URSULA'S REVENGE
or Fetch the cane, Emma!

by HILARY JAMES
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The shocking story that could not be told!

Like the former Emma books published by Nexus, this recently discovered manuscript is based on the true adventures of a young married woman in the power of a strict and terrifyingly ruthless woman, Ursula.

Ursula demands complete obedience and makes sure that she gets it. When she learns that Emma has been deceiving her, she plans a particularly cruel revenge: one way or another, Emma's going to have a Happy Little Surprise - whether she likes it or not!

AUTHOR'S NOTE

This story, like the earlier Emma stories, describes the real life experiences of a delightful young married woman, and her ruthless Mistress - in a secret world in which, beautiful and outwardly independent young women are secretly the submissive and willing playthings of rich and dominant women.

The Mistresses, in turn, enjoy not only the intense physical pleasure they obtain from their girls, but also the feeling of power that control over their protegees gives them.

There is, however, as this book describes, one particular form of power over a girl that is supreme - imposing a Happy Little Surprise on an unsuspecting and beautiful young woman ...

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PART I

SUCH A NAUGHTY GIRL!

1 - EMMA IN LOVE

'Fetch the cane, Emma!'

Ursula's voice was cold and harsh as she looked at the two blond young women standing at attention, side by side, with the large and threatening figure of Helga, in her starched nurse's uniform, looming menacingly behind them, her little dog whip in her hand.

The two young women were dressed identically, for the fancy dress party, in harem dresses of Turkish slippers, red silk transparent trousers, and a matching stiff open bolero that disclosed their nipples which had been carefully elongated by Helga.

She had been using her little vacuum nipple sucker on them several times a day and now, hanging from each of the girls' painted and prominent nipples, was a large, but slim, golden ring.

On their heads they wore little golden brocade caps, from which their long blond hair was brushed back to hang down their backs. A gauze silk veil rested on each of their noses half hiding the nylon net gauze muzzle fastened tightly over their mouths and tied behind their necks.

As well as rendering them mute, the muzzle was also intended to prevent them from helping themselves to any of the little delicacies at the The Society's party that night. These delicious delights were intended for the Mistresses not their girls - and Helga liked to keep these ones on a very strict diet.

Finally, a short length of heavy, shiny steel chain linked each of their two manacled wrists.

Ursula glanced in the mirror to admire her own costume as a gorgeously dressed Sultan, dressed in a long yellow brocade robe with a curved oriental dagger thrust into the red satin belt. On her head she wore a huge blue, bejewelled, silken turban.

A feeling of power surged excitingly through her as she looked at the two young women, dressed as a pair of oriental slave girls - just the impression she wanted to make at the party that evening.

The two slave girls, then linked by the neck, and silently following behind her, would complete her impressive entrance. Then they'd follow behind her as she circulated and stand behind her chair. How jealous all her friends, fellow members of The Society, would be!

She felt a further exciting feeling of power at the thought that each girl was tattooed, inconspicuously, on the inside of her wrist with a little entwined "S", the logo of The Society, the international secret organisation that linked up women who enjoyed dominating young women.

Every girl who had ever belonged to a member of The Society bore this mark and was thus instantly recognisable in the secret world of The Society as a submissive masochist -and, moreover, as one who had been trained with the whip to give pleasure to women by a fellow member.

But there was more to the mark than merely indicating that the girl was a masochist. It also acted as a deterrent to the girl against trying to run away from her Mistress.

Indeed, a girl marked with the small but distinctive logo of The Society was indeed a marked woman, part of it's exciting secret world.

But that was not all, Ursula smilingly reminded herself. As well as bearing the distinctive mark of The Society, any such girl was also discreetly tattooed on the inside of the left elbow her registered number. This number was registered with The Society under her current Mistress's name - current because, of course, members of the Society often exchanged girls, or sold them to each other - but they always informed The Society of the transaction so that their records were up to date.

Ursula smiled again. The jealousy of her fellow members would be even greater when they learned these two young women were different from the normal run of submissive girls registered with The Society, and whom they would probably be bringing to the party. They tended to be beautiful girls from Eastern Europe, uncertain about the strange way of life in an England whose language they scarcely understood. They were, therefore, extra dependant on their Mistresses.

Both Ursula's girls, however, were sophisticated young English women - and married! They were both kept in thrall to their Mistress by a mixture of genuine adoration and by an equally genuine fear of her cane.

Oh yes, she thought, the feeling of power was certainly greater and more satisfying when it was about having control over a pretty young married English woman, like Emma or Celestia.

Firstly, there was the thrill of identifying a secretly submissive young woman who was longing to be dominated, of seducing her, of introducing her to the joys and pain of the cane and the whip, of persuading her to enter her service as her slave, of keeping her deliciously frustrated and of teaching her to accept the deeper joy of dedicating her life to giving pleasure to her adored Mistress.

Then, came the further thrill of having the tell-tale secret mark of The Society tattooed discreetly onto the excited young woman's wrist and, of course, her registered number onto the inside of her elbow. This always had a profound and lasting psychological effect on a married woman, secretly binding her to her Mistress, whilst to the outside world she remained a dutiful wife.

Finally, there was the mind-boggling thrill of regularly using an unsuspecting man's precious wife for her own pleasure, whilst insisting that the woman found excuses for refusing her husband's advances. And the most amusing part was that the unsuspecting husband never seemed to realise that his wife was in sexual thrall to the fascinating woman who had so kindly befriended her.

The young women's often busy husband never seemed to suspect what was really going on when, equally kindly, his wife was invited to come and stay with Ursula for a few days for some innocuous-sounding course of "Special Artistic Training".

If the husband was going abroad, then, as in the case Emma, Ursula might even ask him to let his wife come and act as her "Personal Assistant" until his return. Nor did these husbands ever seemed to notice the

marks of the cane that their wives were so proudly bearing on their return from staying with Ursula - and, yet, so equally desperately trying to hide from their husbands.

But even that was not all, for when she returned home to her husband, the terrified young woman would have to report daily by telephone to her Mistress, who in her most hypnotic voice would demand to know whether she had made love to her husband the night before. Her mind wood still be dominated by memories of her Mistress's cane. She would constantly be thinking that, when she was next summoned to London by her Mistress, she would get ten strokes for every time she had allowed her husband to make love to her.

Ten strokes! They would be slowly applied, whilst the young woman would be screaming out her protests of love for her Mistress, and how how it was only from her that she found the domination that that she secretly craved so desperately.

And now Ursula had two such creatures in her power! Two submissive young married women to show off to her friends at the party that night! No wonder they would go mad with jealousy!

But first she must give them both a short sharp shock to ensure their good behaviour at the party.

'I said fetch the cane, Emma!' she repeated to the nervously hesitating girl. 'Move!'

There was a little gasp of dismay from Emma, 'Yes, Madam! At once!' she cried, her mind racing as she desperately wondered what on earth she had done that deserved to be punished?

Had Ursula discovered her secret love for her lovely friend, Samantha? Was Samantha also going to be caned? She loved her so much! The thought of her being thrashed by their cruel Mistress was too awful.

Oh, how she longed for the chance to take Samantha into her arms. Oh how they both longed, and longed, to play with each other, as they exchanged promises of undying love, to bring each other to peaks of ecstasy and then to climax in other's arms - finding, at last, a relief that Ursula rarely allowed her girls, and then only in her own arms.

Emma knew only too well how Ursula enjoyed the excitement of keeping her girls aroused but frustrated, and so all the more eager to please their Mistress - and all the more desperate for her embraces.

It was Ursula's hard and fast rule that a girl must only look to her Mistress for any relief. Any self gratification by a girl was regarded as being unfaithful to her Mistress - and punished as such.

Accordingly, like Ursula's other girls, Emma had been taught that just as a nun dedicates, daily on her knees, her purity and frustration to an adored God, so she too had to sublimate her purity and frustration and dedicate them daily, on her knees before a goddess - the Mistress she adored.

It was daily morning routine that she even had to repeat by phone, when her husband, John, having returned, she was allowed back home - but always with a Doctor's Certificate saying that she was not fit enough to carry out her conjugal duties and must sleep in a separate room.

Here in Ursula's house, Emma knew only too well the cruel pleasure and frantic frustration that came from giving her Mistress repeated pleasure in her bed at night whilst receiving none herself.

Oh, the sheer hell, and yet also the unbelievable excitement, of then lying awake half the night in her contentedly sleeping Mistress's arms! She would be driven mad with frustration but would not dare to touch herself, even secretly, for fear of a thrashing.

Oh, the intense feeling of anticipation, that went on all day, when Ursula half promised the night before to let her climax the following day. Oh the terrible disappointment when she seemed to have forgotten all about it - something that Emma, again, would not dare to mention.

The frustration was even worse, and yet somehow even more exciting, when Ursula had both Emma and Samantha in her bed for the night, one on either side of her. With their Mistress holding in her hand the dog leads attached to their collars, she would make first one, and then the other, lick her demanding beauty bud. Later both both girls would silently exchange looks of love, but they would not dare to reach across the sleeping Ursula to touch each other's frantically restless bodies.

Then in the morning, wild with suppressed desire and with Ursula still holding their dog leads, both girls would have to kneel by the side of the bed and humbly thank their Mistress for keeping them pure and frustrated.

However, even that was not all. That very morning, for instance, their Mistress had then rung for Helga. Handing her the dog leads she told their horrible German nurse, to take both girls away and wash them whilst she herself enjoyed her breakfast in bed.

Then, a few minutes later, whilst Ursula lay on her back in bed, reading her morning paper, Helga, still holding both dog leads, had used her dog whip to drive both girls up between their Mistress's legs to vie with each other in using their tongues to give her yet more pleasure.

Still reading her paper as she erupted for the first time, that morning, into the mouths of her eager slave girls, Ursula had disparaging called out to Helga. 'Not bad but the one on the left was less pleasing. Put her tongue to work again and when I give the signal give her six strokes on her backside. Meanwhile make the other one kneel up at my side and reach down to suck my nipples. And, when I snap my fingers, make them change round!'

Emma scarcely knew which was then worse: having to use her tongue to arouse Ursula again and then to receive six strokes on her bare bottom, just as her Mistress again reached a climax; or kneeling up and sucking her Mistress's nipples, as she watched in anguish as Helga give her beloved Samantha six strokes across her soft little bottom.

However, it was not only playing with themselves that was strictly forbidden. Ursula, with her insistence that her girls must look only to her, their Mistress, for any sexual relief, would never, of course, allow her girls to try and seek relief from each other.

Ursula's girls might secretly fall in love with each other, as she and Samantha had done, but they knew that any attempt to deceive their Mistress, by consummating their love behind their Mistress's back, would be regarded by her as amounting to adultery - and would be be punished accordingly. That was why, Emma kept telling herself, she and Samantha must hide their love.

Oh, but how she longed to make love to Samantha! And, quite apart from the sheer pleasure and excitement of it all, it would also be one in the eye for Ursula. But would she ever dare to do so? Anyway, when would they ever have the chance, watched over as they were by the dreaded Helga?

The same thoughts were going through Samantha's mind as she anxiously watched her beloved Emma obediently run across the room in her skimpy harem costume and go to the cupboard where she knew that Ursula kept her dreaded cane. Oh, how she loved Emma! Could they ever sneak away together, away from Ursula - if only for a few minutes of hastily snatched love?

There was a rattle from Emma's heavy manacle chains as she opened the cupboard and took out the long whippy bamboo cane with its curved handle and pretty red ribbon.

Balancing the cane reverently across both the outstretched palms of both hands Emma ran back to Ursula, knelt down and silently offered it up to her Mistress, her eyes filled with tears. Oh, how she longed to be able to beg for for mercy! But her tight muzzle kept her silent.

'Helga,' said Ursula nonchalantly, as she took the cane from Emma, 'just give them both a hard stroke across the palms of each of their hands. I want their hands to really hurt tonight, so that they'll be thinking of what will happen to them, when we come back, if they don't behave as obedient and submissive slave girls at the party.'

Both Emma and Samantha had given little gasps of horror as they heard Ursula's cruel words. 'I'll be a good girl, Madam, but please don't beat me!' both girls were longing to call out.

Smiling, the ungainly Helga came forward and took the cane. 'Emma, go back and stand alongside Samantha,' she ordered in her strong German accent.

The eyes of both girls were now fixed fearfully on the cane. Both found themselves groping for the comfort of a reassuring squeeze from each other's hands.

It was a gesture that was noticed by Ursula's quick eyes. Was it just the automatic reaction of a fearful girl? Or did it betray a deeper feeling between the two girls?

Although Ursula insisted on all her girls worshipping her as their Mistress, she had often come across two girls, in her service, secretly falling in love with each other. It was something that amused her - provided, of course, they were given no opportunity to be unfaithful to her, or to consummate their love behind her back. Indeed it was rather amusing to make such a pair play with each other in front of her, or be made to put on a display for her friends - and the to stop them stop before they could climax.

'Samantha!' Helga ordered grimly, 'Hold out your right hand. Palm upwards.'

Terrified, Samantha gave Emma's hand a final squeeze and then tremblingly held out her hand.

'Hold it right out and keep it quite still,' ordered Helga.

Then, as both girls watched in horror, she slowly raised the cane, paused and then suddenly brought it down across the palm Samantha's right hand. There a scream of pain from behind Samantha's muzzle. Unable to maintain her position she tucked her now burning hand it under her left armpit to ease the pain.

Emma did not know whether to be more overcome at what had been done to her beloved Samantha, or by the thought that she too was about to suffer similar treatment. And they weren't being punished for anything they had done, for being naughty or disobedient. Then it was rather exciting being punished!

But this was quite different. They had done nothing wrong and were simply being beaten because Ursula wanted to put the fear of God into both girls before taking them to the party. She wanted to make sure that they did not disgrace her in front of her friends. Oh how she hated Ursula! And as for the hateful Helga, well ...

'Emma!' came Helga's sudden order. 'Hold your hand out!'

Trembling Emma put out her hand.

'Fingers out straight!' came Helga's angry voice.

Hesitantly, Emma did as she was told. Seconds later she too was screaming behind her muzzle and tucking her hand under her armpit as a line of fire seemed to stretch across her palm. And, she kept thinking, 'I'm going to get another stroke across my other hand. Oh God!'

'Samantha! The other hand please!'

Seconds later Samantha was doubled up - now with both hands seeking the solace of her armpits.

'Emma!' Terrified out of her wits, Emma put out her hand. Seconds later, she too was doubled up like Samantha.

Ursula looked at the two girls with a pleased smile. Yes, she thought, 'I don't think, somehow, that I shall have any trouble from either of these two tonight at the party!'

'Put the collars and rod on them, Helga,' she ordered.

An hour later Emma and Samantha, their heads raised and their eyes fixed ahead, stood silently at attention behind their Mistress as she chatted to a group of like minded fellow members of The Society.

Many of the other women had also brought along a girl as an attendant, usually dressed as a maid servant. But only Ursula had two girls identically dressed, or perhaps half dressed, in their eye-catching harem costumes. .

Ursula's two girls were kept standing side by side by a short steel rod that rigidly linked the metal collars that Helga had locked round their necks when they arrived.

Emma glanced conspiratorially at Samantha who returned her look with suddenly wide open eyes. Putting her manacled hands to her side, Emma then quietly reached for Samantha's hand. Back came a little answering squeeze. Oh how they loved each other! Oh how they longed to be alone together and to get away from their cruel and demanding Mistress!

The other women kept glancing at the erotic sight of these two beautiful and half naked young women, in their harem costumes, muzzled, manacled and rigidly collared. Ursula was deliberately showing them off, as another woman might show off a pair of valuable diamond broaches.

Ursula's friends kept jealously thinking, just as Ursula had intended, that these two were married English women - even if they were muzzled and chained like slave girls. Oh how exciting it must be for Ursula to own such submissively cowed and yet superior creatures!

Ursula herself, resplendent in her Sultan's dress, appeared to ignore her two attendants - safe in the knowledge that the memory of their caning before they left, would keep them obediently and silently following her around like two little little puppy dogs.

Ursula enjoyed the party and, later at dinner, the delicious food and drink, none of which her girls were allowed to touch.

'Oh no,' Emma heard Ursula say to her next door neighbours, 'I just keep my girls on dog biscuits and porridge. It's so much cheaper!'

Emma blushed with shame. It was true, and rather exciting, but how humiliating for Ursula to tell everyone.

As she tucked into dinner, Ursula was still thoroughly enjoying the jealous looks of her friends as they ogled the two young married women dressed as her slave girls and standing silently, and obediently, at attention behind her chair.

Indeed, under her Sultan's robe, Ursula could feel herself becoming increasingly aroused by the erotic scene and by her feeling of power. Soon it would be time for her to leave and to consummate her pent up desires. She could now hardly wait to get back home and have both girls brought to her bed to pleasure her!

But there was one nagging doubt in her mind. She had noticed the way Emma and Samantha exchanged meaning looks and, when they thought no one was looking, had held each other's hands. Were they in love? But her girls were only allowed to love her, their Mistress.

Well, perhaps she should start taking certain precautions with these two!

2 - HUMILIATED IN HER OWN HOME!

Emma was again standing rigidly at attention in front of Ursula's desk. Her head was raised and her eyes were fixed on the wall above Ursula's head.

She was wearing just a blue short satin tunic with Ursula's initials and crest embroidered on the right breast. Round her neck was a wide collar of black leather with metal studs. Strong looking rings hung down from the front and from the back, and a chain dog lead had been fastened to the ring on the back. The other end of the lead was held by Helga, standing right behind Emma, a burly figure in her starched German nurse's uniform, with as always her dog whip in her hand.

She felt a sharp tap on her buttocks from Helga's dog whip and obediently held out her left hand. Then she turned it palm up to show both the little red "S", the mark of The Society that was tattooed on the inside of her wrist and her Registered Number discreetly tattooed on the inside of her elbow

'Society Slave Number 1245 reporting, Madam,' she called out, her eyes still fixed on the wall behind her Mistress.

'Ah yes, Emma,' said Ursula nonchalantly looking up from the papers on her desk, 'some rather interesting news! Your husband has just rung me, thinking of course that you're working for me to help with my exhibitions and learn about art.'

Emma's heart began to beat faster. John had rung! It was so embarrassing having him unsuspectingly dealing with Ursula as a kind lady who looked after Emma when he away. What would he say if he knew the truth? That she was Ursula's registered slave! That being under Ursula's control was like a drug that she simply could not give up

'Yes,' laughed Ursula, 'I told him I was very pleased with your work. But what was interesting was that he was ringing to say that he had been unexpectedly ordered back to England from his oceanographic survey in the Pacific to attend a short symposium in London next week. He wondered if we can open up the house and all come and stay for the weekend. Well, won't that be lovely Emma and won't you be so thrilled to see your husband again!'

'Oh, yes Madam, ' cried Emma with delight. John back home! How wonderful! But how sad that Ursula was apparently going to make sure that she only saw him in her presence. Oh well! Quickly she gathered her thoughts and tactfully added: 'Though, of course, Madam, I don't love him like I love you.'

'I should think not!' replied Ursula sharply. 'Just remember that your now my registered slave, registered with The Society.'

'Yes, Madam,' said Emma contritely.

'Just you also remember that The Society's emblem and your number are now permanently tattooed onto your body - though I doubt if that trusting fool of a husband of yours will ever notice.'

'Oh hope not, Madam!' cried Emma.

'Well you'd better think up a good explanation, in case he does,' laughed Ursula. Then she turned to Helga. 'So I want to drive down tomorrow and get the house ready. You can drive the car and, once there, act as Emma's trained nurse. Don't let her out of your sight! That silly booby of a husband of hers is very grateful to me for what he thinks was giving Emma an interesting job whilst he's been away - and for keeping an eye on her! Well I've certainly done that - but not in the way that he thinks I have!'

Ursula paused and looked carefully at Emma, still standing at attention in front of the desk. Then she turned back to Helga. 'I've told him that the doctor says she still isn't strong enough to sleep with him - he thinks she's still recovering from a bad viral infection. He sounded very disappointed at this - not surprising after several months almost alone on a remote island. Poor man, he must be rearing to go!'

Emma, still standing at attention, was listening in horror to this conversation. Poor John indeed! Not being allowed a little sex after all this time! She, too, had been looking forward to sleeping with him, but deep in her heart she knew that Ursula would never have allowed it. She was Ursula's property now!

But never mind, she thought, she'd soon be having some fun and games again with Henry, her secret lover - provided Ursula didn't find out about him! And, of course, she was still hoping to find the opportunity for more fun and games with her beloved, darling, Samantha!

'Yes,' Ursula went on, 'he sounded so disappointed that I said we'd be bringing another equally pretty girl - and that I expected she'd be only too happy to sleep with him instead of his wife.'

'What!' screamed Emma, waving her angrily hands at Ursula and abandoning all pretence of standing at attention. 'You can't do this to me!'

Then she screamed with pain as Helga brought her dog whip down hard across her bottom.

'Stand at attention!' Helga screamed, giving Emma another smart crack with her whip. 'And only speak when you're spoken to!'

Hastily Emma stood up straight and lapsed into silence.

'I'll damn well do what I like with you, my girl,' Ursula said coldly. 'One more word from you and I'll have Helga put you on the wheel!'

The wheel! Emma looked horrified but she did not now dare to say a word.

'Yes, Helga,' continued Ursula, ignoring Emma, 'we'll take Samantha as well, and it will be your job, as our Nurse, to take her to John's bedroom each night, whilst I enjoy myself with Emma - right under her husband's nose. It's going to be so exciting!

She paused.

'Go and bring Samantha down here. And bring your cane.'

'But he's Emma's husband,' Samantha protested, horrified, when minutes later Ursula told her she was going to be put to bed with John. She had so nearly said "my darling Emma's husband" but bit back the words just in time.

'That's of no account,' replied Ursula angrily. 'You just damn well what your told and if you don't satisfy him you'll be thrashed by Helga. And for your impertinence in arguing with me, you can have three strokes of the cane across your hand. Now hold it out. Go on Helga, give her three hard strokes. I want to hear her scream!'

Once again, just as she had done before going to The Society's s
party, Samantha nervously held out her hand for the cane. By the time of the last stroke her hand felt as if it was on fire. Her eyes were filled with tears and she was cursing herself for arguing with her Mistress. She would do anything, absolutely anything, to avoid any more strokes of that awful cane. And if that meant sleeping with the husband of her beloved Emma, then so be it!

'Now thank your kind Mistress for letting you offer yourself to a man,' ordered Ursula, 'and tell her just exactly what you'll do to make sure that he's really pleased. I've told him you're an experienced little tart and that he can lie back like a Pasha and let you make all the running. So now you've got to learn a little routine, a programme of seduction!'

It took several minutes and another two strokes of the cane before Ursula was satisfied with Samantha's detailed and degrading description of just what she would do in John's bed - and another two strokes before she was adjudged to be word perfect.

'Now say that little routine to yourself over and over again, Samantha,' warned Ursula. 'It's what you'll be doing to seduce John and I shall be testing you on it later today. Any mistakes and it'll be the cane again!'

She turned to Emma who was still standing attention. 'And now, Emma, I also want do hear how excited you are that Samantha is going to seduce your husband. And I want to hear you beg her to do it.'

A thrilling of feeling of power swept through Ursula. She was actually arranging for the seduction of the of a husband of one of her girls, whilst the girl herself would be pleasuring her. And the girl was going to be made to connive at it all, to beg Ursula to go on and arrange for her husband to deceive her. It was mind blowing! Oh how exciting! Oh!

'Now Emma, thank your Mistress for providing your husband with another girl and tell Samantha how happy you are that she'll be sleeping with him. Now go on!

'But, Madam,' Emma started to protest. Her husband was going to deceive her with her best friend and she had had to listen to all the disgusting details of how it was going to be done! It was terrible! 'Please, Madam, please ... ' she begged.

But she was cut short by Ursula.

'How dare you argue with me, you chit of a girl! Now bend over the desk and hold up your tunic. Helga, give this slut three strokes on her bare bottom. All I want to hear you begging for, Emma is for your husband to be seduced in your own house whilst your licking me!

The room echoed to three piercing cries, but just as it took six strokes on the hand before Ursula was satisfied with Samantha's party piece, so it took another three strokes of the cane across Emma's soft little bottom before Ursula was satisfied with Emma's.

John arrived back two days later. Emma was dowdily dressed like a hospital patient, by order of Ursula, with her hair untidily tousled, as she waited in a wheelchair pushed by Helga, on the steps of the house for her husband to get out of his car.

He was in excellent form, bounding up the steps to greet Emma with eager affection. Then he recoiled at the sight of his evidently ill wife. 'Darling, I am so sorry that you're still not well well. It's such a pity that I'm only here for such a short time, but I do understand, darling. Poor you!'

Oh how she had longed to cry out: 'Darling don't believe them! There's nothing wrong with me!' But the thought of Helga's cane made her keep silent.

'And this is little Samantha, who's come here specially to meet you before you have to fly back,' said Ursula meaningfully.

To get John quickly in the right mood, Ursula had made the blushing Samantha wear a split skirt that showed off her long legs, clad in black nylon stockings, and a blouse that was open to the waist showing of her half naked breasts.

Furious with jealousy, Emma saw her husband enthusiastically looking the exquisitely groomed, and beautifully made-up, Samantha up and down. To someone just back from spending months in a womanless back of beyond, she must have looked like a Hollywood goddess.

Emma saw that Ursula was smiling at John's obvious attraction for the blatantly displayed Samantha. Her little game, her power game, had got off to a good start.

'Tonight!' Emma heard Ursula whisper to John, who had now turned his back on his wife and was openly admiring Samantha.

At dinner that evening Ursula and John were laughing at some of his experiences in the Pacific, whilst Emma and Samantha listened nervously and avoided each other's eyes. Both were thinking of what was going t#o happen later that night.

Samantha was looking lovely in one of Ursula's most beautiful dresses. It was sheer white silk and showed off her slim figure and prominent breasts.

She glanced across at John. She hated the thought of having to seduce the husband of her beloved Emma. But the threat of Ursula's cane gave her no option but to obey her orders. But at least he was a handsome and strong looking man. He certainly looked as if he would be a vigorous lover tonight, after all these months of isolation.

Emma, seated at the table in her wheel chair, was overwhelmed as she thought of her beloved Samantha being ravaged by her lusty husband. Oh what a horrible and, yet, clever woman Ursula was! Who else could have engineered such a scenario?

Helga came into the drawing room next door and quietly switched on a tape recorder. Soft, romantic, music filled the air.

'Why don't you dance with Samantha?' suggested Ursula mischievously to John. 'She's a very good dancer.'

Emma watched jealously through the open door to the drawing room. Occasionally she would catch a glimpse of John dancing cheek to cheek with Samantha. She saw him slip his hand into her bosom. She wanted to cry out, but the contentedly smiling Ursula wagged an admonishing finger, and she did not dare to do so.

'Don't they make a handsome couple, Emma,' she said tauntingly. 'But I think it's time Helga took you away - and got your ready for my bed. After this little erotic scene I shall need a lot of satisfying, my girl.

An hour later, Ursula lay back in her bed a look of intense excitement on her face. In her hands was a whip.

Between her legs lay a naked Emma, who driven on by the whip, was alternatively sucking and licking her Mistress's beauty bud. Round her neck was her collar and this time the chain dog lead was fastened onto the ring on the front. The other end was tightly held by Ursula.

Over Ursula's ears was a pair of little earphones, like those of a walkman. They were linked to a tiny radio bug that Helga had discreetly placed in the master bedroom, normally Emma's room, in which John was now making love to Samantha.

Everything was going very well, Ursula thought, with Samantha acting the slut, as she had been to practice, and taking the lead in arousing her male companion.

'Oh, Emma,' Ursula called out cruelly, 'I think he's now actually going into her. Yes, he has!'

Poor Emma was overwhelmed with a mixture of jealous rage and shame, but Ursula continued to taunt her.

'Oh yes, they're having such fun together and Samantha's loving every minute of it it! In and out! In and out!'

Ursula could hear that the little cries and pantings were becoming faster. Clearly John would not be able to hold back his pent up lust for very much longer. Nor, thought Ursula, could she!

Indeed Ursula's own arousal was also reaching a peak. With a cruel smile, she picked up another pair of little earphones and deftly slipped them over the ears of the girl licking away between her legs. At the same time she brought her whip down warningly along Emma's back.

Horrified Emma suddenly heard a man's cries of excitement mixing with those of a girl. John and Samantha! They really were making love! She could hear every word, every cry , every raucous order. My God, she was being made to arouse her Mistress, whilst next door her husband and her best friend were ...

Disgusted, she made as if to jump up. She would burst into John's room and confront him! Thrusting Samantha aside, she would offer herself to him. But at the first sign of movement Ursula's whip came down again, hard along her back and her collar was jerked by the lead.

'Oh no little Emma,' came Ursula's mocking voice, 'you're going to go on pleasing your Mistress and as you listen to your husband and Samantha making love next door. Aren't they enjoying themselves! Are you very jealous, Emma? Well, that's just too bad! Now lick!

Horrified, Emma applied her tongue to her task. She could hear from the cries in her earphones that a climax was rapidly approaching. She could also feel with her tongue that Ursula was also about to explode.

'Go on, Emma! Go on! Lick! Lick deep ... Oh yes ... yes'

With a cry of excitement, Ursula exploded into Emma mouth just as the pair next door evidently climaxed too.

Only poor Emma was left frustrated, a sop to Ursula's demand for power and yet more power.

It was two days later, two days in which Emma had repeatedly had to satisfy her Mistress whilst she listened on her earphones to what was going on next door. It had all been so shame-making!

It had also been two days in which Emma had been kept totally frustrated, repeatedly having to dedicate, on her knees by Ursula's bed, her enforced purity to her cruel Mistress.

Now, Ursula had left to drive John to London for his symposium after which he would again be leaving for the Pacific, having again, unsuspectingly, asked Ursula to continue to look after Emma.

Helga was fast asleep.

For the first time since they had been brought to Emma's house, the young women were alone and able to talk - or at least whisper.

'Darling,' murmured Samantha, reaching for Emma's hand, 'will you ever forgive me? I didn't want to do it, but that damn cane can make you do anything!'

'Yes, darling,' replied Emma. 'I know! But, at least, was it fun?'

'Oh darling! That husband of yours is a randy little beast,' laughed Samantha.

With a cautious glance at the sleeping Helga, the two young women fell into each other's arms.

'Darling, at last,' breathed Emma

'Oh yes,' whispered Samantha.

Emma put a finger to her lips, and tiptoeing out of the room led Samantha up the stairs into her own room. She shut the door, and the two girls again fell into each other's arms, kissing each other passionately and gently reaching for their breasts and nipples. Half naked they fell onto the bed. Soon they were both fully naked and exciting each other in the classic lesbian position of soixante-neuf.

'I love you, Samantha!' cried Emma, moments later as they lay exhausted in each other's arms.

'And I love you, too,' answered Samantha. 'Why can't we get right away from away the horrible Ursula and just live together whilst our husbands are abroad?'

'Oh what a lovely idea,' cried Emma. 'Do lets. After all why should girls like us always seem to end up as the playthings of cruel older women, when we could have so much more fun together?'

'Oh yes! Oh yes! agreed Samantha. 'Mind you,' she added with a laugh, 'I'm not adverse to the odd male either. Although Ursula doesn't let us say so, I think men are wonderful!'

'Nor me, 'said Emma, joining in the laugh. 'Provided Ursula doesn't learn about them of course. You must meet my boy friend, Henry. Ursula thinks I've given him up, but we still meet regularly. He's so wonderfully masterful and dominating - almost as much as Ursula herself!'

'Darling I can't wait to meet him.' laughed Samantha.

There was a sudden creaking of heavy steps from the direction of the stairs.

'Helga!' cried Emma in alarm. 'Quickly, quickly, put on your panties and I'll say we were just trying on some of my older dresses.'

3 - RETRIBUTION

It was the following afternoon. Emma once again was standing silently at attention in front of Ursula's desk. As usual she was dressed only in a simple, short, blue satin tunic with her Mistress's crest and initials embroidered on the right breast.

Also as usual, she was standing erect with her head up and her eyes fixed on the wall above Ursula's head. But she was aware that, this time, Ursula was looking at them with furiously glaring eyes.

Also as usual, Helga was standing behind her holding in one hand the dog lead attached to the ring at the back of Emma's collar and in he other her dog whip.

What was different this time, however, was that Samantha was standing alongside her, dressed identically, also wearing just a little tunic and standing also standing silently at attention, with Helga holding her dog lead as well as that of Emma.

Helga had been very hostile ever since Ursula had mysteriously rung her on the house phone and told her to bring both girls down to her study. Indeed both girls were nervously wondering why Ursula had sent for them - and why both together?

'Number 1233, make your report!' ordered Helga formally in her strong German accent giving Samantha a sharp little cut across the buttocks with her dog whip.

Instantly like a well drilled soldier, Samantha held out her left hand and turned it palm upwards to display the mark of The Society and her own Registered Number.

'Miss de Vere's Registered Slave Number 1233 reporting, Madam,' she called out, her eyes still fixed on the wall behind her Mistress. Then she added the mandatory affirmation of faith: 'Number 1233 loves Miss de Vere, her Mistress. Her only purpose in life is to give her Mistress pleasure, whenever she wants it and how she wants it, without any thought of pleasure for herself.'

'Really?' Ursula commented sarcastically.

Emma gave a little tremble at the anger in Ursula's voice. Something awful was about to happen. But before she could begin to wonder just what, she felt Helga give her buttocks a sharp tap.

'Report, Number 1245!'

Obediently Emma also nervously held out her left arm. 'Miss de Vere's Registered Slave Number 1245 reporting!' she called out keeping her eyes fixed on the wall behind Ursula's desk. Then she, too, uttered the formal affirmation of faith that Ursula insisted on from all her girls.

'Really?' again came Ursula icy voice.

There was a long pause as Ursula looked with distaste and contempt at the two now trembling girls still standing rigidly at attention in front of her.

'Just to listen to this, you pair of lying bitches!' Ursula said. pressing a button on the tape recorder on her desk.

There was a pause and the both girls gasped as they recognised their own voices: giggling as they caressed each other, swearing undying love for each other, mocking their absent mistress and confessing how they also liked men and, for Emma, Henry in particular.

My God, they were thinking, this was their conversation as they had made love together the previous day in Emma's house, when Ursula was away and Helga was fast asleep.

'Yes, you stupid pair of unfaithful girls. You forgot, didn't you, that I had that room bugged so that I could enjoy listening to John taking Samantha whilst I made his wife pleasure me! Well, luckily the tape was still running and this was what I've just heard and why I've had you brought down here in disgrace.'

'So you thought you'd get away with deceiving your Mistress with each other did you?' Ursula's voice was becoming increasingly shrill. 'So you love each other and despise your Mistress do you? So you want

to run away together do you? So Samantha still hankers after men, dos she? So Emma still sees Henry, does she? And wants to introduce him to Samantha, does she?'

There was another long pause and then Ursula went on in a now low and terrifying voice. 'You adulterous pair of stupid bitches, you'll never get away from me, never! Never, do you hear, never! You belong to me! And, if you think you love each other more than me, then let's see how long it takes for the cane to make you change your mind - and a cane wielded on each of your bottoms by your loving little girl friend!

Again she paused and then suddenly barked: 'Fetch a cane, each of you! Move!'

Terrified, the two young women, married women of independent means, and now just Ursula's slaves, scampered across the room to the cupboard and returned, each carrying a cane.

'Samantha bend over my desk and lift up the skirt of your tunic,' ordered Ursula. 'Tighter, Samantha, tighter! And reach across the desk to grip the other side. That's better ... Now, Emma, as just a little start, to warm up your beloved Samantha, you're going to her five strokes of the cane - the first of twenty strokes! ... Yes you're going give each other twenty strokes. And if I don't think a stroke is hard enough, then it won't count - and so your precious little Samantha's torment will be prolonged.'

'Oh, no! Please Madam!' cried Emma.

'Oh, no! Please Madam!' cried Samantha

But Ursula ignored their pathetic little pleadings.

'And before each stroke, you're going to say what you really feel. You're going to say: 'I hate you Samantha. I only live my Mistress. So take that!'

'Oh no, Madam, please!' Emma again begged.

Again Ursula ignored her. 'Go on Emma. Say it and give her the first stroke - and make it really hard or it won't count. I want to see a good clear red line across her bottom. So go on! Say it!

Terrified out of her wits, Emma cried out the terrible hateful words and brought her cane down across her beloved's bottom.

'I can't see any mark,' exclaimed Ursula contemptuously. 'Start again!'

'Oh forgive me, darling!' cried Emma and calling out the required incantation gave Samantha a hard cut across her buttocks.

There was a scream from Samantha, a scream that cut Emma to the quick, for she knew that Samantha must be vowing never to make love to her again - just as she would shortly be vowing never to make love Samantha again.

'One stroke down and another nineteen to come,' laughed Ursula. 'Go on Emma, go on. Then after the first five strokes, you're going to exchange positions with Samantha giving you your first five strokes - and so until you've both had the full twenty!'

It took nearly half an hour before both girls had given each other the twenty strokes that Ursula had ordered.

Numerous other strokes were contemptuously dismissed as "much too gentle", making each of the girls, when it was her turn to bend over to be thrashed, to beg her friend to get on with it!

Both girls now had only one idea in their minds. Never, never, never again would they risk getting such a thrashing. Each was screaming out her love for her Mistress, her adoration for her, and the dedication of her frustrated purity to her. Each girl was screaming how she hated the other one.

And Ursula was smiling happily.

4 - THE PLAYPEN

The beatings were over at last. The pain and humiliation had been terrible. It had been made all the worse by both girls feeling that they thoroughly deserved their punishment - for having deceived their Mistress behind her back and for having made clear their continuing love of men, something that for Ursula's girls was strictly forbidden.

The two girls stood sobbing shamefacedly in front of Ursula, their eyes downcast, neither daring to look her in the eye. Oh what a fool I had been, each was thinking, in ever imagining that I could get away with being unfaithful to my Mistress.

Ursula looked contemptuously at the the two snivelling girls. It would be a long time, she thought, before they again risked two-timing her. In this situation, a man might have pleaded, appealing to them never to do it again. But Ursula knew better. When it came to dealing with unfaithful young women there

was only one answer: the cane! And that was what they had got, wielded, moreover, by each other, on each other, to drive the lesson further home.

She turned to her large German assistant. 'Helga, I'm going to have a bath and get dressed to go out to dinner. Whilst I am out I want these little creatures to be kept in the playpen in the nursery, like little girls, and under your supervision.'

Helga nodded eagerly. How she enjoyed disciplining Ursula's young women!

'You can rub some cold cream into their weals,' went on Ursula, 'to ease the pain and help the marks disappear quickly. I want both of them to be looking really good by the time I get back after dinner. So take the sluts down to the nursery and wash them out thoroughly. I want them spotlessly clean for tonight.'

It was perhaps, just as well that the two young women did not then understand what Ursula meant. The truth only gradually dawned on each of them ten minutes later as they knelt on the Nursery floor their heads to the floor and their little bottoms raised.

Each was now naked except for a pretty bright red satin bow in her hair. Each was also wearing a pair of special mittens without any fingers. They could not now use their hands to hold or grip anything and the mittens had been clipped together at the front of each girl's body. They would now be quite unable to reach behind themselves to interfere with what was about to happen to them.

A large rubber child's dummy had also been inserted into each of their mouths and had been fastened behind their necks. They could now only make little gurgling noises, as they looked at each other in alarm.

It was not until they saw Helga carefully greasing two long rubber nozzles, and then felt her greasing their behinds, before inserting the nozzles into them, that they realised the awful truth. Both wanted to scream in protest, but their big rubber dummies made this impossible -just as their special mittens made it impossible for them to use their hands to resist the slow and insidious insertion of the nozzles.

The nozzles were attached to two long rubber tubes which led back to two large bottles, placed high up on a shelf. Each contained sweet smelling, warm soapy water, and was marked on the side with a scale that showed how much liquid remained in the bottle.

Helga poured some fizzy soda water into the two bottles and gave them a good shake. Immediately little effervescent bubbles appeared. She gave the bottles another shake. The bubbles she knew would greatly help to clean the girls out completely.

Then she turned on the two little taps on the tubes. Both girls gave a little jump as the now bubbling liquid suddenly jetted up inside them. Helga laughed as she saw both of them clench their buttocks in a vain attempt to stop the liquid. It would be amusing, she thought, to see which girl first absorbed Ursula's regulation minimum amount.

Reluctantly, however, Helga then closed both taps a little. She had learnt by experience that, after the first rush of liquid, best results could be achieved by having just a long persistent trickle going up inside a girl. This ensured that the cleaning process was prolonged, deep and thorough.

It would, she knew, be even more prolonged, deep and thorough if the girl was made to retain the liquid for as long as possible, with her buttocks raised and her head to the floor, whilst the liquid was still bubbling away inside her - or even made to take a little mild exercise. Running upstairs to show themselves to their Mistress would be ideal.

Both girls, kneeling on all fours with their foreheads touching the shiny linoleum Nursery floor, were now writhing as they felt the fizzy liquid penetrating and cleaning deeper and deeper. But neither dared to lift their heads off the floor. Both were making little moans behind their rubber dummies.

Helga put her hand down to feel first Emma's and then Celestia's now gently swelling little tummies. She put her ear to their bellies. She smiled as she heard the telltale little gurgling noise that showed that their insides were being thoroughly cleaned out.

She glanced up at the bottles. Both girls had now absorbed the prescribed amount. She closed both taps and then removed both nozzles, quickly and expertly replacing each with a rubber plug before either girl could release her now pressing load.

Two minutes later, having first been made to run naked up and down the stairs a couple of times, the two moaning and intensely uncomfortable young women were standing in Ursula's luxury bathroom, their gloved hands on top of their heads to show off better their now swollen little bellies.

Lying back in her foam bath, Ursula looked at the two girls. Both were wriggling and clearly longing to rid themselves of the soapy load that each was now carrying. It was an amusing and arousing sight and their swelling bellies were putting other ideas into her head.

Emma kept asking herself why Ursula had ordered this to be done to them. Why was she still being so cruel? Surely she had punished them enough for their unfaithfulness? And what did she mean about them being spotless for tonight? She was still in pain from her beating. What more horrible surprises did Ursula have in store for them?

At last Ursula waved them away. 'All right,' she said to Helga.

Fifteen minutes later, Ursula, a bathrobe clasped around her still wet tall body, entered the Nursery. The two girls at last been allowed at last to relieve themselves under the embarrassing supervision of Helga.

'Satisfactory results?' she enquired casually as she touched up the nail varnish on her expensively manicured hands.

'Indeed, Madam.' Helga went to open a cupboard door in the nursery. 'Would Madam like to inspect them?'

'No thank you!' laughed Ursula. 'I'm quite happy to take your word for it. But I'll watch whilst you give them another wash-out - and this time put plenty of eau-de-cologne into the liquid. Not only do I want these sluts to be absolutely clean, but I also want them smelling clean as well.'

Helga smiled. She knew that the eau-de-cologne would sting like mad. She made up a new mixture and poured it into the bottles.

Then making the girls get down on all fours again, she re-inserted the freshly greased nozzles and looked at Ursula inquiringly. Ursula nodded. Helga opened the taps.

Both young women gave a bound forward and started to scream behind their rubber dummies as an acute burning sensation started to penetrate deeper and deeper inside them. They wriggled frantically and tried to get at the nozzles. But, of course, with their gloved hands clipped together in front of them, they were quite unable to do so.

Emma raised her head in an instinctive attempt to stop the burning liquid from running so painfully deep inside her. But Ursula was expecting such a reaction. She put her foot down hard on Emma's neck, forcing her face back to the floor.

'Go on little slut,' she said. 'Take it all! Keep your bottom raised! Let it run deep inside you. You know you deserve it - so accept it all. The sooner it's all inside you, the quicker you'll be allowed relief ... Just remember that I want you nice and clean for later on tonight! ... You do want to be nice and clean for your Mistress, don't you!'

5 - STRANGE PREPARATIONS

Five minutes later the two girls were awkwardly holding up, in their strangely gloved hands, their now well scented pots for Ursula's inspection.

Ursula saw that the liquid in each was quite clear. The girls had indeed been well and truly washed out.

Then one by one, the two girls were led by Helga to a little couch. They were made to lie on their backs and raise their legs and part their knees. Under Ursula's approving eye, each was cleaned, dried and powdered as she lay quite helpless - as helpless as a child!

But then something rather strange and exciting happened. They were to stand up and were then put into two very pretty dresses: little girls' party dresses! The dresses were covered with satin ribbons that matched the ribbons in their hair. Helga showed them off proudly to Ursula.

'Don't they look pretty little girls? 'she said.

'Yes,' replied Ursula, 'but I don't want them spoiling their dresses. They're very expensive ones and you know what little girls are like!'

'Ah, don't worry about that, Madam. Look!'

Helga held up something white that Emma was horrified to see looked like a sort of large size diapers.

'Come over here, Emma and lie down on the couch again ... There's a good little girl!'

Before Emma had quite realised what was happening, Helga had pulled up her dress, slipped the diapers under her buttocks, pulled them up between her legs and round her thighs, fastened them with a large safety pin, and covered them with plastic waterproof rompers.

Then she repeated the process with the horrified Celestia.

With their child's dresses, their rubber dummies and now real diapers, the transformation of two young women into helpless little girls was complete.

'Have you got their bottles ready?' Ursula asked. 'The ones with their special medicine?'

Helga pointed to a shelf behind her where two child's bottles complete with rubber teats, and full of warm milk, were waiting.

'Of course, Madam!'

Helga picked up Emma and sat her on her knee. She unfastened the girls dummy and before the girl could say a word, thrust the teat of the bottle into her mouth. At first Emma refused the humiliation of sucking the teat, but she was desperately thirsty after the degrading washing out. Soon encouraged by Helga's little cooing noises, she found herself sucking away as happily as a real child.

'I'll have to leave you now,' said Ursula. 'I must get dressed for going out to dinner - I've arranged to bring back some friends for a rather unusual entertainment. I'll look in on my way out.'

It was a very well groomed and smartly dressed Ursula who, half an hour later, looked into the Nursery to see her little girls. She smiled with delight at the scene that greeted her.

Emma and Celestia were sitting in a little playpen. Bars, similar to those at the side of the playpen, covered the top, making it impossible for the girls to stand up. Under the approving gaze of the watchful Helga, Celestia was clasping a little teddy bear in her gloved hands. Emma was idly playing with some beads on the side of the playpen.

Their faces had been cleverly made up and their bodies powdered all over. The looked like two very pretty little girls. Even their skin really looked like that of a little girl. Hardly any marks of their beatings were visible.

Ursula nodded approvingly. Her two little sluts were now made a picture of happy innocent childhood. They were even beginning to think of themselves as little girls and to behave accordingly. She was delighted.

It would make the shock of what was going to happen to them later that evening all the greater - and all the more memorable!

Emma was still happily playing with the beads that slid along one of the bars on the side of the playpen. They were designed to be a suitable toy and distraction for a little child.

Unable to speak because of the big rubber dummy strapped into her mouth, unable to use her hands because of the finger-less mittens strapped onto her fingers, unable to stand up because of the bars over the top of the playpen, and dressed only in a child's party dress and rompers, Emma was indeed feeling more and more like a little girl.

It was now over an hour since her Mistress, dressed in a lovely evening dress, had swept out of the Nursery to go out to dinner. The pain of her beating had eased, but not the memory of it.

Emma looked across the playpen at the beautiful Celestia, dressed like her, and happily playing with a variety of woollen animals. Neither of them, she knew, would ever again dare to make love to each other behind Ursula's back. Having to beat each other with Ursula's cane had very effectively seen to that!

Helga would occasionally look into the Nursery to check that all was well. Otherwise they were left alone, quiet unable to speak to each other or to caress each other.

Listlessly Emma wondered when Ursula would get back. What had Ursula meant when she said that she wanted them spotlessly clean for later that evening? Did it mean, Emma thought excitedly, that she was planning to take them both to bed when she got back.

Emma found herself becoming aroused at the thought, even though she knew that she and Celestia would would have to concentrate purely on giving Ursula pleasure and satisfaction.

The fact was, Emma told herself, that being Ursula's love slave could be terribly exciting - even if Ursula often liked to keep her girls frustrated and unqualified. It was a trait that she shared with Henry, her former lover. Indeed being Henry's slave was almost as exciting, she thought, as being Ursula's.

Meanwhile, however, her thoughts had been interrupted by the growing realisation that to her dismay she wanted, with every increasing urgency, to do what she euphemistically described as spending a penny.

Time passed. The two girls in the playpen had no way of knowing what time it was now. But both were feeling more and more uncomfortable.

At first Emma had told herself that she could hold out until Ursula returned. She remembered how anxious Ursula had been to ensure that Rafaela had put a 'special medicine' into the milk that she and Celestia had both had to drink from the baby's bottle. Had the medicine been a diuretic, Emma wondered.

Was it one of Ursula's ways of humiliating them? If so, then no wonder she was so anxious to spend a penny. She could see that Celestia was anxiously pressing her thighs together just as she was.

When Helga next came into the Nursery, Emma tried desperately to indicate her now desperate state to her. But Helga seemed to pay no attention to rolling eyes and writhing hips, and left the room.

Emma was in despair. She was going to have to disgrace herself just like a real little girl. Then, just in time, Helga came back again, unfastened the rompers and allowed each girl to relieve herself her pot.

After what seemed to be hours, the two girls suddenly heard voices in the hall, outside the Nursery. Ursula had returned. But she was not alone!

The door opened and Ursula showed in two well dressed middle-aged women. Emma, looking at them through the bars of the playpen, recognised them, with dismay, as friends of Ursula's who shared her taste for pretty young women.

Indeed, she saw that each was accompanied by what seemed to be a teenage school girl, in white socks and blouse and regulation black school gym dress. Only a very careful observer would have realised that the two teenagers were in fact young women cleverly made up.

The two women sat down in the chairs facing the playpen, whilst their attendants stood dutifully behind them.

Ursula gave them each a glass of brandy. She ignored their attendants. Then she pointed to the two young women crawling in the playpen.

'These are two girls of mine that I told you I had caught being unfaithful to me with each other - meeting behind my back whilst I was away.'

'There's only one answer to that,' said one of the women in grim tone of voice. 'The cane! It's the only thing that modern young women seem to respect.'

The other woman shook her head.

'There's also another remedy! My friend, the Arabian Princess, had a lot of trouble with her European girls until she did what many Arabs have done to their young women for centuries - have their beauty buds removed. It's only a little snip, but it makes the girl loyal to her Mistress and much more submissive - and she can still please you as much as ever without getting pleasure herself, as well. The amusing thing is that it makes the girl kener than ever for you to use a dildo on her - her only way now of getting pleasure!'

'But it must be very complicated and expensive to have that done,' objected the first woman.

'Not really,' replied the second woman. 'It's such a simple little operation. Just a local anaesthetic - and it's all over in a moment. There's just a tiny scar where before, of course, was the centre of the girls sensuality! There's even Arab surgeons here in London who does it very quickly and cheaply. And to avoid any legal problems they even provide certificates that it was done in the girl's best interests for medical reasons - so the girl can't sue you - nor, if she has one, can her husband or fiance!'

'How very ingenious,' said the first woman. 'But what about your own girl, if it's all that simple and effective?'

'Oh, I've arranged to have Lucy done next week, though this will be the first that she has heard about it! It will be an amusing little surprise for her husband when he comes home in two months time from abroad - to be confronted by an agitated Lucy and a Doctor's certificate!'

Emma had listened to this conversation in mounting horror. The girl was married, with a husband abroad. Just like herself! My God! Supposing Ursula had her done, too!'

She saw that the pretty woman, dressed as a school girl, standing behind the second woman had opened her mouth wide, equally horrified. She was staring at her Mistress in sheer terror. A little tear ran down her cheek. But she was too well trained to say a word in front of her elders and betters.

'Now Lucy,' the woman said, 'don't make a scene. You know you love making little sacrifices to please your Mistress. Just think of it as giving up your little beauty bud so as to sublimate your love for your Mistress. So just be a good little girl and keep quiet. You'll be going into hospital on Monday and I'll be holding your hand whilst it's done.'

'It's certainly something I might think about for these two sluts,' said Ursula thoughtfully. 'It may come to that yet.'

Then she turned to the first woman.

'I quite agree with you about the cane. These two have both been thoroughly thrashed - by each other. I don't think that either will now dare to deceive me again! But the real reason I asked you round is that I discovered that both were also still lusting after the male of the species.'

'Good Heavens!' cried the first woman, looking very shocked. 'How disgusting!'

'You mustn't stand for any of that nonsense,' said the second woman firmly.

'Exactly! That's why I've hired two people to come round this evening,' said Ursula. 'I thought you might enjoy the spectacle - and it will be a salutary lesson for your girls, in case they ever start to get similar ideas.'

The front door bell suddenly rang.

'Ah!' said Ursula. 'This will be them. Helga, please go and let them in.'

Meanwhile Emma and Celestia, still gripping the bars of the playpen with their mittened hands, like monkeys in a cage, had been listening to all this with increasing fear. What was going to happen to them now, they both asked themselves. Both knew that they had deserved their punishment, but what more was in store for them?

The door opened and the two girls gave a gasp of horror.

6 - THE MALES OF THE SPECIES

The two dark-skinned men, whom Helga now ushered into the room, were the most frightening either Emma or Celestia had ever seen. The very sight of them made the young women cringe back into the far corner of the playpen and clasp each other, as best as they could with their mittened hands, for protection. Both were thinking the same thing. Surely not even Ursula, furious as she was, would actually ... !

Both men were black, very black. One of the men was huge and strong. He was completely bald. His face was scarred - as if with some tribal marking. His cruel-looking bloodshot eyes glittered as he looked at the two girls cowering in the playpen. He was wearing some sort of African robe over his huge body.

The other man was equally frightening. He was a black skinhead dressed in jeans with a face covered in Red Indian style war paint. His head was shaved except for a central mane of spiky hair dyed green. He looked bad tempered and cruel.

Emma had often been attracted to handsome intelligent-looking black men - but not to ones like these. She could hardly bear to look at them.

'My God, Ursula! Where did you find these animals?' murmured one of her women friends.

Both the young women dressed as school girls were looking at these men with horror. Both were tightly holding the hands of their now standing Mistresses, like little girls who were seeing something quite terrifying.

'Ladies!' said Ursula with a smile. 'May I introduce you to Martok from Africa and Karl from Jamaica. And gentlemen, may I introduce you to your little partners: Emma and Celestia. I'm sure you will both find these pretty little creatures sufficiently attractive to make it worth your while to earn the fees that I have offered you!'

There was a long pause as both men looked lustfully at the two cringing and half naked girls locked into the playpen.

Then Ursula spoke again.

'But first we must get them ready for you. I wont them to offer themselves willingly to you. Helga, please take Emma out of the playpen. Take off her dress and put on her on the couch to have her rompers taken off.'

Helga unlocked the top of the playpen and reached down to pull out Emma. Holding her by her long blonde hair, she dragged the reluctant girl to the couch. Her big rubber dummy was still fastened behind her neck so that her screams of protest came out as little baby-like gurgling noises.

Deftly Helga laid Emma on the couch and strapped her wrists to the top behind her head. Another strap went over her neck, forcing her to keep her head back. The top of the couch was tilted back. Emma could not now see what was being done to her proffered belly.

Then Helga slid the plastic rompers and then the diapers down over Emma's thighs.

Ursula beckoned to the two frightening-looking men.

'Gentlemen, come and help Helga!'

Eagerly the two men went over. 'Now hold the lips well apart whilst Helga dries and powders her inside ... Wider, please, so that she can do it properly.'

Poor Emma felt utterly degraded as she felt those awful men's fingers pull apart her most intimate lips. It was even worse that they were doing this in front of the fascinated eyes of Ursula's two women's friends, quite apart from their girls and the lovely Celestia.

Suddenly Emma was appalled to feel that she was becoming aroused under the constant manipulations of these two repulsive men. She was shocked at her own uncontrollable sensuality. She could feel herself go moist and soft. She could smell her own shame-making arousal.

'Ah! Now she's showing you that she wants you both!' the horrified Emma heard Ursula say. 'Go on, one of you, holding the lips apart, whilst the other feels up inside her.' All she could see were the the repulsive faces faces of the two men bending over her loins as they probed and squeezed.

'Nice and tight white girl!' came the voice of the larger man in a strong African accent.

'That's because she's not normally allowed any men. You're going to be a special treat,' the appalled Emma heard Ursula say.

'How old is this bitch?' Emma heard the skinhead ask in a strong Caribbean accent.

'Oh, she's only a little girl,' replied Ursula with a laugh. 'That's why she has no body hair and why, when we remove her dummy, she'll lisp just like a baby girl, won't you Emma?'

Emma had found it exciting in the past to have to lisp to Ursula, but the idea of having to do it in front of these awful men was horrible - but at least it would not be as bad as having to display her state of arousal in such a degrading way.

At last the ministrations of Helga and the two men were over. Emma was unceremoniously lifted off the couch and told to kneel, now stark naked, on the floor, whilst the whole process was repeated with Celestia. The idea of the lovely body of her precious Celestia being mauled about and aroused by these two ghastly men made Emma feel dreadful. But she had to listen in silence whilst it was done.

As she knelt, she felt once again a growing need to spend a penny. Desperately she clamped her thighs together - a movement that was noticed by Ursula with with a smile.

Soon Celestia was kneeling alongside her, stark naked and also sobbing with the shame of her arousal.

Before our little girls start pleasing you two fine gentlemen,' they heard Ursula say, 'I'm sure that you would like to give them the opportunity of relieving themselves - in front of you, of course. Helga, fetch their pots! But I don't want them to sit on them - our two guests want to see them performing from close up! Doubtless they'll both be very shy, so to encourage them I shall give the last one to start three strokes of the cane.'

Two minutes later, Emma and Celestia were standing alongside each other right in front of the two now seated men. Their mittened hands were now on top of their heads. Each was looking at one of the men and blushing, for her legs were parted and her knees bent and a pot had been placed between her ankles.

Ursula stood behind them, tapping their buttocks with her cane, and whistling to encourage the two horrified girls, each torn between her acute embarrassment at having to perform in front of the Negroes, and her equally acute fear of being last.

Finally, after several false starts, a little tinkling noise announced that it was Emma who had won the little race, and Celestia who would get the three strokes of the cane from Ursula.

'I think it is time that we allowed our two pretty little tarts to be allowed to kneel down and please you both,' Ursula said. 'Helga, take out their rubber dummies. Now remember girls, you are to lisp like little girls - or you'll get the cane ... And now, Emma, let me hear you beg to be allowed to please Mr Martok. And do it properly!'

It was the first time that Emma had been allowed to speak ever since she had arrived in the house hours beforehand. She gathered her thoughts, Ursula's cane uppermost in her mind. In her aroused state, however, the most shame-making thing was not her natural revulsion at what she was going to have to do, but rather her excited longing to do it!

'This little girl,' she heard herself lisp eagerly, 'would like to please Mr Martok.'

'And just what are you offering to do?' Ursula insisted.

Emma swallowed hard. She felt Ursula give her naked bottom a hard tap.

'This little girl would like to take Mr Martok's big manhood into her little mouth,' Emma lisped with a sob of shame - or was it excitement.

'Then do it, you man-hungry little slut!' cried Ursula raising her cane menacingly.

Emma crawled on all fours between the seated negro's knees. She raised her still gloved hands. Awkwardly, she raised and parted his robes. She gave a little cry of repulsion as she saw the flabby flesh of his huge belly, with below it the purple top of his half erect manhood. However, like a bitch on heat, she could not help responding as she smelt his male arousal. Oh how shameful!

Ursula gave her another hard tap with her cane.

'Go on!' she ordered harshly. 'I heard you on the tape telling Celestia how you enjoyed pleasing a man. Well, go on and please this one!'

With a sob of despair, and trying not to be sick, Emma lowered her head and opened her mouth.

As Emma worked away, she heard Celestia being put through the same routine - but with Karl, the terrifying Jamaican. Soon Ursula was standing over both kneeling girls, her cane at the ready to punish either girl for the slightest hesitancy in carrying out the orders of the two awful men.

Soon it was time to swap round and then Emma had to lisp her request to be allowed to lick the black skinhead's manhood. She hardly knew which of the two men was the most revolting.

The constant caustic comments of the two watching women, added to those of Ursula, made it all the more degrading.

Then Ursula made the two girls sit on the men's knees. They had to kiss their partners passionately and undress them, whilst the men groped and squeezed their breasts. Despite their arousal, both girls were revolted at having to make love to these totally uneducated, rough slobs, with their coarse language, their partly unshaven cheeks and their unattractive appearance. They felt utterly humiliated - just as Ursula intended.

'Now if the two gentlemen would like to kneel on these two stools,' said Ursula, 'the two young ladies would be very happy to clean them from behind.'

'No! Not that! I couldn't!' screamed Emma.

'No please not that! I simply can't do it!' cried Celestia.

'We'll soon see about that!' said Ursula grimly, raising her cane and bringing it down first on one girl and then on the other. 'You little sluts will do whatever I tell you, at once and without any argument!'

Needless to say, the cane soon won the day, and before long the two kneeling men enjoyed the delightful feel of the two soft tongues being applied to their orifices.

'As you so like pleasing men, you little whores, we'll have a competition,' said Ursula. 'You'll both lick Mr Martok and Mr Karl and they will decided which is best. In both cases the loser will get three strokes of my cane!'

It was a sufficient threat to ensure that both girls applied themselves diligently to their task, each trying desperately to be better than the other. But the awful thing was, they were thinking, that the more repulsive they found their task and the more they had to be driven on by sharp taps on their bottoms, the more they themselves became aroused.

Meanwhile, Ursula and her friends looked on smiling. 'What sluts these young girls are!' laughed the first woman.

The second woman turned to her girl, still dutifully standing behind her. 'Well, you see what'll happen to you if you're ever unfaithful to your Mistress.'

'Oh, Madam,' cried the horrified girl. 'I'll never be unfaithful to you, ever!'

'Well, just make sure you never are!' came the grim reply.

Finally it was time for Ursula's coup-de-theatre.

The two men were both now highly aroused.

'I am sorry but these two girls are not allowed to offer men their normal access,' Ursula announced. The men looked angry and mystified. 'But don't worry, they will be only too delighted to offer you their little bottoms!'

She turned to the two girls. Go and kneel on the stools, and put your hands on the floor with your heads lowered between them ... Helga, see that they are well greased. Gentlemen, you have nothing to fear, the girls have been well washed out and scented. They are now ready and eager for your attentions!'

It took a few moments for Emma, appalled by what she had already been made to do, to realise what was now in store for her. Once again, both Emma and Celestia, to the amusement of the watching women, screamed their horror of what Ursula was going to allow the men to do to them - all, of course, as part of her plan to put the girls right off all men.

'No! No! Please, Madam,' they cried.

But once again Ursula's cane prevailed and soon the two sobbing girls climbed up onto the two stools, dropped their hands and their heads to the floor, and proffered their raised buttocks to the two grinning men.

Ursula stood over the girls, her cane ready, making them arch their backs downwards to accommodate better the men's upwardly arched manhoods.

Soon the Nursery was filled with the cries of pain and excitement as the men penetrated deep into the girls. To spin it all out and so make sure that this was something that the two young women would not quickly forget, Ursula insisted on the men withdrawing and swapping round several times - as soon as each reached a really good deep penetration.

Thus it was that each girl lost count of the number of times she had been taken. All she knew was repeated pain, shame and degradation and a feeling of long abiding hatred of all things male - again just as Ursula had intended.

Finally, trembling and crying, Emma felt Mr Martok's seed shoot up inside her. It was the final moment of ignominy.

'Well,' a sobbing Emma half heard one of the women say to Ursula with a cruel laugh, 'if all that hasn't completely put them off men, then I don't know what the answer is!

'I do' said the other woman: 'A Happy Little Surprise - it never fails!' Then she lowered her voice so that Emma could no longer hear. 'And it gives the Mistress a thrilling feeling of power into the bargain. And it also makes the girl feel so delightfully and utterly dependant on her Mistress. I had one who just followed me about like a little dog for the whole of the time.'

'Hum ... interesting indeed,' pondered Ursula, deep in thought.

It was an hour later. The men and Ursula's women friends had departed. Emma and Celestia had been chained by the neck by Helga onto the floor on either side of Ursula's bed. Ursula had bathed and climbed into bed.

Languidly Ursula put down her book, and stretched out her hand down to the floor on one side of the bed. She smiled as she felt it being avidly and humbly licked by Emma.

Clearly the girl had learnt her lesson. She knew now the side on which her bread was buttered - and that was the side of complete and utter devotion to her Mistress, and not that of chasing after other girls - nor of chasing after men!

Indeed Emma now had a deep seated fear of both Ursula's cane and of all things masculine. Moreover, not only was she thoroughly scared of offending Ursula, but she also now felt, once again, that true happiness could only be achieved in the service of her Mistress.

Sighing with content at the evening's work, Ursula moved over to the other side of her large bed. Again she dropped her hand to the floor. Again it was received with eager little kisses - from Celestia who was also anxious to show her Mistress that she too had learnt her lesson.

Ursula reached for the key to the girl's collar chains that Helga had placed on her bedside table. She reached down and unlocked first Emma and then Celestia.

'Up!' she ordered. 'And keep under the bedclothes. I don't yet want to see either of your wretched faces.'

Moments later, she lay back on her satin pillows and stretched out luxuriously. As she did so, two little tongues followed her lithe and muscular body, one on either side of her, hidden under the bedclothes.

Despite all the terrible lessons that her girls had been taught that evening, she decided, it would still be sensible to keep the two of them apart - and competing against each other on opposite sides of her body.

'There'll be a beating in the morning for the girl who has pleased me the least during the night!' she called out.

In response the two little hidden tongues applied themselves to their task with renewed energy and keenness. But Emma could not not help wondering just what Ursula's friend had meant by 'A Happy Little Surprise - it never fails!'

PART II

URSULA ASSERTS HER WILL

7 - PUPPIES? WHY NOT!

It was a month later. Ursula had allowed Emma to go home again, but had ordering her back to London for a couple nights a week - this time making sure that that Celestia was away when Emma was present and vice-versa.

Ursula kept wondering whether Emma had really accepted that she now belonged, body and soul to her Mistress. Certainly the appalling thrashing that she had made give Celestia give Emma, appeared to have cured her of any desire to continue her affair with Celestia behind Ursula's back. But Ursula was not so sure that her unpleasant experience with the two black men had really put her off all men - and off Henry in particular.

So Ursula felt uneasy. She could not forget Emma's incriminating and recorded conversation with Celestia in the hotel in which she had boasted about her affair with Henry - the 'Brute'. Could she really trust Emma to be completely faithful to her? What further steps should she take to bind Emma to her? What should she now do to establish her complete power and control over her?

Then suddenly a chance meeting provided the solution to her problem!

At a party given by a women friend, Ursula met two German women who were now living in London. Like many of the women present, they each had a girl with them. Ursula was surprised to see that one of the girls was wearing a well cut maternity dress. She was even more surprised to see that other woman had dressed her girl, despite her prettily swollen tummy, as a schoolgirl mother-to-be, in a school tunic and short white socks with her hair in pigtails.

In both cases, however, their Mistresses were clearly delighted with the expectant state of their girls. One kept parting her girl's wrap-over maternity dress to show off her naked and prettily swelling tummy, whilst the other kept unbuttoning her girl's gym slip to show off her similarly swollen little belly. Both were proudly comparing them with the flat tummies of the girls that the other women had brought.

The two German women discussed the state of their girls with Ursula and the other guests at the party, just as if they were keen dog breeders discussing their prize in-whelp brood bitches. Ursula noticed how their eyes glistened as they talked - evidently they much enjoyed the feeling of power that came from having a girl carry a litter of little creatures - thanks, they whispered mysteriously, to the special technique of a certain Doctor Anna.

Indeed, her own eyes lit up as one of the German women had shown off her own pretty young mother-to-be and described the delight that she was taking in supervising the girl's progress, as well as in calming the girls fears and worries - quite apart supervising her anti-natal exercises and her regular visits to this same strange lady doctor, Doctor Anna.

'I haven't enjoyed myself so much since playing Doctors and Nurses with my friends, and their dolls, as a little girl,' the German woman had laughed. 'But now it's with a real living doll, who's carrying real little creatures that are alive and kicking. Feel them! Go on!'

Ursula reached forward and ran her hand over the girls naked belly. She nodded. 'Yes I see what you mean. Fascinating!

'And,' the other woman whispered, 'the fact that the girl doesn't quite know how it happened makes it all the more exciting!'

Intrigued, Ursula invited the two women to come round and have a drink the following evening. She also mentioned her concern about Emma, whereupon not only did they accept her invitation, but also said that they had a suggestion to make. They asked if as well as bringing their girls, they also leave a video which they felt would interest her.

'Yes, do,' replied Ursula. 'I'll look forward to seeing you tomorrow,'

Ursula made a mental note to get Emma up to London to serve drinks. She did not want to be outshone by these women with their girls!

The door bell rang and Ursula sent Emma to open it. She had had Emma dressed as a parlour maid in just a short, thin, silk black dress and frilly white maid's pinafore with a matching white maid's cap and black shoes and stockings. The felt a thrill of excitement at the idea of an independently minded married woman having to dress and act as her maid servant.

Ursula rose to her feet to greet her two guests, as Emma subserviently ushered them into the fashionably decorated drawing room. in the middle of which was a large television screen and a video.

Ursula smiled approvingly, as she saw that each woman was holding a lead that was fastened to a collar round the neck the neck of a pretty girl, wearing a long cloak and silently following along behind her. These women clearly had the right idea!

She gestured to her guests to sit down and then to Emma to offer them a tray of drinks.

'A glass of Champagne?' she asked hospitably and then added, 'And it's so warm in here, do let your girls take off their cloaks.'

Then, as the girls did so, she smiled as she saw Emma almost drop her tray of drinks in astonishment - for, under their cloaks, the still silent girls were both just wearing just a tight satin petticoat, cutaway in front to reveal a beautifully rounded and swollen belly. Ursula had deliberately not mentioned to Emma that her guests girl's were expecting a Happy Little Surprise!

Emma was aware, of course, that breeding from their girls was often all part of the secret world of Ursula and her women friends - and of he power they enjoyed exerting over their girls. But, Ursula laughed to her self, suddenly seeing it all for real must certainly have been a bit of a shock!

The girls neatly folded their cloaks and then, still held by their leads, each stood silently, like a pet dog, but at Attention, by her Mistress's chair.

'Your girls are certainly well disciplined,' exclaimed Ursula in a mixture of admiration and jealousy, as she eyed their well displayed bellies. Idly she wondered how this could have happened, for surely these women, like herself, would not allow their girls to so much as look at a man.

'It's the cane!' laughed the first women. 'They may be expecting some Happy Little Surprise - more than they know! - but they still get the cane!'

'Here's the video that we mentioned,' said the other woman, handing it to Ursula.

'Yes, play it at your leisure,' said the first woman. Then, looking at Emma. she added: 'It'll give you a good idea of what you can do with her!'

'How very kind of you,' said Ursula.

'Well, what you'll see on the video formed the basis of what we did to our girls.' laughed the first woman. Then suddenly seeing that Emma was listening open mouthed, the woman had laughingly switched to German and whispered something something into Ursula's ear.'

Ursula looked astonished. 'What? You must be joking! Little puppies! ... Pure pedigree Red Setters! ... Or spotted Dalmations! ... Or Poodles or Bulldogs! ... Good God! ... And it really can be done? ... Well, how exciting!'

'Oh, yes, it's quite possible these days. You'll see it all on the video. The miracles of modern medicine! In Vitrio Fertilisation! You've read about surrogate mothers carrying one or more human embryos that were nothing to do with her, having been previously fertilised in a test tube. So why not a litter of puppies? In fact it works very well - and Doctor Anna is very proud of the technique she pioneered.'

'And, I suppose, being puppies it would all be over in a about a couple of months?'

'Exactly! That's the whole point! Much more convenient that nine months - and much more exciting! But then there's also the excitement of later having the girl rear her little puppies in a kennels, or even in your home, feeding them with her own milk, just like a real brood bitch. She becomes so proud of them - just like a real brood bitch. And then after a few months you can easily sell off the progeny without all the fuss of adoption societies. There's always a good demand for healthy pedigree puppies! In some countries, it's even being widely advertised in certain magazines: Choose the Puppies for your Girl!'

'Or Choose the Girl for your Puppies!' laughed the other woman, glancing at Emma.

'Well! But how about the girls themselves,' asked Ursula, her eyes also turning towards Emma.

'Oh, the maternal instinct soon makes them get as excited about it all as their Mistresses. They look beautiful and feel so dependant on their Mistress - a secret that they are sharing!'

Ursula's eyes gleamed.

'Over here, of course, it's a little known technique, and you don't hear about it. It all started in Eastern Europe ... before the communists were overthrown ... As the video showed, some doctors carried out secret experiments in the awful women's prison camps there. Apparently they developed a special stabilising serum to increase the chance of it taking ... but of course they still don't work every time. Apparently, much depends on the girl's mental attitude and therefore on the surroundings that the girl has been kept in before being given the treatment.'

'Surroundings?' queried Ursula. 'What do you mean?'

'Simply that the treatment is quite expensive and there's a much better chance of it taking if the girl has been put into a breeding kennels with real live brood bitches, like they do on the video. Then she begins to identify herself with them. And then, when it's her turn to be fertilised, her body accepts it without a problem.'

Ah,' murmured Ursula, becoming increasingly intrigued. 'How interesting!

'Well,' went on the woman, 'as you'll see on the video, Doctor Anna worked in one of the camps where they did the experiments. She came over here recently and brought with her a good stock of the necessary male and female canine material that she'd saved from the camp. That's why we call her the "Vet"!'

The other woman tapped the swollen belly of the girl she had brought with her. 'I got Doctor Anna to treat her only a few weeks ago and now look at her! It's a technique that certainly gives a quick result. And the joke is that she still doesn't even know yet just what's happening. She's going to be so deliciously surprised when she does learn the truth - or rather what I decide to tell her. Oh I may tell nothing until, to her astonishment, she finds herself, in only a month's time, delivering her valuable litter.'

'Litter?'

'Yes, although she doesn't suspect it, she's actually carrying a litter of six valuable little pedigree creatures. She's going to earn a nice little sum for her Mistress!'

'How fascinating,' laughed Ursula with a sideways glance at Emma. 'You mean that because the girl hasn't been near a man she won't at first realise what is happening to her, and when she does then you can more or less tell her what you like.'

'Exactly! And, provided you keep her out of the real world, then nature will make soon make her strangely thrilled at what's happening to her - and utterly dependant on you.'

' Oh that's just what I'd like!' cried Ursula, clapping her hands with delight as she looked at Emma. 'How exciting it will be! And what a feeling of power it must give you!'

'Yes, that's what makes it all so fascinating for the Mistress!' laughed her friend. 'You're in complete control of her body! Just what you tell her is up to you, and you can keep her quite delightfully confused and so more and more in love with you.'

'And, the more of the little creatures there are, the more quickly it shows!'

'And so,' added the other woman, 'the more the girl gets agitated and the more she becomes utterly dependent on you.

'Oh, yes! Yes!' Ursula cried pointing at Emma. 'How soon can I start on her?'

'Well, I can put you in touch with the "Vet", Doctor Anna, straight away, though I'd better warn you that she's not cheap! '

'Oh I'm sure I can run to that,' said Ursula with an eager smile. 'It will all be so exciting. I can't wait for her to see Emma.

Ursula paused.

'At what stage does she want payment?

'When the scan shows the treatment has taken.' was the reply. 'The first sight on the screen of the little wriggling creatures inside the girl, is a very exciting moment! But you want to be careful bout letting the girl see the screen. It can come as quite a shock to see little curly tailed puppies wriggling inside her!'

Emma,of course, had not understand a word of all this talk in German, and had no idea what was being planned for her - which was just as well.

Being an intelligent young woman she realised that Ursula was up to something, but she knew that that it was not her job to ask her Mistress questions. She was just there to do as she was told - her Mistress's willing and submissive slave!

'Perhaps you'd now like a cup of coffee?' Ursula asked, gathering her thoughts. 'Shall we send the girls into the kitchen to get it ready?'

In the kitchen, Emma was longing to ask the other girls how they came to be in their expectant state. But their English was very poor and, anyway, like Emma herself they had been trained to keep silent, only speaking when spoken to by their Mistresses. Nor were were also not allowed to gossip amongst themselves, for fear that this might encourage them to criticise their Mistresses or start making odious comparisons.

So Emma had no real opportunity to talk to her little companions about their expectant state or how it had come about. Indeed, it to her that the girls themselves were uncertain as to how they had come to be in their present state. Happily basking in the attention of their Mistresses, and clearly unconcerned about what was happening to them, they seemed mystified about how it had come about. Moreover, she noticed, the less a girl knew, the more her Mistress seemed to like it.

As the three girls came back into the drawing room, bearing the coffee cups and jugs on trays, one of the German women laughed. 'A little coffee will enable us top demonstrate another useful role of our girls.'

Then she explained that Doctor Anna had given the girls an injection, and a course of special hormone pills, to bring on the girls' milk artificially early. Telling the girls to bare their full breasts, the two women enjoyed both squeezing a little milk into their coffee and in making the girls offer their swollen nipples to Ursula.

'Try it on it's own,' one of the women urged Ursula.

Emma felt jealous as she saw how much Ursula enjoyed the taste of a young woman's milk. She could not help giving a little shiver of mixed fear and excitement at the the thought that perhaps one day she herself ... might be in milk ... or expecting a Happy Little Surprise!

8 - EXAMINED!

A few days later, Ursula suddenly summoned Emma to London without telling her why.

It gave Emma a very nasty fright, since she had just spent a glorious night with Henry, and had been planning to spend the a weekend with him. But surely, she told herself, Ursula could not have found out about that? Then she remembered how Ursula had employed private detectives to follow her and how she had once even had her home telephone tapped.

My God, she thought, had she been followed to Henry's hotel? Had Ursula learnt about her plans for the weekend?

Not surprisingly, Emma was in a highly nervous state when she rang Ursula's doorbell. But she was even more frightened when Ursula told her that she had a friend of her's upstairs who who was anxious to meet her. Not a detective, prayed Emma! Please God, not a detective!

Her prayers seemed to be answered, since the tall, ugly, foreign woman waiting upstairs was clearly not a detective. Her name was apparently Doctor Anna, but Ursula did bother to introduce Emma formally to her. Ursula simply described her as a leading medical researcher, but just to complicate matters also referred to her, with a laugh, as 'My Vet'.

'Doctor Anna wants to examine you, Emma. So take off your clothes like a good girl. Hurry up, now! We can't keep her waiting.'

Emma hated stripping naked in front of this ugly woman. There was something nasty about her. She looked, Emma thought, almost as if she was a prison officer. Indeed, how near the truth Emma was! But, anyway, Ursula was in no mood to stand any nonsense.

'Now stop playing about Emma! Get your clothes all off, at once!'

Talking to Ursula in German, the woman doctor walked slowly round the now stark naked Emma. She was clearly commenting on Emma's little body. She felt her hips carefully. Emma was furious at being discussed as if she were an animal, and in a language she could not understand.

Then pulling out a measuring tape and a note book, Doctor Anna started to measure Emma's hips and waist. She even made Emma stand with her legs wide apart and measured the length of her beauty lips.

Then Emma was made to lie down. The woman put on a pair of thin rubber gloves and, parting Emma's beauty lips with care, started to feel up inside her, commenting to Ursula in German as she did so . Emma was mystified. What was going on?

She would still have remained fairly mystified even if she had understood what the woman and Ursula were saying.

'Well, what do you think of this young woman? asked Ursula anxiously. 'Is she suitable?'

'Oh yes, she seems very suitable. She'll make a fine brood bitch. There should be no difficulties.'

'Oh, wonderful!' cried Ursula smiling and clapping her hands with delight. 'It's going to give me the most exciting feeling - having complete control over her body.'

'Yes, indeed! That's just why our services are proving so popular amongst certain ladies. But be careful, she's a slim-hipped girl, and I would not advise too many puppies for the first time. They'll spread her hips nicely and you can have more next time. But, anyway, at a thousand each, I dare say you'll be glad to only have a few this time!'

'A thousand each! Goodness! I'm a rich woman, but even so... And what happens if it doesn't work?'

'Well, we stick to the old horse breeders adage: "No foal, no fee!". We can do a test very quickly and if the result is negative then, as you saw on the video, I can substitute a couple of dwarfs at no extra charge.'

'Dwarfs!' laughed Ursula.

'Yes, they're also very popular with my clients, even though, of course, it's then question of nine months.'

'But what happens after the girl has ... '

'... delivered them?' asked Doctor Anna. 'That's no problem! Just as pedigree puppies can be readily sold, so there's also a good demand for little dwarfs in certain Middle Eastern countries. here, there's an old tradition of using them as eunuch entertainers in the harems, rather like they used to be the court jesters in medieval Europe. But then they almost died out - they've always been difficult to breed, even in the Middle East, as the women tend to be too small for breeding.'

'And,' the other woman, 'just putting a normal woman to a dwarf doesn't produce a proper dwarf!

'But ... ?' began Ursula.

'Then thanks to the demand in the Middle East there's no problem about disposing of the little progeny, and very profitably too, if she delivers them at our special nursing home off the Turkish coast.'

'Ah!' murmured Ursula.

'Yes, you can take her out there for the last month or so, and stay in luxury until her day of deliverance comes. Then you can watch them all arrive and take her back with you without anyone being any the wiser about what has happened. And, of course, you've had the thrill of imposing your will on her and then enjoying her utter dependence on you whilst nature takes it's course.'

'Ah!' laughed Ursula

'Yes, you can take her out there for the last month or so, and stay in luxury until her day of deliverance comes. Then you can watch them all arrive and take her back with you without anyone being any the wiser about what has happened. And, of course, you've had the thrill of imposing your will on her and then enjoying her utter dependence on you whilst nature takes it's course.'

'But it's well worth while first trying for puppies. Two months instead of nine!'

'Indeed!' said Ursula

'But don't forget that puppies seem to take much better if the recipient has been kept in realistic surroundings before she has the treatment. As you saw on the video, the girl must be made to be feel she really is a just a brood bitch and not a pretty young woman. That's what gave us the best results in the prison camp in East Germany. Will you be able to arrange something similar?'

'Well, I'll try,' said Ursula. 'I'll have to see if I can make arrangements and let you know when I'm ready...'

Emma saw the two women turn to leave the room, still deep in conversation. Ursula called back to her.

'Emma, go and kneel down by my bed and wait for me! I'm very pleased with you!'

Emma felt thrilled - as ever when Ursula was pleased with her. But she was quite at a loss to know why Ursula was in such a good mood. Perhaps now was the moment to raise something that she had been saving for a good moment.

'May I go to Ireland for Christmas, Madam' she asked when Ursula returned having seen Doctor Anna out. 'John has suggested that we should go there then so that I can see my parents. Of course I haven't agreed, until I could first ask you. Will it be alright, Madam?'

'Ireland!' interrupted Ursula. 'Of course! That's the answer! I know just the place there! Nice and out of the way, too!'

'Yes you can go there, little girl, and then when your husband goes back to England,' she added mysteriously, 'I'll come and collect you, and take you back there for a couple of weeks. I know just the place - with all the facilities that the Vet advised.

'What Vet?' asked Emma in genuine astonishment. 'What facilities? What are you planning to do?'

Ursula took Emma into her arms and kissed her.

'Never you mind, little girl! You just leave it all to your clever Mistress! But what a clever little girl you've also been, Emma, suggesting Ireland - even if you don't yet understand why ... Oh! How my little girl is going to make her Mistress very happy and provide her with so much fun.'

'But how, Madam,' asked Emma, feeling a little confused.

'Oh, that's a secret! But just relax and leave it all to your Mistress. Oh we're going to have such fun together and you're going to be more dependent on me than ever'

'But what do you mean?' Emma again asked as she snuggled up to her Mistress.

'No questions, Emma! Just leave it all to me.'

Emma did not dare question Ursula. Her Mistress, she knew, liked to keep her girls in the dark about the future plans she was making for them. For Emma, as she lay in her Mistress's arms in the huge bed, it was enough to know that, despite all her naughtiness with Celestia, she still featured in the plans of her wonderful and exciting Mistress.

9 - KENNELLED!

Ursula stopped the estate car in a deserted country lane.

'Out!' she shouted at Emma who did understand what was going on. She had been thrilled at seeing Ursula again after her holiday, and proud that she was allowed to sit alongside her in the front, whilst the horrible huge Helga had to sit in the back. Now it seemed that her pride was heading for a fall.

Emma had been appalled to see Ursula arrive with Helga. She remembered with a shudder what Ursula had allowed Helga to do to her. She remembered how immensely strong the hugely fat woman was and how it was pointless it was to resist doing what she told you to do.

'Get her into the back of car, Helga - into the dog cage' shouted Ursula. 'And Helga, make sure you do what I told you!'

A chagrined Emma was seized by the huge Helga and frog-marched to the back of the large car.

'Strip!' ordered Helga, holding Emma by the hair with one hand and helping to pull off her clothes with the other. 'Hurry!'

Terrified of Helga's strength and yet somehow thrilled by being treated in this way, Emma quickly undressed. But why, she wondered. Helga then handcuffed her hands behind her back. She was now helpless as well as naked.

Ursula handed Helga a big rubber dog mask. It was very realistic.

'No! Not like this! Not here!' cried Emma in genuine alarm. Ursula had sometimes put her into an animal mask and she had found rather exciting. But that had been in the privacy of Ursula's bedroom, or sometimes in her studio room when she gave a party, not out here in the open like this.

'Yes, Emma, it's going to be put on you here! I want you looking and feeling like a real bitch by the time we arrive.'

But why?' protested Emma. 'What's going to happen?'

'Never you mind, Emma. I don't like girls who ask questions. You just do what you're damn well told - or go off now, and I'll never want seen you again! And just you remember to call me 'Madam' when you speak to me - or you'll get the cane! Well, what's it to be? Do we leave you here by the side of the road, or are you going to put on the mask? Well?'

Emma burst into tears. 'Oh, Madam, please don't be nasty! You know I will do anything to please you and to stay with you.'

'Very well, then, little girl,' Ursula smiled. How easy it was to bring Emma to heel - provided she had her with her under her thumb. And what she was now planning to do would ensure that in future Emma would still be under her thumb - even when away from her.

She nodded to Helga.

The huge fat woman slipped the mask over Emma's head and down onto her neck. Emma found herself peering through two little eye holes. There were two small holes over her nostrils to breathe through, and a slit over her mouth. Emma felt that there was something symbolic about this dog mask, and indeed it was destined to remain fastened over her face for the next two weeks.

Ursula now handed Helga something. Emma could not see properly what it was.

'Give them to her now,' Ursula ordered. 'I want them to have taken effect by the time we arrive.'

Helga thrust some strange looking pills into Emma's mouth through the slit in the mask, and made her swallow.

Then a leather muzzle was strapped under the dog mask. It fastened tightly at the back of her neck and under her chin. Over her mouth was now a plastic mesh, like a real dog's muzzle, that prevented her from opening her mouth. It also had a small leather ball attached to it on the inside that Helga pushed into Emma's mouth, preventing her from uttering a sound. This muzzle was also destined to remain in place, being only removed at the once daily feeding time.

Ursula now handed Helga a wide metal collar. Emma saw that it had Ursula's name engraved on the side. A long length of heavy chain was attached to it. Helga locked it round Emma's neck.

Helga next slipped Emma's legs into what seemed to be a spotted elasticised cat suit- except that it was a dog suit. Emma felt a thick rubber protecting pad over her knees and toes. They would, she was to learn, make it easier for her to crawl without rubbing her knees and toes.

Helga pulled the tight dog suit up to Emma's waist. It was cut away between the legs, leaving her beauty lips and her rear orifice bare. Emma wanted to protest, or at least to ask why this awful suit was being put on her. But, muzzled as she was, she could only make little grunting noises.

Helga now unfastened Emma handcuffs and thrust her hands into the sleeves of the elasticised dog suit before zipping it up the back. It was very tight. Emma felt small cutouts in the suit through which her nipples were thrust, giving the effect of a bitch's teats.

She brought her hands up to where she could just see them through the tiny eyeholes. They were encased in thick rubber gloves shaped like a paw. She could not use her fingers at all, nor hold anything.

Helga made Emma get down on all fours. Emma could feel her breasts hanging down below he.

'And now don't you ever dare to stand up,' Ursula warned Emma. 'Bitches crawl on all fours!'

Ursula held up a little mirror for Emma to look into. Horrified, Emma saw that she now indeed looked like a dog, a rather large spotted Dalmatian. It was such a realistic dog suit and mask. Even her exposed teats and intimacies now looked like those of a bitch. She had to admit that it was rather exciting!

But what, she wondered, was Ursula up to? She had put Emma into a cat suit in the past, but never anything as elaborate as this and never a dog suit. Why had she arranged all this and kept it so secret? Why was she so anxious that Emma should arrive dressed in it, as well as collared, masked and muzzled?

Helga showed Emma a little button on the side of the suit, and pressed it. Immediately a loud sharp bark came from the chest of the dog suit.

'You aren't going to be allowed to talk,' muttered Helga, 'but you can bark, just like a real dog! Come on let's hear you give a couple of barks! Come on!'

Shamefacedly, Emma pressed the button twice. The barks were very realistic - they came from a little recorder.

'Put the bitch into the dog cage where it belongs, Helga,' Emma heard Ursula order coldly.

Helga opened the back of the estate car. Emma saw a small dog cage in front of her. Helga thrust Emma into it, and locked her heavy collar chain to a ring at the back of the cage. Then she locked the barred cage door. Emma felt straw on the floor of the cage. She had to remain kneeling on all fours or lie curled up on the straw.

Helga pulled a woollen rug down over the entire cage, leaving Emma in darkness. Moments later Emma heard the rear door slam shut, and the car swayed as Helga got into it.

Emma could not see anything. Nor would anyone looking into the back of the car have suspected that under the big rug was a dog cage containing a naked woman who had been zipped into a dog skin. At least, she thought, she would be able to play with herself to ease the boredom. But when she put her hand down, she found to her dismay that the rubber was too thick to enable her to apply her fingers to her beauty bud. Indeed, she was going to remain frustrated for a long time.

Ursula drove for several hours. Soon it was getting dark. Emma, hidden in her cage, under the rug, had no idea where she was being taken to.

Emma began to feel happy and relaxed - as if she felt that was quite normal for her to be fastened into a dog skin and then chained into a dog cage. Idly she began to wonder what sort of pills Helga had made her swallow. She remembered other occasions when Ursula had given her pills as a prelude to exciting things being done to her.

Soon she began to wonder whether she really was a dog. My God, she thought, am I hallucinating?

Ursula would have been delighted to know just how like an animal the Emma was now feeling with her dog mask and muzzle, her thick rubber paws, her heavy collar chain, and the wretched barking device, which was so sensitive that she was constantly setting it off as she moved about. Making the girl really feel

like an animal was an important part of the whole process, the lady doctor had stressed. Well, laughed Ursula to herself, the 'Vet' should know! Anyway, so far so good.

Suddenly the car stopped.

'Get her into the centre kennel,' she heard Ursula say to Helga.

Helga came to the back of the car. Carefully she unlocked first the cage and then Emma's heavy chain.

'Out!' she ordered, holding the chain in her hand, 'and stay on all fours. Now follow me - crawling like the little bitch you now are!'

In the darkness, and peering through the small eyeholes, Emma could not make out very much as she crawled behind Helga's massive frame. However, it somehow seemed quite right that she should now be crawling on all fours like a dog.

There was the noise of dogs barking and suddenly she saw solid looking metal bars. Helga unlocked a small barred gate in the bars. It seemed a larger version of the cage in the car. Still holding Emma's chain in one hand, she pushed Emma into the cage and locked her collar chain to a ring set in cement in the floor of the cage. Then having locked the small gate again, she turned and left without a word.

Emma started to explore her cage in the darkness. The small locked gate was in the front of the cage which was about six feet wide and ten wide long. Next to the gate was a bowl of drinking water and another with some scraps of raw meat and some half chewed dog biscuits.

She found that bars over the top of the cage prevented her from standing up. Through the bars she could see the stars - the cage was evidently out in the open. She felt sand on the floor of the cage. She began to dig down with her rubber paws but, to her dismay, soon came to more iron bars - evidently there to prevent dogs from burrowing their way out.

The weight of the heavy chain fastened to her collar, and to the ring in the floor, was a constant reminder of her humiliating position. It was long enough, however, she discovered to enable her to crawl round her cage, and also into a wooden kennel in the corner of the cage.

As her eyes got slowly used to the darkness, she saw that the cage was one of a line of similar dog kennels with the sides of her cage forming the sides of her neighbours cages.

Suddenly there was snuffling noise from the next door cage. My God! Peering through her eye holes she saw that watching her through the bars was another black spotted dog - a real Dalmatian bitch.

Emma crawled up to the bars to have a closer look and was greeted with effusive licks from the friendly bitch. She saw that the bitch was carrying herself awkwardly and had a grossly swollen body. She was clearly going to have puppies very soon. Was this place a breeding kennels? But what had that to do with her?

Then she saw that her neighbour on the other side was a handsome Dalmatian dog. He bounded up towards her, sniffing. Shocked behind her dog mask, Emma realised that he was trying to sniff her hind quarters. Hastily she backed away. The dog growled angrily, recognising Emma as a mere female.

Then, astonished, she saw coming out of the wooden kennel in her own cage, another real Dalmatian bitch followed by half a dozen little puppies. Their sleep had evidently been disturbed by the growls of their neighbour.

The bitch also bounded angrily towards Emma, as if wanting to protect her litter, but then seemed to recognise her as a a fellow bitch who would help her rear her brood. She wagged her tail. Emma found herself wagging her bottom in reply.

The little puppies threw themselves at the crawling Emma and fought to get at her teats that hung down from the tight dog skin. Horrified Emma tried to brush them aside, but with her hands encased in thick rubber she found it very difficult.

Soon two of the puppies were vainly sucking at her. It was she found an exciting feeling. She could not help wishing that she could indeed offer them her milk - they were so sweet!

She followed the bitch and her puppies back into the small wooden kennels and crawled in after them. In her half drowsy state it seemed so natural. What else could she do? It was warm and there was straw on the floor as a bedding. The night air was too cold to stay outside, and she was tired after all the emotions of the day.

Because the kennel was so small she had to curl up like the bitch. But she did not mind - Ursula would soon be coming to take her out of this awful kennel and into her warm bed. Ursula, she knew, would not sleep alone if she could get her hands onto a girl and she was the only girl that Ursula had brought here!

But Emma was wrong!

The hours passed and there was no sign of Ursula.

Several of the puppies had curled up against her belly and fallen asleep. What was Ursula playing at, she asked herself angrily. But she was too sleepy drugged and tired herself after all the emotions of the day to really bother. She could not keep awake any longer.

10 - FERTILISED!

Two hours later, after an amusing evening with two pretty young girls that Ursula had thoughtfully sent on ahead to await her arrival, Ursula and Helga crept down to the kennels.

Quietly they put their hands through the bars and slid back an inspection panel at the back of the wooden kennels. Ursula momentarily lit up the scene with her torch: two Dalmatian bitches were curled up facing each other and fast asleep with half a dozen little puppies resting their heads on the bitches' bellies and occasionally reaching up to suck a teat.

It was a very pleased and excited Ursula that led the way back to the house, where she had left the two young women lying chained in her bed, eagerly awaiting the return of their Mistress.

'Well, Helga,' said Ursula, 'it certainly looks as though we've got off to a good start. How had Doctor Anna put it? "The recipient must be made to feel a real brood bitch in a realistic atmosphere". Well, we've certainly achieved that!'

'Yes,' said Helga slowly, 'she'll really be feeling that she's just one of the bitches, a brood bitch at that, waiting to be covered, by the time the "Vet" arrives here at the end of the week.'

'Yes,' agreed Ursula, ' and, to make certain, we'd better keep out of Emma's sight. It'll be much better for her only to see the other dogs and the kennel-maid, and to be kept on those tablets of yours, so that she forgets all about us for the time being.'

'Right!' said Helga.

'Oh it's all going to be so exciting!' cried Ursula. 'And meanwhile I can enjoy myself with those two girls I brought here, safe in the knowledge that Emma's locked up safely. And as a special reward for all your help, Helga, you can one them tonight as well!'

It was a week later and the only human being Emma had seen since being kennelled was the kennel-maid, and she had never said a word, not even when she had momentarily eased Emma's nuzzle once a day so that she could gobble up the dog food and the blue tablets that she was being given.

So Emma had found herself relating more and more to the dogs who surrounded her: to the bitch and her puppies with whom she shared a cage, with the bitch in whelp in one adjoining cage and with the fierce dog in the other. In her half drowsy state she felt more and more contented. How clever her Mistress had been to put her here!

She had even watched the bitch in whelp having her puppies and carrying the little blind creatures around in her mouth. It had made her jealously think how exciting it must be for a bitch to carry a litter of puppies and then deliver them to her owner. She had also watched as several bitches in turn had been put into the dog's cage to be mounted. She could not help somehow associating herself with them.

She noticed how the bitch sharing her own kennel, kept it clean by licking up any wastes the puppies dropped there, and how she kept them spotlessly clean with her tongue. With her own tongue kept muzzled Emma could not help the bitch with these chores, but she learned to drop her own wastes in the corner of the cage and then to cover them with sand just as the bitch did.

She learnt to play happily with the puppies for hours on end, growling behind her muzzle and gambolling about in the kennel with them - though always hampered by her heavy chain. She began to get used to the high protein dog food, lumps of raw meat and dog biscuits, that she was fed - just like the real dogs.

She even learnt to howl with excitement like the other dogs when the kennel-maid came in sight with their food. Howling like a dog was something that the muzzle did allow her to do! She soon learnt to join in when the dogs would suddenly start singing, or rather howling, in the middle of the night.

More and more she subconsciously thought of herself as one of them. Vaguely she wondered what had happened to Ursula and whether she was going to leave her here for ever. But memories of her former life were fading in an astonishing way as she became more and more assimilated into her new life as a Dalmatian bitch living in a breeding kennels with other Dalmatians. Soon nature had her, too, longing to breed!

Then suddenly, as of through a haze, Emma saw Ursula for the first time since she had been put into the kennels. Yes, there walking towards the kennels was Ursula!

She was looking radiant in a long tweed skirt and jersey. And with her, Emma was astonished to see, was the strange German lady doctor, the "Vet", who had so oddly examined her a few weeks ago in London.

The two of them came up to Emma's cage. Clearly they were delighted with what they saw: Emma in her dog skin playing happily with the puppies, who would periodically each up and try in vain to suck milk from her exposed teats. Once again they were talking in German.

'My dear Ursula,' the woman was saying in rather stilted German, 'this is excellent. The girl's really assimilated very well. Both her body and her mind will now be really well conditioned for what's going to happen to her. You've done very well preparing her and getting her into the right state state of mind.'

'Well you're going to charge me so much,' laughed Ursula, 'that I thought it only sensible to take a little trouble beforehand. I've been secretly watching her and I must say it has all been quite thrilling. It's going to give me such a feeling of power - and of control over her... When do you want to do it?'

'As soon as possible. I've calculated that she should be nicely ready now ... So, as soon as I've sterilised my instruments and got everything ready'

'Do you want her brought into the house - into my bedroom?'

'No! No! That would break the spell. I want to do it here near the kennels. I want her still associating herself with the dogs. All I want is a table. That feeding room will do very well.'

Emma lay on the white sheet covering the table. She was still dressed in her dog skin and dog mask, and with her intimacies bared. She could hear the dogs, her companions, barking outside. She had been blindfolded.

Her hands had been strapped down to the side of the table, and another strap went over her forehead, preventing her from raising her head to try and peer under her blindfolded at what was going on.

'Now little dog,' she heard Ursula's hypnotic voice, 'you know you've always longed to be the centre of of your Mistress's attention. Well, haven't you?

Ursula smiled as she heard a happy little happy grunt of agreement from behind Emma's dog mask. 'Well you're a lucky little bitch, because you're soon going to be just that! Isn't it exciting?

Again Ursula smiled as she heard another little happy grunt from behind the dog mask. Oh yes, Emma was thinking drowsily, oh yes!

'Now little Emma,' purred Ursula, 'the nice kind "Vet" is going to give you a little injection, just a little prick and you'll feel nothing. It'll all be quite alright. I shall be here!'

Emma felt a little prick and soon she became more drowsy and happy. How exciting it was to be in her Mistress's power!

Vaguely she was aware of her legs being drawn up and held apart, of her beauty lips being widely distended, of the noise of medical flasks being opened, of instruments being prepared, and of a plastic syringe being loaded with something. With what, she wondered, sleepily. Vaguely she was aware of something being inserted inside her and of Ursula excitedly crying: 'Take it little Emma, take it!'

She smiled happily. It was wonderful her Mistress making her the centre of so much attention!

Then she was aware of the whole process being repeated several times. How wonderful, she thought.

'Keep her lying down here for several hours so that they have a good chance of taking,' said the woman to Ursula, speaking in German. 'We'll do a test tomorrow and if everything is alright, then keep her in the cage for another three days, so that she forgets all about what has happened, before taking her back to England.'

'But what if the test is negative?' asked Ursula.

'Well, I think that's unlikely after all the right psychological preparations you've made to get the girl's body ready to accept it all as quite natural. But if the worst comes to worst then we'll use some of the human material, that I brought. But, either way, don't tell her just what's been done to her yet awhile.

Ursula nodded. 'Of course!'

'I've arranged for my nurse to come and see her in ten days time, and then to be on hand whenever you want her. She used to work with me in the camp in East Germany and is very experienced in this sort of thing!'

'Good!' said Ursula. 'But I suppose if it has worked already, then things will start moving very much faster than ... '

normally.'

'... than normally,' laughed Doctor Anna. 'Oh yes, it'll all be over in just over a couple of months ... So she'll be soon be looking, and feeling, very different.

'How fascinating!' cried Ursula, clapping her hands with delight.

It was a slightly sore Emma who found herself back in her cage several hours later. She had a strange feeling that something odd had been done to her, but could not quite remember just what. Anyway it had all been very exciting!

She had a rather strange feeling inside her and longed to ask someone what had happened and why. But the only human she saw was the kennel-maid who always ignored her questions when she slipped back Emma's muzzle at feeding time.

Several days passed. But Emma had little idea of the passing of time. There was no more sign of Ursula. Vaguely she remembered having been taken into the feeding room for some strange purpose. But what was it?

Emma now began to forget all about the incident, or incidents, with the German lady doctor. In any case she had no idea really what had happened. Perhaps it had all been a silly dream!

Then suddenly her dose of tranquillisers was halved and the next day Ursula and Helga appeared at her cage. They unlocked the little door, and her heavy collar and chain. Then they unfastened her muzzle and slipped off the head mask. They unzipped the dog skin, dressed Emma in her own clothes again, and taking her to their car, told her to get into the back seat.

It was a nasty surprise for Emma to find two very pretty foreign girls already sitting there, and to realise that Ursula must have been enjoying herself with them whilst she was in the cage. But why?

Why had Ursula gone to so much trouble over the dog skin and mask and had then ignored her for days and days, whilst she amused herself with these two girls?

Emma began to feel very jealous of the two girls. Why hadn't Ursula amused herself with her, instead of locking her up in a kennel? Did that strange dream have anything to do with it?

She was longing to be alone with Ursula to ask her these questions. But throughout the journey back to London, Ursula seemed to contrive things so that Emma never had a chance to question her. Indeed, she scarcely had a chance to talk at all, since Ursula was always laughing and chatting with the two girls - and ignoring poor Emma who by now was bursting to question her.

Nor was it any better when they arrived in London, for Ursula sent Emma straight off back to her home with strict instructions to make her daily reports.

'But, Madam, there's something I must speak to you about,' cried Emma unhappily.

'Not now, Emma, can't you see that I want to enjoy myself with my two girls,' replied Ursula cruelly. 'Now off you go back to your home and rest

11 - THE PUPPIES ARE GROWING NICELY!

It was now a week since Ursula had brought Emma back from Ireland and then, mysteriously, sent her home to rest.

Ursula had seemed particularly interested in asking her how she she felt, ringing her every day. Emma had been painstakingly making her daily reports from home saying, at first, that she was fine, but Ursula had been adamant that she must not go back to work.

Then in the last few days Emma had noticed feeling rather strange. Her breasts began to feel rather heavy and her nipples were more tender than usual. Her tummy had also begun to feel rather odd.

'Indigestion, my girl, indigestion,' had laughed Ursula on the telephone. But the tone of her voice seemed to have been one of rising excitement.

Then this morning Emma had reported being sick.

'Come up at once!' had ordered Ursula briskly. Then he tone changed. 'Little Emma, come to Ursula! I've arranged for you to see a special and very experienced nurse! So don't worry, little Emma, you are now my little girl and if you are in some sort of trouble, then Ursula will take care of you! You see, Emma, you are going to be totally dependant on your kind Mistress. You'll love that, won't you?

'Oh, yes Madam,' cried Emma. It was so exciting being completely in Ursula's power!

'Then tell you Mistress, you love her!'

'Oh, I do, I do!'

'And thank her for taking so much trouble over looking after you.'

'Oh, I'm so grateful to you Madam. Whatever you're doing to me, it's so exciting! And it's so wonderful that you're taking so much interest in me.'

'And in you little body, Emma,' chuckled Ursula as she put down the phone.

When Emma arrived at Ursula's house, she was handed over to a grim faced German woman, dressed like a nurse. Emma mentally christened her the Dragon. She never did learn her real name, nor learn much about her, except that she had been sent by the German lady doctor, the "Vet", whom she had seen in that strange dream.

The Dragon took Emma down to the nursery. Here in front of Ursula she made Emma undress and then examined her intimately even, to Emma's great embarrassment, making her give specimens of her wastes before leaving her in the playpen.

Emma would have been appalled if had been able to understand the conversation in German that then took place. The nurse turned to Ursula, smiling reassuringly.

'Don't worry, everything's going fine,' she said.

'Are you really sure about it all?'

'Oh yes, they've definitely taken. There's no doubt about it.'

'That's wonderful!' cried a delighted and excited Ursula. She gripped the nurse by the shoulders. 'I've done it! I've done it! I'll make that slut realise that she is mine! Mine! Mine alone! Mine to do with as I like! Oh, it makes me feel like a goddess! I have the power to create life - and to impose it in any form that I chose! My God!'

'Well, remember that things will be coming on fast now. Nature will soon be bringing on her breasts for what it's thinks will be a major role, and she'll also soon start feeling the little kicks.'

'Ah!' smiled Ursula. 'Oh good!'

'Yes, and that'll be the time to bring her in to see the doctor for a scan - and then, depending just on how many embryos it shows have taken, you'll be able to give her Doctor Anna her cheque. And then you'll really feel your power over the girl - and enjoy demonstrating it to her.

'Oh yes, but the real excitement will be when she has her Happy Little Surprise! Oh I can't wait for that!'

'Well, you won't have to wait very long. That's the clever thing about this! And meanwhile you can amuse yourself by sending her home and yet still keep her in the dark by some cock and bull story about indigestion that'll make her feel ill and or awkward for the time being.'

Ursula turned back towards Emma and took a close look at her now burgeoning breasts. She was delighted to see that her nipples were already more prominent - they were no longer little buds, but the full voluptuous nipples of a real woman. The sight made her long to drink from Emma's breasts!

'How about giving her the special pills to bring on her milk early?' she asked the nurse.'

'Why not?' laughed the nurse. 'They'll help what nature would, in any case, shortly be doing!'

Emma, of course, had not understood a word of all this, except for the word "scan" What on earth, she asked herself could they be talking about? What had a scan got to do with her?

Another week passed - a week in which Emma, back in her own home, had experienced a strange and placid happiness. It was as if her whole body was changing and somehow fulfilling its destiny.

She was still feeling sick in the mornings, but she was not worried as Ursula had told her that the Dragon said she had simply picked up a tummy bug in Ireland and that it would soon pass. Although she did not seem to be getting any better, Ursula did not seem to share her worries.

However, her tummy seemed to be swelling strangely and her breasts felt strange and different. Was it all imagination or were blue veins becoming increasingly evident on her breasts? And little drops of white milk were starting to escape from her breasts. She knew that Ursula would dearly love to have her in milk. Was this, she wondered, all some clever way of achieving this without having first to become expectant? Was it all a clever sort of false pregnancy?

Or might it all simply be due to stress? Certainly her relationship with Ursula since being caught red handed with another of her girls had been highly stressful - and painful. The fact that she had accepted that she deserved to be punished and cursed herself for her stupidity in having an affair with both Celestia and Henry, behind Ursula's back, only made it all more stressful.

Since then she had certainly been pushed into some strange actions - like having, as a part of her punishment, to offer herself to the awful men who had taken her in front of Ursula and her friends and that strange time when she had been kept in the kennels in Ireland.

However, she had only the haziest recollection of the German lady doctor and of something being done to her - indeed she wondered whether it all had just been a dream.

Nevertheless, she did have this strange feeling that her body was not her own any more. It was as if she had rented it out to Ursula. But despite sometimes feeling lethargic and needing to lie down, and despite the occasional bouts of sickness in the mornings and a strange heavy feeling in her breasts, she usually felt wonderful and, in some odd way, fulfilled.

Then suddenly she began to feel little spasms and tiny kicks inside her. Surely, she asked herself, she could not be expecting? She had not seen Henry for several months - and, anyway,he had what he called his little predilection for taking her from behind, in a way that made pregnancy impossible.

Surely it could not be by those two awful men with whom Ursula had made her perform? Ursula had specifically prevented them from penetrating her normally, and had stood over them to make sure. No, it was just not possible.

It must all be her imagination or just indigestion, as Ursula kept telling her.

But her breasts were getting heavier and the kicks continued and became more violent. Moreover they seemed to be coming from different parts of her tummy.

She knew that with some fertility pills you could easily have twins or triplets, but this could not be happening to her! She had not been taking fertility pills and anyway no man had recently penetrated her.

She rang up Ursula, who had been abroad and simply said that she was delighted with what she called "Emma's progress". She said that she had booked an appointment for Emma to see her doctor in a few days time and that there was no need for her to come up before then. In any case, she herself was very busy arranging exhibitions of her paintings and did not want to be disturbed.

Emma was furious. Why should she wait to see the doctor? She felt ill now! And what did Ursula mean by saying that she was delighted with her "progress". What progress?

Angrily she resolved to go and see Ursula and have it out with her. To make sure that Ursula would be in, and had not left to go off to one of her exhibitions outside London, she would go there really early in the morning.

Feeling a little ill, Emma arrived at Ursula's at seven thirty in the morning. There was no reply. God, thought Emma, where on earth can she be.

Then just at that moment a taxi drew up, and out stepped Ursula with the same two beautiful girls in tow as she had been enjoying in Ireland - whilst she had been locked up in the kennel. Obviously they had all been to some all night party - or orgy, thought Emma bitterly. She was overcome by a wave of jealousy. So this was why Ursula had put her off coming to London! Oh how awful and degrading it all was!

'So what's this Huriah Heap doing on my doorstep,' yelled Ursula. 'I told you I was busy for next few days!'

The two pretty girls laughed. Very busy! They looked at Emma with condescending pity. My God, thought Emma, madly jealous, to be looked down on with pity by two younger women who had obviously just been making love to the woman she regarded as her Mistress! Her Mistress!

She wanted to kill Ursula, her dominating so- called friend, who was wrecking her life. It was she who had reduced her to this - begging on her doorstep at seven thirty in the morning! How stupid she had been to think that she would get any sympathy from that swine of a woman!

How beguiling Ursula's voice can be, thought Emma bitterly. Only a week ago Ursula had been all tender loving kindness - but not now!

Yet, dependant as she was on Ursula, she simply did not know where to go at this hour of the morning?

'Shall we let her in?' said Ursula mockingly to the two little beauties. My God, thought Emma, I'm going to get my own back on Ursula, that two faced bitch ...

Eventually she was let in.

Breakfast was brought for Ursula and the two beauties, who were called Drei and Vier - Three and Four - by Ursula, just to emphasise the point that she had several girls. But nothing was brought for Emma. The sight of the delicious fresh rolls made her feel madly hungry, for she had not eaten anything in her her rush to get to Ursula's so early - especially as she was now feeling so ill in the mornings...

Emma was feeling desperate. She simply did not know what to do. Suddenly she felt a series of little kicks inside her. She winced with the pain.

'What's the matter with you?' mocked Ursula. 'Feeling hungry. Well, I hardly think you've earned breakfast yet. What do you think, girls? Shall we make her do a few little party tricks before allowing her anything to eat?'

Oh the utter humiliation of being spoken about so cruelly in front of these grinning girls - even they couldn't understand half of what was being said.

Emma hated it when Ursula was in a mood like this. But how could she become the centre of attraction again, feeling, and probably looking, as she did? How could she get Ursula to take her to see the doctor? She felt the kicks again - more violent this time. Again she winced, but this time it made her realise what to do.

Suddenly, pretending that the little kicks were more like frantic spasms, Emma clutched her stomach and began to vomit.

Instantly, in her military way, Ursula was coldly efficient. All that money she had spent was at risk! In two minutes she had an ambulance on it's way. Two men put Emma on a stretcher and took her to a small private nursing home just off Harley Street.

Inside the nursing home there was an atmosphere of cool efficiency: smart white uniforms on the nurses, cold tiles - all white - , and in the bedroom only the essentials: a bed and a small bathroom. Once again everything was tiled - or made of marble, rather like in the Mediterranean. But England is not Morocco, and stepping onto the cold tiles was a horrid sensation.

Ill though she was pretending to be, Emma could still take in the little details of her surroundings. It all seemed like a little foreign oasis - even to the extent that the nurses did not even speak good English.

Having been lain on a bed and then abandoned, Emma decided to get up and have a look around this strange hospital.

The reception desk was more like that of a hotel - a smart mahogany writing desk, no sign of any nurses, and just an extremely good looking Italian in his early thirties. In broken English he said to Emma, as if she were a tourist, 'Do you want to buy anything from the boutique? It opens at ten thirty.'

To the right of the desk was indeed a boutique. But it was no ordinary boutique. It sold smart baby wear, little ribbons, soaps, scent and dolls. Outwardly there was no sign that this was a hospital.

However, behind the the reception one entered another world. There was the smell of anaesthetics, the feeling of tension in the air, and the odd wailing noise from one or two rooms, all marked Suite 4 or Suite 5 - hers was suite 36.

Emma was wondering what sort of people were in these rooms when a nurse, dressed in stiff white, cried out, 'Madam! To your room, please.'

Emma thought she could detect a Bavarian accent. She was about to cry out back, 'Why', when a huge Arab woman put her face round the door of Suite 35.

'Woman! Come here! Your job is to attend to me,' she shouted. The nurse disappeared. Emma put her ear to the door, but all she could hear were loud yells in broken English and crying noises as if from a baby.

Emma thought that it was time she kept up the pretence of being ill. She went back to her room and lifted the bedside telephone. Without even dialling a number it was immediately answered.

'Yes, Suite 36, can I help?'

'Yes please, I'm feeling rather ill'

'Nurse will come to you!'

Almost before Emma had put down the phone, the nurse had arrived. It was the Dragon!

As usual she was very stern-no smiles, nothing.

'So you try to wander about, eh?' she muttered in her strong German accent. 'Well, I soon stop that!'

Strong as an ox, she simply stripped Emma naked and, without another word, pushed her back onto the bed. Then she pulled open Emma's legs and within seconds had tied them with surgical tape to the sides. Then she picked up some tablets. They looked like the ones she had been given in the kennels in Ireland. Was it because of them that she seemed to have no clear recollection of just what had happened there?

Wildly Emma shook her head. But the Dragon pushed them into her mouth and forced her to swallow them. Then another large bandage was put over her mouth, and the sheets were pulled up over her naked body.

Emma felt scared stiff. Would the Dragon discover that she had only been pretending to be ill at Ursula's house? How awful! She tried to cry out, but couldn't. She tried to move her legs, but could not do so. She tried to free her hands, but they too had been meticulously tied with surgical tape to the sides of the bed.

Then the Dragon bandaged her eyes. Now she could now see nothing, and she couldn't speak or move. She felt utterly helpless. Oh, where was Ursula?

Emma must have been left like this for about an hour, and felt more and more drowsy. Vaguely she heard the Dragon come in several times, apparently setting up some sort of equipment. Gosh! she thought, breaking out into a sweat, just what is going to happen?

Suddenly she heard Ursula stomp into the room, full of military aggressiveness, and talking to a woman whose voice she recognised. It was that of the German woman doctor, Doctor Anna, who had done something strange to her in Ireland, the doctor whom she had decided must have been a dream. But here she was!

'Switch on the monitor, Nurse,' the doctor said to Helga in German.

The sheets were pulled back. Emma felt something strange and cold moving up and down over her tummy.

'Look at the screen,' Doctor Anna said in German to Ursula. 'You can see there's nothing wrong with her at all. She's just been having you on! She's doing fine. We can leave them alone to grow. You're going to have great fun with her. She's proving a good little mother - even if she still doesn't know it!'

'That's what I thought,' the Dragon agreed. 'And that's why I didn't pay much attention to her here, except to tranquillise her and make sure that she didn't run about or shout and cause any more harm.'

'The little bitch!' cried Ursula. 'She gave me quite a turn.'

'Perhaps it's time she had a glimmer of the truth,' laughed the lady doctor. 'That'll quieten her down!'

Ursula and the Dragon joined in the laughter. Sleepily, Emma longed to ask them what they were laughing at.

Then the bandage over her eyes was removed. She was still gagged.

Half asleep, she saw, as if again in a dream, a large television monitor by the side of the bed. She saw the German lady doctor was sitting by the the bed with something in her hand, a sort of plastic instrument. She began to run it again over Emma's naked tummy.

Then Emma saw the Dragon apparently turning the screen towards her.

Emma peered at the screen. At first all she could see was just a blur. Then Ursula pointed to several vague little wriggling shapes on the scan.

'Look, little Emma, look! Can you see them?'

Emma gasped behind her gag. What was she looking at? They had little tails!

'Oh, yes!' laughed Ursula. It was a laugh that the woman doctor and the Dragon joined in.

Emma looked at the screen and shook her head disbelievingly. It must be all a dream.

'Look at Emma's face!' laughed the Dragon cruelly.

'Let's count them shall we?' said Ursula, her eyes glinting.

Appalled, Emma stared at the screen wondering if she was hallucinating.

'One ... ' said Ursula, 'and here's another, two ...'

'No! No!' Emma tried to scream. Not twins! Ursula must be teasing her pointing to the same little wriggling thing twice.

'But that's not all, now three ... and look ... four!' whispered Ursula, exchanging a little secret smile with the doctor.

Doctor Anna gave a little discreet cough.

'Oh, yes,of course,' said Ursula, taking her cheque book out of her bag. 'Let's see. It's for four isn't it?'

She wrote out a cheque, and signed it and handed it to Doctor Anna. 'Is that alright?'

Emma caught a glimpse of the cheque and was astonished at it's s size. Goodness! It made her feel very important!

The lady doctor looked at the cheque and smiled. 'Yes, that's fine. Now let's have a closer look at them - a blow up!'

Emma looked at the screen again. She still could not make out anything clearly. What were those strange little creatures on the screens? Were those wrinkled little heads really human? And the little embryonic hands seemed more like paws! Goodness!

'Aren't they pretty little things, Emma?' she heard Ursula say with a delighted laugh as she peered desperately at the confused shapes on the screen through her befuddled eyes. 'And aren't you so excited little girl?'

'No! No!' she tried to whisper.

'Oh yes! Yes!' came Ursula's hypnotic voice. 'You're so thrilled and proud that your Mistress has spent money so much on you. Aren't you?

Still half asleep, now Emma obediently nodded her head. How wonderful that her Mistress should be spending such a large sum on her! It certainly made her feel so important!

'You see! I told you she'd be thrilled!' cried Ursula to the other two women. Then she gave the lady doctor a wink, turned back to Emma. 'But don't you worry your little head, Emma. All you need to know is that your Mistress is very pleased with you - and you'll soon becoming nicely into milk, too. You'll love that, won't you? You'll love offering your milk to your Mistress!

Again Emma found herself nodding - almost eagerly. It all seemed so exciting!

'Oh yes, little Emma! And I'm paying for all this purely for my amusement and to demonstrate my complete power over you! Oh the fun I'm going to have in showing you off! I'm going to be so proud of you! I control you and, as you now see, I now control your body. It just does as I decide. You're completely in my power, and you love not knowing what I'm going to do with you next. Don't you?'

With a cunning smile the Dragon slipped down the bandage over Emma's mouth.

'Oh, yes, Madam, oh yes!' Emma cried out aloud. 'That's what makes it all so exciting!'

'And in just a little time now, you're going to have some Happy Little Surprises to show to your Mistress and her friends! Isn't that wonderful?

Emma nodded happily. A Happy Little Surprise to please her Mistress. Oh, yes, how thrilling!

12 - THE VIDEO - AND EMMA PANICS

'Oh, I'm going to have such fun with my little mother-to-be', laughed Ursula a week later as she hugged Emma whilst lay satiated in her bed. She patted the girl's gently swelling belly. She smiled secretly to herself. It was getting bigger almost by the day!

Ursula had kept Emma in her house, ever since the scene when the girl had seen, or half seen, the pictures on the scan - and had made sure she took those strange pills. As a result the half drugged girl now seemed surprisingly acquiescent.

'And you're going to really enjoy being your Mistress's little bitch!'

'Little bitch?' queried Emma. Vaguely she remembered seeing the strange little shapes on the screen. Had they been real?

'Oh, don't worry, little girl, I'm only teasing!'

But was she really only teasing, Emma drowsily wondered, or was she truly now strangely expectant? But it didn't matter anyway - for it was all so exciting! And so wonderful being the centre of her Mistress's attentions! And her Mistress had spent so much money on her!

'Oh it's all such fun, my little Emma, isn't it' said Ursula running her hand down over Emma's prettily swelling belly.

They had spent much of the ten days together. Ten days in which Ursula, having sent away the two other girls, had been busy purring her delight into Emma's drowsy and then making her please her for hours on end with her tongue.

It had also been ten days, in which Ursula, proud of showing off Emma's surprisingly advanced state to her friends, had also had alternatively made her wear some lovely maternity clothes when out in the street, and then a strangely realistic dog skin when back in the house. Wearing this dog skin, she was kept either chained up to a real kennel in Ursula's bedroom or in a new small cage which Emma had been surprised to see in a corner of the nursery.

One evening several of Ursula's friends came to dinner. As usual Emma served at table wearing her scanty maid's uniform - but now, of course, cut away round her tummy. The women were all fascinated, especially when Ursula also proudly showed them the latest pictures from the scanner, taken that very morning - and showing, she said with a wink, the little creatures happily growing bigger and bigger.

Emma, of course, was not allowed to see the picture on the screen, nor was she allowed to see these photographs - much as she longed to do so.

Emma was thrilled by it all. It was all so exciting being treated one moment as a little girl, then dressed as a little mother-to-be, and then chained up as a little bitch - never knowing when she was going to be summoned to her Mistress's bed. Above all, it was wonderful being the centre of Ursula's attention again. And as for her state, well, she was strangely proud of it, even though she still could not properly take in just what had happened to her and Ursula would not tell her. .

Nor was she only the centre of Ursula's attention. Other friends of Ursula's had thought of doing the same to their girls, but only Ursula and her two German lady friends had actually gone ahead and done it. Now the others were falling over themselves to come and see Emma and to gawk at her naked belly as she served them with drinks.

'It's extraordinary how big she is for only a few weeks!' was the constant comment of the visitors, as they mysteriously exchanged winks with Ursula.

Then they would gather round to look at the latest photographs taken from from scanner, their cries of astonishment being silenced by Ursula putting her fingers to her lips and nodding at Emma whom she had first made stand in the corner like a naughty little girl - so that once again, to her chagrin, she did not see the photographs.

Indeed Emma had now half forgotten what she had seen on the screen of the scanner. She was no longer feeling ill in the mornings. Instead she could feel a strange excitement coming over her whole body as the hormones went to work preparing her for her forthcoming task. She could feel herself looking more and more radiant. Her loaded breasts were larger, her eyes brighter and her skin positively glowed. Ursula was delighted and fascinated at the changes that were taking place.

'And it will be more and more exciting as your tummy gets really large,' Ursula whispered to Emma

'Oh!' cried Emma.

'Don't worry, little girl, Ursula will look after everything. Everything's going to be alright and you'll still be Ursula's favourite little girl. You'll see!'

Without telling Emma, Ursula had already arranged for Emma to have leave from her office, and had told Emma's husband that she would be taking her off abroad for two months to help with her exhibitions and learn more about art - something that John strongly approved of. She had even decided to give Emma one of her own long corsets to wear if she had to go home meanwhile.

Emma curled up against her Mistress. How lovely it was to be back again with her, to be her only girl, and to share with her this fascinating feeling in her body. Then a thought hit her bemused brain. Surely she would need to be away for more than merely a couple of months if it was all to be kept secret. She shook her head as if to try and clear her brain. No, it was all just too difficult. She would simply have to leave it all to her wonderful and clever Mistress to sort out.

Oh. how she loved feeling Ursula squeezing her now much larger nipples and sucking the milk that was now mysteriously beginning to flow from her from her breasts. How clever Ursula had been to have given her those special pills which had brought on her milk early.

Emma began to feel superior to Ursula's other girls - she provided Ursula with excitements that none of them could provide!

But there was one thing that in her more lucid moments was still bothering her. Just what was going on in her tummy? What was she so proudly carrying? Just what had she seen on that scanner? Had she been hallucinating in thinking she had really seen several little creatures? Twins? Triplets? Or had Ursula just been teasing her? And, anyway, no matter how many of them there were, how on Earth had it all happened?

Every time she tried to raise the subject, Ursula became angry, saying that it was none of her business. Emma, she said, just existed to do what her Mistress decided for her, and not to ask silly questions. Inquisitive little girls got the cane, she added menacingly.

Desperately curious as she was, the threat of a caning had quickly made Emma give up asking more questions. Anyway, she was too deliriously happy at feeling so well and at being back in her Mistress's good books to want to risk really upsetting her ...

One evening several of Ursula's friend came to dinner. As usual, Emma served at table wearing her scanty parlour maid's uniform - but now erotically cut away round her tummy.

The women were all fascinated, especially when Ursula also showed them the latest pictures from the scanner, taken that very morning and showing, she whispered with a wink, the puppies growing bigger and bigger.

Emma had not been allowed to see the screen, nor these photographs.

'Brilliant!' exclaimed one woman, 'but where did you get the idea from?

"Yes, how did you learn about it?' pressed another.

'Very well, I'll show you,' replied Ursula with a laugh. 'Emma! Set up the video and then go and wait downstairs until I ring. You're too young to this!'

Emma did as she was told, but cunningly managed to leave the door open a crack, so that she could just peep into the room and at least get an idea of what was being shown on the video, without being seen herself.

What she managed to see, shocked and repelled her - and yet at the same time, fascinated her - as it clearly did Ursula's guests. Appalled she kept turning her eyes away from the screen, only to be drawn back again moments later.

The video opened with brief scenes of a woman's prison camp in Eastern Europe before the end of the Cold War. It showed huts, high walls, electrified fences, male armed guards, stern looking female guards carrying short canes, a frightening looking male Commandant, jack-booted male supervisors, and the terrified looking inmates - young women with their heads shaved and dressed in short skirts and blouses.

Every time a young woman passed the Commandant she would have to lower her head humbly and hold out her left arm, palm upwards, to show the prison number tattooed across her cranium and on the inside of her forearm. Then she had to shout out her number.

There was a scene in which a young woman was marched into a large room in which the Commandant was sitting behind his desk. A woman prison officer read out the girl's misdemeanours - she had been seen masturbating! Angrily, the Commandant shouted at the wretched young woman, sentencing her to be thrashed in accordance with the scale of strokes laid down by the Government Rules for Female Prisoners.

Fifty of the girl's companions were then marched into the room to witness the punishment. They formed up in two lines. The girl was then bent over the end of the Commandant's desk and held there by two fat women guards.

A burly male guard now came into the room wielding a long whippy cane. Soon the room was echoing to the unfortunate young woman's screams whilst the other women looked on in horror ...

The scene then shifted to a police van driving through the heavily guarded gates of the prison camp and stopping at the reception area. Male guards held back angrily barking Alsatian dogs. Several tough looking women guards strode into the back of the van, unlocked the doors to the little cells and pulled out three pretty girls wearing street clothes. They were clearly very frightened.

They were frog marched into a building and there stripped naked and hosed down. Then each in turn had her head and body hair shaved by a huge fat barber. Their prison numbers were tattooed onto their forearms and onto their now bald heads. It was all done very quickly with Teutonic efficiency.

Then they were made to stand on a bench for a medical inspection. To Emma's astonishment the white clad doctor was none other than Doctor Anna, the ugly woman who had examined her so embarrassingly in Ursula's house and whom she had a vague impression of seeing in Ireland. And the nurse who held each girl as the doctor felt her was none other than the grim faced 'Dragon'!

Each girl, in turn, had to lie down on a gynaecological couch for a more intimate inspection - just, Emma thought, as she had to do. The video then showed the doctor signing a certificate for each girl, showing her as "fit for medical experiments", and the girls then being taken to another building.

Astonished, Emma saw, that the girls were made to put on very realistic looking dog skins and masks, very like the one that Ursula had put her into in Ireland. Just like hers, the dog skins left only the girls' nipples and intimacies on display and the mask went over the their heads, leaving just little holes for their eyes and nostrils and slits for their mouths.

A muzzle had been strapped over each girl's mouth, just as had been done to Emma. Indeed, the only difference seemed to be a small cut away section at the top of the head which could be kept shaved so that the girls' tattooed numbers could be seen.

The video then showed a line of low cages in a building marked "Breeding Centre". The girls were now put into empty cages with real dogs on either side of them - again, Emma thought, just like Ireland. On a black board outside each cage was written the number and age of each girl with two blank spaces under the heading in German: "Date of fertilisation" and "Date of Whelping ".

The video showed the girls living like dogs, on all fours, in their cages which were too low for them to stand up.

It then showed the three girls being taken, still crawling on all fours, to a "Treatment Room" at the end of the line of cages. Still dressed in their dog skins, and carefully muzzled, they were made to lie down on their backs with their legs raised wide apart.

Each girl was in turn then given an injection into the back of her hand which made her unconscious and a special "Anti-rejection Serum" was injected into her thigh. Her body lips were now held wide apart by special clips and something was repeatedly inserted into her with a plastic syringe.

The girls were then put back into their cages and a now grimly smiling Dragon was shown writing the day's date under "Date of Fertilisation" on the blackboards hanging on the outside of the cages. .

The scene then switched to a laboratory a few days later. The Dragon was seen holding a test tube and shaking her head and reporting 'No Good' to the woman doctor.

'Very well,' replied the lady doctor with a smile, 'then we'll try the dwarf on her'.

Moments later the nurse pulled back a curtain hiding a cage. In the cage was a real live naked dwarf!

The video now showed the dwarf grinning and rubbing his hands as if he had just completed a good job of work. It also showed one of the three girls, now naked and no longer in a dog skin, crawling out the his cage. She was put back into a new cage well away from her two companions, and surrounded by cages containing, not brood bitches, but naked girls with well swollen bellies.

The girl's blackboard from her old cage was now fixed to the bars outside her new cage and the hideously y grinning Dragon was shown rubbing out the old date under "Date of Whelping" and writing a new - for seven months later. She also put a distinctive red star against the date. There had been no such stars on the blackboards of the other two girls.

The video now seemed to make a jump in time, for it showed the first two girls still crawling in their cages in the dog skins and masks, but now with swollen bellies straining against the tight skins.

Down the corridor, past the cages, came a procession, led by a now smiling Commandant and Doctor Anna. They were followed by what appeared to be an Arab Prince, dressed in a fine white Thobe, or robe, covered in a black lace cloak embroidered with gold. The Igaal cords, that went round his white Ghutra headdress, were also embroidered with gold. He radiated power and wealth.

The Prince had a short pointed beard and a hook nose. His eyes were hidden by dark glasses. He was treated with great respect by the Commandant and Doctor Anna. He was followed by several dark skinned bodyguards and also by two large negro attendants carrying a strange looking trunk.

The procession stopped at the cage of one the girl-dogs. Doctor Anna was shown pointing to the girl's swollen belly. She handed the Price an official looking certificate, and pointed to the dates on the blackboard and to the number tattooed on the girl's shiny bald head.

The Arab Prince nodded gravely. Doctor Anna then gave an order to the Dragon, who stepped into the cage and, bending down unfastened the girl's mask, disclosing her very pretty, but frightened, face.

Doctor Anna looked enquiringly at the Prince, who took a long look at the girl and then nodded. The Dragon replaced the head mask and the two black attendants then stepped into the cage and began to strap the now struggling girl into the trunk. Once she was helpless, one of them produced a syringe and gave her an injection into the arm. Instantly she stopped struggling and passed out. The lid was shut and the two negroes carried off the trunk.

The Prince was then seen handing the Commandant a roll of high denomination Dollar bills.

The once again here seemed to be a time-gap in the video. It now showed the remaining girl-dog, strapped down on all fours and apparently about to give birth. Emma turned away in horror and when she looked back again, the girl-dog was back in her cage with little, still blind, puppies crawling over her and trying to get at her nipples, whilst Doctor Anna and the Dragon toasted each other in Champagne.

There was another time gap and the video showed a similar scene with the third girl. But in her case the little creatures were little dwarfs and the Prince was seen being shown them and evidently buying them to amuse his harem.

A round of applause greeted the end of the video, but a deeply shocked Emma, terrified of being caught there by Ursula, rushed downstairs.

Emma was indeed appalled. She could hardly believe what she had seen with it's resemblance to her own experiences in Ireland. Could she, too ...? Oh no! ... Was that what she had seen on the scanner? How awful and, yet, perhaps, how exciting

She was still in a terrible state of uncertainty when the next day Ursula, who was unexpectedly going off abroad again, curtly sent her home for a couple of weeks.

Some time previously Emma had agreed to go with Henry to a dance in the country - a Hunt Ball. She had forgotten all about it in all the recent excitements.

Suddenly he now rang her up to remind her that it was in two days time, that he had arranged for her to stay at a hotel, and to warn her not to be late as they would dining first with some friends of his.

Emma did not know what to say. It was all so sudden. She could not quickly think of any excuse - for Henry had now bought the tickets.

So it was that she was in a state of considerable shock and worry when she travelled down to meet Henry and his friends.

Her milk was now flowing, but of course she did not want Henry or his friends to notice her strange state, nor that she was wearing a special nursing bra which collected any drops of milk.

When Henry picked her up from the station he was in an irritable mood. 'You look worn out - have you forgotten to make up your face? That scrubbed look may be alright for a young woman, but you look awful!'

He took her straight to a hairdresser. 'Well,' he said, 'at least get get that hair of yours into shape.'

Emma was miserable. Feeling fat, sick and depressed, she longed to go home. Henry really was just a Brute!

'Would Madam like her hair up, blow dried, or what?' asked the obsequious hairdresser.

In a rage, Emma felt like telling her to cut it all off - just as she had seen it being done to a wretched girl on one of Ursula's favourite videos. But finally she settled on having it put up! But the heat of the drier made her mascara run and she dreaded seeing the bastard Henry again. What did that Brute know about feminine things? They had never discussed such things as being expectant or in milk. All he ever talked about were his bloody horses, or jumping the next fence...

Henry collected Emma at eight thirty. He ignored her lovely ball gown, and her lovely hair. All he said was, ' Hum! You look alright now,' and rushed past her back to his car.

The dinner party before the Hunt Ball was was dull and boring - given by a rather nondescript niece of his. The women were the type who listened to Woman's Hour in the afternoon, and the men were more interested in the fetlocks of their horses than of their women.

At last it was time for the Ball. Music playing, soft lights....Emma began to relax, but the Brute had now tired of her and hardly gave her a single dance. The fetlock men were dull. An ex-Army officer danced once or twice with her, but often she was left alone at the table.

Oh, how she hated the Brute! Why had she left Ursula for this? Her feeling of dependency on Ursula suddenly returned - stronger than ever.

They got back from the Ball at about three in the morning, with Henry still not apparently suspecting anything. But when, full of manly lust, he stripped her in her bedroom, he recoiled at the sight of her now clearly swollen belly.

'My God!' he cried. 'How the hell did this happen and why the hell haven't you done anything about it, you little fool!'

Emma burst into tears and cried on his shoulder. His brutal words had at at brought her to her senses. At least he didn't question her about how it had happened.

Hastily she agreed that, of course, she would get rid of it all forthwith. Remembering how much Ursula had spent on having her "treated", she realised that it would have to be done in a rush before Ursula returned.

The very next day she rang the German lady doctor. She said that she was very ill, that Ursula was abroad and that her husband was beginning to suspect what had happened. Urgent action was necessary - and of course she would pay....

'Just bring the money!' said the lady doctor, brusquely. 'Tomorrow! Here!'

13 - URSULA IS FURIOUS BUT PREPARES A NEW TRAP

It was several days later. Emma lay recovering in the luxurious nursing home from what had been both an emotional and physical crisis. She was missing whatever she had lost desperately. Life seemed so empty without it - or them. Oh, she kept asking herself, how could she have been so silly as to have got into such a situation?

When she thinking how sad it was that they had also given her some pills to dry up her milk, when suddenly Ursula, alerted to what had happened by her friend the German lady doctor, stormed into her room, shouting with anger.

'So whilst I was away, my girl, you thought you'd be very clever did you?'

Emma was looking at her, mouth open, petrified, like a rabbit mesmerised by by a stoat. She was even more terrified when the huge Helga also strode into the room and stood behind Ursula, a contemptuous smirk on her face.

'All that money you cost me... wasted!' continued Ursula. 'All that time and effort I spent in making sure that everything would be alright... wasted! You stupid girl!... And to go and do it all behind my back! And don't think I'm going to pay for this, too! I've told them to send the bill to you, this time...'

Ursula paused. Her anger was welling up.

'And now you're damn well coming back with me. And then you're going to get the thrashing of your life! ... And you know you deserve it, don't you?'

'Yes, Madam,' cried Ursula, desperate to try and placate her angry Mistress.

'Yes I should think so too. I'm not going to be made a fool of by an ungrateful and stupid little chit of a girl like you, Emma. And after you've had your thrashing you can bloody well go home and wait for me to phone you.'

Again she paused for a moment. Emma lay silently on her bed, again mesmerised. Then Ursula gave a contemptuous laugh.

'And, moreover, as you didn't seem to like the idea of what I had arranged for you, perhaps we'll see how you get on with another treatment instead. You're damn well not going to get away with it! That'll teach you, my girl, not to try and make a fool of me... Now get up!... Move, you slut, move!'

She turned to Helga.

'Get something on her and put her in the back of my car!'

Helga threw Emma's things into her little suitcase. She flung a coat over her nightdress. Holding the suitcase and with Helga firmly gripping her by the arm, Emma dumbly followed Ursula out into the corridor, past the reception desk and out into the street.

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

Arriving at Ursula's house the cringing girl was dragged out of the car and down into the brilliantly lit large basement punishment room.

'Strip her and put her on the wheel,' ordered Ursula in a quiet menacing tone that Emma found almost more frightening than being shouted at. Dumbly she allowed Helga to undress her. She knew that she deserved what was going to happen, terrifying though it was.

Helga strapped the now naked Emma down on her back onto a large wooden wheel in the centre of the room. It looked rather like the wheel of a cart. It was held in a frame and could be turned on its well greased axis by a handle at the side. Short little needles projected from the rim of the the wheel. Ursula had shown Emma pictures of such a wheel in a medieval torture chamber. Now she must have had one specially made for herself.

Helga fastened Emma's wrists to a hook on the top of the wheel, well above her head. Then slightly turning the wheel by the handle, she pulled Emma's ankles down taut and strapped them to the wheel as well. Emma was now held, staring up at the ceiling with her body curved back below her along the outside rim of the wheel. She gave a scream as the little needles on the wheel penetrated her back, and then her buttocks, calves and thighs.

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

Emma gave a little groan. Oh what a fool she had been to have got rid of whatever it was that she had been carrying, behind Ursula's back. Would she never learn! Ursula was a cruel and vindictive woman when she was crossed - and she insisted on complete obedience to her every whim.

But could Emma really have gone on with whatever they had done to her? Deep in her heart she knew that the answer was yes. Other girls had apparently been only too keen to do so. So what was so different

about her? Why had she baulked at it - especially as she was now desperately missing whatever it was that she had lost: missing the little kicks, missing the strange and exciting changes to her body, missing the lovely glow she had felt once the first feeling of sickness had worn off, missing ...

Now there was just this awful aching void inside her. Oh what a fool she had been. If only she had not listened to Henry! What did he, a mere man , know about feminine excitements. And the fact that she didn't know what had been done to her, had made it all the more exciting! And now she was going to be punished for her disobedience, punished for wasting so much of Ursula's time and money, punished for disappointing her, and punished for going behind her back. Of course she deserved every stroke that she was going to get ...

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

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

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

'It's too late to be sorry,' said Ursula bitterly. 'It's been done now! And I'm going to use my new wheel to have you given a thrashing that you'll not forget in a hurry!'

Ursula turned the wheel. Emma began to come up on the other side. There was a sudden crack of a whip. Terrified, as she hung upside down, Emma saw that Helga had a long black cattle whip in her hand. It had a short handle and a well oiled tapering lash about six foot long with a little red leash at the end. Emma gave a cry of genuine terror. She may deserve to be punished - but not like this.

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

'Yes, Emma, with this. You've got to learn your lesson, haven't you?' Emma gave a sob of despair. 'Now Helga, give me the whip and start turning turn the wheel. Nice and slowly ...'

Emma screamed again as her hair brushed the floor again and as more needles started to stick into her. Slowly her her head rose up again as the wheel turned, before dipping down again back towards the floor. She began to feel sick, it was a horrible feeling.

But this time, as her head came up again, she felt Ursula stroking her hair.

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

My God, thought Emma. No! No! She must never let Ursula do that to her. And did her remarks about men meant that Ursula had guessed that it was Henry who had finally persuaded her that she must go back to the Nursing Home - even though, thank Heavens, he knew nothing about just what Ursula had had done to her. Then just as her head was beginning to drop yet again towards the floor, as the wheel turned, she heard another terrible crack of the whip and seconds later a hissing noise as Ursula brought it down across her belly. She screamed.

'Yes, yes, scream away,' shouted Ursula, bringing the whip down again, 'and just think that this would not be happening if you still had a prettily swelling belly instead of that empty one!'

Emma sobbed, partly from the quite awful pain, and partly at the thought her her lost little creatures.

Slowly the wheel turned. Emma's head began to rise up again towards the ceiling. Suddenly the whip came down across her breasts. The pain was terrible. but, she realised, Ursula must be holding back. She could have half killed with that whip!

'And just think, too, that you would not have had that stroke either, if you're breasts had still been fulfilling their natural function.'Ursula's voice was harshly contemptuous. 'Instead of becoming the dried up breasts of a barren spinster!'

Again the whip came down across them.

Emma screamed and screamed as the whole process was repeated several times as the wheel slowly turned.

'Enough of this wheel, Helga,' Ursula suddenly called out. 'I want to really get at her with this whip. Hang her up! And let's bring down the other two girls. They'll really enjoy watching Emma getting her come-uppance.'

Whilst Ursula went off to get the girls, Helga unstrapped Emma from the wheel. Emma was still feeling very sick and disorientated from the wheel, quite apart from the awful pain in her breasts and belly. She was too weak to protest as she was carried over towards a wooden bar that, like an old fashioned internal clothes line, could be raised or lowered by a cord at the side.

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

Emma heard Ursula and the girls enter the room behind her. She could hear them giggling as they saw her naked back and buttocks. She dropped her head in shame. Then there was another terrible crack of the whip just behind her. It made her jump almost out of her skin.

'Get your head up!' shouted Ursula. 'And look straight ahead!'

Emma could hear the girls giggling. How she hated them! How she hated them all: the two girls, the horrible fat Helga and the terrifying Ursula! But how could she have been such a fool as to go back to the same Nursing Home? And behind Ursula's back! Ursula was bound to seek her revenge.

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

'That was only the first stroke, Emma, and you're going to get fifteen more. Fifteen! Do you understand? '

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

'You should have thought of that before you dared to get rid of what I'd paid for! Your body's mine, not yours. It's time you learnt that I can do anything I want with your body. I control it - not you. I can make it expectant ... or I can whip it, like this!

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

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

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

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

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

She tossed the long black whip to Helga.

'Here you are, Helga, you give her the rest - whilst I sit back and enjoy myself with the girls. So make it nice and slow! But go easy with that whip! I don't want her killed or permanently marked.'

Out of the corner of her eye, a now furiously jealous Emma saw the two girls take off Ursula's dress and slip down her frilly panties. Then Ursula sat back in an armchair alongside the frame from which Emma was hanging. She saw Ursula motion one girl to kneel between her legs, and the other to stand behind her, leaning over her shoulder to massage her nipples...

But clearly the main source of Ursula's arousal during the long drawn thrashing was watching the wriggling, screaming Emma being slowly and deliberately whipped across her back and buttocks by the burly and pitiless Helga.

Each stroke and each scream brought Ursula nearer to her climax. No wonder Ursula had said that Emma would never forget this thrashing.

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

It all excited Ursula greatly.

Suddenly she got up and stood in front of Emma, put her hand on Emma's well striped buttocks and pulled her towards her, gesturing to Helga to lower Emma slowly until her beauty lips were level with her own.

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Get her out of my sight! Take her to the station in a taxi and put her on her a train for home. And make sure the little slut doesn't talk to any men. And you Emma! Make sure you make your usual daily reports to my maid. When I want you again, I'll send for you. Meanwhile, you little slut, you'd better just reflect on the utter ignominy of what you did!'

Five days later, Emma jumped as the telephone suddenly went. Was this, at last, the call from Ursula that she had been awaiting so desperately, and yet also so fearfully?

It had been a dreadful five days for Emma. During the first few days there had been the practical problem of concealing her dreadful weals from her husband, from her friends, and from the rest of the office staff, not to mention the problem of how to sit or lie down with her bottom and the rest of her body still so desperately sore. Now at last the weals had nearly disappeared and she could sit down again normally.

She had, of course, also been desperately curious to know just what it was that had been done to her. She had not dared to ask the woman doctor in the nursing home - and nor, of course, Ursula or Helga whilst she was being thrashed.

So Emma resigned herself to never knowing the real truth.

But quite apart from all this, there was also the awful aching void of having had something taken away. It, or they, had become part of her - and now they were gone. She felt empty and useless.

The Doctor had sent her some special vitamin pills to take, with a note saying that they would help her to get strong again. However, she did not take them; she was still too torn apart mentally by two conflicting lines of thought.

On the one hand was the feeling that she had been quite right to go to the Nursing Home and that Henry had been quite right in telling her to wake up to whatever had happened to her - even though, thank God, he was blissfully unaware of the full story. Yes, Ursula was an evil woman. She was like a drug and she must break with her. She must never see her again!

On the other hand, she still felt that Ursula was the most extraordinary and fascinating woman she had ever met. She was so wonderfully and excitingly dominating, far more than any man she had met - more even than Henry.

Men could be excitingly dominating for a time, but then their attention was distracted to other things. Ursula, however, never relented. She was dominant twenty four hours a day, seven days a week! With her own need to be submissive and constantly controlled, how could she possibly even think of not seeing her again!

No, the fact was that she adored being Ursula's slave and it was therefore only right and proper that Ursula should have taken charge of her body, using it as a way of further increasing her control over her submissive little girl. And was it surprising that she should have punished Emma so harshly for wasting all her money and for going behind her back?

Torn by these two conflicting views of her relationship with Ursula, Emma had given a little shudder as she again remembered Ursula's shouted threat, as she left the nursing home, to have something else done to her. But then Ursula was always talking like that. She would probably have forgotten all about it by now. Emma had dismissed it from her mind as a serious threat.

But then later, just in case, she had decided that it would be a sensible precaution to go on the pill for a bit. One never knew what Ursula might get up to! But she need never know.

So she took the necessary steps and was now on the pill.

Emma was beginning to feel that it would, after all, be safe to continue seeing her exciting Mistress, when suddenly there was that familiar and hypnotic voice on the phone again! She felt her remaining resistance melting.

'Well Emma,have you been a good girl? Haver you been taking the special vitamin pills that Doctor Anna prescribed for you? And have you been utterly faithful to your Mistress? ... No talking to men or playing with yourself, Emma? ... Good! And have you missed your Mistress?... Well, she's been missing you too! ... She wants you to come up and see her tomorrow afternoon! ... You'll come? ... Good! ... Sleep well, little Emma and dream of your wonderfully clever Mistress!'

Emma's eyes were moist with excitement as she put the phone down. Her Mistress said she had been missing her! Oh, how exciting it would be to see her again! That's what she longed for, she knew - more than anything else in the world!

'Ah! Come in, little Emma,' Ursula said when she opened the front door. Thrilled by this reception, Emma flung herself into Ursula's arms, tears of happiness in her eyes. But she should have been weary of such a reception by now...

'Come downstairs, little Emma,' Ursula whispered encouragingly. ' I've got a friend here who's longing to meet you again.'

She opened the door to the punishment room, pushed Emma in and quickly locked the door behind her.

Emma gave a cry of protest. She had been cruelly tricked! For there, standing in front of her, clearly awaiting her, her legs wide astride, her arms akimbo, was the huge grinning figure of Helga - and in her hand was the same long, black well oiled whip.

'Just another fifteen strokes today,' laughed Ursula looking at the sheer fear and horror on Emma's face.

'Put her first on the wheel, Helga,' ordered Ursula. 'Then we'll hang her up again.'

She turned to the horrified Emma.

'Come now, Emma, lost our tongue, have we? Surely you didn't really think that you've been punished enough for wasting all that money of your Mistress's?... I want to hear you screaming again....

It was later that night that a well whipped Emma hastened to obey the snap of her Mistress's fingers, and scuttled across the floor on all fours to the foot of her Mistress's bed. Another snap of Ursula's fingers, and Emma then slowly and humbly crept up between her Mistress's long slender legs...

It was for both of them a significant and symbolic act.

For Ursula, it showed that she regarded Emma as now sufficiently punished, anyway physically, and that, whilst still determined to exercise a greater degree of control over Emma, nevertheless she was now prepared to forgive her and to take her back into her service.

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

PART III

... TRY, TRY, TRY AGAIN!

14 - EMMA IS PREPARED FOR MATING

A week later a nervous Emma rang up Ursula to make her morning report. Contemptuously Helga took it down. Emma hated this, for Helga really enjoyed humiliating her.

'Normal?' she said in her strong German accent. 'Oh no, Madam will want to know more than that...And only once?... Really? And have you been taking the vitamin pills that Madam asked the Doctor to send you?... Good!... But nothing else to report? Are you sure?'

Emma hesitated.

'Well?'

'It's started to rain... heavily today,' she stammered, using the code that Ursula had taught her to use when describing her monthly cycle.

'Ah! Good! Madam will be very pleased to hear that!....

Indeed Emma would have been horrified if she had heard a delighted Ursula speaking on the telephone in German to Doctor Anna.

'Well! I'm damn well going to have another go. I'm not going to be stopped by a chit of a girl losing her nerve. She's jolly well going to be put back into the same state again whether she likes it or not.'

'But,' interrupted the lady Doctor, 'I'm afraid I won't be able to help you this time. I need to collect more ... material.'

'Alright! In that case, it'll just have be done in a more normal way. I'll soon have her begging for it - and it'll still be exciting!

'Has she come into season again yet?' asked the guttural voice.

'Yes, today!' cried the excited Ursula, 'It's the first time since she left the Nursing Home. So can I go ahead?'

'Why not?' came the guttural reply. 'I see no objection!'

'Good!' laughed Ursula. 'How soon can we do it?'

'Oh, between ten days and a fortnight. My nurse will advise you when she's ready.'

'Wonderful! Oh, she's going to be so deliciously frightened, and yet also excited, by it all! She'll be more dependant on me than ever, for she won't dare tell that booby of a husband!'

'Well, you must instruct her to take her temperature twice a day and for this to be reported to my nurse,' came the clinically efficient voice of the doctor. 'And, to prevent any problems, I think it would be best if it came as a complete surprise. So it would be best to leave her in the country and then get her up to London quickly as soon she reports the telltale change in her temperature. And it would be sensible then to keep her there for several days ... So don't forget to warn Winston to be on stand-by!'

'Right! And I'll warn my friends that the performance will be in about ten days time, and to keep their diaries free...! The best part of it all is that although I told her what I was going to do, I don't think she believed me. She's just put it right out of her mind - all the more exciting for us!'

'Good!' said the Doctor Anna. 'A shock often helps with a younger woman. That's why the cane is also so important. Perhaps it goes back to the days when terrified women captured from one cave were beaten and taken by the strongest man in their new cave! To ensure the propagation of the human race, nature made young women love being dominated by a really powerful and ruthless man.'

'Well it certainly didn't make or my my friends like that!' protested Ursula violently. 'Ugh! How I hate men!'

'So do I!' laughed the doctor. 'I'm sorry, I should have added: "or by an equally ruthless woman!' Then her voice became more serious. 'Remember that the deeper the penetration, the greater the chance of success.'

'Oh, she'll get that alright!' laughed Ursula...

It was once again an unsuspecting Emma who took the train for London. Ursula had been so gentle and persuasive, talking of them setting up house together - just the two of them, with Emma having a financial stake in it as proof of her Mistress's affections.

But Emma was not totally convinced of Ursula's intentions, and was still secretly on the pill. Fearful that Ursula might go through her luggage and her handbag, she even sewed several pills into the hems of her dress and of the shorty night dress that Ursula liked her to wear - and she took a pill on the train.

Doing so, made her feel very brave. She was actually defying her Mistress!

It was a glittering dinner party that, ten days later, Ursula gave top a dozen of her of her women friends: coloured candles, soft music, long dresses. sparkling jewellery, beautifully painted eyes, stimulating conversation, much laughter... and delicious food and drink served by Emma in her provocative little French maid's costume.

With every course, Ursula ordered her to remove one article of clothing. Soon she was dressed just in her suspender belt, stockings, high heels and, of course, her white gloves and white maid's cap, with her hairless and well powdered mound and beauty lips well on display.

Emma was feeling more and more excited by it all and by the little attentions the women paid her: stroking her careful painted nipples and beauty lips and occasionally, with Ursula's permission, seizing her for a passionate embrace.

Wondering how Ursula intended to end the evening, she kept glancing through the open door into Ursula's drawing room, which she had had to prepare by arranging the chairs around a solid looking small table. Prepare for what she wondered, excitedly. The guests all seemed to be be anticipating something she didn't know about. What could it be?

There was a sudden knock on the door. Astonished, Emma saw the Dragon, that grim faced German nurse, enter the room. She had last seen her in the nursing home when she had been shown the scanner screen. Now here she was back again - and incongruously dressed in her starched white hospital nurse's uniform. She was carrying a little black bag.

Emma, embarrassed at being seen virtually nude, by this hideous woman, gave a little shiver of fear.

'Ah, Nurse!,' Ursula greeted her, 'you've come at just the right moment.' Then she spoke a few words to her in German, which Emma could not understand. Ursula turned to the cringing figure of Emma. 'Now girl! Nurse is going to get you ready. So off you go with her!'

'Ready? But what for, Madam? What's going to happen to me? What are you going to do? I thought you said that if I came up...'

Ursula gave Emma a sudden slap across the face. 'How dare you answer me back! You'll damn well do what you told, my girl, unless you want that cattle whip again.'

'No! No, Madam, no!' screamed Emma, the memory of those two awful thrashings flooding back into her brain. 'I'll do anything you want!'

Ursula smiled, secretly delighted with Emma's little revolt - which, as usual, she had enjoyed in utterly crushing in front of her friends. It had been a splendid demonstration of her power over the girl.

'Well, little Emma, you'll soon have an opportunity of showing off your obedience to my friends...' she said mysteriously. 'Now go with Nurse! Get out!'

Terrified by Ursula's suddenly masterful manner, Emma let herself be led away by the Dragon. With her arm gripped by the big strong German woman, she was taken into the bathroom.

Deftly the Dragon bound Emma's wrists in front of her with surgical tape.

'Kneel down!. Head to the floor!' she ordered.

Emma wanted to protest, to ask what was going to happen, but the Dragon cut her short.

'One word out of you, my girl, or one moment's hesitation in doing what you're told, and I'll tell your Mistress to bring the cattle whip!'

Emma gave a gasp of terror and hastily knelt down, humbly putting her forehead to the floor.

'That's better, little girl! Yes! You're really frightened of that whip, aren't you?' The Dragon laughed. She took a thermometer out of her bag and carefully inserted it up Emma...

A minute later she had removed it and was was adding Emma's latest temperature on a chart. Emma was astonished to see her own name on it and that it showed her temperature for the last week.

The Dragon was smiling hugely. 'Just as I thought!' Emma heard her murmur to herself. 'This should be just the right moment!'

Then the Dragon pulled a blindfold out of her bag and put it over Emma's eyes. 'And don't you dare try and take it off- just remember that cattle whip is ready and waiting!'

Emma gave a little whimper of fear. What was going to happen to her?

She heard the front door bell ring, and the noise of someone going up to join the party. How odd, she thought, surely the party is now almost over!

Meanwhile the Dragon had removed a douche and an enema from her bag. She douched Emma with warm soapy water. Then she prepared a special fizzy mixture. She smeared Emma's little rear orifice with vaseline, ignoring her little groans of protest. Emma longed to pull off the blindfold to see what was being done to her - but, with the threat of that awful whip hanging over her, she did not dare do so.

'Madam wants you spotlessly clean here as well,' she said firmly thrusting the plastic nozzle up into Emma's rear orifice. She held the bottle up high so that the liquid would gush down the tube and into the girl. She turned on the tap.

Emma cried out as she felt a strange bubbling and burning liquid jetting up inside her.'It's burning! Take it out! Please! It's horrible!'

'Yes, little slut, of course it's going to burn! It's going to slowly dissolve all the nastiness. Your Mistress wants you spotlessly clean for your performance - and nice and ready for for your handsome betrothed!'

Forgetting her fear of the whip, Emma desperately tried to get at the tube and pull it out, but with her hands tied in front of her she could not reach it.

'And what do you mean my 'performance'!' she screamed. 'And what 'betrothed'? I'm not engaged, I'm married! I don't understand.'

But the Dragon just gave a sinister laugh.

'Oh, please take it out, it's hurting!' she begged. She was beginning to feel as if she was going to burst. 'Please no more!'

'Yes, a little bit more...' The Dragon held the bottle up even higher. 'Just let it go right up inside you. Don't try and fight it... Let it all flow into you ... That's it!'

'Stop! Stop!' Emma was screaming. But the Dragon paid no attention. She put her hand underneath the kneeling Emma, feeling her rapidly swelling belly .

'That's all, little girl! You've taken it all very nicely... Now we'll slowly remove the nozzle... and quickly plug it with this.'

'Oh no!' cried poor Emma, as she felt something huge and hard being inserted into her. 'Let me get rid of it all, quickly!'

'Oh no, little girl,' laughed the Dragon horribly. She took off Emma's blindfold. 'We want a really good wash for five minutes. And while the fluid is doing its work, you can come and sit on my knee, like a good little girl.'

Awkwardly Emma rose to her feet and tottered to where the Dragon was now sitting. Hesitantly she sat on a huge knee.

'Put your hands round my neck and give me a kiss!' ordered the Dragon. Emma put her tied wrists round the huge woman's neck, and still feeling desperately uncomfortable inside, raised her head and reluctantly began to kiss the ugly woman.

'Good little girl!' murmured the Dragon, her eyes glittering with desire. She unfastened the top of her Nurse's uniform and bared her her large breasts. 'And now put your hands behind your neck... and suck!' she murmured, 'or I'll fetch the cattle whip.'

Emma was revolted, but the thought of that awful whip drove her on...and on.

Suddenly the Dragon pushed her down between her outspread legs. She lifted up her dress. 'Now down here!' she cried raucously. 'And the quicker you do your work, the quicker I'll remove the plug. So work hard, little slut!'

15 - COVERED!

Fifteen minutes later, a chastened, but prettily made up, half naked Emma, her hands still tied in front of her, but with her blindfold temporarily removed, was led by the Dragon not back to the dining room, but into the large drawing room.

She saw that the women were now seated around the heavy antique card table in the middle of the room. Were they going to start playing Poker, she wondered. It was a favourite game of Ursula's friends.

She saw that several of the women had removed their expensive dresses and were sitting watching her in their beautiful silk underclothes.

'Now ladies,' she heard Ursula say in her most prissy voice, ' this is the girl, you remember who behind my back went to a Nursing Home for a little operation only a short time before she was due to perform in front of you in this very room. Isn't that so, Nurse?'

'Yes, indeed, Madame, the little ungrateful slut!' replied the Dragon.

'Yes, that what she was: ungrateful. I had paid a lot to have her specially treated. But she's been punished for that, very severely punished - is that not so, girl? ... Well, lost your tongue, have you.'

Madly embarrassed and scared by Ursula's tone, Emma whispered, 'No, Madam... I mean, yes, Madam.'

'Speak up, girl, my friends want to hear. Were you severely punished?'

'Yes, Madam,' cried Emma.

'And what with?'

'With a black cattle whip, Madam.'

'And knowing now what the punishment would be, would you have still have gone to the Nursing Home behind my back?'

'No! No, Madam, I would never have had done so,' cried Emma with genuine fervour. She would have done anything, even gone through with it all, despite what Henry had said, not to have had those two awful whippings with the cattle whip.

'And don't you think you should make up for disappointing my friends? They'd been looking forward to watching you perform at your Happy Little Event - producing your litter of sweet little puppies for their amusement. But you spoilt that performance you ruined by slinking off behind my back to the Nursing Home, didn't you?

'Yes, Madam,' cried Emma with a little sob.

'And so do you think you should make up for disappointing them over one Happy Little Event, Emma?'

'I don't know, Madam,' wailed Emma, wondering what Ursula meant and what all this was leading up to. She saw that Ursula friends were watching her closely with glittering eyes. She felt the Dragon suddenly grip her tightly.

'By another one, you silly girl!' cried Ursula angrily. 'but this time they'll have to wait nine months to see it. Yes, Emma in nine months time! Now do you understand what I'm talking about, Emma? In nine months time you're going to entertain my friends with a rather different Little Happy Event than I had originally intended!

'No!' screamed Emma. A Little Happy Event! That awful cruel expression. 'No! No!'

She tried to turn and run from the room, but the Dragon, standing behind her, held her too tightly.

'Oh yes, Emma,' shouted Ursula harshly, 'but to make for the delay, tonight they're going to watch the start of the nine months! Yes, Emma, the start of your happy nine months! And don't think you'll make a fool of me twice!'

Then she turned to her friends and Emma was horrified to hear her say: 'Well, ladies, I wonder what colour it will be - or, perhaps, they will be.'

There was a gale of laughter and she switched to German so that Emma would not understand. 'The joke is that she's being taking fertility pills thinking they were vitamin pills to help her get over the little operation. So she's bound to produce twins or triplets!'

Her guests again burst into laughter, pointing derisively at poor Emma who simply couldn't imagine what they were laughing about.

'Yes, Emma, I think you'll soon be carrying several little... well would you like to guess Emma? Shall I give you a hint? They'll be much bigger than last time! Well? ... Can't you guess? Lost your tongue again, have you? Well, perhaps it's not surprising...! But it's high time you met your betrothed.'

'My betrothed?' gasped Emma. That was the same expression that the Dragon had used. 'But I'm already married.'

'Yes, little Emma, and with a husband who's going to be away most of the time. We'll just have to make sure that he doesn't notice, won't we? And, meanwhile, I've chosen a very handsome betrothed for you. Aren't you a lucky girl.'

Ursula turned towards a thick curtain. Emma saw that someone was standing behind it!

'Winston!' cried Ursula. The Dragon again tightened her grip on Emma.

The curtain parted very slightly half way up.

Suddenly a very large erect black manhood was thrust through the gap. The rest of the negro's body remained hidden.

'No! No!' Emma could hear herself screaming.

'Yes, Emma,' said Ursula. 'your betrothed! You didn't like what I so carefully arranged for you last time, but perhaps you'll prefer this time being a little mother-to-be to a rather different kind of progeny!

'Oh my God' wailed Emma. 'But who is he...?'

'Oh, I'm afraid that I can't let you see anything more of him, Emma,' laughed Ursula. 'You're such a tart when it comes to men! I'm not having you fall in love with the Sire of your child! No! I shall want you just thinking of me all through those long nine months. I shall want you for myself as your belly begins to swell - and not mooning over memory of your handsome Negro! And I shall want you for myself as your milk comes on! So I'm afraid that you will never be allowed to see more of Winston than his splendid manhood. Look at it, Emma! Look! Think what it's now going to do to you. Think!'

'Oh, God! No! Please no!' sobbed Emma. But the shameful thing was that just looking at the powerful, erect, black manhood, she could feel herself becoming aroused. She knew that secretly she was longing to feel it inside her. She knew she wanted it!

'Oh, yes, little Emma, oh, yes! And, ladies,' Ursula turned towards her watching friends, 'don't you agree that it's time our blushing bride gave her betrothed a kiss?'

This suggestion was greeted with eager laughter.

'Now kneel down and crawl across the room to the curtain, to your betrothed. Hurry up, or you'll get the whip again.'

Terrified and equally horrified, Emma did as she was told. Moments later, kneeling on all fours in front of the curtain, she was looking up, half in terror, but equally half with excitement, at the large black manhood jutting out above her head.

'Now as a sign of your submission, sit up on your knees and kiss your betrothed gently and reverently ... Go on! ... Do it! ... Just remember that whip's still waiting for you downstairs ... Kiss the manhood that's going to take you. Kiss the manhood that's going to penetrate right up inside you ... and then plant it's seed inside you!

Ursula's eyes glinted as, with a sob of despair, knelt up and lowered her head, exposing the sight of her beauty lips to the watching women behind her.

As she did so she could feel herself become moist. Then she almost died of shame as she heard Ursula's delighted voice.

'Oh look! See how our little bride is becoming excited at the thought of motherhood!'

Moments later, Ursula gestured towards the Dragon. 'Blindfold her, and put her over the table! Don't bother to gag her, my friends will enjoy the spectacle all the more, hearing her begging for her black betrothed's manhood - and her screams of ... delight!'

Once again the Dragon deftly blindfolded Emma, and then gripping her by her tied wrists, led her over to the table. Emma felt her ankles being tied, wide apart to the table legs. Ten her wrists were pulled forward over the table and held in the Dragon's strong grip. A cushion was placed under her belly. Her buttocks were now thrust up invitingly.

Emma was terrified. She was going to be taken, covered, like an animal, as a spectacle for her Mistress and her friends. And the awful thing was that she was aroused, ready and eager for her black Master.

Then suddenly she remembered that, secretly, she was on the pill. Indeed, only a few hours before, she had secretly taken one of the pills she had sewn into the hem of her dress. Thank God! But would they work? She remembered the sight of the huge black manhood. Would anything be proof against that? She wish she knew more about how the pill was supposed to work. She felt so stupid. Please God, make it work, she prayed fervently.

Suddenly she heard a familiar swishing sound. The cane!

'Well, ladies,' Ursula was saying, 'our very experienced Nurse tells me that a young woman is more likely to conceive if she's been warmed up a little bit beforehand, so that the blood is really racing. Which of you would like to give her six? You, Angela? Here, take the cane! But give it to her nice and slowly, so that we can all enjoy ourselves watching - and listening.'

Seconds later Emma screamed as the first stroke slashed across her raised buttocks. There was round of laughter from the watching women. Several quietly put their hands down between their legs. Others were openly embracing each other.

A minute later, the stroke was repeated. Emma was squirming over the table quite delightfully, held helpless in the Dragon's grip. How she longed to rub her buttocks to ease the pain. Humiliated, she could feel herself reacting to the cane's embrace. Despite the pain and humiliation, she knew that her body would become more aroused and moist with each stroke. She could not help it. She was made that way. Perhaps most women are, she thought.

It was nearly five minutes before all six strokes had been administered. Several of the guests were breathing hard.

'Well. Nurse, is she ready yet?' she heard Ursula ask.

Two of the women now gripped her wrists as the Dragon came back behind her. Emma gasped as she felt her part her now soaking beauty lips.

'Yes, nice and ready,' came the Germanic voice. 'The fertilising seed will slip up very well.'

'Good!' she heard Ursula exclaim. 'But there's a little preliminary I want Winston to do. This little creature hates being taken from behind. I don't want her looking back on this mating as a moment of love - but rather as a moment of pain and degradation. So, Winston, would you please take her like you would a boy. But don't waste your precious seed there!'

Emma screamed and screamed as the huge black manhood forced itself up inside her. 'No! Not there!' she shouted unavailingly. There little cries of ecstasy as several of the watching women reached a climax. Oh how degrading, Emma thought.

Winston withdrew, grinning.

'Put her on her back!' ordered Ursula.

The sobbing Emma felt her ankles being untied. She was turned round. Then her ankles were again tied to the legs of the table. The cushion was thrust under her buttocks this time, and she was pulled back by her wrists. She was now held, curved back over the table, hips raised, her glistening body lips offering themselves entrancingly.

'Go on, Winston, excite her!'she heard Ursula cry.

She felt a finger, a hard man's finger, tantalisingly teasing her beauty bud.

'Oh ... Oh ... Oh ... ' She could not stop herself crying out. She felt so ashamed.

Then she felt something else touching her there. The black manhood!

'Oh ... go on ...' she heard herself cry out. 'Oh, don't stop ... please!'

'Well, Emma, if you're really sure you want him! ... Hold her open for him, Nurse!'

Terrified, and yet thrilled, Emma felt the Dragon part her beauty lips. She could feel a man standing between her stretched out legs. Please God, make the pills work, she prayed again. She felt the huge manhood drive slowly up inside her. She cried out with pleasure.

'Out of the way, Nurse!' she heard Ursula say in a raucous voice. 'I want to hold his sack as the the seed is driven into her... Hurry, Winston, I don't want her to get more excited ... Yes! Yes! My God! Go on Winston!.... Go on...' Evidently Ursula was exciting herself with her other hand. 'My God, it's coming. Oh! Oh! Take it Emma, take it all. Take all the seed, deep inside you, take it you little disobedient and ungrateful slut!'

'Oh! Oh!'

Ursula's cry of ecstasy mixed with those of the other women and of Winston, and with a terrible scream from Emma, as she suddenly felt the Negro's seed jetting into her.

Please God, please make the pill work! she prayed.

16 - NO FOAL, NO FEE

There was a long pause punctuated by the excited cries of the watching women. Emma felt the black manhood withdrawing, its task done.

'You can take off her blindfold now, Nurse,' Emma heard Ursula say.

Her eyes wild, Emma turned her head left and right. There was no sign of the negro. Had it all been just a dream?

But she could feel something slippery inside her. Desperately she clasped and unclasped her belly muscles, trying to expel the seed. But with her hips raised higher than her belly, and her legs strapped wide apart to the legs of the table on which she was lying, she was quite unable to do so. Instead she could feel the seed slipping deeper and deeper inside her.

Her efforts were greeted with laughter by the eagerly watching women.

'Please let me wash, quickly!' she begged.

'Oh no, little slut,' laughed Ursula, 'we're all enjoying watching the moment of conception! Aren't we, ladies? It's a rare opportunity! ... Perhaps, Nurse, a further little warming up might help matters along ? I want her to remember this as a moment of pain - pain endured for her Mistress's pleasure ... Angela! Give her six strokes of the cane across her belly - nice and slowly, that'll get the blood racing there!'

Soon the room was echoing to Emma's screams and sobs.

'We'll leave her now, tied down, so that the seed can do it's work,' said Ursula cruelly as the sixth stroke was delivered, leaving another neat weal across Emma's wriggling belly. 'And now, ladies, I've got another little surprise for you! Do you remember watching a similar scene eight months ago ...? Well, I think it's time for coffee!'

Ursula rang a bell. Emma raised her head slightly and saw the Dragon lead in a very pretty young girl, dressed in black as a maid and wearing a little white apron. She was carrying a tray of coffee cups and a coffee percolator.

'This is Heidi,' announced Ursula proudly.

The girl's wrists were loosely chained and so too, Emma was astonished to see, were her ankles. But it was her head that made Emma gasp in horror, for she was completely bald, giving her a strange inhuman, almost animal-like, look.

There was no sign of hair on her shining scalp. As the girl bent over to offer her tray to one of the women, Emma gasped in horror as she saw Ursula's crest was tattooed onto the girl's polished scalp. Terrified, she remembered Ursula's threat to shave her head - and then have her crest tattooed on the bald scalp. She had not taken it seriously. But, now... My God!

'Yes,' she heard Ursula explaining to the women, 'radiation treatment is very effective. It kills off a girl's hair completely, leaving the scalp completely smooth shiny - as you can see. Feel it ...'

The women crowded round the girl, admiringly stroking her bald head..

'You see,' went on Ursula,' it's lovely and smooth!'

'Oh,' cried one of her friends, 'it must be a wonderful feeling when you grip a completely smooth and bald little head between your thighs, with no awkward hair to get in the way and no nasty prickly stubble!'

'And,' added Ursula, 'don't forget the feeling of power you get when you look down, as the young lady's tongue does it's work, and you see your crest tattooed on it's bald head going up and down. It's simply mind blowing!

There was a little round of laughter.

'And, of course,' went on Ursula with a cruel smile, 'it's even more mind blowing if, like this young lady, she's also been covered by Winston - some, that as you will see, left her ... in a really thrilling state!

'Oh!' cried several of the now excited women. 'Oh!

'Perhaps you'd like to have a closer look?' laughed Ursula, nodding to the Dragon.

The Dragon untied the girl's white apron. Then as the blushing girl turned to serve another another woman, Emma saw that her long clinging maid's uniform had been cut away round her tummy and the circular cut-out prettily outlined with lace.

The girl turned again. There, protruding through the lace ring, was the girls naked and prettily swollen belly. Emma saw a woman place her hand on it and smile. 'But where have you been keeping her?' asked one of the women.

'Oh, I lent this one to girl friend of mine in Germany, whom I often visit. She's been keeping her caged in her castle, to make sure that nothing interfered with the course of nature!'

Ursula paused.

'But just to make sure, of course, we took a further precaution.'

'What do mean,' cried a woman.

Ursula again nodded to Helga, who further unbuttoned the girl's uniform. There were gasps from around the room as a small vee-shaped silver chain mail pouch was disclosed, held tightly fastened over the girl's beauty lips.

'You can see,' explained Ursula, 'that the chain mail grille is held in place by two little chains, attached to the tops of the grille, and which go round the girl's hips to the small of her back.'

Ursula gestured to Helga to turn the girl round and then went on. 'And as you can see these meet another little chain running up, between the cheeks of the girl's buttocks, from the bottom end of the grille.'

'And the three ends of the chains are held locked together by a small padlock,' said one of the women with knowing smile.

'And,' said another feeling the silver grille, 'the grille is tight enough to prevent the girl from getting even a little finger underneath it.'

'So, even if girl began to have doubts as to whether she really wanted to go through with it, there was nothing she could about it.'

'Exactly!' smiled Ursula.

'She must have made a very exciting sight,' added another woman, 'naked, except for the silver grille, and with her shiny bald head gleaming, as she gripped the bars of her cage as her belly gradually swelled.'

'Yes,' agreed Ursula. 'It was so thrilling - even thinking about her in her cage. But to give her a little airing, I had her brought over to London, specially for this party. It's the first time she'd been allowed out of her cage for months - except, of course, when she's taken out to please my friend, or myself if I'm staying there. Soon she'll be sent back to the castle to perform her duty for her Mistress!'

Emma's eyes opened wide as she listened to her Mistress's cool matter of fact voice. She might have been talking about a pet dog whom she'd had mated! Kept caged for months! Rather exciting! Was this now going to be her fate? Was she destined to take the place of this girl? Was this why Ursula had been going abroad so often on these short trips - to enjoy herself playing with this girl? My God!

Desperately, Emma tried to wriggle free. She now wanted to run away quickly. But it was too late! She was tied down over the table, with the black seed running up inside her ... My God! ... A burst of laughter greeted her struggles.

'So is this one trying to avoid her fate?' asked another woman.

'Yes, but she'll soon be loving it! And the combination of the fertility pills that she's, unknowingly, been on and Winston's potency, never seems to fail! Perhaps it'll be twins, or even triplets, that she'll soon be displaying to us in a similar cutaway maid's costume!'

'No! No!' screamed Emma, fervently praying that her secret contraceptive pills had worked.

Emma's cry, made Ursula turn round angrily. She called to the Dragon. 'Take her away! If you still want to keep her flat on her back, then use the cot off my bedroom - it's got a rubber sheet in case of accidents!'

'Thank you, Madame,' the large nurse replied. 'It's important now that her legs are kept tied close together.'

'Go ahead!' laughed Ursula. 'And you'd better tie her wrists to the top of the cot. We don't want her trying to get at herself to stop the seed doing it's work! And gag her - I don't want to be disturbed by her whinging!'

Emma lay tied in the cot - outstretched on the rubber sheet, with her ankles tied together, her wrists fastened to the bars behind her head, and one of Ursula's gags strapped behind her neck.

Two pillows had been thrust under her hips to keep her beauty lips high and so prevent any of the precious seed from running out. Instead, she could still feel it running up inside her.

The guests had all departed, and through the open doorway of the alcove she could hear Ursula, in her bed, making the bald girl please her. Despite what had just happened, she found herself reacting madly jealously. What did that chit of a girl know about pleasing a woman? Oh Madam, she kept wanting to cry out, let me please you. I'll give far more pleasure. But, of course, she was gagged.

Indeed making Emma wildly jealous was, of course, all part of her Mistress's way of keeping her as her willing slave - even though she had just been used as an after dinner entertainment for her Mistress's dinner guests.

Now, like a whipped dog longing to be patted again by it's Master, Emma was longing to catch her Mistress's eye and to please her again. Wild with jealousy she could hardly sleep at all. What a slave she was, she thought, a slave to her own sensuality as much as to Ursula.

She was therefore thrilled when in the middle of the night, her Mistress, wearing a lovely silken negligee, came into the alcove. Emma gave a little welcoming whimper under her gag and Ursula came over to the cot. She stroked Emma's tummy.

'Oh isn't it all so exciting, little Emma! For you and for me! You're going to look so pretty with a nicely curved little belly - just like Heidi. We'll get some lovely maternity clothes to show it off. I shall really enjoy taking you around with me. My girl friends will be so jealous!'

Emma could not stop herself from raising her beauty lips, offering them to her Mistress. As if in answer to Emma's prayer, Ursula's hand drifted down to Emma's beauty bud.

'And I shall so enjoy having you in my bed, little Emma. I shall take care of you and you're going to be so happy.'

Emma was thrilled. At that moment she bitterly regretted having taken those contraceptive pills. It would have been so exciting carrying a little progeny for her Mistress and being the centre of her Mistress's attention.

'Now sleep well, little girl, and just dream about your future Happy Little Surprise!

'Oh, yes!' Emma murmured under her gag. She had put Henry, her marriage, and everything else, completely out of her mind - just as Ursula had intended.

Next morning, however, in the cold light of day, Emma felt very different. Thank God, she had been on the pill! Thank God, nothing would come of her mating with the mysterious Negro, Winston.

After Emma had heard Ursula get up and dress, the Dragon came into the alcove. She was dressed in a freshly starched nurses' uniform and bustled about efficiently, making the still gagged Emma relieve herself whilst still being kept tied down onto the rubber covered cot.

Then the Dragon gave Emma an injection, saying simply by way of explanation, 'We must help your little progeny to grow - if they are there yet!'

Emma gave a little shiver - how angry the Dragon would be if she knew about those contraceptive pills.

'Now little girl,' said the Dragon harshly, 'we don't know yet whether you conceived last night or not. But in any case, I'm keeping you flat on your back all day, until we put you to Winston again this evening.'

'Again!' screamed Emma behind her gag. 'No! Not again!'

'Yes, child, I've advised your Mistress to have you covered on three successive days, and she's booked Winston accordingly - at two hundred and fifty pounds a time. He's an expensive stallion. So you should be very grateful to your Mistress - and very proud that she is spending so much on you - think of it, two hundred and fifty pounds each time!'

Seven hundred and fifty pounds, thought Emma! Indeed she could not help feeling proud that Ursula was spending so much on her.

'But to make sure he does his stuff properly, he only gets paid when it's all confirmed. So to make sure, you'll be on parade again tonight, though this time, and tomorrow, your Mistress and I will only be your only audience.'

Emma's happy mood suddenly changed. Good God! she thought, I'm going to be covered like animal! And with the negro being booked and paid, like a prize stallion, to mount her ... Would the pills still be effective? How could she get at the ones sewn into her little nightdress? She must swallow another one without delay! But how? Suddenly she she knew what to do.

She started to shiver convincingly, as if very cold, and moaned piteously. She could be a good actress when she wanted to be.

'Oh we don't want our little mother-to-be getting cold,' said the Dragon suddenly very solicitous, 'I'll fetch that little shorty night dress you brought. Madam will like seeing you in that. It makes her little mother-to-be look like a real little girl!'

Emma's heart was in her mouth. Her rouse was working! She was even more excited moments later when the Dragon untied her arms and slipped the nightdress down over her head. Quickly she secretly squeezed one of the pills out of the hem. But she was still gagged! How was she ever to swallow it?'

'Now child,' she heard the Dragon say, 'it's time our little mother-to-be started to build herself up ready for her new role. Your Mistress will want you to produce really big strong little babies, so that she can sell them well in the Middle East. Now I'm going to give you a breakfast of high protein muesli - a special mixture for a little mother! And I've sprinkled the contents of one of those big fertility pills over it. You know how anxious Madam is for you to have a multiple birth! She's promised Winston an extra five hundred pounds if you're carrying twins and and another five hundred for triplets. And his progeny are huge! So you're going to swell out like a balloon, which is just what Madam wants...

Emma was listening to all this in horror. She must take another pill!

The Dragon brought over a tray. 'Now I'll just unfasten your gag for you to eat ... That's it! Now open your mouth for the first spoonful ... There's a good little girl!'

She thrust the spoon into Emma's mouth. Emma choked. She put her hand to her mouth in a natural gesture - and quickly swallowed the contraceptive pill. Just in time, for moments later her hands were again fastened to the bars at the top of the bed and her gag replaced.

That evening it was a strangely quiet and, once again, blindfolded, Emma who, once again, was stretched out over the heavy card table to receive Winston's proud manhood deep inside her. The routine was the

same as on the previous night, except that this time was not Ursula's friend Angela who who wielded the cane to bring Emma on, but the grim faced Dragon herself.

Once again the previous night's scene was repeated after Ursula had gone to bed. Once again, lying helpless in the cot in the alcove with the seed still running up her, Emma had been brought to a height of jealousy as she heard Ursula enjoying herself with Heidi in her bedroom. Once again Ursula had later come to stroke and tease Emma. Once again Emma felt ashamed and contrite about being on the pill. Once again only her gag prevented her from confessing it all to the woman she then found herself regarding as her loving Mistress.

But once again, however, reality returned in the harsh light of day. It was a once more determined Emma who again managed to get at and swallow another of her pills.

There was an unexpected change of programme after Winston had penetrated her on the third night.

It was an excited Ursula who had Emma tied down, not, as before. onto the cot in the alcove, but into her own large bed, gagged and with her legs tied together, with each wrist tied to a corner of her bed. Once again a couple of pillows had been placed under her hips to raise her beauty lips and prevent the negro's seed from running out.

But the sight of this only served to excite Ursula more. It was therefore a thoroughly aroused Ursula who now mounted Emma, clasping her tightly closed hips between her own as she drove herself to a peak of excitement and pleasure.

'Oh, my little Emma,' she cried out as she held the young woman's helpless naked body to her own, her own beauty lips pressed against Emma's. 'Now wriggle and try to get rid of the black seed! Go on, think of it, working it's way up you. Go on, fight it! Fight it! Try and push it out. That's it, that's lovely ... '

Emma could feel her Mistress's beauty bud pressing against hers as she writhed underneath her, driven on by her cruel Mistress's words.

'But you can't get rid of the seed can you, little girl? You've just got to take it, for your Mistress's amusement, haven't you. But try again, little girl. Have a good wriggle! Think of it, think of having to carry your progeny - and fight it again. Go on! Try and get rid of it! That's better. Go on! Wriggle! Wriggle! ... Oh! Oh!'

Ursula collapsed on top of the panting girl. She lay still for several minutes, slowly recovering from her fantastic climax. Then she hugged Emma's helpless body.

'Oh, Emma,' she cried, 'we're going to have such fun together as your little black babies begin to show. Oh! And I can feel myself getting excited again at the mere thought.'

Ursula was nothing if not an effective lesbian lover, and soon Emma was again writhing deliciously under her strong Mistress. It was lucky, she realised, that her Mistress had kept her gagged for her own greater arousal, otherwise she would, once again she knew, have blurted out the truth about her secret pills.

It was an alternatively anxious, and then quietly confident young woman, who took the train home the following evening.

It was three weeks later. Everyday, Emma had fearfully tested herself. But the results, thank God, were always negative. And there were no signs of early morning sickness or of swollen breasts.

Emma sighed with relief. The pills had worked! Those wonderful pills! Eagerly she opened her bag and took that day's pill from the special carton.

But then her euphoria was rudely shaken by the telephone. It was Ursula.

'Emma! I want you up here in London, at once. Move!'

Three hours later, a naked Emma was standing awkwardly and embarrassed in front of an angry Ursula. Alongside her was the Dragon, a hospital specimen bottle in her hand.

'Are you really sure, nurse?' Ursula was saying to the Dragon. 'Surely she must have taken on one of those three days.'

'I would certainly have thought so, Madam,' replied the large woman, looking at Emma's naked body. 'But apparently she didn't. I don't understand it, she was perfectly fit and ready for Winston. I can assure you of that! And he's never failed before. We know that he is very potent. I just don't understand.'

Ursula eyes suddenly narrowed. 'I wonder? ... Nurse! Give me the slut's handbag.'

Emma gave a gasp of horror. In her hurry to rush up to London, she had forgotten to remove the pills!

Liked a rabbit mesmerised by a stoat, she watched Ursula pull out all her most treasured possessions and throw them on the floor. Then with a angry shriek, Ursula pulled out the carton of contraceptive pills.

'What the hell are you doing with these?' she screamed, giving Emma a hard smack across her face.

'They're not mine!' cried Emma, her mind racing. 'They belong to a friend... She left them behind in my house ... yesterday ... I was going to take them to her when you rang.'

'That's a likely story, you little liar!' Again she smacked Emma hard across the face. 'Well isn't it?'

'No, Madam, no! Please believe me, please. I just wouldn't dare do anything to take them without your permission. I promise.'

'Unless you thought you could get away with it, you little slut!'

Again Ursula's eyes narrowed. 'But I'm damn certain you had no opportunity of getting at your bag whilst you were here. So, where were the pills hidden... Well, Emma, are you going to tell me, or am I going to have to beat the truth out of you?'

'No, Madam, I swear I never took any pills,' Emma lied piteously.

'Wait a moment, you were wearing the shorty nightdress you had brought.' Angrily Ursula flung open Emma's suitcase. 'You've brought the same nightdress! Well...Now let's see... Yes, here they are... Half a dozen pills cleverly sewn into the hem!... You lying little slut!'

Emma hung her head in shame.

'You deceitful little bitch!' screamed Ursula, again smacking her face. 'You thought you were very clever did you. Once again you've made me waste time and money for nothing! You've made me look a fool in front of all my friends. My God, I'm going to have you thrashed again! You're damn well going to learn that you're here to do just what I tell you do - nothing more, and nothing less.'

Angrily she strode over to the telephone. Emma tried to run after her, to plead for mercy. But the Dragon held her arm tightly.

'Winston! Come over here at once!' She turned to the Dragon. 'He's going to be furious when he learns he's lost his fee. And there's no point in using him again now that we know she's on the pill... Until he arrives, lock the girl in the bathroom, with her hands tied behind her.'

As the Dragon frog-marched her across the room, she saw Ursula go to a cupboard and pull out a long whippy cane.

Emma stood rigidly at attention, stark naked, in front of the huge young negro, her eyes fixed on the wall. It was first time she had seen his face. He was angrily tapping the cane against the palm of his hand to emphasise his words. She was trembling with fear. She knew that Ursula was watching, seated in a comfortable chair, a drink in her hand.

'Seven hundred and fifty pounds you've lost me, you white trash' the young black was shouting in a strong Caribbean accent, almost out of his mind with rage and disappointment. 'Seven hundred and fifty pounds I was going to get, for covering you properly. And another five hundred if I give you twins. And another five hundred for triplets! Nearly two thousand pounds! And you thought you cleverer than me. Well I'll teach you to try and trick a black man, you white slut! You won't be able to sit down for a week'

'Nurse,' came the drawling voice of Ursula, 'since the lying slut was stretched over the heavy card table when she was cheating us, it is only right that she should be put back over it when she earns her just reward.'

The powerfully built nurse picked Emma up and flung her down across the table. She tied her legs to the two table legs. Then she pulled Emma up by the arms so that she was standing on tiptoe, before pulling her forward so that she was bent over tightly.

'Winston,' continued the drawling voice, 'you can give her twenty strokes, as drawn out as you like. You may feel that she cheated you, but she also cheated me - and that is something I simply will not stand for!'

17 - URSULA'S NEW PLAN

After her terrible beating from the furious Winston, Emma was sent home in disgrace.

Once again her thoughts were drawn in two ways.

On the one hand, she kept telling herself what a lucky escape it had all been. How stupid she had been risking her comfortable life style as John's wife for some frivolous escapade.

She reflected on her life with Ursula. How could a sensible girl like her have been drawn into Ursula's extraordinary world of lesbian domination, cruelty, and perversion - and worse still their macabre liking for their girls having a Happy Little Surprise, as they euphemistically called being made to have puppies.

Thank Heavens she had secretly been on the pill, even if it had cost her a terrible beating. After that, of course, she would now never again dare to go on the pill, but she felt it had all been well worthwhile. The whole idea had been absurd. What would she have told her friends? And how about her husband? And the office? Ursula was just unbelievably selfish, thinking only of reinforcing her power over Emma.

Having her mounted by the terrifying Winston showed just what an evil person Ursula was. Emma would never forget the terrifying sight of that huge black manhood sticking out from between the curtains. And then the awful slow penetration and Ursula's raucous cry as the terrible discharge came.

Again she kept thinking that Ursula was like a drug. She really must shake off her dependence on her. She would be mad to ever see her again!

However other thoughts also kept crossing her mind.

She was, she knew, a masochist and Ursula's sadistic ways satisfied something deep in her psyche. It had even been terribly exciting and fulfilling in a strange way to have been awaiting a Happy Little Surprise merely for Ursula's amusement, even though she still did not quite know just what it was that she had felt kicking away so violently in her tummy.

All that talk of the Miracles of Modern Medicine and of it all only taking a couple months ... could they really have been little puppies? How awful! How disgusting and yet, and yet, she could not also help thinking, how exciting and how sweet!

She had heard Ursula and her friends discussing such a possibility abroad, but had not taken it seriously. But had it very nearly happened to her in England? Goodness!

Certainly having them taken away had left an aching void she still felt. It was a void that being mated with Winston could well have filled.

So was Ursula really so awful? Isn't all life a bit of fun? Like the goods in a shop window, we dress some bits of it up more than others. What is considered as unacceptable behaviour in one country was quite acceptable in another. So, was Ursula's way of life really so appalling, or was it just considered to be so by dull conventional people.

Certainly, Ursula was the most fantastic person that she had ever met, and being Ursula's slave had been the most exciting thing in her life. Even being covered by Winston in front of Ursula's friends had been exciting, as well as terrifying. And as for her fears about the practical side, Ursula would have taken care of her - she had said so.

So what was she worrying about? Why did she not lie back and enjoy her amazing life with Ursula?

In any case, she purred to herself, after the fiasco in front of her friends with Winston, Ursula would not again have her mated.

She now felt more at ease. Ursula, she thought, was just different - a Bohemian. How sad it would be to give up all her extraordinary adventures with her. No! She must continue to see Ursula, but she must keep her independence as well. But how was she to prevent Ursula being the be-all and end-all of her life?

Suddenly she knew the answer. Henry had been pressing her to join him for a lovely long holiday abroad. That's just what she'd do!

A week before flying out, Emma was feeling so confident and pleased with herself, that she decided she would just contact Ursula to see how things were.

She telephoned Ursula who was surprisingly standoffish. Even worse, she did not seem to be in any hurry to see Emma, saying that the house was full, anyway, with other girls - and ones who. unlike Emma, did as they told!

Emma felt a sick sensation. Goodness, had Ursula finished with her? Ursula had certainly gone into a black mood after she had had the abortion and again when she had learned about her being on the pill. But need that be the end of a fantastic relationship?

Meanwhile Henry was constantly telephoning, full of bonhomie about their forthcoming holiday together and what fun it was all going to be. Emma felt his voice was grating on her nerves. Ursula had ceased to telephone and the only calls were from this bloody enthusiastic Henry! She knew she being unfair about Henry, but why oh why, didn't Ursula telephone?

She remembered she had heard Ursula talk of what she referred to as 'Killing Off' girls she had grown bored with. Was she, too, to become just another of Ursula's statistics?

Emma couldn't concentrate. She was overbearing at home, uncooperative at work, and was near to cancelling the holiday with Henry, though he did not know it. After several days of silence from Ursula, she decided that the only thing to do was to call on Ursula a couple of days before flying off on holiday.

It was still quite early in the morning when, carrying her suitcase, she knocked at the door. A nurse in a starched uniform appeared - the Dragon! She was obviously on her way out, and behind her was a blond young girl dressed like a school girl, trying to manoeuvre a pram out of the door and down the steps. The Dragon was barking at her in German. The poor girl had to bump the pram down the steps without the Dragon lifting a finger to help her.

Suddenly Emma recognised the girl. It was the bald headed heavily pregnant girl who had been on display on that same night when Winston had raped her. Now the girl was wearing a blond wig and there was no sign of her still expecting a Happy Event, as Ursula often put it.

Emma peeped into the pram. Two little fuzzy haired twin babies stared back at her. They had lovely little round smiling faces with big eyes. But they were black! Emma suddenly thought they could have been hers! If Ursula had had her way, and if she hadn't secretly taken the pills, then she too, under the supervision of the Dragon and kept dressed as a teenage mother, would now be carrying little black babies just like these. How awful! But would it really have been so shocking? They looked so sweet and the girls was obviously delighted.

Then before she had time to think more about it, she heard a shout. It was Ursula!

'So who's this stray tramp on the doorstep, nurse? Is she begging? Does she want money? Do I know her? '

Emma was speechless. Here she was, standing with her suitcase outside Ursula's door, and Ursula was refusing to even recognise her.

'Well, don't just stand there!' barked Ursula. 'Either come in or go away.'

Hesitantly, Emma entered. Now what, she wondered.

'And what are you doing with that suitcase,' demanded Ursula.

'Oh, I've just been picking up some clothes that I'd lent to a friend,' lied Emma nervously.

'Bah! A like story,' scoffed Ursula. She looked at Emma suspiciously. 'You aren't thinking of going off with some man are you?'

Emma gasped. Ursula always seemed to guess the truth.

'Oh, no Madam,' she hastily lied again, slipping back into her Mistress and servant relationship. 'I wouldn't do anything like that, Madam.'

'Hum!' Ursula looked at Emma distrustfully. 'I wonder!'

'No, Madam,' cried Emma with genuine alarm. 'I've just looked in because I just longed so much to see you again and I've got a couple of days off.'

'Well! Fancy that!' said Ursula still in a suspicious tone of voice.

'Oh, please let me stay for the night,' cried Emma piteously. She wasn't due to meet Henry at the airport until the following evening.

'Very well,' said Ursula coldly. 'Now go upstairs and get undressed, you stupid bitch, and go into my room... No! On second thoughts, as Rafaela is away, you can have her room in the basement. Go and get dressed as a maid servant. Now run along, hurry and leave your suitcase and handbag in the hall.'

My precious handbag, thought Emma nervously. Please God, don't let her search it and find my airline tickets and passport in the secret pocket! She was relieved when she saw Ursula throw both her case and bag into a cupboard.

Emma now ran downstairs, leaving Ursula to muse on this sudden development.

Ursula had been convinced that if she waited, Emma would eventually come running back like a whipped cur. Now she had done so! But might the girl indeed be secretly planning to go off on holiday with that awful brute of a man, Henry, with whom she had been so besotted? Well perhaps it was now time to make certain new arrangements! ... And, meanwhile, the girl could start doing Rafaela's job, and also help with Heidi's little progeny.

So it was that for the next few hours Emma found herself being treated as a mere servant girl, constantly being summoned to fetch and carry and attend to Ursula's needs.

It was later that morning Ursula managed to contact her German lady doctor friend on her private number...

'Yes, the same girl - Emma. She's come back again, just as I said she would. So what have you got ready for her? ... What! Nothing available for a couple of months ... I see ... But that's a disaster! ... No! I want something now.'

Ursula was clearly very disappointed.

'Well then, what should I do with her? ... What else do you suggest? ... Oh! That sounds interesting! ... And very suitable in the circumstances ... And the Directress herself is over here and wants to use a girl

for a live demonstration ... Well, indeed, why not Emma? ... You want to know if it's right time of the month for her? Hang on, I'll get her record card ... Now, let's see now ... Yes, absolutely the right moment! ... Oh! How exciting!'

Overcome by the suddenness of it all, Ursula sat down, still holding the telephone.

'Has she been taking fertility pills? Yes! She thinks they are vitamin pills to help her get over getting rid of your puppies ... So you think the Directress can almost guarantee it'll work? ... Right, let's go firm on that. Can you ask her to come and do it tomorrow? ... Good! ... No, I don't mind if she also brings some clients to watch! I'll ask several German speaking friends of mine, too. It will all be very exciting! A real game of Doctors and Nurses! And the best part of it will be that, once again, Emma won't know what's happening to her!'

Ursula laughed cruelly at the thought.

'What will it cost me?' she asked me. But money, she knew, was relatively unimportant as compared with the sheer thrill of it all. 'Well, that's not too bad. A good deal less than your way of doing it! But anyway she's just saved me a good deal more ... Yes, Winston ... The slut was secretly on the pill and so nothing happened! No I'm sure she isn't now, Winston thrashed the living daylights out of her and she'd be far too frightened to start that little trick of hers again.'

Ursula gave another cruel laugh.

'Oh so you want me to use my own one on her tonight ... and loaded with milk! ... I see ... So that she doesn't suspect anything when the real one is used. ... Fine! That'll suit me very well ... Oh, you want her a bit psychologically prepared to reduce the chance of her body rejecting them? Oh, so you recommend arousing her maternal instincts, do you? ... In a nursery atmosphere? ... Yes, I can lay that on easily. Don't forget I've still got that East German refugee girl and the other one you did is still in her cage. So I'll start right now, so that she'll be ready for the Directress tomorrow!'

Ursula gave a little sigh.

'Oh, it's all going to be so exciting! Oh, what a feeling of power! ... Yes, I think she may be secretly planning to go off on holiday with that ghastly man friend of hers. If she does, then what a joke it will be - she'll be already expecting and she won't know it - until she starts feeling sick! And when she comes back and realises what has happened, she will be utterly dependent on me again!'

18 - PSYCHOLOGICAL PREPARATIONS FOR A SPECIAL EVENT

A few minutes later, Ursula, clapping her hands with delight, spoke urgently to the Dragon in German.

'The lady doctor's got a friend visiting London. She's the Directress of a special clinic for women in a castle in Germany, and she wants to send her here tomorrow afternoon to give a live demonstration of her treatment tomorrow, using Emma! But Emma isn't to know what's being done to her. '

The Dragon smiled.

'Moreover,' went on Ursula, 'she wants us to put Emma into the playpen with our other young mother and her progeny, so as to arouse her maternal instinct and get her body into a receptive state. Make sure you treat her just like them. And you'd better give her one of your tranquillisers. It will help her feel one of them, even if she is so much bigger! And subconsciously it will make her feel jealous of my other girl for already being a mother.

Ursula paused for thought. 'But,' she laughed, 'don't hesitate to use the cane on her if she wets her rompers. The cane soon makes a big girl house trained! And give her a comforter - I don't want to hear her whinging! And check her out to make sure she's really ready for being done tomorrow.'

'Oh, and another thing! She wants me to use Duet on the girl tonight. So please see that is loaded with harmless milk and cream!

Half drugged, Emma found herself getting used to being in the rubber floored play pen with the little crawling black creatures. It was, she found, rather sexy and exciting. She was, of course, like her little companions, quite naked except for her rompers. The bars over the top of the play pen prevented her from standing up. She just had to crawl around like the little twins.

Special gloves without fingers, and strapped round her wrists, prevented her from holding anything or using her hands. A big rubber teat, fastened at the back of her neck to keep it in her mouth, allowed her only to make little whimpering noises - like those of the black babies. It was only removed when she was fed.

When the Dragon had laid her down on the hard formica covered couch in the nursery, to powder her and slip on her rompers, she had also examined her very carefully, much to Emma's embarrassment, before reporting in German to Ursula on the house phone.

'She seems perfectly ready for the treatment, Madam.'

'Excellent, Nurse,' came the excited reply. 'It's all looking very good, this time.'

Still feeling drowsy, Emma was allowed to play with the twins and, with them, she was allowed to drink the milk of their mother who was also kept naked in the playpen. Unable to say a word to the mother, who anyway spoke no English, Emma began to associate herself with the twins, and to enjoy the lovely infantile world of the nursery. She even curled up with the twins to have a little sleep.

However, as was intended, she was also jealously associating herself with the young mother. How lucky the girl was, she felt, to have had such lovely little progeny. What a fool she herself had been to have gone onto the pill!

Although she did not know it, she was indeed being psychologically prepared - just as the lady doctor had recommended!

The Dragon treated her as she did the twins, except that as well as the mother's milk she was also allowed to sit on the Dragon's knee and suck at a bottle of warm babies milk. The Dragon also started to house train her - under the constant threat of her cane.

She was sad when the black babies were taken out for their afternoon airing in their pram by their young mother and the Dragon. She felt so lonely being left all alone helpless in the playpen with the bars fastened again across the top to prevent her from trying to get out.

So she was thrilled when, a few minutes later, she heard Ursula giving instructions in the hall and the Dragon returned, silently lifted her out of the playpen, and strapped her into a special pram that Ursula had brought over from Germany. It was made to accommodate, discreetly, grown-up babies!

A pretty babies cap was fastened over her head to hide her long hair and an embroidered rug hid her body. Then, with the dummy still strapped into her mouth to stop her from calling out, and the special gloves still strapped onto her wrists to prevent her from holding anything, she was too was taken out for an airing, with the Dragon and the young mother taking it in turns to push her pram and that of the twins.

The Dragon was complemented several times by other nurses on her new charge. 'What a sweet big baby,' they would say, unable to see under the wrappings just how big she really was.

Back in the house again, Emma was thrilled to see that Ursula was warming towards her again, patting her head when she visited the nursery and telling her that she was being a good little girl. Even the strict Dragon gave her a little Star - an award - for attempting to eat a little bit of solid food, although the babies and their mother were kept strictly on a milk diet.

Then, remembering her forthcoming trip with Henry, Emma thought she ought to ask long she was going to be kept in the playpen. But gagged again by the big rubber teat, she could only make little whinnying noises.

Upstairs, unknown to Emma, Ursula could watch all Emma's movements in the playpen on a large television screen. The internal television camera and microphone had been carefully hidden in the nursery. Ursula switched on the screen. She was very excited by the sight of Emma's antics. She remembered how even more exciting had been the sight of Emma with a little swelling tummy. It would not be long now before she found her equally exciting again!

She saw Emma sucking the mother's milk and a new glow coming into Emma's face. She saw Emma tickle and touch the twins. She could see Emma getting excited by this, and desperately try to play with herself. But the Dragon soon put a stop to that. She made Emma bend over. Then Ursula saw the Dragon pick pick up a cane...

Moments later there were shrieks from behind Emma's rubber teat. Clearly the Dragon knew how to make the cane really sting. Ursula gloated when she saw the marks of the cane, but she certainly did not expect to see what she saw next.

The big nurse took off Emma's gloves and manacled her wrists to those of the young mother. She then encouraged them to play with one another for her amusement. But just as both girls were reaching a peak, she brought down her cane and thrashed them both furiously until they were both whimpering and screaming for mercy. Then she pulled up her uniform to reveal nothing underneath. She bent down over the two girls and ordered them to excite her with their still manacled hands.

Curled up again with the little creatures, Emma dozed off.

Suddenly she was awakened by the Dragon saying that she could sleep in the cot next to Ursula's room. Thrilled, and still dressed only in her little rompers, and with the rubber teat still strapped into her mouth and the special gloves still on her hands, Emma followed the Dragon up to the little alcove off Ursula's bedroom.

There, the Dragon lifted her up and lay her down on the rubber covered small mattress. She fastened the bars over the top of the cot, lit a child's night light, and left Emma alone with her thoughts.

What a day it had been! What a happy day! Emma realised that she really enjoyed being in the nursery with young mother and her progeny. It was all somehow strangely fulfilling. She had been a fool to have gone onto the pill. She could have been just like the young mother, but with her own progeny. She felt so jealous of the girl.

While she was pondering on this, Ursula came into the alcove and was all sweetness and light.

'How's my little girl? Would you like to come into my bed?' Emma made a little gurgling noise of pleasure behind her teat. She was ecstatic. How lovely! She felt so happy, all thoughts of her holiday with Henry completely forgotten.

Ursula told the Dragon to carry Emma to her own bed, to take off her gloves and rompers, and to dry and powder her.

She fingered Emma's comforter. 'Suck little Emma,' she ordered. 'Suck! Suck hard!'

She put her hand down onto Emma's tummy. Emma could not help eagerly raising her beauty lips up towards her Mistress. 'I think,' Ursula murmured softly, 'that this would look very pretty when it's nicely swollen again!'

'No! Please Ursula! No!' wailed Emma through her teat.

'Without a swollen little belly,' teased Ursula maliciously, 'Emma won't see Ursula again.'

'No! please,' begged Emma behind her gag. 'I'll do anything else for you.'

'Will you really?' laughed Ursula.

'Yes, yes!' cried Emma in her half gagged childish voice.

'Well, perhaps I may let you off that way and do something else with you instead ... Now I'm going to have a bath. And when I come back, I think I'll use Duet on you! You'd love that wouldn't you. You know you just love to give the maximum pleasure to your Mistress.

Ursula strode off to the bathroom, leaving Emma's mind reeling. Duet! Oh how long was it since her Mistress had used that exciting double dildo on her?

She remembered how it strapped onto Ursula's thighs with one realistic rubber manhood going up inside her Mistress and a little pad with rubber knobs on it pressing excitingly against her Mistress's beauty bud. But that was not at all for thrusting forward from her thighs was another rubber manhood, with which her Mistress could penetrate the girl lying under her - hence the name Duet.

But even that was not all, for hanging down below the dual dildos were two very realistic rubber testicles, which could be loaded with an equally realistic sticky mixture of warm and cream. At the vital moment her Mistress would reach down and squeeze the rubber testicles, sending a jet of milk and cream up into the girl, making her wriggle madly under her with delight and thus bring her Mistress to a thrilling climax.

Emma shuddered, however, at the memory that occasionally, to heighten the wriggles of the girl lying under her, her Mistress had secretly loaded Duet with a mixture of cream and menthol or some other burning liquid. This would make the girl wriggle even more, increasing yet more her Mistress's pleasure as she held down the now frantically struggling young woman.

Please God, she thought, no menthol!

As if guessing Emma's concern, Ursula called out over her shoulder. 'And don't worry, little Emma, there'll be no menthol this time. But just you wriggle properly or I'll stop and have Duet reloaded with some!'

'Oh no Madam,' Emma cried out. 'I'll wriggle alright! I promise!'

The bathroom door closed. Excited by the thought of Duet, Emma quickly took advantage of Ursula being in the bathroom to put her hand down to her beauty bud. It was the first time, except for the frustrating scene with the young mother, that she had been able to do so since she arrived - thanks to those awful gloves. She closed her eyes with sheer joy and began to play with herself.

Suddenly her face was slapped.

'You little slut,' shouted an angry Ursula. 'I can't trust you for a moment. Well, I see I'll just have to tie you down whilst I have my bath - and then it will be the cane for you, my girl'

But Emma didn't care about anything now. Henry was forgotten. She was overwhelmed by simply being back with Ursula. Ursula ... Duet ... Ursula ... Duet. That was all that Emma could think of.

Unaware of what Ursula was planning for her the following day, Emma was just drooling with delight as she now waiting for Ursula to finish her bath. Duet! Oh how exciting! She could feel her beauty bud throbbing with moist anticipation!

Even being blindfolded and tied up by Ursula, with her wrists fastened to the top of the bed was exciting. She knew that she really loved Ursula's wrath. She loved Ursula to be cross and beat her, for afterwards would come the marvellous relief as they got together again. Her dominating Mistress could make taking her such a dramatic experience!

Suddenly she heard the bathroom door open. Footsteps approached the bed. She could smell one of Ursula's favourite scents: the distinctive Channel No 5. Eagerly she raised her hips up to her Mistress, offering herself, as she knew she must.

She gave a little cry as she felt Ursula's long lean body coming down onto her. First one nipple and then the other was thrust into her mouth. She sucked and licked, being rewarded by little cries of delight from Ursula.

She was thrilled when she heard Emma's voice. 'Good girl. What a well trained little girl I have made you into. How you love pleasing your Mistress - and without thought of your own pleasure! You just love being kept frustrated, don't you?'

Ursula's little cries became more intense and then suddenly Emma felt her come down a little. Eagerly she parted her legs and raised her knees. She felt something hard, and yet well oiled, pressing against her now open and moist beauty lips. Duet!

Emma gasped as she felt Duet slowly and gradually beginning to penetrate her body. Her Mistress was taking her! Just like a man!

She felt Duet being slowly withdrawn and then, accompanied with as triumphant cry from Ursula, pressed home again - a little further than before. She was wriggling now and, she realised, her wriggles would make the little rubber knobs excite her Mistress's beauty bud. She remembered her Mistress's threat to use menthol if she did not wriggle properly and redoubled her frantic wriggles.

Soon Duet was sliding in and out, almost effortlessly, of her well lubricated sheath. Already partly held down by her tied wrists, she also now felt her body being held tightly by her Mistress's hands gripping her by the waist as she thrust in and out. Oh the excitement! But she knew she was there to give pleasure, not to receive it. Desperately she tried to keep her own arousal under control as she heard Ursula's cries becoming more and more raucous.

Suddenly she felt Ursula's hand slip down. Seconds later she was inundated with a warm jet of something sticky. She gave a cry and a sudden jolt of her hips. This was matched by a scream from Ursula.

'Yes! Yes! Go on! Wriggle! Don't you dare stop! And don't you dare come! ... Oh yes ... Yes ... Yes ... Ah! ... Ah! ... Ah!

Ursula now lay exhausted on Emma's still frustrated body, satiated - for the moment.

Next morning, after a passionate night of love, the Dragon gave Emma another tranquillising pill and put her back into the play pen with her little friends.

Treated just like them, Emma once again slipped back into the routine of nursery life: feeding from the mother's breasts and from the Dragon's bottle of warm milk, sucking the big rubber teat that was strapped into her mouth, the restricting gloves, playing with the babies and with their little soft golliwog dolls, being made by the Dragon to sit on her pot, and being stretched out on the formica covered couch to be washed, powdered and changed.

Watching the girl-mother feeding and playing with her progeny, again brought out her own maternal instincts. She felt so jealous of the mother, with her brood. Oh, why had she gone on the pill?

Emma heard the door bell ring several times. She heard women's voices. They sounded excited. She heard the tinkle of glasses. Were they drinking Champagne? Why? Was Ursula having a party for her friends?

Suddenly Ursula came into the nursery. She was smiling happily as if something exciting was about to take place. She said something in German to the Dragon and went out.

The Dragon lifted Emma out of the play pen and threw her down onto the cold hard couch, like a fishmonger throwing a bit of fish down onto his slab. Then, having removed her rompers, the Dragon carefully washed and dried her.

Then to Emma's surprise, she put a finger to her lips to tell Emma to keep silent, and removed Emma's baby comforter and special gloves. But Emma was even more surprised when she she locked a set of manacles onto her wrists and fastened a collar round her neck.

Snapping a lead on onto the collar, and giving Emma a warning tap with her cane, she now led the naked Emma upstairs to where the party was going on.

19 - THE LECTURE

The well groomed, strict looking, woman tapped Emma's naked belly with her long pointer as she continued her lecture.

Emma felt very foolish as she stood cowering, standing up on a stool, in the middle of Ursula's big studio room. The effect of the Dragon's tranquilliser was rapidly wearing off, heightening her feeling of acute embarrassment.

With her manacled hands she was clasping a tiny handkerchief to hide her nakedness from the half dozen well dressed women facing her. They were seated around Ursula listening intently to the lecture. Emma recognised them as German friends of Ursula's, many of whom had their own girls - though they had not brought them on this occasion.

Feeling desperately humiliated and degraded, she longed to run away, but behind her stood stood the Dragon, holding the end of a short chain lead, the other end of which was fastened to the metal collar locked round Emma's neck.

In front of Emma stood the strict looking woman, whom she gathered was the Directress of a clinic in a remote castle in Germany and who was over in London on a short professional visit. In her hand the Directress held a long metal pointer with which she would periodically point to various parts of Emma's anatomy.

Emma could not understand a word of what the grim faced Directress was saying. She was speaking in German. But from the way the Directress kept pointing at her, touching her tummy or breasts with her pointer, and from the way that her audience kept looking at her, it was clear that she was being used as living illustration for her lecture. But what could the lecture about?

Emma looked across at the couch on which she had been strapped until a few minutes ago. It had been a thorough and highly embarrassing examination that the Directress, assisted by the lady doctor and The Dragon, had made whilst the other women had gathered round listening to her comments in German and occasionally laughing. Laughing at what?

Now the women were comfortably seated, sipping coffee and eating biscuits. Neither were offered to Emma.

Emma may have been embarrassed, but she would have been far more worried if she had known that the Directress was, in fact, the owner of a private maternity home that was officially described as specialising in family planning for young would-be mothers, and that she herself was an expert in the use of a certain modern technique on recalcitrant young women. Indeed Emma would have been horrified if she could have understood what the Directress was saying.

'Ladies, I'm sure we can all agree that this is the ultimate power that a woman can have over a girl,' the Directress said. She was a well built woman in her fifties. With her greying hair combed straight back, and wearing a a long black dress that came up to her neck, she looked rather like a wardress - which in some ways she was.

'Moreover, I'm sure we all agree that we do not want to apply force - just a little guile which often makes it all the more exciting for us, the Mistresses! Indeed nature being what it is, especially in the hot house atmosphere of our Secret World, we all know how we can make one of our girls be only eager to become a little-mother-to-be, strange as it may seem in the cold light of day in the real world outside.'

'So guile, if you like, is what my talk is going to be about in describing my technique and the services I can offer in my establishment in my remote castle in Germany!'

'Now the rapid advance of modern medicine has made possible, in our field, many things that would have been thought impossible and outrageous only a few years ago. Let me make it clear that I have

nothing, for instance, against the methods of my lady doctor friend, Doctor Anna, with whom I collaborate closely - though our techniques are different.'

The Directress turned towards the smiling Doctor Anna. 'Some of you may indeed have used her methods on your girls. One the great advantages, of course, of her method is that the whole period can be greatly shortened - though some Mistresses may not want this. But it does involve a minor operation, that has to be performed by a specialist, like our lady doctor friend. Moreover the "material" she uses is often difficult to obtain. Not surprisingly it is also rather expensive - money down the drain if anything goes wrong!'

'Yes, indeed,' interjected Ursula giving a sharp look towards the naked Emma.

'But I specialise in enabling a dominant woman herself, I say again, herself to fertilize an often unsuspecting girl in a relatively cheap and natural way whilst taking her pleasure from the girl in her bed - and in a way that also gives the woman great mental, as well as sensual pleasure.'

There murmurs of eager approval from around the room.

'Imagine' went on the Directress, 'the feeling of power that you feel as you inseminate a girl wriggling under you with your own rubber dildo strapped onto your thighs and pressing deliciously against your beauty bud. Think of how she will react quite naturally to the strong thrusts of your dildo. Think of your reactions and feeling of power that you will experience.'

She paused. Her audience were listening spellbound.

'Now think how much greater that feeling of power might be if the girl is quite unaware that what if you are about to inject into her is not the usual innocuous warm milk but real live sperm. She may be quite unaware that she is actually being inseminated, but her Mistress will know and the thought will be thrilling - as will be the thought that she is deliberately keeping the girl ignorant of what is really happening inside her.'

'Ah!' cried Ursula.

'Alternatively, of course,' went on the Directress, 'a Mistress may experience a feeling of even greater power by actually telling the girl just what she is going to do to her. She can then enjoy holding the girl down as she vainly bucks and wriggles to try and prevent the loaded dildo from penetrating slowly more and more deeply. Imagine in such circumstances the violent jump the girl will make when she eventually suddenly feels, what she knows to be live semen, jetting into her body! It is a jump that invariably brings the Mistress herself to a sudden and deeply satisfying climax - something that is just not possible with the more clinical method used by our friend, Doctor Anna.'

There were cries of 'Oh! Wonderful!' from the audience. The Directress smiled. She had them in the small of her hand. Clearly most of them, if not all, would become clients!

'Here again,' the Directress went on, 'the excitement for the Mistress may be all the greater if, unknown to the girl, the rubber dildo is loaded not with ordinary white sperm but with that of a black Dinka giant. Imagine the feeling of power that you would feel as she is made to carry, deliver and finally suckle her black progeny - perhaps in a cage in my castle.'

'Yes, yes!' cried Ursula enthusiastically, her eyes gleaming.

'Well,' the Directress went on still speaking in German, 'I also specialise in providing the very dark skinned Negro sperm that I find my clients usually prefer.'

'Do you always recommend the use of Negro sperm.' asked a woman.

'Yes! It makes the feeling of power all the stronger,' came the answer, 'right up to the moment when, for the first time, the girl sees the little piccaninnies she has just delivered for her Mistress. Furthermore it also makes it easier when the progeny is taken away from the girl. There is always a good demand for little black future servants in certain Middle Eastern countries. That, too, is a service that I can arrange, so that the Mistress can then take her girl away to resume her normal duties as her Mistress's ladies maid, or attendant, but now, of course, in milk - and more in thrall to her Mistress than ever.'

The audience nodded. The Directress certainly seemed to provide a useful and comprehensive service! Ursula's eyes were gleaming, and she kept looking at the naked Emma still being held tightly in front of the women by the Dragon.

'Yes, you can decide what you are going to tell the girl - if anything - and when. I've had clients who simply told their girl to stop fussing - it was all merely indigestion, a diagnosis that I would confirm to the girl when her Mistress brought her to me for monthly progress checks.'

Again Ursula's eyes gleamed.

'One advantage of telling the girl fairly soon what is happening to her is that you can then bring on her milk early,' added the Directress with a smile, 'and that's something which is very popular with my clients.'

Again there were nods of agreement, not least from Ursula.

'But I have to admit that I have also had clients who had the girl's milk brought on early when the girl was still quite ignorant of what was happening to her!'

Several of the women looked at each other and smiled.

'Now, returning to my technique - and to my service. Although it is a simple technique that can be used in the home, you do need, of course, to store and handle the precious semen carefully before loading it into the dildo, and it it does require a special type of artificial dildo so that the semen remains alive whilst it is waiting to be injected, at the critical moment, into the perhaps struggling girl.

'Therefore, most of my lady clients prefer to bring their young women to my castle, telling them that they are taking them there "for a little holiday". There the girl can either stay innocently with her Mistress in the guest wing, or the Mistress can, for instance, bring on the girl's maternal instincts, by having her put into a cage with a girl who's just delivered her little progeny. I understand,' the Directress said pointing again to the naked Emma, 'that this is what our hostess has just had done to this young woman. But either way, in my castle, my staff can advise the Mistress that the girl is ready and then, at an appropriate moment, discreetly provide the Mistress with a correctly loaded dildo, ready for use - just as we are shortly going to provide for our hostess to use on this young lady!'

The Directress turned to Ursula. 'I understand that this girl is married. What about her husband?'

'Oh he's just a fool, like most men,' sneered Ursula. 'He'll believe anything I tell him about his wife. She doesn't know it yet, but he is talking of going off abroad for a year. He's actually asked me if I would keep an eye on her whilst he is away! ... But what I am not quite sure about is how much to tell the girl.'

'Well,' said the Directress laughing, 'some of my clients bring their girls to my clinic and then, once the girl has been securely chained down on a fertilisation couch, they tell them, as I said earlier, just what is going to happen to them. Some of the girls, mentally well prepared by their Mistresses, are thrilled. Others may at first scream blue murder, but we are used to that. It makes it all the more exciting for the girl's mistress as she penetrates the desperately wriggling girl and inseminates her. Of course she would already have had the mental pleasure of putting the girl, without her knowledge, onto a course of fertility pills a month before insemination is due to take place, just as our friend Ursula has done in this case, to get a good chance of twins or even triplets.'

'I suppose it could be done with a syringe - like with heifers on my husband's farms?' queried one of Ursula's guests.

'Yes, but using a syringe would do away with the tremendous sensual pleasure that a Mistress can feel using a rubber dildo that is specially designed to excite and press against her own beauty bud. I believe that the insemination should be normal - or as normal as using an special artificial manhood, worn by the Mistress and loaded with live human sperm can be. So, I don't recommend using a syringe. That would be no fun for the girl's Mistress - and don't forget she's paying handsomely.

'Yes, I see,' agreed the woman with a sinister laugh, as she thought of what she might do to two adoring young girl friends.

'Of course, in theory, using a loaded artificial dildo may not be quite so certain as with a syringe, but my specially designed dildos, coupled with the course of fertility pills, makes success almost guaranteed when used at the right moment on a fit and healthy girl. It all also, of course, results in a high proportion of twins. Indeed, in my castle, in the couple of months, we've had two lots of black black twins and one lot of triplets.'

Ursula's eyes gleamed. 'Twins!' she cried, clapping her hands, as she looked at Emma. 'Black triplets! Oh yes, I'd like that.'

'I find that not only,' went on the Directress briskly, 'do many Mistresses like to watch their girls undergoing the additional thrill of carrying, delivering and feeding twins, but also, of course, the girl gives much more milk.'

Again Ursula's eyes gleamed.

'I do, however, have some clients who like the girl to be simply artificially inseminated like an animal. They bring her to my clinic, having told her that she's going to have a little operation for, say, an ingrowing toe nail. We put the girl to sleep and then inseminate her. The girl has no idea what has been done to her. The client takes her away again, and enjoys watching the girl becoming increasingly bemused at what is happening to her body. But I think the Mistress has missed half the excitement.'

Yes indeed, thought Ursula.

'As I said, other clients like the girl to be fully aware of what is going to happen to her. Even if the girl is at first reluctant, her natural maternal instincts will soon take over and she will be thrilled by what is

happening. However, just in case a girl, perhaps in a fit of temper, is ever tempted to try and get at herself, I always recommend putting the girl into a proper chastity belt. They can then safely take the girl home, making her continue her role as their personal maidservant and, when when her condition begins to show, they enjoy showing her off to their friends.'

'Yes, that would be exciting,' murmured Ursula, 'but I still think it would be more fun to keep the girl ignorant.'

'Well, to help keep the girl as ignorant as possible, for as long as possible, and to reduce the chance of a miscarriage, some clients like to keep their girls locked up, for the first few critical months, in my castle - in my clinic. To reduce the chance of a miscarriage, we put them into rows of long low cages, lying helplessly on their backs, one above the other, with each girl's hands chained to the roof of her cage just above her head. This stops them from reaching down to get at themselves.'

'What size cages do you use?' asked one of the women.

'Oh, long but very tight small ones. They are two metres long but less than a metre wide and about the same height, so that the girls can't even sit up. Their ankles are chained to the side of the far end of each cage, so that they can't turn over but have to remain lying helplessly on their backs whilst their progeny grow unimpeded. They are fed, one at a time, by letting down little grills at the end of the cages behind their heads, and then putting food and drink into their mouths through a funnel. The sides of the cages can also be let down so that our resident doctor can make her daily examinations of the now well displayed girls's bodies and so, too, of course, can the girl's Mistress when she comes to visit her ... Here's a photograph of the cages stacked one above the other.'

'But what about the ... ' asked one of the audience.

'Oh that's no problem! You can see that the floors of the cages are of rubber matting sloping away to a little drain in the corner of the cage.'

'But what's that curtain across the cage just below the girl's breasts?'

'Ah that's to prevent the girl from seeing her growing tummy and perhaps becoming concerned. Remember that some of the girls, at this stage, may be thinking that they are just suffering from an attack of indigestion!

The Directress paused to take a sip of water.

'This optional service of ours can be very exciting for the Mistress,' the Directress continued. 'She is thrilled to see her girl lying there helpless on her back in her cage, with a her tummy beginning to grow. The girl can of course be taken out to please her Mistress, and in any case, after the first few critical months, we take them out to be exercised for an hour a day - crawling round a sandy pit on all fours, for we still don't let them stand up.'

'The whole idea of this particular service is that the girl should be kept lying on her back, with nothing to do, and unable to to touch herself, whilst her progeny grow undisturbed, and her belly gently swells. Unless the Mistress has told the girl otherwise, at first we keep the girl unaware that she has conceived. Indeed many of our clients like to keep it a secret even when the girl feels her progeny kicking. '

Ursula imagined Emma lying in silence on her back in a cage. She imagined making daily visits to the cage and lifting up the flap on the side to feel the swelling belly - and then having her brought crawling to her bed ... What a pity they were not in Germany and able to make more use of the Directress's castle!

Ursula looked at Emma's flat little belly. Although she did not know it, it would not now be long before it started to swell prettily - especially if she conceived twins. How amusing it be to brainwash Emma into being thrilled at what was happening.

'However,' the Directress continued, 'the method that I usually recommend, however, to visitors to my castle is not to tell the girl anything beforehand and just put her onto a course of fertility pills. In this way the girl doesn't suspect anything when the Mistress mounts her with a dildo loaded by my staff with live sperm.

'Another service I offer is for the client not to leave the girl lying on her back in a low cage, but instead to have her put into one of a line of normal cages, low enough to stop the girl from standing up. In the other cages would, of course, be girls crawling on straw and waiting for their day of delivery. The girl would protest that she isn't expectant and ask, in vain, why she has been put with these other girls. Soon the Mistress can enjoy seeing the expression of sheer disbelief on the girl's face as she feels her own unexpected progeny moving inside her. She can then be moved to a long cage where, lying helplessly on her back with her hands chained above her head, her Mistress can tell her the truth. As you can see, we can offer many different services to our clients!'

It would certainly be amusing, Ursula was telling herself, to tease Emma by telling her just what was going to happen to her. But it would even more fun to keep her ignorant until she felt her twins kicking. She imagined Emma in the cage downstairs, begging to be told what was happening to her body. But perhaps it would be even more fun having a half naked Emma, her swollen belly showing well in a specially cutaway maid's uniform, serving her and her guests at dinner here in London.

'All our services,' went the Directress, 'are intended to heighten the feeling of power that a Mistress can feel when breeding from one of her girls. After the delivery, for instance, there is the feeling of power again as we make the girl dress and behave as a nursemaid to her own children, pushing them in a pram in the castle park, before to they are sent away.

'So you can see how this technique, coupled with our choice of services, certainly offers a Mistress a long drawn out feeling of great power and excitement.'

'Yes indeed,' the women listeners were murmuring, each thinking of how she might use them at scheme on one of her own girls.

20 - COVERED BY HER MISTRESS!

'There are several other points I should like to stress,' the Directress went on.

'Firstly it greatly helps a successful conclusion if the Mistress first stimulates the girl's maternal instincts whilst she is on her course of fertility pills, by having her play with dolls or, even better, with a real live baby - as was done in this case,' she added, pointing to the cowering naked figure of Emma still standing up on a stool in front of the audience. 'Then somehow Nature seems to get the girl's body more ready to accept the role that her Mistress has chosen for her.'

'Some of my clients even like to see their girl isolated completely from the very sight of a man for a couple of months before she mounts her. In this way the girl associates her motherhood entirely with her Mistress, even if she does not understand how it was done. She even learns to regard her Mistress as the father.'

'Finally a very important point - preventing the girl, suddenly realising the enormity of what is happening to her, from trying to get rid of what she is carrying.'

'By all means use a chastity belt, but ideally, she should also be sent to me to be kept helpless in a cage in my castle. If that is not possible, then I do most strongly urge you to keep her in a some sort of cage, especially after she learns the truth. She may then have fits of wanting to get rid of it - or rather, hopefully, them.'

'These modern girls are very cunning. They will beg you to allow them to go out and visit their dying grandmother for a few hours, or they'll even slip away when you are out to lunch. Then they'll pop into a clinic and in no time it will all be over!'

'It may well be some time before you realise what has happened, before you realise that she has made a fool of you. You may then punish her severely, but will be too late - and you will have to start all over again, and this time with a girl who is much more aware of what you might be doing to her.'

Ursula nodded, thinking of what she had been through with Emma, the sly slut. Indeed, it would have been sensible to have kept locked up in a chastity belt, but how could she have done so when the girl frequently had to go home to her husband? But, she decided, she had learnt her lesson, thinking of the new little cage downstairs. How pretty a scared pregnant Emma would look gripping the bars of that cage, especially she was kept naked and muzzled. Even if she somehow got out of he cage, she could hardly rush out into the street with no clothes on and unable to speak!

'Well,' concluded the Directress, 'you know the background now, so let's discuss how we should deal with this young woman here.'

The Directress said something in German to the Dragon.

'Put your hands behind you neck!' the Dragon ordered Emma harshly in English, emphasising each order with a tap of her cane. 'Head up! Legs apart and bend your knees! Now thrust out your belly!'

'So,' said the Directress in her German accent, 'this will give you an idea of what she will look like in a couple of months time! Ursula tells me that the girl has been taking fertility pills, that she has spent a day in a child's play pen with real babies, to have her maternity instincts aroused, and that only last night she took her with an artificial manhood loaded with warm milk. So she should be ready mentally. We've all just had a good look at her physically and there nothing wrong there.'

'So, Miss de Vere, could you now please have the girl blindfolded and taken to your bed. Then let us know when you've got her excited and ready. Meanwhile I will show the audience special dildo and how we lad it with live sperm.'

'Then we'll come and watch you strap it on and use it. Try and be as natural as possible, and when you feel you are about to climax, just reach down and squeeze the rubber testicles!'

Emma was blindfolded by the Dragon and led into Ursula's bedroom. She was strapped down - her arms and legs spread-eagled on the bed, her hips raised by several pillows. She felt very naked and exposed - her legs stretched so wide apart that they almost hurt. She was gagged by the big rubber teat that was again strapped round her neck.

Then she felt Ursula coming onto the bed. Ursula came onto the bed. She was naked. She held Emma to her.

'How pretty my little girl is! Is she going to please her Mistress?'

Emma could only nod and give a little whimper of assent from under the big rubber teat. She felt her Mistress's tongue on her beauty bud. It was unbelievably exciting. What a honour! If only Ursula would do that to her more often! She felt herself becoming soft and relaxed. She wasn't concentrating any more on what was happening.

'Tell the others she's ready,' she heard Ursula order. Ready for what, she wondered hazily.

She heard the footsteps of the other women come into the bedroom and surround the bed. She felt Ursula get off the bed. She felt hands running over her body, and down between her legs. How embarrassing and, yet, how exciting! There was laughter. She tried unavailingly to protest from behind her gag.

Ursula smiled as she looked down on the gagged and blindfolded figure of Emma lying on the couch, her arms tied outstretched to rings at the top, her ankles now fastened well apart and her hips raised invitingly.

Then she looked down on the very realistic rubber manhood that was strapped between her strong thighs. It was black. How very suitable, she thought with a cruel laugh! It juddered excitingly with her slightest movement, little rubber studs pressing thrillingly against her beauty bud. She looked enquiring at the Directress standing by the side of the bed. There was a burst of eager laughter and encouragement from the watching women.

Emma gave a little moan as once again Ursula held her. Suddenly she felt Ursula's exciting dildo. Duet! Again! Oh, how exciting! She was being spoilt! But it felt rather different. Was it a different Duet?

She did not know just what was being done to her. But that, of course, was half the excitement not only for Ursula, but also for Emma. Doctors and Nurses had always, Emma was thinking, been one of their most thrilling, and innocent games.

The Directress was looking at Emma carefully. Then she nodded at Ursula.

As Ursula gripped the helpless girl, and thrust into her, an extraordinary feeling of power swept over her. She was playing the part of God, the giver of life.

She began to thrust in and out, her arousal rising rapidly from a mixture of physical and mental pleasure. She could feel Emma becoming wildly excited, too. Indeed, she realised that Emma, too, thrilled at being allowed to have pleasure in her Mistress's arms, was also about to reach a fantastic climax - a climax that would be as mirrored by her own one.

'Oh little Emma,' murmured Ursula as she very carefully reached down and squeezed the rubber testicles. 'Take it! Take it! It's it's all going to be so exciting! Oh! Oh!'

Moments later an emotionally exhausted Emma fell asleep in the arms of her smiling Mistress as the watchers tiptoed out of the room.

The next morning Emma woke up back in her cot. Her head was now quite clear.

She was quite alone and the house seemed very quiet.

She looked at the clock and saw that in two hours time she was due to meet Henry at the airport. Gosh!

Where was her luggage ... and her handbag with her ticket? She remembered Ursula throwing them into the closet in the hall.

She crept downstairs into the nursery. She found her clothes. Then in a mad rush and ignoring angry shouts of 'Stay where you are or I'll lock you in', she grabbed her suitcase and bag, and rushed out of the door.

21 - THE DECEPTION

Emma lay in bed at home, feeling as sick as a dog.

Desperately, she wondered much longer she could fool all those around her. To date she had complained of flu, of a virus, of a bug - but as her friends said, surely a good doctor could cure Emma?

For some weeks she had been feeling tired and strange. She had also started to feel more and more hungry and had been terrified lest Ursula noticed that she was clearly putting on weight. But Ursula had said nothing when she had gone up to London to see her. On the contrary she had seemed strangely pleased with her little slave.

But matters had got worse and worse. Her body felt extra heavy and there seemed to be something odd going on in her stomach.

She overheard her husband talking to her mother-in-law on the telephone.

'Emma is still in bed ... Well, she won't go to see the doctor ... Her friend, Ursula, says it's just a virus ... Yes, a virus ...'

Well, thought Emma, from the symptoms, it could indeed be M.E., the current Yuppy disease: lethargy, bad indigestion, and of course being constantly sick.

'...I have tried, Mother, to get her to a specialist but she refuses to see him...'

These long tiresome phone calls continued...

What was Emma to do?

She knew deep down that she had all the symptoms of again being expectant. But how could she be? How could it have happened?

She knew for certain that it was nothing to do with her being ravished by Winston. Nor could it be anything to do with Henry. Anyway the first symptoms had already started whilst she was still on that wonderful short holiday with him in Sicily. No, somehow Ursula must be responsible, not Henry. But how? Had something been done to her whilst she was visiting Ursula? Perhaps during that exciting time when the German Directress had come, just before she had fled for her holiday with Henry?

If she were expectant, then it all seemed rather sad. Not for her the excitement of proud young parents, of mothers-to-be who loved to talk about going to the clinic for prenatal classes, of fathers who want be at the birth and who talk to their colleagues in the office about The Great Event. She knew that her motherhood was going to be very different - with her utterly dependant on Ursula.

She shivered with the memory of that strange Directress. She had been blindfolded and chained down. Had something really happened then? But how? She remembered that Ursula had used her loaded dildo. But that was quite usual. It had only contained milk and cream. Then she remembered how how this time it had felt different from the night before. So had something then been done to her? My God! She remembered the excited laughter of Ursula's friends. Had they known something which she didn't? Something to do with the lecture in German which she had not understood? But what?

She knew how easy it was to get carried away in the artificial surroundings of Ursula and her friends of the Secret World. At the time it might seem a huge joke, a game - but here at home in broad daylight, Emma began to think of the consequences and of the horror of it all. It must be stopped! She must get rid of it. But get rid of what?

Indeed just what was she carrying? Black twins? Like the girl in Ursula's house? God! And, she knew, if she ever dared to question Ursula she would be caned for Impertinence or Inquisitiveness. Oh that awful woman! Henry, to whom she had confided, during their holiday together, much of the story of her relationship with Ursula, had described her as an 'evil woman' and had urged her to break with her completely.

As hate began to mount in Emma, so she started feeling hot and cold - and then... God! She started feeling sick again. It was all too much. The strain was beginning to tell. She would damn well have it out with Ursula by telephone and demand that she take action!

She telephoned ... ring ring ... ring ring.

'Ursula! Is that you?'

'Yes Emma! This is me!'

'I need to talk to you.'

Ursula was furious at being disturbed. She was obviously in bed with one of her girls, enjoying the youthfulness of her body - lusting after her - and bloody Emma's voice was the last thing she wanted to hear.

'Ring me back in an hour's time, Emma. I'm busy at the moment with someone - very busy.'

Emma could hear in the background a young woman's laughter. Not just any laughter, but the girlish giggle of a girl who was enjoying sex. In a jealous rage, Emma screamed down the phone, 'Get that bitch out of there. I shall be in your house in two hour's time!'

Exhausted, Emma lay back on the pillows - pale, sick, and jealous. Who would ever understand what she was going through - and all of it, she had to admit, virtually self inflicted.

Then who should telephone but Him, the Brute, Henry. 'No I can't see you, I am busy,' she shouted. At that moment she even wondered if he was an agent of Ursula's - anything would be possible with her.

Emma dressed rather shakily and got out her overnight bag. She was damn well going to force Ursula to do something!

Blind with anger, anxiety, and outright rage, she reached London before lunch time. Without delay she took a taxi to Ursula's. On the way she rehearsed how she was going to have an out and out showdown with Ursula. Yes, she would finish with her completely, just as Henry had advised her to do. But first she needed to get rid of whatever it was growing inside her.

Red-hot tempered, she pressed the door bell. Ursula, all sweetness and light, answered.

'My darling little Emma! You don't look well.' The slight foreign accent and phraseology was at it's most cloying. 'My sweet little bud, let me help you! Come in, my little cherished one. Come! Come to Ursula! Come to your Mistress! Now have a good cry on my shoulder!'

Emma almost collapsed. All the pent up rage flowed out - the jealousy, the hate. She let it all flow. Ursula listened and then, like a fairy godmother waving a magic wand, she spoke.

'Darling Emma, it's all taken already been care of! We fly this evening to Salzburg and then, to my house and onto the castle where you can have your little operation. Now run along and clean yourself up, have a rest and be ready by three thirty!'

Emma had a long bath and a little rest. How she adored Ursula when she was like this: kind, caring and nice. If she was like this all the time, then they could live together always - and to hell with Henry. Emma forgot her sickness and her jealousy - she just let Ursula take over.

By three thirty she was rested, dressed and ready. Ursula called up to her. The taxi was outside - off they went. Ursula was extremely attentive, clearly enjoying her role of looking after an expectant Emma. Yes, she would buy Emma some nice magazines at the airport. Yes, and some scent, and a few other little presents - lots of little comforts for dear little Emma. They would be met at the airport at Salzburg and the house was only an hour's drive away.

'So, just relax Emma, and leave it all to Ursula!' she whispered.

At the airport, Emma heard Ursula tell the efficient ground hostess that she was travelling with her maid who would be travelling Economy class whilst she, of course, would be travelling in comfort in the Executive Class. Just for a moment her hackles rose, then she rather enjoyed slipping back into her subservient role as Ursula's body servant again. Feeling heavy and lethargic as she did, she was also rather glad to be alone and slept most of the way.

The moment the plane touched down Ursula took charge. In no time they were through the arrivals and were met by two smart German looking women in what looked like some sort of nurse's uniform.

Emma was put in the back of the car with Ursula, who quickly put a blindfold on her. 'For security,' whispered Ursula reassuringly, 'it'll be all the more exciting if you don't know where you're going.'

Another of Ursula's exciting games, thought Emma. The blindfold wasn't very tight, and so she could just see out: flat country, fields, little towns and a backdrop of mountains. And then, after a time, an abrupt stop! Emma could just make out a large tall house, but then the blindfold was made tighter.

She was now in complete darkness as she was bundled quickly into the house and up about four flights of stairs. Her hands were tied behind her back and she was left on her own, blindfolded and lying on a bed, for two hours, with a warning from Ursula that a nurse would be coming in to clear her out for her operation the following day.

Ugh! thought Emma. How ghastly! She knew what 'clearing out' meant - an awful enema. Remembering what had happened before when she went back to the Nursing Home after Ireland, she also knew that all her body hair would be meticulously removed - and she would be allowed no food.

The dreaded nurse arrived. She sounded smart, efficient and had only a minimum of English. She got to work on the still blindfolded Emma. It was purely business, purely clinical. The nurse showed no emotion. She was just doing a job, and Emma might have been a horse, a monkey or a cat. She wasn't nasty to Emma, but Emma felt that she was somehow cruel.

But she had no time to think as very quickly the enema started to work. Indeed so quickly that there was a slight accident, whereupon the nurse rounded on her, 'You filthy slut!' she screamed. Then she proceeded to give Emma ten strokes on her bare behind with a cane - all the time calling her filthy names, half in German, half in English.

'Please let me go to the loo,' cried Emma for the enema was still working and her beating had only heightened her urgent need to relieve herself. Hardly had she done so, when Ursula arrived.

'So, is our Emma misbehaving, Nurse? I'd better get my whip! Hold the slut down, I'll be back in a minute.'

The nurse held Emma down. She was still blindfolded and with her hands tied behind her back.

Ursula returned. 'Turn her over Nurse!'

She proceeded to whip Emma's tingling breasts, causing yet another accident.

'Shall we whip her little round tummy, Nurse? Is it time we took her off to to see on the scan what she's carrying? Or perhaps we'll keep her waiting anxiously until they put the scan on her tomorrow. Meanwhile, Nurse, clean the wretch up. and put her into rompers for the night. You'd better leave her wrists tied and her blindfold on - we don't want her doing anything silly.'

Paralysed with fear, sickness and hate, Emma felt the nurse remove her body hair, clean her up and put on the rompers. Strangely, when the rompers were in place, she felt the nurse getting turned on by her as she carried Emma to bed. To Emma's surprise she started to caress her, to hold her breasts. Then she heard Ursula's footsteps outside, and the nurse started to yell again, and gave Emma another beating in front of Ursula.

'Well done Nurse,' said Ursula. 'Tomorrow we'll have a good look at the scan and see what needs to be done.'

Emma didn't know how long she she slept, but very soon it seemed, the nurse was back, unfastened her wrists, put her into a robe and took her still blindfolded downstairs to Ursula.

'Get her dressed, Nurse, we must go to the castle , to the clinic.'

They bundled Emma into the car and off they went.

Soon Emma was seated, her blindfold removed, before what looked like a small computer.

The nurse keyed in a few things and Emma saw the word Pelvis, but the other words she could not understand. Initially the picture was very blurred. She could see nothing. Ursula was getting angry. 'Get the technician,' she shouted.

The technician came and adjusted the machine. Suddenly, Ursula yelled triumphantly.

'Look Emma! Two little wriggling creatures. And all done by me! By me! And without you realising what was happening!'

She tried to hold Emma's head, to force her to look at the screen. But Emma felt physically sick.

'My God! How ghastly!' she cried. 'How could you, Ursula.'

But Ursula was laughing, enjoying Emma's horror. Enjoying her own feeling of power.

Then who should come in, but the Directress! Emma realised that this castle must be her clinic, her birth control clinic. The Directress looked at the screen and smiled. Then she turned and, giving Emma a little pat on her head, warmly congratulated Ursula.

'What did I tell you? I knew it would be twins. And these ones look so big and healthy - both boys. You must feel very pleased. Are you going to let me keep her in a cage so that, in her present state of mind, she can't get at them?'

Listening, Emma was horrified - and very frightened.

'No! No!' she screamed. 'Please get rid of them. You promised! Please!'

Ursula and Directress looked at each other in silence. They smiled. They had a long conversation in German, and then Ursula turned back to Emma.

'Well, as you've made such a fuss about having them, Emma, I've agreed to have them taken away, just as you want,' she lied, exchanging a secret wink with the nurse. 'So everything is going to be alright, just as I said it would in London. You're going to be taken upstairs and operated on. Now!'

A day later, Emma slowly came round.

My God! What a terrible experience. Who could she tell? Nobody! Oh, what an awful world she had become involved in. Oh how she longed for the safe luxury of her own home and husband.

Soon Ursula came to see her and with her was the Directress. Emma shivered.

The Directress spoke to Ursula in German.

'We did as you requested - just kept her drugged for a day and gave her an implant to make sure she carries the creatures successfully. She'll think they've really been taken away. She won't realise the truth until they start kicking. Meanwhile her frequent sickness will soon cease quite naturally as her condition progresses and she'll soon feel strong and happy again.'

Ursula's eyes glistened with delight. She turned to Emma.

'They've asked me to explain that in order to ease the shock,' she lied, 'they've done it so that you will go on feeling expectant for a time. Like a false pregnancy. It may even take a little time for your tummy to get flat again and it may well swell up more for a time. But don't worry about it.'

'But they have gone, those awful little creatures, haven't they?' asked Emma anxiously.

'Of course, little Emma,' lied Ursula once again. 'But it's going to be a little secret between us. Everyone else will think you are are still expecting a Happy Little Surprise. Secretly, we'll know better but we're going to pretend that you're being made to carry little black twins against your will for my greater amusement. So, although you'll be made by Helga to show off your tummy proudly at my parties, we'll know that it's all just pretence. Oh it's going to be such an exciting game, Emma! '

'Oh, Madam!' cried Emma. How clever and wonderful her Mistress was! How stupid she was not to have trusted her completely.

'I told you I would look after you Emma, and I am,' smiled Ursula triumphantly.

22 - DISILLUSIONMENT

'Look at her little swelling belly!' Ursula whispered proudly to her dinner guests. 'Two little black ones!'

Emma was wearing a long black clinging maid's dress that came down to her ankles - something that served to emphasise the lace fringed circular cutaway that left her swollen tummy quite bare, with an occasional tantalising glimpse of her smoothly bald mound and body lips.

Locked round her neck was a prettily studded red dog collar with a big ring under her chin. It was engraved with Ursula's name and address.

Standing in the corner of the room, a matching dog lead in one hand was the Dragon. In her other hand was the long whippy cane she used to discipline Emma. She had just led Emma into the dining room and released her from the lead so that she could wait at table.

Emma was used to be treated like this, for Ursula had given strict instructions that, as part of their exciting little game, Emma must always be kept on the lead and accompanied everywhere, and all times, by the Dragon. The only exception was when she was chained by her collar to her little cot next to Ursula's bedroom, or locked up in the new cage in the nursery.

Emma was very conscious that her every movement was being watched by the Dragon. She was also very conscious of her cane.

Emma glanced at her Mistress. They exchanged a secret wink. Only they, she thought, and the Dragon, knew that in fact there was now nothing there, that the black babies had been removed, even though the swelling had remained for the time being. Only they knew that it was now just a false pregnancy, albeit a remarkably realistic one.

Ursula said something in German. The other women laughed, evidently at her expense. Emma wondered what Ursula had said. She hated it when Ursula spoke in German.

'Come here, girl!' beckoned a repulsive large fat lady. Emma shivered, thanking God that her Mistress was the tall slim Ursula -and not this flat slob of a woman. The woman ran her hands knowing over Emma's belly. Then to Emma's acute embarrassment she put her hands down under the lace fringe to feel and cup Emma's body lips. Desperately Emma looked at Ursula. Surely she would tell her friend to let her go. But instead Ursula said coldly, 'Part your legs and bend your knees, Emma!'

Emma felt the woman feeling up inside her, knowingly and carefully. She longed to cry out, 'Leave me alone! There's nothing there!' But she knew that she must go along with the pretence.

The fat woman, her hand still between Emma's legs, called out something in German to Ursula and they both laughed. Several of the other women joined in the laughter, pointing at Emma.

'What a joke, Ursula!' laughed one woman in English. 'And she still doesn't know the truth. What a brilliant and clever idea!'

What did she mean, Emma vaguely wondered. What truth? The truth was that she wasn't expecting anything, but they thought she was - it was all one of Ursula's games of double bluff. But, anyway, she was soon too busy serving at table to think about the woman's remark.

Ursula looked angrily at the woman, and put her finger to her lips. 'Be careful Ingrid, or you'll spoil all our fun!'

Emma lay on her back in the little cot, writhing in frustration. It was the position that the Dragon seemed to like keeping her in, chaining her her ankles to opposite corners so that she should not turn over. It was, Emma knew, all part of Ursula's game of pretending that she was still expecting and was being made to carry her black babies. But at least she could stretch out which was more than she could do in the little cage.

It was, she had to admit, a rather exciting game. She felt so well now. The constant feeling sickness had stopped quite soon after returning from Salzburg. Now, despite her still swollen tummy and a strange feeling, she positively glowed. What nonsense Henry talked when he said that Ursula was evil. On the contrary, she was thrillingly exciting!

Indeed she longed to put her hand down to her beauty bud, but Ursula was stricter than ever about that. In the cage her wrists were kept chained round one of the bars making it impossible for her to touch herself. Here in the cot, with her wrists now loosely chained to to the collar locked round her neck she was equally helpless. Nor, with her collar chain tightly locked to the bars of the cot could she properly raise her head. She wondered if Ursula would take her to her bed that night, and if so whether she would allow her a little relief. Oh, how she enjoyed again being Ursula's submissive little slave girl!

She could hear Ursula splashing in her bath. But, she could also hear the girlish giggles of the pretty young girl who was soaping and washing Ursula's lean hard body - the body she much loved. Rage and jealousy consumed her. How dare Ursula have another girl in her bedroom when, just to please her beloved Ursula, she was playing the role that so excited them both - a forcibly pregnant slave girl. If only she wasn't chained down, she'd soon see that other girl off alright!

Wrapped in a huge bath towel and smelling deliciously, Ursula came into Emma's little room. Smiling, she pulled back the bed cover on the cot and looked down approvingly at Emma's naked body.

'Oh, darling little Emma, don't you look sweet with your little swollen tummy. Emma's carrying two little black babies for her Mistress, isn't she? Emma was a naughty girl once before, but she's learnt her lesson now, and knows she has to do as she's told!'

Overcome a with her delight at Ursula's tone, and almost forgetting that she was only playing a role, Emma cried out, what she had been taught to say: 'Oh yes, Madam, it's so exciting having to carry black twins for my Mistress.' Then anxiously she added: 'And is my Mistress pleased with her little slave?'

'Yes, Emma, she is,' replied Ursula, her eyes glistening. Then she gave a little laugh and murmured, 'Perhaps more than you realise, my girl.'

Ursula put her hand down to Emma. 'Oh, the naughty little girl's getting excited. Well, little girls who are expecting a Happy Little Surprise must be kept very good, mustn't they? '

She touched Emma's beauty bud. Emma jumped as if she had been been given an electric shock. She gave a little moan, raised her hips up towards her Mistress and looked up at her, silently pleading, piteously and irresistibly.

'Well!' Ursula laughed, 'we'll have to see!'

She turned back to her bedroom. Emma heard her lie down. She heard her snap her fingers. Furious, she heard the girl run obediently to the bed...

But moments later she heard Ursula say, 'That's enough!'

Then she heard Ursula pick up the house phone. 'Nurse! Unchain Emma and bring to me!'

A minute later, the Dragon was unlocking Emma's collar chain from the cot. Then she unlocked her ankle chains, and locked them together so that her ankles were now chained tightly and, frustratingly, together. She left Emma's wrists chained loosely to her collar. Then she jerked Emma to her feet, and led

her, shuffling awkwardly, to the foot of Ursula's bed. Horrified Emma saw that the pretty young girl was now standing by the side of the bed, a raised cane in her hand.

The Dragon made Emma kneel down, handed her lead to the reclining Ursula and left the room. Ursula gave the lead a sharp tug.

'Hurry up Emma,' cried Ursula hoarsely. 'You know what I want. Now get busy - and remember the cane is waiting.'

With a little sob, Emma crawled forward on her tummy between Ursula's out- stretched legs.

'Give her two strokes to get her going!' ordered Ursula breathlessly. Twice Emma heard the whistle of the cane. Twice she felt the sting across her buttocks. Hastily she applied her tongue. How she hated that smug girl! But how she also loved being her Mistress's humble slave.

Emma was walking behind Ursula down the busy fashionable street in London. Supposing a friend saw her? How embarrassing! The Dragon, dressed as always in her starched nurse's uniform, was at her side.

Emma was wearing the pretty maternity smock that Ursula had taken so much delight in buying for her at the special shop for mothers-to be. It displayed her swollen belly well, but just to make sure that everyone realised her state, or, rather, the state she was pretending to be in, the Dragon had also fastened a little cushion round her tummy, under the smock.

Ursula kept stopping to talk to women friends.

'And this is Emma!' she would say. Emma saw the women eying her smock with interest.

'How interesting!' they would say. 'Many congratulations, Ursula. How exciting for you!'

None of them congratulated her, or even spoke to her. She was just Ursula's little toy, pretending to be pregnant.

'And this is her midwife,' Ursula would say introducing the Dragon who would shake hands with her free right hand. Ignoring Emma, they would have a word with the Dragon, asking embarrassing womanly questions about the details of Emma's state, about how when the Happy Event would be, and how many there would be.

'How clever of you, Ursula,' they would say, 'to get a nurse to take charge of her right through her maternity. These young girls can get so silly, and need the calming presence of an older experienced woman. And she is evidently very kind.'

Kind! Calming! If only they knew, thought Emma, remembering the Dragon's cane. But perhaps, knowing Ursula's friends they did. Perhaps they were playing a part in Ursula's exciting game of double bluff, too.

Emma sat shyly on the sofa at home in her own drawing room, with her own sporting prints looking down on her. She felt highly embarrassed. Really the things that Ursula got up to! But it was, she had to admit, also very exciting!'

Sitting alongside her, as ever, was the Dragon. She was holding Emma's wrist tightly. Facing them was Ursula and Emma's husband, John, deep in conversation and completely ignoring Emma.

'Yes,' Ursula was saying in her slightly foreign sounding tone, 'my lady doctor diagnosed it just in time and cured her. But she says that Emma must take it very easy for several months. She made me promise not to let her out of the sight of our very efficient trained nurse, here.' She pointed at the Dragon.

'It's very good of you looking after her like this,' said John. God! thought Emma. If only you knew!

'Well, I'll keep her with me most of the time, but the doctor agreed with me that a little country air for a couple of days each week would help her look less peaky. So I've brought her back to you! And I'll leave the nurse with you to look after her. I'll come and pick her up on Thursday afternoon and if you agree I'll leave them both you again next Monday. I expect you've lots to talk about!'

Like hell, thought Emma. How could she ever even hint about the truth to John? How could he possibly understand that after a little operation to get rid of two black babies, whose origins she still did not quite understand, she was now happily pretending to be still expecting them and, indeed, seemed to be having some sort of false pregnancy. And all this merely as part of one of Ursula's exciting games! And now, she must go along with Ursula's new game that she was recovering from a sudden virus infection.

'The doctor says that Emma must rest in bed for much of the time. She hates it, but Nurse will be very strict. If you agree, then to stop Emma from rushing about, Nurse will keep her locked up in her bedroom. It sounds a little drastic, but Emma is such an active girl and the Doctor is so insistent on rest. So I hope you agree that we we must be cruel, so as to be kind!'

'Yes, of course,' answered John. 'I quite understand. It's so terribly good of you to take such an interest in my little Emma.'

Your little Emma! If only you knew half of what was going on, thought Emma! If only you know that this was one of Ursula's exciting games, a way of exercising her power: sending one of her girls back to her husband but kept under the supervision of a nurse!

'But my doctor agreed,' went on Ursula, 'that Emma should keep her brain active by working part-time in her office on a couple of morning each week - provided that Nurse takes her there and brings her back again, in case of a sudden re-occurrence. I've spoken to Emma's office manager, and she quite understands the position.

My God! thought Emma. Is there anything that Ursula doesn't think of? What a game!

'Of course, my doctor wants you to promise that you won't be visiting little Emma's bedroom until she is quite recovered.'

John blushed. 'No! Of course not.'

'Good! Then I'll slip away and leave Nurse to put Emma to bed... Until Thursday then!'

The Dragon drove the hatchback to a quiet corner of the underground car park underneath Emma's office in the big country town. She got out, looked around, flung open the boot door and released the luggage cover. There lay Emma, cringing on a pile of cushions. She knelt up, facing away from the Dragon and held up, behind her, her handcuffed wrists.

Emma was used to travelling like this. It prevented her from being seen, and as Ursula had said it also prevented her from getting at herself - whether merely to excite herself, or to try and harm the little creatures she was carrying - or rather pretending to carry. It was all rather confusing and exciting !

The Dragon quickly unlocked one handcuff and then instantly snapped it round her own wrist.

'Out!'she ordered.

Emma stood alongside the Dragon. Outwardly, her right hand held the Dragon's left hand, like a little girl holding the hand of an older woman for comfort. The nurse's wide sleeve hid the little chain linking their wrists. Here again Emma was now used to be being handcuffed to the Dragon whenever she was taken outside. It was all part of the exciting game!

'We don't want the little girl trying to run away and get rid of them, like she did last time, do we Emma?' Ursula had said. 'So we must take certain precautions, mustn't we Emma?'

Emma had nodded. It was a rather exciting game, pretending to be a slave girl who was being forced by her cruel Mistress to carry two black babies - a game that was given a air of realism by her still swollen tummy. But then Ursula's games were all so exciting - and unusual!

She would not, however, have been so happy had she understood Ursula's original instructions, in German, to the Dragon about making sure Emma was handcuffed to her whenever she was taken out and was kept locked up whenever she was indoors.

'I'm not going to have the silly girl running off to get rid of them, this time, when she eventually realises the truth,' Ursula had said grimly. 'I want her to feel that she has no alternative but to go through with it. It will all come as a shock, but it'll make her feel more dependent on me than ever. It'll soon be too late for her to do anything about it, but meanwhile take care!'

The Dragon now marched Emma across the darkened cellar car park to the lift. Not until the doors closed and the lift started to creak upwards to Emma's office, did she deftly unlock the handcuffs.

'Now be a good girl and remember that I'll be waiting for you in the reception lounge,' said the Dragon in her heavy German accent. There was, Emma knew, no way out of the office except through reception.

Freed of the horrible handcuffs, Emma shook her wrists. Under her business suit, she could feel the long corselette that Ursula had lent her.

'Oh, it's so exciting hiding your state from the people in your office,' Ursula had said after visiting her there. The fact that it was Ursula's corselette, embroidered with her initials, made it all the more exciting, thought Emma. But recently she had thought that the corset was getting tighter. She remembered the warning Ursula had given her in Salzburg after the operation about her tummy continuing to swell, but surely it was now time for to start resuming its normal shape again?

She felt so ignorant about such matters. The Dragon had found her secretly looking up Maternity in John's encyclopedia and had been furious. She had reported her to Ursula who had accused her of mistrust and had ordered Helga to thrash her. To be thrashed in her own house! Twelve strokes of the cane on her bare bottom, whilst her husband was watching television downstairs, and Ursula was listening in on the

telephone. Oh how humiliating! She had been mortified lest John might hear. She had not, however, dared to look in the encyclopedia again!

One day as she lay asleep in her back in her own bed at home, she was woken by a violent kick that came from inside her. It reminded her of the last time. But she really had been expectant then. She wasn't now! She put it out of her mind.

But several times, over the following days, the same thing happened. Finally she plucked up her courage and told the Dragon, who laughed and said that this quite normal in a false pregnancy. But shortly afterwards she heard her having an animated telephone conversation in German with Ursula.

Thereafter the Dragon treated her even more strictly than ever, not letting her out of her sight for a moment, even in her most intimate moments. The handcuffs seems to be produced more often and she was always kept chained in her own bedroom in the country, or when in Ursula's house, even when just resting for a few moments.

She began to feel increasingly slow and lethargic. The kicks seemed to becoming more frequent and more violent. Looking at herself, naked in the mirror, she was alarmed at the size of her tummy. Something must be wrong! Surely she couldn't really be pregnant? Was this why she was so closely guarded? To make sure that she couldn't do anything about it? My God!

Secretly she decided to try and test herself. But how could she do so without alerting Ursula or the Dragon? She made friends with one of the girls in the office. She persuaded her to go and buy her a testing kit. She did not dare take it home or to Ursula's.

She persuaded her new friend to distract the Dragon whilst she secretly did a test ... It was positive! She did it again...the same result ... She persuaded her friend to test herself. Negative! ... She did yet another test on herself ... Positive!

God Almighty! Emma suddenly felt that her whole world was crashing round her.

Ursula had deceived her!

She really had played a game with her! A real game of double bluff. The whole scene in Salzburg must have been a farce - a joke at her expense. My God!

And all merely to satisfy Ursula's desire for power, for control over a helpless young woman who had trusted her!

Emma remembered all those laughing conversations in German. How Ursula and her friends must have laughed. What a fool they must have thought her. Ugh! How shame-making!

Then she remembered how she had dismissed Henry's warning that Ursula was an evil woman. God! He was right! He had been right all along. She would turn to him now. He would stand by her. He would be the pillar on which she could rely for support.

Was it now too late to get rid of them? Anyway, how was she going to get away from the Dragon. No wonder that Ursula had insisted on such strict control and discipline. And naively she had thought it was all an exciting game! In fact she really was a slave! She really would be made to carry and deliver those awful black things - a show that Ursula would put on for her friends, as she had with that poor bald headed girl. My God! she moaned in despair.

She knew the name of a sympathetic doctor who would help her. But how to get away to see him with the Dragon sitting outside the door?

She felt like screaming. But no one would understand - or believe her.

Wildly she looked around. "Fire Escape" was written on the wall, with an arrow.

Grabbing her bag, she rushed over to the special fire escape door. Desperately she pushed it open. She was standing on a steel fire escape, a hundred feet above the street. She felt giddy, but she rushed down it - unseen by anyone.

She ran all the way to the station, expecting that any moment the Dragon would get out of a taxi, bar her way, seize her and take her off for a dreadful thrashing.

A train was just leaving for London ...

Two hours later she telling her story, or some of it, to a shocked Harley Street specialist. She would be taken in at once, he said. She was just in time. And this time Ursula would not know where she was!

Yes, Ursula was evil. She would not see her again. Henry would stand by her!

23 - EMMA FEELS UTTERLY LET DOWN

Tingling with excitement, Emma nervously looked yet again at the clock in the Arrivals Hall of the airport terminal. Henry's plane was on time and about to land. She felt weak with anticipation.

Unable to to sleep because of her excitement at the thought of seeing Henry again, and of getting together with him again, she had been up since five. Overwhelmed with exhilaration, and driven almost mad by the sheer drama of it all, she had had arrived at the air[port four hours early - just in case he might come on an earlier flight.

She looked around at the other people who were waiting to meet their friends or business connections. None of them, she felt, could possibly be going through the emotional trauma that was gripping her as the television screens announced that Henry's plane had landed.

She put a hand to her now empty tummy. The twins had gone. 'Of course you're pregnant,' the kind doctor had laughed. Indeed the pregnancy had been so far advanced that, in another week or so, it would have been too late to do anything about it - even if she had then managed to escape from Ursula and that awful Dragon of a nurse.

With a shiver she remembered her surprise at seeing a big strong iron barred cage being installed in the nursery. It was long and low and narrow and had straps in it, apparently for tying a girl down on her back.

Now she realised that Ursula had intended it for her. Ursula must have planned to keep her in it for the last few months of her maternity, after she had finally realised the truth, so as to make certain that this time she really did through with it.

She had escaped just in time! Another couple of weeks and she would have been encaged - with her husband thinking that Ursula had kindly paid to send her away abroad on an expensive art course.

Indeed, she and that awful friend lady doctor friend of hers, helped by the Dragon, would probably have experimented keeping her on her back in the cage, getting bigger and bigger, for several extra weeks - something she remembered that Ursula was always talking about doing with one one of her girls...

She had not really been surprised when the doctor had told her that she had been carrying twins, and that they had been black. She remembered the bald girl's black twins and the sheer perverted delight that Ursula and her friends had had in making that girl pregnant and in keeping her that way. How they must have laughed at the way they had bluffed she herself her into thinking that she was now just having a false pregnancy, having thought that she had had a successful abortion several months previously, when Ursula had taken her to that clinic in Germany.

What cruel bitches they all were to treat a girl's body as if it were a toy that they owned it. How she hated them all. Above all, how she hated Ursula, who had so deceived her.

The shock of realising the truth, and of how Ursula had hoodwink her, had been terrible. Never, never she had vowed would have anything more to do with Ursula.

Ursula had rung several times after her escape. But Emma had put the phone quickly before that hypnotic voice could have any effect. She had burnt numerous letters unread. Once she had seen Ursula's car drive up to her country house. She had seen the Dragon sitting grimly in the back seat. She knew that the chains in the boot of the hatchback would be there waiting for her. Ursula would have made certain that she did not escape again! Luckily her husband, John, had been in the house. Terrified, she had begged him to say that she was away.

"But I thought Ursula was your great friend," he had protested.

"No! No!" she had screamed at him. "For God's sake send her away."

She had watched from an upstairs window as Ursula had driven away.

But the pang of losing the two black babies was still acute. To help get over them, she had concentrated purely on her future relationship with Henry. How she adored him! He was so masterful, so manly, so different from Ursula.

But there had been a small cloud on the horizon. Henry was now a widower. Much of his capital had been spent on his wife's last illness. Now, he told Emma, he wanted to marry a rich woman. Emma's heart had sunk at these words, but Henry had reassuringly told her that this would not affect his relationship with her!

Now suddenly here he was! Looking as strong and self confidant as ever. Her heart melted. How she loved him and longed for him! How could she ever have preferred that evil Ursula to him? She must have been mad!

Henry swept her off to mad night of love-making. Oh how she adored him! How she adored being his little slave girl. How she adored being forced by his whip into pleasing him in the most humble ways.

But the following morning he had talked of nothing but the various women he was laying siege to. Emma had felt degraded and cheapened by this talk. What he think she was? Just some floozy?

She had been even more hurt by his subsequent letters in which he described his success in seducing several of his widows and divorcees. She felt utterly abandoned by him. Clearly she was now of no account to him. Clearly he was not interested in her problems, in her lucky escape from Ursula and in her now desperate need for kindness and support .

But who else could she turn to? Certainly not John! He wouldn't have understood what she was talking about. And who amongst her girl friends could she ever dare to tell about Ursula, about the little creatures - whatever they had been - or about the black twins. It would have been known right across the county in days and she have been ostracized by everyone.

No, there was no in whom she could confide, except Henry and he was far too busy chasing rich women to be bothered about her troubles.

She found herself reading Henry's letters and descriptions of his conquests with increasing jealousy. What did these awful women have that she did not have - except money. She began to hate him, to despise him. He had completely let her down - and in her time of need. Oh God, she repeatedly cried to herself, to whom could she turn for help?

The telephone rang. It was Ursula. Emma did not say a word. She just sat there listening to the same old hypnotic words, the reassuringly caressing words.

"Get in the train, and come and see me and tell me all about it, little Emma. I know that you're unhappy away from me. Come to Ursula. Come to your Mistress. Come!"

It was not until the train arrived at London, that Emma came out of her trance and began to realise what she was doing. But for the first time for weeks she felt happy. And there waiting on the platform, looking lovely and radiant was Ursula. Emma collapsed sobbing into her arms.

PART IV

URSULA IS IMPLACABLE

24 - EMMA ENTRAPPED AGAIN - AND FINDS CELESTIA!

Emma gasped with sheer pleasure and excitement.

Oh, it was so wonderful - and only Ursula, a woman, knew how to give such pleasure, knew how to bring her to such heights. Oh, the thrill of utter submissiveness! Oh what a fool she had been ever to think of leaving Ursula. But she was back now, back under Ursula's control! She curled up contently against Ursula's body. Oh, it was so wonderful! All her cares and worries had disappeared. Her Mistress would look after her now!

After their emotional meeting at the station, Ursula had surprisingly gone off by herself, calling out over her shoulder, 'Well Emma, if you want to see me any more, you must come to my house and beg to be admitted. Think it over!'

But Emma knew that there was nothing to think over. Wildly unhappy at Henry's apparent indifference, she had been willingly trapped again by Ursula...

It was now twenty four hours since timidly and nervously she had rung Ursula's door bell and had begged to be taken back. The door had been opened by Helga. And behind her stood the Dragon, dressed as always in her immaculately starched nurse's uniform. Why was she here, wondered Emma

In one hand, Helga was holding up a studded, thick, leather dog collar. In the other she held a little dog whip. She looked inquisitively at Emma

'Well?' she asked grimly in her strong German accent. 'Are you going to submit?'

Emma blushed with embarrassment and looked up and down the street. Ursula made everything so deliciously unexpected! There seemed to be no one in sight. Still blushing, she bowed her head and as she did so she could feel a little thrill of excitement between her legs.

As the Dragon looked on approvingly, Helga roughly fastened the collar round Emma's neck and locked in place with a little padlock. Then snapped a lead onto the ring at the front of the collar and stood back.

'Now you can come in,' she grunted and holding Emma tightly by the lead, had slammed the front door shut behind them.

She was so happy to be back as Ursula's slave, as her body servant, as her ladies maid - as her anything.

However, Emma would have been appalled if she had known just how Ursula was planning to take advantage of her unexpected return. Indeed she would have run screaming out of Ursula's bed, out of her house and out of her life - once again!

Revenge was what was running through Ursula's mind: revenge, retribution and reimbursement. Revenge for the way the girl had humiliated her in the eyes of her friends. Retribution for the girl's disobedience and repeated attempts to keep up her relationship with Henry. Reimbursement for all the wasted money she had spent on the girl. So, she decided, she would enjoy herself with the girl for a month or so and then ... perhaps then would then be the time to enter Emma for the Annual Show of the innocuously so-called International Puppy Breeders Society, or Puppy Club. .

Meanwhile, the girl could be kept under really strict control ... Of course, the financial rewards could be considerable ... Indeed, she had already made certain telephone calls, to some friends in the Puppy Club just to make sure ...

Moreover, she decided, she would not now miss Emma her if she got rid of her. The girl had just given her too much trouble and, anyway, she had other fish to fry now ... But it would be very satisfying to imagine what the girl would then be put through by her new Mistress - or Master. So her revenge would be very sweet, very sweet indeed - and the amusing thing was that the girl would have simply no idea of her impending fate ...

'Oh, Madame,' Emma cried, interrupting Ursula's train of thought, 'don't you think I could now have a little fun too ... please!'

Ursula smiled. It really was very easy to handle Emma. Already she had her eating out of her hand! But she was determined to keep her frustrated for the time being, partly so that the girl did not get any ideas above her station, and partly to keep her desperately eager to please.

'No, little Emma, not yet! You've had quite enough excitement for a little girl,' she whispered. 'Your Mistress has been very kind to you, and that's quite enough for the moment.'

'Oh, no! Please!' murmured Emma, but secretly she knew that it was also very exciting being kept frustrated by Ursula.

The fact was, she knew, she was hooked on Ursula, just like other girls might be hooked on an addictive drug. No matter how hard she might try to throw off her allegiance to Ursula, she always seemed to come crawling back!

'So you really want to stay with me, do you, little Emma?'

'Oh, yes Madam,' cried Emma with genuine fervour. 'Oh,yes!'

'Well there are one or two little conditions, I'm going to make.'

Conditions! thought Emma. Who cared about conditions when she was back in her Mistress's arms, in her bed, in her service. Anyway, deep down, she knew, that in order to be a to be allowed to stay with her, she would accept any terms that Ursula might like to dictate! ...

'Yes, you're really going to have to prove your love for your Mistress, and show that you are willing to do everything she says. If not,' Ursula's softly purring voice turned harsh, 'then you'd better get out and go home - now! Do you understand - now!'

'Oh no, Mistress,' wailed Emma distraught at Ursula's sudden change of temper, 'please let me stay, please. I'll do anything you want - anything.'

Ursula paused before replying - just to keep the girl on tenterhooks.

'Very well, then, but you're going to have make some little sacrifices to prove your devotion to your Mistress. She will look after you and you won't have a care in the world, but she will demand complete obedience! Do you understand, Emma?'

'Oh, yes, Madam!' Emma loved it when Ursula was so decisive, so in charge. How she longed to be looked after and dominated by her, completely and utterly dominated by her.

'Well then,' said Ursula slowly, 'the the first condition is: no more men! You don't need them, Emma. You are better off without them! Think of all the unhappiness they have brought you. That's true isn't it?'

'Yes, Madam,' cried Emma. It was true!

'So, I shall be taking one or two little steps, not only to prevent you seeing men, but also to make that they can't have any fun with you - nor indeed be so attracted to you in future.'

Ursula was stroking Emma lovely soft long blond hair as she spoke.

Emma gave a little shiver. She suddenly remembered the shining white head of the bald headed German girl.

'What do you mean Madam?' she asked nervously.

But Ursula just laughed. 'Don't you worry your little head about that, Emma. Just leave it all to your Mistress. You're going to be mine and mine alone! That's what you want isn't it?'

'Oh, yes, Madam, oh yes!'

Ursula stroked Emma's firm soft breasts and patted Emma's empty little belly. She touched the young woman's beauty lips tantalisingly, making her gasp with sheer pleasure and excitement. Yes, Ursula thought, the girl's now sufficiently aroused to accept the next condition.

'Well, the next condition, and one you'll find even more exciting, little Emma, is that these little breasts are going to be giving me milk again. Isn't that exciting? You're going to love me me sucking your swollen nipples aren't you little Emma?'

'Oh, yes Mistress! Oh yes!' screamed Emma as Ursula almost brought her to a climax. But then she tantalisingly withdrew her hand.

'But first this little belly must become prettily swollen again, mustn't it? Little Emma must try again to have some Happy Little Surprises, mustn't she?'

Emma went white. This was the last thing she wanted. She had had enough of all that.

'Oh no! Not that awful black man! Not Winston.'

'No, darling, not Winston - provided, of course, you are a good girl, and please your Mistress. No, Winston's progeny takes too long, so your kind Mistress is going to let you have puppies!'

Emma gave a little gasp, uncertain herself as to whether it was one of horror or excitement.

'Yes, Emma,' went on Ursula with a little laugh, 'you're going to have some lovely little puppies for your kind Mistress. Oh, you're going to love that, aren't you? It's going to be so exciting! And this time time you're going to know all about - but you won't be able to anything about it!'

Again there was a little gasp from Emma.

'So, little Emma, just relax and be your Mistress's obedient and happy little slave. Isn't that what you want, little Emma? To be a slave, looked after by your Mistress, without a care in the world, and just providing your Mistress with milk and a prettily little curved tummy for her to stroke and show off to her friends?'

Ursula's soothing voice went on and on, giving Emma no time to think - and her fingers touched her, again so tantalisingly, so excitingly.

Ursula put her arms round Emma, her voice purring hypnotically. She could not resist giving the game away - just a little.

'And this time, Emma, your little breasts are going to be really big - and your tummy. You're going to earn your Mistress a lot of money and compete with other girls with big breasts and bellies...'

'Earn you a lot of money ... Compete!' cried Emma, her mind clearing for a moment. 'What are you talking about Ursula?'

Emma was getting hot and flustered. Ursula bit her tongue. She had nearly said too much. It was time to stop. With that cunning intuition that only women have, she immediately calmed Emma. 'Don't you worry, little Emma. Everything is going to be so wonderful. Now, darling, let's pamper one another. Come into the bath with me!'

For the next few hours Emma was in a dream - all fears of yet another of Ursula's dreaded Happy Little Surprises forgotten.

First she was actually allowed to get into Ursula's bath with her instead of having to stand and wash her as she usually was made to do. She felt so happy as they splashed about together.

Then, with her collar hidden under a scarf, Ursula took her out and bought her a new dress. She was thrilled. Her Mistress was kind and clearly loved her. She did not even make her run along behind her, carrying all her parcels, as she used to have to do.

Finally, Ursula took her into a wine bar and, as a great treat, allowed her to drink a little champagne to celebrate her return. Champagne! Normally she was never allowed that. Champagne was Mistresses not for slave girls! Champagne was something she just had to pour for Ursula and her guests. She never noticed the little pill that Ursula slipped into her glass.

Emma was slightly merry when they came back to the house, and fell into Ursula's bed again. Holding Emma tightly by a lead attached to her collar, and using her free hand to drive her on with a little whip, Ursula made Emma make love to her. However, to heighten Emma's own excitement, she had again kept her frustrated. Then she started to tell Emma how exciting having a big tummy would be, how the hormones would transform her looks, with her skin glowing beautifully.

'So, Emma, you're going to have a new glow! And you'll be so much more attractive to me!

Emma nodded eagerly. By now she was too drowsy, and too carried away with love, happiness and excitement, to care. 'Oh Emma! Think of all the fun we shall have together as you come into milk. Think of being treated like a real little teenage mother-to-be. Think of the excitement as your breasts change and become full of milk. Think of delivering and feeding your own little progeny.

'My own little progeny?' repeated Emma half drugged.

'Yes, little Emma. But you just leave it all to your kind Mistress ... Oh, Emma, you're going to give me such pleasure - and that's what you want to do, isn't it?'

Again she touched Emma's beauty bud. 'And, this time, you're really looking forward to having some Happy Little Surprises for your Mistress, aren't you?

'Yes, Madam, yes!' moaned Emma. It was true, she knew. It would be so exciting this time. Only Henry, last time, had made her feel ashamed - and he was now gone out of her life for ever.

Again Ursula smiled contentedly. Then suddenly her face changed.

'But this time I shall damn well make sure that I'm not going to be made a fool of again. I'm not going to have all my time and money wasted by you having second thoughts. This time you will go through with it, whether you like it or not!'

'Of course, Madam,' cried Emma contritely, horrified by another of Ursula's sudden flashes of anger. 'I promise , Madam! I'll do whatever you say. I promise! Just let me stay with you!'

'Very well then, but you must leave all the arrangements to me ... I've already told your husband that I've again found you an exciting and well paid job abroad and he sounded delighted. And I've told your office too. Helga will be looking after you and the nurse you call the Dragon will be coming every day to check that the puppies are doing well. So you can just relax and leave it all to me, little girl! And meanwhile you stay here with me.'

'Oh how lovely, Madam' laughed Emma happily.

'Now, I want to show you an old friend of yours'

'An old friend? Here?' queried Emma astonished. 'But where?"

'In the playpen, down in the nursery,' laughed Ursula, 'being looked after by the nurse. I'm not going to allow you to see or talk to each other, but if you promise to be a very good girl, I'll let you look through the one way mirror at her.'

'Oh Madam,' cried Emma, greatly intrigued, 'how exciting!'

Ten minutes, as usual holding Emma by the lead fastened to her collar, Helga led Emma down downstairs to the basement. They were followed by Ursula, her eyes sparkling with anticipation.

Emma hands were fastened behind her back and she was gagged. 'I don't want Emma trying to call out to her little friend, 'Ursula had said,' and you'd better take precautions against her trying to run away when she sees what's happened to her former little friend.'

Helga stopped Emma in front of a little curtain hiding the one way mirror. At a nod from Ursula, she drew it back.

There was a gasp from under Emma's leather gag, as she looked into the nursery. What she saw made the haziness in her mind clear rapidly, for there, behind the bars of the playpen, half a dozen black spotted Dalmatian puppies were gambolling about happily. Below the bars that formed the floor of the playpen was a thick rubber mat that sloped gently to a little drain in the middle of the play pen.

To one side of the playpen was a little cage and in it was a strange looking young woman. Her head was totally bald, giving her an unrecognisable and almost animal like look. Tattooed on her shiny head were Ursula's initials: U de V in large bright red letters and some numbers.

The girl was naked, except for a collar locked round her neck and a stiff leather bra which was locked round her breasts by a padlock in the small of her back. The two leather shoulder straps were joined together by a short strap which made it impossible for the girl to slip the bra off her shoulders.

Protruding from the tips of the bra were two small transparent plastic tips through which could be seen the girl's strangely elongated nipples. The stiff leather cups and the plastic tips would make it impossible for her, or her puppies, to get at her milk heavy breasts or the specially elongated nipples.

The caged young woman was alternatively gripping the bars of her cage and anxiously reaching out through its bars towards her puppies. Some would come bouncing over to her to be stroked. Others would crawl through the cage bars and leap up ineffectually to try and get at the girl's nipples hidden behind the stiff leather bra and it's plastic tip before rushing off, disappointed, to rejoin their siblings in the playpen.

Despite the girl's bald head, there was something strangely familiar about her, Emma was thinking.

'Well, Emma, what do you think now of your little friend Celestia,' asked Ursula with a cruel laugh.

Celestia! Emma looked at the girl again. Could this girl, she wondered, really be Celestia? Then she recognised the numbers tattooed onto the girl's smooth head - they were Celestia's registered numbers! The were ones that were registered with The Society and which, like her own, were also, more discreetly, tattooed onto the inside of her elbow.

Yes! This was her beloved Celestia! Her lover whom she had not been allowed by Ursula to see for several months - not since they had been made to beat each other. And she was here! But what, Emma desperately tried to cry out through her muzzle, was her lovely Celestia doing here with these puppies? And why was she being kept in a cage attached to the playpen? And what had happened to her lovely long hair?

Ursula smiled as she heard the frantic little moans coming from behind Emma's muzzle.

'Yes Emma,' she said, 'that's your little friend Celestia. Would you like to know what happened to her? Well, she was a naughty girl and when she went back to her husband she tried forget all about her Mistress. But then my private detectives reported that her husband had gone abroad again for his company and so I had naughty little Celestia brought back here - and whipped! And then Doctor Anna wrote to her husband to say that his wife need some extensive urgent treatment and I wrote to say if he left all the arrangements to me, it would not cost him a penny - and, of course, he accepted my kind offer!'

A little gasp came from behind Emma's muzzle.

'And so to teach her a lesson she, too, paid a little visit to the kennels in Ireland where she was given Doctor Anna's treatment.' So, a horrified Emma was told, Celestia had to got through the same assimilation treatment as herself, sewn into a dog skin. 'And when we looked at the scan we found she was successfully carrying six lovely little puppies.'

'Yes,' said Ursula with a nonchalant air, 'she had her valuable pedigree puppies a couple of weeks ago and is making a fine little brood bitch. And, after the little capers you got up to, I made certain that, unlike you, she didn't have any chance of getting rid of them. Her bald head, anyway, made her want to be kept to be kept hidden away and she was kept caged in Ireland and sewn into her dog skin all the time. Indeed, we only took it off her two days ago when we brought her and her progeny back here. 'You mean you kept it on when she ... ?' Emma tried to ask from behind her mask.

'Dropped her puppies in Ireland?' laughed Ursula, guessing at what Emma was trying to say. 'Oh yes! Her sponsor wanted that. She even took a video of it!'

'Her sponsor?' Emma tried to say, her head reeling from what she was learning.

'Yes,' replied Ursula, 'Celestia was sponsored, for a large sum, to have her puppies by a friend of mine who breeds Dalmatians. The puppies belong to her, but she has paid me very well for the use of Celestia's

body. Dalmatian puppies are often rather weak and sickly little creatures, but the ones that Celestia has produced for her are strong and will sell very well.

'She wants,' went on Ursula, 'to sponsor another litter as soon as these ones are weaned! But I've had another offer from a Saudi Arabian Princess friend of mine. She wants to use Celestia her for breeding a pair of little dwarfs to take back to the harem!'

'My God!' Emma tried to scream. Only the fact that she was naked and on a lead firmly held by her Mistress, stopped her from rushing out of Ursula's house for ever.

Then suddenly Emma saw the Dragon enter the Nursery.

She picked up a hose and, with an apparently experienced hand, washed the puppies' wastes down the little drain under the playpen. 'Feeding time now, Celestia!' she then announced briskly.

Reaching down into the play pen she opened the bars to the little cage and as the girl crawled out she snapped snapped a lead onto her collar. Then, giving the girl as sharp tap on her buttocks with her dog whip, and with the puppies eagerly following, the Dragon led the crawling girl to the side of the playpen where there was a small gap in the bars and some straps.

The girl thrust her head through the gap and the Dragon dropped a little bar behind her neck, holding her in place. Then she strapped the wrists of the still kneeling girl to the on either side of her head. Celestia was now held kneeling in the playpen.

The Dragon then bent down and unlocked the leather bra and slipped it over the girl's head. Her full breasts with their elongated nipples were hanging down below her.

It was sight that was too much for the black spotted little puppies, who began fighting each other to get the hanging nipples. With her hands fastened to the bars of the playpen, Celestia was quite unable to stop them. Indeed the young woman, almost unrecognisable with her shaved head, soon gave a euphoric little smile as she felt two of the puppies sucking hard at her nipples.

Emma could feel a strange feeling in her own breasts as, spellbound, she watched the scene. Oh, she thought jealously, how exciting it must be to feed your own litter of puppies! And to have to do in secret, locked away from the eyes of the world.

'And, now Emma, as your friend Celestia is going to be used for breeding other little creatures, you're going to take her place! And this time, as I've told you, you're damn well going to be my other little brood bitch irrespective of whether or not you want it,' a horrified Emma heard her Mistress say and then add with a cruel, 'and, moreover, I've got very special plans to make sure that you also take Celestia's place at a very special forthcoming event. Yes, Emma, very special plans for a very special event!

25 - EMMA IN THE CAGE

Emma stirred in her sleep. Slowly her mind cleared.

She remembered lying blindfolded in Ursula's bed, feeling happy and excited, wondering what little game her wonderful Mistress was going to play next.

She remembered hearing the door bell ring several times. She remembered hearing several women's voices and thinking that Ursula must have invited them round for drinks. Would her Mistress show Emma off to them - a runaway slave girl who had returned to the loving care of her Mistress?

She remembered hearing Ursula saying, 'Well, ladies, the Lady Doctor is ready, and so is the Piercer and the Barber, so let's get on with it. I think you will find it all very exciting.'

She had not understood what Ursula had meant. The Piercer? The Barber? And why that awful Lady Doctor again? She wasn't ill. But the Dragon had then appeared. The terrifying Dragon! She had come into Ursula's bedroom and carried the blindfolded Emma out, apparently into the studio. She had heard voices all around her. Then the Dragon had put he down onto a couch and had chained her arms to the the sides.

'Yes, I want the cranium absolutely smooth and hairless, just like down here,' she remembered hearing Ursula say, as she patted Emma's smooth mound. She had felt something burning being rubbed into her head. It was the last thing she remembered for she had then felt a little prick in her arm...

What had been done to her, she began to wonder. Slowly she opened her eyes. At first she could not focus properly. There were black lines in front of her and beyond them the happily smiling face of Ursula. Where was she?

Suddenly she saw that the black lines were iron bars. She was in a cage! And the cage was raised on supports several feet above the floor! It was the cage she had seen some time before being specially erected in the nursery! Ready for girls like her! Ready for her!

'My God!' she screamed. But nothing happened. There was something big in her mouth - and kept in place by straps around her head. She had been muzzled!

She tried to sit up, but the cage was too low!

She felt that her ankles were chained to opposite sides of the cage, making it impossible for her to turn over, or even lie on her side. She was kept lying on her back. She was lying on bars, but underneath her buttocks was a strip of rubber matting apparently shaped to collect her wastes which would fall down into a tray that she could see vaguely see just below the cage. She felt like a caged animal.

She felt something strange in her belly.

She saw that her hands were chained together but still free. Nervously she tried to put them down to her tummy. But her hands were stopped by a line of internal bars that fitted over her body just below her breasts. She could see her tummy but not touch it!

She saw that these bars across the cage slid up and down on runners on either side of the cage. A girl could be slipped into the cage, her ankles fastened apart to the sides of the cage to keep her on her back, and then the bars slipped down to prevent her from getting at her tummy .

The bottom of the bars were held together by a flat curved bar that was shaped to fit a woman's body below the breasts. The curved bar rested lightly on her body, making it impossible to slip a hand or even a finger underneath it. She gripped the bars to try and lift them up, away from her body. But they were fastened by an adjusting bolt on the outside of the cage, which she could not get at.

She felt something metal between her legs. She raised her hips and looked down at herself through the bars. There seemed to be something metallic gleaming between her legs, but she could not see properly what it was - nor touch it. But her beauty lips felt strangely compressed.

Horrified, she desperately longed to examine what had been done to her. But the bars prevented her.

Suddenly she heard Ursula laugh cruelly at her efforts.

'No, little Emma, this time, like a good little slave girl, you're going to carry your puppies right through to delivery.'

'Puppies! What do you mean?' Emma tried to scream. But muzzled as she was only a little whimper came out. Horrified she remembered seeing Celestia and her puppies and how Ursula had told her she was going to have a litter of puppies too.

Ursula gave a laugh. 'Yes, you're just your Mistress's little pet dog that she's now decided to use for breeding - taking the place of your friend Celestia as your Mistress's own brood bitch.' Ursula paused to let her words sink in.

'Well, as I saying, you're going to carry your little progeny, your little puppies, right through to delivery - thanks to six little rings, three through each beauty lip and carefully sited. They're of silver and not intended to be removed. And the little rings are kept closed together by a little curved silver bar that is threaded through them. Then a little padlock stops the bar from being removed. And the padlock can only be opened by setting a number which only I know. So you'll be quite incapable of harming your puppies - you'll just have to feel them getting bigger and bigger each day!'

Ursula paused to let her words sink in.

'Moreover,' she went on, 'even if you ever did succeed in escaping from me, and ran to a friendly doctor he would not be able to help you. Moreover, hanging from one of the rings is a little steel disc with my name and address engraved on it! No, this time, Emma, your little puppies are locked away, growing happily inside you - and there's nothing you can do about it. Isn't that exciting?'

Emma tried to scream in protest, but again her muzzle smothered her cries. It couldn't be true! Though it would, she had to agree, be secretly very exciting if it were. No, Ursula must just be teasing her. She moved her hidden hips to and fro, trying to feel what had been done to her. She heard a tinkle as from little rings! My God! Desperately, she tried in vain to scratch at the bars and wooden shutters that hid the bottom half of her body.

'But, anyway, you're going to be locked up in this cage most of the time, so you wont be able to escape. You'll be kept lying helpless on your back, and soon you'll come into milk and feel your progeny kicking away inside you as it - or should I say they? - get bigger and bigger and your tummy gets larger and larger.'

'No! No!' Emma tried to scream.

'If you behave very well and do what you are told, and not be impertinent to me or to your Nurse, or to friends who come to see you in your cage, then I may think of having you put into my bed from time to

time, especially when you're in milk. Who knows? I might even take you for a drive in my car to give the little puppies some fresh air. But you'll never be able to get at your tummy!'

What, thought Emma, not allowed to touch my tummy!

'And so, if ever you are allowed out of your cage, then not only will you be muzzled, as you are now, but also you'll have your hands tied behind your back. And you'll always be kept chained and the Dragon will never let you out of her sight. Oh, little Emma, isn't it all going to be so exciting.'

But Emma was sobbing with despair. This time, she realised, there really would be no escape, no getting rid of her puppies. What had seemed in Ursula's bed to be an exciting game was going to be a grim reality.

'And don't think of running off to join that awful Henry, if only you could escape from me! He won't be interested in you any more, once he sees your belly and the rings. But he won't even have to undress you to be put right off you! He'll just take one look at your hair and run!'

My hair! thought Emma. What's wrong with my hair? It's lovely. Men adore it! What was Ursula, mad Ursula, talking about?

Confidently she put her chained hands up to her head. There was something terribly wrong! She heard Ursula's cruel laugh as her fingers reached over the top her head. All she could feel was something smooth and taut, like latex rubber. And underneath that she could feel nothing, nothing at all. She tried to push her fingers up under the latex, but it seemed to have been glued down around the side her head.

With another cruel laugh, Ursula held up a mirror for Emma to look in. She wanted to be sick. Under the transparent latex, her skull skull was gleaming and smooth. Her cranium! This was the what Ursula had meant. For under the stretched latex there no sign of any hair at all!

'Yes, little Emma, all the hair on your head has been cut off and the stubble removed - just like the hair on your mound and around your beauty lips, and I'm going to keep it like that - in both places!'

Emma's screams of horror could just be heard through her muzzle. Her lovely long soft golden hair! Ruined!

'You will look quite normal, of course,' Ursula was saying, 'with a head scarf on. But once that's removed ... well! See for yourself. I don't think Henry will want you now - or any other man! ... But I shall find it very exciting, looking down at your head as I grip it between my thighs - and so will any of my friends who I lend you to!'

There was a long silence as Ursula let Emma take in the harsh reality of her situation.

Then she saw Helga step forward and draw the curtains, leaving the nursery in half darkness. 'I think, Madam,' she said, 'we should leave our little mother-to-be to have a little rest now. We don't want her getting too excited. We must think of the little progeny!'

Both of them left the room, leaving an appalled Emma shaking the bars of her cage like a wild animal. But there was no escape.

26 - A SUDDEN JOURNEY - OFF TO NEW YORK

It was several weeks later. Emma lay on her back in the long low cage, wondering and thinking. There was absolutely nothing else to do.

She rarely thought about Henry. But who cared? Perhaps the break had been a good thing as at least she could now focus completely and utterly on her puppies, and on Ursula, with no distracting thoughts about Henry. She was Ursula's pet milk slave now with a special stiff bra locked over her breasts to prevent her from easing the milk from her bursting breasts. Oh how soon would her Mistress come and suck her breasts, or order her to be milked by Helga.

She could concentrate now on satisfying all Ursula's changing whims and demands. From now on, she would devote herself completely to her service.- and if she ever had second thoughts about it, then her chains and the kicks in her belly were a constant reminder that she just had no choice in the matter.

Yes, she thought, she might even enjoy having her progeny, for it was what Ursula wanted - and that was what really mattered.

She had noticed how Ursula had been so much more attentive since she had broken with Henry and come back to her. 'Men!' she repeatedly said to Emma. 'You foolish girl - you don't need them.'

Emma laughed. Yes, indeed, as usual Ursula was right.

She could often now feel something kicking and wriggling in her belly, beyond the barred screen that rested on her body just below her breasts. Her puppies! But just how many of them were there? Ursula would not tell her, saying simply that she did not like inquisitive little girls and that if she asked again then she would tell Helga to give her a thrashing.

Earlier that day the lady doctor and the Dragon had come to visit her, bringing with them a mobile scanner. Emma had tried anxiously to see just what was on the screen. Certainly the doctor, the Dragon and Ursula were all discussing, whatever it was, animatedly in German. But they had kept the screen pointing away from her, so she still remained ignorant.

She thought she could feel her naked belly growing bigger every day. She could feel her beauty lips being tightly compressed by the horrible rings and padlock. She longed to put her hands down to touch her tummy, but the bars across the cage made this quite impossible.

Not once since she had cried out when she had felt the first kicks, had the line of bars been raised, when she was in the cage. Whenever she had begged for it be raised, Helga had just laughed and said they did not want her touching herself yet. Nor could she feel anything when she was taken out of the cage, for her hands chained so that she could not reach down to feel her tummy. It was all wildly exciting and the very epitome of submissiveness, but she did long to know just what was happening to her body!

Clearly Ursula was not taking any risks. She was going to be made to go through with it this time!

Emma put her hands to her mouth. She felt the shaming black mesh gauze muzzle that was now kept fastened over her nose, mouth and chin and which made it impossible for her to eat normally.

'Girls in her condition get such silly cravings,' Ursula had said to Helga, in front of Emma. 'I don't want her putting on weight unnecessarily, or upsetting her progeny's health, by snatching at lumps of coal or nasty sweets when you aren't looking. Moreover I want her to give absolutely pure milk! The milk of a young mother! You can give her all the liquid vitamins and proteins, that the lady doctor has ordered for her, through the mesh of her mask. But she's to have only a minimum of solid food, and anyway meat would affect the taste of her milk which the lady doctor has so cleverly brought on.'

Indeed Emma had been astonished to see how quickly her breasts had seem to have grown and how long her nipples seem to have become under the transparent stiff plastic tip to her leather bra.

She was milked, sometimes three or four times a day, by Helga with a special little vacuum pump that stretched and stretched her nipples. It was all terribly exciting, but she would have loved to have been able to touch her newly swollen breasts and nipples.

And it was true what Ursula said about food. Her longing for strange, solid, or sweet food was very strong and she hated her mesh muzzle.

Emma had been shocked to find that even if she asked permission to go and spend a penny, when she was in Ursula's bed, then Ursula would ring for the Helga, even in the middle of the night. Helga would then take Emma to the bathroom holding her by the chain fastened to her collar, and leaving her hands chained helplessly.

This time, Emma realised, there could be no escape.

Moreover, as well as the awful rings and padlock, she now wore a metal dog collar permanently and prominently locked round her neck, with Ursula's name and address engraved on it. How, she asked herself, could she show herself to Henry, to her husband or to any of her own friends, in the state she assumed that she must be in, and wearing this awful collar?

But it was, she had to admit, all very exciting, quite apart from both being in milk and having to carry her progeny. She loved it when Ursula held her naked in her arms, stroking what seemed to be her swollen belly and sucking milk from her breasts. She loved it even more when Ursula, whip in hand, made her please her, or unlocked the padlock to allow her a little pleasure.

She could not help also enjoying being the centre of attraction when Ursula had her brought up, again blindfolded, by Helga to her big studio when she was entertaining women friends. With her wrists chained behind her back, and her ankles chained so that she could only take little mincing steps, she would awkwardly have to bend over so that the guests could squeeze a little jet of warm fresh milk into their cups of coffee. She would be dressed as a parlour maid - but with her dress cut away to show off the naked swollen breasts and belly that, even then, she was not allowed to see or touch.

Indeed Emma could now think of little else but of pleasing her Mistress. Her relationship with Ursula in recent months had previously been so difficult, mostly, she thought, because of Henry. However, she and Ursula were now one again, and Emma also felt so excited with with the little progeny wriggling away in her tummy.

Even when Ursula had another girl staying in the house, she would still sometimes order Helga to take Emma out of her cage at night, or in the afternoon, and bring her to her bed to give her a mixture of pleasure and milk. Even then Emma was always kept chained by one ankle to the bed post and her wrists were still kept chained behind her back or to her collar.

Ursula would play another very exciting game when her friends came to visit her. She would take them to see Emma lying on her back in her cage helpless, with her legs strapped apart, to show off the tightly compressed rings. Letting down part of the side of the cage, but making sure that Emma, as usual, could not touch herself, Ursula would invite her friends to put their fingers on Emma's tummy, asking if they could feel the progeny.

Then she would tell Helga to take Emma out out of her cage and to chain her down on all fours on Ursula's bed, so that she was presenting her little body lips to her Mistress and her friends. Ursula who would then unlock the padlock that kept the the lips so tightly closed.

The lips would then open like a flower, and Ursula would invite her friends to probe first with their tongues and then their fingers. Oh, the excitement this caused - and all the other little games they #played whilst sucking her breasts!

It was indeed another world, a Secret World far removed from anything that Emma had ever experienced before. No one, she felt, would ever understand the degree of sexual arousal that she got from it all.

In fact so heightened was her sexual awareness, and so stimulated were her sex glands, that some friends of Ursula's thought that she must be keeping the girl on Ecstasy all the time. But Ursula knew that it was all purely to do with hormone changes caused by the girl's progeny whose growing secretions were in her bloodstream now.

Ursula had also bought Emma a set of school girl's clothes that would show off her state well: a short black gym slip, white blouse, black stockings, sensible shoes and a little cape that was open down the front. Every day Ursula would send the embarrassed Emma out with Helga for a short walk "to give the puppies a little fresh air".

She still never saw her swollen tummy or the little bars threaded through the rings, that guarded her maternity, for she would be blindfolded whilst being dressed for her outing. But every day she could feel her protruding tummy growing heavier, making it more and more awkward for her to walk normally. More and more, to Ursula's amusement, she found herself waddling like a duck.

Her wrists would be strapped behind her back under her cape. A little wig and a school girl cap hid her shiny bald head and, to stop her running away, chains were discreetly attached to her wrists and her collar, the ends of which were held by Helga. From under her tummy would come the occasional tinkle of the padlock against the hanging disc engraved with Ursula's name and address.

Helga was dressed as Emma's nanny, and when they met one of Ursula's friends she would airily point to Emma, whilst Ursula watched, unobserved, from an upstairs window.

'Oh, yes,' Helga would say, 'this is the Mistress' naughty little girl. Although she's still only a school girl, she got herself into trouble, as you can see. It's quite shocking how many young girls do these days. But her Mistress took pity on the little teenage mother-to- be and took her in. And now she's going to have her Happy Little Surprise quite soon. And we're so looking forward to that, aren't we Emma?'

'Yes, Nanny Madam,' the highly embarrassed Emma would have to lisp in reply as Helga gave her a sharp secret pinch ...

Once Ursula, dressed as a man, had even dressed Emma as a school boy, wearing short boy's trousers, and with a school cap to hide her bald head, had taken her to a lesbian club where they had danced to the romantic slow music, with Ursula periodically putting her hand down to feel feel Emma's now hidden swollen breasts and tummy, and the rings, bar and padlock between her legs.

To Emma's intense initial embarrassment, she had kept Emma's wrists chained behind her back and had kept hold of her collar chain all evening. But then she became less embarrassed when she saw that several other girls in the club were also being kept under restraint, in one way or another, by their Mistresses.

However, her embarrassment returned when Ursula invited several of her friends to take Emma for a dance, pressing their own tummies against Emma's swollen one.

'I think,' they would laughingly say to Ursula as they handed Emma's lead back to her, 'that he's certainly in an interesting state for as boy!'

On another occasion she took Emma dressed as a young girl in a party frock that showed off her tummy nicely. Ursula's friends would gather round Emma, running a hand over her tummy and asking when the day would be.

Yes, indeed, it had all been so exciting, thought Emma as she lay in the cage. How she longed for the next time when she would be taken out of her cage. But she never knew when it would be.

Ursula was being very careful. She was determined that there must be no chance of Emma harming her progeny, nor of her escaping.

Of course, when Ursula had another girl staying in the house, she would still sometimes order Helga to take Emma out of her cage at night, or in the afternoon, and bring her to her bed to give her a mixture of pleasure and milk. But then Emma was always kept chained by one ankle to the bed post and her wrists were still kept chained behind her back or to her collar.

Moreover, there was another reason for ensuring that nothing happened to the little progeny. Ursula had always secretly planned to show Emma at the forthcoming International Puppy Breeding Society's Annual Show in New York. Now there was a new development ....

Emma had overheard Ursula having several long telephone calls to New York. She knew that Ursula had been planning to have an another exhibition of her pictures there. But this time there sounded to be more to it - another exhibition as well.

Ursula was always keen to make money, and Emma could not help laughing to herself when she heard her talk, apparently guardedly, of not only separately exhibiting one of her favourite pictures, but also entering it for a subsequent Special Auction. She heard Ursula asking what sort of price pictures would be likely to reach in the auction.

'Good Heavens!'she heard Ursula exclaim, 'that's certainly an almost irresistible price ... You say certain rich foreign coloured gentlemen are particularly keen buyers provided the pictures are in the right state and this auction is intended to meet this demand? ... Well, I do have one special picture here in England which will then be in just the right state ... ... Yes I think at that sort of price I should be a fool not to bring it over from England for the Special Auction ... '

The listening Emma was mystified. It all sounded a strange way of selling pictures. She was even more confused as she heard Ursula go on.

'You say that the foreign gentlemen buyers come specially to the Society's Exhibition and Sale ... They like to have a choice and that quite a few other members from America and elsewhere will be bringing their suitable pictures to the Exhibition and to the Sale ... Yes, and my own piece has already had that done ... Yes, perfectly smooth ... Well, I'll certainly see if they can be enlarged in time ... And you say that the Show itself will be in the form of a reception at which the pictures will be displayed before the auction. Good!'

Emma had thought it all sounded an unusual way to sell pictures. She wondered which was the special picture from England that Ursula planned to sell at such a vast price. And who were the rich foreign gentlemen buyers? And what did she mean by "smooth" and "enlarged"? It all seemed a little strange.

However, all Emma's doubts were forgotten when Ursula suddenly told her that she would be taking her to New York to help at her exhibition of pictures, and then at an auction which was to be proceeded by a rather special party. Indeed it was now only three days before their departure.

Emma was ecstatic. She had never been to America. Ursula had re-assured her that although outwardly Emma would be her assistant - carrying her portfolio, her sketch pad, her easel, her picture mountings and so on, behind the scenes they would both have have their own little secret: that Emma was really there purely for Ursula's private pleasure. Emma would be Ursula's little slave there.

Now suddenly, for the first time, Emma was was allowed to touch her belly, She gasped as first she was allowed to hold her breasts. Her nipples were now so prominent! Then she gasped even more when she felt the size of her belly and the way that her body lips were kept sealed by the rings and padlock. She turned in astonishment to Ursula.

'But, I'm so big! Already! ... But how? ... It seems such a short time! ... Oh, please, how any puppies am I carrying, Madam? ... Oh please!'

'Curiosity killed the cat, little Emma. And you I don't like curiosity in a slave,' replied Ursula aloofly. 'Yours not to reason why, yours just to do and die - and for your Mistress.'

'But what have you done to me?' Emma wailed. 'And why?'

But Ursula's voice suddenly hardened, making Emma quail.

'How dare you start questioning your Mistress! You're here just to do what you're told. Curiosity is only one step removed from impertinence, and you know very well I wont stand for either. I've damn good mind to tell Helga to give you a good thrashing now. Twelve strokes with the heavy black cattle whip. Now, on the spot! You wouldn't like that, would you Emma?'

Horrified Emma saw Helga turn towards the cupboard where the heavy whip was kept.

'No, Madam,' she screamed, suddenly very contrite. She would keep as quiet as a mouse rather ran risk another thrashing from that awful whip - and from the dreadful big German woman. 'No! No, please! I'm sorry Madam.'

'And so you damn well should be. You're a very lucky little girl to be let out of your cage and taken to New York by your Mistress. Now stop pouting and smile - or you'll get fifteen strokes for dumb insolence, you ungrateful wretch!'

Quickly Emma smiled. Fifteen strokes, my God!

But Emma was shrieking with fear as she saw Helga slowly begin to open the cupboard door ...

'No! Oh please, Mistress, no! I'll be a good girl. I'll be a good happy little slave. I'll do what my Mistress says. And I promise I won't ask any more questions. I promise!'

'Very well, then,' Ursula said with a sinister smile. 'But any more questions, at any time, and now you know what'll happen to you! You're going to learn to damn well keep you mouth shut even when you aren't muzzled.'

'Yes, Madam, yes' cried Emma, overwhelmed with relief as she saw Helga close the cupboard door again. Not to know just what was going on inside her was a small price to pay for avoiding fifteen strokes. 'I really promise I won't ask any more questions.'

Ursula smiled to herself. The girl seemed really well broken in this time. Yes, she thought, it would be quite safe now to take Emma with her to America. And her very state would make it more difficult for her to run away - where could she go in a strange country with no money? Yes, security could be eased and she would not have to be kept chained the whole time ....

Later, Ursula told Emma that she had arranged for her to have a little beauty treatment in America. She had seen pictures of Emma when she was eighteen - very attractive with large firm breasts and erect little nipples. Ursula had always longed for Emma to have larger breasts - now she was going to achieve her desire! After her last telephone call to New York, she was quite determined. Emma was rather timid about it all, but that was not going to stop Ursula!

Ursula remembered what a success a similar treatment had been with other girls. It certainly had not effected their subsequent flow of milk.

Emma was hesitant, wondering how she would explain a really big change to her friends and relations. However, Ursula merely smiled mysteriously saying that her friends would have no opportunity of seeing the change. When Emma asked her what she meant, she had again threatened to have Emma whipped with the heavy black cattle for impertinence if she said another word. Emma didn't dare question her about it again.

One more day and then New York! Emma of course had never been there before, but Ursula promised that she would take her round to see everything as well as take her to lots of fascinating parties. Emma was thrilled with the prospect of seeing New York whilst also being the centre of Ursula's attention - thanks to being in milk and to her strangely growing tummy.

At last it was time for the departure. Helga had taken Emma to the airport where they waited for Ursula who had been to a business meeting. She arrived in a foul temper, pretending scarcely to recognise Emma.

Helga unchained Emma and, unbelievably, let her go! Indeed she went off, leaving Emma standing alone and apparently unsupervised, for the first time since she had gone back to Ursula - an Ursula who now seemed uninterested in her.

Poor Emma didn't know what to do. It was the first time her hands had not been chained for weeks. It was the first time she had been free, free to feel her swollen nipples or belly, or to examine the horrible rings and padlock that kept her body lips tightly closed.

Was it all a trick to see if she would run away? Was she being secretly watched? Anyway how could she run away with no money, no cheque book and no credit cards - all of which were kept carefully by

Ursula. And anyway where could she run to in her present state - pregnant and in milk with a stiff lather bra locked over her breasts, a shaven head, her equally hairless body lips ringed and padlocked, and with a collar, discreetly hidden by a scarf, locked round her neck.

Was Ursula making her realise that even when she was apparently free to run away and escape, she was really still just Ursula's helpless slave?

Yes, she could not possibly run away ... Not this time! Ursula had been so clever. She must stay with her. But she had no ticket for the airline! Frightened, and unaccustomed at being left alone, she wondered what she should do. Oh, she cried, where is Ursula? Please don't abandon me now, she prayed. Was this a further little game to make her realise the depth of her dependency on Ursula?

Suddenly Ursula brushed past her and thrust a ticket and her passport into her hand. Emma was so relieved! But Ursula quickly walked on and disappeared, paying no more attention to Emma than she might to a lavatory attendant to whom she had just given a tip.

Emma was suddenly furious. How dare Ursula treat her like this! She felt more and more annoyed, as she saw that Ursula was again ignoring her completely as they boarded the plane.

On the flight over, Ursula sat all pompous in the First Class with two other women friends whom Emma had not not seen before. Meanwhile Emma was left alone in the Economy Class.

A nice man - probably a banker, Emma thought, - sat beside Emma. He started to make polite conversation. But Emma was feeling too jealous of the other women with Ursula to pay much attention to him - and also annoyed with Ursula for the off-hand way she had treated her.

Suddenly she felt her wig slipping. She saw the banker now looking at her head with disgust. Hastily she pulled it back to hide her bald head, remembering with a start what Ursula had said about making sure that she would be repulsive to men in future. Clearly she was! She gave a little sob. How she had loved it when men found her attractive.

Then suddenly the stewardess handed her a note.

'Make an excuse,' it read, 'and come up to the loo in the First Class immediately.'

It was easy for Emma to do this as the air hostesses were all far too busy handing out lunches and drinks to bother about her.

Standing outside the loo was Ursula. 'Get in!' she snapped.

It was so small, but Ursula had it all planned. 'Turn round!' she ordered as she sat down. Then she she had unlocked Emma's bra. 'Turn round again,' she ordered and, as Emma had leant over her, she she had eagerly begun to drink from her hanging breasts.

Her thirst satisfied, she ordered Emma: 'Now you sit down ... Now please me ... and keep your mouth open!'

Emma lifted up Ursula's dress and pursed her lips ...

Soon it was all over. 'You little slut - now lick me clean!' ordered Ursula in a contemptuous tone. 'And when you come out, you are not to look at me or at my friends. Do you understand?'

Emma did understand - only too well. She would be risking a thrashing if she even glanced at them.

But what further excitements lay ahead in New York?

27 - NEW YORK - THE BEAUTY PARLOUR

Emma was thrilled when Ursula beckoned her over in the Arrivals Hall - and so disappointed that she was surrounded by women friends who had come to meet her. She was so longing to be alone with her Mistress, and to see New York.

The women looked her and down.

'Why Ursula, she's delightful!' said one. 'When's she due to whelp?'

'In her present state,' interrupted another, 'and with those lovely blue eyes, she's going to do well at the Show and then make you a fortune at the Special Auction.'

Emma flushed angrily, not understanding what she meant.

'Shush!' she heard Ursula whisper. 'She doesn't know yet!'

Know what? She was about to demand an explanation when Ursula took her handbag containing her return ticket and passport.

'You won't need these now,' she said firmly.

Before Emma could protest, Ursula had thrust a pair of dark glasses into her hand. She put them on. She could see nothing! They were completely opaque! They even had little opaque side screens, so that she

could could not even see anything out of the corner of her eye. Angrily she reached up to snatch them off. But Ursula gripped her wrists.

'No! Leave them on, Emma,' she ordered brusquely. 'You're going to wear them, all the time out of doors here, so that you'll never know where you are. Think how exciting that'll be - and, anyway, I'm not having you run away after all the trouble and expense I've gone to bring you here in your present state!'

Emma shook her head angrily, again dislodging her wig and baring her shiny bald head. Desperately embarrassed, she quickly pulled the wig straight, but not before there were gasps of astonishment from the women.

'Oh Ursula! That's a brilliant idea!'

'That makes her look delightfully slave-like!'

'Or animal-like!'

'Anyway with her like that, you'll do even better at next week's auction.'

Why should her appearance effect the price of the pictures that Ursula going to sell was being sold at the auction? Emma did not understand. But before she could ask, she felt her arm being gripped by Ursula. Unable to see anything, she let herself be guided out of the airport building.

Once again she was quite dependent on her Mistress. It was, indeed, rather exciting, she thought, as she heard Ursula saying goodbye to her friends, and then felt her push her into a taxi.

'Where to, lady?' she heard the taxi driver ask.

'Here's the address,' she heard Ursula say. She must have handed him a slip of paper, for the taxi drove off with Emma having no idea of where they were going or where they were staying.

Yes, Emma thought, Ursula was certainly making sure she didn't run away again. In London, Ursula had done so by keeping her chained or caged. Here, Ursula would do so by keeping her alone in a strange county, with no money, ticket or passport, and not even knowing her where she was staying or going to - a simple way of ensuring that she was completely in her Mistress's hands ....

Once inside the apartment, Ursula allowed Emma to take off the glasses. Eagerly she looked round. She had been so disappointed at not being allowed to see New York as they drove from the airport.

The apartment was big by London standards and contained all the American mod cons that one expect in America. It was comfortably furnished. She looked out of the window. Several floors below was a busy street - but she could not recognise anything.

They spent all the first morning at the gallery where Ursula's exhibition was to be held. Once again Emma had to wear the opaque glasses on the journey between the apartment and the gallery - once again she saw nothing of New York, or even a street name. She had no idea where she was.

Emma was exhausted by having to run around the gallery, fetching and carrying for Ursula, whilst desperately ensuring that her wig hid her humiliating bald head. But in the afternoon, Ursula had arranged to take her to a Body Clinic. If she was a good girl, Ursula told her, then she would buy her a dress, for several days later there was to be a big party and Emma must look her very best.

On the way to the Body Clinic, Ursula kept telling Emma that she was going to have her breasts enlarged to a 38 inch bust. It would take more than one treatment. Emma was horrified, wondering which doctor back in London, could she go and see if anything ever went wrong. Her normally flat little belly was already big enough. What should she say to her friends if she also suddenly returned with a huge bust?

The Body Clinic was all very civilised - thick carpets and lovely rugs in all the rooms, with old furniture and little day beds so that you could spend all the day there - but not the night.

A very professional lady, called a Body Counsellor, talked Emma through the whole business. She checked Emma's diet and her weight. Emma was rather frightened lest she asked about her tummy, or about the injections that Ursula had had her given in London to bring on her milk. However she said nothing, and indeed assured Emma that she was in perfect health and that there would be no problems.

Then she put Emma's breasts into an electronic breast recorder which showed the relative amounts of fluid, fat and tissue, and explained that all three had to be considered when enlarging breasts. The art of a building a beautiful breast, she explained, was not merely build it up with layers of fat as that would be just flab.

'With a proper mix you get a far more real effect,' she said.

Emma was, of course, carrying extra fluid because of her state, and so, she went on, they would have to be extra careful so as to get the right shape. A screen showed Emma's breasts as they were, and size 38 breasts were superimposed. The effect was dramatic.

Emma was in a panic about it all, but the woman ignored her saying that Ursula was paying and had had given instructions about what she wanted done in time for the party that was to be combined with the auction. There was not time for Emma to be given the full 38 inch size that Ursula wanted, and instead they would go for a smaller 36C size with a better uplift. Instead of silicone implants they would use a laser treatment that would use just the minimum amount of silicon.

The woman counsellor showed her photographs of famous film stars who had the treatment and Emma had to admit that they looked wonderful. But she was no film star, and the whole idea was ridiculous, she protested.

'Nonsense, my dear, unless something is done, before you start the aging process, you will no longer attract either men or women.' As she said the word, women, her voice became soft. 'Yes,'she purred, touching Emma very slightly, 'we women like sensuous large breasts on a girl and our mutual friend, Ursula, has been very specific.'

This was the first time that Ursula's name had been mentioned. Was this clinic yet another of Ursula's international sources of young women? Certainly it was the ideal place to find beautiful, but insecure women. Perhaps the counsellor was in business with Ursula!

Emma wanted to run away quickly, but she remembered that the woman had locked the door - presumably on Ursula's instructions to make to sure Emma did not escape.

'Now Emma,' she said firmly, 'as you know my job is to turn you into a swan - a beauty for the special party, at which Ursula is expecting great things from you.'

Emma began to relax. Ursula was proud of her after all, and simply wanted her to look beautiful so that she could show her off at the party, presumably to her artistic friends.

'Call me Sylvie,' said the counsellor. 'Yes, Emma, now say, 'Sylvie, I want bigger breasts to please my Mistress'. Go on, little Emma. Say it! ... That's a good girl.'

Ignoring Emma's nervous protests, she took Emma into what seemed like a small operating theatre. She sprayed a local anaesthetic onto Emma's breasts which were then placed on a small machine. Tiny needles with drops of gel on them were gently inserted into the outer layer of her breasts.

Then her breasts were placed in what felt like a small oven. Laser beams would soon be working on the needles, she was told, but there would no scarring. She did not understand how it worked, but she was told that she would have two more treatments before the party, and that the shape that she, or rather Ursula, wanted would be moulded into her depending on where the needles were, either above or below the nipple. She learnt that all this was expensive and could cost thousands of dollars, depending on whether the breasts needed to be firmed up first, or if they were sagging. Then she was felt a little prick in her arm and passed out ...

Emma was slowly coming out of the anaesthetic. She could hear Sylvie and Ursula in the room next to the little operating theatre, talking in conspiratorial tones.

Then she heard Ursula harsh raised voice. 'I'm paying you woman,' she shouted at Sylvie, 'so do a proper job on her. Remember we have only a few days. The party starts at 8 p.m. and Emma must be completely firmed up by then!'

But Sylvie assured Ursula that the amount of sag had been carefully measured and that the girl could have two more treatments before the party, so the effect would be considerable.

Emma's confidence in Ursula was restored. She would not let Ursula down. She would look radiant with her lovely new breasts! She would dance, may be undress or do whatever Ursula liked ... It was going to be a wonderful evening. Oh, what exciting news she would have to tell her friends back in England!

Emma was then taken home to rest and, then, to please Ursula.

The following day Emma had expected to go shopping with Ursula. She had been looking forward to seeing something of New York, but to her disappointment Ursula went out alone, carefully locking Emma in and disconnecting the telephone.

When she returned, some dresses were delivered to the apartment. Although they were all beautiful, especially the one that Ursula finally chose for her, Emma would have loved to have gone and seen the shops. She resented being kept cooped up in the apartment all day - what was the point of being in New York?

But her thoughts were interrupted. ' Emma!' called Ursula in a menacing tone, 'come and see some videos.'

Emma was not particularly keen. 'Oh, I'd rather read,' she said airily, feeling thoroughly frustrated, and resentful, at being so strictly controlled by Ursula. 'I can't be bothered with stupid videos.'

Ursula must have sensed her resentment for immediately she became all purring in the way that never failed to calm Emma. 'Come now, little Emma. Sit on my lap and we'll watch the videos together . They will be good for you. I want you to learn some modelling techniques - ready for the party.'

Modelling techniques for the party, thought Emma. How odd! But she was too happy with Ursula's change of mood to ask any questions.

The video started off with lovely Greek music and beautiful girls modelling swim wear in Crete. Then the scene changed to Rome, and finally to Paris. The clothes were spectacular and the models even more so. Ursula kept telling Emma how she could improve and look like them, even if she were a little older.

'Age can be disguised,' she said, 'especially if you remember two hints: firstly, stay slim, for fat is aging, and secondly always walk quickly with a good deportment - think of yourself as a young ballet dancer, and always keep your head up!'

Emma was so busy listening that she hadn't noticed that the video had changed. There were still beautiful women, but now they had had their heads shaved - just like her's, she thought wonderingly. But then then the girls were put into animal skin suits, with just slits for their eyes and a zip down the front. Then to her horror she saw what seemed like an orgy, with men fingering the now animal-like girls. Even worse, there was what looked like an auction of the women.

Emma went ghost white when she saw, on the video, Ursula playing with another little slave girl. Emma wasn't Ursula's only little favourite! She realised that what she had been regarding as a little secret and sensuous game with Ursula was in fact something else.

How could Ursula be so cruel? Emma was beginning to dread the party or auction - or what ever it was. Had she fallen into some trap of Ursula's? Was flying to New York, having the expensive beauty treatment, and buying the expensive dress, all a build up ... to God knows what?

Now there were horrible Arab men on the video gloating at the girls. She felt fear and nausea. How could she get out of the party? She hated the dress, now - and she began to hate Ursula again - with a deep intensive hatred, a murderous hatred.

Scarcely noticed by Ursula, Emma pulled herself away and went to her room. She cried herself to sleep, feeling homesick and lonely. What was she doing here? Oh, what a horrible mess her life was!

28 - PREPARATIONS FOR THE PARTY

Emma's breasts were now looking wonderful after three treatments. But Ursula was still not satisfied.

'Sylvie!' she exploded, 'they're still not pointed enough. You must do something about those nipples. I want them far more prominent for the party ... To match her belly! ... And her body hair - she's still not smooth enough. You will have use hotter wax. I'll take the padlock off her so that you can get at her lips better. And her face will have to be completely made up, and her hands and feet manicured and pedicured. And her head - kill off that remaining stubble at the sides!'

Emma burst out crying at this. Enough was enough! Anyway, what had her nipples, breasts and body hair got to do with selling pictures? She got up to leave the beauty salon, but the normally softly spoken Sylvie grasped her arms and twisted them in an extremely painful grip. She called out to her assistant, a little Filipino boy, Shardi. 'Tie up this stupid slut!'

Then Ursula said, 'That's better, Sylvie. You've got to be firm with this girl. Remember you won't get your share of the money if you don't do a perfect job.'

Money! thought Emma. What money?

Ursula now removed the padlock and slipped the bar out from between the little rings. Emma sighed as she felt her beauty lips open like flowers. Then as Sylvie now waxed her her head and beauty lips, rubbed oils and body lotions into her body, and carefully painted a pretty design onto her swollen belly with henna, she kept wondering what Ursula had meant.

But her doubts were all forgotten when she looked at herself in the mirror. She was stunned at how beautiful she looked. And how the little rings showed off her beauty lips under her prettily swollen tummy!

She was simply amazed to see how her body glistened and glowed. How can simple oils do this to the skin, she asked Sylvie.

'They are all imported from India,' replied Sylvie. 'In fact this cream has a a sort of dye in it - like henna, but specially made for your type of fair skin.'

Emma noticed that her little mound, where the remaining fuzz had been removed, was not only smooth liked a baby but, instead of being white and ugly, actually matched the rest of her body. Everything

glistened the same pale brown colour. But perhaps the most stunning, and erotic, sight was Ursula's crest beautifully painted with henna across her belly.

She felt a sensuous urge flow through her veins.

'So little Emma,' laughed Sylvie, touching Emma, 'as I've made you look really beautiful, and as Ursula has taken the padlock off, I think I now deserve a little pleasure!'

Emma had grown fond of Sylvie. She had adored her soft hands rubbing in the oils, and her gentleness with the hot wax and when making up her face. She had also felt a little tingle when Sylvie had opened her beauty lips to remove every single hair.

'Oh yes ... but Ursula will be furious if she finds out!'

'She won't,' replied Sylvie. 'Come on little Emma. Come upstairs.'

Obediently, Emma followed Sylvie up a long narrow staircase. They had left the beauty salon and upstairs on the fifth floor was a room marked "Store". Then there was a room marked "Staff only".

'Come along, little Emma!' whispered Sylvie.

Emma had expected a sort of staff canteen or may be a rest room, but to her amazement she found a little playroom with dolls ... dolls dresses ...a Wendy house ... little toys ... picture books .... pampers ... a little pot and a record player playing children's rhymes. The scene was somehow familiar.

Emma was also amazed to see a rather beautiful teenage girl.

'Meet my little ...charge ... Steffie,' said Sylvie proudly. Sylvie was half Swedish and very fair and so was her "charge".

Emma had never before been attracted to a young girl, but now she felt herself bursting with lust at the sight of this gorgeous young blond creature, curled up in a little cot and just wearing a child's smock.

'Emma! Say hello to Steffie. She doesn't speak much English yet.'

'Hello, Steffie,' said Emma.

Then Sylvie drew the curtains and put on a gay little children's record.

'Steffie, I'm going to take you out of your cot, so that you can dance with Emma.'

Steffie was quite tall when she stood up. She was obviously not a young teenager, but the dress made her look younger. Her breasts were just small little buds. Like Emma her beauty lips were completely hairless. But what made Emma gasp was the sight on the girl's naked tummy of Ursula's crest, also beautifully etched in henna.

'Emma! Dance with Steffie.'

Emma was still in the white coat of the beauty clinic. At first they danced apart. Then Emma felt her big new bust brush up against Steffie's little buds. They were almost the same height. She quickly removed her coat, leaving herself naked.

Excitement was mounting for Emma. For the first time in her life she really wanted a young girl, this girl. Yes, she felt like Ursula must feel! She wanted to have and to own a very pretty girl!

Sylvie had stayed quiet. She was watching everything, but said nothing. Emma didn't care, she was just crazy about the beautiful Steffie. But her desire was about to be thwarted ...

Suddenly Ursula burst into the room. She saw Emma's flushed face. Emma had no time to remove her finger from Steffie's little beauty pouting beauty lips, nor to pull her body away from the gorgeous Steffie - and even she had had time, she wouldn't have wanted to.

'You bitch, Sylvie!' Ursula was furious. 'My prize Steffie! She's young and pure. She and Emma are to be my prize exhibit at the party tonight! And you, you bitch, you let them play with each other! They shouldn't even have been allowed to see each other! Not yet!'

She turned back to Emma. 'And don't you get any ideas about Steffie. She's not for you - she far too valuable!'

Then she slapped Emma's face. 'With your full belly you're also a valuable investment and just because you've been allowed out of your cage, to be brought here, don't start getting ideas above your station, you little slut. Just remember you're merely your Mistress's slave - nothing more! You just wait until later tonight. I'll enjoy watching you performing!'

Ursula stood back from the now cowering Emma, satisfied that her authority over her had been re-established.

'Put the bar and padlock back onto the slut her at once!' she ordered Sylvie. 'I want her wearing it at the party - for greater effect! Then take her back to the apartment and watch over her. Then take her in a taxi to Mirale's this evening ... And for her misbehaviour, I'll have her auctioned first. Now get her out of my sight!

Poor Emma! What could she do? She was now more confused than ever about what was in store for her at the party. What was to be her fate in the strange land?

Emma must have fallen asleep, as suddenly she woke up to the sound of music and to the jingle of bells. She could hear little tapping steps.

She looked around the rather bare room in the apartment. It was spotless but almost clinical with everything white and chrome. Her bed was small - a little white bunk - and there was a nice white dressing table, white cupboards and a thick white carpet.

Emma tried to open the door, but it was locked. Luckily she had a little bathroom en suite. She put her head up against the wall of her bedroom and the music was now even louder. Beat, clap , tinkle it went; beat, clap, tinkle. She loved the music and began to cheer up. She moved to and fro and was finding that she could sway to the beat quite well when suddenly the door opened.

'So little Emma,' said Sylvie, 'you're awake. Well, it's time now for dance practice - for you're going to have to put on a little display tonight, a little hors d'oevres before the main attraction, the auction.'

She handed Emma a beautiful Indian sari and showed her how to put it on. Under the transparent sari she was naked. It felt wonderfully feminine and made her look strangely beautiful, Emma decided.

Then Sylvie lead her into the room where the music was coming from. There were three other girls there, all dressed in similar saris and gently dancing in time to the music. Two were white girls, and one was black, a six foot two inch giant of a girl. They looked very exotic in a strange way, but their interesting state was quite clear. Despite their slimness, the draped folds of the saris could not hide their prettily swollen tummies, nor their big breasts. Their strangely elongated nipples seemed to burst through the thin material of their saris. Just like me, Emma thought.

Then she noticed through the transparent material that they all had Ursula's crest painted across their swollen tummies - again just like herself. How strange, she thought, were they also carryig puppies?'

After her encounter with Steffie, Emma knew now that she was now not just passively attracted to women, but almost aggressively, although she had yet to take the first move. The sight of these exotic creatures gently dancing, their painted bellies swaying, made her very excited. She was charmed when they took her into their circle. They did not seem to be shocked by her shiny bald head. They all held hands and each time the music stopped, one of the girls had to go into centre, making her body move to and fro like a snake, whilst the rest danced round her.

Emma was now enjoying herself. She liked the other girls, particularly a beautiful American girl, Pam. The fact that Emma's tummy was also swollen, and also adorned with Ursula's crest gave her a feeling of solidarity with the others. She was one of them! They were all Ursula's girls! All brought to New York for this strange party!

It was all a far cry from conventional old England. This was fun! She blotted out her home life. Yes, she had missed her friends, her husband, her lover ... but this was all heady excitement and maybe at the party she might meet some very exciting people.

'Stop, girls!' cried Sylvie. She clapped her hands. Her voice was stern. 'It's now time to get yourselves more organised for tonight. I'm going to give some lessons. Now sit down, little girls. Yes, on the floor! Now first you must learn that before you can give real pleasure, you've to learn to adore your body and those of of your little companions.'

She paused for a moment.

'Emma! You must learn the art of gentle massage, as at the party some of the guests might want to see you arousing a boy. Now watch and listen. Arch your hand, facing downwards towards the boy's manhood. Then stroke with all your fingers, until the head of the manhood hits the palm of your hand and then move the fingers back up and down gently - swaying to the music. Initially you'll have to do this with Atul, an Indian boy, and all the time you will be watched and you will also be marked. A good score will be good for you. But,' Sylvie frowned, 'a low score will mean trouble! So be warned, Emma! Your Mistress isn't exactly best pleased with you as it is, is she?'

'No Mistress,' murmured Emma.

'Well just pay attention to the rest of the lesson.' She turned to the other girls. 'You know that a man's testicles are very sensitive - so just be very gentle. Run your tongue up and down, flicking both sides and underneath.'

Sylvie demonstrated this with a large black rubber manhood. Then she said to the girls.

'Remember that initially the whole thing is to get a sensation of teasing. And don't forget that a very important area is behind the testicles themselves and be ready to excite with your tongue. For the display

you will be lent boys. They will join you at the start of the display, and as Emma is the oldest girl she will have the youngest boy, Atul. So there'll be four little girls and four boys. They boys have been trained separately. You will wear pink pantaloons and the boys blue ones, and will you will all wear a mixture of red and yellow for your little boleros. At first you will all dance together and then when the music changes ... like this ... that'll be the signal for each of to kneel down in front of your partner, slip down his pantaloons and start to arouse him ... Some of these boys may have rather small manhoods, but you must pretend not to notice. Just remember that they can have just as much pleasure as the owners of large ones.

Sylvie picked up the rubber manhood again.

'Now look, don't champ your mouth and, you Emma, watch those teeth of yours.'

'Yes, Madam', replied Emma feeling highly embarrassed at being singled out.

'Now girls, pretend you have your boy's manhood in the palm of your hand... '

'Emma!' But Emma's thoughts had drifted away to the beautiful gold evening dress that Ursula had finally chosen for her for the party. She had tried it on and never more, she thought, had she looked more beautiful. But would she be allowed to wear it at the party? Was it just a toy that Ursula had bought to keep her quiet?

29 - THE PARTY

'Remove your blindfolds,' ordered the dark mysterious woman called Areas. Earlier she had collected Emma and the other girls from Ursula's flat and taken them, still dressed in their saris but covered in wraps, wrap over to this strange place. She looked Greek but spoke with a harsh German accent.

Emma found herself in a room full of beautiful young women - pregnant young women, including the other three girls from the training session in Ursula's flat. None of them had shiny white bald heads like hers. Instead they all had lovely long hair. She felt so ashamed.

'Line up, girls, and prepare yourselves for the Belly Game. Put on these stretch-lyra dog suits. Pull them them right over your heads. Note the number on the forehead and back of each suit. That's the number you will known by for the rest of the evening. No names, just numbers. Also notice that as well as the main zip up the back, there is also a little zip over the belly. You're to unzip that when we play the Belly Game to titillate the buyers and get them worked up. There's also a zip over the mouth, and I want that kept closed. '

Titillate the buyers? Why should buyers of pictures need to be titillated? But hers was not reason why - especially with Ursula. But what was the Belly Game? Emma did not understand but felt worried. Why should she be lining up for some sort of parade with these other numbered women? It reminded her of watching a beauty contest on television, with the girls being ordered about as is they had no minds of their own. As she now peered through the little slits over her eyes, Emma felt that she had lost her identity - she was now merely Number Three, one of the anonymously pregnant girls who had been forced into these horrible dog suits with realistic upright ears sewn onto the side of the head pieces.

Areas came up to Emma.

'You've forgotten something already,' she said angrily. She pulled the zip over Emma's mouth closed. The head piece now fitted tightly under her chin, making it difficult for her to open her mouth, even a little. She had been muzzled!

Then Areas checked the zip over her belly, patting her little swollen tummy before she did up the zip again.

'There's a good little girl,' she said reassuringly. 'Oh, they're going to like this when we go into the other room.'

Emma wanted to run away. Oh, where was Ursula? Why had she sent her here? She felt a deep hatred and and resentment at the off-hand way she being treated. She longed to scream out: 'I'm Emma, from England. I'm much better than any of you.' But, of course, she was muzzled now, and anyway who would care?

Suddenly a bell rang.

'Line up properly, girls!' Areas opened a door. 'Now run, one behind the other, like good little girls, into the viewing room.'

Standing with the other girls on a sort of raised dais, Emma saw a mixture of wealthy looking Arabs and Indians, and a few smartly dressed older looking white women sitting around the room. They were

eating what looked like caviare and drinking Champagne. There was a strange smell of incense. Ursula should do well selling pictures to these obviously rich people, Emma thought.

The room seemed more like an Eastern tent with gorgeous material hanging from the ceiling. It all seemed very grand and luxurious.

Suddenly Emma saw Ursula. She was here after all! She was sitting close to a fat, well dressed, and prosperous looking Arab. She seemed to be showing the Arab some large photographs. But they were not normal photographs, nor photographs of Ursula's pictures. They were negatives, rather like X-Ray pictures of broken bones. Astonished and then appalled, she saw that they had the distinctive edging of photographs taken from the scanner - the ones that, this time, she had never been was never allowed to to see, the ones of her tummy, the ones that showed just what it was that she carrying, her Progeny as Ursula callously called it.

Emma saw Ursula point to something on the scanner pictures. The fat Arab nodded and smiled cruelly. My God, she thought, is Ursula really showing this awful Arab what she is carrying. But why? Why, when she herself wasn't allowed to know just how many?

Emma tried to signal to her, but Ursula ignored her. Of course, thought Emma, Ursula would find it difficult to distinguish her from the other young women all hidden in their similar dog suits. But surely she would recognise her pleading eyes peering through the little slits in her head piece?

But Ursula still paid no attention. Emma could not believe the cruelty of Ursula. She remembered the happy times, just before they left London, when Ursula had dressed her as a boy and taken her out dancing. She remembered all the promises that Ursula had made to her about New York, about showing her town and about letting her have a share in her international chain of art galleries. But all that talk had just evaporated. Instead of dashing round New York meeting fascinating people, here she was lined up in a dog skin with half a dozen other pregnant young women. She felt sick with anger.

'Turn round with your backs to the audience, and bare your bellies' ordered Areas. 'Do what you're told or Mazu will beat you!'

Who is Mazu, Emma wondered. But anyway she was just too embarrassed to pull down the zip over her tummy. She just couldn't do it - not with all those awful looking men present!

Suddenly she jumped as a cane was brought down across her thinly covered backside.

'You pull down zip! You show belly!' came a strange deep male voice, speaking in heavily accented broken English. Emma turned in astonishment and saw standing behind her a huge frightening-looking black man dressed in a long Eastern brocade robe and wearing a turban. Mazu! In his hand he carried a thin whippy cane. He raised it again. Hastily, Emma pulled down the zip. Her belly was now bare and protruding. She felt so ashamed.

Mazu came round to the front of the line of young women, all disguised in tight elasticised dog skins with realistic dog head pieces. They were covered them from their toes to the tops of their heads, except for the little eye slits - and now their bared swollen bellies.

Still carrying his cane, he walked slowly down the line of trembling dog like women.

'Clasp hands behind necks!' he barked, tapping his cane menacingly and conscious that his actions were arousing the audience. 'Stand up straight! Thrust out little bellies.'

Again he walked down the line, like a successful dog trainer showing off his prize animals, or, perhaps thought Emma with a little shiver of fear, like the overseer at an Eastern slave market.

Then with a special pen he copied the number on each girl's headpiece onto her protruding belly. Emma was appalled as she felt him write a huge figure three, just above the crest painted on her belly.

Then he stood back looking at the numbers. Satisfied he stepped forward and bowed to the silent and eagerly waiting audience.

'Now Belly Game starting!' he announced. Then he turned to the line of girls facing away from the audience.

'Turn round, one after another, when I call each number,' he shouted harshly. 'Wait for number! ... One!'

The tall black girl turned and faced the audience. There was a gasp of appreciation from the audience at the sight of her big belly.

'Two!'

The girl standing next to Emma turned. Again there was a gasp from the audience.

'Three!'

Emma stood there frozen. She just could not bring herself to turn round and expose herself. It just too degrading. She was an Englishwoman, a married woman, not some tramp.

But Mazu had been anticipating this. His cane flashed down twice stingingly across Emma's buttocks.

'Turn and show yourself, white slut!' he screamed, raising his cane menacingly again.

With a sob of despair from under her muzzle, Emma turned. At least her shaming bald head was hidden. But her soft white belly, crested and numbered, was now well and truly on display. She felt utterly humiliated, and she blushed under her headpiece as she heard the men in the audience comparing her belly to that of the other two girls.

'Four!' ordered Mazu ... 'Five!' ... There were no hesitations from the rest of the girls - not after they had seen what had happened to Emma. Soon the full line of numbered swollen bellies was facing the fascinated audience.

The watching men and women were handed similarly numbered photographs of the girls, showing only their heads - now hidden, of course, under their dog-like head pieces. The game was to match each numbered belly with the numbered photograph of it's owner's head.

As an example, Areas started with the easiest girl, the tall Negress. None of the audience had difficulty in matching the photograph of her dark skinned face with her brown belly. She was told to take off her head piece. Her face and head were now displayed. Then she was told to stand up on a low table, on display with her head and belly now bared.

Then Areas called out, 'Now look at the photograph of the bald headed girl. Well which of these girls do you think is her? Which little swollen belly is hers? Write your name and the number of the girl whose belly you think matches the bald headed on your betting slips. Each slip costs a five hundred dollars and the the winning betting slip or slips win the pool. Now buy your betting slips, and look at the girls whilst they bounce their bellies and try and guess which is the one with the bald head ... Now girls, start dancing to the music ... And keep keep going or you'll feel Mazu's cane!'

Five hundred dollars! thought Emma. These people must be very rich. Horrified Emma realised that the answer to the bet was herself. How she longed again for her lovely long blond hair hanging down to her shoulders. How cruel Ursula had been had been in having it all shaved off, and then in keeping her head smooth and glistening white.

But she was too busy now concentrating on keeping time to the music to think more about her hair! She could feel her progeny kicking as she danced - making the sight all the more erotic for the audience as they completed their betting forms and handed them in with their money.

'So,' called out Areas, 'the correct answer is ... Number Three!'

The big black man went up to Emma and pulled back the zip over her mouth. He raised his cane. 'What your number, white slut?'

'Number Three!' screamed Emma terrified, as she eyed the cane through the slits in her headpiece.

'Show yourself!' shouted Mazu

Shyly and hesitantly Emma slid down the headpiece, displaying her face and shiny bald head. There was a gasp of appreciation from the audience.

Areas was glancing through the returned betting slips.

'The only gentleman who guessed correctly,' she announced, turning to the fat, prosperous looking, Arab sitting next to Ursula, 'was ... Your Highness! Congratulations!'

There was a little round of applause as she handed the delighted Arab his winnings.

'Get up onto display table' Mazu ordered Emma, 'and keep hands clasped behind neck!'

Emma stood up alongside the tall negress, very conscious of the many eyes that were now assessing her. The fat, rich looking, Arab rose and came over to the table. He was accompanied by a black man, evidently his employee. The black man put his hand up onto on Emma's belly and then turned and nodded respectfully to the fat Arab.

'Keep still!' Mazu warned Emma. 'Head up! Look straight ahead!'

Emma felt the Arab's horrible podgy hands pressing her belly. She felt her progeny move. The Arab gave a grunt. Then he demeaningly examined the silver bar locked over her beauty lips. He said something in Arab to his black assistant, who tried in vain to part the Emma's beauty lips. Satisfied, the fat Arab wrote something in what seemed to be a catalogue.

'This one would look very good in my private zoo,' he said to Areas and returned to his seat.

'Now fill in your betting slips for the next photograph,' called out Areas. 'You can see that she's a most attractive young woman ... but which of the bellies still on display is hers? Make your bets ...'

The Belly Game continued, humiliating for the young women but highly arousing for the audience ...

The girls were now all back in their dressing room. The presence of Mazu, still carrying his cane, kept them subdued and silent as, embarrassed by the presence of a man, they undressed and handed their dog skins back to Areas.

Sylvie now came in and took Ursula's four girls aside. She gave them each a pair of brightly coloured transparent pantaloons and a little matching bolero. Each girl's number could still be seen on her belly through the transparent material and had been also embroidered on the bolero. Emma was dressed in blue.

'Now don't forget what I told you,' Sylvie whispered, 'or Ursula will be very angry. Just do what Mazu says.'

Emma and the other girls found themselves standing on a little stage. The curtain rose. The audience were sitting on a little gold painted chairs facing them.

Music started to be played. It was the same music to which Emma and her companions had practised their dancing in Ursula's apartment earlier in the evening.

Mazu came onto the stage and gestured to the girls, with his cane, to start their dance. Nervously they did so, taking it in turn to be the girl swaying in the middle of the ring.

Emma felt desperately embarrassed as she heard her padlock tinkling against the little disc hanging between her legs.

Then four young Indian boys came dancing onto the stage. They were dressed identically to the girls, each in a different colour that matched that of one of the girls, with whom they paired off and danced.

This must be Atul, thought Emma, as she eyed a handsome young boy who was also dressed also in blue. She blushed as she saw his already half erect manhood under his transparent pantaloons, as facing each other they swayed in time together to the music.

Suddenly the music changed. Emma saw the other girls fall to their knees in front of their partners and start to slip down their pantaloons. She remembered Sylvie's instructions. She eyed Atul. She simply could not bring herself to do it - not in public, like this.

She screamed as Mazu's cane came flashing down across her barely protected backside. There was a laugh from the audience. Choking back her tears, Emma slipped to her knees. The cane flashed down across her back. Again there was a laugh from the audience. Emma found herself quickly reaching up and slipping down Atul's pantaloons. The big Negro raised his cane again. Hastily Emma started to play with the youth in the way that Sylvie had instructed them ...

Suddenly the frightening black man clapped his hands. Nervously, the girls all stopped and looked up at him. He pointed to a curious sort of stocks running along the front the stage.

'Crawl over and put your necks and wrists in the stocks,' he ordered harshly, his cane raised. The four girls hesitantly crawled over to the stocks and, still kneeling, did as they were told. Emma saw that Pam was kneeling next to her. Mazu closed the top half of the stocks and bolted it. Emma found herself facing the audience with her necks and wrists held helpless, her belly resting on a bar and her buttocks raised. The high plank of the stocks prevented her from seeing behind her.

Mazu went down the line of girls, a pot in his hand. Horrified she felt him grease her backside.

The music became much softer, and the Negro gestured to the Indian boys, now naked except for their boleros.

Suddenly felt her hips being gripped. She did not understand what was going to happen - for her body lips were still sealed by the silver bar and the padlock.

Then she felt something pressing against her buttocks. Atul's manhood! She screamed as she felt it slowly penetrating her. She heard the other girls on either side of her also screaming. She grimaced with the pain and shame. The audience laughed. It was a highly erotic sight.

The music changed to a pulsating throb and Emma felt Atul thrusting into her in time with the music. Appalled she felt herself becoming aroused. She could feel her cheeks and neck becoming red, and her eyes becoming glazed. The audience were laughing again. It was all too awful, but it seemed to go on and on.

Suddenly the music became much faster. It seemed to be building up to a climax. Then she felt her insides being drowned ... The humiliating laughter was louder than ever, she lowered her eyes in shame ...

'Go into this little room with Pam and have a little rest,' Sylvie ordered Emma. Pam was the lovely American girl who had been in the stocks next to Emma, the same girl who had attracted her attention at the rehearsal in Ursula's apartment.

In the room was a small bed, facing a large mirror. The two girls, now stark naked, lay on it, admiring themselves in the mirror. After all the emotional excitements of the Belly Game and then the dance with the Indian boys and its shattering finale, both girls felt the need to comfort each other.

Soon they were kissing and stroking each other

Suddenly a panel in the wall, next to the mirror, opened. The girls sat up, startled. The face of the fat Arab appeared, together with that of Sylvie who was smiling proudly.

'Yes, indeed,' the blushing girls heard the Arab say to Sylvie, 'a most delightful picture. I shall certainly be most interested in acquiring it to decorate the private zoo I keep in my harem garden!'

Horrified, the two girls wondered if the glass of the mirror was one-way, and whether they had been sent into this room to put on an unrehearsed little lesbian scene for the benefit of the fat Arab. But they had no time to wonder more a bout this, nor about what the Arab had meant, for Sylvie ordered them back into the dressing room.

30 - THE AUCTION

The girls were all titivating themselves in the dressing room. They were naked, except for their high heel shoes. No talking was allowed and Mazu, the burly Negro, was there with his cane to enforce the silence, walking up and down menacingly, his presence making the girls cringe with embarrassment at their nudity.

Then several older women, including Sylvie, came into the room women and started to check different groups of girls. Mazu merely smiled when they started to laugh and talk amongst themselves, each saying that her girls were the most attractive and would do the best. Do best at what, Emma started to ask. But Sylvie put her finger to her lips and pointed to Mazu, standing there, his cane in his hand. Emma bit her lips in a mixture of mortification and fear.

Sylvie was now busy checking Ursula's four girls, brushing, combing and making sure they all looked exquisite. She painted their eyes and nipples and touched up the beautifully painted crest on their bellies.

Then, rather strangely, she also wiped off the Party Number that Mazu had crudely written on each girl's tummy before the Belly Game, and instead painted it carefully onto each girl's forehead. She fastened a little leather collar with a big ring on it, round each girl's neck and then also carefully powdered each girl's hairless beauty lips and bald mound, and in Emma's case also powdered her bald head.

Telling Emma to stand up, she called Mazu over. She pointed to the little disc hanging from one of the rings through her body lips. The Negro nodded, bent down, held Emma's beauty lips carefully and, using a little file, took the disc off. Emma was so embarrassed by what he was doing, that she scarcely wondered why it was being removed, nor why Sylvie then handed Mazu a piece of paper with a list of numbers written on it.

Then Sylvie made her girls get dressed again in the beautiful long silken saris in which they had come to the party, gathering the folds high in the waist above their swollen bellies, and throwing the end across their naked breasts, and over their heads.

Emma looked at herself in the mirror. She looked really beautiful in an Eastern way in her sari with her eyes outlined in kohl. Her prettily protruding belly and now bigger breasts thrust against the transparent material and her shiny bald head gave her a strangely erotic and even animal-like look that was highlighted by her collar.

She was wondering when the auction of pictures was going to begin when, through a partly open door, she heard Areas addressing the audience of buyers in the next room.

'Now it's time for the best merchandise to go under the hammer. We have a dozen beautiful lots, several of them the property of Miss Ursula de Vere, and you can read all about them in your catalogue. I must warn you, however, that there is a reserve price on Lots Three and Four.'

Areas said all this in a very matter of fact way. Which pictures were Lots Three and Four, Emma wondered idly. She remembered that her party number was also Three and that of Pam was Four. What a strange coincidence!

Sylvie went to another door and, to Emma's astonishment, brought in Steffie! She was dressed like a little girl in a party dress with her hair in little ringlets. But she was also wearing a collar and on her her forehead, too, a number had been painted.

Open mouthed, Emma watched as the beautiful girl to whom she had been so attracted earlier that day was led her up to Mazu, who gripped her arm and clipped a chain onto her collar. Then he led her through the door into the room where the party guests were waiting. There was a roar of appreciation and then the door was closed.

Mystified, Emma remembered how earlier that evening Ursula had angrily shouted that Steffie was her 'prize exhibit' and that 'they' would all be mad for her. She could hear occasional raised voices coming from next door. What on earth was going on?

There was a sudden sharp bang, as if from an auctioneer's hammer, from the next door room, and then a silence. Suddenly Mazu came back through the door. He was holding in hand the chain which had been attached to Steffie's collar, but there was no sign of Steffie herself.

Mazu now consulted the list which Sylvie had given him, and then looked around the room as if looking for one of the numbers painted on the girls' foreheads. His glance settled on Emma.

'Number Three!' he grunted. He beckoned her, his cane raised in one hand, and the chain held ready in the other. 'Come here, at once!'

Petrified Emma looked round towards Sylvie for help. But she merely smiled.

'Off you go, little Emma. Off you to your new life! Just remember that no one will know what has happened to you - or even bother to look for you. Thousands of young women disappear in New York every year!'

But Emma scarcely realised the significance of what she was saying, for the big black man was now angrily coming for her. She pressed up against the wall, but he he grabbed her and fastened his chain to her collar. Then with his cane he drove her ahead of him through the door.

Emma heard the door close behind her. She and the Negro were standing in a dark smoke filled room. Suddenly a blinding spot light shone down on her. She saw that they were standing in a sort of brilliantly lit cage on a raised platform. There were bars all round and over the top of her head.

She could vaguely make out the seated audience that was surrounded the cage on three sides. The fourth side was taken up by the door through which she had been driven and which was now firmly closed.

To one side of the cage was a rostrum on which Areas was standing, a gavel in her hand.

Emma was terrified. What was going to happen? Why was she here?

She started to peer through the bars, to look for Ursula. She wanted to call out to her, to ask her to have her released, to protest that a joke was a joke, but that ... Then suddenly Mazu, who was was still holding the chain attached to her collar in one hand, and his cane in the other, gave her a sharp tap on her buttocks.

'You look straight ahead, white girl,' he whispered, 'or you get cane! Head up! Stand up straight! Hands behind neck! Thrust out breasts - and belly. That's better! Now you keep quiet and absolutely still!'

Emma froze. She felt like a rabbit mesmerised by a stoat.

Then, slowly, Mazu momentarily lifted the the sari off her head, giving the audience a quick glimpse of her shiny bald head. There was a gasp of appreciation from the half hidden watchers in the darkness beyond the bars.

Then Mazu swivelled her collar round so that the ring was now at the back. Deftly he pulled out a pair of handcuffs and before the confused Emma could realise what had happened, her wrists had been chained to the back of her collar. The Negro stood back.

'Lot Number Three, in your catalogues,' came the voice of Areas. 'The property of Ursula de Vere. Brought over from England especially for this auction, having been specially prepared. Her condition is guaranteed. Sold with regret to make room for new stock.'

But Emma could see no painting being displayed. But then a picture was flashed up onto a large screen above Areas's rostrum. Through the bars of her cage she saw that it was not a picture of one of Ursula's latest unsold paintings. It was a picture of her! Naked! And showing her swollen belly! Sickened, she recognised it as one that Ursula had had taken of her just before they left London. She saw two Arab looking men in the front row pointing at it with a smile, and then at her, as they consulted their catalogues.

'No! No!' screamed Emma, as the truth suddenly dawned on her and she realised the depth of all Ursula's lies and the deceptions, and in particular about a special auction of pictures and of a prize item being brought from England.

She, herself, and the other girls were what was being sold! She was the prize item that had been specially brought from England! And Steffie must already have been sold - bought by one of the awful coloured men out there now looking at her and judging her worth.

But this was the late Twentieth Century. Girls were not now sold like cattle! Not in New York! She was a respectable married woman, an Englishwoman. Her husband would enquire what had happened to her. No, it must all be some sick joke of Ursula's.

Then she remembered Sylvie's parting remarks about no one bothering about yet another missing woman in New York and wishing her luck in her new life. Her new life? As the slave of an Arab potentate? My God! This was no joke, it was deadly serious! She really was going to sold! Sold by an angry Ursula who was seeking her revenge for the way that Emma had made her look a fool and who, anyway now needed the money. If she could no longer sell her pictures because of the recession, she could still sell her girls!

And the the strange and humiliating Belly Game and the shame-making scene with the Indian boys? They had just been planned as a way of showing off herself, and the other girls, as potential slaves of cruel and sensuous coloured Masters!

'No! No!' again Emma screamed. The audience laughed, clearly delighted by the sight of Emma's abject terror.

She turned and ran to the door. It was locked. She turned and ran towards the bars of the cage. They were strong and unbending. Silently Mazu beckoned her back and slowly pulled her towards him by her chain ... She tried to push him away. but of course with her hands chained behind her neck, she was helpless.

He frog-marched her to the front of the cage. A spotlight was directed on her, half blinding her. Then the Negro slowly pulled the sari fully down off her head. There was another gasp from the audience as, once again, the erotic and degrading sight of her bald head was displayed. No wonder Ursula had had her made bald. It would add considerably to the price she would get for her.

Then Mazu lowered the sari down to her waist, baring her now enlarged breasts. He lifted up one breast and let it go, showing her bigger and firmer breasts and her specially elongated nipples.
There were murmurs of admiration from the darkness beyond the bars. So this was why Ursula had insisted on her having the laser treatment! It too would add greatly to her value.

Emma was vaguely aware that the picture of herself on the screen was replaced firstly by a table of statistics and then by various certificates.

'Breasts 36, waist normally 23, hips 28 ...' intoned Areas. 'Note her certified age ... and this medical certificate of fitness for breeding ... Note also her date of marriage and the name of her husband - details which will make her more interesting to Masters who like to take a white woman away from her husband and then use her, in different ways, for their own particular pleasures! '

She paused to give them time to read it and assimilate it all.

'Like all the women being auctioned here tonight, she is in a particularly interesting condition!'

Areas gestured to the Negro.

Slowly he lowered the sari to Emma's hips, displaying the painted crest on her swollen belly.

'Of course,' came Areas's voice, 'this is intended merely to give you an idea of what the girl would look like when she was carrying your own personal brand across her belly.'

Holding Emma by the neck with one hand, Mazu pushed her belly forward from behind with the other. Emma could have died of shame.

'Our friend, Ursula de Vere, has cleverly ensured that the girl is still, even now, unaware of just what she is carrying. She doesn't even know whether it is just one or more ... what? This will make her owning her all the more amusing, especially as she is sold certified as already being in milk. Just look at those distended nipples!'

Emma wanted to scream out aloud, to protest at being described as if she was an animal. But with the Negro holding her neck in his strong grip, she did not dare to utter a word.

Areas again nodded to the Negro, who this time pulled a strip of cloth from his pocket and quickly blindfolded Emma. She could now see nothing. Mazu was again gripping her by the neck. Horrified and humiliated, she heard Areas's voice continuing.

'However, now that she has been blindfolded, I can show you this confidential medical certificate on the screen. Please don't read it out aloud, as we want to keep her uncertain as to what is happening to her body. But you can see that she will be of great interest to certain serious breeders of pedigree ... well I wont say, aloud, of just what - for that would spoil the fun!

Areas paused for a moment.

'You can see,' she then went on, 'that the breeding certificate shows the date of her ... shall we say, fertilisation? ... and the number, type, colour and pedigree of her ... offspring? ... and their due date. You will see that there is still plenty of time to have her taken to your private kennels, zoo, stables or harem, before she is due to deliver her unusual and valuable progeny!'

Emma was listening in mounting horror to what Areas was saying. Just what did she mean by progeny? My God! What had once been a wonderful and exciting game with Ursula, had now become a nightmare way of attracting an extra large payment from these awful cruel Arab men. How could Ursula have treated her so? She hated her now.

There was a pause as evidently the audience studied what was on the screen. Then Areas again went on.

'Just to confirm all this, I'm now going to show you a video of her latest scan, showing what she is carrying. Once again please do not comment on it, as she herself had not, of course, seen it ... But as you can see, the little wriggling evidence is clearly visible.'

Emma blushed as he heard the men again gasp in appreciation.

At last Emma's blindfold was removed. Quickly she looked up at the screen, but all that was now visible was the original picture of herself again.

'But ladies and gentlemen, despite her fascinating condition, you will have seen earlier how adept she is at giving pleasure - and without her precious progeny being endangered.

Again Areas motioned to Mazu - and this time he made Emma turn round so that her back was to the audience. Then he made her bend over and parted the skirts of her sari, baring her pert little bottom to the fascinated gaze of the onlookers.

But that was not all, for then, with both hands, Mazu parted her buttocks wide, displaying the orifice that had, only an hour earlier, given such pleasure to Atul and which traditionally is so widely used in the Orient.

Bids were now beginning to come in - fast and furious, and in voices with a thick Arab or Indian accent.

Ursula sat back delighted. Her plan had worked beautifully. The demand for the girl was sensational.

But Areas was holding up her her hand for silence.

'But ' she said, 'I think you ought to have a chance to see her other intimacies before you finally commit your pockets.' Again she nodded to Mazu, who raised Emma up and turned her round. Then he deftly whipped off her sari, leaving her now naked and ashamed.

'As you will see,' came the voice of Areas, 'Miss de Vere ensured with a clever curved silver bar, secured in place by a padlock, that Lot Number Three did not interfere with her progeny. I think, however, it is time for this now to be removed so that you can get a better look at her.'

Emma saw that Mazu was consulting the piece of paper that Sylvie had given him. Then he knelt down in front of her.

'Keep head up!' again he warned. ' Look straight ahead!'

She did dare look down. Horrified, she felt his hands on her beauty lips. He was unlocking the padlock! She felt it being removed. Then she felt him slowly withdraw the curved bar from the two lines of ring son beauty lips.

The big black man stood back. The audience laughed as they saw Emma's previously compressed beauty lips now opening like flower.

Emma was blushing as she saw where the eyes of the men she could see from the cage were trained. Again the bids started to come in fast. But the clever Negro had not finished.

'Legs apart and bend knees, white girl!' he rasped, again gripping her by the neck and making her raise her head. She felt even more ashamed as he ran his hands over her swollen belly, drawing attention to her interesting condition, and then made her part her legs wider, and bend her knees even more.

As a final touch her made her put out her tongue and then hold her desperately humiliating position, whilst he stood back, holding her just by the chain fastened to her collar.

The bids were still coming in, but only a few of the Arabs were still bidding. The older American women, often friends of Ursula's and sharing her tastes, had all now dropped out.

'Doubtless some of you would not want the girl to retain all that we can see - and cannot quite see,' said Areas with a laugh. ' I understand your surgeons are expert at doing to a grown up white woman, what is sometimes performed in your world when a girl is still little.'

As she spoke, as if to make clear what Areas was referring to, Mazu dropped his hands and parted her beauty lips. Then he made Emma turn first to the people sitting to the left of the cage and then to those to the right - whilst keeping all the time her feet apart, her knees bent and her tongue out.

It was indeed an erotic finale - and one which culminated in only bidder being left. Areas's gavel fell with a sharp crack.

'Sold to His Highness Sheik Ali,' announced Areas.

Emma had been sold!

Although poor Emma could not make out her new Owner, he was in fact the fat Arab whom, she had seen earlier sitting next to Ursula, studying the scanner photographs of her belly - the sight of which had made him determined to own her.

But he had plans for further acquisitions, including Pam, whom he had earlier watched playing with Emma.

He would therefore later, he decided, send his servants to take delivery of them - and load them, carefully crated and drugged into his private jet, for him to take back to his palace. He smiled cruelly, as he thought of the little outdoor cages that would be waiting in the palace gardens for the new arrivals - cages in which they would be kept until they had safely delivered their valuable progeny.

He and his chief zoo breeding manager had earlier carefully examined the curved silver bar threaded through the rings in Emma's body lips and the securing padlock. They had concluded that it formed an effective way of ensuring that she would not be able to interfere with Nature taking it's course.

Indeed the Sheik was looking forward to watching Emma crawling naked in her cage, and despairingly gripping the bars, as her progeny happily grew. The little silver bar would remain locked in place until the very last moment and would not be removed until his veterinary surgeon assured him that the moment of delivery had arrived.

Alternatively he might put her into the same cage as his apes. She would look delightful sewn into a real monkey skin! Yes, there were several alternatives ...!

Accordingly Mazu wrote: "Property of His Highness Sheik Ali - to be collected" on a label and tied it onto Emma's wrist. Then he led Emma through another little door, into what was known as the Despatch Room. Assuming that the Arab's servants would be arriving soon to collect her, he unfastened Emma's collar and chain, and returned to the dressing room to collect the next girl on his list to be auctioned: Pam.

31 - ESCAPE!

Clutching her sari, Emma staggered into the so-called Despatch Room.

She was overcome with the horror of having just been sold, apparently to some fat Arab potentate, auctioned to the highest bidder like a slave in the days of old. Even worse was the realisation that it had all been planned by Ursula - a mixture of revenge, of getting rid of a girl she was getting tired of, and of making a a large sum of money.

Once again, what a fool she had been to go back to Ursula simply because she had been angry with Henry. What an idiot and stupid fool!

But there was no time for more such thoughts, for there in the middle of the room, gripped by two burly black men dressed in white overalls, like hospital porters, was Steffie! Her precious beautiful little Steffie!

Like Emma, Steffie she was naked. Emma remembered seeing her being taken, dressed like a little girl in a party frock, into the auction room. She remembered the raised voices, bidding just as they had for her, and then the silence before Mazu had returned for her. Obviously Steffie had also been stripped, sold and taken into this room.

Steffie turned towards Emma, her eyes huge and pleading. She was trying to say something, but her mouth was covered with a large piece of sticking plaster and all that could be heard was a little moan.

One of the black porters held a hypodermic syringe in his hand. Deftly he he jabbed it into Steffie's arm. She collapsed into his arms, unconscious. The other porter opened the lid of what seemed to be a large wicker laundry basket, but Emma saw that was lined with metal. There were several tiny air holes in the lid.

Emma watched spellbound as the porters lifted the now inert Steffie up, quickly fastened what seemed to be a large size set of pampers between her legs and across her loins, and began to strap her down into the basket. She saw that the basket was marked with something written in large Arabic letters. Were they the name of the man who had bought Steffie? Was this how she, too, was going to be smuggled back to his country? Strapped unconscious inside an innocent looking laundry basket and loaded with the rest of her new owner's luggage into the back of his private jet? My God!

'No!' screamed Emma, 'Let her go! You can't do that to her! She's a young innocent white girl!'

One of the negroes came up to Emma. She cowered back. He grabbed her wrists and held them behind her back. Then he smacked her twice across the face.

'You wait your turn to be packed!' he muttered angrily. 'You stand in that corner of room - facing wall.' He picked up a little dog whip. 'You turn round, or speak, and you get whip! You understand? Now move!'

Terrified Emma scuttled across the room. Obediently, like a naughty girl being punished, she pressed her head into the corner.

Minutes later, she heard the door to the Auction Room being opened.

'Crate this one with Number Three!' It was the voice of Mazu. 'They both bought by same Sheik. He wants both collected together.'

Out of the corner of her eye, Emma saw that the girl being pushed into the room was Pam - the American girl who had so attracted her at the rehearsal, who had been next to her in the stocks and with whom she had 'rested', whilst unknown to them the fat Arab had watched their antics through the one-way mirror.

With a shiver of horror, she remembered how the Arab had said he was going to buy the 'picture' for his harem zoo. She had not understood then what he meant. But by God, she certainly did now! Mazu had said they were both to be crated together and would be collected together. The fat Arab had bought them both! And he must be the Sheik Ali, whom Areas had announced had bought her!'

'Go and stand in the corner next to the other girl,' ordered one of the black porters, busy closing down the lid of poor little Steffie's basket. 'But no talking!'

Moments later, Emma felt Pam's naked body pressing against hers. She did not dare to even whisper or turn her head to look at her, but she saw that Pam, like her, was holding her sari.

'They've both got a long journey ahead of them,' Emma heard one of the porters laugh cruelly.

'Yes, but thanks to these little jabs they won't know anything about it until the wake up in a breeding cage in the Sheik's private zoo - and, I expect, sewn into a real live monkey skin.'

'Or in a dog skin in his kennels!' laughed the first porter 'Or just in his harem with his other pregnant girls!'

'The things these white sluts get up to,' said the second porter with an ironic giggle.

'Well we'd better give them their jabs and get them packed up.'

Emma felt Pam give a little shiver of fear at these words. She, too, was terrified. But just then a buzzer started to ring. It sounded like an internal telephone. Emma heard the noise of a telephone being lifted.

'Yes ... Yes ... ' Emma heard one the porters say. 'So you've come for the young one? Yes, we've got her ready for you ... No she won't be any trouble ... nice and packed up ready for her trip! We'll bring her straight down on the service lift. Wait for us, there in the underground car park.'

There was the tinkle of a telephone being replaced.

'Come on! Give me a hand with one,' Emma heard the same porter say.

'But don't you think I ought to stay to start on these two?' asked the other porter.

'No! They'll be all right here for a a minute or two. Come on!'

Emma heard the noise of a basket being dragged across the floor and through a door. She heard the door close.

Then there was silence for a moment.

'Quick!' whispered Pam, pulling Emma's arm. 'They forgot to lock the door! Let's try and get away and escape!'

'Escape!' cried Emma, pulling back and thinking of what Ursula would do to her if they were caught. 'But my head's been shaved and I've no friends here ... and where would I go?'

'Back to England, you little fool! Come on, quickly before they come back!'

'But I've no money ... and my ticket, my passport, and my clothes ... they're all in Ursula's room - in her apartment'

'Then we'll go and pick them up!'

'But I don't know the address!'

'Well, I do!'

'But we haven't got a key,' wailed Emma.

'I know where she leaves a spare one. Oh, come on! Do you want to end up as the toy white slave of a hideous Sheik? Hurry and put on your sari ... Throw it over your head to hide your baldness ... Hurry! They'll be back in a moment!'

Nervously the two girls opened the unlocked door. It gave onto a corridor. Gingerly, they tip-toed to the hall. They grabbed a couple of wrappers that had been left there and pulled them over their thin saris. Then opening the front door they fled down the stairs, not daring to use the elevators.

Out in the street, Pam hailed a taxi and gave the driver Ursula's address.

'We've done it,' cried Emma. 'We've got away!'

'Yes, and I can hardly believe it,'laughed Pam happily. 'We'll tell the driver to wait, whilst we get your things. And I know where Ursula always keeps some money. So you'll be able to pay the taxi to take you onto the airport.

'But I haven't got a reservation,' said Emma.

'When you get there, tell them you want a seat on the next available flight. There's always a cancellation.'

'But what about you?'

'Oh, I'll be alright. I just won't get mixed up with Ursula or her friends - never again!'

Nor me, thought Emma, also never again!

Once in the apartment, Emma pulled off the sari and flung on some travelling clothes, expecting a furious Ursula and Mazu, or the black porters, to arrive at any second. She found a scarf to hide her bald head. She saw the lovely gold brocade dress that Ursula had said she bought Emma to wear at the party. What a lie that was! But I'll jolly well take it now, she decided, threw it into her otherwise almost empty suitcase.

Meanwhile, Pam had found some money, and Emma's passport and tickets. They rushed back, down to the taxi and, anxiously looking over each other's shoulders, sadly kissed goodbye.

At the airport, Emma was again expecting Ursula and the black men to arrive at any moment. She was almost hysterical as she begged the counter clerk to let her on the next plane. All was well. There was a spare seat!

Hardly had an emotionally exhausted Emma arrived back in her cottage, when the telephone rang. It was Henry!

'Darling, where have been been for this last month?' he asked. Where have I been, thought Emma! My God! He'd never believe it, even if I told him.' Henry's voice went on. 'I've rung and rung. I hope you haven't forgotten! You're coming with me to the Hunt Ball, the day after tomorrow.'

The Hunt Ball! Not again! She had indeed forgotten all about it. She remembered what had happened at last year's one. And now she was in the same state again! Of course, she must get rid of it quickly - or them, she thought bitterly. And she'd have to get herself a wig to wear until her hair grew again. What story could she make up to tell Henry to explain the rings? At least they were no longer held padlocked together, and the engraved disc and collar had gone.

Oh, how she hated Ursula! If only Henry knew just how right he had been to warn her to keep away from her. What a fool she had been not to listen to him.

'But I haven't got anything to wear ... ' she began. Then she remembered the lovely new brocade dress. That would also help hide her tummy. And she needed Henry ... badly, she suddenly realised.

'Don't worry, darling, I'll be there' she cried happily.