found her in a night club in Hamburg, and, having decided that she'd be better performing her many acrobatic tricks for me in private, I arranged for her to be brought her. She's settled down very well, considering everything, and has taught some of the other girls to perform tricks for my enjoyment. It's interesting having a contortionist or two available for one's bed.'

It was the words 'available for my bed' that were racing round Emma's head as the girl posed in a succession of highly erotic poses. How could she make the Prince realise that she too was also available?

Then she noticed some scratches on the girl's face and body.

'I expect she's been fighting again,' said the Prince disparagingly as if he was talking about a badly behaved pet bitch. 'It often happens in even the best regulated harems - even normally well mannered European women all get so frustrated and jealous of each other, shut up here, that the atmosphere is explosive. It's this that makes it all so fascinating to watch from the one way mirrors and screens. The black eunuchs constantly have to step in to separate girls trying to scratch each other's eyes out - and then thrash them so that they don't do it again, any way not for a day or too.'

Once again Emma caught her breath. Oh yes, she knew all about the terrifying power of sexual frustration and jealousy. She could believe every word that the Prince was saying. She herself was even now feeling ...

'Come!' said the Prince, interrupting her thoughts and rising from the table. 'Let's have a little dance ourselves!'

Emma slipped into his strong arms and looked adoringly up at him, as they slowly waltzed round. It was, she knew, all utterly incongruous. Here she was, watched by two white eunuch boys, slowly and romantically waltzing round, to the music of Franz Lehar, with a cruel and despotic Arab Prince, dressed in a dinner jacket, whilst one of his European concubines, stark naked and rolling around in a huge wheel, was cavorting naked the other side of a mirror, desperately trying to catch his eye. It was all mad. But never mind at least she was in the Prince's arms!

The music stopped. The curtain over the one-way mirror was drawn. Reluctantly Emma sat down. The magic spell was broken.

One of the pageboys handed the Prince an internal telephone.

'Well, which ones should I choose tonight?' he asked the again furiously jealous Emma.'

Then, without waiting for her reply, he said thoughtfully: 'I was very taken by our "Merry Widow" and by "Night and Day", but I think that for tonight my little Eurasian girl and Mira, the belly dancer, will make an interesting couple to try out together. The little Eastern girl is naturally very tight and Mira's muscle control gives the same feeling ...'

Emma could feel herself becoming more and more angry and jealous as the Prince went on imperturbably went on.

'Yes ... I think I'll go firm on those two ... Just excuse me a moment, my dear, whilst I just tell Ali Effendi to get them both ready.' With that he gave an order in Arabic down the phone and then handed it back to the pageboy.

'You, you ...' cried Emma unable to believe what she had just heard. Here she was, still aroused from dancing in his arms and crazy to please this gorgeous man, and all he could do was to arrange, in front of her, to take a

licentious belly dancer and a little chit of a half Chinese girl to bed for the night.

However the smiling Prince seemed not have seen her jealous outburst. 'Well,' he said briskly, rubbing his hands as if in eager anticipation of the pleasures that the two young women would shortly be producing for him - and as if she were child he wanted to get rid of. 'It's time now for you to say 'good night' and for me to send you back to have a good night's sleep in the guest house. My pageboys will see you back.'

It was with a mixture of inter-locking fury, jealousy and despair that Emma watched him get up to leave: fury at the cavalier way she was being treated; jealousy at the way he was openly planning to make love to other women; and despair at the way he seemed to be showing no interest in her.

However at the door he turned and smiled. 'Oh by the way, don't hesitate to let Ali Effendi know if you would like to see what things look like from the other side of the one-way mirror. You're a highly attractive woman. I think you might enjoy it - if you don't mind putting up with a little discipline - and keep your mouth shut about where you are!'

With that he was gone, leaving Emma staring after him, once again open-mouthed.

# PART X

# EMMA IN THE HAREM

## 49 - EMMA ENTERS THE HAREM

For three whole days, Emma was left alone in the guest house, brooding over the astonishing scenes she had witnessed whilst having dinner with the Prince.

Her jealous fury was yet further aroused when every time she asked to see the Prince he was told that he was "engaged in his harem". Was he making love to that Italian mother and daughter, she wondered. Were the Polish twins disporting themselves in his bed? Or the German Helga? Or any of the other beautiful women? She could think of nothing else as lying frustrated in her bed, she kept looking up at the portrait of the Prince on the wall.

His parting words, about telling Ali Efendi if she would like to see what life was like from the other side of the one-way mirror, raced round and round her brain. Was he telling her that she would not see him again unless she joined in a selection parade? My God!

Naked in the bathroom she looked down at her mound on which a little fuzz was now starting to grow again. She remembered the smooth and painted mounds and beauty lips of the Prince's concubines. Would she have to lose her body hair and be painted there too?

So, she kept asking herself, should she ask to be put into the Selection Parade? It sounded crazy - she, a European woman, asking to be allowed to parade in an erotic competition to give pleasure to an Arab Prince. She must be mad to even consider it. Moreover, could she, as the Prince had said, put up with what he had called 'a little discipline'? She remembered the stripes across the bottoms of the two Polish girls.

But was there any real alternative to asking to be allowed to compete for the Prince's favours? She could not just sit here in the guest house, bored out of her mind, for the next two weeks, being driven mad by thoughts of what the Prince was getting up to in his harem. And any way the thought of being made to parade half naked in front the Prince was terrible exciting. But did the Prince have some secret long-term plan involving her? Goodness!

These thoughts were still going round and round in her mind when she went back to the bedroom to rest. She looked up at the portrait of the Prince! She felt herself becoming moist with desire. What a man!

She turned and looked at herself in a gilt-framed mirror. Slowly she opened the neck loops of her caftan and lifted out her right breast. With her

fingers she squeezed the nipple so that it became prominent, and she felt a thrill low inside her. She took out the other breast - oh, how exciting it would be if the Prince was doing it.

She twisted her nipples and was almost overcome with her sensations. Her breasts were looking wonderful and the sight of them made her feel even more sensual. They jutted out, as if exposed on a balconied bra, with deep cleavage, and, oh how the nipples longed to be sucked and caressed.

Emma wound down a lipstick case and turned it over each of her nipples in turn. The effect was extremely stimulating - they now looked like two luscious cherries, just like those of the girls who had been paraded before the Prince ... oh, how she wished she had her vibrator ... or better still some of Henry's toys.

One hand slid down between her legs whilst the other rolled a nipple. Then alternatively looking up at the portrait and at her own breasts in the mirror, she let her fingers find her already moist little bud. It was tender and large and she could feel the liquid of desire inside her. She could feel it swelling yet more.

She remembered what the Prince had said about enjoying watching a woman playing with herself. She closed her eyes as she felt the first thrills of her approaching orgasm and imagined that she was standing in front of him. Oh the excitement! Then, whilst her sensations grew, she remembered with a sudden shiver what he had said about what happened to his girls who were caught misbehaving, but how in their desperation they would still run the risk of being thrashed. Oh yes, she too, would run the risk. She too was desperate ... for relief ... but any second now ...

'Stop!' came a high pitched voice.

Horrified Emma opened her eyes. My God! There standing in the silently opened doorway, and watching her reflection in the mirror, was Ali Efendi, his cane of office in his hand, his eyes blazing with anger.

'So you ready now, eh?'

'Ready for what?' asked Emma falteringly, her eyes on the long whippy cane, as blushing she took her hand away from her beauty bud, and, shame-faced, adjusted her caftan. She felt like a naughty little girl, caught stealing sweets. Surely he didn't mean that he was going to beat her for misbehaving? She was the Prince's guest, staying in the guest house, not one of harem concubines - not yet.

The big black man smiled condescendingly, like a man talking to a little child. 'Ready for ... what you really want.' he said slowly, in broken English. 'To ... go into harem ... To offer yourself at Selection Parade ... ... for my Master's pleasure ... That what you really want, no? ... Well? ... Well?'

Emma gasped. How had he guessed? Dumbly Emma found herself nodding. She was still weak from her arousal, from being interrupted just as she was on the point of ...

Almost before she had realised what was happening, the huge fat man had come behind her and had seized her wrists in his strong grip. She heard a rattle of chains and then found that her hands were handcuffed behind her back.

Ali Efendi now came round and faced her. Then deliberately he slowly reached forward and smacked her face. 'You being unfaithful to Prince. You ... disgusting girl' he said contemptuously. 'I report you to Master. You get cane. Soon!'

Emma opened her mouth in horror. What was it that the Prince had said was the standard punishment for "unfaithfulness"? Ten strokes! But she was not one of his harem of concubines, she was staying the guest house, an honoured guest. Or was she?

'Oh no!' Emma cried, trying to free her hands. But it was too late. The chains held her helpless.

Ignoring her struggles, Ali Efendi called to one of Filipino maids who came running into the room. He gave her an order. She ran off out of the room. Then Emma saw that Ali was now holding a shiny collar in his hand - like the ones she had seen the women in the harem wearing.

'No please ... ' she started to say.

'Silence!' He smacked her face again as if she were a naughty child 'In harem all women wear collar. You now only speak if spoken to! Other women warned not allowed to speak to you.'

Her cheeks smarting from his blow, Emma remembered what the Prince had said about his women not being allowed to speak to visitors to the harem. She also remembered what he had said about giving Ali Efendi a free hand to do what he liked in the harem provided he produced his women loving and eager to perform. Was she, too, now utterly in the black man's hands?

She felt the collar being fitted round her neck. Then she heard the click as it was closed. She gave a little sob, but was not certain whether it was of despair, or of excitement.

The maid returned carrying a long black all enveloping shroud that covered Emma from head to foot. In front of her eyes was a small lace grille. She longed to tear it off but with her hands fastened behind her back was quite unable to do so.

'Follow me!' he ordered.

'But my clothes, my things, my passport, my credit cards, my ...' cried Emma from behind her shroud.

'They stay here. Not allowed in harem ... Now no more talking. And remember you not talk to other women. Now follow me!'

The fat black figure led the way out of the guest house, across the spacious palace grounds. Through the lace grille she saw that they were passing a group of European men, businessmen in well cut tropical suits, chatting to some men in white Arab robes, as they made their way back from the main entrance to the palace. They ignored the figure in black. She was just some local woman being escorted by a black servant. Emma was tempted to cry out to them, but the frightening big black man gripped her elbow warningly.

'Silence!' he said in a low tone. Veiled as she was by her shroud, no one would ever have guessed that a pretty Irish girl, a married woman, a fellow European, was being taken into the harem.

Waddling, he led her towards a surprisingly high wall. This must be the harem wall Emma realised. It was far too high to be climbed and on the top she saw electric cables. Goodness, was it electrified? To stop the women from escaping?

Set in the wall was a small door, reinforced by iron bars. The wall was guarded by several black guards armed with sub machine guns. They pointed their guns at her and then grinned at Ali Efendi, apparently calling out pointed and coarse remarks in Arabic, before, at his request, ponderously unlocking the door.

Were they, Emma wondered, used to seeing women, heavily veiled women, being taken through this door, to be locked up in the Prince's harem? Was it, indeed, the only door from the harem into the outside world? Was that why its hinges sounded so rusty - because the women were so rarely allowed out? She heard the door slam shut behind her. How long, she wondered with a little shudder, would it be before it was opened for her to leave?

Ali Efendi reached up and inserted a small key through a little slit at the back of the shroud behind her head. She heard him inserting the key in the little box at the back of her collar and turn it. He must be switching it on, she realised, remembering how Ursula's rather similar collar had worked. Sure enough she felt a tingling in her neck that eased as the Prince's chief black eunuch led her away from the wall.

The collar would, she realised, stop her from approaching the wall. The Prince certainly took strict precautions to prevent women escaping from his harem. Was he nervous about the scandal that might ensue if the world press learned of his two Polish girls, or of the mother and daughter, or of ... herself?

Then she gasped as she looked about her.

## 50 - EMMA'S FIRST TASTE OF HAREM LIFE

Emma was standing in a pretty formal garden with little gravel paths that twisted to and fro under the shade of palm trees and between beds of pretty flowers. Under a large awning she saw a blue, circular shaped swimming pool. A dozen beautiful women were standing up in the pool, under the shade of the awning, laughingly playing with two large rubber balls. They were naked, their bodies strangely white as if they were never allowed to be exposed to the sun.

Amongst them, playing happily like little girls, Emma recognised the Polish twins and the mother and daughter.

Carefully watching the women stood young Abdul. Emma saw that he was again holding his black whip with a short handle and long leash. Looking up, Emma saw a latticed window looking down onto the pool. Was this so that the Prince could watch, unseen, his women playing in the pool? His morning business meeting over, was he now watching them? Was he watching her own arrival in his harem?

There was a sudden hush as the women saw Ali Efendi and the shrouded figure of Emma. The women stopped playing with the ball and stood silently, quite still, their hands to their sides - just as she had seen them do when the big black man had entered the harem during her supper with the Prince. Their scarlet tipped breasts were rising and falling from the exertion of their play. They were all looking curiously, and rather jealously, at Emma. A new girl!

Emma looked at her new companions. She remembered what the Prince had said about his women being kept like children, never seeing another man or knowing about what was going on outside the harem. She looked at the high walls that completely hid all signs of the outside world.

In his strangely high pitched voice, Abdul called out something in Arabic to his superior, as if reporting that all was well. Emma saw that Ali Efendi was counting the women. Then apparently satisfied that they were all there together, he nodded to Abdul. Goodness, Emma thought, did the women all have to be together all the time? Were they constantly being counted by the two black eunuchs, like schoolgirls out for a walk? She remembered what the Prince had said about the black eunuchs not allowing any girls to be alone, or two alone together.

Emma was led away from the pool and through an iron-barred French window. She recognised the same large harem room into which she had looked with the Prince. It was cool and evidently air-conditioned like the rest of the palace. She looked around and saw an innocuous looking large mirror. Was that the one-way one in the Prince's own apartment? Was he watching through it now? Looking around she saw other similar mirrors. Were they to enable the Prince to look into his harem from different rooms in the palace?

Efendi Ali took her into one of the alcoves off the main room that she had previously noticed. It was the one fitted out as a hairdressing salon and beauty shop, and standing in it, apparently waiting for her, was the young black eunuch, Hazud, who had come to do her hair in the guest house.

The two black eunuchs took off her black shroud. She was now just dressed in a simple long caftan. Her wrists were still handcuffed behind her back. Ignoring her protests he now began to slip the caftan down over her shoulders to her waist. He laughed when he saw her amateurishly painted nipples. Then he briefly unlocked the handcuffs behind her back one by one, to allow the caftan to fall to the floor, and then fastened them again. Emma was now standing in front of him, stark naked except for her shiny metal collar. She blushed with shame - oh, she longed to cover her intimacies and breasts with her hands.

Ali Efendi gestured to Hazud to hold Emma and then sat down in front of her. He nodded approvingly as he looked her body up and down. Then to her horror, he reached forward and ran the back of his hand over her mound on which the hairs were beginning to grow again. She blushed again as he called out some instructions in Arabic to Hazud and then, even worse, parted her beauty lips and felt them up and down. He called out some more instructions and then rose to his feet and left the alcove.

'Prince very strict about hairs,' explained young Hazud with a smile. 'He find one little hair and girl gets beaten. So now we make sure ... eh?'

Dumbly, Emma nodded. What else could she do? Hazud pointed to a couch.

'More comfortable for you, if I take off handcuffs,' he said. 'You promise not to try and run away?' Emma remembered the walls, the small guarded door and the activation of her collar. Where on earth was there to run away to? She nodded.

Hazud unfastened the handcuffs. Emma rubbed her wrists in relief and lay down on the couch. She could see Hazud preparing something hot and sticky. Memories of Sabhu doing much the same flooded in. Would she never get away from being controlled and dominated? But, then again, she had to admit, did she really want to?

Minutes later the alcove rang to her little cries as Hazud expertly ripped off the hot wax, leaving Emma as smooth, once again, as a little girl. 'That's better,' he laughed. 'You've got to be perfect for your public thrashing in the harem.'

'Oh, no!' Emma cried. She had forgotten about that. What a fool she had been to play with herself - even if it was in the guest house.

'Oh, it's not too bad. Only ten strokes of the cane - and Ali Efendi will want the marks to go before too long - or the Prince might be angry.'

Emma did not know what to say, as Hazud then started, delicately and carefully, to paint her nipples and beauty lips with the same glistening waterproof substance that she had seen on the other women. Finally he traced the Prince's crest in henna on her mound and sprayed a waterproof lacquer over it, before letting down her hair and brushing it so that it hung down her back, and making up her eyes and face in the heavy way she had seen on the concubines. Glancing in the mirror, Emma saw an erotically painted Eastern houri, that looked just like the other women she had seen.

Just then Ali Efendi came back, his cane in his hand. He carefully inspected Hazud's handiwork. He nodded in approval. 'Raise hips!' he ordered brusquely.

They made Emma part her legs and bend her knees, and then raise her body off the couch so that her weight was now taken by her feet and her shoulders. As Ali Efendi then bent down over her, she realised, blushing, that she was wide open to his inspection. She felt him carefully part her beauty lips. Biting her lips and staring up at the ceiling she saw another large mirror set high up in the wall. My God! Was the Prince watching whilst his chief black eunuch checked her body for him?

She gave a little jump as he found her beauty bud. She heard him say something in Arabic to Hazud. Horrified she could she feel herself beginning to respond to his touch. Then she felt his fingers exploring inside her. Was he checking that she was worthy of the Prince's attentions? She remembered the list he had presented to the Prince. Would she now be on it? She wondered what Arabic remarks would be written against her name.

Ali Efendi straightened up. He gestured to Emma to get up off the couch. 'Come!' he said giving her a sharp tap on her bottom. 'Run to swimming pool. Run!'

Again the cane came down, this time harder. With a little cry Emma sped off, stark naked, across the big harem room and out to the pool. The women, again playing with the large ball, glanced up at her as she stood nervously on the edge. She saw Ali Efendi coming towards, his cane raised.

'Get in!' he shouted.

Hurriedly Emma jumped in. The water was lovely and warm and came up to just below her naked breasts. She stood amongst the other women. Ali Efendi called out something to the young Abdul and raised one finger. Was he telling him that the number of women, that he would repeatedly have to count, had been increased by one? Was she now just another of the Prince's concubines?

'Catch!' called the pretty Italian daughter, throwing one of the balls to her. Emma caught it clumsily. It was surprisingly heavy and then raising her arms over her head threw it to the girl's smiling mother. It was quite effort and she could feel her breasts tauten as she strained to throw it. Did the black eunuchs make the women play with the heavy large balls every day not merely because they liked treating grown-up white women like children, but also to keep their breasts firm?

For the next ten minutes, Emma joined in the play, laughing and giggling like the others as they alternatively caught and dropped the heavy balls and threw them to their companions. She longed to speak to them, but she noticed that none of the other women were talking to each other as they played. Was talking forbidden, or did they just not have a common language. She saw that Abdul, fingering his black whip in a frightening way, was watching her. She remembered Ali Efendi's warning not to talk to the women. She kept quiet.

Suddenly Abdul cracked his whip. He called out something in Arabic and then in English: 'Swim!' The women immediately pushed the balls to the side of the pool and started to swim round the shallow pool, one behind the other, using

breast strokes only. Once again, Emma wondered as she dutifully swam round and round the pool, was this to keep their breasts firm?

Again the boy's whip cracked. He shouted something in Arabic. How humiliating, Emma thought, being controlled by a mere boy, an uneducated young black boy. 'Out!' he called in English. 'Run to bathroom!'

The women all rushed to get out of the pool and still stark naked ran into the big harem room and into another alcove. Swept along by them, and still dripping water onto the tiled floor, Emma found herself in a large bathroom. There was a line of some ten showers along one wall and along the other a line of ten Turkish style loos, each with a little tap by it.

The women were hastily all lining up, back to back, in two lines, one facing the showers and the other the loos. They were standing at attention, their legs together, heels touching, heads up and their hands clasped behind their necks. Then two Polish girls grabbed Emma by the wrist and pulled her into line alongside between them. She was now facing the showers.

Emma could feel her bottom touching the equally naked bottom of a woman in the line behind her. She felt it move slightly against hers. It was Helga, the German girl whom the Prince said he had found in a night club in Hamburg. How exciting! She was about to put her hand back to stroke the friendly bottom, when the Polish girls urgently gestured to her to clasp her hands behind her neck like the others. Were the girls forbidden to touch each other, she wondered, - or themselves. Was that why they had to stand with their hands raised and clasped - so that the watching black eunuch boy could see that nothing untoward was going on? Oh, how shame-making!

The Polish girls nodded up towards yet another mirror set high up in the wall. Emma gasped. Did the Prince watch his women even in the bathroom? Might he be watching now?

The women now stood quite still and in silence, each one looking straight ahead of her, whilst the water from the swimming pool dripped down from her naked body, and her wet hair hanging down her back, down onto the tiled floor. Goodness! Thought Emma, discipline seems strict here.

There was a long pause. Suddenly Emma felt one of Hell's hands being slowly and surreptitiously unclasped from behind her neck. Astonished she felt it then slide down her back and on between the cheeks of Emma's bottom. She gave a little gasp. She felt the hand probing excitingly between her legs. She gently parted them and the fingers started to probe more deeply.

'Twelve strokes!' came a whisper in a German accent. Emma gave a little shiver of fear.

Then suddenly the hand was withdrawn. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Abdul slowly coming towards the entrance to the alcove. Clearly although the women all had to move at the run in the harem, the black eunuchs just took their time and just strolled. He stood in the doorway and counted the women. Then he slowly walked down one line of women and then the other. It was, thought Emma, just like a General inspecting a Guard of Honour - except that the Guard was composed of unarmed naked women, and the General was a young black eunuch.

When came to Emma, he stopped. Had this mere boy seen what Helga had been doing? Would he notice her state of arousal? Oh how humiliating! Terrified she held her breath. Then with the stock of his black whip, he pushed her chin higher up. Then he slowly looked her up down. Reaching forward he silently lifted a breast as if weighing it, and then let it go and went on down the line.

The boy stood back. Slowly he pulled out a whistle hanging from a lanyard round his neck. He blew a blast of his whistle and out of the corner of her eye Emma saw the row of women behind her run towards the line of Turkish style loos. She was about to turn and look at what was happening when she noticed that the women in her own line were still looking straight ahead. She did not now dare to look round.

Suddenly there came a double blast of the whistle, and the Polish girl gave her a push towards the line of showers. Emma found herself running across the bathroom towards them with the rest of her line. She saw that the women all turned on their showers and then stood under them, their hands once again docilely clasped behind their necks.

She saw that facing her across the bathroom was the other line of women. They were now squatting on their Turkish style loos, their hands also still

clasped behind the necks, their faces strained and their eyes also fixed straight ahead. She saw Abdul, whip in hand, stroll up and down the line, as if checking the women's readiness.

He then stood back, and gave a double blast on his whistle. Its significance was, she realised, was only too humiliatingly obvious - and was immediately obeyed. Had Sabhu, she wondered, got some of his ideas from a harem - or were they just natural whenever a black man was in charge of white women?

She then saw Abdul, whip still in hand, again walk up and down the line of blushing women. He blew his whistle again and the women lowered their hands, turned on the little taps and washed themselves. Then in obedience to another blast of the whistle they jumped up, the feet still standing on the footrests in the Turkish loos and, looking straight ahead, again clasped their hands behind their neck.

Apparently satisfied, Abdul now came over to Emma, and the rest of her line of women, all standing under their showers. He blew his whistle and Emma saw the women all part their legs and bend their knees. The Polish girl gestured to her quickly to follow suit. The Abdul took a piece of soap and began to wash each woman in turn all over her body and down between her parted legs, whilst they stood quite still their hands still clasped behind their necks.

Emma's eyes almost started from her head when he reached her and began to rub the slippery bar of soap against her now swelling beauty bud. And, when he moved onto the next woman, how she longed to reach down and give herself relief. She had to grip her hands desperately to stop herself. Oh what a clever and experienced young swine of a boy this Abdul was! Was it the deliberate policy of the black eunuchs to arouse the women in their charge, and yet keep them frustrated, so that they would be all the more eager to catch the Prince's eye? Certainly she would now do anything, absolutely anything, to feel the Prince's hands on her body.

Abdul had now almost finished washing Emma's line of women. Would it now be their turn to run over and exchange places with the other line of women and to have to spend a penny under Abdul's supervision?

Oh, how shame-making it all was! Presumably, however, it was intended to remind these otherwise vivacious and independent minded women, of the extent of the authority of the Prince's black eunuchs - and how they were subject to their control and supervision even in their most intimate moments.

It also all seemed to Emma to be a very slow and drawn out process, but then, she thought, presumably there was plenty of time in the harem. What else could the women usefully do when not pleasing the Prince or parading in front of him?

Had the Prince invited her into his harem, Emma wondered, just to have her disciplined in this way - and perhaps, she blushed at the thought, in front of him, whilst he watched unseen. Certainly she now eyed the Prince's cunning black eunuchs with a new found respect. No wonder he supported them so strongly against his women. What was the standard punishment for being reported to the Prince for impudence or dumb insolence - even towards Abdul? Twelve strokes of the cane!

No wonder, she was thinking, these women were all so obedient, when suddenly there came the harsh jangling of a bell, like a fire bell. The effect on the two lines of docile naked women electric. They were standing on their toes, all looking at young Abdul, as if waiting to be released. Released to do what?

The bell stopped ringing. There was a long pause. Then suddenly Abdul clapped his hands and nodded. The women all rushed to the door in the bathroom alcove, carrying Emma along with the rush.

## 51 - PUNISHED, CHOSEN AND PREPARED

Swept by the rush of stark naked women into the main room of the harem, Emma saw that a red light was flashing over the big mirror on the wall that she had presumed must the one-way mirror through which she had seen into the harem.

There was utter pandemonium amongst the women. Some rushed into an alcove with a line of numbered cupboards which they opened and started to take out

beautifully embroidered caftans. Other's rushed into the hairdressing alcove and, under the supervision of a grinning Hazud, started to brush their long hair, and to paint their eyes and lips.

Emma was wondering what to do when she Ali Efendi coming towards her holding a slim little pair of red transparent harem trousers and a matching red bolero made of a stiff material.

'Quickly put these on,' he ordered, 'and then go and make beautiful for Prince's Punishment Parade.'

Punishment Parade? Who was going to being punished, she wondered? She remembered what the Prince had said about girls caught being "unfaithful" being given ten strokes the cane in front of the one-way mirror whilst the other women watched. Was that why they were all so desperately making themselves look beautiful? Taking the chance to try and look irresistible in the hope of catching their Master's eye as he watched one of them being thrashed? Goodness! But this was also a chance for her to catch the Prince's eye too.

Quickly she ran into the hairdressing alcove, and put on the skimpy harem outfit. To her embarrassment the trousers were cut away in front and between the legs, leaving her painted mound and beauty lips blatantly exposed. The stiff bolero similarly did not meet in the front, leaving her bare painted nipples pointing provocatively round the edges. She saw that as usual the Prince's crest was embroidered on the right side of the bolero.

Again there came a sudden harsh jangle of the loud bell. With little cries of despair, the women abandoned touching up their eyes and faces and ran into the main room. They formed a perfect graduated line across the middle of the room facing the mirror, with the tallest girl on the right and the shortest on the left. Each knew her place. Young Abdul pushed Emma into the line next to the beautiful Italian mother. Then he stood back and then made her change places with the woman's daughter. Evidently Emma, too, was now perfectly positioned.

Emma saw that in front of the larger mirror a sort of wooden horse had been been placed. It was mounted on a swivelling platform and had a leather pad on the top. It was fitted with rings on the bottom of the legs as if for holding onto. How odd, she thought, innocently and also wondered why Ali Efendi had dressed her differently from the other women in their long caftans.

Suddenly the women all nervously straightened out as the sinister figure of Ali Efendi, his black face glistening, approached. As usual he was carrying his long thin whippy cane. He walked down the back of the line of women. Suddenly Emma felt his hand on her bottom. He stroked it through the thin material of her harem trousers as if assessing ... what? Surely not it's ability to stand up to a thrashing? My God! Was she the one who was going to be punished? For being caught by this black brute playing with herself? Was that why she dressed differently? Oh my God!

The fat black figure came to the front of the line. As usual he counted the women. Then he turned to the mirror and made a gesture as if presenting the women to their Master.

Then he turned and with his finger silently beckoned Emma forward. Terrified she stepped forward. With his cane he silently pointed to the wooden horse. With her heart in her mouth she bent over it. Silently the black eunuch pointed to the two rings at the foot of the legs beneath her head. Obediently she gripped them, making her buttocks rise up, with her knees slightly bent. She felt Ali Efendi adjust her bottom, and at the same felt herself becoming wet - as she so shame-makingly always did when about to be beaten.

Ali Efendi stepped back and turned the platform so that her bottom was towards the mirror. Then he pulled down her thin little harem trousers, and parted the cheeks of her buttocks as if to show her now soaking beauty lips to the Prince, seated comfortably on the other side of the mirror. Oh how shameful! And in front of all these other women, too.

Then he turned the horse so that she was now facing the mirror itself. Was the Prince really watching, she wondered? She gave a little smile towards it, a smile that broke into a scream as Ali Efendi brought his whippy cane down across her now bare bottom. It was like a line of fire. She let go of the rings and her face contorted with pain was about to straighten up and rub her aching bottom when the strong fat eunuch gripped her neck and pushed her down over the horse again.

'You not move!' he warned. Desperately she bit her lips and gripped the rings again. The Prince, she realised, would be watching her face as she absorbed the pain.

She saw Ali Efendi step back and raise his cane. A second later, and then again a few more seconds later, her screams echoed around the harem room. making the watching women shiver nervously. There but for the Grace of God ... each was thinking, just as she was intended to do.

Then, instead of pushing her down across the wooden horse, Ali Efendi brutally lifted her up by her hair and thrust her down onto the shiny marble display area in front of the mirror.

'You disgusting girl!' he cried. 'You tell Master you ashamed of being unfaithful. Go on ... Speak!'

'Master ... ' cried Emma, terrified and crawling on her knees in front of the mirror, but not sure about what to say. Everything had happened so quickly - and so painfully. 'Master ... I'm so sorry.'

'Sorry for what?' cried Ali Efendi angrily, raising his cane. 'You tell Master!'

'For being a naughty girl ... For being ... unfaithful to ... my Master.'

'You tell Master if you do it again', ordered the stern black eunuch.

'No, Master, no,' cried Emma fervently, and with her bottom still on fire, she really meant it. 'I promise I'll never do it again. I promise!'

Ali Efendi grunted and then picking her up again by her hair, thrust her over the wooden horse again. 'Bend over for next three strokes!'

Obediently Emma bent down and gripped the rings.  Three more strokes! Would that be all? Oh, please God, make it only three more. She feel herself becoming more and more aroused at the idea of being beaten in front of the Prince, but it was still jolly painful.

Emma's desperate prayer was not to be answered. It was the full ten strokes that Ali Efendi applied to her soft little rear. The next three were applied with her naked bottom facing towards the mirror so that the Prince could enjoy watching each stroke as it was applied. They were then followed by another little scene with Emma again grovelling on the floor in front of the mirror and assuring the Prince that she would not do it again.

Then came the final four strokes with the turntable on which the wooden horse was mounted turned sideways onto the mirror so that the Prince could enjoy watching her jump, and desperately grip the rings, with each stroke. But Emma realised, the strokes were not being applied very hard. Was the terrifying Ali Efendi holding back so that she could shortly give more pleasure to the Prince?

Suddenly it was all over. Rubbing her bottom, and pulling up her harem trousers, Emma tottered back to her position in the line of silent women. Then suddenly there was the ringing of a telephone. The women all held their breath as Ali Efendi waddled slowly over to a corner of the room and picked it up.

Emma saw him nod. She remembered how after the highly erotic Selection Parade the Prince had used an internal telephone to give his chief black eunuch instructions regarding the women he wanted for his bed that night and how angry and jealous she had been. Was he now doing the same following a Punishment Parade? Had that, too, been an erotic and arousing sight for the Prince? But would she be the one to benefit from the pain and humiliation she had suffered?

'You!' called the chief black eunuch. 'Step forward!'

Nervously Emma did so. What, now?

'You lucky girl,' he said. 'Master want you now - at once!' He turned to the line of jealously watching women. 'Alone!'

There was a murmur of disappointment along the line. They had tried so hard to make themselves beautiful and to catch the Prince's eye and now he had chosen this new girl, this outsider who wasn't even a proper concubine and who had had to be beaten for playing with herself. It was not fair.

'Beds!' ordered Ali Efendi and the women all ran off to the dormitory with its dozen little cot beds. As always when the Prince was enjoying himself with a woman or women, those no chosen would frustratingly to lie on their beds in silence, under the supervision of Abdul and looking up at a picture of the Prince. To heighten the effect a red light would come on underneath the portrait, whilst the Prince was in his bedroom - signifying that he was otherwise engaged.

Lying there in silence, each woman would be jealously imagining just what would be going on in the Prince's bedroom. Each would be wishing so much that it had been she who had been chosen. Each would be scheming to make sure that, next time, she was.

Meanwhile the half naked Emma, the stripes of her thrashing gleaming through her transparent trousers, was led by Ali Efendi up a little winding stair case in the corner of the room to a large door with an electronic lock controlled by a pad of numbered press buttons. He pressed the required combination and the door swung open.

Emma found herself in a large darkened bedroom. It was dominated by a huge bed covered in a black satin sheet. On one wall was the inevitable one-way mirror, this time looking down into the dormitory where the other women were lying frustrated on their beds. On the facing wall heavy curtains covered a window.

Lying on the black satin sheet was a high silken bolster. With his cane, Ali Efendi motioned to her to get up onto the bed and to lie on her back with the bolster raising her thighs high in the air. She felt him chain her ankles wide apart and then he fastened her wrists to chains at the head of the bed. She was now stretched back in a curve, with her beauty lips, exposed through the cut away in the trousers, at the highest point.

Then he slipped a black leather gag over her head, and over her mouth. Attached to the wide leather strap that ran over her mouth to fasten at the back of her neck, was a rubber ball that filled her mouth. To keep the gag firmly in place, straps ran down from the headpiece to the leather strap and on under her chin where they were tightly fastened.

Ali Efendi stood up and looked down at the helpless silent creature lying on the bed, positioned ready to be taken. She made an erotic sight. He would much have preferred to have had the time to break her in, slowly and properly, in the harem so that, finally, crawling to the foot of the bed, she would have offered herself to her Master. But time did not permit this and the Master, aroused by seeing her being thrashed in the harem, had wanted her here and now.

As usual he had left the details to Ali Efendi, who had now ensured that whilst again making an arousing sight, she would not even be able to struggle whilst the Prince took her, and certainly not be able to scratch or bite, nor curse or protest. .

He reached down and parted the helplessly proffered beauty lips. He smiled as he felt the moistness of her arousal. Then taking a little pot from a pocket of his gown, he rubbed a little scented grease up inside her - it would give the Prince greater pleasure.

He laughed as he saw the girls eyes almost start from her head and heard little moans coming from under the gag. He placed a small dog whip by the side of Emma's body for the Prince's use. Then, he turned and left the room, closing the door with electronic lock behind him, and leaving a scared Emma lying tied, helpless, on the bed.

This was not at all the romantic seduction scene she had imagined. But even so she could feel her excitement mounting as she lay there still and silent in the half darkness.

Suddenly she heard footsteps - several footsteps ...

## 52 - THE PRINCE'S PLAYTHING

With his two Romanian white eunuch pageboys standing dutifully on either side, Prince Faisal looked down on the erotic sight of the skimpily clad Emma, gagged and chained back over a large bolster.

He could feel his manhood stirring under his heavy embroidered robe. It was all that that he was wearing for, after the arousing sight of Emma's punishment and his decision to send for her now, the pageboys had helped him undress and shower.

The girl's white body, only partly covered by her diaphanous harem dress, contrasted pleasingly with the jet black satin sheet on which she was so delightfully displayed. It was a contrast made all the more stark by the way her long, soft, honey coloured hair lay spread around her on the shiny sheet.

He glanced at the two pageboys standing with an innocent air in attendance on him, long ostrich feathers in their hands. He laughed at the cruel thought that they would not be feeling any arousal.

Emma's carefully painted, and well displayed, hairless beauty lips looked entrancingly inviting. Except for a glimpse from behind, whilst watching her being thrashed by Ali Efendi a few minutes earlier, it was the first time he had seen them - and he found that he approved of what he saw.

Yes, he thought, this creature could well serve as a suitable, and socially acceptable, companion during his periodical visits to England to see how his racehorses were performing. Used to indulging himself freely with his harem of gorgeous incarcerated European women whilst in Arabia, he missed, when in England, the services of a submissive female.

His position, and the risk of scandal, had prevented him from using call girls or from chasing the wives or girl friends of other men. He needed someone from the right social set, who would be undemanding, and yet who could be available when required. This beautiful and vivacious young woman, with her clear liking for a strong and dominant man, and a complaisant husband, might well, with her Irish racing background, provide just the combination of discreet availability and submissiveness that he demanded from a woman.

First, however, he had had to test her in the stables. Then, bearing in mind that in England, there would be risk of her acting like a free woman, he had had to bring her back here, to frighten her, even to degrade her, and yet to make her both thrilled by it all and besotted with him. He had to make sure she realised that he was not a man to be trifled with - and for that she had had to be subjected to a little of the ... care ... with which, on his behalf, Ali Efendi treated his women.

She had had to see something of his harem and to experience a little of the discipline with which it was run. Ali Efendi had cleverly arranged this without running the risk of allowing her the opportunity to talk to any of his European concubines.

Certainly having her thrashed by Ali Efendi, in front of him and of his other women, had clearly been psychologically important in imposing his authority on her. It had been an experience that she would not forget in a hurry! The pain might soon wear off, but not the memory - nor, more importantly, the fear of being summoned, or even brought, back here for a repetition.

It had all been a test, which so far she had come through well. Now, however, he finally had to subject her to his will - and on this depended everything.

Again he looked down at the helpless young woman so deliciously laid out for his enjoyment. What a shrewd and understanding chief black eunuch Ali Efendi was. He had cleverly arranged for her to be offered for his pleasure, without any chance of being able to fight him off - nor of begging for release, nor even of making plain her opposition to being taken.

Her eyes were fixed on him, either from terror, or desire - or, more likely as his experience of European women had taught him, through a mixture of both. He turned and nodded to one of the pageboys who obediently and evidently well trained, went round to the other side of the bed and began gently to stroke the girl's gleaming wet beauty lips with his long ostrich feather.

Oh the shame, thought Emma, of being aroused in front of the Prince by a boy. She tried to fight it, but he was too expert and soon the Prince was able to see that the girl's eyes were almost starting from her head, as she strained and wriggled against her chains, helpless to prevent herself from becoming more and more aroused. Little moans were coming from under the broad black leather strapped over her mouth.

The Prince now gestured to the other pageboy who joined his companion on the other side of the bed and then, slightly pulling back Emma's stiff bolero, began to tickle her nipples with his long feather. Again a feeling of helpless shame swept over Emma. It was one thing to be aroused by one's lover, but quite another to be aroused for him by a boy. But once again she simply could help herself and the Prince smiled as the girl's desperate writhing and masked cries redoubled.

Then, he waved the pageboys back. The girl gave a sudden jump as he put his hand down and rubbed a now firm nipple between his fingers. She jumped again

as parting the beauty lips he felt her wet hard little beauty bud. Soon she was writhing under his hands as violently as she had under the pageboys ostrich feathers. Oh, what a delightful little creature this was.

The pageboys unbuttoned the front of his robe and then held it back as he lay down on the chained figure. He could feel his manhood straining as he gripped the helpless girl round the waist and felt her soft skin against his own. He looked down at her face and saw that her eyes were again fixed on his. He was grateful to Ali Efendi for having had the sense to have gagged the girl: words at this stage would only have spoilt the ecstasy. Soon he took first one nipple into his mouth and sucked, and then the other. There were more little moans of delight from behind the gag.

Moments later he knelt up between the girl's chained and outstretched legs. Raised by the large bolster, her parted thighs were just in front of his powerfully erect manhood. She wanted to cry out in protest as one page reached down and separated her beauty lips for the Prince. Then the other expertly guided the Prince's stiff manhood between them. The Prince gave a sudden jerk and was inside her. Once again he gripped her waist as she began to buck a little, at first in protest and then, as he drove slowly in and out, with helpless pleasure.

He nodded at the pageboys who then deftly slipped off the gag. Quickly, without giving her a chance to say a word, he put his lips to hers. They were soft and yielding. He thrust his tongue into her mouth. It was sweet and enticing.

He raised his head and looked down at her, commandingly. He smiled as he heard her first words. 'Master! Oh Master!'

Then he withdrew from her and the pageboys again held the skirts of his robe apart as he now knelt over her face. 'Reach up and lick!' he ordered and seconds later felt a thrill run right through his body as a wet little pointed tongue began to stroke and rub him. Oh, the ecstasy! As he had suspected, this girl was already well trained in the art of giving pleasure. There would be no need for lessons from Ali Efendi.

Again he nodded at the pageboys and behind him he could feel them again tickling the girl's beauty lips with their feathers, making her wriggle her tongue even more excitingly.

'Now listen,' he said. 'You're going to be my mistress back in England - waiting to be summoned to give me pleasure. Do you understand?'

'Oh, yes, Master,' came a little voice. 'Oh yes, please!'

With a little grunt of pleasure at having so decisively won her over, the Prince slightly rose up on his knees.

'Then take this as a sign of your acceptance and submission.' He thrust his manhood into her little mouth. 'Suck it and lick,' he ordered. 'Worship it ... humbly and dutifully.'

He thrilled to the sensation of her little tongue thrillingly running over the tip of his manhood. He thrust past it and exploded. 'Take it!' he breathed. He screamed, 'Take it all! Swallow your Master's seed, like the obedient little slave girl that you are, that you enjoy being. Take it ... take it all ... as a sign of your new servitude.' Moments later the pageboys unchained her and slid the large bolster from under her hips. The Prince picked her up and held her to him. She was crying with helpless delight. 'Master, Master. I just want to be your helpless slave - for ever.'

'And so you shall be, my dear,' he laughed. But I think that, you being the hot little number you are, I shall have to take precautions that you do not go offering yourself all over London to other men - or women.'

'You mean you're going to keep me locked into a chastity belt when you're away?' murmured Emma excitedly.

Well, she's certainly accepted her new role, thought the Prince. It was time to take certain steps. 'Not quite,' he laughed. 'But you'll soon see!'

One of the pageboys handed her a glass of something cool and refreshing. Eagerly she drank it and within seconds she was fast asleep.

Light was streaming through the windows when Emma awoke. Quickly she pulled the bedclothes over her. Memories, wonderful memories, slowly came back to her. Oh the Prince! What a man he was. Oh the excitement he had produced. She blushed

with shame at the memory of how he had used his pageboys to arouse her, and how they had guided his manhood up inside her. Oh, how could she ever look these boys in the face again?

The fact that she had not had relief did not seem to matter. Her satisfaction had been in pleasing him. She remembered his decision to keep her available as his Mistress in England. Oh how exciting! Would she be rich and famous? She remembered that he had earlier said that he sometimes took his pageboys with him to Europe. Would he always have them with him in his bedroom when he took her? Oh how awful - but how expert they were!

Was she still in the Prince's bed? Or was she locked up in the harem dormitory? She raised her head above the bedclothes and looked around. To her astonishment, she found that she was back in her room in the guest house.

She glanced at the clock. She must have been asleep for a whole day. She remembered the strange drink. Had she been drugged and brought back here? But why? She saw that she was now wearing her nightdress again - the one with the Prince's crest embroidered over the right breast.

She looked up longingly at the portrait of the Prince on the wall. With a laugh she remembered the similar one in the harem - and the red flashing light. Jealously, she wondered whether the Prince had enjoyed other women whilst she had lying drugged. His concubines were all so beautiful, so irresistible.

But, she laughed, she was now going to be Number One when the Prince came to England!

Then she noticed a strange feeling between her legs. She put her hand down - and felt a line of little rings. And there was something else! With a cry of horror she pushed back the bedclothes, jumped out of bed and stood in front of the long mirror. Immediately she noticed that the gleaming metal collar had gone. Instead round her neck were three strands of pearls with a lozenge shaped diamond clasp. It had two large yellow stones in the center and she thought that she had never seen anything so beautiful.

Then again came that strange feeling between her legs. She lifted up the nightdress. Yes, gleaming against her hairless lips, and half hidden by them, were two lines of little golden rings. But that was not all, for threaded through them, and kept in place by a tiny padlock that hung between her legs, was a little curved golden bar that was also half hidden by the lips themselves.

Astonished, and now slightly appalled, she looked down and examined them. Ten tiny rings had been threaded through each of her beauty lips, equally spaced from the top, near her mound, to down between her legs. And the long thin curved golden bar had in turn been carefully threaded through all of them, keeping the lips tightly closed. No strange manhood, she realised, could penetrate her now. Nor, she found, could she herself properly reach her little beauty bud.

Panicking, she tried to pull out the little golden bar. But the padlock at the bottom was just too big to pass through the rings. The bar could not be removed that way. She tried, instead, to pull it down through the rings, but a wide flat flange at the top of the bar stopped her from doing so. It, too, was too large to pass through the little rings. The flat flange also, she saw, was raised so that it covered her beauty bud. It was this that made it almost impossible to play with herself.

She tried walking up and down. She hardly felt the rings, provided she took only small, lady-like steps. The pull on her beauty lips, however, made it uncomfortable if she tried to part her legs wide. Yet, she realised, it would not prevent her from spending a penny.

She could not help admiring the ingenuity and unobtrusiveness of it. Was it the Prince's idea - or that clever Ali Efendi's? Or was it just an age-old harem trick?

She saw a note by her bedside. It was from the Prince.

"Your plane leaves shortly," she read. Goodness, was the week really up already. Oh, how sad. She still hadn't seen anything of the country. Was this the Prince deliberate plan? To keep her hidden away in his palace compound and then discreetly to fly her out back to England?"

"My car will take you to the airport," she read on. "I shall be coming to London in a week's time and my Secretary will contact you with instructions as to where to meet me. You are to keep yourself entirely free for me for ten days. He will also give you an advance on the substantial allowance you will now be

receiving. I enclose the address and telephone number of a leading Arab doctor friend of mine in London. He has one key to the padlock hanging between your legs. I have the other. In case of real emergency only you may ask him to remove it, but in that case I do not promise to go on paying your allowance. Whilst the padlock is in place, you are my paid servant - a very well paid servant, but with the rights only of a slave ... I look forward to continuing our little bedroom scene in a week's time."

Emma's head was reeling. To be the pampered Mistress of one of the richest men in the world! Oh, how exciting! How equally exciting to have her sensuality locked up behind those rings and that gold bar. She put her hand to the pearls round her neck. Would they be the first of many such gifts? Goodness!

She read on. "But just remember, too, that Ali Efendi also a copy of the key and that, if necessary, I shall have no hesitation in flying you back here for a little refresher training in obedience."

So that was why the Prince had shown her his harem and had had her beaten by his chief black eunuch. To impress on her his power and authority, so that she would behave properly, even back in England. Well, he had certainly succeeded in that - and her bottom was still sore from her thrashing.

Oh, yes, by bringing her out here, he had very cleverly subjected her to his power and authority all right. And that was not all. She remembered what he had said about Arabs having a long arm and that anyone who opened their mouth about his harem, even in Europe, would be sure to regret it. She gave a little shudder of fear. She would certainly never dare mention it to anyone. She was indeed in his power now. How terrifying, but also how exciting. Thank Heavens she did not know the identity of any of the women she had seen.

But what should she say to Ursula when she comes back to London again? She would explode with rage if she were to learn the truth - or if she ever saw the rings and the bar. And how about Henry? He's been very broad-minded in the past, but what will he say about the Prince? And how was she going to fend off Paddy now? They were both now working for the Prince.  And if I ask the Arab doctor to remove the bar, then I will lose the Prince - and he is so wonderfully dominating, madly exciting in bed, and very rich.

And then there was the problem of John. He was not due back for several weeks, but after his return she would have to return to his bed sometime. Would he accept being fobbed off again?

Oh dear, what shall I do, she wondered, as she hastily packed.

The same thoughts were weighing heavily on her mind as the car taking her to the airport slowly drove past the high walls of the harem. Who would ever have guessed what went on behind those walls?

Then the car turned and passed the front of the palace itself. There standing on the steps was ... the Prince! Her heart was in her mouth as she saw him smile. Oh how she longed to fling herself into his arms. She hammered at the darkened window separating her from the chauffeur, to tell him to stop. She must say goodbye - or, at least, au-revoir. But it was to no avail. The chauffeur paid no attention and the car drove slowly on, with her desperately looking back at the Prince out of the rear window. How sad! But Moslem men, she remembered do not embrace, or even acknowledge, women in public.

Then suddenly the car passed Ali Efendi, his dreaded cane in his hand. Was that terrifying sight, she wondered, intended to be her last memory of the Prince's palace?

All the way back to the airport, and indeed all the way back to London, she could feel those little rings. She could think of nothing but the Prince, her new Master, of the key, and of when she going to meet him again.

Oh, how exciting life was, she thought. But also how complicated.

And would Ursula also reappear?

THE END.