

## SLAVES OF THE COPPER COAST.

© Morris Kenyon 17<sup>th</sup> to 22<sup>nd</sup> April 2012.

Free edition from [www.obooko.com](http://www.obooko.com)

When wealthy young broker James Baxter is sent to the tropical country of Kupro Marbordo, the Copper Coast, he is amazed to find that slavery is a well established custom there. Initially shocked, he soon finds himself owning a beautiful slave-girl – with all that implies regarding her discipline and training.

**WARNING!** This book contains scenes of a sexual nature, graphic violence against women and strong language, It is not intended for the easily offended or persons under eighteen years. You have been warned, so if you read on, don't blame me.

The names, characters, places and events in this book are products of the writer's imagination or have been used fictitiously and are not to be construed as real. Any similarities to real persons, living or dead, actual events, locales or organisations is purely coincidental and not intended by the author.

**License Notes:** Thank you for downloading this free e book. Although this is a free book, it remains the copyrighted property of the author, and may not be scanned, reproduced, copied or distributed for commercial or non-commercial purposes whatsoever without written permission from the author except in the case of brief quotation embodied in critical articles and reviews. If you enjoyed this book, please encourage your friends to download their own copy where they can also discover other works by this author. Thank you for your support.

## **SLAVES OF THE COPPER COAST.**

### **CHAPTER 1.**

Of course, I had heard of Kupro Marbordo, the Copper Coast. A tropical country, famous for copper mines, marble quarries, beef cattle. And slaves. It is, I think, one of the very few countries now where that 'peculiar institution' still flourishes.

But that didn't concern me. I worked at my uncle's brokers house in the United Zones, up in the northern continent. Thousands of miles away from Kupro Marbordo. I knew we had interests in many cities and countries throughout the New World, but I never gave Kupro Marbordo much thought.

Until, one day a few weeks ago, my uncle called me into his office. As befitted a senior partner, his office was massive. Oak panelled with oil landscapes and portraits on the walls. A huge mahogany desk stood on a Neo-Assyrian carpet.

"James," he said, "I want you to take over our brokerage down on Kupro Marbordo for a couple of years. Our current resident has retired and I need a man I can trust to take over. I know it's only a backwater of a place at present, however, it has potential to expand. Between you and me, I think he let our interests slide. If you can build up our business there, it will stand you in good stead for promotion to a more important posting later. What do you think?"

Well, when a man as important as my uncle asks you to do something, what can you say? Of course I agreed on the spot.

So, a few weeks later, I found myself walking down the steamship's gangway onto the quayside of Haveno Ananaso, Kupro Marbordo's capital city. The name Haveno Ananaso means Port Pineapple. The sultry tropical heat washed over me. I'd have to buy myself some lightweight clothes. The docks were very busy with ships of all sizes loading and unloading. Didn't see any pineapples, though.

I pushed through the crowds to the Customs House. A large, ornate building that dominated this part of the docks. Outside, a gang of labourers carried sacks of oranges over to one of the ships. I stopped, in astonishment at the sight. A man bumped into me, mumbled something about stupid tourists before heading past me into the shade of the Customs House verandah.

This crew must be slaves, then. The men, at least a dozen of them, were chained together by their necks. The chain was loose, giving them freedom to work but not to vanish into the hustle and bustle. A few had red marks across their deeply tanned, bare backs. All the men wore in the heat was a pair of denim shorts, a straw sun hat and boots.

A man in a white jacket, a wide brimmed hat, carrying a whip stood nearby and directed the men's efforts. Occasionally, he tapped a man on the shoulder and gestured with his whip. All the direction he needed.

Now my eyes were opened, I saw another gang of slave labourers, also hard at work.

However, I couldn't stand and stare all afternoon. I made my way through to Customs, answered their questions about my stay. I tipped the bored official a few piastres, the local currency. Then my passport was stamped and I was through.

"Enjoy your stay. Do you want help with your bags, sir?" asked the official. I nodded.

The man gestured to a young man standing nearby. The man jumped to attention and picked up my trunk. Like the labourers outside, he wore denim shorts, boots but also a white t-shirt with the Customs logo printed on it. As he lifted the trunk, I saw a thin steel collar around his neck.

A second man, identically dressed, helped carry the rest of my bags. I followed them outside onto a main road running past the docks. Out of the shade, the heat crashed down on me again. A row of horse-drawn cabs waited. The two men, slaves, loaded my baggage onto the cab.

I thanked them both. I offered them a piastre each. They refused with horror.

"No, master," said one. "Slaves aren't allowed money. But thank you for offering." They ran back into the Customs House. Away from the crazy foreigner who might get them into trouble.

I glanced at my note book. My firm had already arranged accommodation for me. "Kresto Abrikoto," I said in my best accent. Apricot Ridge. It sounds a nice area of the capital. My pronunciation must have been all right as the driver understood.

He flicked his whip at the horse and it trotted off. Slowly, we left the busy city centre and climbed up a steep hill. The views from the heights to the city and then over the sea were spectacular. But even better, there was a cooling breeze.

After a few kilometres we passed a few peach and apricot orchards, then the driver pulled up outside a small villa. It was set in its own gardens. Pink and purple tropical flowers festooned the villa. What I saw under the blooms impressed me.

It was whitewashed with green shutters under a red, pantiled roof. I paid off the cab driver as he helped me unload my baggage. He saluted me before flicking his whip and returning downhill.

I pushed open the gate, up the short path then knocked on the door. A moment later the door opened. A woman, several years older than me stood there in the dim light. She was maybe thirty with dark hair, chocolate brown eyes under arched brows, and a generous mouth.

She stepped back into the hall, I followed. As soon as I crossed the threshold, she did something which shocked me. She lifted her light blue dress over head then dropped it to the floor. She unhooked her breast band, dropping that onto her dress. Then she knelt before me, knees wide apart exposing her shaved sex, placed her hands behind the small of her back and looked down.

"Welcome, master," she said. Her voice low and quiet.

Despite my embarrassment, I couldn't but help look down. Any man would. Her hair was shoulder length and hid her face. She had large breasts with dark nipples and areola. Further down, I saw the swell of her hips and her smooth, shaved sex. She was a good looking woman. Then I noticed the thin steel collar around her neck. So she, too, was a

slave.

I stooped and picked up her dress. It was still warm from her body.

“What are you doing? Get dressed,” I told her.

She stood. “Do I displease you, master? I can be replaced, if you want.”

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“I am your house slave, master, provided by the landlord as part of your rent. I'm here to do your cooking and cleaning. And to satisfy any other needs you may have, master.”

“Well, firstly, get dressed.”

She nodded and slipped her dress back on. It's too distracting talking to an attractive, but nude woman.

“Is there anyone else here?”

“No, master. Apart from the gardeners who come twice a week.”

I glanced behind me to my baggage standing outside.

“Let me bring that in and unpack for you, master,” she said. “But first, let me make you a cool drink.” She led me through the house to a patio area. A recliner overlooked a lush garden. Brightly coloured birds flitted between the shrubs and trees. Frogs croaked in the undergrowth. I took off my hat and jacket, then sat out in the shade. The woman brought me a glass of fresh lemonade.

“What's your name?” I asked.

“Please, master, this slave's name is Beth.” She said it like I might not approve.

“That's a nice name.”

“Thank you, master.” She curtsied, then backed into the house to fetch in and unpack my goods whilst I relaxed.

I could get used to this life, I thought. Then a wave of shame overwhelmed me. What right had I to take my ease in this beautiful garden whilst a woman literally slaved away in the house for me? I put down the half drunk glass.

I stood and returned to the house.

## **CHAPTER TWO.**

Beth was in what I assumed would be my bedroom. Mosquito nets hung from their frame over the bed. She was brushing my clothes and hanging them in a dresser. I watched for a moment. She turned, saw me. Her eyes widened with shock and her hand flew to her throat.

“Master,” she said, eyes downcast.

“I'm sorry, Beth. I should have offered to help. That trunk was heavy.”

“That's all right, master. It's part of my duties. I'm here to serve you.”

I sensed that my presence was making her uncomfortable, so I returned to the garden

and left her to it. Later, as the shadows started to stretch over the garden, Beth came out and knelt beside me.

“Would master wish for food now, or would you prefer a shower-bath first?”

I realised I was hungry. “Oh, something to eat, I think,” I told her.

She stood, curtsied, then brought out a tray containing a cheese tart, cold meats, new potatoes and a green salad. She set up a table by my recliner, then knelt again.

“Does master wish me to feed him?” she asked.

“Certainly not! No one's fed me since I was a baby. Go and have your own meal.”

“Yes, master.” I watched as she retreated back to the house. Her hips swung under her lightweight dress.

The food was delicious. When I finished, I tidied up the tray, then brought it back inside. I turned away from my bedroom and found the kitchen towards the rear of the villa. I pushed open the door. Beth jumped up from the kitchen table. She looked frightened.

“M... m... master,” she stammered. I glanced around the white tiled kitchen. A range oven took up half of one wall, a ceramic butler sink and drainer under the window. Store cupboards opposite. A half open door to the larder and strings of herbs and onions hung from the ceiling.

“What's the matter, Beth?” I asked gently.

“I... I didn't expect to see you in here.”

I looked at her meal. I dipped a finger into it then licked it. A bowl of porridge. Bland and almost tasteless.

“What's that?”

“Slave food, master. It's very nutritious.”

I nodded. I'd just enjoyed a well cooked meal whilst she had eaten slops.

“Would master like his shower-bath now?”

“No, finish your meal, Beth.”

She nodded her thanks. Meanwhile, as she ate, I looked around the kitchen. It was clean and well equipped. But in one cupboard, I found something I'd never come across in a kitchen before. Hanging up on hooks was a selection of whips, paddles, canes. I noticed a brutally studded paddle. There were also chains, gags, irons, restraints a blindfold and other equipment I didn't recognise.

“What's all this, Beth,” I asked quietly. I didn't want to terrify the woman by holding any of the instruments.

“I'm your house slave, master. I might displease you or you might need to correct any of my mistakes.”

“What! By beating you?”

“Most masters find corporal punishment is very effective at training and disciplining slaves, master.”

She spoke quietly, not lifting her eyes from the table. She was obviously terrified that I'd want to use them on her body. I shut the cupboard.

“I'm sure you won't do anything to upset me, Beth.”

She'd finished eating by now.

“But I would like that shower-bath, now,” I told her. Anything to take our minds off the contents of that horrible cupboard. She jumped up and almost ran into the bathroom. I followed a moment later. By the time I got there, the shower was running and Beth was naked again.

I didn't know what to do. My prudish northern upbringing in the United Zones rebelled against what this woman was offering. I was about to send her away but before I could do so, she stepped forward. She must have known the conflict going through my mind.

Beth pulled off my jacket and hung it up. Then she unbuttoned my shirt and tugged it over my head. I stood before her. She leaned forward and kissed my chest. Her tongue flicked and licked my nipples. Then, before I could stop her, Beth knelt before me. She unbuckled my belt and in one easy motion pulled down my trousers and pants.

My penis twitched with expectation and desire. But another part told me this was wrong. The woman was a slave. She had to obey me. Yet she seemed to be doing this of her own will. I wasn't forcing her. Her lovely mouth was centimetres away from my cock. She looked up into my eyes, seeking permission from her master.

I made a noise in my throat. About to do the right thing and refuse. But she took it as an order, opened her mouth and licked my cock, working up and down my shaft. It sprang firm and erect at her touch. She swallowed it, letting her full lips work up and down my length until the pressure built up more than I could resist. I exploded inside her. Her throat worked as she swallowed my cum. She had been well trained.

“Let me clean you up now, master,” she whispered. She stood, caught hold of my hand and led me into the shower-bath. The water was just right for the tropical evening. Not too hot and not too cool. She picked up a sponge, soaped it then rubbed it over me, starting with my face and only then working down my arms, chest and legs. Its rough but gentle texture made me hard again.

Beth took her time, rubbing the sponge all over until she turned me round and washed down my back and the backs of my legs. Eventually all that was left were my cock and balls. I watched her soap the sponge thoroughly and then Beth knelt under the spray. Without touching my cock with her hands, she washed my genitals with her sponge.

I was huge, more erect than I'd ever been in my life. My cock like a totem pole. I was bursting with passion and lust. I wanted this woman so much. But would it be right to just take her? I mean, she was a slave. As I understood it, she had no choice in the matter. But I didn't feel happy by just using her body for my own pleasure.

It was Beth who solved my dilemma. She turned away, braced her back against the tiled wall of the shower-bath. She spread her legs, her smooth sex fully spread, her fleshy labia open. She held my throbbing penis and then guided it into her wet hole.

I pressed against her warm, wet body and thrust up inside her. Slowly at first, then faster and harder. She gasped, arched her back off the tiles, her face upturned into the spray. I took her, couldn't hold back any longer. I came a second time inside her, my seed flooding up her cunt.

Beth gasped and clung onto me.

“Thank you, master. A slave has needs as well, you know.”

I placed my finger on her lips, cutting her off. I dropped my finger to her chin, pushed up her face and kissed her. After a moment, she responded. She threw her arms around her neck and kissed me in return.

The shower-bath was running colder now. I broke away and stepped out into the bathroom. Beth followed. She picked up a fluffy white towel and dried me. If she paid particular attention to my manhood, well who can blame her? She draped a robe over my body, told me she'd clean the shower-bath and be out in a moment.

I was tired now, so I went to my bedroom and lay down. I left the shutters open to catch the cool night breeze but drew the mosquito curtains. A covered glass of lemonade had been left out for me. I picked up one of my books and read.

A few minutes later, Beth tapped on the door. She had quickly dried herself but was still naked. Naked except for that thin steel collar about her neck.

“Will master need me tonight?” she asked. I was tempted but exhausted.

“No, Beth. But give me an early morning call tomorrow,” I told her. She bowed, her large breasts swinging beautifully, then closed the door.

### **CHAPTER 3.**

I saw another side of slavery the following day.

Beth was good as her word. She gently shook me awake. It had rained during the night and the garden had that freshly washed feeling. Drops still trickled to the lawn. All the colours were bright and alive. Birds sang loudly. Beth laid out my breakfast on the table.

After I'd eaten, Beth gave me directions to the nearby train station. As I walked along, I thought what a fine place Kresto Abrikoto is to live. I passed many villas, many larger than mine. Most had apricot or peach trees in their grounds. There were also row houses and a small mansion behind its courtyard walls. The place shone in the early morning sun. I nodded to several people also on their way to the train station.

I passed a couple of blonde girls chatting as they walked. Maybe eighteen or nineteen years old. At first glance I thought they were equals, maybe heading onto a prep school. Then one flicked her hair, revealing her steel collar. Mistress and slave. And of course it was the slave carrying the bags and parasol to shade her mistress. But the girls seemed happy in each other's company.

I was to see them again, under less pleasant circumstances.

The train pulled into the station in a cloud of steam. It was a little suburban train, painted a bright green. It had a couple of smart carriages with comfortable seats, then a simpler carriage. Behind them, two open carriages covered with brightly painted awnings. These were full. Behind them all, a guard's van for goods and luggage. I noticed the two girls

on the platform. The mistress took the first carriage, as did I, her slave squeezed into an open carriage.

The whistle blew and the train set off. It stopped at several more little stations before reaching Urbocentro, Haveno Ananaso's main station. Haveno Ananaso, the capital city of Kupro Marbordo, is small, only the size of a provincial city in the United Zones up north. But it is a busy, prosperous place.

I pushed my way out of Urbocentro station, down a busy thoroughfare lined with heavy baroque stone buildings to my broker's offices. In the distance I saw the sea glinting in the sun. As I walked I saw gangs of slaves, mostly male. Some watered and tended the plants in the numerous little parks and plazas. They seemed to be working hard.

One building stood out from the rest. It had thick, grey stone walls with barred windows. At first, I thought it was a prison especially as a sign saying 'Domo De Korekto' told me it was a House of Correction. However, I later found out that this was where slaves were trained or punished.

Other slaves were shopping for their masters. As I approached my offices, a young brunette tripped and bumped into me. I grabbed her arm to stop her falling. I saw why she had tripped. A short length of chain, maybe only thirty centimetres, shackled her ankles, stopping her walking properly. She looked up at me with horror.

As soon as I released her arm, she fell to her knees and kissed my boots. "Please, please forgive this clumsy slave-girl, master. Please don't beat me," she cried between kisses. I was shocked and embarrassed. But underneath, a part of me enjoyed the experience. I looked down at her, her tongue darting in and out, kissing and licking my boots. I glanced around. No-one else took any notice except those who had to step around this scene.

"Take yer belt to 'er. Leather 'er, mister. Teach 'er a lesson," said a butcher's boy walking past. Instead, I raised her to her feet.

"You can stop that, girl," I said. "My boots are clean enough. But take more care in future."

"Yes master, oh, thank you master," she said. I watched her totter down the road, the chain interfering with her movement. I hoped she wouldn't fall again. The next master might not be so lenient.

I walked up a short flight of stairs and into the building housing our offices. The reception foyer was dark and cool after the glare outside. I saw a signboard showing our offices were on the fourth floor. I strolled up to the reception desk to announce myself.

As I came closer, I saw this girl was also a slave. She wore that steel collar. As I leaned over the desk, I saw she had been chained by the ankle to the desk. Enough length to move about but not to leave the desk area. She smiled up at me, politely. Her dark hair was piled up on top in a loose bun. I also noticed she had not been permitted a breast-band. Her nipples were prominent under her tunic dress.

The slave-girl directed me to the lifts and phoned ahead. Up on the fourth floor, I was greeted by an elderly man, maybe in his early sixties. He had neatly waved grey hair a thin moustache and a dark linen suit teamed with a red cravat. He shook my hand warmly.



"You must be James Baxter," he said. He had a strong voice. A man used to commanding respect. "Pleased to meet you. I am Ricardo Zeza, the manager here. It's good to meet someone from head office." He shook my hand again. "How are you finding things here in Kupro Marbordo? A bit different from the United Zones, I imagine."

Senhor Zeza showed me into my office. Small but with a great view over a park leading to a marina. I had a large, heavily carved old-fashioned desk. Behind it was a bookcase filled with impressive looking volumes. On my desk was a telephone. A teleprinter stood near the door and a small, black grate fireplace took up the opposite wall.

I won't bore you with the details of my job. Basically, on behalf of my firm, I traded the products of Kupro Marbordo; copper, marble, timber, beef, corn etc. to make a profit. Buy low, sell high. Simple, or as difficult, as that.

Jumping ahead a little, I wasn't there long before discovering I could make far more profit than my predecessor. The man had obviously been coasting his last few years before retirement. My duties weren't arduous and I made a good salary. What I aimed for was my bonus. And to please my uncle. I didn't want to stay in this tropical backwater for ever. My aim was to return to the action and big money in the United Zones.

Anyway, late afternoon after siesta, one of my colleagues, Patricia Madeira, asked me to call round her office. Her secretary was a short, slightly plump, pretty slave-girl with brown eyes under arched brows. She had large breasts also unfettered by a breast-band. They swung freely as she moved.

The slave-girl timidly knocked on Patricia's door. A curt command to enter followed. The slave-girl pushed open the door, curtsied and showed me in.

"Fetch us some lemonade, Tima," Patricia Madeira ordered without looking up. The girl curtsied again, then left.

Only then, did Patricia stand. She was a tall, statuesque woman with honey-blond hair, cool grey eyes and a firm bosom. Nicely made-up. I figured she kept herself in shape, possibly at a female gymnasium. We shook hands, she had sharply manicured nails with plenty of jewelled rings. Patricia gestured for me to sit by her desk.

We talked for a while. Patricia's job was to do with imports. Mostly industrial equipment for Kupro Marbordo's rail-roads as well as agricultural machinery. Stuff this country couldn't make for itself. She also had a well-appointed office although I had the better view.

She was an intelligent woman, but after a while the conversation flagged. There's only so much you can say about engineering tools.

"Where is that useless girl? Sorry about this." Patricia stood, opened the door to her outer office. But no-one was there. Several minutes later, there was a knock and the slave-girl, Tima, returned carrying a silver tray on which stood a jug of lemonade with two glasses. She smiled at me.

"Where have you been, girl?" snapped Patricia.

"I'm sorry, ma'am. I had to wait whilst chef..."

"I am not interested in your excuses. I told you to fetch refreshments ages ago and only now do you bother to show up with that silly grin plastered on your face. I am..."

“Please, ma'am I'm sorry it...”

“And now you have the audacity to interrupt me. I am extremely dissatisfied. I had to punish you last week but you obviously have not learned your lesson...”

“No, please, ma'am...”

“And you keep interrupting. A very bad habit. Report to the cellar and I will discipline you shortly.”

Tima's face blanched. She put the tray down on the desk then ran to the door. Collecting herself, she remembered her curtsey before leaving.

Patricia turned to me. “Only way to deal with slaves. Otherwise, if you let them, they walk all over you. Well, no-one's walking over me.” She poured us both a glass of lemonade. It was very refreshing. Worth the wait in my opinion, but maybe Patricia had a point.

We finished our glass. “Come on. Let's get this unpleasant task over with. You are new here so I will show you how we deal with lazy slave-girls at this office.”

We took the lift down to the reception foyer and then down a flight of concrete stairs to a basement corridor lit by gas lamps. At the far end was an iron-bound door. Patricia stood aside to let me hold it open for her.

I stepped into an outpost of hell.

## **CHAPTER 4.**

I couldn't take it all in at once but after several visits I knew it well enough. The cellar was a large room with a concrete floor and whitewashed walls. A barred window at one end let in dim light which was supplemented by more gas lamps. It smelled of sweat, disinfectant and fear.

A number of chains, hooks and rings hung from the arched ceiling. One wall had a rack containing an extensive collection of whips, lashes, canes, paddles. One of the side walls was covered by small cages. In one of the cages crouched a naked man. He had no room to move. He moaned as we entered. The floor was dominated by various wooden posts, frames and things I had no idea what they were for.

Suddenly Tima ran forward. She threw herself at Patricia's feet and covered her shoes with kisses. In between kisses, she begged for mercy.

“Get up girl. These shoes cost a lot of money. And I was merciful last time but you didn't learn your lesson, did you?”

“Yes, yes, yes,” whimpered poor Tima.

“No. Now I shall have to be more severe. Take off your dress and stand over there.” Patricia pointed to one of the rings.

Sobbing, Tima slipped off her blue tunic dress and stood where directed. She crossed her arms over her breasts. I saw a few old bruises on her rounded buttocks. From her

previous beating?

“Will you fetch me those chains from over there?” Patricia asked.

Despite my reservations, I nodded and brought them over. Patricia directed me as I first chained Tima's wrists together. Then I chained her ankles to a notched metal stick about forty centimetres apart so that Tima could not close her legs. Tima shivered as the cold metal touched her flesh.

Patricia next had me lower one of the hooks from the ceiling. She hooked Tima's wrist chain to it then asked me to winch the hook back up again. At this point, poor Tima was stretched in mid air, her arms pointing up to the ceiling, her legs forced apart by the metal stick. She was completely defenceless.

Patricia and I slowly walked around the strung-up slave-girl. I watched her back muscles working under her skin, preparing for her imminent beating. Her buttocks clenched. Patricia led me around. I couldn't help staring at her large breasts with their large, pink areola. Her pierced nipples pointed up to the ceiling.

I avoided looking at her face. I didn't want to see the mute appeal in her brown eyes. Instead, I looked down. At the swell of her rounded belly, at her shaved pussy exposed to my gaze. Patricia stopped before Tima. She took hold of the slave-girl's chin and forced her to look at her mistress.

Then, without warning, Patricia darted a hand in between Tima's legs. She felt up between Tima's labia, none too gently judging from the girl's moans. Her sharp manicured nails groping and pinching. Jewelled rings scratching the slave-girl's sensitive skin.

With a cry of triumph, Patricia caught hold of something up there. She tugged and pulled out a tampon. She threw the blood spotted object to the floor before Tima.

That explained how slave-girls coped if they were forbidden wearing panties. At least I never came across a slave-girl wearing them during my time in Kupro Marbordo.

“Look at that, you dirty bitch,” snapped Patricia, forcing the slave-girl's head down to look at the tampon. “That's why you were so long, wasn't it?”

Tima nodded. Tears of fear and humiliation leaked from her eyes.

“You never even asked my permission to use the toilet, did you?”

“No, ma'am. But it just came on. It was an emergency.”

“And I bet you never washed your hands afterwards, did you, dirty bitch? I know what you slaves are like.”

“Yes! Yes! Yes! I did!” Tima cried out.

“I doubt that. You've had us drinking dirty lemonade, haven't you?”

“No, ma'am.” Tima shook her head wildly.

Patricia looked down. “My hand's filthy now after touching that... thing. Clean me off.” She held up her left hand to Tima's mouth. Eagerly, hoping to minimise her punishment, Tima licked and kissed Patricia's hand.

After a minute or so, Patricia took her hand away. She dried it on the girl's breasts. They wobbled delightfully. “That will do for now, you disgusting creature. Now it's time to chastise you.” She walked over to the wall rack and spent a moment choosing a whip. Tima slumped forward.

"Please, ask her for mercy, master," she begged. I said nothing.

Patricia returned with a cat o' nine tails. I noticed that the thongs were made of broad leather without knots. I was glad because I didn't want to see the girl's back ripped to bloody shreds. But I guessed it would still hurt.

Patricia slung the cat over her shoulder and took a firm grip. Moved her legs for a better stance.

"Are you ready, girl?"

No response. Tima just hung in her chains, waiting for the pain.

"I asked if you were ready?"

"Yes, ma'am," Tima whispered.

Patricia swung the cat through the air. It slashed down on Tima's shoulders with a crack. The slave-girl threw herself forward in her chains. She cried out once. Patricia drew the whip back. I saw red marks across the girl's back.

Patricia swung again, just a little lower, mostly overlapping with the first blow. The whip hissed through the air and smacked against Tima's back. The slave-girl lurched forward again and cried out. A little louder this time.

"I'm not chastising you hard enough, am I girl?" snapped Patricia. "I'll need to lay them on a little harder if you're to learn your lesson."

Tima sobbed something but I didn't catch what she said. Once again, Patricia drew the whip back, took up position then lashed the whip down across Tima's back. Another whip-crack of sound echoed round the cellar. More red marks appeared, crossing and covering the earlier blows.

Patricia was obviously angry. Probably expecting more howling and begging from the slave-girl. She laid on with a fury now. The blows falling rapidly and relentlessly across the girl's back. I watched the slave-girl's muscles jump and twitch beneath the blows.

After several more strikes, Patricia got the reaction she was looking for. As if a dam burst, Tima started howling and shrieking. In between blows, as Patricia readied her cat o' nine tails, Tima begged for mercy. But all she got was more punishment.

The lashes worked down her back; one blow, extra painful, curled around her waist and the lash-straps hit the girl's stomach. She gasped with pure agony. The lashes then slammed into the slave-girl's bottom. Patricia concentrated on lashing her buttocks until they were a mass of red. I could hardly tell one stripe from another, there were so many.

After a while, Tima's legs couldn't support her. The poor slave-girl hung in her chains, head to the floor. She'd stopped begging and screaming and just mutely accepted the repeated blows. Trying to escape in her mind from the pain inflicted on her torso.

I was impressed with Patricia's strength. The woman was obviously fit and strong. I suspected she played tennis or some other sports. But eventually, even Patricia's anger, and strength, were used up. One last blow and then she stopped. She returned the cat o' nine tails to its rack.

"That's how I deal with lazy slaves at this firm, Mr Baxter," she told me. "I give them plenty of encouragement to promptly attend their duties. Sadly, sometimes leniency doesn't work. But I'm not cruel."

Patricia walked round to face Tima. She lifted Tima's chin, forcing her head up.

"Look at me, girl," she said to the slumped slave-girl. Tima opened her eyes and looked dully at her mistress. "After your much needed punishment, would you like some refreshments?"

Tima slowly nodded and groaned a "yes" so Patricia walked over to a telephone in one corner of the cellar. With all the equipment in the chamber it's no surprise I hadn't noticed it earlier. Patricia spoke into it. Then she crossed to where I was standing and chatted for a few minutes. About a yachting gala or something. After what I had just witnessed, I had trouble following her conversation.

There was a knock on the heavy cellar door and another frightened looking slave-girl appeared. Obviously terrified of falling foul of Patricia's anger. She quickly approached us, knelt and offered up a tray holding that jug of lemonade with a glass. There must have been almost a litre of juice left.

"That useless bitch there needs refreshing. Make sure she drinks all that lemonade," ordered Patricia.

"Yes, ma'am," whispered the girl. She hurriedly stood, poured the juice and held the glass up to Tima's lips.

"Drink it all, bitch," commanded Patricia. "All of that juice touched by your filthy, unwashed hands."

Tima sipped at first. All she could manage. But after all that screaming her throat must have been parched. She drank. A little spilled out of her mouth, dribbled down her chin and onto her large breasts. A drop formed on the tip of her nipple. Eventually, she drank it all. Patricia dismissed the server.

"Feel better now, bitch?"

"Yes, ma'am, thank you," murmured Tima.

"I'm going back to work now, but I'll check on you before I leave." She grabbed Tima's hair and pulled the girl's head up. "But if I find you've wet yourself like an animal, then I shall punish you again. More severely."

Without waiting for a response, she dropped Tima's head, gestured to me and led me out of the cellar. I didn't say much as I returned to the far more pleasant world of our offices.

Not surprisingly, I had difficulty concentrating on my work that afternoon. Senhor Zeza wasn't at his desk but I decided to leave early anyway. On my out, I nodded to the receptionist. Then I recalled poor Tima still down in the punishment cellar. I walked down the concrete steps and pushed open the heavy door.

Tima was still hanging up in chains. She looked up at me as she heard my footsteps approach.

"Please master," she moaned, "please help me. I can't take another beating." I looked down. She'd pissed herself. The inside of her left thigh was wet and a puddle of urine lay beneath her, reaching almost to the discarded tampon.

"Your mistress told you not to wet yourself," I told her. "Perhaps you should have thought of that." I was trying to show solidarity with Tima's mistress. Even if I didn't feel

much like it.

“Please, I couldn't help it. Oh, please, please master...”

Well, I wasn't there to clean up a dirty slave-girl's piss. But I didn't really want Patricia to beat her again. Then I remembered the telephone in the corner. I called up for a slave to come down to the cellar.

The slave-girl who appeared also looked frightened. But she'd brought a bucket with a cloth. I pointed to a faucet in the corner.

“Clean this girl up, “ I ordered. “If Miss Madeira asks then tell her what I ordered. But if she doesn't ask, then no need to say anything. Understand?”

The slave-girl curtsied and got to work. I left. If I was quick enough, I could catch the next train back to Kresto Abrikoto.

## **CHAPTER 5.**

I sat out after dinner in my own little garden back home. The evening was cooler and I watched the sky turn from blue to indigo. The stars were coming out, far above the troubles of this world. I called for Beth to come out.

She hurried out, lifted off her dress and knelt, naked, by my side. She shivered slightly as the cool evening air caressed her skin, goosebumps forming, making her dark nipples stand up in two hard points.

“Keep still,” I told her. “I want to talk to you.”

“Yes, master,” she said submissively.

I told her about what I had witnessed in the punishment cellar. I asked what she thought. Beth weighed up her words. Not wanting to get herself into trouble.

“She must have deserved her beating, master,” she said at last. “Our owners have to keep us slaves under control and chastise us if we do anything wrong. It's for our own good.”

“Don't you think that beating was too severe?”

“It's not for me to say, master. And I've seen far worse beatings than that.”

“Would you want me to beat you, Beth? Whip you or cane you?”

Beth hesitated. “If master thinks I need discipline, then he must punish me as he sees fit. But I wouldn't enjoy it. It hurts.”

“Well, if you continue being a good girl then I won't have to, will I?”

“No, master.” She looked down at the ground.

A question came to my mind. “How do people become slaves here in Kupro Marbordo?”

She felt on safer ground here. “In a number of ways, master. Some are prisoners of war, some are criminals sentenced by the courts to slavery, others get into debt and the children of slaves are born into it, of course. And a few poor people choose it because at

least they get food and shelter.”

“How did you become a slave-girl, Beth?”

“My parents were farmers, master. Up on the highlands away from the coast. But the rains didn't come one year. They borrowed money to keep going so they got into debt with a big cattle rancher who owned thousands of hectares. My parents had to sell me and my sister.”

“What happened to your family after that?”

“I don't know master. They lived hundreds of kilometres away and I've never heard anything since.” There were tears now at those memories.

I felt sorry for Beth then. I picked her up and held her tight. Her body shook. I took her back inside and had her run us both a shower-bath to warm us up.

\* \* \*

Things carried on as normal for the next couple of weeks. My duties at the office were easy and well paid. I joined Haveno Ananaso's Chamber of Commerce and a Business Club and made some good contacts. One weekend, Ricardo Zeza took me sailing out on the Maro de Moruo. Cod Sea in other words. We never caught any cod but I still enjoyed the sun and fresh air.

A couple of days after my talk with Beth, she told me that I had an invitation to dine at the mansio I passed every morning and evening on my way to or from Kresto Abrikoto's little suburban train station. I said I'd go. It would be good to meet Senhor Bartro and some of the neighbours.

That evening, cravat neatly tied, I walked up the mansio's driveway. Past a carriage house and stables where some male slaves were polishing a coach. I rang the doorbell to be greeted by an incredibly beautiful young slave-girl. She was quite tall, with dark coffee coloured skin, curly black hair and a wide generous mouth made for laughter. She wore a spotless, white tunic dress which contrasted well with her complexion. She curtsied low then led me inside.

The hallway was almost as large as my little villa. It was floored with black and white tiles. A huge double staircase swept up to a minstrels gallery above. Marble statues stood on their plinths and vases of fresh flowers made a delightful scent. She led me past and into a dining room where she announced me.

Senhor Bartro, his family and other guests stood and greeted me. I recognised some of the men from my Business Club. Their table would not have fitted into my whole villa let alone my dining room. They were of all ages from late teens up to one elderly lady who would not see eighty again.

But what they all had in common was that patina of sophistication and assurance that only wealth can give. Like they had no problems that could not be sorted without the application of money. Maybe I was like that, too.

My host shook my hand. I had seen Senhor Bartro about Kresto Abrikoto. But not at the train station. He was rich enough to drive in his own coach. He was tall, nearly one point nine metres, I guessed. About sixty years old with a neat van Dyke beard, yet he had the physique of a younger man. He was slim and had not let himself become an old man.

His wife was attractive, too, in a faded way. He explained that his sons were with the army fighting revolutionaries and bandits up in the Montoj de Pino, or Pine Mountains, beyond the cattle ranches. But I noticed his daughter. She was one of the two blonde girls I'd often seen walking to and from the train station.

The meal was exquisite. One of the best meals I'd eaten. Good conversation as well. I won't bore you with the details as you weren't there. But it was enhanced by my host's slave-girls. They all wore neat, white, sleeveless tunic dresses, shorter than most others I'd seen. Showed their pretty legs to perfection. They curtsied deferentially as they served the courses and waited on us. You could tell they'd all been well trained.

But to my mind, the pretty girl who'd originally showed me in was the best of the lot.

Afterwards, the women withdrew whilst the men sat and drank brandy and some smoked cigars. Some talked business and were interested in what I did at the brokers.

During a lull in the conversation, my host asked how I found my villa and Beth. I explained that I was very happy with both. His next question shocked me. But, this being Kupro Marbordo, maybe it shouldn't have.

"Have you beaten her yet?" Bartro's voice a cultured drawl.

"Why no," I said. "She's very good. Why should I?"

"You're new here. Didn't your slave tell you it is usual for a new master to provide an initial beating to his slaves? It keeps them on their toes; they know where they stand and that their master is no soft touch."

"No. She never said anything like that."

"You've a lot to learn, young man," he chuckled. "Guess we'll have to help your education if you're to take a full part of Kupro Marbordo's society."

I was about to explain that I'd seen a slave-girl flogged at work when he rang a bell. He murmured something to the slave-girl, who curtsied low and left.

"I noticed you looking at Laia during dinner. She's a good girl but a little discipline helps keep her on the straight and narrow."

Apart from two deep in conversation by the French windows leading into the gardens, the other men adjusted their chairs to watch.

A minute later, there was a knock on the door. The dusky slave-girl, Laia, entered. She curtsied very low to her master. She was carrying a wooden paddle and worry creased her pretty face. Senhor Bartro pointed to me.

"Senhor Baxter has expressed a desire to learn how to discipline slaves."



## **CHAPTER 6.**

“Yes, master,” her soft voice little more than a whisper.

She crossed the room to me, blushing under the gaze of the men around the table. She knelt before me and offered up the paddle. I took the instrument. It was wooden, maybe sixty centimetres long with holes drilled through it. Even I knew that the holes cut resistance to let the paddle travel faster through the air.

I didn't feel much like beating a slave-girl who had done nothing wrong. But I found myself standing and I slashed the paddle through the air. It made a satisfying swish. I looked around Senhor Bartro's other guests. They were watching. One or two with a sneer as if they thought this foreigner wouldn't be able to manage. If I was to keep my place in Haveno Ananaso's polite society, I would have to go through with this task.

“Take off your dress and let me look at you,” I said.

With a little moan, Laia did as ordered. Her nude body was so appealing. As I said, she was quite tall. She had full breasts with well defined nipples. You could hang your hat on them. Looking down, I looked at the dimple of her belly button above the swell of her hips leading your eye down to her neat pussy. And she had great legs, long and toned.

I reached out and felt her breasts. Silky smooth skin trembling under my touch. But she wasn't here for me to admire.

“Now turn and bend over.”

She did so. She clamped her legs together to protect her sweet sex from my blows. All the same, her bum was beautifully presented to view. Two demi-globes of firm flesh.

“Lower, girl,” I said. She bent still lower, her breasts hanging perfectly. In the now quiet room, I heard her breathing as she sucked in air. I felt the fear coming off her. I tapped her bottom with my paddle. She flinched at its touch. I figured she didn't get beaten much, certainly I saw no old bruises on her body. I tapped her bum again. No one spoke.

Then I brought the paddle down. Hard. It swished through the air. Crack! It smacked against both cheeks. Laia shrieked and jumped forward. I smiled. Despite what Senhor Bartro said earlier about the importance of disciplining slaves, I reckoned he was probably a bit of a soft touch himself.

“Where do you think you're going girl? I haven't finished yet,” I barked.

Laia shuffled back, turned and bent again. Nowhere near low enough.

“Lower, girl. Resume your original position.”

She did so, her body trembling with fear and stress. I saw her bum had a nice red glow under her dark coffee skin. Once again, I tapped the bottom presented to me. Then slammed the paddle down again. Exactly where I'd hit her before. Laia screamed and jerked upright. But didn't move away. This girl was a quick learner.

I decided to be a little gentler on her. After all, she'd done nothing wrong and didn't deserve to be beaten. With my left hand, I gripped the back of her neck through her curly hair, forcing her down and back into position. Her body was warm and trembling beneath my hand.

Then I slapped her again with the paddle, not as hard but it still made a resounding crack. Two more blows in quick succession followed. Crack! Crack! She sobbed and cried out. Tried to rise but using my strength I was able to keep Laia in her correct position.

Lastly, I patted her bottom with the paddle. She shuddered under its touch. I glanced down. Tears poured down her face and dropped onto Bartro's expensive rug. I pulled away the paddle. I felt her brace herself against the expected blow. But instead I gently rubbed it over her bruised bottom. She didn't know what to make of this.

Then I pulled the paddle away then brought it crashing down across both cheeks with all my strength. And I am quite fit and strong. My gym sees to that. She screamed as red agony flamed up from her abused bum, up through her nerves and hit her brain.

I released my hold.

"What do you say?" I demanded.

She couldn't speak for a moment. Just cried.

"Oh... oh... ow... Thank you, master. Thank you." Tears trickled down her face. I returned the paddle to her. She looked at the instrument of her suffering with horror.

"You may go now, Laia," Senhor Bartro told her. She picked up her clothes, curtsied then limped out.

"You did very well, Senhor Baxter. You took to it like a duck to water. Not every foreigner, especially those from the United Zones, is capable of dealing with slavery. But I think you will enjoy your time in Kupro Marbordo."

The other men congratulated me as well.

"But don't be too lenient with Beth. And by the way, I'd advise you to buy your own personal slave-girl as well. A house slave is all very well, but it's not the same as owning your very own slave. And you can always sell her back when you go back to the United Zones."

I nodded at Senhor Bartro's advice.

"Shall we rejoin the ladies?" someone said. With that we picked up our glasses and entered the drawing room. There I got another shock. My second of that evening.

The women were sitting around on various couches and ottomans. The windows were opened to the cool night breeze but even so it felt warm. His wife was playing the piano. A soft, complex tune. I looked about for Senhor Bartro's blonde daughter. I had only exchanged a few words with her during dinner as she sat at the other end of the long table.

"I heard you punishing one of the girls, dear. Which one?" said his wife.

"Sorry," he grinned. "That Laia is noisy, isn't she? No, Senhor Baxter here was showing us how effective he is at disciplining slave-girls."

Then I got my shock. I spotted Bartro's daughter reclining on a divan. But her feet were resting on the back of a naked slave-girl. She was using the same blonde I'd seen walking and chatting with her several times as a footrest.

Perhaps I should have expected that. After all, slaves must attend their masters' and mistresses' every whim. And if you need to rest your feet, why not? But what shocked me was not that her slave-girl was curled up under her mistress's feet.

Her genitals were in full view of anyone entering the room. No privacy for that girl. I

saw glints of metal from the slave-girl's labia. I crossed the room to the Senhor Bartro's daughter and reintroduced myself. The young lady made room for me on her divan.

At first we talked about the weather and such like until I steered the conversation around to her footrest.

"I couldn't help noticing that your slave-girl seems to have some metal-work on her... ahem... privates," I said.

"Oh yes," said the girl brightly. "Mummy and I thought it's best to keep Kyli locked."

"Locked?" I said. Confused.

"Otherwise a slut like Kyli would just sleep with any passing male slave. No, Mummy and I will decide for her when she loses her virginity. It's for her own good." The girl swung her legs off Kyli's back.

"Show the master, Kyli," she ordered. Kyli stood, her knees popping. She turned, bent over with her legs apart and exposed her hairless vulva to my gaze. Her labia had been pierced with six rings, three on each side. The rings were joined together with three small padlocks. There was enough space to allow urine to flow but nothing could penetrate the girl's vagina.

"But..." I said.

"It's awfully inconvenient, especially when she's having her period and it's like she's running up to me every few minutes to be unlocked, isn't it Kyli?"

"Yes, miss," whispered Kyli. "I'm sorry to put you to any trouble."

"That's all right. I don't really mind. It's for your own good, after all. Now, get back in position."

"Yes, miss." Kyli knelt back down beneath her mistress's feet. I found it strange how women here in Kupro Marbordo could discuss menstruation with a virtual stranger. So different from the more repressed society up in the United Zones.

I stayed a little longer, but when the other guests started to leave I thanked my host and walked back to my little villa further up the hill. I was deep in thought as I let myself in.

Beth pushed open the door from the kitchen and stepped into the hall. Even in the dim light from the solitary gas lamp turned down low I could tell she'd been sleeping. Her eyes were puffy and her dark hair all mussed up. She dipped a little curtsy then took my jacket.

"Did you have a good evening, master?" she asked, her voice scratchy.

"Yes I did, thank you, Beth. I learned a few things tonight. A word, please. In the kitchen." Her eyes widened at my tone. She held the kitchen door open for me. I saw the dim embers in the range oven, a chair pushed back from the table. She'd been using a stack of cloths on the table as a pillow as she waited on my return.

I lit a gas lamp. The sudden glare making us both screw up our eyes.

"You know I'm not from Kupro Marbordo. I don't know all your customs. Why didn't you tell me about initial beatings?"

Beth's hand flew to her mouth. Her eyes widened with shock.

"I'm sorry, master. I just thought you knew but had decided not to beat me. Please forgive me."

"Not good enough. Take off your dress and bend over that table." I crossed to the

cupboard and selected a paddle. Similar to the one I'd used on Laia earlier. I heard a rustle of clothing behind me. By the time I turned round, Beth was naked and bent over the table. Her pert bottom facing me.

"Spread your legs. Wider." I told her. Slowly, she opened her legs, widening her bottom. In the shadows, I glimpsed the fleshy lips of her cunt. I sliced the paddle several times through the air, testing its action. Fast and smooth. The air rushed through the paddle's holes with a hissing sound.

Beth's body shook. She waited for the pain to come. I walked round her body and took up position. I lifted the paddle, chose a spot, then patted her bottom with my paddle. She trembled. I raised my paddle again then patted her bottom with it a second time.

"There you are, Beth. Your initial beating has been completed."

"Master?"

"You're a good girl, Beth. You've looked after me very well so far. You don't deserve to be beaten."

"Thank you, master," she said.

"You may stand up now," I told her.

She stood, then threw herself to the floor before me. She covered my boots with her kisses.

"Oh, master, you're the best master a slave-girl could have."

After a couple of minutes of this, I stooped and lifted her up. Beth stood before me, her eyes downcast, her dark hair hiding her face.

"It's late now, Beth, and we're both tired. Wake me up in the morning."

She offered to help me undress but on this occasion I refused.

## **CHAPTER 7.**

Later that week I was back in my broker's office in Haveno Ananaso. On my way to the train station, I'd seen Senhor Bartro's daughter with her slave-girl, Kyli, and they seemed best of friends. Most strange. I couldn't really understand it.

I was standing over the teleprinter in my room, watching a string of prices spool out of it. Not the results I was looking for. There was a knock and my secretary showed Patricia into my office. The woman was excited. Her grey eyes flashing rather than cool. She showed me a copy of the Haveno Ananaso Times, Kupro Marbordo's main newspaper.

"What do you think," she asked. I read through the article. It was about chlorates, a new development in artificial fertilisers, that were promised as the next thing that would transform the region's agriculture.

"I'm not sure," I said. "I haven't invested any of the firm's money into them." For some reason I had big doubts about chlorates. If something looked too good to be true then it

probably was.

"This country needs to modernise so I'm getting in on the ground floor. Look at the prices. Those shares can only go through the roof. I'll make lots of money. You should do the same," she said, walking round the room.

"I'll think about it," I said.

"Don't leave it too long. I've taken out a loan with my bank so I can buy more shares. In a few months, I'll make a fortune. I can buy my own house, buy a slave or two..."

I didn't envy any slave owned by Patricia Madeira. That woman had a vicious streak. Of course it's necessary to discipline slaves but no need to be cruel to them. They have no choice other to obey.

Patricia talked some more about chlorates and the vast amount of money she was about to make. It just seemed too unsafe to me and I didn't want to expose my money to that level of risk.

"How's that slave-girl you disciplined the other day, what's-her-name, Tima?" I asked to stop her talking about the marvellous future with chlorates.

"Oh, she's back at work now. I had to give that lazy bitch a few days off."

I nodded. I was glad that Tima had recovered.

Later that day, I passed the archive room. I saw Tima, Patricia's secretary, filing some documents away. I stepped into the room. She hadn't heard me.

"Tima," I said. The poor girl jumped with fright. Papers scattered to the floor. She turned around and knelt. Fear in her brown eyes. I was sorry to see the short, slightly plump, pretty slave-girl look so frightened.

"How are you?" I asked.

"F... f... fine, master."

I doubted that.

"Have you recovered from your punishment now?"

"Yes, master," but there were tears in her eyes.

"Show me, Tima," I ordered.

Slowly, she tugged off her tunic dress. She covered her large breasts with her arm. I made her drop her arm and stand before me. Her breasts were covered in little bruises and fingernail marks. Someone, and I think I knew who, had cruelly tortured those two luscious globes of flesh. I sucked in air with a hiss.

"Turn around, Tima," I said. Her back and bottom were red raw. I told her to bend over. Gently, I touched her sex and labia. She cried out. Her fleshy lips were red. Not with passion but with pain.

"Why does Miss Madeira hate you so, Tima?"

"I don't know, master. I try to be good and work hard but she just takes it out on me. She just hates me and I don't know why. It's not fair, master."

I held Tima in my arms for a while as she sobbed. Then, letting her go, I looked into her pretty face.

"Maybe I'll ask Senhor Zeza if I can get you reallocated," I said.

"Oh, if you could, but she'll never let me go. She just loves hurting me."

The archive room's door swung open again. Patricia Madeira stood framed in the doorway. She was holding a short cane which she flexed in her hands.

“Look at my papers all over the floor! Stop flaunting yourself and get back to work immediately. Unless you need another session in the cellar.”

Tima flung her tunic dress back over her head, then stooped, picking up the dropped papers. I got a great view of her breasts as she bent. But as I made my way past Patricia, I asked her to go easy; it was my fault that Tima had stopped working. I don't know if it did any good. Probably not from the cries that followed my exit.

\* \* \*

Now I must tell you about something that does me no credit at all.

A couple of weeks later, I was in a foul mood. Some of my investments on behalf of my firm hadn't done as well as I expected. No, I'll tell the truth. They did disastrously. I bought far too many shares in marble mines. Just as marble fell out of fashion in the United Zones. People preferred granite for their stonework. All on some designer's say-so. I should have bought more cattle. The United Zones army wanted more beef for that never ending Angolan War.

My mistakes and I own up to them. I was worried I wouldn't receive this quarter's bonus. And I was relying on that money. What made it worse is that those chlorate stocks were climbing high. Just as Patricia said they would.

She'd taken out a second bank loan on the back of the first. I advised her not to put all her eggs in one basket but it was like the woman was in the grip of a fever. She wouldn't listen to my warnings. All she could think of was cashing in at the top of the market and making her fortune. A risky strategy.

After one too many visit from her, I slipped out of my office. I left the teleprinter in the corner to chatter out its string of bad news. I caught the little train back up to Kresto Abrikoto. Worse, the train broke down and I had to wait ages on one of the earlier stations for a replacement to be organised. It rained. One of those heavy afternoon showers we sometimes get.

I was cold, wet and in a very bad mood when I reached my villa. My temper as dark as the overcast clouds above. I let myself in, called out for Beth but she didn't appear. I flung off my soaked jacket and looked round the house for her. Most unusual.

I stood in the kitchen. The stove was unlit so there was no warmth. I couldn't find any refreshments neither. Worried, I pushed open the door to Beth's room next to the larder. I realised I'd never seen where she slept. Maybe she was ill, I thought, as I walked in.

The room was clean and simply furnished. It had whitewashed walls. A bunk-bed took up one wall. I saw that she slept on the lower as the top was unmade. A dresser with a wash bowl and ewer under the barred window. A small mirror. By the wash bowl on the dresser, a few old magazines. A covered bucket for her toilet. A spare dress hung from the back of the

door. But no Beth.

I was annoyed now. No fire, no refreshments. I sat at the kitchen table and waited. And waited. The rain pattered down on the pantiled roof, slowly easing off. Eventually, the key turned in the kitchen back door. Like all slaves, Beth is forbidden to use the main, front door.

Beth pushed open the door and walked in. She looked startled to see me sitting there.

"Sorry I'm late. I was waiting for the rain to stop," she said. She had a little spray of flowers behind one ear and was carrying a covered basket. She brushed some droplets off her dress.

"Where have you been?" I asked, careful to keep my voice neutral.

"Over at Senhor Bartro's mansio. Their cook is one of my best friends."

I pushed my chair back and stood. "Not good enough, girl," I thundered. Beth looked up at my tone, her chocolate brown eyes widening.

"First, you're late. Second you didn't curtsy on entering and third you haven't called me 'master'..."

"I'm sorry, master," Beth said dropping to her knees.

"Too late, girl. Senhor Bartro and my friends at the Business Club are right. I've been far too lax with you and look where it's got me. A total lack of respect. But that's something I'm going to cure. Right now."

## **CHAPTER 8.**

"Please, master, I didn't mean any..."

"Stop interrupting. Take off your clothes and bend over." I pointed to the kitchen table. With a little moan, Beth pulled off her dress, dropped it to the floor then unhooked her breast-band and dropped that too."

"Not like that. Fold them up neatly on that chair." I watched her naked body as she moved, the play of light over her large yet firm breasts, the swell of her stomach with the dark concavity of her belly-button. I looked down.

"No. Don't bend yet. Come here," I commanded. She slowly walked up to me. I pushed my hand between her legs, felt her hot, damp slit. And the stubble on either side. I took my hand away.

"When did you last shave, girl?"

"Please, master, I've been busy and I forgot. Maybe the weekend?"

"Plenty of time to visit friends but no time to keep yourself tidy for your master? It looks like I shall have to be severe instead of lenient with you, Beth."

"Oh, master, please forgive me. It won't happen again."

"No it won't, Beth. Because I shall teach you a lesson you won't forget in a hurry. Now,

bend over that table.”

Beth looked up at me. Realised that any further talk from her would make her punishment even worse. She bent over the wooden table and spread her legs. I looked at her exposed cunt.

“Stay there and do not move,” I said.

I crossed to that cupboard that had so horrified me before. I was so angry that now it didn't. I looked at all the punishment implements inside. There was a heavy whip but I discarded that. I'm not an expert and I didn't want to permanently damage Beth. Yet a light cane seemed insufficient for her errors. Whilst I thought, I pulled out four short ropes. I returned with them to the table.

I knelt and bound Beth's ankles to the table legs. Then I walked round the table, caught her arms, pulled them down and tied them, too, to the opposite table legs. She was immobile, bound to the heavy table. Beth looked up at me with mute appeal. She knew she was in big trouble.

I lifted her chin. “Do I need to gag you as well?” I asked. Quieter now. She shook her head. She probably knew that she would need all her breath to cope with the punishment she was expecting.

“If you change your mind, let me know,” I told her. She shook her head again.

I returned to the cupboard. Whilst tying her up I had made my decision. Something that would hurt but with no risk of damage. I took down a wooden paddle from its hook. I flexed it. It was maybe eighty to ninety centimetres long, fairly thin with plenty of holes drilled through it. And it had a nice, comfortable handle. I tested it on my palm. It stung, even when quite gently used. Ideal.

I walked back to the table, chopping it through the air. Beth craned her head over her shoulder, trying to see what was going on behind her. What would be used upon her defenceless bottom.

“Eyes front,” I snapped. I stood behind her.

“I won't ask you to count the strokes, Beth. I'm not sure that you'll soon be capable of that.”

She whimpered and wriggled her bottom. But it was no use. Tied down as she was, there would be no escape until I chose to release her.

As usual, I patted her bottom with my paddle. Let her skin get used to the texture of the wood. Enjoyed watching the quivers running through her flesh. Then I took the paddle away.

Brought it down. Hard. There was a loud crack followed a split second later by a howl of pure animal agony. Beth screamed, the sound echoing round the kitchen. I brought my arm back and again a crack immediately followed by another scream. If possible even louder than her first.

Two wide red stripes formed across her bottom. Only two – the first of many, I thought. I gave her a moment to recover, then smashed the paddle straight across her arse. Roughly where the first two blows had landed. She screamed again, her neck extended all her tendons and muscles showing with the force of her shriek.



Again, I held the paddle away from my body so I could put my strength behind the next blow. I walloped it down, the crack echoing around the kitchen. If I thought she was screaming loudly before, that was nothing compared with the noise she was making now. Her whole body jerked forward, only the ropes around her wrists and ankles holding her in place.

I gave her a moment to recover a little.

“Are you sure you don't want that gag, Beth?” I asked.

She shook her head. At least, I think she was shaking her head.

I dealt the next three blows very quickly with no time between them. No time to recover her mind. Just one long blast of agony. One long animal-like howl. That would teach her some respect. I smacked down a few more blows, enjoying her cries and wriggles as she tried, in vain, to move her beaten bottom out of harms way.

Then I decided to inspect her bottom. I didn't want to damage her. After all, she belonged to my landlord, not me. I laid the paddle down beside her. I turned up the gas mantle, then returned to Beth. Her bottom was red, sore. I saw stripes where the edges of the paddle had caught her flesh. But nothing that wouldn't quickly heal. I crouched, separated her cheeks and looked up her cleft. At her rosy, little bum hole.

My paddle hadn't, of course, hit anything down there and I had avoided her genitals. Satisfied with my check, I lifted my paddle again.

“What was that, girl?” I asked. Beth had muttered something although I hadn't caught what she said.

“Please, no more. I've learned my lesson,” she said just a little louder.

“No you haven't,” I told her. “Once again, you forgot to show respect. You didn't call me 'master'.”

Beth sobbed. “Master, master, please, master.”

I swished the paddle through the air again. Took up my position. Smashed it down as hard as I could across those defenceless cheeks. She jerked forward and screamed loudly. That girl badly needed this beating.

Again and again and again I struck her. I laid on hard. But eventually, I noticed that her screams had subsided and her bottom wasn't moving very much. She had obviously retreated into a place inside of herself like an animal hiding in its lair. If I carried on much longer, it would be merely like tenderising a piece of meat.

And I didn't want to be cruel to the poor slave-girl. She didn't deserve that as she had served me well over the last couple of months or so. I hoped she had learned that much needed lesson as I didn't want to have to beat her like that again for a long while. Anyway, my arm was getting tired.

I laid the paddle down. Beth was slumped limply over the table, her head down facing the quarry tiled floor. I crossed to the butler sink and filled a pail with water. She took no notice, like she still hadn't realised the beating had stopped. That she was still dealing with the pain flooding her body.

I poured the cold water over her head and upper body, the water washing through her hair and puddling on the floor, channelling away between the tiles. Beth gasped with the

cold shock and raised her head sufficiently to look at me before slumping forward again.

Call me foolish, but only then did I realise that beating her had made me hard. My cock throbbed painfully against my constricting trousers. A real blue-steeler boner I'd heard it called. And it wouldn't be denied. I grabbed Beth's wet hair and raised her head again. Her brown eyes sought mine.

"Where do you keep the olive oil, girl?" I asked.

She didn't seem to understand the strangeness of my question. So I repeated it.

"In that cupboard over there, master," she said. At least she was respectful now. An improvement.

I fetched the small jug of oil then walked behind her. I freed my cock and it sprang erect. It was massive, although I say so myself. I unstopped the bottle then trickled the oil down the cleft of her red raw bum. The golden coloured oil slipped down, collecting in the puckered hollow of her anus.

With my middle finger, I worked the oil into her anus, slipping it in deeper and deeper as I worked. Beth gasped with the cold shock of the invasion. I poured a fresh trickle direct onto her bum hole. Some dripped lower until her labia also glistened with oil.

A moment later, I worked my index finger in as well to join my middle finger. I opened them slightly, working and stretched and relaxing her tight anus. But I couldn't hold back any longer. I pulled my fingers out, then positioned the tip of my throbbing, veiny cock against her sphincter.

Then I shoved it in with one deep, hard thrust. Beth gasped. I leaned forward and slid my hands under her body, cupping her squashed boobs. My fingers caught her proud nipples and I teased and tweaked them.

"You're enjoying this, aren't you girl?" I asked. Again, she gasped.

Then I rammed up and into her, my cock sliding in and out. The olive oil lubing my shaft, helping it glide in and out of her tight chute. I pulled on her nipples, couldn't last out at this rate, then I exploded like a volcano deep inside of her. My cum far up her rectum. I panted with spent lust as I collapsed over her back and lay sprawled on top of her body. I played with her nipples as my cock shrank to normal and I waited for her anus to expel me.

Then I stood, walked around to her front. I lifted her head by her hair again.

"Wake up, girl." I showed her my soiled penis. "Clean me off."

"Yes, master," she whispered. I pushed my cock into her mouth. Automatically, her tongue licked me; up and down my shaft and the head of my penis. She gulped, working saliva into her mouth and swallowed. Washing me clean. But I'd had enough for one night.

It was late and a wave of sympathy washed over me for my poor, beaten slave-girl. She'd taken all I'd done to her and come out the other side. To leave her like that would be cruel. Sure, Patricia would have thought of fresh torments but I wasn't like that. I just hoped Beth had learned her lesson. She was basically a good girl. Just needed a little reminder.

I buttoned up and untied her. Beth raised her head but then lowered it again. She just lay across the kitchen table. I scooped the girl up then carried her into her little bedroom. I laid her face down on her bed then covered her with a single sheet. No way was that girl sleeping on her back for a week or more. I kissed her cheek then quietly closed the door

behind me.

After that exercise, I was starving. I looked in the basket Beth had brought home. I found half a cold chicken and ham pie. I wolfed it down before having a wash and going to bed.

I slept like a log.

## **CHAPTER 9.**

I'm not a brutal master. The following day, I was up before Beth but I didn't make an issue of it. Instead I caught an earlier train into Haveno Ananaso's main Urbocentro station. I breakfasted at my Businessmen's Club.

At work, I had to put up with Patricia gloating about how well her chlorate shares were doing. Up four per cent overnight. I started having second thoughts. I mean, I'm an expert but I'm not infallible and I could be wrong. Maybe I was making the wrong call on this issue. But my gut instinct was to avoid them. Once again, I warned Patricia against having all her eggs in one basket. But it was like talking to the wall.

But the good news was that my uncle in head office in the United Zones had approved my bonus. The money had been wired through to my bank here in Haveno Ananaso. I knew I'd have to work hard next quarter to make up any losses and earn my next bonus. I scanned my teleprinter hoping for any clues to market forecasts. Anything other than those chlorates.

I was in a much better mood as I returned home to Kresto Abrikoto. I'd bought a new pair of sandals for Beth. Something to cheer her up. As I walked up my driveway, Beth flung open the front door. The deepest possible curtsy – but not without a little wince.

As soon as I stepped into my hallway and sat down, she helped me off with my boots then knelt and kissed my feet. Her tongue lapping and licking, working its way between my toes, kissing my soles. I let her do that for a few minutes before stopping her.

She was delighted with her new sandals and wanted to kiss my feet all over again. This was far more like it. Instead I raised her up.

“Would master like a shower-bath now?” she asked. “Or I've laid out dinner in the garden. If that's acceptable, master.” Yes, far more like it.

“Shower,” I told her. She led me into the bathroom, stripped off her dress then took off my clothes. She knelt again and kissed the tip of my cock. It twitched in anticipation.

“Stand up, Beth. Then bend over.” The woman gasped with horror. Surely I wasn't going to beat her again. Not when she'd done nothing wrong. “I want to inspect your bottom.”

Beth turned and bent. Her bottom was red, but bruises were forming now. It looked

incredibly sore and painful. As it should be. I spread her buttock cheeks. I traced my finger down her cleft, circling the puckered skin of her anus, then lower, still lower. She had shaved her sex and oiled it so it was soft and smooth. Her labia majora were completely hairless. My hand slipped lower and stroked her clitoris. I teased that most sensitive little button until she shuddered before letting her stand up.

“Good girl. I think you've learned your lesson.” She nodded.

We showered together, washing away any lingering resentments and anger along with the day's grime. She squealed as I pushed her up against the wall, her sore bottom hitting the tiles. I came inside her tight pussy with passion. Then I let her wash herself clean.

Beth had cooked a spicy chicken with sweetcorn for my dinner and I enjoyed it out in the garden. The evening was cooler now. Whilst I ate, she knelt naked by my side. She could eat later. Then the door bell rang. Waiting for my permission, she threw her dress over her head then ran for the door.

She returned a few minutes later. Knelt again. “It was one of Senhor Bartro's slaves, master. Inviting you over to their mansio. Senhor Bartro has some business he wishes to discuss, master.”

I nodded. “Tell him I will be along shortly.” She bowed then scooted off.

That was why, later that evening, I found myself sitting in Senhor Bartro's drawing room. Senhora Bartro was sewing by the window; their daughter was reading a book. She was using her slave-girl, Kyli, as a footstool. Kyli was naked, facing away from her mistress. One of her mistress's bare feet was resting on her bottom, her other foot idly toying with Kyli's genital piercings. Kyli's bottom twitched.

“Keep still, can't you, Kyli? Don't make me tell you again.”

“No, mistress.”

Senhor Bartro introduced me then offered me refreshments. After some general talk about the Angolan War, the distinguished man got down to business.

“I've decided to get into chlorates. Looks like there's some good money to be made there. If they take off, they'll transform agriculture in this country,” Bartro said.

I gave him my warning about not over-exposing himself to risk. Unlike Patricia Madeira he understood. “I never invest more than I can afford to lose. It's like gambling at the casino in a way. Don't bet if you can't afford to smile when you lose.”

I agreed but asked what I could do for him.

“I understand you've received a very handsome bonus.” I nodded. Non-committal. “So I wondered if you've given any further thought to what I mentioned earlier? I thought you might like to buy a slave. Your own personal slave-girl, not your landlord's house slave.”

He sensed my hesitation. “You can always sell her on when you leave Kupro Marbordo. I know you're interested in Laia and, to be honest, I'm getting a little fed up with her.”

I sipped my brandy and looked over the brim at him. That didn't sound so great.

“Oh, don't get me wrong. There's nothing wrong with her. But I usually get bored after a couple of years and fancy a change. I thought I could invest the sale money in chlorates and then buy a really first rate, top-notch slave after I cash in my investments. Would you like to look her over?”

I nodded again. Senhor Bartro rang the bell and a large, heavy-set male slave, probably a gardener, led Laia in. The man bowed then left.

Laia stood trembling. All she knew was that I was the man who had beaten her for no reason. She must have thought I was here to hurt her again.

“Take off your clothes, Laia. Senhor Baxter wants to inspect you,” Senhor Bartro said. His voice firm. Laia dis-robed and slipped off her breast-band. Her dark, curly hair fell about her shoulders and her eyes were downcast.

I still had some of my northern, United Zones inhibitions left. I felt uncomfortable about inspecting a naked slave-girl under the gaze of Senhor Bartro's wife and daughter. But I shouldn't have worried. I stood and put down my crystal brandy glass.

I didn't think Senhor Bartro would sell me a dud. He had far too much status in Haveno Ananaso society. However, I still wanted to check Laia out. You wouldn't buy a coach or carriage without looking at it first, would you?

Senhor Bartro's daughter's picked up a light cane and swatted her footstool on the head. “Close your eyes, Kyli. There's nothing for you to see here. And keep still, can't you?”

I started at Laia's head. I felt her skull. No old scars or contusions. I pulled her lobes and looked into her ears before staring into her eyes. They were deep brown and intelligent.

“Put out your tongue,” I commanded. It looked healthy.

I counted her teeth, which were in perfect condition. Working down, I told her to rotate her neck. I felt her arm muscles. She was a tall girl and her muscles showed she was quite strong. I ran my finger tips down her spine. Nice and straight.

I fondled her breasts, Checked for any unwanted lumps or bumps. Would have rejected her if I'd found any. I tweaked her dark brown nipples, which immediately responded under my touch. I stroked her belly, dipped a fingernail into her belly-button. She shuddered.

Then I crouched before her. I caught a hint of her musky natural scent. I ran my hand down her flanks and calves.

“Open your legs,” I told her. Another whiff of her natural scent. I stroked the inside of her thighs. She had good strong legs. Runner's legs we would have called them up in the United Zones. I was impressed so far. I looked up. Senhora Bartro was engrossed in her sewing. We could have been on the dark side of the moon for all she cared.

His daughter glanced up from her book. She was not bothered at all that I was intimately examining another member of her gender in the same room.

“Now turn around. Bend and spread.” I might as well get this over with, although I'd already made up my mind to buy. The only embarrassed one was myself. And possibly Laia. The slave-girl did as commanded. I rested one hand on her back to keep her in position.

I slipped my index finger in between her labia, found her vagina then slipped it in. Maybe I nicked her with my fingernail as she jerked away. Her moist love tunnel was nice and tight. Even tighter than Beth's. Obviously, this slave-girl had not been overused.

Only one thing left. And it was staring me in the face. So to speak. I withdrew my finger from her vagina then, as it was slippery from the girl's own love juices I plunged it into her anus. The slave-girl flinched and sucked in a gasp of air. Again, a nice tight hole. I

fingered her for a moment but I was satisfied. I pulled it out.

“Stand up and clean my finger,” I said, slipping my soiled finger into her mouth. Her tongue found work to do.

“How much do you want for her?” I asked.

“Well, I'd be giving her away if I accepted less than five thousand piastres,” he said, pretending to think.

I laughed. “I follow the slave prices in the Haveno Ananaso Times. I'd be paying over the odds if I paid more than three thousand.”

I won't weary you with our haggling. Eventually, we agreed on three thousand, seven hundred and fifty piastres. I got a bargain. I think I only got such a good price because Senhor Bartro liked me. Maybe I reminded him of his sons away fighting bandits up in the Montoj de Pino. He told me that she came with full medical certificates which he would send on later.

Senhor Bartro said I could take Laia away with me now. I could send a cheque to his office in Urbocentro tomorrow. Tired now, we shook hands on the deal. I tied Laia's hands behind her with a length of rope, another to her collar then led her home.

Neither of us spoke on the short walk back.

## **CHAPTER 10.**

Poor Beth was still up. She opened the door and looked surprised when she saw Laia standing there behind me. So surprised she forgot to kneel for me. But I was in a good mood so I forgave her.

“My new slave-girl. Laia,” I told Beth. “Make up a bed for her, then go to sleep yourself. Tomorrow, you can show Laia her duties. If she misbehaves, you are in charge and you have my permission to discipline her. Understand?”

Beth nodded. “Yes, master,” she took Laia into the kitchen and shortly after both girls got me ready for bed.

Next day, I sent a slave-girl with my personal cheque over to Senhor Bartro's offices and she picked up Laia's certificates. As Senhor Bartro promised, she was healthy and had suffered from no serious illnesses.

I walked over to Patricia Madeira's office. A different slave-girl, I didn't know her name, was acting as her secretary. The girl showed me in and I sat down.

“Where's Tima?” I asked. Patricia had piled up her honey-blond hair into a loose chignon. Her blouse showed a couple of centimetres of her firm bosom. She looked sexy. Her grey eyes looked up.

“Oh, that stupid bitch still hasn't learned her lesson. I've sent her down to the cellar. I haven't got time to discipline her myself just now so she'll have to stay there a while.” She

rubbed a hand over her forehead. She looked harassed with her workload. Her new secretary was unsure of all her duties but I noticed she hadn't been beaten for any failures.

"Where's your jewellery?" I said, puzzled. Patricia always wore several rings and a beautifully worked gold necklace.

"Oh, I pawned them."

I raised my eyebrows.

"Yes, I pawned them today for a few weeks to raise more money for chlorates. I'll cash in my shares then redeem my jewellery and make a tidy profit, too," she grinned.

"Is that wise?"

"Chlorates can only rise. It says so here." She showed me the article in the Haveno Ananaso Times. I glanced at it and shrugged. Maybe it was me making a mistake by not investing but I warned her again. Wasted my breath.

I left her office. It was almost siesta time so I walked down to the punishment cellar before heading out to a local bistro for lunch. A few slaves were in the cellar. A male was spread-eagled over a frame, his back whipped raw.

Tima was hanging by her wrists from a crossbar. Her arms were spread wide and she was slumped forward, the whole weight of her body taken by her wrists and her toes. I watched muscles jump and twitch in her arms and thighs. She must have been hanging there for ages.

She'd lost weight. When I first met her, she was slightly plump but now I could see her ribs. She still had large breasts, hanging free from her body as she leaned forward. I'd asked Senhor Zeza if the slave-girl could be transferred to me but apparently Patricia had refused that request.

As I walked closer I saw that weighted nipple clamps had been attached, pulling on her breasts. The pain in those sensitive nipples pulled out of shape must be intolerable. I lifted her head. The girl opened her brown eyes and looked up at me. They were dull and apathetic.

Maybe I'm too tender hearted by interfering in a slave-girl's punishment. I ungagged her and fetched her a beaker of water. She sipped and drank, some of the water trickling down her chin. I dried it off. Tima licked her lips.

"Thank you, master. Thank you so much."

"What have you done this time, Tima? Why is Miss Madeira punishing you this time?"

"I don't know, master. She didn't say. Just sent me down here to wait for her, master."

She burst into tears and I gave her a few minutes to recover.

"Oh, I can't go on any longer, master. I'm going to go to the Domo de Korekto and ask to be put out of my misery," she cried.

This was very serious. And very sad. Tima didn't deserve this. Perhaps I should explain. There is a very sensible aspect to slavery in Kupro Marbordo. As well as training and disciplining slaves for those owners who can't do it, the Domo offers a service to the slaves themselves.

If any slave finds life intolerable under a cruel owner, they can go to the Domo de Korekto and ask to be killed. Or when they become too old or infirm to serve. I don't know

how the Domo does it, but I understand it is quick and humane. Obviously, it is up to the slave owners not to take things too far because otherwise they will lose a very valuable piece of property. It's far better to sell a slave onto another owner.

As you can understand, I was upset to hear Tima speak of seeking the Domo de Korekto.

"No, don't do that. Not yet. Try and last out a little longer and I'll see what I can do," I told the poor, abused slave-girl.

She nodded as I replaced the gag. I hope I convinced her.

\* \* \*

As usual, I took my dinner out in my garden, enjoying the evening cool. Over the walls I heard the evening sounds of Kresto Abrikoto; children playing, birds singing and the wind sighing through the fruit trees. I glanced down. Two naked females knelt by my side, dark hair cascading down their backs, their knees spread wide, their sweet sexes displayed to my view.

Despite the slight chill, both were still. They know that I don't like them fidgeting and shivering as I eat. It's very distracting. Beth had prepared a bowl of strawberries for my dessert. I was in a good mood.

"Open wide," I told them. Beth opened her mouth but Laia merely spread her knees even wider. I popped a strawberry into Beth's mouth. After a diet of bland slave porridge, the taste overwhelmed her. Tears came into her eyes as she sucked and chewed on the sweet fruit.

Laia opened her mouth and I let her have a strawberry as well. She'd appreciate it all the more after what was about to happen to her. Dinner finished, I pushed my chair away from the table.

"It's getting cold, isn't it girls?" I asked.

A chorus of 'yes, masters' followed.

"Time for a warm-up, I think. Laia. It's time for your initial beating."

Laia flung herself at my feet, begging. Her dark, curly hair covering my boots. "I had one at Senhor Bartro's master, I'm a good girl, you don't need to hit me any more. Please, please, please..."

I cut off her pleas. I wasn't going to make the same mistake a second time. I lifted her up gently. It was best to get it over with.

"If you're as good a girl as you say you are, then I won't have to beat you much, will I?"

She shook her head but couldn't stop crying. There was a T-shaped post in the garden with a couple of rings set in it. I led Laia over to the post whilst Beth fetched the punishment equipment I'd selected earlier.

Laia was too upset as I shackled her arms to the crossbar. It felt heartless doing this but I had to administer an initial beating. Otherwise she would lose all respect for her owner. There's no need to take up too much of your time describing Laia's beating.



Suffice it to say, I had a good warm-up and so did Laia. Using a cat o' nine tails with broad leather straps, I flogged her back, working down from her shoulders to the small of her back. She howled with pain, drowning out the sound of the playing children.

I thought about asking Beth to fetch a gag but decided against it. After all, my evening meal has sometimes been disturbed by the sounds of my neighbours flogging their slaves.

Then I worked on her buttocks using that flexible wooden paddle that Beth knew so well. It had the same effect on Laia as it had earlier on Beth. Laia shrieked and twisted in her chains in a vain attempt to escape from my blows. It got so bad that I ordered Beth to hold Laia round her waist to keep her still. I beat her a few extra times to make up for the inconvenience so it would have been better for Laia if she'd kept still, wouldn't it?

I have to say that Laia wet herself during this part of her beating. A stream of her golden urine poured down her legs as she writhed in agony. However, as we were out in the garden, I didn't make an issue of it as I would have done if we were indoors.

Finally, I took a light, thin whippy cane and worked down her legs, from her upper thighs down to her calves. I did each leg in turn. Each blow producing a thin red line that marked her dark, coffee coloured skin. I think this must have really hurt as she kept lifting her legs and shrieked to the skies with each blow.

I don't think she will forget her initial beating in a hurry. Now she will serve me properly as she will be desperate to avoid another beating like that. That's the point of an initial beating. Not cruelty but keeping slaves on the straight and narrow for the time that you own them.

Unfortunately, I now had two slave-girls who couldn't sleep on their backs for a while.

## **CHAPTER 11.**

I try to be a good master to Beth and Laia and look after their needs. That weekend or the next, I forget which now, I walked into the kitchen. Not a part of my villa I enter very often. But you have to check up from time to time that they are keeping it clean and tidy.

Through the window, I saw Beth out in the garden. She was picking herbs or something. Heard her singing to herself, which told me she was happy. A pang of conscience hit me about Tima but what could I do? Her treatment was up to Patricia. And Senhor Zeza as overall manager, I suppose.

As I was checking the kitchen, which was spotlessly neat, I decided to check on the slave-girls' bedroom. No need to knock. I pushed open the door and came across Laia. Her dress was up around her waist and she was squatting over their toilet-bucket making little feminine grunting sounds.

She blushed when I entered and didn't know what to do. Whether to stand and kneel in submission or carry on.

"Stand up," I told her. She did so, her dress dropping and covering her thighs. I glanced into the bucket. It was empty of solids.

"Are you having trouble?" I asked. "When did you last open your bowels?"

Laia blushed even more furiously. "No, master, no troubles. But I haven't been for a day. It's alright, though..."

Perhaps I've been neglecting my slave-girls' health. "I'll decide that," I said. "Follow me."

We returned to the kitchen and I called Beth in from the garden. She curtsied low. Her face worried.

"This girl is having trouble with her bowels. Give her an enema."

"Oh, no, master. You don't need..." said Laia.

"Silence. Take off your dress then lie on the kitchen table on your left side and draw your knees up," I ordered. I then stepped back to allow Beth to do the necessary. Laia did as asked. She looked worried and vulnerable but I need to look after her health.

Beth opened the cupboard containing the punishment equipment and took out some tubes and a bag. I watched as she boiled a kettle, prepared some soft soap, let the water cool and filled the bag with over a litre of warm, soapy water.

She stood on a chair and hung the full bag from a hook on the ceiling then attached the tube. Taking the olive oil, she lifted Laia's right buttock. With her middle finger, she lubricated Laia's anus then slipped the tube into the girl's anus. Laia jerked forward a little with the invasion.

"Ssh, ssh, its alright," Beth whispered to the girl.

"A bit deeper, I think," I said. Beth worked the tube past Laia's tight sphincter and up into her bottom. Then she released a clamp on the tube to allow the warm, soapy water up into her rectum. Beth clamped it off after a while.

I watched Laia tense up and relax as the water entered her body.

I walked round the table and looked into Laia's dark eyes. I rested a hand on her bare shoulder.

"Does it hurt?"

"No, thank you, master. It's a bit odd... a bit uncomfortable, though," she said quietly.

"It's for your own good. And it won't last long," I reassured her. "Maybe some more water now, Beth?"

Beth nodded, released the clamp and let more soapy water flood up into Laia's bottom.

"Not much more left, master," said Beth.

"Good. Hold it all in now, Laia," I said. "We don't want to make a mess in our kitchen, do we?"

"No, master. Aaaah," she gasped as Beth released still more warm water. I watched her work. Then I took something from that cupboard as Beth paused for a minute to let the water work its way through Laia's system before unclamping the tube and letting the last of the water pass.

Beth leaned over Laia, then gently pulled the tube out of Laia's rectum. I handed Beth what I had taken from the cupboard. It was a thick butt-plug. The biggest we had.

"Insert this. I don't want everything to flood out before it's had time to work."

Beth nodded. She picked up the jar of olive oil.

"Don't lubricate it. I don't want it slipping out of her bum," I told her. Beth didn't say anything. She rested a hand on Laia's hip then worked the thick butt-plug into Laia's anus. She whispered soothingly to the prone girl. Laia screwed up her eyes and her body jumped forward on the table with the invasion stretching her sphincter. It was probably a little sore.

"It's in, master," Beth told me.

"You can come down off the table now," I said to Laia. I held out my hand and helped her down. She stood there, looking a little uncomfortable. The wide butt-plug keeping her cheeks apart. She rubbed her belly wonderingly.

"Lie on the floor instead. Your enema's not going to work if you just stand there, is it?" I pointed to a space out of the way. "You don't want a second, do you?" She shook her head, then lay down as directed.

Beth was at the sink washing out the tube.

"Prepare a second enema," I told her.

"Does master need one?" she asked over her shoulder.

"No. You do."

"But master, I had a poo earlier this morning!"

"Well, it will still clean you out, won't it? Do you good. Prepare it."

Beth washed the tube, refilled the bag with the still warm water from the kettle. She looked up at me appealingly but, like I say, it would do her good.

She took off her dress, folded it up neatly on a chair then climbed up onto the table and drew up her knees. I'd watched carefully as Beth administered Laia's enema so I knew what to do. I lubricated her tight little hole then pushed the tube up deep into her rectum. As with Laia, Beth gasped and moved forward. I released some of the warm water and watched it pour down the tube and up into her bottom.

"Please, master, can I go now?" asked Laia from the floor.

"Not yet. Give it more time to work, girl."

She groaned and clutched her belly.

I waited a little while, then released more water into Beth's rectum. I leaned over her body and massaged her stomach for a while. It seemed to help. Finally, I emptied the rest of the bag into her body.

Carefully, I pulled out the tube and pushed up another butt-plug into Beth's clean rosy hole. She squirmed as the uncoiled plug penetrated her anus. It wasn't as thick as Laia's but it would do the job.

"Please, master, it's hurting, I can't hold out much longer," called up Laia.

"Don't be impatient, girl. That plug will hold it in for you." Don't these girls know anything?

I helped Beth down from the table and directed her to lie down next to Laia. She curled up on the floor. The two naked girls looked up at me as I walked around the kitchen timing them with my pocket watch.

When I judged they'd held the liquid in long enough I told Beth to stand up. She could

use her bucket now. Beth hauled herself to her feet then ran into her bedroom. Even through the closed door I heard abdominal sounds as she emptied herself into the bucket.

"What about me, master! You did me first!" cried Laia.

"But you needed your enema more than Beth did. Just think of the release you'll feel in a few minutes."

Laia sobbed, drew her knees up tighter to her chest and rocked back and forth with distress on the tiled floor. A few minutes later, Beth came out of their bedroom. She looked pale and weak.

"What do you say?" I asked.

"Thank you for taking care of us, master."

I nodded. "You may use the toilet-bucket now, Laia," I said. Laia climbed to her feet then waddled to their room. No way could she run with that amount of dirty water inside her. And a thick butt-plug wedging her cheeks apart. She made it.

I had no wish to hear or smell any more so I left the kitchen and took my copy of the Haveno Ananaso Times into my sunny garden.

## **CHAPTER 12.**

And then the world fell apart. Not my world, or even the world much beyond Kupro Marbordo. But everyone who had invested too heavily in those chlorates found their world collapsing all around them.

Of course some speculators, those with inside knowledge, sold at the top of the market. They made fortunes but at the cost of their good names. Not that I supposed they cared too much. With enough money behind you, you can insulate yourself from the world's opinion.

Some of my friends at the Chamber of Commerce and the Business Club lost a lot of money. A couple even had to resign. One was seen boarding a steamship and was never seen again. But the one I knew whose world really disintegrated was one Patricia Madeira.

That Monday morning Beth placed the day's copy of the Haveno Ananaso Times on my table as I ate my breakfast. As usual I turned first to the sports pages. But the front page grabbed my full attention. Shares in chlorates had crashed. They were worth less than a quarter of what they were on Friday.

I stared at the paper for a moment then snatched up my briefcase and raced for Kresto Abrikoto's station. I wasn't the only one running. Beth and Laia looked at each other in shock. They must have thought their master had gone mad.

On the journey into Urbocentro, I kept drumming my fingers on my briefcase, willing the slow suburban train to hurry up. I wasn't the only one. The man opposite looked at his pocket watch every few seconds.

In Haveno Ananaso, I sprinted to my brokers office. The place looked like an anthill

after it has been dug up. Businessmen and slaves running everywhere. The place an uproar. I dropped off my briefcase in my office. The teleprinter was spooling everywhere. Of course, the chlorates crash was affecting all other stocks and shares.

The manager, Ricardo Zeza wasn't looking like the man who commands respect at the moment. His hair was wild and his cravat askew. I knew he'd bought lots of chlorates shares with his personal money as well as with the firm's. But I guessed he'd make out all right. Knowing him, he wouldn't have over-exposed himself to risk. Hoped so, because I liked him. But the general panic had affected him.

Ignoring the teleprinter, I dodged through the crowds to Patricia Madeira's office. She was doing something useful. Not. Poor Tima was bent over her desk, bare arse raised high, receiving a caning.

"Are you alright, Patricia?" I asked. Knowing she wasn't. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Lend me five thousand piastres. That should see me through," she snapped, cracking the cane down on Tima's bottom. Her secretary howled with pain. I didn't know Patricia was that deep in debt.

"I haven't got that much," I said, "but I'll see what I can do for you." I paused at the door. "Hang on in there. It won't last much longer." But I said that last to Tima, not Patricia.

Taking advantage of the chaos in the office, I left the building and made my way over to my, and Patricia's, bank. I told the cashier I needed to see the manager. Urgently.

"Everyone's saying that, sir," the man said.

"Tell him it's me. James Baxter. From the Chamber of Commerce. He owes me a favour."

The cashier nodded, knocked on the manager's door and stepped inside.

"He'll be with you shortly, sir," he said on his return.

The manager was as good as his word. I was inside his panelled office within the next fifteen minutes. We shook hands. It was hot in his office. The manager rubbed his bald head and loosened his cravat.

"Make me up a list of all Patricia Madeira's debtors," I said.

"I can't do that, sir. You know that. Client confidentiality and all that."

I cut off his protests. "You owe me, senhor," I said. "I advised you not to invest your personal money into these chlorates. And I was right. I must have saved you hundreds or thousands of piastres. I've saved you from bankruptcy, saved your family home. Am I right?"

The manager nodded.

"Now I'm going to do you, your bank, and her debtors, another favour. I will pay off her debts," I thought for a moment. "I will pay them off at a rate of fifty per cent." No point in being over generous. "Think about it. Half is better than nothing, right? She must owe this bank a few thousand piastres. You'll look good getting some money back out of this mess."

He nodded.

"Draw up a schedule of her debts and have it ready by close of business tomorrow," I

told him. We shook hands again and then I left the bank. I felt good. No I felt great. It's good to help someone in need.

I returned to my office, shut the door on the chaos outside. Then I wired my uncle in Head Office in the United Zones for an advance on my bonus as well as a small loan. I knew he wouldn't refuse his favourite nephew. Then I leaned back in my chair and admired the view over the marina. No point in dealing stocks and bonds with this meltdown going on outside. Far better to wait for things to settle down.

Both Beth and Laia noticed my strange mood. If they were both good slave-girls normally, that evening they were close to perfection. Quiet and attentive. Not wanting to draw attention to themselves. I saw them looking at each other but I didn't tell them what was going on. I'm sure there were whispered conversations in their room that night.

The following day I didn't show up at my office until the afternoon. There was no need. Chlorate shares had plummeted overnight and were now close to worthless. I knew that they were too good to be true. And it's good to be proved right. It raised my profile in the office. All I did that afternoon was check that my uncle's money had been wired to my account.

I ordered a big, burly male slave to be waiting at the bank, then I went to see Patricia. She was pacing her office talking to herself.

"Everything's sorted, Patricia," I said. A big grin over my face. "I've borrowed some money from my uncle so I can pay off your debts. If we call on your bank now, we can get this unpleasant situation sorted out before it goes too far."

She stopped pacing and looked at me with those grey eyes. It was like the light at the end of the tunnel is the sun itself. Her face lit up with joy. All her troubles vanished in an instant.

"Thank you, James. That's really, really kind of you." She ran up to me and kissed me. For a moment, I felt her firm breasts pressing against my chest through my jacket. She snatched up her bag.

We walked arm in arm through the late afternoon sun. Our bank was only the other side of the plaza but I enjoyed the short walk. The manager welcomed us into his office and one of the bank's slave-girls served coffee.

The manager wiped his brow, asked Patricia's permission to divulge information regarding her debts. She nodded, happy that I was going to pay them off for her. He opened a folder and slid a sheet of headed paper over to me.

Even at fifty per cent, it was still a lot of money. Four thousand, seven hundred and thirty-six piastres exactly, I recall. I realised I would have to cancel my fishing trip out on the Maro de Moruo. But it was worth it. I produced my chequebook and paid Patricia's debts. The manager handed me a receipt.

"Thank you," she said.

And then I sprung the trap.

## **CHAPTER 13.**

"Patricia Madeira, you owe me four thousand, seven hundred and thirty-six piastres. I would like immediate payment." I settled back in my chair. The bank manager stared at us goggle-eyed.

"What do you mean, James? You know I haven't got that money. Not at the moment, but I can pay it back over the next few years." She frowned at me, confused. Wondering what I was playing at.

"That's not good enough, Patricia. As your sole creditor, I demand immediate repayment. In full."

"I can't pay that. Not at once." She was almost shouting, her temper rising.

I turned to the bank manager. "You are my witness that this woman has twice refused to repay me. Therefore, the only alternative is that she becomes my slave. That's the law here, isn't it?"

The manager nodded. Patricia leaped to her feet, her bosom trembling.

"James! What are you doing?"

"I should have thought that was obvious. And from now on, you will call me 'master'." Patricia ignored this and tried to storm past me, out of the manager's office. But the doorway was blocked by the huge male slave.

Patricia was a strong woman. Of course I could have overpowered her myself but I didn't want to do that. For one thing, it would have been undignified to be seen brawling in the street with a slave-girl.

"Take this female to the Town Hall at Urbocentro so we can get her slavery forms completed," I told the man. A huge Angolan.

"Yes, master," he rumbled. He smiled. None of the slaves at the office had any time for Patricia Madeira. He gripped her arms and carried her out of the bank. Only the tips of her shoes touching the ground. And that only occasionally.

Patricia swore and tried kicking him. She demanded to be released. Threatened all sorts of savage punishments but the big slave ignored her. Everyone in the bank turned to watch the scene. I followed a few paces behind the slave. Pretending that this scene was nothing to do with me.

Out in the sunshine, more people watched us. A gang of small boys followed, laughing their heads off. Patricia kicked out and one of her shoes flew off. She didn't look like the sophisticated broker any more.

I'd already bribed the official at the Town Hall a few piastres to stay open late. I showed him the receipt from the bank. In his presence, I asked Patricia for full repayment but all I got in return was a mouthful of abuse. Then I signed the register declaring that Patricia Madeira was now my debt slave; slave name Pati. Keeps it simple.

Our last stop was the Domo de Korekto, where she would undergo full slave training. Well, I'm a broker, not an expert slave wrangler. I don't know how to break in a woman. We all stood in the bleak entrance hall. I paid the instructor three hundred piastres for the full

course. Not cheap.

Patricia, or Pati as I should now call her, had calmed down. Her head hung low. She was exhausted after all that kicking and screaming. Now she was in the confines of the Domo de Korecto, maybe she realised that it was a done deal. No going back.

"Goodbye, Pati. But before I go, I'd like to see what I've bought. Take off your clothes," I said. She stood motionless before us.

"I don't think you want to get off to a bad start here, Pati," said the instructor. "Do as your master commands." Wise words.

Pati took off her expensive cream jacket, now rather rumpled with buttons missing. She looked at us as if expecting one of us to take it from her. No one did, so she dropped it to the floor. She unbuttoned her silk blouse, dropped it onto her jacket. Then she unbuttoned her skirt and slid it down over her hips. She looked totally beaten and defeated but I had no sympathy.

Pati stood in a lemon yellow lacy brassiere and panties set. She crossed her arms over her bosom, trying to shield her breasts from view.

"Underwear as well, Pati," said the instructor.

With a sigh, she reached behind her and unhooked her bra, shrugging it off over her shoulders. She had good firm breasts with nice pink, upturned nipples. Then, knowing she might as well get it over with, she slid her lemon panties down her toned legs.

"Hands behind your neck," I said. We looked at her body fully exposed to our gaze. Nice firm belly. Nothing hidden. She had cost me a lot of money, but I thought she was worth it. I stepped forward and rolled her pubic hair between my fingers. She flinched.

"Only women have pubic hair, Pati. Not slave-girls."

I turned to the Domo's instructor. "I would recommend very strict discipline. Don't be lenient with this one."

"Certainly, sir," he said. He led Pati away through another door. I wasn't to see her again for many weeks.

\* \* \*

There's not much more to tell you. The following day, I saw Senhor Ricardo Zeza. He'd recovered some of his calm and seemed more on top of things. Wore a very expensive green cravat as if to show he was in control of events. I explained what I'd done with Patricia Madeira and why. Apologised for any inconvenience during her temporary absence.

I suggested that slave-girl Pati carry on with her old job upon her return from the Domo de Korecto. After all, chlorates aside, she did a good job. However, as her owner, her salary and any bonuses would be paid to myself. Senhor Zeza was pleased. It saved him advertising for a replacement.

Also, I requested Tima as my secretary. I further hinted that Tima could cover for Pati until her return. Removed from the cruel treatment she had been subject to, she was a bright girl and a hard worker and I would help her with anything she was unsure of.



Senhor Zeza shook my hand. Returned to the chaos of sorting out the chlorates catastrophe. I leaned back in my chair and took a few minutes to admire the view. The sun was shining and I felt great. I was rich, or would be soon. Two salaries, two lots of bonuses. I'd pay back my uncle in no time. Buying Pati was the best investment I've ever made.

I am now sitting in my drawing room at home in my villa up on Kresto Abrikoto. Bent over the back of my couch are four beautifully presented naked slave-girls. I borrowed Tima from work, saying I needed her help with work over the weekend. Beth, Laia, Pati and Tima all lined up for my attentions.

Four freshly shaved, slightly open beautiful sexes, labia nicely moist. Four rosy little arse holes. I gave them all enemas this morning so I know they're all clean up there. Four rounded bottoms, only Pati's showing bruises from where I had Tima paddle her. Four pairs of thighs taking the strain in keeping those bottoms perfectly still.

My uncle sent me a letter asking me to return to Head Office up in the United Zones. But I don't think I'll go back. At least not for a few years. After all, where would you rather be? Up north or down here with me and my slave-girls in sunny Kupro Marbordo?

I know where I would rather be.

**THE END.**

If you enjoyed this story and my style of writing, you might enjoy my longer crime novels. Hard-edged, fast paced, violent and sexy featuring Romanian gangster Nico Caramarin.

200 Steps Down  
Lookin' For Trouble

Thank you,  
Morris Kenyon.