**Enslaved in Europe**

by[Schlank](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=852283&page=submissions)©

**Enslaved in Europe Ch. 01**

When Gretchen reached home, she ran in through the door in great excitement. "Diane! Diane! I just got out of a meeting with the Sessian ambassador and his staff! I have great news!"  
  
I greeted my girlfriend with a hug, and then stepped back to see the excitement in her eyes. Never had I seen her looking so thrilled after meeting with a client. "What's so great?" I asked. "Did he sign a multi-million dollar contract?"  
  
Gretchen had to take a few moments to slow down her breathing and try to calm down. Obviously this was a lot more important that just a contract.   
  
"Sessia proactively hired my firm to handle the fallout from a decision their government made a few months back. Apparently they legalized slavery in December of last year. None of the mainstream media have picked up on it yet, but they're certain that it will cause bad publicity before the next meeting of the European Union."  
  
"Okay," I said, still not understanding why all the excitement. It sounded like just another account to me.  
  
Gretchen realized I wasn't following along, and elaborated for my benefit. "Slavery in Sessia isn't exactly like it was here in the United States. Their brand of slavery involves public nudity, erotic bondage, corporal punishment and the like. It's very much like what they do in B&D clubs here in America, only in Sessia a slave is legally the property of the master of mistress."  
  
"Uh-oh," I exclaimed. "I think I can see where this is going."  
  
"And that's not all; they're giving me two free airline tickets so I can go to Sessia and see the country for myself! What an opportunity!"  
  
I went to the wet bar and made myself a drink. Gretchen had always been the dominant one in our relationship, but what she was getting ready to suggest went beyond anything she and I had done before. We'd done some light bondage and spanking before. However we'd never involved outsiders and even my closest friends weren't aware that I was into bondage or discipline.  
  
"Two tickets," I said after I downed half my drink. "And who were you planning on taking with you?"  
  
"Why, you of course," Gretchen said as she strode up gracefully on high heels and kissed me affectionately on the lips.  
  
"As your naked slave?" I asked.  
  
"This is a huge opportunity for me," Gretchen gushed. "Do you have any idea how long I've had dreams of leading a naked slave through the public streets on a leash? Of being able to show her off with pride?" Gretchen placed her arms around my waist and held me gently. She stood close and nuzzled my neck while she spoke. It was a deliberate tactic to wear down my resistance.   
  
"Do you have any idea how humiliating it would be for me?" I asked. "Naked in front of dozens of people?"  
  
Gretchen slowly released me from her grip and looked sadly into my eyes, her long dark hair partly covering her face. "So, you won't help me?" she said feigning great disappointment.  
  
I knew this would make Gretchen feel awful, and she would sulk for weeks if I let her down. "Oh, alright then. I'll do it," I said.  
  
The smile instantly returned to my girlfriend's face and she embraced me enthusiastically. "Thank you darling. I knew I could count on you," she said.  
  
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The next two weeks were spent getting ready. Gretchen arranged meetings in Sessia with the department of tourism and various people involved in the sex slave industry. Gretchen and I both had passports, but Sessia required we have proof of medical insurance before we entered their country. In addition they required extensive medical records from my doctor, including an AIDS test. Apparently not just anybody is allowed to be a sex slave. They have to be in excellent physical condition. Being overweight, diabetic, epileptic or any number of medical conditions would have disqualified me.  
  
At this point I almost regretted being healthy, slender and athletic. I was still nervous and apprehensive about being paraded around the streets of a European country as Gretchen's nude sex slave. A medical excuse would have got me out of the whole thing without Gretchen blaming me.  
  
Gretchen and I both packed cameras, film and enough clothes for a week. We also planned on going shopping for more clothes and souvenirs after we got there. European fashions are usually much more exciting than American clothes and Gretchen promised me at least two days of shopping before I had to serve as her slave. That helped to relax me and keep me from backing out.  
  
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I was totally jet lagged after the transatlantic flight and wanted nothing more than a hot shower and a nap after we got to our hotel. Gretchen paid the cab driver while I carried one of the bags and signed in at the front desk. The girl behind the desk looked at my signature and typed in my name on her computer. I kept waiting for her to give me my room key, but instead her brow wrinkled and she continued to press keys on her computer.  
  
"Wait here please," she eventually said and consulted with another woman who worked there in the hotel lobby.  
  
"I'm sorry for the delay," the older woman said when both hotel employees were done consulting. "My name is Olivia Pitt. I'm the assistant manager. Your name is Diane Schlank?"  
  
"Yes," I replied. "Is there a problem with the reservation?"  
  
The younger woman took a step back and the assistant manager replied, "Could I see some ID, please?"  
  
I took out my passport and showed it to her, still uncertain where this was going. At this point Gretchen finally caught up with me with the rest of our luggage. She showed the assistant manager her passport as well and asked her what was going on.  
  
"Once again I apologize for the delay, she said. "However according to hotel records, Miss Schlank here is listed as your slave."  
  
"That's correct," Gretchen said. "But I still don't see why all the fuss. I was told that slavery was legal is Sessia."  
  
"It is," Olivia assured us. "However as Americans, you may be unaware of a number of Sessian laws as regards to slavery. For instance, slaves are not permitted to wear clothing. I'm afraid Miss Schlank will have to disrobe immediately."  
  
My jaw dropped. I thought I was going to have several days to ease into this. I also thought that my role as Gretchen's slave would be something we could turn on and off like a light switch. I didn't realize they had laws mandating I be naked the entire time I was in their country!  
  
"Here? Now?" I blurted out stupidly. Suddenly all eyes in the hotel lobby were on me. The desk clerks, the bell hops, security guards and approximately a dozen guests all looked my way to see what the commotion was about.  
  
The assistant manager remained calm and professional. She was only a few years older than me, but she had the demeanor of somebody who'd been doing this for decades. "I'm afraid so, Miss Schlank. It's the law. Technically you should never have gotten this far with those on. Of course you needed to wear clothing on the plane, but you could have easily disrobed at the airport."  
  
I opened my mouth to protest, but then Gretchen's sadistic sense of humor kicked in.   
  
"I told her she could keep her clothes until we got out of the cab," Gretchen interjected, "but then she was to strip in the parking lot. Sometimes she rebels against my authority."  
  
Gretchen then shook her head as if she were disappointed in me. "She likes to see how far she can push me," Gretchen added. "Test her limits. See how much she can get away with."  
  
I gave my girlfriend a shocked look and tried to find the proper words of outrage. This wasn't funny! But suddenly two security guards in black uniforms were standing beside us. "Is there a problem?" the female asked in an accent that sounded quite British. Her partner looked me over as if sizing me up.  
  
"No problem," Gretchen told the female security guard. "We weren't aware of how strict the Sessian laws on nudity were for slaves. However now we know and my slave here was just about to disrobe. Weren't you, Diane?"  
  
I looked into Gretchen's mirthful face as well as the serious faces of the guards and the assistant manager. All four of them had the full force of Sessian law on their side. Having no choice I simply nodded my head in agreement and began to disrobe.  
  
My shoes were the most obvious and easiest choice to start with. I slipped out of those and then blushed as I looked up and realized everyone in the lobby was watching me. Next I grabbed my t-shirt by the hem and pulled it off, over my head. I handed it to Gretchen and then realized that three people in the lobby suddenly had cameras in hand and were photographing my humiliation.  
  
Apparently I hesitated, as the female security guard then offered, "Miss Schlank, if you're having trouble, my partner and I can help you."  
  
Her tone of voice was polite, but the message was unmistakable. Either I take my clothes off without delay, or hotel security would tear them off me by force.  
  
"I'm fine," I said as I then undid the snap on the front of my jeans. Then I pulled the zipper down and slid my jeans down my hips and stepped out of them. The people with the cameras were now getting bolder. Two of them were female and one was male. All of them appeared to be my age or younger.   
  
I now faced them directly as I fumbled with the catch on my bra. It was the type that fastens in front and was normally easy to undo, however my hands were trembling and couldn't seem to work the little hook and eye properly.  
  
"Do you need help, Miss Schlank?" the female security guard asked. Her voice was still polite and her face showed no sign of malice. At this point I saw no point in refusing her assistance.  
  
"I can't seem to work the catch," I said, and I noticed my hands were trembling as I lowered them and allowed her to touch my breasts.  
  
Her hands moved with skill, and found the catch almost instantly. She unhooked my bra without damaging it and then handed it to Gretchen. Now I was standing in nothing but my tiny thong-style lycra panties. The security guard was standing very close and probably wanted to help me remove those as well. However I hooked my thumbs in the waistband and pulled them down myself. After I stepped out of them, I handed them to Gretchen as well and then attempted to cover myself with my hands.  
  
"Hands at your sides, Miss Schlank," the security guard ordered.  
  
I slowly lowered my hands and then looked into the eyes of the female guard. There was still no malice in her eyes, but there was no compassion in them either.  
  
"Sessian law forbids slaves from covering themselves," she informed both me and Gretchen. I placed my hands at my sides and clenched my fists while three cameras now took photos of my nude body. My clean shaven pubic area seemed to be of special interest to them.  
  
Gretchen was busy packing my clothing back into my smaller suitcase. Since I couldn't wear it, it was the most logical thing to do. Then that ever helpful security guard made a suggestion that Gretchen just couldn't pass up.  
  
"As your slave isn't permitted to wear clothing while she's in this country, I'd like to suggest that we lock her clothing in the hotel vault. It would help her to resist temptation and you'd have less unpacking to do."  
  
She sounded so pleasant while she said it, and yet I couldn't help but feel persecuted. In the back of my mind I was thinking about the possibility of at least wearing clothes in my hotel room.  
  
"That's an excellent idea," Gretchen said. She made arrangements for a bellhop to take her luggage up to our room while I was ordered to carry my two bags to the security office.  
  
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In the hotel's security office I was once again, the center of attention. All Sessian slaves are required to wear a slave collar, and Gretchen had filled out forms weeks ago to have one made up for me. It was made of black leather and fastened in the back with a very small and stylish metal lock. There were several metal D-rings that were also small and stylish. A metal tag was attached to one of the rings. Gretchen allowed me to examine it before it was attached.  
  
On one side it said, "Diane Schlank, property of Gretchen Starke". On the other side it said, "Hotel Castello. Terra del sesso". There was also a series of numbers that I later found out was the hotel phone number and the room number where Gretchen and I were registered.  
  
"Don't ever remove that tag," one of the security people warned. This woman was much more serious and grim than the lady who had helped me disrobe. "That tag identifies where you're supposed to be returned if you ever get lost or try to escape. If you're found without a tag clipped to your collar, you'll be arrested on suspicion of being a runaway slave."  
  
I swallowed hard. In America, sexual slavery is all fun and games. Here I could be arrested if it was even suspected that I was trying to leave the service of my mistress. My heart beat faster and my mouth went dry. I looked over to Gretchen for sympathy, but she seemed perfectly calm and at ease.  
  
"Are runaway slaves common?" Gretchen asked, in the tone of somebody who is interested, but not really concerned. I suspected she either wanted to know for her public relations assignment, or she was playing the role of heartless slave owner for my benefit.  
  
"Not very," said the security guard with the British accent. "The slave population in Sessia is still very small. And most of them are visiting from Italy, England or America. They're basically tourists who come here for a sexual thrill. Even if they become overwhelmed or frightened, they know they'll be going back home in a week or two."  
  
"No Permanent slaves?" Gretchen asked.  
  
"Sessian law forbids permanent slavery," the woman replied. "There are a few extreme cases where a contract is drawn up and a young man or woman is sentenced to a year or more of slavery. The longest term I'm aware of is an eighteen year old girl who was sentenced to four years."  
  
I gasped in shock. I had only endured this treatment for a few minutes and was humiliated beyond anything I had ever endured before. I couldn't imagine being forced to tolerate this for four entire years.  
  
"She volunteered to give up her freedom for four years?" I asked.  
  
"It's a matter of opinion," the woman said as she sat down behind her desk and booted up her computer. "The girl comes from a family that was deeply in debt. She was unemployed and her family couldn't support her. Between here and there she ended up with a deal that solved her financial problems. She signed a contract were she agreed to become the property of ...... well, I don't remember all the details. One of our wealthier citizens. In exchange she is promised 800,000 Euros when her term of slavery is over."  
  
"Is that a lot of money?" I asked.   
  
"For a girl with no job and no family to support her?" the guard countered. "It's a fortune." I could see how the money could be too good to resist. I wondered how many other women became slave because they needed the money.  
  
"I'd like to interview them both," Gretchen said, "the slave and her owner."  
  
The security guard hesitated and seemed doubtful. Then Gretchen added, "I work for a public relations firm that's trying to put the best face on Sessia's slavery program."  
  
That seemed to ease things in the guard's mind, she then became more helpful. "I don't have that information myself," she said. "However they could tell you at the office of slave identification."  
  
She pulled a pad out of her desk drawer and wrote down a phone number. Gretchen thanked the lady, folded it and then placed it in her purse.   
  
"I also have these for you," the security guard said pulling out two slim pamphlets from another desk drawer. "These are published by a slavery advocacy group. I give them to guests of the hotel if they come in her with slaves. I think you'll find them to be very helpful."  
  
Gretchen and I each got one. It was professionally printed but lacked color and style. I got the distinct impression it was written by a lawyer.  
  
Examining the cover only reinforced that opinion. In large font it declared, "THE LAW AS IT APPLIES TO SLAVERY IN THE NATION OF SESSIA". And three inches down it said the same thing in Italian.  
  
I flipped through the pages and saw the whole thing was printed like that, half in English and half in Italian. It was less than thirty pages long and only half of it dealt with actual Sessian law. The second half dealt with advice to slave owners. Gretchen thanked the woman for her kindness and asked if there was anything else.  
  
"One or two things," the woman responded. "These are only suggestions of course, however since slavery became legal in this nation I've learned a few things, and my suggestions tend to make things easier for slave owners."  
  
"Such as?" Gretchen asked. I was nervous, but Gretchen seemed eager to hear what this woman would say next.  
  
"It's my opinion that we should lock up Diane's passport as well as her clothing. An enterprising slave can find ways of obtaining more clothing, but obtaining a new passport is difficult and time consuming. And without one she cannot leave the country."  
  
"An excellent idea," Gretchen enthused, and she reached into my purse to retrieve my passport. I watched with a sinking feeling as she handed it over to the hotel security guard. Then she seemed to reconsider. She put my passport back into my purse and then said, "Actually lock up her purse too. Otherwise she'll have access to her cash, credit cards and cell phone."  
  
The woman accepted my purse and smiled. "You're a wise woman, Miss Starke. I wish I'd thought of that one myself."  
  
"You'll get this back when you check out of the hotel," she promised. I couldn't help but notice she addressed Gretchen when she said it. I was officially Gretchen's property. People would go through her to handle my affairs. I didn't have any authority of my own.  
  
Just when I thought we were done, there was one more suggestion that made me feel a sense of panic wash over me. "I also recommend we do a body cavity search on your slave. There have been two instances that I'm aware of where slaves concealed handcuff keys inside a bodily orifice. You could search her yourself, or I could do it."  
  
I felt hot and I could hear my heart pounding in my ears. This would be far too humiliating. Gretchen couldn't possibly allow it.  
  
"You're the professional," Gretchen said agreeably. "Why don't you do it?"  
  
"Gretchen, please," I begged. "Don't do this to me!"  
  
The security guard stood up and suddenly she looked taller and more intimidating than before. "Miss Schlank," she said in a calm and confident tone, "if you don't want to cooperate we can force you."  
  
I looked around the office and noticed that all the security guards had stopped what they were doing and were suddenly focused on me. One of the female guards even got up from her seat in anticipation of forcing me to submit to a body cavity search.  
  
With tears in my eyes, I got up from my chair and submitted to the inevitable. "Does it have to be right here?" I asked, looking around I counted three male and four female security employees. I didn't want to share my humiliation in front of all of them.  
  
She let me sweat it out for about fifteen seconds before finally responding, "The gloves and the lubricant are in a different room anyway. We might as well do it in there."  
  
I was taken by the arm and led into what looked like an interrogation room. It had a table, three chairs, a filing cabinet and there were security cameras mounted up high in two of the corners. Gretchen came in last and left the door open. I felt it was a deliberate attempt on her part to increase my embarrassment.  
  
"Place your hands on the wall in front of you, Miss Schlank," I was ordered. When I had done that the orders got more detailed and the guard sounded more and more impatient with each word. "Higher than that, please. Palms flat against the wall. Legs spread far apart. Farther than that please. Yes, like that. Only arch your spine and stick your bum out more. Yes, that's better."

The pose was totally obscene and I'm certain that my face with red with embarrassment. I could tell Gretchen was enjoying the show as she walked back and forth, getting a view of my exposed nakedness from every angle. The smug look on her face made me wonder if she hadn't planned this little scene weeks ago.   
  
It was not only humiliating, but actually a physically demanding pose to hold for any length of time. My legs were actually trembling by the time I heard the guard snap on a latex glove.  
  
"This will seem cold," the guard warned me, "but please, try not to move. If you make my job difficult this will only take longer."  
  
Even though I was facing a wall and both Gretchen and the guard were behind me I was certain that they were smiling. This scene seemed to be designed for maximum humiliation of the victim. That fact couldn't have been lost on either of the women doing this to me.  
  
The gel on the woman's fingers was cold, however the woman's strong fingers inside my cunt, felt even more unnatural. There was nothing seductive or pleasurable about her touch. She just inserted her digits and probed deeply. Then she withdrew her fingers and probed some more.   
  
It was becoming more difficult to hold my awkward position and I noticed sweat trickling down my torso. My head drooped and I stared at the floor while I tried to even out my breathing. Then came the cold gel being smeared into my anus. I whimpered and began to ask her to be gentle, when she forced a finger inside me hard and fast.  
  
I gasped out loud and lost my footing. I almost fell to the floor, but at the last second regained my balance and resumed the difficult position I'd been ordered to hold.  
  
"Just a few more seconds, Miss Schlank," the guard said behind me. "But if you break position again, I'll have to call in more guards to force you to cooperate."  
  
"I'm trying to be good," I said in a voice that sounded pleading. "Really, I am!"  
  
Again there was a finger in my anus. It probed and thrust and wriggled and just when I thought it couldn't get any worse, she inserted a second finger. I closed my eyes and gritted my teeth and shook my head. Then, just when I thought I couldn't take any more it was over.  
  
"You can stand up now, Miss Schlank," the guard told me, "you're clean."  
  
I stood up and wiped a tear off my cheek. I realized I'd been crying the entire time and hoped the ordeal was over. Gretchen stood close behind me and placed her hands on my shoulders. "Now, that wasn't so bad, was it?" she asked.  
  
It was humiliating, but it was also extremely arousing. Something about being in public and on display for total strangers added a feeling of helplessness that made submitting to Gretchen much more erotic. My heart beat much faster at the idea of being forced to endure this for an entire week, but I didn't admit that to Gretchen. "I guess it wasn't too horrible," I told her.

**Enslaved in Europe Ch. 02**

Back in America it would have been a difficult decision whether to continue with this ordeal. On the one hand I was more aroused than I'd ever been before. On the other hand I felt more humiliated and vulnerable than ever before.   
  
However here, in Sessia, I wasn't allowed to make a choice. The government had made a choice for me. I would endure this for as long as I was in their country.  
  
Sessian law forbade me from covering my nudity anyway, so I went to the other extreme and began to flaunt it. Even though my face felt flush with embarrassment, I began to look for ways to make certain that the largest number of people got to see as much of my naked body as possible. While Gretchen and I waited for the elevator, I placed my hands behind the small of my back and forced my breasts out so that they were well on display.  
  
While we waited for the elevator a young married couple came up and the husband asked if he'd allow me to take a picture of myself and his wife together. Gretchen told the man she'd agree, but only if she could take some photos of us together as well.  
  
The woman was about my age and very cute, with long hair, brown eyes and olive skin. She put one arm around my waist and smiled for the camera. Gretchen told me not to smile as slaves are supposed to look obedient and attentive at all times. It was another sign of my new inferior status that even my facial expressions were controlled by Gretchen now.  
  
When it was Gretchen's turn to be photographed, she gave her camera to the husband and stood with one arm around my naked waist. He took several photos of us standing like that, then Gretchen surprised me by turning me to face her and pulling me close.  
  
Gretchen and have hugged many times in the past, however I've never pressed my naked flesh into her while she wore street clothes. My naked breasts rubbed up against her cotton t-shirt and my thighs rubbed up against the rough fabric of her jeans. It was a very different kind of feeling.  
  
There were also a few photos with all three of us women standing together. While taking these photos, Gretchen snuck a hand where the camera couldn't see it and squeezed my left buttock hard. When that failed to elicit a reaction, she pinched my naked flanks and when I opened my mouth to protest she kissed my on the mouth. Pictures were taken of this as well.  
  
The four of us went up on the elevator together and it turned out that all four of us were staying on the sixth floor. I stood with my legs far apart and allowed the married couple to get a good look at my swollen pubic lips. The wife enjoyed my nudity too much to be straight. I wondered if she was a lesbian or merely bisexual.  
  
At least half a dozen more people got on the elevator at the third floor. The older ones trying to ignore me and pretend they weren't inches away from a naked girl. The younger ones stared openly and with obvious interest.  
  
Gretchen held my hand, as much as a sign of ownership as a sign of affection. Too many people were looking at me as if they wanted to take me home. Gretchen was staking her claim to me without saying a word. This felt comforting and disturbing at the same time.  
  
Gretchen and I were in room 612. The married couple were in 609. We said our goodbyes and then Gretchen used to key to let us in. Once inside I put my arms around Gretchen and tried to kiss her. "None of that now," she said as she pushed me gently away.  
  
"What? Why not?" I asked. Here I was totally naked and aroused, and I could tell by Gretchen's body language and the look in her eyes that she was horny too. Why was she resisting?  
  
"You get your chores done first," Gretchen explained, "you can have sex later. That's the rule for as long as we're in Sessia."  
  
I opened my mouth to protest, but then I realized how this game was played. Slaves don't question orders, they obey them. And Gretchen wanted to make role as a slave as real as possible.  
  
"You can start by unpacking," Gretchen said. "Let me know when you're finished."  
  
Gretchen took off her shoes and lay down on the bed. I unpacked all of her luggage and put away her clothes and camera in the drawers. Her toothpaste, toothbrush, shampoo and other toiletries went in the bathroom. I also took out her laptop computer and plugged that in and set it on the desk.  
  
I double checked to make certain I hadn't forgotten anything and then stood over her to announce, "I'm finished."  
  
"I'm finished, what?" Gretchen replied.  
  
Gretchen confused me on this point. What else was I supposed to say? She already knew what I was finished doing. She was the one who ordered me to do it! Then it hit me.  
  
"I'm finished, Mistress?"  
  
"That's better," she said. "As long as you're legally my property, I think you should address me as Mistress."  
  
"Of course, Mistress," I said, slipping into my new role. "Is there anything else?"  
  
"As a matter of fact there is," she replied. She reached into her purse and pulled out one of the little booklets on the Sessian laws regarding slavery. "I want you to study this. We got caught flatfooted when we got here, and I don't want that to happen again. You're going to read this until you're an expert. I'll test you on your knowledge of Sessian slave law every day we're here."  
  
I held the book in my hands and flipped through the pages. It wasn't very thick, but it was written in small print and very detailed. It was like a legal text, and I was never very good at understanding legal codes.  
  
"What if I um, don't do so well, Mistress?"  
  
"You'd better do well," Gretchen replied. "If you do poorly, you'll be punished."  
  
I hung my head low. Gretchen had spanked me before, but I suspected that here, in Sessia, punishments would be more elaborate and humiliating than that. "And if I do well?" I asked.  
  
"If you do well, you can have an orgasm," she replied.  
  
"Mistress," I asked, fearing the worst, "does that mean that unless I do well in memorizing these laws, I ...."  
  
"That's right," she confirmed, "no orgasm for you until you get a perfect or near perfect score. We can still have sex together, but you won't be allowed to come unless you study hard and do well on my quizzes."  
  
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I spent the next two hours studying and taking notes. It was difficult to concentrate, being naked and sexually frustrated, but I had strong motivation, so I tried hard. I learned a number of important things and added them to my notes.  
  
It turned out there was significance to the color of my slave collar. A black collar indicated that the slave was gay. I gray color indicated that the slave was bisexual, and a white collar indicated that the slave was heterosexual. By Sessian law, black collar slaves could not be forced to have sex with people of the opposite sex. White collar slaves could not be forced to have sex with people of the same sex.  
  
There were age limits for slaves and slave owner. Slaves and slave owners had to be a minimum of eighteen years old. The maximum age for a slave was thirty-eight. The maximum age for a slave owner was forty-four.  
  
The maximum any person could serve as a slave was ten years.  
  
The Office of Slave Identification was in charge of all slave contracts. No person could legally be a slave unless the O.S.I. had approved the slave contract and had a copy of the contract in their files  
  
Slaves were not to be injured by their owners through negligence or by assault. Of course corporal punishment like whippings or spankings were permitted, however these punishments were not permitted to break the skin. Brandings or anything that would burn or blister the skin of a slave was prohibited. The breaking of bones or dislocating of joints was prohibited.  
  
It was illegal to starve a slave or to poison their food. Any drugs given to the slave had to be approved by a doctor in the employ of the O.S.I.  
  
Doctors employed by the O.S.I. could make unannounced visits to the home of a slave owner at any time and give a medical exam to any slave. They had unlimited authority to check up on the medical welfare of any slave in Sessia. They also had the authority to remove a slave from the custody of a master or mistress if they felt that a slave had been abused.  
  
Slaves were to be kept naked at all times, even when in public, however public sex was forbidden.  
  
Sex clubs were not considered public places nor were the punishment parks.  
  
There are five punishment parks in Sessia. Slave owners are allowed into the parks free if they bring a slave with them. Slaves are allowed in free. However the general public has to pay a fee of 100 euros.  
  
Slaves are not permitted to have pubic hair or body hair of any kind. It is considered a form of "clothing" according to the Sessian slave laws.  
  
No person convicted of a violent crime is allowed to ever become a slave owner.  
  
Slaves had to be in excellent physical condition and their medical records had to bear this out. Furthermore, an O.S.I. doctor had to examine each new slave within 24 hours of a slave being contracted. This was so that they could determine independently that the slave was as healthy as their medical records indicated.  
  
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I set my notes aside and went to go tell Gretchen this new wrinkle. Gretchen was at her computer, checking her e-mails. I wondered if slaves were allowed to interrupt the woman who owned them. I finally decided that it was far better to interrupt her than risk breaking Sessian law again.  
  
"Mistress?" I said sheepishly.  
  
She turned away from her computer and cocked an eyebrow at me, questioningly.  
  
"I think we have a problem," I said. I went on to explain that we had less than 24 hours to get down to the Office of Slave Identification or else we'd be in violation of the law. At first she was reluctant to believe me, but when I showed her the relevant passage about the legal requirements for new slaves, she was all business.  
  
"I'll just do a computer search and find the nearest office for the O.S.I. and we'll be on our way," Gretchen said.  
  
The O.S.I. only had two offices nationwide, but the nearest one was only twelve miles away in a town called Villaggio. Gretchen got an address and put on her shoes and grabbed her purse. "Come on Diane," she said, "let's get you registered while the sun is still up. I had some plans for this evening and if we hurry, maybe they can still be salvaged."  
  
We went down to the lobby and once again all eyes were on me. Gretchen kept one hand on me the whole time as if to say "She's mine." Gretchen led me to the front desk and asked a boy at the front desk how we could get a cab. He was very helpful and punched up a cab company on speed dial. Within seconds there was a cab waiting for us out in front of the hotel.  
  
In the cab, the driver told me that he'd never had a slave in his cab before. He was fascinated by the concept and asked me endless questions about what it was like. Gretchen encouraged me to be polite and answer all of his questions to the best of my ability. It was emotionally exhausting to divulge such personal and private information to a perfect stranger, but it was also very liberating. In America I have to hide the fact that I'm a lesbian as well as the fact that I'm into B&D, but here in Sessia there are no secrets. I don't have to hide anything. My nudity and my slave collar marked me as a lesbian slave for anybody with eyes to see and a basic understanding of how the law works in Sessia.  
  
When we got out of the cab, Gretchen took my arm and kept me very close as we walked over to the government building that housed the Office of Slave Identification. Men and women in suits and ties stopped on the stairs outside the building and stared. A woman deep in conversation on her cell phone, suddenly stopped talking and stood transfixed as I walked naked up the steps. It was against the law for slaves to wear clothing in this country, but apparently an attractive naked woman still got people's attention. I blushed with embarrassment, but my nipples got so hard that they ached. I'm certain people noticed my hard nipples, but did anybody notice that I was blushing?  
  
Gretchen steered me over to a desk in the main lobby where we found a young professional at a computer. She was rather cute and dressed in a v-neck white blouse and had short red hair. She stood up as soon as she noticed us and offered a hand for Gretchen to shake. "Good Afternoon, my name is Gina. May I help you?" she said in a polite, corporate tone.  
  
"I'm Gretchen Starke," Gretchen said, "and this is my slave. "This is our first day in Sessia and I understand there's some sort of requirement...?"  
  
Gretchen left the sentence unfinished. If the girl worked here, she'd understand the rules on slaves far better than Gretchen or myself.  
  
"Yes, of course," the girl said. "A medical exam is paramount, but also there's pictures and prints for security purposes."  
  
"Pictures and prints?" I asked the girl.  
  
The girl smiled the most innocent smile at me and replied, "It's just in case you get lost or try to escape. Up to date and detailed photos will make it easier to for people to locate you. And with your fingerprints there won't be any question about a proper ID."  
  
It was getting overwhelming again. When I read up on Sessian law and realized that slaves actually had rights it made me calm down somewhat, but all these security precautions against slaves escaping just made me feel more helpless and owned and inferior. I really and truly was Gretchen's property in the eyes of the law.  
  
"I can't really leave my desk," the girl explained, "but there'll be somebody along shortly to take you back to be processed. Just have a seat right there, it won't take long."  
  
The girl indicated a row of chairs just a few feet from her desk. The seats looked comfortable, and Gretchen steered me towards the ones furthest from the exit. It was almost as if she thought I might panic and bolt. "Nervous?" she asked.  
  
"Yes," I said, being honest. "This is all overwhelming, y'know?"  
  
Gretchen patted me on the thigh and said, "You're doing just fine. I'm proud of you."  
  
"Fingerprints and photographs," I protested, "It's like I'm a criminal."  
  
"Well, as a slave, you're status isn't all that different," Gretchen said as she put her arm around me. "The main difference is that your prison is anywhere is Sessia that I decide to take you."  
  
I shivered at that thought and then suddenly a too cheerful woman in a gray business suit walked up and extended a hand for Gretchen to shake. "Miss Starke?" she asked. "I'm Miss Price: Assistant manager in charge of office operations."  
  
Diane noted that the woman didn't bother to shake her hand. Obviously the O.S.I. provided a service, but that service wasn't for the slaves. It was for the slave owners.  
  
Miss Price chatted amicably with Gretchen for a few minutes and decided what they were going to do with me. First she had me stand up so that she could get a good look at me. I was ordered to stand in several different positions, displaying my ass, my breasts and my shaved crotch. She also checked my teeth, the soles of my feet and felt my thighs for muscle tone.  
  
"Slaves are the only persons in Sessia that are allowed to appear nude in public," she explained. "For that reason we have high standards for the aesthetics for our slaves. I must admit your slave is the most attractive slave I've seen in months. You're quite lucky."  
  
"Thank you," Gretchen said accepting the compliment. Being a slave, I wasn't allowed to own anything, not even compliments about my own physical attractiveness. Then Gretchen asked a question that hadn't even occurred to me.  
  
"If I brought in a slave that wasn't quite so attractive what would have happened?"  
  
Miss Price frowned slightly at this question, but eventually she answered, "On occasion there are slaves that simply are not up to our standards. Back in February we had a girl that was at least six kilos overweight. And there've been at least three candidates that had excessive and ugly tattoos. I have the authority to reject slave contracts based on such things."  
  
Then she brightened visibly and added, "But your slave is flawless. Her skin, body, muscle tone, teeth, hair...."  
  
Finally she sighed, and concluded with, "I wish all of our slave candidates were so beautiful."  
  
"Where should we take her first?" Gretchen asked.  
  
"Let's take her for pictures and prints first," Miss Price replied. "We have two doctors on duty right now and I'm waiting for one of them to become available, but there's no wait to get your slave photographed and printed.  
  
I couldn't help but notice that I didn't seem to have a name anymore. I was Gretchen's slave. At the Hotel Castello I was stripped naked and forced to submit to a body cavity search, but at least there I had a name!  
  
Miss Price and Gretchen walked me down a hall and I passed several offices with open doors. My bare feet felt cold on the tile floors and I had a sinking feeling in my stomach that things were going to get worse.  
  
Miss Price entered the photography studio first, Gretchen and I trailed behind, with my girlfriend wrapping her arm around my waist.  
  
"Have your slave stand over there, behind the yellow line," Miss Price told Gretchen.  
  
Gretchen pointed to the western most part of the room with yellow tape across the tile floor. I walked over and stood there with my toes barely touching the yellow line. "What now?" I asked. A slender woman with very short hair came over with a tiny digital camera. She turned on the power and looked at me through the viewer. "Is this the American?" she asked.  
  
"That's her," Miss Price answered. "If you don't have the paperwork on her yet, you should have it within the hour."  
  
"I've got enough to get started," the photographer answered.   
  
"You," she barked at me, "head up, legs apart, hands at your sides."  
  
She took a few photos like that, some were close-ups, some where wide angle shots. Then she ordered me to turn around and took a few pictures of me from the rear. Then she ordered me to turn so that she could get some shots of me in profile.  
  
"That should do it," the photographer said to Gretchen. "If for any reason we need more, we'll call you at your hotel."  
  
"We can fingerprint your slave in the next room," Miss Price told us and I was ushered through a door while the photographer began to load my photos to a computer. I wondered how many people would see those photos. Could any of the employees here access them? And did they ever share them with outside agencies? Could the general public ever get access to them?  
  
I only spent a few minutes in the fingerprinting room, but the men and women there made it seem like an eternity. The women there were large and intimidating. And the men were just as bad. They didn't seem to trust me and watched me like a hawk. They forced my hands into a black ink pad and then forced each individual finger onto a form with my name on it.   
  
While the people who worked the lobby were cheerful, the people who worked in this room were cold and impersonal. I felt like a convicted criminal that they didn't trust and just barely tolerated. I made eye contact with one of them for a second and then refrained from doing so again. The look in their eyes was cold and contemptuous. I think they had a special contempt for slaves.  
  
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There was an almost half hour wait for a doctor to become available and Gretchen and I ended up back in the lobby again for a while. Gretchen was offered coffee, while I was offered nothing. I was noticing a trend.  
  
As is usual with doctors, a nurse did most of the work. "Step up on the scale," a nurse with a British accent ordered. My bare feet stepped off the floor and onto the scale. "Fifty-three kilograms," the nurse announced and then recorded it on my chart.   
  
"Patients should always be weighed naked," she opined. "The medical records we received from America have her at almost a kilo heavier. Shoes, clothing, purse ... it all adds, up."

Then she measured my height and announced, "175 centimeters." She recorded this as well and told me I could step off the scale.  
  
Then I was ordered up onto an examination table where the nurse checked my pulse and my blood pressure. She was recording this information when the doctor came in.  
  
The doctor introduced herself to Gretchen and myself, and then she went to work. In America I was always had privacy when visiting my doctor. Here I was stark naked and a nurse, my girlfriend and a total stranger were allowed to watch the whole thing.  
  
The doctor continued to talk to Gretchen and the nurse while she examined my ears, eyes, nose and throat. Then, without warning, the doctor began to ask me questions about my sex life. I blushed at how intimate the questions became, especially with three other people listening in on my answers.  
  
How often did I masturbate? How many sexual partners did I have? What sort of items penetrated my vagina? Did any objects ever penetrate my anus? What sort of sexual lubricants did I use? Had I ever engaged in incest? What sort of pain tolerance did I have? Had I ever lost consciousness as a result of being whipped or some other form of painful punishment? What was the most painful punishment I'd ever been forced to endure?   
  
As the questions continued the doctor performed a rather painful and impersonal breast exam. Then she snapped on two latex gloves and performed a vaginal exam. She spent an inordinate amount of time examining my pubic lips and probing the interior of my cunt. Then she delicately removed my clit from it's hood and traced her fingers over it.  
  
"She's extremely aroused," the doctor said, commenting on how swollen and hard my clit was. "If you don't want her to masturbate, I suggest you buy some leather restraints as soon as possible and keep her hands bound so that she can't reach her crotch."  
  
I don't know which offended me more, the fact that tiny freedoms like the freedom to relieve my sexual frustration was being taken away from me or the fact that they talked about the most intimate sexual details of my life in front of me as if I weren't even there!  
  
The doctor's fondling of my clit left me more aroused than ever and after the exam was over, the doctor told me to stay on the examination table. While I was lying there with my legs splayed open obscenely wide, the doctor said that she needed some blood samples from me. Even though my medical records showed that I didn't have AIDS or any other sexually transmitted disease, the OSI preferred to run their own tests as an extra added precaution. Slaves in Sessia typically had sex with dozens of people and they felt they couldn't be too careful.  
  
The next shock came when the doctor told me that I'd have to stay at the offices of the O.S.I. until the results of the blood tests came back and that it would take several hours. Gretchen and I both protested that, but the doctor was firm. Legally she had the authority to keep me there until it was determined that I wouldn't pass on any diseases to any potential sexual partners.  
  
Gretchen had wanted to get me back to the hotel as quickly as possible and was obviously annoyed with this most recent turn of events, and barely held her anger in check. As for me, I was nervous, as the nurse took me by the arm and led me to "the slave holding area". I had no idea what that was, but I wasn't in a hurry to find out.  
  
The nurse led me away from the medical section of the O.S.I. offices and past a number of closed doors. The nurse kept a firm grip on one of my arms and shoulders the whole time we walked. It was as if she thought I'd make a run for it if she didn't keep her hands on me.  
  
And who knows? Maybe that sort of thing had happened before. Being forced to be a naked slave and exposed to total strangers can be very overwhelming and frightening. Maybe some previous slaves had panicked and tried to run.  
  
Finally we stopped at a door and the nurse took one hand off of me so she could knock. The sound echoed off the tiled floors and after a few seconds the door opened. Now, I'm pretty tall for a woman, but when that door opened I had to look up at the woman who had opened it. She was about three inches taller than I and would have been pretty if she wore makeup and bothered to smile. However her face was scrubbed clean of any cosmetics and her face had a serious look to it.  
  
Then there was the uniform. It had a military look to it, starched white dress shirt, name tag, rank insignia and epaulettes. She also had a badge pinned to her shirt and around her waist she wore a belt with a variety of scary looking accessories. I didn't see a gun, but I thought I saw a can of mace and some sort of electric stun device.  
  
"Yes?" the imposing woman asked the nurse. Her tone suggested that she didn't like to waste time. We had better have a good reason for being here.  
  
"Doctor Scolari is running blood tests on the new slave," the nurse said. "We need to put her in the holding area until the results come back."  
  
The guard looked directly at me for the first time and the look in her eyes was so cold that I had to look away. It wasn't openly malicious, but it was cold. The sort of look that said she would take no pleasure in hurting me, but if she was ordered to she would do it without hesitation or remorse.  
  
"Turn around," the guard ordered. I didn't even ask her why, I just did as I was told. This woman had that effect on me. I heard the clink of metal and then felt metal cuffs biting into my wrists.   
  
"I don't like surprises," the guard said as she tightened the cuffs one more notch. "I expect you to behave while you're here. If you cause any disruptions or interfere with the smooth functioning of my department I have broad authority to discipline you and put you in your place. Do you understand?"  
  
"Yes," I said, sounding as submissive as possible.  
  
Then she turned me around, so that we were facing each other. She grabbed my chin with one hand and held my head up. With the other she grabbed my collar and read my tag. Having read my tag, she then grabbed my face in both hands and asked, "Are you going to give me any trouble, Diane?"  
  
"No ma'am," I answered.  
  
The guard and the nurse exchanged a few words and the nurse then retreated down the hall. I glanced at the guard's nametag and saw that her name was Raye. The guard saw this and asked, "Are you staring at my breasts, Diane?"  
  
"No ma'am," I replied. "I was just reading the name on your tag."  
  
She made a noise in the back of her throat and walked me past several desks and towards the holding area. "You don't need to know my name," the guard said. "You just need to be obedient. And if I find that you use my name to complain about me or say unflattering things about me, it could go bad for you."  
  
"I wasn't going to do anything like that," I protested. "I swear!"  
  
The guard made a sound in the back of her throat that could have meant almost anything. I think she assumed I was going to be trouble, despite my protestations of innocence.   
  
When we got to the cells, I was surprised. First of all these were the cleanest cells I'd ever seen in my life. The metal bars didn't have a speck of rust on them. The floors were devoid of any type of clutter or debris. The walls were spotless and clean. The guard unlocked the door and it wasn't until I stepped inside that I thought to ask, "Where's the toilet?"  
  
"There is no toilet in any of the cells," Miss Raye answered. "If you have to go, just call for a guard. Somebody will come back here and take you to the ladies room."  
  
Then I took another look at the cell and asked, "Where's the bed?"  
  
She sighed and said, "There is no bed. Nobody stays locked up here for more than a few hours. But if you really must sleep the floor is clean enough. You can sleep there."  
  
Then she closed the call door with a metallic clang.   
  
Once Miss Raye left the holding area, I was alone. There were no other prisoners and nobody to talk to. The cell was fairly large, so I was able to pace. Eventually I got bored of that and I wondered what I was supposed to do while I waited. There wasn't even a clock on the wall to allow me to keep track of the time.  
  
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After what seemed like hours, Miss Raye came back with another naked slave. This one was even more slender than I and had a frightened look on her face. Her long red hair made it hard to see her features, but as she got closer I noticed that she'd been crying.  
  
"Diane, you now have a friend," the guard called out loudly. "Diane, this is Erin. Erin this is Diane."  
  
The guard unlocked the door and shoved Erin inside the cell. I noticed that Erin also had her hands bound behind her back.  
  
"The two of you play nice," the guard ordered in a very authoritarian voice. She didn't even have to threaten that there would be consequences if we didn't get along. The tone of her voice made that much clear.  
  
Erin continued to sob and tears periodically ran down her face. "Erin?" I said in a soft, sympathetic tone of voice. "What's wrong?"  
  
"What's wrong?" she retorted with an accent that I was pretty sure was British, "I'm naked and handcuffed and locked in a bloody cell! Isn't that bad enough?"  
  
I sighed and tried to choose my words carefully. I was also naked and handcuffed and locked in a cell, but I wasn't crying. I felt sympathy for this girl, but I thought she was overreacting.  
  
"Didn't you expect this, Erin?" I asked. "I mean, you did sign a contract to become a slave, didn't you? A legal document?"   
  
Gretchen had me sign one before we came to Sessia. Although to be honest I didn't read it in detail. I just skimmed it and signed all of my rights as a free person away for as long as I was on Sessian soil. It was intimidating and scary, but I was making the best of it.  
  
Erin sniffed and leaned against a wall. "I signed a contract," she said.  
  
"So, didn't you know what would happen?" I asked.  
  
"It's too much," the redhead complained. "I was paraded naked through the streets! I'm surrounded by people who are fully clothed and I don't even have pubic hair anymore! It's horrible! I want to go home!"  
  
"I'm sorry Erin, but you can't go home," I said as I came closer. I would have liked to hug her, but with my hands bound behind my back that was impossible. "How long are you in for?"  
  
"Thirty days," she said as she choked back a sob.  
  
"I'm sorry," I said with genuine sympathy. "Today your first day?"  
  
She nodded her head in agreement.   
  
"Mine too," I said. "I'm here for a week. It was my girlfriend's idea. We're both into bondage and discipline. She talked me into this, saying how it's this great sexual fantasy of hers to have a slave she can parade around in public. Eventually I gave in because I knew how unhappy she'd be if I said no, but it's so overwhelming. Sometimes I just don't know how I'm gonna deal with it."  
  
"With me it was my employer," Erin said. "I work for Foxy Productions. Have you ever heard of them?"  
  
I shook my head to indicate a negative.  
  
"Well," Erin went on her voice still rough from crying, "They do films with strong B&D themes. Spanking, whipping, bondage and all that sort of thing. The trouble is none of the actresses were willing to actually be spanked or whipped so we simulated everything. I would flinch and scream and a makeup artist would paint whip marks on my skin and it would all be edited together in the final product."  
  
"So, what's the problem?" I asked.  
  
"I suppose none of us could act," Erin admitted. "The screaming and the flinching wasn't very believable. Most of the girls got fired. I was able to keep my job by agreeing to come to Sessia and be trained as a slave for thirty days. When I go back to the U.K. I'll still have my job at Foxy Productions, but from that point on the whippings and spankings will be real."  
  
"So," I asked, "you're not normally into submission or corporal punishment?"  
  
"No," she sniffed, "I'm just doing this to keep my job."  
  
I moved in close and allowed Erin to lay her head on my shoulder. It wasn't the same as a hug, but it seemed to comfort her somewhat. "So, your boss legally owns you while you're here in Sessia?" I asked.  
  
"No," Erin said. "There's an actress who works for Foxy Productions. She's an actress now, but she used to be a dominatrix. I'll be her property for the next thirty days."  
  
I let out a loud sigh. I thought I had it bad, belonging to my girlfriend for just seven days. Despite Gretchen's penchant for going too far, she still loved me. And despite the fact that she did things to me sometimes that I found frightening, I still loved her. However poor Erin would spend thirty days belonging to a woman who was being paid to humiliate her and break her spirit and punish her again and again.  
  
Erin's owner would just see her as a free woman who desperately needed slave training.

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I felt sympathy for Erin, but there was nothing I could do for her. She signed a contract and agreed to become the property of a former dominatrix for thirty days. It was all perfectly legal and the Sessians would enforce the law. I told her this and suddenly she began crying again. Her head was on my shoulder and I wanted to put my arms around her, but that was impossible because of the handcuffs.  
  
My body jerked reflexively as I had this naked girl crying on my shoulder and I couldn't do anything to comfort her. Without even meaning to I realized that I was nuzzling her. It wasn't the same as a hug, but it seemed to comfort us both more than just allowing her to cry on my shoulder.  
  
The next thing I knew, we were both kissing. Normally Gretchen and I have an exclusive relationship and I don't kiss anybody other than her. However things weren't at all normal during this trip. I was being paraded around naked in public, I wasn't allowed to have an orgasm until I learned Sessian slave law to Gretchen's satisfaction and I was locked in a cell with another naked slave girl who was frightened and crying.  
  
The first time I kissed her lips I swear it was some sort of accident brought on by extreme emotions and bound hands. My lips just reacted without consulting with my brain first. However there was a pause after that where both Erin and I seemed to think about what we were doing. No words were spoken, but it was obvious that we both were wondering if it was a good idea to continue. I was wondering how this might affect my relationship with Gretchen. Would she be angry? How angry? How much trouble could I get into? And didn't I think monogamy was important? I always had in the past, why should that change now?  
  
I have no idea what questions were going through Erin's mind.  
  
In the end, Erin made the decision for me. Her lips found mine again and my body responded to her kiss. Since I'd arrived in Sessia, every person I'd spoke with seemed to be determined to sexually stimulate me, however Gretchen refused to allow me any sexual release. She hadn't even touched me except to pose for photos back at the hotel. I deserved a little physical attention, and if Erin was willing to provide some, I'd just surrender and accept anything she had to offer.  
  
Erin continued to kiss me on the mouth, face and neck and I found every second of it wonderful. I loved her lips and her small and the feel of her naked skin as it pressed against me. I think we were about to go beyond kissing when a stern voice cut through the air and barked at us.  
  
"Alright! That's enough of that then!"  
  
I took a step back and looked over at the woman who'd shouted at us. She wasn't as tall as the guard that locked me up in this cell, but she was just as intimidating. The way she stared at me made me feel even more naked and afraid than I felt when I was ordered to strip in the lobby of the Hotel Castello.  
  
"Who told you two slaves that you were allowed to snog?" the guard demanded.  
  
I felt like a child with her hand caught in the cookie jar. Nobody told me that it was against the rules of the OSI for slaves in their cells to kiss, but her tone of voice made me feel guilty all the same. That and the look in her eyes reduced me to the state of a twelve year old girl who has just been caught by her mother sneaking in three hours past curfew.  
  
"Nobody," I said in a panicky and defeated tone of voice. "Erin was crying and frightened and I let her cry on my shoulder and it just sort of .... Happened."  
  
"The kissing just sort of happened?" the guard asked with contempt in her voice. "She just tripped and fell and her lips just accidentally landed on yours then?"  
  
It's moments like this that I miss my clothes the most. I also missed my hands. With that cold look in her eyes I wanted to cover up my naked breasts and crotch and protect my body as best I could from the punishment that was sure to follow. "It- It's j-just..."  
  
The guard interrupted me and took a few steps closer. "Stand away from the door, please," she said and both Erin and I stood as far back as the cell would allow. The metal of my handcuffs were scraping on the cell wall when I finally stopped backing up.   
  
I couldn't make eye contact with the guard as she unlocked the door and stepped inside. I kept my eyes cast down at my naked feet and then I saw the guard's leather boots stop just inches away from my toes. "Don't move," she said, and I nodded my head as I said, "Yes ma'am."  
  
I was expecting some horrible and painful punishment, however all that happened was that a leash was clipped onto my slave collar. I had been so scared I hadn't even seen the leashes in her hand. Then the guard attached the other end of the leash to a metal ring set into the wall.  
  
When she stepped away I took a look at the leash. It was made of elegant but strong metal chain links. There was no way I'd be able to break it, and the d-clip at the end was sturdy. If my hands were freed I could easily release the clip, but with my hands bound behind me, there was no way.  
  
A similar leash was attached to Erin's collar and her leash was clipped to a different ring in the south wall of the cell.  
  
"These leashes are four feet long," the guard told us. "And I think I've chained you to rings that are more than eight feet apart, but let's test that, shall we?"  
  
Erin understood her meaning before I did, and began to strain against her leash. I followed her example and began to strain against mine. Both chains were pulled taut as Erin and I tried to reach each other, but we were still at least six inches apart. If I wanted to I could have kicked Erin, but there was no way I could kiss her.  
  
The guard pointed to a security camera mounted on the ceiling. It was pointed at my cell. "I have to watch you girls on the monitor," the guard said. "Some of my co-workers would get off watching two girls snog, but I don't. So as long as I'm on monitor duty, you two will behave."  
  
The guard marched off and Erin eventually got her sobbing under control. I don't know how long we were left standing there, but eventually the guard came back. Was it a half hour later? An hour? Two hours? I had no way of knowing.  
  
At any rate, she had a male slave with her. He and Erin had a lot in common. He was wearing a gray slave collar and he was crying. He also had red hair. Of course in accordance with Sessian law he was devoid of all body hair. As a lesbian I never lust after men, but without body hair this slave looked a lot less male somehow. I suppose the absence of body hair and facial hair made him look better groomed. He was also quite slender and devoid of unsightly body fat.  
  
His arms had been chained behind his back and a leash had been attached to his collar. The guard dragged him down the hall until she had reached another cell across the way from mine. The male slave put up minimal resistance as he was forced into the cell and his leach chained to an iron ring mounted in one of the walls. When he was dragged through the door I caught sight of his buttocks and the backs of his thighs. He had been severely spanked and now both buttocks and thighs were the reddish pink color of raw hamburger.  
  
Even if the sight of the young male slave didn't fill me with lust, it did fill me with sympathy. Also; unlike myself; he had endured very painful corporal punishment. Also he seemed even more naked than I did. His extremely erect and rigid cock was so much more exposed than my tiny pubic lips. He seemed so much more on display than I was.  
  
He held his head down at first, but then the guard placed one hand underneath his chin and one in his hair and forced him to raise his head and look her in the eye. "Poor Dennis," she cooed playfully, "is it really that bad?"  
  
Then she placed one hand between his thighs and cupped his balls. She did it gently, but it was clear that Dennis was uncomfortable being handled by this woman.  
  
She continued to play with his balls and turned to face Erin and myself. "Dennis didn't like the idea of having his pubic hair shaved off," the guard explained. "He put up a fuss and needed to be disciplined. You no doubt saw how red his ass is?"  
  
"Yes Mistress," Erin and I answered in unison.  
  
"Normally a slave is only punished by the slave's owner, but the O.S.I. has a certain degree of flexibility when it comes to punishments. We are allowed to punish slaves that are defiant or argumentative. You girls aren't planning on being like Dennis here, are you? You aren't planning on putting up a fuss or arguing with O.S.I. staff, are you?"  
  
"No Mistress," Erin and I both answered, even louder than before.  
  
"Oh good," the guard replied, still fondling Dennis's balls. "I don't enjoy punishing female slaves as much I enjoy punishing male ones, but I'll do it if I have to."  
  
Then she took Dennis's head in both of her hands and she kissed him on the mouth. It was a very possessive kiss and was obviously more to show dominance than any sign of affection. Dennis whimpered the whole time he was being kissed, and I think he would have pushed her away if he could.  
  
"We have microphones and security cameras in here," the guard informed Dennis, "if you need to go to the bathroom just call out. A guard will come back and escort you to the toilets. They'll even hold your cock for you while you pee." At this point, the guard grabbed the male slave by his cleanly shaven cock and he whimpered. I got the feeling that he really didn't like being touched by this woman.  
  
The guard didn't linger after that. She locked Dennis in his cell, glared at Erin and myself and then wandered down the hall back towards her office. When she was gone, I tried to speak the new slave.  
  
"Are you alright?" I asked.  
  
At first he only whimpered, so I repeated the question.  
  
He continued to whimper and sob, but after a few minutes he replied, "I can't do this."   
  
"Why are you here?" I asked. "How did you become a slave?"  
  
There was more whimpering and I thought he wasn't going to answer, but eventually he said, "I made a bet with my girlfriend. It was a game of strip poker. I was winning hand after hand and I had four of a kind. Four tens...... I thought I couldn't loose ..... it was a very good hand. So, I said ... almost as a joke .... that if she lost the hand she had to become my slave for a week. She agreed, but only if ... if"  
  
"I get the idea," I said. "If you lost, you had to become her slave for a week."  
  
He nodded his head in agreement.  
  
"At least it's only a week," Erin said. "I'm in this for thirty days! You'll be a free man and I'll still have twenty-three days to go!"  
  
Dennis didn't even seem to hear what Erin said. He was off in a world of self-pity. "I never read up on the slave laws," he whined. "I thought the worst that would happen was that I'd lose and she'd keep me naked for a month and we'd have lots of sex and she'd get to tie me up and maybe spank me as foreplay. I didn't know that I had to come to a government office and strip my clothes off in front of everybody! I didn't know that I'd get all my body hair shaved off!"  
  
"It gets worse," Erin said.  
  
"Sshh," I said, trying to shush Erin. "Can't you see he feels bad enough already?"  
  
There was an uncomfortable silence for several minutes where none of us seemed to be capable of saying anything. Finally twenty minutes or so passed and Dennis asked, "How long are you in for?"  
  
Since Erin had already told him her sentence, I figured he was talking to me. "I'm in for a week. My girlfriend talked me into it, too. I guess we've got a lot in common."  
  
"You're handling it better than I am," he said quietly.  
  
"I'm still scared," I replied. "And I'm humiliated. But I'm trying to make the best of it. I love my girlfriend, and this makes her happy. The whole reason I agreed to this trip is to make her happy. If I knew just how humiliating and overwhelming this week would be I might not have agreed, but it's too late now so I'm trying to make the best of it."  
  
After a few seconds, I also added, "also this whole experience has me horny as hell."  
  
"Me too," admitted Dennis. Of course I could already guess that from the impressive erection between his legs. As a lesbian I don't see many erect penises, however it was my understanding that an erection wasn't supposed to last more than a few minutes. Dennis was led in by the guard approximately an hour earlier and his erection still hadn't reduced in size.  
  
"I'd love to be back at my hotel room right now, having sex with my girlfriend," I said. "But part of being a slave is waiting and denial. It's no longer about what the submissive wants. It's all about what the dominant wants. That's part of what makes this so overwhelming. I can't just say, 'Gretchen this is too much. I need to have a couple of drinks and maybe we'll try this again in the morning'".  
  
"It's kind of like a roller coaster," Dennis said. "You get scared after the first hill and you want to get off, but you can't. There's no breaks and there's a hundred hills left to go. So you just scream and scream and scream and pray for it to be over."  
  
"It's like that," I said. "Only with the roller coaster there's no sexual thrill."  
  
"At least the two of you get a sexual thrill from this sort of thing," Erin interjected. "All this slave and master shit does nothing for me. For me it's scary and humiliating and if I get whipping like Dennis got it's going to hurt."  
  
"I wasn't whipped," Dennis corrected. "I was just spanked."  
  
"Well, it still looks painful," Erin responded.  
  
"It is," Dennis replied.  
  
All three of us were in there for hours, and because there was nothing else to do we talked for hours. We were still talking when Gretchen showed up to take me back to the hotel.  
  
"The results of the blood tests came back," Gretchen said. "Just like the test results you got in America. You're clean."  
  
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Gretchen was angry with the Sessian government for ruining her plans. She had the day all planned out and taking me to the O.S.I. and leaving me there for hours totally ruined her plans. However because she couldn't vent her frustrations out of the Sessian government, she decided to vent them on me.  
  
"But that's not fair!" I replied when Gretchen explained this to me.  
  
"A slave's life isn't supposed to be fair," Gretchen replied. "Of course, if you want, we can always say that tonight's punishment is for kissing that female slave that you were locked up with."  
  
"What? They told you about that?" To be honest I had completely forgotten about Erin kissing me. Being forced to stand for hours with your hands bound behind your back will tend to make you forget a kissing incident that lasted only a few minutes.  
  
"They told me," Gretchen replied. "The punishment parks bring in a lot of money, so the Sessian government is keen on slave owners bringing their slaves there. As a result, the O.S.I. tends to report every minor infraction by a slave to their owners."  
  
"Are you mad at me?" I asked.  
  
For a long time Gretchen didn't say anything. She kept her face hard and I was worried that I had really pissed her off. But then her face softened and she responded, "I love you, Diane. But this week I have to be hard on you. The kiss was a minor thing, and it probably wouldn't have happened we hadn't stripped you naked and forced you into a cell with another naked girl. If I was being fair I'd let you get off with just an apology, but this week isn't about being fair. This week is about you being my slave and accepting punishments and treatment that's unfair."  
  
"I understand," I said softly. There was a tear in my eye when I said it, but I did understand. I have a need to be dominated and Gretchen has a need to be dominant. We'd never carried things this far before, but the dynamic was basically still the same. The main difference was that this week we were feeding our needs to such extremes that I was choking.  
  
When the cab arrived at our hotel Gretchen had me keep my hands behind my back, even though they weren't bound there anymore. She wanted everybody to get a good look at my naked body and with my hands behind my back I couldn't cover up anything.  
  
Gretchen then had me stand in the lobby while she talked to the hotel manager. I was ordered to stand way to the side so that I couldn't hear what they were talking about, however they kept glancing in my direction, so I was fairly certain that they were talking about me.  
  
While Gretchen was talking with hotel management, a young girl came up to me and began to finger my slave collar. It was very forward of her to do this to a total stranger, but I remembered that I was a slave and realized that "forward" kind of loses it's meaning when applied to slaves, so I didn't complain.  
  
"Your name is Diane?" the girl asked in an Italian accent.  
  
"Yes," I replied. I wasn't certain if I was supposed to address her as mistress or not. Gretchen was my owner and she had demanded I refer to her that way. This girl was a stranger and I wasn't certain where she fit in.  
  
"You are a lesbian?" she asked.  
  
My collar marked me as a lesbian. A black collar means gay, a white collar means straight and a gray collar means bisexual, although I'd be willing to bet this girl already knew that. I nodded my head in agreement.  
  
"I would give anything to have sex with you," the young Italian girl said.  
  
I looked her over and she was very attractive. She looked like a slightly younger version of Gretchen. She was my height and very slender, with long hair that came down past her shoulders. She had good bone structure and beautiful brown eyes. Her hands were delicate and her legs were long. When she moved she had the grace of a ballet dancer. If it were up to me I think I'd have to say yes.  
  
"It's not up to me," I said. "You'd need to get permission from my owner."  
  
The girl smiled at me, and said, "I will."  
  
I watched her walk away and even though I was nervous, I couldn't help but admire the shape if her tiny ass in her tight blue jeans. She knew who my owner was without being told and walked right up to her. I was ignored once again while Gretchen discussed my fate with this Italian girl and several members of the hotel management.  
  
Well, not entirely ignored ... I noticed a few members of the hotel's security in the lobby keeping an eye on me. Apparently they still didn't trust me after the incident this morning where I "refused" to strip.  
  
Eventually Gretchen came back and told me were going upstairs. I fell into step with her as she walked to the elevator and asked, "What did you and the hotel manager talk about?"  
  
"You'll find out later," she said.  
  
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Up in our hotel room, Gretchen laid out new rules for me. I was no longer aloud to take showers because of my leather collar. Leather gets damaged with exposure to liquid and repeated exposures will eventually cause it to fall apart. So, in order to protect the leather, Gretchen decreed that I could only take baths while I was in Sessia.  
  
Another rule she came up with was that I was not allowed to bath alone. In theory, this was because she wanted to insure that I wasn't masturbating. However she also insisted on bathing me herself. There was no reason given for this, although I suspect it was just another way to make me feel more helpless and humiliated.  
  
Kneeling in the tub with about six inches of warm water, I looked up at my girlfriend and waited for her to bathe me.  
  
"Spread your legs further apart," she commanded, "and place your hands behind the back of your neck.  
  
The position was one that made me feel vulnerable and exposed. I'm certain that Gretchen planned it that way. Since we came to Europe, she seemed to have become very talented in that area.  
  
She started by soaping up my body from my neck to my knees. Her hands on my body were rougher than I'd expected. Certainly she didn't need to rub so hard to get me clean. It's not like I was filthy.

Her touch didn't become any gentler when she touched my breasts of pubic lips. "Ow," I exclaimed as she rubbed the bar of soap over my left breast with undue force.  
  
I looked into her eyes as if to ask for sympathy and to plead for her not to be so rough. However it didn't seem to work.   
  
"This is the way slaves are bathed," Gretchen said. "I won't leave any bruises, but I won't be gentle either. If I was, you wouldn't be getting the full slave experience, and that would be fair to either of us, would it?"  
  
I wanted to say it would be fair to me, but I kept my mouth closed. Part of me really wanted this. Part of me wanted to be mistreated and humiliated and degraded. However part of me wanted to have my old life back where I was allowed to have privacy and freedom and autonomy.   
  
But something about losing my freedom and my dignity and my rights made me so aroused. It was like all my nerve endings were super charged and most of the blood in my body was rushing to my clit. My nipples were hard and erect, and my clit was so swollen that it ached. Never in America, had I been so turned on. Did all slaves get this aroused by their captivity? Or was this some strange psychological quirk that was unique only to me?  
  
Gretchen was much less rough when she shaved me. I was glad, because it she applied that much pressure with a razor she would surely have cut me. She shaved my underarms and my legs, but her razor never touched my crotch. "Mistress?" I asked sheepishly, "Aren't you going to shave me between my legs?"  
  
"No," she said, although she did clean my asshole and pubic lips vigorously with the soap and washcloth. I had the grit my teeth and tense my whole body as she did this. She was so rough on my labia it almost thought she was going to scrub it right off.   
  
When she was done cleaning me, my breasts, anus and pubic lips were all sore, however I tried to bring up the subject again. "Mistress, if my pubic hair grows back, won't I get in trouble? Sessian law says that slaves can't have pubic hair.  
  
"Don't' worry about that," Gretchen said. "We'll take care of your pubic hair tomorrow. Now crawl out of the tub and kneel on this bath rug. That's it. Spread your legs further apart. Hands behind your head. Elbows back."  
  
Next Gretchen got down a towel and dried me off. She wasn't any more gentle with the drying than she was with the washing. I whimpered when her hands roughly rubbed the more delicate parts of my anatomy but I did not complain again.  
  
When she was done, she looked me over and seemed to like what she saw. She nodded at me and stood up. I began to rise and she grabbed my by my long, blonde hair and pulled me back down. "On your knees, girl," she ordered.  
  
I quickly sank back to the kneeling position and looked up at Gretchen, hoping for an explanation. All she said was, "You don't get up until your Mistress tells you to get up."  
  
Then she looked me over and corrected my posture. "Straighten your spine," she commanded. "And put those elbows back. Stick those tits out."  
  
I did as she said, staring blankly ahead. I could tell this would be a difficult position to hold for a long period of time, so I asked the obvious question. "How long must I kneel like this, Mistress?"  
  
"Until I give you permission to get up off your knees," came the curt, no nonsense answer.  
  
I felt a wave of heat pass through me at these words, and although I followed orders and kept my head up I could feel the moisture between my legs accumulate as my pussy started to drip. The more unfair and abusive Gretchen treated me, the more my body responded with sexual arousal. I closed my eyes and tried to slow down my breathing, hoping Gretchen wouldn't notice the warm moisture between my legs.

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I don't know how long I knelt in that position, however I was correct in my assumption that it was a difficult position to hold. Long before Gretchen gave me permission to get up, my inner thigh muscles started to get sore from being held so wide open for so long. Also my neck and shoulders were getting stiff from holding my head up and elbows back for so long.  
  
I was all alone in the room, but the door was open and Gretchen could have come back at any moment. I didn't want to disappoint her, so I held the position despite the fact that keeping my body held this way had gone from uncomfortable to truly painful.  
  
By the time Gretchen came back into the room there were tears on my face and sweat had begun to form on my brow and underarms. There was also warm, sticky fluid on my thighs that had leaked out from my swollen pubic lips.  
  
"You can get up now," Gretchen informed me. Her tone was so polite and so pleasant that it seemed out of place. She had left me naked and exposed and forced me to hold a position that was very difficult and humiliating. Yet her tone of voice implied that none of this was cruel or unusual.  
  
My thighs ached as I moved to stand. They were sore from holding that position for so long, but I knew that would soon pass.  
  
"You have no idea how gorgeous you are right now," Gretchen said as she held my face in her hands.  
  
"What?" I asked. The compliment sounded out of place after the harsh way she'd been treating me.  
  
"The streaks of tears on your face, your blush of embarrassment and the obvious signs of sexual arousal .... Darling, you've never been more beautiful than you are right now."  
  
"Really?" I asked.  
  
"Submissiveness becomes you," Gretchen said as she placed a tender kiss on my forehead. "It's a shame that it has to end after a week."  
  
"This is going to be a very difficult week for me," I said softly. "I'll be happy when it's over."  
  
"Will you?" she asked. Then she reached for my breasts and rubbed my nipples between her thumbs and forefingers. I flinched slightly. My nipples were so swollen that they ached and were sensitive even to a gentle touch.  
  
"Your nipples are hard as bullets, Diane," she said as she rubbed harder. "Do you seriously want to tell me you're not aroused?"  
  
I closed my eyes and my breath came in short, heavy pants and I tried to speak, but my throat seemed to be swollen and I couldn't get my vocal cords to work. Then I felt one of Gretchen's hands let go of a nipple and suddenly felt her hand at my cunt.  
  
I moaned as one of her fingers entered inside me and her thumb slid gently across my clit. "You're soaking wet," Gretchen informed me, "and your clit is so swollen it's practically abnormal. All this before I even laid a finger on you. You really expect me to believe that you don't enjoy being a slave?"  
  
"I love it," I said softly in a helpless, breathy tone of voice, "but I hate it."  
  
"What's that supposed to mean?" Gretchen asked as she continued to finger me and play with one nipple.  
  
Gretchen's fingers were driving me crazy and I had trouble getting my mouth to form words, but I did the best I could. "I feel nervous, overwhelmed, humiliated, degraded, excited and aroused all at once. I feel more alive than I ever have in my life, but I also feel scared and vulnerable. A part of my brain wants me to run and escape and another part of my brain wants me to open my legs wider and invite people to touch me."  
  
I opened my eyes and looked to see how Gretchen would react to my answer. I was still confused about my own reactions to my slavery, so explaining them to somebody else was difficult. I was hoping that I had at least made my predicament at least slightly easier for her to understand.  
  
"This is interesting and we'll talk about this more, later," she said as she continued to finger me and play with my nipple, "but right now I'm taking you to dinner. We'll be dining with a couple of people I met today, so no talk about your adjustment to slavery during dinner. This is something personal I want to keep between us. Okay?"  
  
I was so turned on by what Gretchen's fingers were doing to me that I could barely focus on her words. However I managed well enough to pick out a few key words and nod my head in agreement.  
  
Suddenly I felt sharp pain in both my nipple and my swollen labia. Gretchen had pinched them both quite hard. "When a slave is asked a question, she is expected to give a verbal response," Gretchen snapped. "Simply nodding your head is not acceptable."   
  
"Sorry Mistress," I yelped and fought the strong impulse to try and push Gretchen's hands away. It was a major effort at self restraint, but I kept them at my sides. "No talk about this with anybody but you, Mistress!"  
  
Gretchen released her hands from my nipple and my pussy. I reached one hand up to my sore nipple and another to my red pubic lips to try and sooth the pain away, however Gretchen grabbed my wrists and pulled them back. "Also you're not allowed to touch yourself without my permission! If you want to do so much as scratch an itch, you need to ask my permission first."  
  
This was a new level of domination that I wasn't expecting from her. I was tempted to say that it was unfair, but the unfairness of it actually excited me. Instead of complaining I replied, "Yes Mistress. May I use my hands to ease the pain of being pinched, Mistress?"  
  
"No, you may not," she replied, and with that she led me out of our hotel room and straight to the elevator.  
  
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The hostess at the restaurant looked me up and down and gave me a look that made me blush. Most people at the hotel looked at me with varying degrees of lust. However this one gave me a look of disdain and contempt. She disapproved of me for some reason. I could have been the fact that I was running around naked in public, or the fact that I was a lesbian or perhaps she just thought slavery should be outlawed in her country. Whatever the reason, she gave me a look that made me want to crawl underneath the floor and hide.  
  
"Your table will be ready in a few minutes," she said in a voice that was so cold it would have turned water to ice. "Please wait here."  
  
Gretchen's guests arrived before our table was ready. One of them was the young married woman who had taken several pictures of me in the hotel lobby. The other was the one who said she would ask my mistress for permission to have sex with me.  
  
Gretchen gave them both a warm greeting. I learned that their names were Donna and Geneva. "Geneva, where's your husband?" Gretchen asked.  
  
"An investment opportunity came up," Geneva responded. "He's on the phone with his partners and his accountant, trying to buy some piece of real estate cheap in the expectation that he can sell it for a quick profit. He said he had to move on it fast, before anybody else got it."  
  
"Will he be joining us later?" Gretchen asked. I was hoping he wouldn't. As bad as it is for me to expose my naked body to total strangers, it was worse when men ogled my body. Having a strange woman look at my nudity with lust in her eyes is still embarrassing, but somehow men getting a look at me exposed and vulnerable and naked was much worse.  
  
Much to my relief, Geneva's husband never arrived. Apparently he was obsessed with making money and often spent hours on the phone, trying to close a deal. When we were finally seated Geneva explained to us that her marriage was less about love and more about convenience. Don was very successful and provided Geneva with financial security and a high standard of living. Geneva was very attractive and provided Don with a trophy wife that he could proudly display to clients, business partners and investors. It was a symbiotic relationship, but there was no romance.  
  
We discussed Geneva's marriage in great detail. We also discussed the political and cultural situation in Sessia. Donna was of Italian decent and informed us that her people are treated as second class citizens in Sessia. Once upon a time the island of Sessia was part of Italy, however Sessia was sparsely populated and economically depressed. There was no manufacturing and tourists almost never traveled there. Then in 1980 British investors bought the island of Sessia from the Italian government. The British investors started up new businesses, opened hotels and hired tens of thousands of employees. They opened Sessian banks similar to the Swiss banks that helped wealthy Americans hide assets and they invested billions of dollars into infrastructure and the tourism industry. As a result, Sessia rakes in almost as much money in tourism as the South of France.  
  
"So now," Donna complained, "we've had a huge influx of immigrants from England. Sessians with a British accent or British ancestry usually get the best jobs and live in the best neighborhoods. Most government jobs go to people of British ancestry and our legislature is filled with people who were born in England. They make up less than forty-two percent of the Sessian population, but they have ninety percent of the seats in the legislature."  
  
The conversation went back and forth on a number of different topics, however I was stunned that the subject of my enslavement to Gretchen never came up. Here I was; a naked girl sitting at a table with three fully clothed women; and neither my nudity nor my submissive status was ever discussed.   
  
Despite my nudity, I began to feel more and more relaxed. There may have been a premeditated plan on the part of these three women to make me forget my status. The reason I say this is that at one point during the conversation, I turned to Gretchen and referred to her by her actual name.  
  
"What did you call me?" Gretchen asked as she raised an eyebrow at me.  
  
It took me a few seconds to realize what I had done and then I tried to backtrack. "Mistress," I said. "I meant to call you 'Mistress'. I'm sorry."  
  
"Too late," Gretchen said. "I've been looking for an excuse to take you to the punishment parks. That little breach of the rules is good enough. We can go there tomorrow."  
  
I sat there with my jaw wide open, at a loss for words but Gretchen pretended not to notice. She and Donna continued to chat like old friends and my look of shock was ignored.  
  
I was afraid to go to the punishment park and I considered arguing that a slip of the tongue like that was too minor an infraction to warrant punishment anyway. However a part of me was excited at the thought. Since I'd been a teenager I'd had fantasies about being tied to an old fashioned whipping post and having my clothes ripped off so that I could be punished in front of a cheering crowd. Would this be anything like that? It was scary, but it was also exciting. And there really wasn't anything I could do to stop it. Even in America, Gretchen was a powerful force to be reckoned with. However here in Sessia, she had the law on her side. If I put up too much of a fuss, she could have me dragged to the punishment park by force.  
  
Just the thought of being forced against my will sent a new flash of sexual heat through me. Should I resist? What would it be like to have rough hands grab me and force me naked through the streets to my eventual punishment? Rough hands on my naked body, twisting my arm behind my back or dragging me by my hair would add an erotic and brutal twist to what was already a very erotic and masochistic adventure.  
  
I entertained thoughts of being dragged naked through the streets by female security guards who roughly handled me while hundreds of interested onlookers watched or took pictures. By the time dinner was over I was secreting juices again. I was glad I was sitting down at this table. If I were standing, anybody would have been able to see the moisture between my swollen labia.   
  
Eventually Gretchen paid the bill and we all got up to leave. Donna stared directly at my crotch and smirked when she saw how wet I was. She didn't say anything, but my face felt hot and I'm certain I was blushing.  
  
We left the hotel restaurant and Gretchen and Donna each took one of my arms and led me across the hotel lobby. Rather than head towards the elevators, they dragged me in the opposite direction.  
  
"Where are we going?" I asked, feeling nervous. Gretchen, Donna and Geneva all knew where we were going. They'd obviously planned something and kept it a secret from me all through dinner. My mind screamed that it had to be bad. If they weren't willing to tell me about it, it had to be something pretty horrible.  
  
I thought about struggling, but it would be three against one. And if hotel security got involved it could become four or five against one. "Where are we going?" I asked again, but still none of the women would answer me.  
  
I was led out of the lobby and down a hallway. Geneva walked ahead of the rest of us and opened up double doors that led into another room. I was now so nervous that I was digging my bare feet into the carpet, however that didn't help. Gretchen and Donna simply tightened their grip on my arms and dragged me across the floor. I received rug burns on my knees and thighs as I was dragged and quickly tried to stand up again.  
  
Geneva closed the doors behind us after I was inside and then I got a good look at where I'd been taken. It was a large room with no windows and only one exit. The floor was carpeted and there were half a dozen tables with chairs positioned around all of them. There was a large white board on the wall at the far end of the room with a schedule written on it for meetings that would take place tomorrow. Apparently this was used as a conference room by the hotel. In addition to the furnishings, I took note of the people in the room. First I noticed two of the hotel security guards and the hotel manager. The assistant manager was sitting at a table near the exit and there were also three other women there that I didn't recognize.  
  
"Miss Schlank," one of the security guards said in a loud and authoritative tone of voice, "your owner has requested that the hotel assist her in punishing you for your transgression at the O.S.I. offices earlier today. I think you know the transgression I'm talking about."  
  
During dinner I had completely forgotten about it, but now it suddenly came back to me. "When I kissed that other slave girl in the cells?" I asked sheepishly.  
  
The security guard nodded her head and elaborated. "Your owner explained to me that you are not to have any sexual contact with any person without her permission. That includes kissing." I looked over at Gretchen who was still gripping my left arm tightly. Her look was stern and unforgiving.  
  
Then the hotel manager spoke up. "It's a rather unusual request, but your owner asked if I could find any female members of the hotel staff who would be willing to witness your punishment or help administer it. I only had thirty minutes or so to get it all organized, but I was able to find five employees who were only too eager to help."  
  
"Thank the nice people," said Gretchen as she whispered into my ear.  
  
"What?" I whispered back.  
  
"These people are all here for your benefit," Gretchen whispered. "Thank them or your punishment gets doubled."  
  
I cleared my throat and struggled for the proper words. It was embarrassing enough to be punished in front of witnesses, however having to thank them for it made me feel even more degraded. "Th-Thank you for taking time from your busy schedules to c-come and witness my punishment. And thank you for the use of your conference room."  
  
"You're quite welcome," the hotel manager replied. "If you would bend over one of these tables, we can get started."  
  
I moved forward as Gretchen and Donna led me to one of the tables in the room. I placed both hands on the table top and bent over. "Spread your legs," Gretchen whispered in my ear. "And keep your knees straight."  
  
With some difficulty I adjusted my position. Behind me, someone grabbed my hair by the back of the head and forced my head down until it was resting on the table. Bent over like this my ass was thrust high in the air and with my legs spread, my pussy and anus were both very much on display.  
  
"May I?" I heard Geneva's voice ask from behind me.  
  
"Go right ahead," I heard Gretchen's voice respond. I couldn't see Geneva from my position, but I soon heard a mechanical sound from behind me. It took me a few seconds, but I soon realized that it was the sound of a flash on a digital camera. I groaned as I realized that she was standing behind me and obviously taking pictures of my vulnerable ass and pussy.  
  
When the sound of the flash stopped I heard a familiar female voice say, "Your owner noticed how much you disliked the body cavity search, so she decided that we should start your punishment with a repeat of that process."  
  
I felt the woman's finger at the entrance to my cunt and flinched. To be penetrated while I was spread and helpless like this was too much like rape. I attempted to get up, but three strong pairs of hands held me down.   
  
She's very wet, "I heard a woman's voice say as her fingers entered and probed inside me. "I'll make this part quick, Otherwise I think she'll climax in the next few seconds." I felt her fingers withdraw and I whimpered without even meaning to. I had actually been very close to achieving orgasm and felt cheated that she pulled her fingers out so quickly.  
  
"I can spend longer on this next part," the woman said. I dreaded what was to come next and whimpered some more. First I felt a finger pushing against my anus. Instinctively I clenched it shut tight, but I could only do that for so long. Then I felt hands spreading my buttocks even further apart while cold liquid gel was dribbled between my asscheeks and down my pubic lips. I gasped at the coldness of it and then suddenly the finger was pressing up against my anus again.  
  
"Miss Schlank, if I have to force my way in, it's going to hurt. You need to relax your sphincter muscle."  
  
"I can't," I said through clenched teeth. "It's just too humiliating. I can't. Please don't."  
  
That's as far as I got. Suddenly I felt the finger force it's way past the ring of my anus and sink inside of me as far as it would go. I gasped and writhed on the table, but I couldn't get up or dislodge the finger. Tears welled up in my eyes at the utter hopelessness of my situation. I felt the woman's finger wriggle around inside of me and then I heard Gretchen speak loud enough for the entire room to hear.  
  
"As you can see, my slave has a strong phobia about her ass being penetrated. Therefore it only makes sense that anal penetration should be an important part of all of her punishments."  
  
I whimpered and tears welled up in my eyes. One tear slowly slid down my face and then I heard Gretchen say, "See if you can't fit two fingers in there."  
  
Before I could react to those words, I felt the finger slip out of my anus and then I was opened up wider as something larger and wider forced it's way into my asshole. It was hard to believe that they were only fingers, however after they'd been in there for a while I could feel them moving around. They bent and straightened as they tested the limits of how much they could move inside me.  
  
"She's very tight," I heard the woman say. "I think two fingers is the most I'll be able to get into her."  
  
"Try for three," was Gretchen's response.  
  
Tears were now streaming down my face and I cried out in pain as I felt my anus being forced open even wider. I strained to get up off the table and raised up slightly, but then strong hands pushed me back down. The fingers never stopped pushing at my exposed anus, but in the end they never got very far.  
  
"I can't get them in past the first knuckle," the security guard said. "She's just too tight."  
  
I whimpered as she stretched the ring of my anus open wider and wider. My tight hole had never been stretched like this before and the pain was almost unbearable. Finally after what seemed like an eternity, I heard Gretchen say, "Okay, that's enough."

The fingers were withdrawn, and although I still felt vulnerable and helpless, I was at least grateful that I was no longer being stretched or violated back there. However my relief was short lived, as Gretchen leaned down and whispered, "That was just a warm-up. Your real punishment begins now."  
  
There was the muffled sound of footsteps on carpet and I sensed that people behind me were changing positions. I tried to stand up or look over my shoulder, but the women holding me simply pushed me down harder. Suddenly my breasts were squashed flat underneath me and the side of my face was pressed down hard against the table.  
  
"According to the security camera at the OSI," I heard a female voice say, "this naughty girl was kissing the other slave for fifty seconds. Therefore her punishment is a spanking of fifty swats."  
  
Back in America, Gretchen had spanked me many times, however such spankings were always foreplay before sex. And they were usually between twenty and forty swats. Forty was painful enough. I knew I didn't want to endure fifty.  
  
The first swat landed on my upper thigh, just below the left buttock. It was a sensitive spot and the woman swung her hand harder than Gretchen ever did. I cried out in surprise and pain.   
  
I didn't have time to get used to the sting, as the second blow landed just as hard on my right thigh. Then the third blow landed higher up and more centered, striking both cheeks at once.  
  
Soon I was crying out in pain as tears welled up in my eyes and I wriggled my hips in a shameful manner as I tried to dodge the blows to my upturned buttocks. I heard a voice screaming, "Stop! Please stop!" for several seconds before I even realized it was mine.   
  
The spanking stopped briefly and I actually thought my begging might have convinced my tormenter to have mercy. However my punishment wasn't over. There was merely a brief intermission so that I could be mocked. While I lay there bent over the table, I felt somebody reach in between my legs and grab my clit. First it was squeezed then rubbed between thumb and forefinger. Even though I couldn't see my clit or the hand that was teasing it, I could tell that my clit was swollen and erect.  
  
"I don't think you want us to stop," the female voice said from behind me. "I think you're enjoying this. You're so wet that juices are running down your leg and your clit is swollen."  
  
I whimpered at this and felt the felt my clit grow even larger under the attention of those fingers. I stopped struggling and felt tingles run all up and down my body as those fingers brought me closer and closer to orgasm. My breath came in short pants and then I heard the voice behind me say, "If you can make the swelling in your clit go down, I'll believe that you really want this punishment to be over. If you can do that I'll stop."  
  
I whimpered at this announcement. I was right on the verge of the biggest orgasm of my life, and she wanted me to make my clit go soft? Was she insane?  
  
I would feel the feather light touch of a thumb or finger ever few seconds. It was enough to keep my excited, but not enough to push me over the edge to orgasm. I whimpered and sobbed at how unfair it all was. I would have given anything for sexual relief, but she just teased me enough to keep me sexually frustrated. She always backed off before I could achieve orgasm.  
  
"Just as I thought," the woman said. "You're enjoying this too much to want it to stop."  
  
I opened my mouth to protest, but suddenly the spanking had started again. If anything the swats were now coming harder and faster. I could feel the swats coming down on my buttocks and the backs of my thighs. Even though I couldn't see the actually punishment, I was certain my skin was turning an angry red color. I'd never been spanked like this in my life and I lost all dignity and self respect. I screamed until my throat was raw and I cried so much that I couldn't see for all the tears in my eyes. I continued to wriggle and bounce my hips in an obscene manner and I didn't even care how undignified I looked. The pain was the center of my universe, and I didn't care about anything else.  
  
Finally the punishment stopped and the arms that held me down loosened their grips. Even after they let me go I didn't bother to get up. I simply remained there sobbing, chest heaving and tears running down my face. I was vaguely aware that one or two people were taking pictures of me, but I didn't care. My ass felt blistered and red hot and I didn't care how humiliated, exposed or degraded I looked in these pictures. The pain way my entire world.  
  
I wanted to reach back and try to sooth some of the hurt in my freshly spanked bottom, but I remembered Gretchen's orders. I wasn't allowed to tough myself without her permission. And it took several minutes of crying before I could trust my voice enough to form words.  
  
"Mistress m-may I touch m-my bottom, please?"  
  
"No, you may not," came her curt, no-nonsense answer. "You will leave your hands where they are and you will remain bent over the table with you legs far apart."  
  
"Yes Mistress," I said as I choked back sobs. I eventually realized that more photos were being taken of me. Several of the women in the room now had cameras and they were all busy snapping photos of me. "Turn your face this way," Geneva said, and I lifted my head enough that she could get a good picture of my tear streaked face.   
  
"That expression on her face is just so perfect," she said with obvious admiration in her voice. "She looks so vulnerable and so scared and so helpless ... she's adorable!"  
  
My red ass and my miserable face were the two most popular targets of their cameras. They continued to take photos until I stopped sobbing. When the tears stopped the cameras were put away. Was this a new fetish I'd never heard of? Naked women crying?   
  
One of the security guards pulled my hair and lifted my head up until I was standing. Even after I was standing she kept a tight grip on my hair and I stood on tiptoe and raised my chin to keep from having my long, blonde hair from being yanked from my scalp.  
  
"We have a new rule," Gretchen announced in pleasant tone of voice, more suited for a grade school teacher than a mistress lecturing her naked slave, "after every punishment you must thank all of those who assisted in your punishment. Also, in memorandum of the girl that you kissed without permission, you'll be required to kiss each person who aided in your punishment."  
  
Gretchen then took several steps toward me and then held my face in her hands. "Thank me," she ordered.  
  
"Thank you, Mistress," I said and I attempted to wrap my arms around her as her lips drew close to mine.  
  
"Hands at your sides," she ordered.  
  
I lowered my hands and held them at my sides as Gretchen kissed me and forced her tongue into my mouth. This was a new and unexpected addition to ways that control would be taken from me. She could touch me, but I couldn't touch her.  
  
When she broke the kiss, she took a step back and said, "you have no idea how beautiful you are right now."  
  
I just stood there and panted, feeling the pain as my hair was pulled and my red ass still throbbed from a stinging spanking. I was covered in a fine sheen of sweat and my nipples and clit were so swollen they all ached. My calves were straining because I had to stand on my toes and I was denied even the permission to touch myself or my girlfriend. I was feeling so sorry for myself I almost forgot to say, "thank you, Mistress."  
  
Gretchen took out her camera and took several more pictures on me in that helpless state, and then Donna was the next one to extract a kiss from me. "Thank you, Donna," I said softly and suddenly her lips were on mine. She took her time, kissing me softly at first and then with more passion. Her tongue slid into my mouth and found mine. Our tongues slid across each other as her hands moved across the skin of my shoulders and back. Then I whimpered in pain as she gently cupped my buttocks.  
  
"Tender?" Donna asked as she broke the kiss.  
  
"Yes," I said with obvious pain in my voice, at which point she squeezed my left buttock hard, causing me to squeal in pain. I tried to jump away from her hand, but the way my hair was being held above my head made that impossible.  
  
Next was the hotel manager. She was the oldest woman in the room and kissing her felt more humiliating than kissing the younger women. She was almost old enough to be my mother and she was dressed in the sort of conservative clothing that my mother favored. In some ways this felt like incest.  
  
Her kiss was shorter and less passionate than the first two, but I still felt like a little bit of control and self-respect had been taken away from me.  
  
Some of the women left the room after kissing me. Others remained and watched the show with rapt interest. One of the last people to kiss me was a dark-haired girl who stood about two inches shorter than me and was very thin with almost no breasts at all. Under ordinary circumstances I would have found her unimpressive and probably ignored her, however under the circumstances I had no choice but to give her my full attention.  
  
"I'm the one who spanked you," she said as she gently but firmly held my jaw in her right hand.  
  
"Thank you," I said and my hair was released so that I could lower my face down to this girl's level. "My name is Gemma," she said, still holding my face. "Say my name and thank me."  
  
"Thank you for spanking me, Gemma," I said softly. My ass was on fire. The last thing I wanted to do was thank this girl for the state of pain I was in, but I had no choice. As a slave I wasn't allowed to make decisions, only follow orders.  
  
"I'll do it again if I get the chance," Gemma informed me. "Spanking you is the most fun I've had in months."  
  
Gemma gently chewed on my lower lip before kissing me. Then she proceeded to kiss me slowly and with great tenderness. I had a hard time believing that this woman with the soft lips and tender kisses was the same woman who rained down such a painful punishment on my ass.  
  
"Please be a bad girl," she said after she was done kissing me. "I want a chance to punish you again."  
  
The look in her eyes confused me. It was the same look of adoration that Gretchen gave me in our more romantic moments. However this girl had just minutes earlier spanked my ass so hard that I wouldn't be able to sit down for a week. How could she assault my helpless, naked skin with such fury and then look at me with such adoration?  
  
When every woman in the room had had her turn with me, Gretchen stood in front of and held my face in her hands. "You naughty little girl," she began, "when you were younger and your mother used to spank you, was that the end of it or did she make you stand in the corner and display your red ass for everyone to see?"  
  
Gretchen already knew the answer to this, we'd discussed my childhood punishments many times. "My mother would make me stand in the corner ... Mistress. She wanted to humiliate me in front of my sister and anybody else who was in the house at the time."  
  
"Your mother was a very sensible woman," Gretchen said, sounding businesslike and authoritative. "I think we should follow her example."  
  
Still holding my face in her hands, Gretchen looked to the security guard who was holding my hair and asked, "Can you find a corner for my slave to stand in? Or at least someplace public, so that a large number of people will see her red ass?"  
  
"I have an ideal spot in mind," the security guard said. "She'll have plenty of witnesses." Then she yanked hair on my long hair and led me out of the room.   
  
"Don't dawdle," the security guard cautioned me as she led me down the hallway by my hair. "If you're too slow, I'll have to drag you." The security guard had yanked my head down to shoulder height, so I no had to walk bent over. This added to my humiliation as it made my naked ass stick out more and I'm certain everybody in the hotel was much more aware of how red my ass was. Also I wasn't used to walking in this awkward position and the security guard was walking at a very brisk pace, making it hard to keep up.  
  
Finally I was led into the hotel lobby and over to a wall where I was instructed to stand. "Place your hands on the wall in front of you," she said in her stern, no nonsense voice, "Palms flat, shoulder height, look directly ahead, spread your legs wide and keep your knees straight, bend at the waist so that your ass sticks out."  
  
I followed her commands as best I could, but she wasn't satisfied, so she used her hands on my thighs, waist and back to position myself to her satisfaction. Her hands were very strong and I felt utterly dominated by her. Naked, afraid, humiliated and on display for total strangers, I felt a strange feeling come over me. I felt an urge for those strong hands to grab me and pinch me and to make me do things that were difficult and degrading. I wanted those hands to make me feel owned.  
  
I was so caught up in this new feeling that I didn't here Gretchen walk up behind me. "You chose a good spot," I hear Gretchen say.  
  
"Yes ma'am," I heard the security guard respond. "To her right is the check in counter, to her left is an ATM. And on the other side of the lobby, almost directly behind her is the main entrance."  
  
When I was dragged in here I hadn't had a chance to get a good look at my location, but now that I had heard it described I could here a considerable amount of people nearby. I could hear women's high heels clicking on the tile floors as they walked across the lobby. I could hear sound of luggage on wheels as people dragged it along behind them. I could hear people both young and old as they spoke with hotel staff as checked in or asked requested taxi service or asked questions about the city.  
  
Of course I was ordered to stare directly ahead, so I couldn't turn and see any of this, but I heard it all. My face flushed hot at the thought of so many people seeing me naked and on display with a freshly spanked ass. My mother never humiliated me in front of so many people. The worst she was ever able to do was when she spanked me in front of my sister and two of my friends and then made me stand in the corner. From the sounds I was hearing there had to be at least a dozen people in the hotel lobby and I was now on display for all of them!  
  
"Diane," Gretchen said in a commanding tone, "Thank the security guard. It's the least you could do after she found you such an ideal spot.  
  
"Th-Thank you, Mistress," I said with a throb in my voice.   
  
"Lieutenant," the security guard corrected me. "I worked hard to get promoted. You will refer to me by my official title."  
  
"Thank you, Lieutenant," I said.   
  
"Don't forget," the security guard said sternly.  
  
"If she forgets, I'll make certain she's punished for it," Gretchen said. Then on the heels of that she said, "I'm going upstairs now. In an hour I'll come back down and get her. She's not allowed to move from that spot and she's not allowed to speak unless somebody asks he a question."  
  
"Yes ma'am," the security guard replied. "What if somebody wants to touch her?"  
  
"Women can touch her, but not men," Gretchen said. "She's a lesbian slave and I don't want some male playing with her clit and giving her ideas. As for the women, only one at a time and nothing more than heavy petting. I don't want anybody masturbating her to an orgasm and I don't want anybody else spanking her tonight. I'm the one who owns her and I'm the only one who can authorize her punishments.  
  
"Yes ma'am," the security guard said. "I'll take good care of her."  
  
"See you in an hour, Diane," I heard Gretchen say behind me and then there was the sound of high heels clicking on marble tiles.  
  
The hour went by slowly. In almost no time the muscles in my shoulders and inner thighs began to feel tired and ache. Also there was the humiliation of people who would walk up behind me and just stare. I couldn't see them, but I could hear their footsteps on the tile floor of the lobby stop just behind me. Sometimes I could hear the beep of a digital camera. Several times I heard the laughter of young girls standing behind me.  
  
The ATM to my left almost always had a patron in front of it. I strongly suspected that many people were only using it as an excuse to get a better look at my naked flesh. At one point, two American girls at the ATM acted surprised to me and loudly commented on my punished buttocks.  
  
"Oh, you poor girl!" One of them said. "Your ass is all red! What happened to you?"  
  
My heart beat faster at having to explain my embarrassing situation, but I swallowed and tried to brave. "My owner gave me a spanking," I said.  
  
"That's horrible," the young girl exclaimed, sounding sympathetic. "Harmony, don't you think her owner is just being mean?"  
  
I could hear the sound of Harmony's voice as she worked the controls of the ATM. Her opinion was very different. "She must have done something to deserve a spanking."  
  
"Is that true?" the sympathetic one asked.  
  
I sighed and told her the truth. Even if I wanted to lie, the security guard was standing just a few feet away. "I kissed another slave girl. I kissed her and I didn't have permission, so I got a spanking."  
  
The sympathetic girl gasped, but the other girl made a disgusted sound and said, "See? I told you she deserved it."  
  
"Does that mean, like ... you're a lesbian?" the sympathetic girl asked.  
  
"Yes, I'm a lesbian."  
  
"Can we go now?" the unsympathetic girl asked. "This is my first night in a country where I don't need a fake ID to get served alcohol. I don't wanna spend it talking to a girl in a dog collar."  
  
"Slave collar," I heard the security guard say. "She's wearing a slave collar. She can't remove it and it has the name and phone number of her owner on the tag."  
  
"Whatever," the unsympathetic one said. "I'm gonna grab a cab and go to that club. Are you coming or what?"  
  
"Can I catch up with you later?" the sympathetic one asked. "I've never met a real live lesbian before."  
  
The unsympathetic girl made another noise of disgust and replied, "Whatever." I sounded to me as if she walked away, then the sympathetic one walked slowly closer. "Can I touch you?" she asked.  
  
I could just barely see her in my peripheral vision. She looked young, with very innocent eyes and smooth skin. I was just about to answer her when the security guard answered for me.  
  
"You can touch her, but don't do anything to cause her to break position. She's supposed to stand just like that for a whole hour."  
  
"Oooooh," the girl exclaimed. "That doesn't sound easy. Don't your muscles get stiff?"  
  
"Yes," I admitted.  
  
"You poor thing," the girl said as she timidly touched my arm. Her touch was very gentle and shy. She was like a deer approaching a human, wide-eyed and ready to run at the least sign of danger.  
  
"She won't break," I heard the security guard say.   
  
"I just..." the girl began. "I've never touched a naked girl before. And she already got in trouble once when she kissed that other girl. I don't want to do something that'll get her into more trouble."  
  
"You can touch her anywhere you want," the security guard said. "Just don't masturbate her to orgasm and don't spank her. She's been punished enough for one night."  
  
The girl hesitated for a long time as she seemed to consider this. Finally she began to run her fingers through my long, blonde hair. I sighed as I treasured the gentle treatment. Then I felt her hands gently stroke my shoulders and back. Then she changed position and felt up my ribcage and abdomen.   
  
"I like the way she feels," the girl said. "She's so smooth."  
  
From the sound in her voice, this girl was infatuated. I've heard children on Christmas day speak with less awe and enthusiasm when confronted with a mountain of presents.  
  
"Can I touch her where she's been spanked?" the girl asked. "I promise I'll be gentle."

I heard the security guard stifle a laugh and answer, "Go ahead."  
  
I felt the girl's hands on my punished ass. Each hand slid across a buttock and then drifted down to my thighs before sliding back up to my buttocks again. As promised, her touch was gentle, but even a gentle touch on my poor ass stung. I tried to keep quiet, but I whimpered two or three times when her hands went over the most sensitive spots.  
  
"I'm sorry," the girl exclaimed when she heard one of my louder sounds of pain.   
  
"It's okay," I said, my voice shaky.  
  
"But I hurt you," the girl said, sounding truly worried. "I didn't mean to! Really I didn't!"  
  
"She's a slave," I heard the guard patiently explain. "The same rules that apply to you and I don't apply to her. You don't apologize to her."  
  
This seemed to confuse the girl and she was very silent for a while. She was very innocent and naïve and the concept of a lesbian sex slave was too much for her to take in all at once.   
  
The innocent girl felt me up a little bit more, but stopped asking questions. Eventually she went away and the time dragged on as I stared at the wall and displayed my punished ass for the entire hotel lobby to gawk at.  
  
At one point I heard the voice of an American boy in his late teens. He wanted to cop a feel, but the security guard wouldn't let him. When he became argumentative I heard sounds of more people arriving and somebody in authority lectured him on how he could get thrown out of the hotel if he disobeyed orders from hotel security. Eventually they learned that the boy was staying in the hotel with his parents and he suddenly sounded very apologetic and defensive when it was decided that his parents would be informed of his actions.   
  
It was frightening knowing all of this was going on just a few feet behind me and not being able to see any of it, or even break position. It was much more humiliating for me to be ogled by a horny teenage boy than a teenage girl ... or a female of any age. And I can only guess what that boy would have done to me if that security guard hadn't been there to protect me. Just the thought of his hands on me made me feel violated.  
  
"He's gone," I finally heard the security guard say. "Just some spoiled brat who thinks the rules don't apply to him. We'll keep an eye on him until his family checks out, but I don't think he'll give us any more trouble."  
  
I wanted to thank her, but I wasn't allowed to speak without permission. My ass was already sore, and I was scheduled for more punishment tomorrow. As grateful as I was, I couldn't risk yet another punishment by thanking her.  
  
I stood there in silence again and wondered how much longer I had to stand like this. It seemed like I'd been on display for a lot more than an hour and I despaired the fact that they'd taken my watch away. I think that they do that do slaves to increase the feelings of powerlessness. The inability to keep track of hours, minutes and schedules is just another way of making you dependent on your owner.  
  
I was feeling sorry for myself and wondering what sort of punishment I was in for tomorrow when I heard a female voice with a very proper British accent say, "Hello Miss."  
  
Since it was directed at me, I assumed it was alright for me to respond. "Um, hello," I said timidly. When the security guard didn't admonish me I let out a sigh of relief. Apparently I'd made the right decision.  
  
"Are you in some sort of trouble, then?" she asked. "You look absolutely distressed."  
  
"I'm ...," I began and tried to think how to explain my predicament. "I'm being punished by my owner. She thought it would be humiliating to put my on display like this for an hour."  
  
"I would say that she's right. I'd be utterly humiliated if I was stripped naked and put on display in a public place. I'd just about die of embarrassment."  
  
There were a few moments of silence, and then she asked, "You're a slave then?"  
  
"Yes," I admitted.   
  
"And are you her owner?" I heard the girl ask.  
  
"Not me," I heard the security guard answer. "Her owner is a guest in this hotel. She asked me to keep an eye on her while she's being punished."  
  
The British girl then moved in very close and leaned against the wall. Her shoulder was touching my hand. I could feel the fabric of her jacket on my fingers. "You're lesbians then, you and your owner?"  
  
I decided that this was just another part of being a slave. I wasn't allowed any privacy or secrets. This girl had the authority to make me give up the most private details of my life just by asking.  
  
"I'm totally into girls," the girl said as she reached over and stroked my face. I found it difficult to keep my head facing the wall while she did that, but I knew what would happen if I disobeyed orders.  
  
"My mother won't let me have a girlfriend," she continued. "She thinks that I'm just going through a phase and that when I grow older I'll suddenly be attracted to boys."  
  
I had a vague idea how this girl felt. My mother didn't want a gay daughter either. I had to hide my sexuality from my mother and even today she still insists that Gretchen is just my "roommate". Sometimes parents will live in denial for their entire lives about the true nature of their children. Of course I couldn't say any of this. As a slave I could only speak if I was answering a question directed to me.  
  
The British girl then began asking me questions and they got more and more personal as she went along. How old was I when I first kissed a girl? How old was I when I had sex with a girl? How many women had I slept with? Did I own any sex toys? Did I use them on myself or did my lovers use them on me? Did I get the best orgasms from sex toys, a woman's tongue or a woman's fingers?   
  
I'm certain my face was blushing crimson before her interrogation was all over. And her questions probably would have become even more embarrassing if her mother hadn't shown up and dragged her away.  
  
"EMILY," I heard a woman with a British accent snap. "What do you think you're doing?"  
  
I don't think Emily's mother heard anything we talked about, however the mere thought of Emily chatting up a naked woman was apparently enough to make her mother exceedingly irate. I had already been embarrassed about being naked and ogled in public. Emily's personal questions made me even more humiliated. However when Emily's mother stood behind me and began lecturing her daughter and I, it was so humiliating that I just broke out in tears. Her mother threw out words like "obscene" and "disgraceful" and "shameless" and "pervert". I don't remember all of it, but the basic gist seemed to be that Emily and I should be ashamed of ourselves and that a "shameful display" like the one I had created wouldn't be allowed in a decent hotel. And as a slave, I had to listen to the whole tirade without running away or saying a single word to defend myself.  
  
I eventually managed to stop sobbing, but silent tears continued to run down my face long after Emily and her mother had gone.  
  
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Eventually Gretchen came to down to the lobby to get me. I suspected that I had been down there longer than an hour, but Gretchen wouldn't tell me and I didn't dare ask. "Have you learned your lesson?" Gretchen asked.  
  
"Yes, Mistress," I replied, and I whimpered as Gretchen grabbed my long blonde hair and pulled on it, forcing me to stand up.  
  
"You'll refer to me by my proper title from now on?" Gretchen asked.  
  
"Yes Mistress, I promise."  
  
I then noticed that Donna was standing there as well. In her hand were several lengths of rope. When Gretchen was done talking to the security guard, she ordered me to put my hands behind my back so that Donna could tie me up.  
  
Approximately a dozen people stood in the lobby and watched while Donna tied my wrists behind my back. The wrist tie was very tight and I thought quite effective in making me helpless, but then Donna proceeded to tie my elbows together as well. "They won't quite meet," Donna complained as she tried to make my elbows touch. Then Gretchen went to help and I grunted and whimpered as both women proceeded to tie me in painful bondage.   
  
When they were finished the tie had the effect of forcing my shoulders back and my breasts up. They were now sticking out and so prominently displayed it was as if I was inviting everyone in the lobby to ogle them ... or to fondle them, or to pinch them, or to whip them. Once again, Gretchen had found a new way to humiliate me.  
  
The elevator ride up to our room was just one more humiliation to add to the list. Nine people were already on, so when we squeezed in it was quite crowded. People bumped up against my naked body and several times I could feel hands copping a feel. It was so crowded that I couldn't even see who was groping me. I couldn't even tell if they were male or female. And with my hands bound behind my back there was no way to defend myself.  
  
Once inside the hotel room, Donna grabbed me by the shoulders and turned me so that I was looking straight at her. "Remember I told you I would get permission to have sex with you?" she asked.  
  
Without waiting for an answer, she added, "Your owner has given me permission, so let's get started, Slave."  
  
"I'll just watch," Gretchen said from somewhere behind me. "This should be entertaining."  
  
My breasts were sticking out prominently because of the way my arms were bound behind me, and Donna wasted no time taking advantage of this. "Foreplay is important," she said. "Of course you probably used to foreplay for free women. Let me show you what foreplay is like for a slave."  
  
Donna grabbed my breasts in both hands and fondled them roughly. It hurt, but as a slave I felt it was wrong to complain. I bit my tongue and tried to keep quiet, but Donna's hands became more and more demanding. She squeezed my breasts hard, making me whimper in pain. Then she pinched my nipples, looking into my eyes as she did so. When I closed my eyes shut, she ordered, "Keep your eyes open. I want to see the look on your face as I hurt you."  
  
I forced my eyes to remain open and looked into the face of this young, beautiful woman as she inflicted pain on my helpless breasts. She had a look of overwhelming lust and infatuation on her face as her hands squeezed, pinched and slapped my tender breasts and nipples.  
  
When I began to cry and hot tears ran down my face that just seemed to make her even more aroused. When my vision was so blurry from crying that I could barely see, Donna began to remove her clothes. The first thing she did was remove her belt from her jeans and I feared she would use it to whip my already sore breasts, but she pulled down her tight jeans, stepped out of them and continued to strip until the was totally naked.  
  
I wanted to wipe the tears from eyes so I could get a better look at her. It seemed that she had a very beautiful body, but my hands were bound helplessly behind my back and I was forced to view her naked body through tear streaked vision.  
  
"On your knees, Slave girl," she said and I struggled to get to my knees without falling down. There are so many times we take our hands for granted. But when they're bound behind your back you realize how dependent you are on them.  
  
"Knees apart," Donna ordered as she towered over me. "Remember, a well trained slave never allows her knees to touch. Keep that pretty pussy on display as much as possible."  
  
I followed orders and spread my knees apart, but without my hands to help it meant all my weight was on them as they slid across the carpet and I got rug burn on my knees. Donna didn't seem to notice the pained look on my face, or perhaps she just didn't care. At any rate, she grabbed my head and thrust it into her crotch. "Show me you have some skill with that tongue, Slave," she said. "Make me cum."  
  
It was difficult without my hands, but I followed Donna's orders. At first I stuck my tongue inside of her and tasted her juices as she moaned and thrust her hips. She guided my head with her hands and I just thrust my tongue wherever she pointed my head. It seemed to me that she was masturbating herself and my head was just the tool she was using.  
  
Then she screamed out, "Suck my clit! Suck it! Suck it, girl!" I couldn't see it at first because my vision was still blurry, but using my tongue and my lips I quickly found her swollen clit by the way that it felt. Then trapping it between my teeth I sucked on it for all I was worth. Donna began to spasm almost immediately and her hips rocked my face back and forth while I tried to hang on.   
  
She screamed in Italian and fell to the floor as he body convulsed in orgasm. She gripped my head tight and I fell down on the floor with her. Without my arms to break the fall I landed like a sack of potatoes. Then Donna continued to hold my face near her pussy as she panted and gasped.  
  
I must have lay there for a good fifteen minutes, before Gretchen grabbed me by my long, blonde hair and pulled me up off the floor. "Ow, that hurts," I exclaimed. Gretchen ignored my pain and ordered me to kneel again with my knees far apart. She helped me get into position and then I noticed that Gretchen was just as naked as I.   
  
I took a moment to admire her lean thighs and flat tummy. And just a few inches below her navel was her neatly trimmed pussy. Her inner labia had swelled and emerged. And her clit had swollen and peeked out of its hood. When had Gretchen become this aroused? Was it while Donna was using my face to grind herself to orgasm? Or was it earlier? Was it when Donna tied me up? Or maybe when my naked ass was spanked raw by half a dozen strangers? Was it while she watched my nipples get pinched and my breasts abused?  
  
While I pondered these questions Gretchen made me lick her to orgasm. Donna had me bring her to orgasm one more time and Gretchen had me service her twice more. I was amazed at how many times they were able to achieve orgasm. Gretchen didn't normally cum more than once a day. Was it seeing me punished and humiliated that made her sexual appetite so much greater?  
  
While I remained kneeling Donna cleaned up and got dressed. Gretchen kissed Donna goodnight and I felt a twinge of jealousy. How dare Donna kiss my girlfriend? Donna must have caught the look in my eye because she gave me a disdainful look and said, "She's not your girlfriend this week so wipe that possessive look off your face."  
  
I tried to force my face into a more neutral expression and then Gretchen added, "You need to stop thinking like I'm your girlfriend. Get that thought out of your head. I'm your owner."  
  
I nodded my head in agreement and then she said, "Say it."  
  
In a defeated tone of voice I muttered, "You're my owner."  
  
"Louder," Donna and Gretchen both ordered in unison.  
  
"You're my owner!" I said. "I'm your property!"  
  
"Again," Gretchen ordered.  
  
I was made to say it again and again while Gretchen and Donna kissed. I could feel my sense of self worth slip a little bit more each time I said it. By the time Gretchen told me to stop I felt like my life was over.  
  
All the fight had gone out of me by this point. I was physically and emotionally exhausted. As a result, I didn't resist at all when Donna and Gretchen forced me down to the floor and tied me with my arms and legs far apart. I was so despondent and so crushed that it didn't ever occur to me that I would be forced to remain in this helpless and humiliating position all night.  
  
Donna added to my humiliation by shoving a pillow underneath my hips. Donna said it was so I didn't stain the carpet with my juices. She even stuck a finger inside of me to demonstrate how wet it became inside my pussy.  
  
However I think her real reason for doing this was to put my pussy more on view and to make me feel more exposed than ever. Gretchen took several pictures of me in this position and then walked Donna to the door. I could hear Donna and my owner making small talk for several minutes with the door open and wondered if anybody in the hallway could see me. Most likely the bed closest to the door would block their view, but the fact that Gretchen would leave the door open while I was naked and spread wide open and helpless spoke volumes to me about how much our relationship had changed.  
  
Eventually I heard the door close, then I heard Gretchen in the bathroom. Eventually the lights went out and I heard the creak of springs as Gretchen got into bed.   
  
When I realized I was to spend the whole night like that, I began to cry. While Gretchen slept in a large, comfortable bed, sexually satisfied, I was to sleep on the floor with my wrists and ankles bound with rope, my hips thrust up in an obscene manner and my clit swollen with growing sexual frustration.

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I awoke that morning on the floor, naked, my wrists and ankles bound with rope and my exposed sex wet and swollen.  
  
I wanted a nice, hot bath to sooth my aching muscles. I wanted to rub the sleepy dirt out of my eyes. I wanted to masturbate furiously so I could get rid of the urgent, throbbing, insistent need between my legs.  
  
Of course I was denied all of these things. Gretchen had robbed me of the ability to satisfy even the most basic of my physical needs. Somewhere in the back of my mind was a voice that whispered to me and told me that I had always craved this sense of helplessness and was just too afraid to ask for it.  
  
I tried to ignore the voice by struggling against the ropes that bound me. The ropes were tight and scratchy, and it hurt my wrists and ankles to pull against them, but the pain was a welcome alternative to thinking about how I might actually enjoy being helpless and publicly humiliated.  
  
"Well, look who's awake," I heard Gretchen's familiar voice say from only a few feet away. "I've been awake for almost two hours."  
  
I looked up and caught a glimpse of my girlfriend. Oops! I'm not supposed to call her that anymore. I caught a glimpse of my owner. This whole week I'm her property. It's all nice and legal according to Sessian law.  
  
I couldn't get a good look at her since I was bound on the floor, but I could see she was already dressed. "It took forever to fall asleep last night," I said in a sad voice that I hoped would elicit sympathy. "It's hard to fall asleep in a position like this. My quadriceps and lower back were sore all night. They still are."  
  
"Yes," Gretchen agreed. "They would be."  
  
She knelt down and gave me a wicked smile. Then she slowly ran a finger from my breastbone to my pelvis, stopping just before she reached my pussy. I reflexively flinched.   
  
"You look so helpless and vulnerable in this position," Gretchen informed me in a soft purring voice. "And that look on your face..."  
  
Gretchen didn't elaborate, but I assumed that the look on my face was a look of misery or fear. Was that how Gretchen wanted me to look? Did she find that arousing? This was all new and scary territory for me. I'd never seen this side of Gretchen before.  
  
She kissed me gently on the forehead, then stood up. "We've got a big day ahead of us," Gretchen said, suddenly all business. "These women will clean you up and get you presentable before we go out into public."  
  
"Women?" I asked, straining my neck to look up and see as much of the room as possible.   
  
Four women in maid's uniforms closed in on me. They were very businesslike and proceeded to take charge of me with minimal conversation and maximum efficiency. First they untied me and then they forced me to stand up and walk to the restroom. They seemed not notice or care that my muscles were sore from being tied up all night, and my pleas for patience were ignored.  
  
Gretchen stood in the bathroom doorway and spoke to them in Italian. I couldn't understand a word they were saying, but I got the impression that it was some sort of instructions or orders. The oldest of the maids responded in Italian in a way that sounded very obedient yet unenthusiastic.  
  
One of the younger maids filled the bathtub with warm water while the two tallest of the maids held onto my arms. Perhaps this was to keep me from attempting to escape. Or perhaps it was to keep me from falling down. My legs were weak from the way they were tied far apart all night and I welcomed the support they gave me.  
  
They ordered me around in Italian and rapidly became impatient when I failed to follow their instructions right away. I was ordered to step into the tub when it was halfway filled with water and ordered to move this way and that so that they could lather, scrub and dry various parts of my body.  
  
They were more gentle than Gretchen had been, but in some ways this was worse than being washed by Gretchen.  
  
Eventually I realized why this was worse. In our society maids are considered one of the lowest of the low. Normally they're invisible. People never notice them in hotels. They just put a sign on their door when they want their room cleaned and go out for the day. When people return to their rooms the room is clean as if by magic. Maids are necessary, but nobody ever talks to them or acknowledges their existence.  
  
However Gretchen had turned me over to this quartet of unsmiling women so that they could wash my naked body, dry my naked body, wash and style my hair, brush my teeth and apply my makeup. To make matters worse they eventually gave up on giving me verbal instructions and just grabbed, pushed or pulled to get me to cooperate with their tasks. It was almost like they were grooming an animal.   
  
When it was time to get out of the tub strong hands simply grabbed me by the arms and the hair and forced me to stand up and step out of the tub. Strong hands indicated where to place my hands and my feet while they busied themselves drying my body with a towel. Strong fingers forced my mouth open so they could brush my teeth.   
  
I allowed myself to be touched, washed, dried, brushed, manipulated and moved about like a pet being groomed and did not complain or resist.  
  
But, of course I really didn't have a choice anyway. If I resisted, the maids outnumbered me four to one and could easily overpower me. Or Gretchen could call hotel security and have them restrain me. Complaining would do no good. I was officially Gretchen's property. Everything she had done to me was nice and legal.   
  
When they were finished grooming me, two of the maids grabbed my arms and led me out of the bathroom and out to where Gretchen was standing.  
  
At this point Gretchen was no longer alone in the hotel room. She had apparently ordered room service and a young man in a hotel uniform chatted politely while Gretchen signed for the food and wrote in a tip.  
  
Both Gretchen and the young man paused when I entered and the young man ran his eyes up and down my naked body, making no effort to hide the lust in his eyes. He said something in Italian and everybody in the room laughed at what was certainly a joke at my expense.  
  
My face felt hot and my chest felt tight. It was bad enough when women leered at my naked body, but when the men did it, it was much worse.   
  
The maids shouted commands to me in Italian and when I didn't obey, they forced my legs apart and yanked my shoulders back. They forced my chin up and made me put my hands behind my neck. They made certain that my knees were straight as well as my spine.  
  
Gretchen walked around and inspected me. She paid special attention to my hair and my makeup. When she was satisfied, she gave the maids some money and sent them on their way. The employee with the food cart was exceedingly slow in leaving and kept giving me lustful looks. I wanted to yell at him and cover my naked body, but I knew that would only earn me more punishments.  
  
Breakfast was a rushed affair as Gretchen had plans and wanted to get out and about as soon as possible. I obeyed Gretchen's orders and ate as quickly as I could, but then made the mistake of asking for coffee.  
  
"I get coffee," Gretchen replied, "but slaves take whatever food they are given and are grateful for it. Understand?"  
  
I gave Gretchen a look meant to elicit sympathy and used my most pleading voice. "But Mistress," I begged, "I always have coffee in the morning! Ever since I was fifteen! There's no way I can wake up in the morning without it!"  
  
Apparently that was the wrong thing to say. Gretchen got this sadistic smile on her face and stared at me for a long time without speaking. I knew from her look that something bad was coming.  
  
"I can see we have a problem," Gretchen finally said in a tone that was disturbingly pleasant.   
  
"I can't have a sleepy, lethargic slave. I simply must find a way to wake you up in the morning!"  
  
Her words sounded innocent enough and her tone was friendly and pleasant. Only the look on her face indicated that I was in trouble. My heart beat faster and I wanted to run, but where could a slave run to? I was naked and had a slave collar locked around my neck. I wouldn't get more than a hundred yards before I was captured.  
  
"Ah, I have it!" Gretchen said with exaggerated emoting. "Every morning you shall have a brisk and enthusiastic spanking! It will get your heart beating and make certain that you're wide awake to start the new day!"  
  
My shoulders slumped in defeat and my head drooped. My bottom was still sore from yesterday's spanking, but now that I had walked into Gretchen's trap there was no way out of it. Arguing would just give her an excuse to punish me even further.  
  
I waited for my mistress to give me the order to climb over her lap for my spanking, however it wasn't to be that simple. Gretchen was in a creative mood and had devised something far more humiliating.  
  
I nervously waited for Gretchen's next orders, however instead of ordering me over her lap she grabbed some hotel stationary and began to write.  
  
I hadn't been a slave for long, but I knew better than to interrupt my mistress while she went about her business. I quietly waited for my mistress to tell me what her plans were and stood very still with my hands at my sides.  
  
When she was done writing, she folded up her page and stuffed it into an envelope. She sealed the envelope and handed it to me. I obediently accepted what my mistress gave me, still with no idea the implications of what this meant for me.  
  
"Okay, Slave," Gretchen said, still smiling, "you are to take this envelope down to the lobby without opening it. You are to choose a person from the lobby and hand the envelope to them. Wait for them to read it, and then you are to follow any orders that they give you."  
  
I looked at the envelope in my hand as if it were a poisonous reptile. I now had a very good idea what Gretchen had written in her note and wasn't looking forward to handing it to anyone. I tried to think of a way out of the predicament I was in, but no solution came to mind.  
  
"You're dawdling, Slave," Gretchen said in a lecturing tone. "When I give an order, I expect it to be carried out quickly".  
  
"Yes, Mistress," I replied. "Sorry, Mistress!"  
  
I backed out of our hotel room and bumped into a young, married couple as I awkwardly backed into the hallway. "Oh my lord," the man exclaimed. "She's not wearing a stitch," his wife added.  
  
The husband blushed and the wife had a shocked look on her face. Her eyes went wide and her mouth made a perfect "O" shape. I took a step back and touched the slave collar around my neck.  
  
"I-I'm not allowed to wear clothing," I said nervously, embarrassed to have to explain my unfortunate position. "I'm a slave."  
  
"Certainly not!" the wife exclaimed, apparently ignorant of Sessian law. She and her husband were both tourists from the U.K. and were shocked to find that slavery was legal in Sessia.  
  
I let both of them read the tag on my slave collar, but they still looked in shock when they finally went back to their room.  
  
The commotion had caught people's attention and at least seven people came out of their rooms to get a good look at the naked girl. I wanted to make an angry, sarcastic comment and make them stop staring at my naked body, but slaves do not do such things. Instead I walked my naked ass to the elevators as quickly as I could without seeming like I was running away.  
  
Like an idiot, I assumed that the elevator would provide me with protection and privacy and hide my nudity from the public.  
  
How wrong I was.  
  
When the elevator doors slid open, I was greeted with the shocked expressions on the faces of five passengers. For a few seconds I just stood there, uncertain if I should step into the crowded elevator car or not. Were the five people in this elevator car worse than the perverts in the hall?  
  
I was frozen with indecision and probably would have remained that way until the elevator doors closed, but somebody in the hallway snuck up behind me and pinched me on the bottom.  
  
It was so sudden and so unexpected, that I gasped and jumped forward. I placed one hand over my buttocks to protect it (illegal by Sessian law) and turned my head to see who had pinched me, but the elevator doors had already started to close and I only got a glimpse of dark blue fabric. I couldn't even tell if the pincher was male or female. By jumping forward as I did, I ended up pressed into one of the other passengers on the elevator. "Sorry," I said weakly after bumping into him. "Somebody pinched my bottom, and I just sort of ... overreacted."  
  
The young man had wrapped his arms around me when he and I impacted. That was a normal and reflexive thing to do in order to keep his balance, but now that the initial impact was over the polite thing to do would be to let go of me.  
  
It took me a second to realize that I was a naked girl in a man's arms, and that men are not known for quickly or easily giving up a prize like a naked woman.  
  
Of course as a slave I had no right to ask him to let me go or to try and squirm out of his grasp. Luckily for me, a form, confident female voice rang out and said, "Eric, a proper gentleman would let go of that girl right now."  
  
"Yes, of course, Mother," replied Eric as he took his hands off of me and stepped back a few inches. He affected a look with his face and body language that seemed to say, "I wasn't thinking any improper thoughts! I am always a proper and innocent British gentleman! Really!"  
  
Eric's mother was middle aged and was visibly blushing at the sight of my nudity. Obviously not used to seeing naked people in public, she was still trying to maintain as much order and dignity for her family as possible.  
  
With some difficulty Eric's mother removed her overcoat and tried to offer it to me. "Put this on, Dear," she said. I don't imagine you're overly comfortable with every soul in this hotel seeing you naked."  
  
My first instinct was to accept her kind offer, but as a slave I would have gotten into a great deal of trouble for wearing any clothing at all. So, with much reluctance I was forced to very politely decline her offer.  
  
This created some confusion, and I ended up having to explain to Eric's mother, father and sister (the elevator was rather crowded with all five of us in there by the way) about slavery in Sessia and how it was illegal for slaves to wear clothing of any kind.  
  
When the elevator reached the lobby level, the whole family got out with me. The mother led her son and husband away from me (must keep the boys away from the naughty naked lady), but the daughter still had questions for me and the mother seemed to think it was acceptable if it was just the two of us. After all girls don't lust after other girls, do they? Why, she could even act as my protector if any lustful males came sniffing about, couldn't she?  
  
I answered the teenage daughter's questions as politely and accurately as I could, however I soon noticed signs that her interest in me wasn't purely scholarly.  
  
She held the lock on my slave collar to see how securely it was attached and confirmed that it couldn't be removed without a key. Then she checked the tag on my slave collar and read it at least three times. Finally she pulled out a pen and a scrap of paper and wrote down all the information off of my tag.  
  
"What's a good time to call?" she asked, licking her lips and giving me a seductive look after placing her pen and paper back in her purse.  
  
It wasn't until after she gave me that look that I realized how attractive she was. She was very slender, but still had girlish curves in all the right places. She was my height (which made her pretty tall) and had a very cute face with full lips, a tiny delicate nose and high cheek bones. Her eyes were a deep, deep blue and her hair was a golden blonde. And it was styled by somebody who knew what they were doing. It was long and wavy, but in an expertly styled way. Somebody went to a lot of trouble to make that hair look good.  
  
"What's a good time to call?" she repeated. This time her voice was louder and more insistent.  
  
I had been so surprised by her question and caught up on a wave of instant attraction that my mouth just couldn't/wouldn't work for a few seconds. Also, I had no idea at first that this girl was a lesbian. Did her mother know? Did she even suspect?  
  
No. She had been very definite about keeping her son and husband from making ogling me or touching me in any way. If she knew there was even the slightest possibility of her daughter having a sexual interest in me, she would have kept her daughter away too.  
  
"Time," I said, my mouth suddenly very dry. "I'm not sure. My owner is taking me to the punishment park today. I'm not sure what time we'll be getting back."  
  
I was actually shaking slightly in anticipation. I was hoping to see this girl again very soon ... without her family impeding things.  
  
"Gretchen Starke? That's your owner?" she asked.  
  
I nodded my head in agreement.  
  
"I'll be calling," she said, and she kissed me on the forehead. "Now, I must be going. If I don't catch up, Mother will be getting suspicious."  
  
She rapidly made her way across the lobby and disappeared. I was sad to see her go, but I looked forward to meeting up with her again. She was one of the most attractive women I'd ever met and the sound of her voice was just so somehow sexually suggestive and proper at the same time. It was a British thing I suppose.   
  
So infatuated was I by this blonde, British girl that I totally forgot about the envelope in my hand. I had to give it to somebody and I had now lost the opportunity to give it to a girl who was both gorgeous and had a definite sexual interest in me.  
  
Mentally kicking myself, I shifted my weight from one foot to another and looked around the lobby for another candidate to give the envelope to. The lobby was filled mostly with men. I saw a hotel security guard, a bellhop, a front desk clerk and several male guests, but at the moment it looked as if I was the only female in the lobby.   
  
Then, suddenly I saw a woman dressed in corporate attire come out and speak to the front desk clerk. She handed him some files and they chatted for about a minute, before she walked away. She was headed for an "employees only" area, so I had to move fast.  
  
I made my way up to the front desk as quickly as I could and tried not to look desperate. "Excuse me," I said just as she was opening the door that would take her from the hotel lobby.  
  
"Yes?" she asked in a polite, professional tone, "What can I do for you?"  
  
She wasn't as attractive as the blonde girl, and her body language and facial expression indicated that she was only helping me because it was part of her job to help guests of the hotel, but she was female, and there was no way that I wanted a man putting me over his lap or spanking my naked ass. And I was pretty certain that Gretchen's letter was all about me being spanked ... or possibly something even worse.  
  
I nervously handed her the envelope, and with some difficulty forced the words out of my mouth. "My mistress says I need to give this to somebody in the hotel lobby."  
  
The woman took the envelope and reached in a drawer for a letter opener. "I don't actually work in the lobby," the woman informed me. "I work in the back, in accounting. I could give this to one of the lobby staff if you'd like."  
  
I looked around the lobby and saw only male faces. Several of them were giving me lustful smirks. No way did I want to give this envelope to any of them.  
  
"Please, just read it," I said, desperately. "My Mistress said I could choose the person I gave it to, and I really don't want to give this to anybody ... male."  
  
She gave me a suspicious look, but silently took the letter from the envelope and read it.   
  
Then she looked at me and read the letter again.  
  
"You're sure you want me to do this?" she asked.

"No," I replied. "But I have my orders. And slaves who disobey orders get punished pretty severely."  
  
"Very well," she replied. "I'm going to go show this to my boss, and then I'll be right back. Don't go anywhere."  
  
Where was I going to go? I was naked, with a slave collar around my neck. If I tried to leave the hotel, I'd be captured as a runaway slave and severely punished. If I tried going back to my hotel room without following the instructions in that envelope I'd be punished.  
  
After the girl left the lobby, the male employees and hotel guests seemed to be even more open about staring at me.  
  
On some sort of masochistic impulse I placed my hands behind my back and allowed my knees to spread apart. I'd get punished if I covered myself, so why not go to the other extreme and expose myself as much as possible? I was a slave after all!  
  
I felt my face burn hot with embarrassment as men with wolfish grins moved in for a closer look. Not willing to make eye contact with them, I lowered my gaze and looked at the floor.  
  
It seemed like hours before the girl came back. In addition to her boss, she also brought back a metal folding chair. She set this down in the lobby and then placed a hand on my arm.  
  
"Miss Schlank," she said, causing me to look up, "this is my supervisor.  
  
I looked at the woman she'd brought with her. She was dressed in the same sort of corporate attire as the girl I gave the envelope to. She had her hair up in a formal looking bun and she wore glasses. However she had a look on her face similar to that of the men. She seemed to be enjoying my public humiliation.  
  
"Miss Schlank?" the supervisor replied. "Beverly, don't be so formal. She's a slave. You don't call a slave 'Miss Schlank'. It's a title of respect. You don't have to be respectful to slaves!"  
  
The girl named Beverly seemed to think about this for a few seconds and then finally tried again.  
  
"Very well, I'll call her slave girl, shall I?"  
  
Beverly's supervisor nodded with approval and then Beverly explained what was going to happen.  
  
"Your Mistress wants you to be spanked. She left very specific instructions. You're to lie across my lap and not get off until I tell you. You're to keep your hands on the floor, palms down. You're not to move your hands to your bottom and try to block any of the swats as I spank your bottom. You're not to beg for mercy or ask me to stop. Do you understand?" My heart sped up with panic and excitement, and I felt an urge to back away and try to escape my punishment, but instead stood there and replied, "I understand".  
  
Beverly set up her metal folding chair and then gave me a look of impatience. Her eyes and her voice had absolutely no sympathy whatsoever, when she finally said, "alright slave girl, get over my lap."  
  
Obediently I bent over and lay across her lap. Her tweed slacks felt rough against my naked thighs and the floor tiles felt cold on my fingers and the palms of my hands as I obeyed orders and rested them there. I looked down at the floor and waited for the first blow to land on my naked and vulnerable ass.  
  
I tried to be brave, however Beverly was stronger than she looked and swatted my naked, upturned, vulnerable ass with far more force than I would have thought possible. She was a slender girl, with skinny arms and soft looking hands, but she spanked my ass with such force that it hurt with the very first blow.  
  
I began yelping after the second blow. I closed my eyes tight and screamed and struggled to maintain the proper pose, but it was almost impossible. I had no idea it would hurt so much!  
  
I kept hoping that her arm would get tired, but she was like a machine. She kept slapping my naked cheeks over and over and over. She would hit the same spot over and over, hurting more each time, then start on a new spot.  
  
Soon I was screaming in pain and sobbing as hot, wet tears slid down my face. Beverly seemed not to notice. She just continued spanking ... very hard and very rhythmically. She assaulted my ass and my thighs without ever slowing down or breaking rhythm. When I could no longer bear the pain and my left hand shot up to try and protect my buttocks, she quickly grabbed my wrist and pinned it to the small of my back.  
  
"I told you, you're not allowed to do that," she said in a very calm tone of voice and then resumed spanking my naked bottom.  
  
She was so much stronger than she looked! Her grip on my wrist was like iron, and if anything her blows raining down on my poor, upturned ass came down even harder. I screamed and kicked my legs and tears slid down my face, but Beverly never wavered from her task and just continued to punish my ass mercilessly.  
  
After what seemed like hours (but was really more like two or three minutes) the spanking stopped.  
  
I was still sobbing loudly, so it was hard for me to hear Beverly when she spoke next.  
  
"Now, get off my lap and get onto the floor . . . hands and knees, please. And while you're down there, you need to kiss my feet. Her tone was lacking in malice, but firm and businesslike. It was clear that she had not giving me an option to disobey.   
  
Even through all the pain and the crying, I still managed to feel humiliated and ridiculous. My naked ass (which was now very red) was pointed directly at the voyeuristic men in the lobby. My face was lowered almost to the floor as I lowered my lips to Beverly's very sensible shoes and planted kisses on each of them.   
  
When I was done with that task, Beverly informed me that I was supposed to thank her for my punishment. I was still sobbing and my throat was raw from screaming, so my verbal skills were greatly diminished, but I finally managed to get the words out.  
  
Tears slid down my face and landed on this girl's shoes. I was wondering if I would get in trouble for that, when I heard Gretchen's familiar voice from a short distance away.  
  
"What an excellent job," she said. "A very thorough spanking if ever I saw one!"  
  
Since I hadn't been given permission to get up off the floor, I stayed there on my hands and knees while Gretchen and Beverly chatted. Apparently Beverly had followed Gretchen's instructions to the letter and Gretchen attempted to get Beverly to spank me every morning for as long as we guests there at the hotel.  
  
Beverly tried to talk her way out of it, however Beverly's supervisor was very much in favor of the idea. Then another voice (the leader of their marketing department) insisted that it could be good publicity and bring an audience into the lobby every morning. They'd have to publicize it of course, but it could draw a large number of people in.  
  
Eventually Beverly accepted when somebody offered her sixty euros a day to give me my morning spanking. More people showed up and began to discuss how to promote and manage the event. A female voice insisted on the need for greater security in the lobby, due to the fact that promoting such an event would attract a certain amount of riff raff.   
  
Hotel staff hammered out the details and planned my public humiliation while I remained on my hands and knees without being allowed any input whatsoever. It was just another way of reinforcing of my slave status. Slaves had no say in how they were treated. Nobody ever consulted a slave to see if their punishments were too humiliating or too painful. Decisions were simply made, and the slave would do as she was told. It was a simple system and if I didn't like it, there was nothing I could say or do to change it.  
  
I was feeling helpless and sorry for myself, and didn't think things could get any worse for me, but before we left Gretchen pulled me close and leaned forward as if she was going to kiss me, but instead whispered in my ear, "I saw you put your hand up to block that girl's hand from spanking you."  
  
I felt a sense of panic as she imparted this information to me. I instantly knew I was in trouble. My chest felt tight and I could feel my heart beating faster in my chest even before the next words came out of her mouth.  
  
"That's just one more thing I'll have to punish you for today. You're going to be a very unhappy slave girl by the time we leave the punishment park."  
  
\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*  
  
Before Gretchen took me to the punishment park, there were two humiliating ordeals she forced me to go through.   
  
The first ordeal was at a beauty salon. That introductory sentence doesn't even begin to prepare you to understand just how bad the experience was. For starters I had to stand there naked in the lobby while women with arrogant smirks on their faces got their fingernails and toenails painted. They openly stared at my naked body while I was forced to stand there, without being able to cover myself.  
  
However I wasn't in the lobby for long. Soon I was led into the back for a bikini wax.  
  
When I was led past the smirking, arrogant ladies, they got a good look at my spanked, red bottom and they all commented loudly and openly upon seeing it.  
  
"Oh, that poor dear!" one of them exclaimed. "Her bottom's all red!"  
  
"So?," another woman commented. "I'm sure she did something to deserve a spanking!"  
  
"Better her than me!" a third woman remarked.  
  
Apparently this last remark was considered witty, as all of the female patrons laughed heartily at this.  
  
\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*  
  
In the back room, a petite girl with short, dark hair tried to put me at ease. She'd performed the waxing procedure many times before and told me that everybody was nervous about it. That was only natural.  
  
She helped me up onto a bed and had me spread my legs for her. She very diplomatically refrained from commenting on how wet my pubic slit was.   
  
If you've never had a bikini wax before, allow me to inform you of exactly how this painful and intimate procedure is actually done.  
  
First a thick, sticky liquid (not actual wax) is heated up, then spread on a clean strip of white cloth. The white cloth (sticky side down) is pressed firmly into the skin of the intended victim. Finally when the sticky glop has sufficiently adhered to the victim's skin and body hair, it is ripped away from the skin in one quick motion, pulling scores of the victims hair out by the roots.  
  
This is painful when done to any area of the human body, but the skin around the genitals and anus is especially sensitive.  
  
There was a loud RIPPING sound as the innocent looking girl ripped dozens of my pubic hairs out by their roots and I screamed in pain.  
  
This seemed to go on for hours, but in actuality took less than fifteen minutes.  
  
The hairs around my anus were longer and easier for the girl to pull out, but caused so much pain when she ripped them out that I had tears running down my face.  
  
It seemed like this painful experience went on for hours, however it probably took only twenty or thirty minutes.  
  
When it was over I just wanted to curl into a ball and sob to myself until the pain went away. However Gretchen insisted that I behave like a proper slave. I was ordered to thank this girl for her time and then get down on my hands and knees and kiss her feet.  
  
The girl protested that it wasn't necessary, but Gretchen was the boss and I ended up down on my hands and knees on the cold tile floor, kissing the girl's white sneakers with their white laces until Gretchen told me I could get up.  
  
\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*  
  
Our next stop was at a store that that sold bondage and corporal punishment type gear. Gretchen was the only patron in the store with a naked slave, so she got special attention. She was met by the store manager and a very attractive sales girl.  
  
The manager was very warm and welcoming to Gretchen, but didn't even bother to speak to me. Gretchen had all the money. As a naked slave, I obviously had none.  
  
Gretchen was complimented on being a slave owner, however she was told that it was a mistake for her to allow me to have my hands free. Apparently keeping a slave bound and helpless at all times was very important.  
  
Within seconds, my arms were forced behind my back and my wrists were bound together by cold, stainless steel handcuffs. Gretchen inspected them and asked how much they cost. Apparently the price seemed reasonable to her, as she agreed to buy them.  
  
Next, the manager picked out a leash that was mostly a stainless steel chain, but also had a black, leather handle at one end. The other end was clipped onto my slave collar and then the salesgirl tugged on the leash, forcing me to follow her. She walked me all around the store, moving fast and making sharp, unexpected turns. It was difficult to keep up and without my arms to protect me, my poor breasts were painfully bumped into several customers (who seemed very unmotivated to get out of my way), one store employee, a metal display rack and a mannequin.  
  
Gretchen then took possession of the leather handle of the leash and led me around the store . . . thankfully not bumping my poor breasts into anything.  
  
After Gretchen agreed to purchase the leash, a ball gag was taken from a display rack and forced into my mouth. The manager gave a long speech about the importance of slaves not being allowed to speak and the more and more I was forced to listen, the less and less I felt like a real human being. She talked about me as if I were a dog that needed to be controlled and trained and restrained so that I would never defy Gretchen's will.  
  
Gretchen then mentioned that she'd like to look at some items for punishing my bottom. The salesgirl then uncuffed one of my wrists and then moved my hands in front of me so that my wrists could be bound in front.  
  
Then I was bent over a counter, so that my ass was sticking up and several items were brought forth, so that Gretchen could try each one on my bottom and see which she liked best.  
  
They all hurt.  
  
If not for the gag, I would have been screaming in pain. However, with the large rubber ball forcing my mouth open and my tongue to the bottom of my mouth, I could only make vague, muffled noises that did not adequately convey my pain or outrage.  
  
Gretchen's favorite was the riding crop (very painful), however she also agreed to buy a small wooden paddle and a thin leather instrument of pain called a "quirt".  
  
There were tears running down my face after the demonstration of corporal punishment products. I was trying to cope with the pain of what I'd just endured when Gretchen said she wanted to purchase some items without me being able to see what they were.   
  
They started speaking in hushed tones after that, and then the salesgirl came grabbed me by my arms and helped me to stand up. Once standing, she led me over to an area where there were changing booths. I was led into one of the booths and told to be a "good girl", while my Mistress completed her shopping.  
  
Then she took my hands (which were still cuffed in front of me) and helped me lift them up over my head. "Now, be a good girl and keep them there," she advised me.  
  
Within seconds she produced a stainless steel device, that she clipped to a metal ring that was set into the ceiling. There was another clip on the other end of the device that she clipped to the handcuff chain. Just two quick clips and I was trapped. Until I was released, I would be unable to lower my arms or leave the changing room.  
  
The salesgirl gave me a seductive smile and told me how cute I looked all bound and helpless like that. Then she said that she'd like to stay and do all kinds of "evil" things to me, but she had to get back to work.  
  
I tried to speak, but with the ball gag in my mouth, all that came out was, "Pfmmm". I would have loved for her to touch me all over and then thrust her fingers inside me. I was so sexually frustrated that I'd probably come within seconds.  
  
However all she did was kiss me on the forehead and fondle my breasts a bit. Then she left the changing room and closed the curtain behind her.  
  
I wondered how long I'd be left there, with a gag in my mouth and my hands bound over my head. When Gretchen is shopping, she can go on for hours, and already my arms and shoulders were beginning to grow tired from holding this position. Not to mention the fact that my jaw ached from being forced open by the ball gag. Also, I had to continually swallow in order to keep from drooling on myself.  
  
I had no way to accurately measure time, while I was bound there, however it seemed to be perhaps twenty to forty minutes later that a young, innocent looking girl with short hair parted the curtain to my room and came in.  
  
With the gag in my mouth I couldn't say anything, but I gave out a startled, "Whhtth!" sound as she entered the dressing room.  
  
The girl's eyes went wide at first and she even apologized. "I'm sorry" she said. "I thought this changing room was unoccupied."  
  
Then realization dawned upon her. I wasn't another customer, with a right to privacy. I was a naked, bound a collared slave. She didn't have to apologize to me. She didn't have to show me any type of respect or consideration at all.  
  
Suddenly a playful smirk spread across her face and she stepped forward, closing the curtain behind her. "This is too good an opportunity to pass up," she whispered to me.   
  
She dropped some leather pants and a corset on the floor and once both of her hands were free, she immediately took my breasts into her hands and began fondling them. I made moaning sounds into my gag, which she seemed to take as encouragement. She then began to fondle and squeeze my breasts even harder.  
  
After about five minutes of this, she began to pinch my nipples. This hurt like hell, but with my hands bound above my head there was nothing I could do to stop her. I tried to scream, but all that came out was a muffled, "Uummphh!" sound.  
  
The look on the girl's face was utter bliss. She looked rather young and this was probably the first time she had a naked girl that she could play with. I guessed that she was a closeted lesbian who lived at home with her parents and had to pretend to be straight for the sake of peace in the family home. If not for the gag in my mouth, I might have asked her if this was the case, but as matters stood I couldn't say a word to her.  
  
After my breasts were well manhandled, she kissed me on the forehead, picked up her leather goods off the floor and left the changing room.  
  
She left the curtain open when she left, and I tried to call her back to close it, but all that came out was "Whht Chmm bhhh!"  
  
This was very unfortunate and stressful for me, as the next person to find me was a tall, well-dressed woman in her early to mid-forties.  
  
I'm a lesbian, so obviously I like being touched by women, but being touched by a woman who's old enough to be my mother just seems creepy.  
  
She fondled my ass and thighs, both of which were still sore from the hand spanking, the riding crop and the quirt. I squirmed in pain and the older woman's touch, which she took as a sign of sexual arousal.  
  
Then she touched me in between my legs. Everything in that general are was sore from when the girl at the beauty parlor yanked all of my pubic hair out by the roots. I flinched and squirmed and wished I could do something to protect my poor, abused venus mound, but I was bound and helpless.  
  
Then she stuck two fingers deep inside of me.   
  
"You're soaking wet," the older woman accused. "You're really enjoying this, aren't you?"  
  
I shook my head to indicate that I wasn't enjoying this at all. The only reason I was wet, was because I'd been kept naked for almost twenty-four hours, my clit and pubic lips were constantly being stroked and Gretchen was denying me permission to have an orgasm!  
  
She didn't like my response, so she took one of my public lips and pinched it hard. My pubic lips were already sore, and this new pain was so bad I screamed and struggled against the handcuffs. I yanked so hard I actually pulled up both feet off the floor and left raw, red marks on my wrists where the metal restraints bit into them.

"Oh, did you feel that?" the woman asked in a playful, arrogant tone of voice. Does that mean you don't want me to do it again?"  
  
I was too stunned to answer at first, so she grabbed a pubic lip on the other side and pinched that.   
  
The gag muffled my screams again and I squirmed and kicked my legs and pulled at my bonds some more. Tears flowed freely down my face until she eased up her grip.  
  
Finally, when I was able to hold still, she said, "Tell me that you enjoy me fondling you, or I'll pinch them again. Do you understand?"  
  
I nodded my head in agreement, and prayed that this painful, frightening episode would soon be over.  
  
Then she smiled and asked, "You're really enjoying this aren't you?"  
  
It was one of the most humiliating moments of my life, but I nodded my head in agreement, communicating to this woman (who was old enough to be my mother) that I enjoying her fondling my naked flesh and fingering my pussy.  
  
"You're a bad, little girl, aren't you?" she asked.  
  
I nodded my head in agreement, hoping that's the response that she was looking for.  
  
She spent several more minutes fondling me, fingering me and telling me what a bad girl I was for parading around naked in public and for wanting to have sex with other women. It was all so traumatic, I forgot to swallow and ended up drooling all over myself.  
  
Before she left, she reminded me once again what a naughty girl I was, and said she hoped that I was taken to the punishment park soon, so that I could get the harsh punishment I deserved.  
  
\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*  
  
That creepy woman got her wish. Approximately forty minutes later, Gretchen and I were at the main entrance to the punishment park. Gretchen was dressed in stylish leather boots, designer jeans and a brand new crewneck tee shirt, while I was barefoot, naked, hands bound behind my back and being led around by the leash that was attached to my slave collar.  
  
Admission to the punishment park normally cost sixty euros, however Gretchen got in free because she brought a naked slave with her, and the main reason people come to the punishment parks is to see the naked slaves.  
  
Gretchen got a map of the park, which showed the location of the bathrooms, a first aid office, a security office, a gift shop and (of course) the areas where the slaves are punished.  
  
There was a designated area for the heterosexual slaves, the gay male slaves and the lesbian slaves. Gretchen complained loudly about the fact that the area for the heterosexual slaves was at least three times bigger than the area for the lesbian slaves.   
  
Gretchen had taken the gag out of my mouth, but I knew better than to say anything. She could complain all she wanted, but if I were to say anything (even if it was to agree with her) without permission, I'd earn even more punishments.  
  
Before Gretchen led me to the lesbian section of the park, she led me to the security office. Some sadistic mind had decided that one of the services the security office should offer was free body cavity searches for all slaves that entered the punishment park.  
  
It served no purpose other than to humiliate the slaves. I mean . . . how could we possibly obtain and hide anything in our body cavities? By practice and tradition, the hands of slaves are kept bound most of the time. When and how could any of us grab and conceal any type of keys, lock picks or other contraband?  
  
When we entered the security office, there was already a naked male slave being subjected to a cavity search. His hands were pressed against a wall and he was leaning far forward with his legs far apart.  
  
He was shaking and tears were running down his face as a uniformed security guard roughly fingered his asshole and pretended to be searching for contraband. From the color of his slave collar I could tell he was heterosexual and thus he was almost certainly unaccustomed to having things shoved up his ass.   
  
I waited with nervous anticipation for my turn. The blonde slave boy whimpered and gritted his teeth as the security guard took her time and fingered his exposed, vulnerable anus.  
  
When she was done, she slapped his small, boyish buttocks and ordered him to stand up. His ass was already decorated with red marks and he yelped in pain when her hand made a loud SMACK against his naked ass.  
  
His mistress led him out on a leash, to "enjoy" the punishment park, and then it was my turn.  
  
The mouth is a body cavity and they did spend order me to open my mouth wide while they shined a small flashlight down my throat, but they were much more interested in inspecting my vagina and my anus.  
  
Gretchen unlocked me from my handcuffs and then the security guards ordered me into position. Just like the slave before me, I was made to stand with my legs far apart, bent over, with my hands pushed flat against the wall and me knees straight.  
  
The security guards took a lot of time to make certain that every detail of my position conformed to their specifications. It seemed to me that it was designed to make me feel as vulnerable and exposed as possible.  
  
After they were satisfied that nothing could be done to make my position any more humiliating, one guard took her sweet time snapping on a latex glove and getting into position behind me.  
  
I waited and waited. Every part of my body went tense, waiting for a latex, clad finger to penetrate a very tender part of my anatomy, however the security guard was content to make me wait. I held the position so long that my legs started to feel weak and sweat began to form on my torso and underneath my arms.  
  
Then, when I thought I couldn't take the suspense anymore, I felt the finger slide in deep, into my vagina.  
  
I moaned and felt an orgasm approaching as she fingered me, making only the slightest pretense of doing a cavity search, she roughly fingered my aching cunt and got me closer and closer to a screaming orgasm.  
  
I knew that if I had an orgasm without permission, I'd be punished horribly, but there was little I could do to stop it.  
  
Then, just when it seemed that it was impossible to stop a shuddering orgasm from ripping through my body, the security guard pinched one of my pubic lips and then withdrew the finger from my aching cunt.  
  
I began to sob and hot, wet tears slid down my face. I wasn't certain if I was crying because of the pain or because of the sexual frustration. Somehow I endured both and held the required position, although I trembled and shook slightly as I cried over what was being done to my poor, defenseless body.  
  
Then, without warning a huge blob of cold gel was forced against my tender, tiny anus and a finger forced it's way inside of me.   
  
"That's cold!," I exclaimed, almost falling over because of the shock of the finger coated in cold gel being forced into anal cavity.  
  
"What was that?" I heard Gretchen's stern voice ask, while the finger wriggled and probed inside of me. "Did you just speak without permission?"  
  
It was hard for me to think with that finger moving around inside of me, but I knew I was in trouble. Gretchen had already informed me that I wasn't to speak without getting permission, and here I just been caught in the act!  
  
And I was already inside the punishment park!  
  
"You'll have to be punished for that," Gretchen informed me. "Just as soon as this security guard is done searching you."  
  
Never had I felt do conflicted in my life! This cavity search was humiliating and demoralizing and I wanted it over as soon as possible, but as soon as it was over, Gretchen was going to take me out and do something to me that was agonizingly painful and public. Did I dread the cavity search stopping or did I dread it going on and on?  
  
In the end, it made little difference. The security guard never asked for my opinion and just went at her own pace. When she was done, she smacked my already sore buttocks and told me to stand up.  
  
The guard told Gretchen that I was clean and then the guard had the sadistic sense of humor to tell me to "enjoy the punishment park".  
  
Then Gretchen attached the leash to my collar and handcuffed my hands behind my back. She led me out of the security office and into the punishment park with a smug smile on her face. For my own part, I followed naked, on a leash and started to cry as I was helplessly led over to the whipping posts.

**Enslaved in Europe Ch. 06**

When I saw Gretchen was leading me over to the whipping posts, I assumed that I would be bound to one and Gretchen would whip me and that it would all be over rather quickly.  
  
Unbeknownst to me there's a lot of preparation and ceremony involved in these things. As a result it took at least twenty minutes for me to suffer through my first punishment.  
  
First there was the waiting. Even though there were sixteen whipping posts in the lesbian section of the punishment park, none of them were available at the time Gretchen led me over to them. I stared in both lust and horror as sixteen beautiful, naked women, bound to sixteen wooden vertical posts, screamed, struggled, flinched and sobbed through their unjust punishments. It was scary to watch as cruel leather whips turned these women's perfect smooth skin an angry pink or red color. Some of the female slaves had bruises and welts before their punishment was over.  
  
However it was also arousing. I'd never seen so many gorgeous, naked women in one place before. And they were forced to stand in a position with their arms over their heads, showing off their breasts and torso to their best advantage. I could definitely see why people would pay sixty euros to get into the punishment park. This was an erotic display worth seeing.  
  
An employee of the park pointed out to Gretchen that next to each whipping post was a sign. Each sign had large bold lettering, declaring what each slave was being punished for.   
  
A poor, unfortunate blonde slave with tears running down her cheeks was being whipped near a sign that read DISRESPECTFUL. Just a few feet away from her a gorgeous slave with pale skin and dark brown hair was being punished near a sing that read ATTEMPTED TO COVER HER NUDITY.  
  
The park employee wanted to know what I had done, so that she could prepare the proper sign for me. Gretchen replied that I had spoken without permission.  
  
"Oh, perfect," the park employee said. "We've got a sign placard all ready for that."  
  
The girl was so eager to be please and be helpful. The fact that this was all going to result in my naked skin being horribly and painfully abused didn't concern her in the least. My pain and humiliation didn't even enter into the equation. My concerns were totally unimportant.  
  
A naked, Asian girl was unchained from one of the whipping posts and I was led forward. Two women wearing white uniforms helped Gretchen unlock me from my handcuffs and made me press myself right up against the wooden post. Then they made me raise my arms so that my wrists could be bound in leather bondage cuffs that were secured by chains to the upper portion of the whipping post. They were very professional and efficient and within seconds I was chained and helpless.  
  
Then a plastic sign placard was inserted into a wooden holder in the sign post about twenty inches away from me. In large, bold easy-to-read font the sign declared SPOKE WITHOUT PERMISSION.   
  
The park employees decided to unclip my leash as it would likely just get in the way during my punishment. I looked over my shoulder and my eyes widened in fear as I saw Gretchen speaking with the park employees, trying to decide what whip to use on my naked skin.  
  
All of the whips looked painful, but some looked worse than others. They had bullwhips, buggy whips, dog whips, snake whips and stock whips. Gretchen eventually settled on an Australian stock whip and she paid the girl a small fee to use it on me.  
  
One of the park employees walked up and placed her hand gently on my naked back. "We're only going to give you twenty strokes, because this is your first time being whipped," the girl said. "But you must be very careful not to call out for mercy. You can scream if you like, but if you use words of any kind you'll have to be whipped a second time".  
  
The girl who was to whip me, stood to my left and showed me the whip Gretchen had chosen. It looked thin and vicious. I dreaded the pain it was soon to inflict upon me.  
  
"Kiss it," the girl ordered me.   
  
I didn't want to, but slaves do not disobey. I gently placed my lips on the whip and kissed it. Gretchen stood behind the girl and captured the moment by taking a photo with her digital camera. I was certain that it would only be one photo of many.  
  
The first blow wrapped around my waist. It hurt like hell and I screamed out loud, but it was an inarticulate scream with no words. I was working hard not to earn more punishments.  
  
The second blow stung the backs on my thighs and the third went across my back. They all hurt like hell! It was much more painful than a spanking! I flinched, stamped my feet and yanked on my wrist restraints. I knew I couldn't break free, but the whipping was so painful, my body couldn't help but react.  
  
I thought that a proper whipping would leave marks on my naked back, but leave the rest of my body alone. However the girl with the whip had other ideas. Certainly she landed a number of painful blows on my back. However she also left whip marks on my naked buttocks, the backs of my thighs and a few blows even wrapped around my upper torso and left painful marks on the side of my breasts.  
  
I screamed and sobbed and struggled through the whole thing, but the girl took no mind. She was a professional and wouldn't allow my pitiful screams to stop her from whipping me or even make the blows less painful. There was no emotion in her at all. No anger and no mercy. Simply a desire to do her job well, and then move on to the next girl.  
  
After ten strokes, Gretchen halted the whipping so that she could fondle me between my legs. She rubbed my clit and fingered my pussy and got me so excited and aroused that I very nearly had an orgasm right there, while chained to the whipping post.  
  
Then when I was right on the verge of a powerful orgasm, she withdrew her fingers and told the girl to continue whipping me.  
  
I almost screamed in protest. It was too cruel! The whipping was punishment enough! To bring me to the brink of an earth-shattering orgasm and then leave me sexually frustrated on top of the whipping was far more punishment than I deserved!!  
  
The last ten strokes seemed to hurt a lot more than the first, and to make things even more humiliating I noticed that (without consciously meaning to) I was grinding my crotch against the whipping post every time the whip struck my thighs or buttocks. If the whipping had gone on longer I might even been able to rub myself to orgasm this way.  
  
Sadly, the whipping ended before I was able to use the whipping post to rub my pussy to orgasm.  
  
When the whipping was done, I noticed Gretchen was still taking pictures. Apparently photos of her naked slave, bound to a whipping post with real tears on her face were important to her. She spent at least ten minutes making certain that she got enough good quality photos of me in my painful predicament. I rather hoped that nobody would see those photos other than Gretchen and me.   
  
I was still sobbing and had whip marks from my shoulders to my knees and was covered in sweat when the two park employees came to unchain me from the whipping post.  
  
"That's one slave who will never speak without permission again," I heard Gretchen say.  
  
"Well, if she does you can always bring her back to us," I heard one of the park employees reply.  
  
I wanted to say something angry and sarcastic in reply, but instead I got down on my hands and knees and thanked them for my punishment.   
  
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I suppose it was about fifteen minutes later I was being prepared for my next punishment. This time I was being punished for using my hands to protect my ass during my morning spanking. Finding a sign that explained what I was being punished for was difficult. Gretchen was forced to choose between a sign that said "disobedience" and a sign that said "poor self control".  
  
Gretchen didn't think either sign was really perfect, but she eventually settled on   
  
"poor self control". The sign was selected and then I was led (on a leash of course) over to a row of pillories.  
  
The pillories weren't as popular as the whipping posts and so there was no line and no waiting period for me to be locked into one. There looked to be about a dozen pillories and only two female slaves already locked into them.  
  
I was led over to one and a park employee placed the "poor self control" sign into a wooden sign post next to the device where I would be bound. "Just lean over, Cutie and I'll do the rest," the park employee said in an oddly friendly tone of voice.  
  
I bent over and she gently guided my wrists and neck into the appropriate slots. I felt a surge of panic as the hinged board came down and trapped my wrists and neck in place. Then my panic intensified when I heard the padlock lock the two halves of the wooden pillory securely into place. I was suddenly and completely helpless and I had no idea what Gretchen was planning on doing to me next.   
  
To prolong the suspense, Gretchen spoke to the uniformed park employees in hushed tones and at a safe distance so that I wouldn't know in advance what sort of punishment Gretchen was planning to inflict on my helpless body. After they were done whispering I heard all three of them walking over to me and a rustle of things being taken out of Gretchen's shopping bag.  
  
"Spread your legs, Sweetie," one of the park employees coaxed as she gently but firmly pushed my thighs apart, "And relax your sphincter muscle".  
  
I swallowed hard as I guessed what was coming next. Strong hands pried my buttocks apart and a cold, thick lubricating gel was squirted into my anus.  
  
Some of the gel dripped down onto my pubic lips and down my leg. I felt strong, confident hands wiping off the excess and getting me more aroused as my pubic lips were stroked far more than necessary. Then a finger entered me and worked a glob of gel deep into my anus, poking deep and twisting around more than I thought was strictly needed.  
  
I stamped my feet in panic and breathed heavily. The woman with the strong hands told me to calm down and spread my legs apart or else they would get a spreader bar and bind my ankles far apart. That caught my attention and I tried to calm down. I tried to slow down my breathing and I spread my legs as far apart as I could.  
  
I really hate being anally penetrated and tears were starting to well up in my eyes at the thought of how humiliating this was.   
  
Even though I couldn't see it, I could feel what was happening behind me. Strong hands pulled my buttocks far apart, and then something hard and foreign was placed against my asshole.  
  
"Relax your sphincter muscle, Sweetie," a female voice instructed. "Don't make it rape."  
  
Then without further warning, the dildo was FORCED past my sphincter muscle and inside of me. I screamed as I was anally violated and fought to break free, but of course it was all pointless. The pillory was strong and sturdy and I was firmly trapped by it.  
  
I yelped and cried and would have begged for it to end, except that I knew I didn't have permission to speak and thus begging would earn me even more punishments.  
  
"AAIIGGHH!!," I screamed as the woman standing behind me thrust the dildo in and out of my tiny hole.  
  
I thought that this was as bad as it was going to get, but Gretchen (ever the creative one) had dreamed up a way to make this even more difficult for me.  
  
Much to my utter dismay, Gretchen informed me that while some stranger slid a foreign object (which even though I couldn't see it, FELT massive) in and out of my tiny hole, she was going to quiz me on the intricacies of Sessian law as it applied to slaves.  
  
And I'd better get a good grade . . . or else.  
  
"What is the minimum age requirement for slaves in this country? What is the maximum age that a person can be and still be a slave? How long can a person legally remain a slave? What is the fee for entrance to a punishment park? Who can get into a punishment park for free? Why are they allowed in for free? Why aren't slaves allowed to have public hair?"  
  
I could barely even HEAR the questions over the sounds of my own yelping, panting and gasping. In addition, that large foreign object kept thrusting in and out of my tight hole, turning my gets to jelly and painfully stretching out my tiny, little anus. Even when it HEARD the question, it was hard to think of anything other than my poor, delicate asshole being mercilessly assaulted.  
  
I closed my eyes and tried to concentrate on Gretchen's voice, but it was no use. As long as that thing was rudely intruding inside my anus, I couldn't get my brain to work. Gretchen kept on asking the questions, but most of the time I couldn't formulate an intelligent answer.  
  
When that horrible thing was finally removed from my ass, Gretchen informed me that I had gotten only three correct answers out of a total fifty questions asked.  
  
"Oh, you poor thing," I heard a woman's voice say behind me.  
  
"You're sure to be punished for doing so poorly," another woman's voice added.  
  
I gasped and panted and blinked away tears as Gretchen confirmed, "I did promise you'd be punished if you did poorly on your test".  
  
I felt like screaming in protest! This wasn't a fair test of my knowledge on the subject! I was being anally raped at the time she testing me! How the hell could I concentrate with something like that going on?  
  
Of course I didn't say any of this out loud. I'd already been punished once today for speaking without permission. I wasn't about to be punished for the same infraction twice in the same day!  
  
After being released from the pillory I was ordered to get down on my hands and knees and kiss the feet of the park employees who publicly humiliated me. I was also made to thank them for abusing my poor, tiny anus. Then I was told to stay down there on my hands and knees while Gretchen spoke with the park employees and tried to get ideas for what my next punishment would be.  
  
They stood about ten feet away and spoke in hushed tones. I caught a word here and there, but not enough to know what Gretchen would do to me next. The suspense and the not knowing were almost as stressful as the punishments themselves.  
  
\* \* \* \* \*  
  
The punishment park didn't have any signs that read "did badly on test" so this time there was no sign put on display to advertise what I did to deserve further punishment, so in that respect I suppose I was slightly less humiliated than before.  
  
At least that's what I kept telling myself.  
  
I had thought it degrading earlier than I was made to submit to maids and follow their commands while they washed and groomed me. The idea of being submissive to somebody who's status was about the lowest in all of society really made me feel humbled and demoralized.  
  
However Gretchen and the park employees had plotted together and devised a plan to make me subservient to somebody even lower than a maid.  
  
Gretchen asked one of the park security guards to keep on eye on me "for my protection" while she went off and found what she was looking for.  
  
It seemed to take hours. Meanwhile fully clothed tourists and park employees got to gawk and ogle at my nudity. I wanted so desperately to curl into a ball and use my arms and legs to cover up my naughty bits for view, but that would only have earned me an angry rebuke from the security guard and more punishments from Gretchen. So, I just remained there on my hands and knees and passively allowed scores of people to ogle my nudity.  
  
When Gretchen finally returned she had some friends with her. Most of them were wearing clothing, however there were at least three naked slaves. My heart beat faster and I became more and more nervous as I was surrounded.  
  
I gasped when one of them put her hand on my defenseless pussy. "She's soaking wet." A female voice smugly announced and then rudely thrust a finger inside of me. "She's obviously enjoying this."  
  
I wanted to contradict the woman who had just made this claim. I was scared, humiliated and in pain, but I didn't dare say anything. Speaking without permission would only earn me more punishments, so I quietly allowed the woman to say anything she wanted and allowed her to fondle my exposed pussy.  
  
"Her name is Diane," I heard Gretchen say. "This is her first full day as a slave, however she learns fast. She'll do as she's told."  
  
Gretchen was apparently showing me off to this crowd of strangers. I was resolved to do whatever they asked as gracefully and quickly as I could. If Gretchen wanted to use me to impress these people, she would no doubt be angry if I wasn't a slave she could be proud of.  
  
Then I heard another woman's voice say, kiss my feet, Slave".  
  
A few inches away from my face were two bare feet, attached to two very attractive bare legs. I looked up and saw the legs were attached to a naked female slave with a shaved pussy that was just as wet as mine.  
  
I was so mesmerized by the feminine beauty of this naked slave I almost forgot the order that she'd just given me.  
  
I recovered myself in time and kissed both of her bare feet. First the left one, then the right. Apparently I'd done a good enough job. I wasn't punished.  
  
"On your knees, Slave," the naked female ordered. Hands behind your neck. Elbows back. Knees far apart. Arch your back and stick your tits out. I want to get a good look at them!  
  
I did as she ordered, arching my back and thrusting my breasts out as far as they would go. I felt totally exposed and vulnerable. My breasts were open to any sort of abuse these people might feel like inflicting. Just as I was thinking this, the naked girl held up a riding crop where I could see it.  
  
The thought that this girl might use the crop on my naked, exposed breasts raced across my mind and I gasped. Such an assault on such a sensitive part of my anatomy would hurt more than I can convey into words. It took every amount of courage and self control I had not to break position and cover my breasts with my hands.  
  
I held my breath and waited for a blow that never came.  
  
"Her breasts are very small," observed the naked girl as she slowly slid the leather loop of the riding crop up and down across my left breast. "However they're very firm and don't sag even a little bit."  
  
"I've always found them to be very attractive," Gretchen replied.  
  
"Oh, they are," responded the naked girl. "Now let's get a look at the rest of her."  
  
Next the naked girl ordered me lay down on my back, but spread my legs very wide, arch my back and lift my hips at least six inches off the ground.  
  
This position left my pussy very open and obscenely on display. That's exactly the effect the naked girl was going for.  
  
"What a darling little pussy," the naked girl cooed. "And she's so wet!"  
  
Then she kneeled down and with two fingers she thrust into my pussy and probed very rough and very deep. Despite the lack of any finesse or technique her intrusion into my cunt was making me even more aroused and I came very close to orgasm.  
  
"Don't even think about it, Slave," she barked, seeming to sense my impending orgasm and announcing her disapproval of it. "Slaves don't cum unless they get permission first."  
  
As if to make her point more forcefully, she pinched my labia. I whimpered in pain, and she seemed to like that. She liked it so much that she pinched it again, harder this time.  
  
When tears welled up in my eyes, she declared that I looked precious. She said that she loved to watch a naked slave cry. She declared that if I was her slave, she'd make me cry every day.  
  
I took her seriously when she said it, and was glad I wasn't her slave.  
  
Then the naked girl ordered me to crawl. Apparently I didn't do it right at first. She wanted me to keep my head way down and to keep my knees apart and my ass in the air. Every time she corrected my technique she punctuated it by striking my already sore ass with the riding crop.  
  
I crawled across the grass, turning left when ordered, slowing down when ordered, speeding up when ordered.

Of course each order was accompanied by a swat from the riding crop.  
  
"No slave has truly and properly trained unless she knows how to crawl properly," the girl with the crop declared.   
  
She had me crawl for at least thirty minutes. And every time I got within two feet of a tourist or a park employee, she ordered me to crawl over to them and kiss their feet.  
  
Finally I was ordered to stand up and the naked girl tied my wrists behind my back with some rope. Then she tied another piece of rope painfully tight around my waist. Then the rope around my wrists was securely attached to my waist rope.  
  
Once my wrists were securely bound to my waist, the naked girl kissed me on the mouth.  
  
And not some soft, gentle kiss either. This was the kind of kiss where she grabbed my head and gripped it firmly in her strong hands while she kissed me passionately and her tongue thrust itself into my mouth. Her tongue energetically fondled my tongue as we both kissed and soon I was gasping for air.  
  
"You're a good kisser, Slave," the naked girl said, when she finally got her breath back. "Now let's see if that pretty little mouth of yours is good at other things!"  
  
Within seconds I was forced down on my knees and the naked girl's clean-shaven cunt was thrust before my face. I had a few seconds to admire her moist, swollen pubic lips, which were so engorged with blood as to practically be red. Then the naked girl gripped my head in her strong hands again and ordered me to lick, nibble and suck her to orgasm.  
  
Now, I take great pride in my skill at cunnilingus, and Gretchen (and a few other women) will attest to my skill in this department, although I had never before been called upon to use my pussy licking and clit sucking skills with my hands bound helplessly behind my back.  
  
Still, even without the use of my hands, I did an excellent job. My tongue did its work, licking her labia in the right way until her clitoris to my sight, then I trapped her clit between my teeth and sucked on it, making the slave girl moan louder and louder until she finally had a screaming orgasm.  
  
Her orgasm was so loud and so forceful that I was sure she was totally spent. However less than two minutes later she wanted me to eat her pussy again.  
  
Wow.  
  
Exactly how long had they been denying this poor girl sexual release?  
  
I'm guessing it had been a long time. Her second orgasm took a little longer to achieve, however it seemed just as loud and just as forceful as the first one. By the time I was finished the naked girl was panting like she'd just run a five mile race and my face was covered with her juices.   
  
When I dared look away from her pussy and gaze up at her face, her eyes were closed and she had a slack-jawed contented smile on her face. She was still huffing and puffing like a woman that had just finished an extremely grueling physical chore, but she looked happy and content.  
  
Then she ordered me to eat her pussy yet again.  
  
The third time she came was actually louder and more passionate than the first two orgasms, and apparently she had finally had enough. Her knees buckled and she fell to the green grass and used my naked body to cushion her fall. It's a little scary having somebody fall on you when your hands are bound behind your back, but in the end her landing on me was a lot less painful than the spankings and the whippings I'd received.   
  
She lay there for a while, breathing hard and with a big smile on her face. She leaned in close and stole a kiss when nobody was looking and whispered, "Oh God. I really needed that."  
  
I wanted to ask her how long she'd been denied permission to come. If I whispered the question soft enough, I could probably keep Gretchen or any of the other free people from noticing I was speaking without permission, but then two clothed women grabbed the naked slave girl and dragged her away from me.  
  
I watched her naked ass as they dragged her away. She had a really cute ass.  
  
\* \* \* \* \*  
  
You'd think that Gretchen would let me rest after that, but she had other plans.  
  
I was informed that Gretchen had an appointment to go talk to Sessian representatives of the department of tourism. However rather than take me along, Gretchen was leaving me at the punishment park.  
  
That thought was scary enough, however I was even more frightened when I learned that she was temporarily transferring ownership of me to the punishment park.  
  
"WHAT THE HELL?" I was tempted to ask. But I'm a fast learner and I knew better than to speak without permission. Especially here, in a punishment park! This is the one place I could be certain that a slave who violated the rules would be severely punished if he or she was caught.  
  
I probably had a shocked look on my face, however rather than explain she simply gave my leash to a female who was wearing a white punishment park uniform.   
  
The park employee smiled and told me to relax and breathe in and out. I hadn't even realized I'd been holding my breath, but upon her orders, I started to breath as normally as I could.  
  
With experienced and efficient hands, the girl removed the metal slave tag that declared I belonged to Gretchen and attached a new tag to my slave collar. I never got a chance to read that tag, but I was told that it declared that Diane Schlank was a slave and the property of the punishment park.  
  
Gretchen got a receipt that she was told to present when she was ready to take me back into her custody.  
  
Then Gretchen walked away and left me in the custody of this tall, uniformed employee with the smug smile on her face.  
  
The punishment park employee introduced herself as Olga, and then she put me to work.  
  
Her job was to punish slaves that were brought to the park, so I was made to assist her in punishing the slaves. I helped secure the leather straps that held the ankles or wrists of unfortunate slaves. I greased up the anuses of slaves who were to be anally violated. I removed butt plugs from the anuses of slaves and cleaned them off. I unbuckled leather restraints when slaves were down being punished. I fetched rope when it was needed. I put rope back in the supply shed when it wasn't needed any longer. And of course I fetched whips, straps, paddles and other instruments of pain when necessary.  
  
Being surrounded by some of the most gorgeous (and totally naked) women I've ever seen was a huge distraction to my labors and I several times Olga caught me staring. Those times she would strike my naked buttocks with a leather strap or her hand. She expected me to work, not stare at the naked slaves.  
  
My ass was already sore, so even getting slapped by her hand hurt. And the leather strap was just horribly painful. However no matter how much pain my bottom was in, I just couldn't seem to train my eyes to keep from looking at all the naked girls scattered across the park.  
  
And at one point I was ordered to restrain a female slave who had been caught masturbating without permission. Her pussy was to be whipped, so I spread her legs far apart and bound her ankles and wrists with leather straps.  
  
Her clean-shaven pussy lips were all puffy and wet and exposed. And her legs were so long and lean and sexy. Her belly was so flat and smooth. How could I NOT have stared at her naked body?  
  
"Bad slave!" Olga yelled out and punished my ass with the leather strap again.  
  
\*\*\*\*\*  
  
Gretchen returned hours later. Either by design or by coincidence, she returned just as Olga's shift was ending.  
  
Olga signed the papers that turned ownership of me back to Gretchen however Gretchen was in no hurry to go back to the hotel.  
  
So Olga and Gretchen had me follow them to an employee's break room while the two of them chatted it up like old friends.  
  
Olga told Gretchen that I was "darling" and that my naked body was "adorable". However she also told Gretchen that it was very important for a novice slave like myself to be kept busy.  
  
Olga told Gretchen that I was a hard working employee (she thankfully left out the part about me ogling the other female slaves) and suggested that I come back and work as an unpaid employee of the park again tomorrow.  
  
"You have to occupy her time somehow," Olga explained. "It's not good for slaves to have too much free time. Allowing them to have free time means they have time to think. And slaves that are allowed time to think inevitably end up with thoughts of escape . . . or how they can get away with something . . . like masturbating without getting caught. It's best to keep them busy with some sort of manual labor. Or order them to do some sort of difficult and time-consuming task. Slaves should always be kept busy and supervised."  
  
Gretchen smiled and took this all in. She thought Olga's suggestions were "quite helpful" and promised that I would be kept busy.   
  
Olga and Gretchen got along famously and before we left Gretchen offered to have me go down on Olga.   
  
Olga turned down the offer, claiming that she was not a lesbian, however she did ask if she could fondle my tits before Gretchen and I left.  
  
Now, I may not be on human sexuality, but don't isn't it pretty much unheard of for straight women to want to fondle another woman's tits?  
  
"Hands behind your back, Slave" Olga ordered, and within seconds my wrists were locked behind me with cold, steel handcuffs.  
  
Then Olga placed her hands on my naked breasts and felt me up like a lesbian on her first date. She used her thumbs to stimulate my nipples and by the time she was done my nipples were swollen and erect. She didn't stop feeling me up until my nipples were rock-hard and I started moaning and began to sway my hips left and right as waves of sexual pleasure spread through my entire body.  
  
When I was so sexually stimulated that I could barely stand up, Olga removed her hands from my tits, held me close and gave me a goodbye kiss. It was a really good kiss too. Not the sort of kiss you'd get from your mother. But a long, lingering kiss with her tongue thrust probingly into my mouth.  
  
How can she claim she's not a lesbian after a kiss like that?  
  
I didn't ask, because slaves aren't supposed to ask such questions.

**Enslaved in Europe Ch. 07**

When Gretchen brought me back to the hotel, dozens of people were loitering in the lobby, apparently waiting for my return.  
  
Eighty-two eyes stared at my naked skin and Gretchen pushed me forward so that everybody could get a better look at me.  
  
And look at me they did! First with openly lustful eyes, then they pulled out digital cameras and cell phones to take photos of me.  
  
Finally Gretchen called out, "It seems that my slave is now a celebrity!   
  
There were enthusiastic shouts of agreement in the hotel lobby and then Gretchen called out, "Who here wants their picture take with their arm around my slave?"  
  
Every single person in the lobby raised their hand.  
  
Gretchen didn't allow every person in the lobby to pose with me for a picture, however the people she picked were allowed plenty of time to pose with me and get plenty of photos. She also pretended not to notice when they would cop a feel.  
  
My ass was already sore from the beatings I'd received at the punishment park, and every time somebody grabbed my poor bottom I'd whimper and squirm.  
  
I would have liked to use my hands to protect my tender, naked ass, but Gretchen had bound my hands by placing leather restraints on my wrists and then connecting my wrists to my slave collar with a short length of chain.  
  
The chain kept my hands behind my back, and the chain was so short that my wrists and hands were kept at the small of my back. I couldn't lower them enough to protect my poor, abused bottom.  
  
A rather tall woman is a dark blue, tweed suit came up to pose with me, but then rather than placing her arm around me, she grabbed me by the shoulders and admonished me, "Young lady, you should be ashamed of yourself! Flaunting your naked body is a public place! Just what would your mother say if she could see you right now?"  
  
I was very intimidated and her question caught me totally off guard. Most of the people in Sessia seemed to have adapted to having naked slaves displaying their bodies in public.   
  
From her very proper British accent I guessed that she was from England. Or the United Kingdom. Whatever they're calling that nation that has London as its capital. I suppose she just wasn't up to date on Sessian customs.  
  
I was naked and had my arms bound helplessly behind me. She had her hands free and was dressed in very proper looking clothes. Also she had the demeanor of a woman with authority. She stood straight and looked me right in the eye and spoke with a very firm, authoritarian tone of voice. I guessed that she might be a school teacher or a principal. Or head mistress. In British schools I'm pretty certain that they use the word head master or head mistress instead of principal.  
  
"I'm sorry, Mistress," I said in a very submissive tone of voice, "but as a slave, I'm not permitted to wear clothes. Not even in public. It's the law."  
  
"A slave?" she said, still glaring at me, "and how did you become a slave? Break the law perhaps? Is this some sort of punishment handed down by a judge?"  
  
"No, Mistress," I replied, feeling even more intimidated, "I signed a contract, surrendering all of my legal rights for a week."  
  
Then she made a loud sound of disapproval and retorted, "That makes you just as guilty and perverted as the legislators who passed the laws that now condemn you to displaying your nude body in public! And does your Mother know that you're here flaunting your body like this?"  
  
"No, Mistress," I replied, humiliated, and yet strangely aroused.   
  
"I thought not," she said, with contempt in her voice. "If I had your Mother's phone number, I'd ring her up and let her know what a shameless slut her daughter is being! Do you think she'd be proud to know the way you're displaying your naked body in front of total strangers?"  
  
At this question my heart began to beat twice as fast. The idea that my mother would ever learn about me being paraded around nude in public scared me to death. My very proper and easily outraged mother would be even more disapproving than this British lady. I hoped and prayed that Gretchen didn't order me to give my mother's phone number to this woman.  
  
However I was also strangely finding the whole concept arousing. NOTHING could be more humiliating than my mother seeing me like this. And during my short stay here in Sessia, I was learning that humiliation got me exceedingly sexually aroused.  
  
\* \* \* \* \*  
  
When Gretchen led me out of the hotel lobby, I had tears streaming down my face. If I had been given permission to speak, I would have explained to Gretchen that being lectured and reprimanded by that proper British lady was a huge turn-on. Yes, it had been humiliating and degrading at the same time, but my heart was beating so fast in my chest that it felt like it might burst my ribcage and my skin felt hot and feverish all over. And it wasn't just my face that was wet with tears. My public lips and the insides of my thighs were wet with another type of fluid.  
  
When Gretchen and I got back to our room, I was surprised to see that there was somebody already there waiting for us.  
  
She was wearing a white, V-neck dress with long sleeves and a belt that showed off her slender waist. She was also wearing white stockings and white ballet flats. Her hair was blonde and her face had a look of youthful innocence and anticipation. It took me a few moments to recognize her. I had run into her on the elevator earlier that morning. Her brother's name was Eric and her mother was a very proper woman who generously offered to give me her coat so that I would be naked.  
  
"Hello, Diane," she girl said in a very friendly tone of voice.  
  
"I called your Mistress on the phone and asked her for permission to visit you after you got back from the punishment park. She said it would be alright."  
  
Her lower lip trembled slightly and she looked far too nervous. I was the one who was naked and helpless. Why did she have to be so nervous about?  
  
"Eva here is quite smitten with you," Gretchen explained. "She didn't dare say anything when she met you this morning, however she wants to kiss you, feel you up, have you go down on her, that sort of thing."  
  
"Was that all?" I thought. People had been doing that to me ever since I got this damn slave collar locked around my neck. It wasn't like I could refuse her. I'd have to do whatever she wanted. Why was she so nervous?  
  
"My mother doesn't know I'm a lesbian," Eva finally explained. "If she knew I was here with you, she'd have a bloody cow".  
  
Ah, now I understood. Eva was trying to pass for straight and she was scared to death of her family finding out that she came to my room to have sex with me.  
  
"Promise me you'll never tell a soul about what's going to happen tonight," Eva pleaded. "Please?"  
  
I found it mildly amusing that she was so politely asking me for my cooperation. I was a slave! Did she really think that I would defy her? Wow. This girl was really innocent! Did her family really force her to live such a sheltered life that she didn't know how this worked?  
  
"I promise, Mistress," I said in the most calming tone I could manage. "Your secret is safe with me."  
  
She immediately kissed me on the forehead and told me what a "sweetie" I was. Then she kissed me on the lips. Softly at first, but very quickly her kisses became more passionate and more daring. Very soon her tongue was thrust into my mouth and slid against mine, causing me to moan. She kissed me like she had wanted to kiss another girl for many years and was now making up for lost time,  
  
When she finally came up for air, she said it was unfair that I couldn't touch her and asked if Gretchen could release my wrists from behind my back.  
  
"It's not a good idea to allow a slave to have too much freedom," Gretchen said. "Her hands will stay bound behind her back."  
  
Eva pouted and made sounds of disappointment, but Gretchen tried to console her with the fact that while I couldn't touch her, she was free to put her hands all over me.  
  
That changed her mood pretty quickly. Before I knew it she began a full examination of my naked body with her hands. She started on my shoulders, but rapidly moved down, fondling my breasts, rubbing her thumbs across my swollen, erect nipples, running her hands across my ribcage, my belly and then getting down on her knees to fondle my thighs and my sore, vulnerable bottom.  
  
I whimpered in pain and she squeezed and stroked my punished buttocks, but she was so infatuated with my naked body, she either didn't hear the sounds I was making or didn't care.  
  
Then she told me, "I'd never seen a grown woman with no pubic hair before. You look so exposed and so naked without it! It's so sexy!"  
  
Then without warning, he hand was in between my legs, feeling up my shaved Venus mound.  
  
Her thumb slid across my pubic lips and I moaned in sexual frustration. It had been so long since the last time I had had an orgasm and this girl's fingers were making me even more aroused than before. Then she slipped two fingers inside of my and I gasped with shock. I very nearly came right then and there!  
  
"Careful, Eva," Gretchen cautioned the girl. "Don't play with her pubes too much. She's not allowed to have an orgasm."  
  
"What fun is that?" asked Eva, pouting once again.  
  
"Well, you could have her go down on you," Gretchen suggested. "You can order her to give you as many orgasms as you like."  
  
Eva didn't have to be told twice. Within seconds her white V-neck dress was stripped off her slender body and her white, Lycra panties pulled down to her ankles. She stepped out of her plain, white full-size panties and I marveled at how innocent they looked. A girl as attractive as her should be wearing a thong or a g-string from Victoria's secret.  
  
On your knees, slave!" I ordered in a commanding tone of voice. "Your mouth can't service our guest if you're still standing up, now can it?"  
  
"No Mistress. Sorry Mistress," I responded.  
  
It wasn't easy getting down on my knees, with my hands bound behind my back, but I managed as quickly and gracefully as I could. I spread my knees far apart to help with my balance and then suddenly Eva's pussy was in my face.  
  
Of course, she had pubic hair. As a slave I wasn't allowed to have any, but Eva was a free woman. She could have as much pubic hair as she wanted. It was just one more way that I was inferior to everybody around me.  
  
I take great pride in my ability to bring a woman to an orgasm. Even without the use of my hands, I still did an excellent job. I worked my tongue in there and soon Eva was making those little sounds that tell a lover that she's making her partner very happy. Eva's breath came louder and faster and she ground her hips into my face. "Oh God!" she exclaimed. "This is incredible! Your tongue feels so bloody good!"  
  
She came for what seemed like ten minutes straight. She kept screaming and grinding her pussy into my face and then finally she collapsed on the floor and gushed, "thank you! Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! That was incredible!"  
  
\* \* \* \* \* My second morning as a sex slave began pretty much the same as my first morning as a sex slave began.  
  
I awoke naked and sexually frustrated, with my wrists and ankles bound far apart in uncomfortably tight ropes.  
  
Gretchen was already awake, showed, dressed and with her hair perfectly combed and looking stylish.  
  
"Good morning, slave," she said, sounding way too cheerful. "Want to get up off the floor?"  
  
Of course I did, but since I was tied up and helpless I couldn't exactly get up on my own. I responded, "Yes, Mistress," and tried to put the appropriate amount of submissiveness in my voice.  
  
That seemed to be the right answer. Gretchen smiled and stepped back.  
  
Then a slender, naked girl stepped forward.  
  
It took me a moment to realize it was another slave. My first thought was that Gretchen had taken advantage of my status as "property" and was having sex with whomever she could until I was released from my slave contract.  
  
But as I focused my eyes and engaged my brain I noticed little details that gave away the girl's status as a slave.  
  
For one thing, she had no pubic hair.  
  
For another thing, there was an apprehensive, nervous look on her face. Also she kept her hands behind her back . . . almost as if they were bound there.  
  
And then I finally noticed the leather color around her neck with the tiny padlock that locked it in place. The collar was grey. That meant that she was bisexual.  
  
"This is Kacey," said Gretchen. "I made arrangements with her owner to have Kacey bathe you every morning, instead of the maids."  
  
When I didn't say anything in response, Gretchen came forward and prodded my exposed pussy with her the toe of her shoe hard enough to hurt.  
  
After I yelped in pain and surprise, Gretchen elaborated. "You forgot to thank me," she said.  
  
"Thank you, Mistress," I said, knowing that she could apply a lot more force to my very swollen and tender public lips than she did the first time.  
  
"You will obey Kacey just as you'd obey me. Understand?"  
  
"Yes, Mistress, " I replied.  
  
Then a tall thin woman in a black cowlneck sweaterdress stepped into my view. She walked up to Kacey and grabbed her from behind. There were some complicated movements with her arms and shoulders and then a length of rope was produced from behind Kacey's back. I guessed that the rope had been binding her wrists together.  
  
And when Kacey brought her hands out in front where I could see them, there were angry red marks on her wrists, which upon closer examination looked like rope burn.  
  
"On your knees, Kacey," the tall, thin woman commanded. "Untie that blonde slave girl and take her to the bathroom."  
  
When I got a closer look at Kacey I could see she was really cute. She looked to be about my age and had long, red hair. Her lower lip trembled as if she were about to cry and her eyes looked wet as if she'd been crying.  
  
If I hadn't been tied up I'd have given her a hug. Of course even after I was untied, I wasn't brave enough to give this naked, nervous, gorgeous girl a hug. If I were to do such a thing without permission I would have certainly been punished for it.  
  
Kacey led me to the bathroom in silence and had me stand near the tub while she ran a hot bath for me.  
  
While she was running the water and using the knobs to adjust the water temperature, I saw her beautiful naked buttocks for the first time. They were covered in angry red marks. So were the backs of her thighs. It looked like somebody had very recently marked up both her ass and her thighs with a riding crop.  
  
No wonder she looked so nervous.  
  
That sort of punishment would be very painful and traumatic. Kacey was probably distressed and worried that she might be punished again if she made even the tiniest sort of mistake.  
  
Apparently Kacey hadn't been given permission to talk. As a result her attempts to brush and floss my teeth involved her sticking her fingers in my mouth to force my jaw open. She more or less dragged me into the tub when she was ready to wash me and moved my arms and legs and head as needed as she washed each part of my body one after the other.  
  
The tall, thin woman would occasionally wander into the bathroom and watch Kacey's efforts to groom me. The woman had a cold and unforgiving look on her face. I was certain that if Kacey got caught talking or doing a bad job grooming me that the tall, stern-faced woman would have punished her horribly.  
  
I had a vain hope that while this naked slave girl was washing me, she would soap up my pubic lips with enough force and repetitive motion in just the right spots that she would drive my already stimulated pussy over the edge and into orgasm. However Kacey used just the right amount of rubbing and pressure to get me soaped up, clean, rinsed off and dry. She had no intention of doing anything to me unless she was specifically ordered to. And nobody ordered her to make me cum.  
  
After I was out of the tub, the girl dried me off and then used brush and a blow dryer to style my hair. She actually did quite a good job. Better than I've ever done for myself.  
  
As her last act of grooming me, she applied my makeup. There wasn't much. Mostly some lipstick and some eyeliner.  
  
Then Gretchen ordered me to look at myself in the mirror.  
  
I looked very beautiful and sexy; however I also looked shameless and slutty. My face had an openly desperate look as if I would do just about anything for sexual release. My nipples were blatantly erect and my pubic lips were very swollen and on display. My breasts rose and fell in a suggestive way as I breathed in and out and tried to deal with the rampant sexual desire that Kacey had inflamed with her hands and the soap and the washcloth and the towel that she'd rubbed across my naked body.  
  
Then Kacey helped Gretchen attach leather restraints on my wrists. The wrist restraints were then connected to metal rings on my slave collar with double-D clips. Once my wrists were helplessly attached to the back of my neck, Gretchen ordered me to thank Kacey for grooming me.  
  
"Thank you, Kacey," I said in a voice that was utterly lacking in emotion. It was bad enough to be washed by the hotel maids and having to thank them. Slaves had an even lower status than the maids. Therefore thanking Kacey was even more humiliating.  
  
I was ordered to kiss Kacey on the lips. Then the tall, stern-faced woman (I never did learn her name) fondled my breasts and kissed me as well. They both left and then Gretchen attached a leash to my collar and led me out of the hotel room and down to the lobby.  
  
\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*  
  
The floor of the lobby was cold under my bare feet, although I didn't have a lot of time to fret about this. Almost instantly I became aware of the impressive crowd of people in the hotel lobby. I couldn't count them all, but I estimated there must be over a hundred.  
  
It's amazing how several dozen eyes staring hungrily at you all at the same time can make a naked person feel even more naked.  
  
Male and female eyes stared at me hungrily from across the lobby and made me feel even more vulnerable and helpless and naked than before. And even though they never laid a hand on me, my breasts and thighs and belly and cunt all felt tingly . . . almost as if dozens of people were all fondling my naked skin at the same time.  
  
Without even meaning to, I whimpered. I suppose it was due to the overwhelming feeling of helplessness I was feeling.  
  
"No talking without permission," Gretchen reminded me. "You get punished if you do that."  
  
I nodded to Gretchen in agreement and she led me across the lobby. Hotel security was working crowd control and kept the voyeurs from getting too close. They were allowed to watch my naked ass get spanked, but they weren't allowed to tough me. For once I was actually glad to have the security guards around!  
  
Gretchen led me over to Beverly and her supervisor. She had a chair all set up, however instead of sitting in it and pulling me over her lap, she stretched her arm out on front of her and used her hand to block me from getting any close.   
  
"Slave," she said, "this is Gemma."  
  
She indicated a woman standing just a few inches to her left. The woman was tall and serious looking. She wore a tight black t-shirt and black leather pants.   
  
She grabbed me by my slave collar with her right hand and pulled me closer to her. We were almost close enough to kiss, but instead of kissing me she looked deeply into my eyes, studying me face.  
  
"Beverly told me about the deal she'd made with your mistress," her crisp, proper British accent seemed to give her more authority, "and I told her I'd give her five-hundred euros if she'd transfer her spanking rights over to me.  
  
Beverly nodded her head and added, "I didn't enjoy spanking you anyway. I'm not really into that sort of thing."  
  
My eyes widened and my heart beat so hard in my chest it felt like my chest cavity might burst. I'd been sold?

Gemma seemed to read my mind and loudly declared, "That's right, Slave girl! Beverly sold you! How does it feel to be sold so easily?"  
  
I was filled with conflicting and powerful feelings. On the one hand it was scary and degrading to be treated like a piece of property with no rights. On the other hand, being a naked slave, sold to a harsh lesbian mistress is a personal fantasy of mine. I was getting wetter just thinking about it. When my answer came there was a throb in my voice.   
  
"It's humiliating, Mistress".  
  
Then suddenly Gemma's hand was in between my legs. She felt my pubic lips and inserted one finger into my pussy. "And I dare say you find it all to be rather arousal as well. Don't you?"  
  
I gasped as her finger entered me. I was already horny before I met Gemma, and now as she took control over me and sexually abused me I was almost on the verge of orgasm. If I came all over her hand I'd be punished horribly, but I wasn't exactly in a position where I could push her away or close my legs. I was completely at Gemma's mercy.  
  
"Yes, M-Mistress," I replied, my voice faltering.  
  
"She enjoys this," Gemma announced to the crowd. "She's a naughty little slut!"  
  
The crowd seemed to enjoy this and they responded with laughter, cheers and a few rude comments.  
  
"You're a naughty, little slut, aren't you?" Gemma said as she stared into my face.  
  
"Yes, Mistress," I said and I felt even more pride and self-respect drain away from my body.  
  
Gemma gave me an evil smile and removed her hand from my crotch. "Alright naughty girl," she said. "Give us a spin. I want to get a good look at you, before I spank that naughty ass to a different color."  
  
I turned slowly, giving Gemma (and the entire lobby) a chance to ogle every inch of my naked flash. Gemma seemed to like what she saw, and I heard several people in the audience applaud and make lewd comments of approval about my "great ass" which "looked great naked" and how "I should never be allowed to wear clothes".  
  
One woman yelled that she wanted to see what my ass would look like with Gemma's handprints all over it.  
  
"And so you shall!" Gemma yelled back, theatrically.   
  
Without warning, Gemma grabbed me around the waist and threw me across her lap. She was much stronger than she looked and manipulated my body in one graceful movement. She didn't even really seem to be exerting herself.  
  
Naked, bound, helpless and now I realized how strong her spanking arm must be. I felt more helpless than ever and awaited the first blow on my naked, vulnerable bottom.  
  
I didn't have long to wait. I was distracted for a second as I saw Gretchen take a step back and aim a camera at my naked body draped across Gemma's lap and then suddenly there was a loud SMACK as I felt Gemma's hand impact hard across my left buttock.  
  
Then the next blow came down on my right buttock. Then one across the back of my left thigh.  
  
Soon I was screaming in pain. I was correct to fear that she had a strong spanking arm. Soon I felt as if I were sitting on a hot stove. I screamed and screamed and screamed again, but Gemma never lessened the severity of her blows. They just kept coming down, one after another.  
  
I slipped into a shameless, mindless state, sobbing and simpering while my ass and thighs got redder and redder. Tears ran down my face and blurred my vision. But in the midst of all of this pain and humiliation and was hotter and more aroused than I had ever been before. And while I thrashed around on Gemma's lap and screaming in pain, I suddenly realized that I was on the verge of orgasm. I was dimly aware of the fact that I didn't have permission to have an orgasm in the hotel lobby and that I'd be horribly punished if I was caught, but I had no way to stop it.  
  
Wave after wave of pleasure ripped through me while Gemma continued to spank my ass. It was more powerful than any orgasm I'd ever had before and I screamed at the intensity of it. With Gemma and Gretchen and a crowd of people watching me I thought for certain I'd be in trouble, but everybody in the lobby simply supposed that my screams of sexual release were screams of pain.  
  
I was covered in sweat and reeling from the most powerful orgasm of my life when those strong arms grabbed me again and pulled me to my feet. Gemma then encouraged people to take picture of my ass before the angry red color started to fade from my tender skin.  
  
I didn't fall down, although my legs felt rubbery and weak. I allowed total strangers to take photographs of my naked, punished ass while I tried to control my breathing. I was still in the afterglow of a powerful and most satisfying orgasm and didn't really care about anything else at the moment.  
  
I had left behind my clothes, my dignity and my freedom, but I didn't care anymore. I had just had the most delicious and memorable sexual experience ever. Maybe it just took a couple of days for me to get into this fantasy as much as Gretchen. Or maybe my brain was shutting down and my libido was taking over. Whatever the reason I was basking in the moment and enjoying what my body was feeling.

**Enslaved in Europe Ch. 08**

The rest of the week followed a pattern that I soon came to recognize and expect.  
  
Every morning I would be washed and groomed by a naked slave girl and then Gretchen would take me down to the hotel lobby where I would be spanked in front of a lobby full of people. After that I would be taken to the Punishment Park and I would be put to work, helping a park employee bind slaves to whipping posts or pillories or other bondage devices. I was repeatedly set to fetch chains, clips, locks, keys, wrist restraints, ankle restraints or other tools of the trade. Occasionally I was punished for not fetching restraints and keys and such fast enough.  
  
And at night Gretchen would take me back to the hotel where I would be ordered to have sex with some female tourist or hotel employee.   
  
And of course I was naked the entire time.  
  
It made me feel helpless, humiliated, embarrassed and degraded.  
  
And I loved it.  
  
On my last morning in Sessia, Kacey washed and groomed me like usual. Gretchen inspected me like usual and like usual she agreed that Kacey had done an acceptable job of getting me clean and presentable.  
  
However unlike most mornings, Gretchen then handcuffed my wrists behind my back and gave Kacey instructions to take me downstairs for my morning spanking. A leash was attached to my collar and the naked slave girl led me downstairs and into the lobby. The crowd of voyeuristic spectators in the lobby was bigger than ever and there were at least ten security guards in the lobby to make certain that nobody in the crowd got too close.  
  
Gemma had a flair for showmanship and she took control of the proceedings immediately.  
  
"This is the slave's last day at this fine hotel," she announced. "So let's make her final spanking a memorable one!"  
  
Kacey then led me closer to the crowds and Gemma announced that as it was my last day it was only fair that Kacey give me a goodbye kiss.  
  
With my hands bound behind my back I was at Kacey's mercy and somehow that made the whole thing much more exciting and erotic. Being kissed while you're naked and helpless is several levels more thrilling and arousing than the more traditional type of kiss. And then there was the fact that approximately one-hundred-thirty people were watching the whole thing and ogling my naked body at the time. And at least fifty of those people had cameras, which they used to immortalize my humiliation on film or on computer hard drive.  
  
The whole thing was so arousing I almost had an orgasm right there.  
  
Kacey turned out to be a great kisser, starting off with kisses that were soft and affectionate and ending with much more passionate, insistent kisses where she forced her tongue into my mouth.  
  
She ended by stepping forward and kissing me on the neck while pressing her front against mine. I suppose you could call it a hug, except for the fact that with my arms bound behind my back I couldn't hug her back.  
  
Her naked breasts felt wonderful against mine and I tried to rub up against her as best I could. It wasn't easy, but I maneuvered my naked breasts up and down and left and got myself noticeably excited and my breath was coming in loud, slow pants by the time Kacey broke off from the hug.  
  
Then Kacey was ordered to choose the winners of the raffle.  
  
I almost asked "what raffle?" then I remembered that slaves aren't allowed to speak without permission.  
  
But even as I kept my mouth shut, Gemma answered my question anyway . . . even if indirectly.  
  
Kacey reached into a fedora and pulled out three raffle tickets. The tickets were presented to Gemma and Gemma called out the winning numbers.  
  
The winning numbers were 0016, 0021 and 0069.  
  
I can't believe I remembered little details like that.  
  
The security guards allowed the holders of the winning tickets to come forward and they all formed a line. All three of the winning ticket holders were female and the girl in front was about my age. She would have been cute if not for the really bad haircut (it was cut really, really short) and the clothes that didn't fit (with the exception of her leather boots everything was baggy and probably secondhand).   
  
When Gemma gave her permission she stepped forward and gave me a goodbye kiss as well. She wasn't as good a kisser as Kacey, but she was okay. If I wasn't a slave I would have offered to give her some lessons, but that's one of the problems with being a slave. You're never allowed to say what you want to say or offer your opinion or expertise.  
  
The next girl in line was also about my age and definitely cute, with long wavy hair, a dark grey French Terry top and dark grey midi skirt. She gently wrapped one hand around my waist and fondled my naked buttocks with the other. "I'm going to miss you," she whispered in my ear. "Watching you get spanked every morning has been my favorite part of staying in this hotel".  
  
Then she kissed me gently on the forehead, the lips and on both cheeks. The whole thing was over in about ten seconds. I whimpered when I realized that she wasn't going to do any more. Then she wandered over to Gretchen. When she and Gretchen started talking I tried to listen in on their conversation, but then ticket holder number three walked up to me.  
  
She was at least fifteen years older than me and wore a dark-blue tweed blazer over top of something with a v-neck. Her skirt was also dark-blue tweed. "You're a slut," she told me. "And the spanking you're going to get is nothing less than deserve!"  
  
Her words hit me like a physical blow and I was still reeling from them when she grabbed my long blonde hair with both of her strong hands and kissed me firmly on the mouth, gagging me with her tongue.  
  
Then she turned around and marched angrily out of the hotel lobby.  
  
What was that all about? Did that lady have issues or what?  
  
When the winners of the raffle took their places with the rest of the crowd I was led over to Gemma and I took a deep breath and tried to work up my courage for what was about to come. And while I was trying to gather my courage, Gemma grabbed me by my torso and dragged me naked and helpless across her lap.  
  
I heard laughter from the crowd behind me and I squirmed with uncontrolled panic. No matter how sexually arousing it may be to have my naked ass spanked there's always a grim foreboding in the minutes and seconds before it happens. Especially when the person inflicting that spanking has an arm as strong and merciless as Gemma's.  
  
"Hold still", Gemma ordered. I did my best to slow down my breathing and relax my muscles, but I was still filled with dread. Then two tall, strong-looking women loomed over me and quickly one woman unlocked one of my wrists from the handcuffs. The other woman just as quickly forced both of my hands in front of me and then my hands were once again bound together with stainless steel.  
  
"Much better," commented Gemma. "I do so love seeing a girl with her arms bound behind her back, but when that girl is being spanked, well we want to have her hands as far away from her ass as possible, don't we? Otherwise she might try to use her hands to protect herself."  
  
I wasn't certain if Gemma wanted me to respond to that or if she was just playing to the crowd. Or maybe she just liked to hear the sound of her own voice. I was trying to decide when suddenly the first blow came down on my unprotected, vulnerable ass.  
  
The impact was so loud I could hardly believe it was the sound of her hand on my naked ass. And she was so strong! Unless you've gone through it yourself you have no idea how painful a spanking inflicted on your bare ass by a truly cruel, competent, able-bodied sadist can be.  
  
I howled in pain and squirmed and twisted and floundered on Gemma's lap while tears welled up in my eyes and slid down my face, but Gemma took no notice and continued to rain down blow after painful blow on my unprotected ass.  
  
The crowd loved it.  
  
Although my vision was blurry with tears I could see quite a few of them still taking pictures.  
  
My throat grew sore from the screaming and eventually I just couldn't scream anymore. I was eventually reduced to just sobbing and squirming and Gemma's arm apparently hadn't even gotten tired yet. Her blows still came down just as hard and fast and painful as before.   
  
When the spanking finally stopped the two strong-looking women grabbed me and pulled me off Gemma's lap. I did nothing to resist them. I was physically and emotionally drained. My arms and legs felt rubbery. If I tried to stand up I seriously doubt my legs would've supported me.  
  
So the two women laid me on the cold tile floor where I sobbed miserably and above me Gemma explained the next step in the morning's entertainment.  
  
She explained that there were more raffle tickets in the hat and that was about to pick some more winning numbers, so people should pay attention.  
  
At this point I was too exhausted to pay attention to the exact numbers that were called out. I just lay there sobbing, while the winners were chosen. Six or seven women detached themselves from the crowd and were permitted to come up close to where I lay on the floor.  
  
Gemma explained that I was to kneel before these women (knees far apart of course), and kiss their feet. Gemma would make sure that each woman got an 8x10 glossy photo of my submissive act to immortalize the occasion.  
  
I don't think I ever saw any of those women's faces. I saw stylish leather boots and suede wedges, but I never raised my head up high enough to see the faces of the women that towered over me.  
  
One woman with a British accent insisted that in addition to her feet, I was also supposed to kiss the hem of her skirt. The hem of her skirt was about three or four inches above the knee and if you ever saw the photo it would probably look as if I was getting ready to perform cunnilingus on her.  
  
When it was all over the two strong looking women helped me up and the handcuffs were unlocked from my wrists. Gretchen led me outside and several uniformed security guards helped us clear a path through the crowds. As a slave I wasn't really allowed to speak, but I would have thanked the security guards if I could. I'm not certain what would have happened if I had waded into the enthusiastic crowd without their help.  
  
Once outside, Gretchen introduced me to a tall, thin teenage girl with a winning smile and dark, styled, shoulder-length hair.   
  
"Diane, this is Jacki. Jacki, Diane."  
  
We shook hands, which seemed strange to me. It just seemed odd for a slave to be shaking hands with a free woman. Offering your hand to somebody was sort of a sign of respect. And it was made fairly clear during my time as a slave, that slaves were never shown any sign of respect.  
  
"All of our luggage is already loaded up into Jacki's car," Gretchen explained. She'll be taking us to the airport, but first we're making a stop at her house."  
  
Gretchen and I got into the back seat and Jacki sat up front. As she drove, Jacki explained that she had seen me several times at the punishment park and developed quite a crush on me. She did some checking and found out Gretchen was my registered owner and contacted Gretchen one day and requested permission to take me home and tie me up and "do evil things" to me.  
  
Of course Gretchen conceded to her request.  
  
Jacki had known from a very young age that she was gay, but claimed she had trouble getting girlfriends. I thought she was very pretty, and couldn't understand why she'd have trouble finding a willing partner, however Jacki insisted that borrowing a nude slave girl and bringing her home where all her neighbors could get a good look would make her feel better about the whole thing.  
  
I had forgotten that it was Sunday and hadn't realized that most of her neighbors would be home. When we got to her townhouse a lot of her neighbors were out in their front yards just a few yards away from where Jacki parked. The ones nearest the car were a teenage boy watering the lawn with a garden house, an old woman on her hands and knees worrying over a bed of roses in her garden and a girl in her late teens wearing shorts, cleats and a t-shirt playing with a soccer ball.  
  
The girl with the soccer ball had excellent control of the ball. She would bounce it off of her left knee, her right knee, her head and her right foot in rapid succession, never allowing the ball to touch the ground.  
  
Then Jacki and Gretchen made me get out of the car and stand where everybody could see me. My naked body made quite an impression. The old lady blushed. The teenage boy muttered, "Bloody Hell" and even and walked to the edge of his lawn to get a better view of me. The girl with the soccer ball lost her concentration and allowed the ball to fall to the ground and roll across the lawn towards the street.  
  
"Oh dear," Jacki said, "I think the neighbors are jealous."  
  
I'm not sure if they were jealous, but we definitely got her neighbor's attention. I was feeling very vulnerable and wanted to go inside, but Jacki gathered me up in a very passionate embrace first and kissed me on the lips. She certainly wanted to make an impression on the neighbors.  
  
After a long, deep, lingering kiss that left her neighbors slack-jawed, she ordered me to get into the house.  
  
Of course, I had no idea which house was hers and I said so.  
  
"You can't tell?" Jacki asked. "Make a guess! Which one do you think?"  
  
I pointed to the house closest to where she parked the car and Jacki said, "Wrong! That's my house there!" Jacki then pointed to a house almost at the end of the block with white shutters and a very green, well manicured lawn. It reminded me of a Norman Rockwell painting.  
  
Naturally it was several houses down, so in order to get to it, I'd have to walk past several of her neighbors, allowing them to get a very good look at my naked body.  
  
As I walked by I heard the old lady exclaim, "Oh my word!" The teenage boy exclaimed, "Bloody Hell! Her ass is all red!" And there were several other gasps and mutterings, but I can't recall them all at this time.  
  
Before we got into the house, Jacki smacked my already sore ass hard enough that it could probably be heard all over the block. Not because I did anything wrong I think, but more because she wanted to give the neighbors more to talk about.  
  
When we got inside her house, Jacki hugged both Gretchen and I. If it weren't for the fact that I was stark naked and wearing a slave collar, it would have looked like the three of us were old friends greeting each other at the onset of a friendly gathering. I found it confusing. Slaves don't normally get treated that way.  
  
I was led by the hand to the living room. The carpeting in the room felt soft and comfortable underneath my bare feet. I started to relax when Jacki pointed to a large couch and said, "Turn around, lean your waist up against the couch, and put your hands behind your back."  
  
I did as she ordered and within seconds she produced several long pieces of rope. She had strong hands and she tied the ropes very tight. I whimpered as they bit painfully into my wrists and I just knew I was going to have very noticeable rope burns after this was all over.  
  
Jacki admitted that she had never tied a girl up before and Gretchen gave her tips on how to do it properly. She showed Jacki how to tie a fisherman's loop and explained why certain types of rope were better than others. They chatted like old friends while I was naked and being rendered helpless.  
  
Jacki slapped my already sore ass to let me know that she was done tying my wrists and ordered me to struggle and try to get free, so that she could test the quality of her bondage skills.  
  
Obediently I struggled, but the ropes were too tight to wriggle out of and too strong to break. I couldn't see the knots myself, but she apparently done an excellent job. There was no way I was getting free.  
  
I was just about to tell her that when there was a knock at the door. "Bloody Hell," Jacki swore and marched over to the front door. Gretchen grabbed me by the arm and forced me to head in that direction as well.  
  
When the door was opened, I could see the girl with the soccer ball in the doorway. She looked apprehensive and flustered and fidgeted with her hands a lot as she talked.   
  
"Jacki, hi! I um, couldn't help but notice you when you came home and um, that naked girl, she's your slave?"  
  
"No," Jacki replied, sounding slightly annoyed. "She belongs to a friend of mine. She's just loaning her to me."  
  
The soccer girl's eyes drifted over to me and widened. "Loaning her? For how long?"  
  
"Not long," Jacki replied, sounding slightly more annoyed. "So, I don't have a lot of time for chit-chat." Now, go away."  
  
"Jackie PLEASE don't send me away! This is like the coolest thing EVER that's happened in this neighborhood! I want to be a part of it!"  
  
"Monica, if you think slaves are so cool, get one of your own. I don't feel like sharing this one with you."  
  
"Could I just watch? I promise I'll be really quiet! I won't say a word! You won't even know that I'm in the room!"  
  
"No."  
  
"If you let me stay, you can use my family's pool for the next two weeks."  
  
"The answer is till no."  
  
"The next four weeks."  
  
"No. I'm not letting you stay."  
  
"If you let me stay I can get you an invite to Steve's big party in London next month."  
  
"No."  
  
"Oh, COME ON, JACKI! I'll do ANYTHING!"  
  
"Anything?" I could hear the implication of danger ahead in Jacki's tone, even if Monica was oblivious to it.  
  
"Anything, I swear!"  
  
"Take off all your clothes," Jacki replied.  
  
For a few seconds, Monica was too stunned to respond. She thought she could buy her way into this with her social connections and her family's wealth. She apparently wasn't willing to pay her way through personal humiliation."  
  
"My clothes?" Monica finally responded, somewhat apprehensive.  
  
"If you want to stay and watch what I'm going to do to this slave girl, that's the price you're going to have to pay. I've wanted to see you naked since you were sixteen years old, but I was always too common, or too flat-chested or too boring for you to take an interest in me. Well, now if you REALLY want to be part of the coolest thing that's ever happened in this neighborhood, you're going to have to make an offering to me. You're going to submit to me and make a really overt sign of your submission by stripping naked and staying naked until I tell you it's okay to get dressed again!"  
  
Monica was obviously very conflicted. She shifted her weight nervously from foot to foot as she considered Jacki's terms. She obviously didn't want to leave and miss seeing what was going to happen to the slave girl, but she didn't want to take her clothes off and be naked in front of Jacki either.  
  
In the end, her fear of being humiliated and vulnerable won out.   
  
"I can't. I just can't," Monica said, and she made her way to the front door, with her shoulders drooped and her head hung low.  
  
After she had gone, Gretchen remarked, "Well that's a shame. I thought she had a really cute ass. I would have liked to get a better look at it."  
  
Jacki nodded in agreement and added, "She thinks she so much better than me. She's been like that since we were teens and she got tits and I didn't. She really gets on my nerves sometimes."  
  
As a slave it really wasn't my place to comment or offer my opinion, but I thought Jacki looked quite attractive. True, her tits were very small (an A cup, or possibly AA), but tits aren't everything. Jacki had a nice flat stomach, long, slender legs, a cute firm tiny ass and an angular face with high cheek bones and clear, smooth skin. She also had the sort of full, kissable lips that I've always preferred.  
  
Finally, Jacki told me what my visit to her house was all about. What she really wanted to do was whip my pussy. Whipping a girl's pussy had been a sexual fantasy of hers for several years now, and she asked Gretchen if she could whip mine.

Gretchen told her that I hadn't done anything bad enough to earn a punishment as severe as a pussy whipping that she'd only consent to it, if I volunteered.  
  
"Seriously," I asked. "You're giving me a choice?"  
  
Slaves normally didn't get a say in their own treatment, so I was understandably suspicious.  
  
"You can refuse," Jacki replied, "but if you agree to let me whip you, I'll give you an orgasm. I can tell from your swollen pubic lips that you really, really want one. You probably haven't had one in a long time."  
  
Both Jacki and Gretchen stared at my pubic lips as she said it. Both my inner lips and outer lips were visible and they were both swollen with blood.   
  
"I haven't allowed her to have an orgasm all week," Gretchen replied. "She normally has one or two a day. And this week she's been kept naked, all day, every day. She must be gagging for it by now,"  
  
Gretchen was right. I was desperate for some orgasmic relief. The sexual need in my clit nagged at me all the time, but I'd seen slaves at the punishment park get their pussies whipped. Actually, I'd helped ties a few of those slaves down before they got whipped. The way the slave girls screamed and thrashed against their bonds told me that it was much more painful than any punishment I'd endured so far.  
  
"I'm sorry Mistress, but I just can't," I replied.   
  
Jacki's mouth turned into a grim line and she advanced on me. She wasn't happy with my answer. "Kneel," she commanded.  
  
I knelt and then she slapped me on the left, inner thigh. "Knees far apart," she barked. The she ordered me to lean my torso back. In this position my pussy was very exposed and on display. Jacki commented on how wet and open my pussy was right before she painfully pinched my labia.  
  
Then she put her fingers up into me. Way up into me. I started to breathe heavily and bucked my hips. Her rough treatment of my pussy was just getting me more and more excited.  
  
"Don't come," Jacki breathed into my ear. "You can't come unless you volunteer your pussy to be whipped. Remember that, little slave."  
  
I whimpered. I was stuck with two very unpleasant choices. Either be sexually teased and manhandled without any hope of sexual release, or allow the delicate folds of my labia to be assaulted with a leather whip.  
  
What would you choose?  
  
Somehow I managed to maintain enough self control to keep saying "no" even though Jacki kept fingering my pussy and making me more and more sexually frustrated.  
  
She pinched my labia again and again, making me whimper and squirm. Then she inserted two fingers deep inside of me and moved them around, probing every inch of me. She was forceful and insistent and I couldn't help but get more and more aroused as she explored my tight, wet hole with her fingers.  
  
Soon I was bathed in sweat and panting as Jacki cruelly brought me to the edge of orgasm over and over, but slid her fingers out of my vaginal tunnel just as I was about to reach the point of no return. She appeared to be an expert on teasing me. I could only guess she'd done this sort of erotic torture to somebody before. She was too expert for this to be her first time.  
  
Gretchen showed up with a cold, damp washcloth and wiped down my forehead. "Are you sure you don't want to change your mind?" she asked.  
  
"Mistress, please," I begged. "I've seen slave girls at the Punishment Part get their pussies whipped. They scream and struggle against their bonds like it's the end of the world."  
  
There were actual tears in my eyes as I said this. This sexual denial was torture, but to have my swollen, wet labia whipped with harsh, unforgiving pieces of leather was more than I could bear.  
  
"Very we11," my mistress conceded. "Jacki, just keep doing what you're doing."  
  
Tears slid down my face as Jacki stroked my sore, swollen clit and played with my swollen, aching nipples with the other. My body was so sensitive at this point everything she did just made me more and more aroused.   
  
Jacki smirked at my predicament and said, "We need to have an official record of this". And so saying she abandoned me four about three minutes and went into another room. When she returned, she was carrying a digital camera and she proceeded to take one photo of me after another. I flinched and started to shrink back at the thought of my humiliating situation being forever immortalized for this stranger, however Gretchen ordered me kneel up straight and stick my tits out.  
  
"If you ruin this girl's shot, you'll be punished for it right now!" Gretchen warned me.  
  
So I lifted my chin and straightened my spine and thrust my tits out. Jacki immediately took more pictures.  
  
"And spread your legs more," added Gretchen. "We want to see your wet, swollen pubic lips."  
  
They were already very visible, but I spread my thighs even further and Jacki moved in obscenely close for more photos.  
  
She gently caressed by nipples and made me moan as they ached and felt swollen and heavy. Jacki made certain to take many photos of my poor nipples as well, before ordering me to stand up.  
  
Getting up wasn't easy, seeing as how my hands were tied behind my back, but I managed slowly, awkwardly while Jacki took more photos of me.  
  
I was reeling from the extreme sensations that my body was going through and my breathing was labored. I was hoping for some sort of sympathy, but neither Jacki nor Gretchen was in the mood to be sympathetic.  
  
Jacki handed her camera to Gretchen and Gretchen began to take pictures of my plight. Then Jacki pulled my naked body close to hers and in a husky voice ordered, "Kiss me slave."  
  
It felt weird having my naked flesh pressed against her clothed body. It made me feel vulnerable and defenseless. And when she kissed me it was an open mouthed kiss with her tongue thrust deeply into my mouth, seeking out my own tongue and fondling it with hers.  
  
I moaned into her mouth, getting more and more turned on. I squirmed, shifting my weight from one foot to another, until Gretchen ordered me to stop. When Jacki was finished kissing me she stepped to the side, smacked my already sore buttocks with her hand and ordered me to spread my thighs further apart.  
  
"I went to a lot of effort getting your clit and pubic lips red and swollen," Jacki explained, "and I want to make sure everybody gets a good look!"  
  
I followed her orders and spread my thighs apart so far it was almost comical. "That's better," Jacki conceded. "The next time you forget, I'm going to pinch your clit. Is that what you want?"  
  
"No, Mistress," I said with labored panting. My clit was already swollen and throbbing and sore as hell. I'd do just about anything to keep from having it further abused. I resolved to keep my thighs far apart and my public lips well exposed.  
  
\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*  
  
When we exited Jacki's home and stepped outside I was immediately impressed with how large the crowd had grown. Instead of a small handful of people, there were now at least fifty. Quite a few of them were on the sidewalk and Gretchen made certain to lead me past some of them in such a way that my naked flesh brushed against them as I walked past.  
  
When we stopped beside the car I made certain to spread my legs far apart. I could feel all eyes from the crowd focusing on my wet, throbbing pussy. It was humiliating and degrading, but at least it kept Jacki from tormenting my swollen clit any worse than it had already been tormented.  
  
A few of the braver members of the crowd pulled out cell phones and took pictures. I groaned at the indignity of it. Gretchen smacked my already sore ass six times in rapid succession and told me to be a "good girl" and not make noises like that.  
  
"Yes, Mistress," I dutifully replied. Somebody in the crowd gasped.  
  
Gretchen shoved my naked, sore ass into the back seat and Jacki got into the front. Jacki drove us to the airport and Gretchen held onto one of my thighs to make sure I kept my legs far apart. I was suffering severely with the heat of sexual denial and tears slid down my face, but I struggled not to moan or make any other sounds my mistress might disapprove of.  
  
\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*  
  
Gretchen and Jacki hugged at the airport and Jacki took more pictures of my naked ass as Gretchen and I walked towards airport security. Slaves aren't allowed to check in the same way as normal people and a polite young woman in a uniform with a white starched dress shirt, black necktie, black visored cap, black stab vest, black dress pants and a belt with a dozen pounds of equipment offered to take me to the proper area for departing slaves.  
  
"Just come with me, Love," the official-looking woman coaxed as she gently put her arm around me. "I'll get you where you need to go."  
  
An odd thing, despite all the gear she had on her belt, the one and only thing I can remember was the handcuffs. Do you suppose that makes me obsessive about bondage?  
  
As I was led away from Gretchen I noticed that airport employees and ticket holders alike were staring at me with open curiosity or lust (sometimes both) and I felt vulnerable and exposed.  
  
"No dawdling" said the official looking woman. I had apparently stopped to stare in horror at the great mob of people who were ogling me. She then put a tight grip on my arm and added, "If I have to drag you, there's going to be trouble later."  
  
I obediently got my feet moving and walked in the direction she indicated. I didn't know what she meant by "trouble", but from the threatening tone of her voice I guessed it would be something rather unpleasant.  
  
I was led through a door labeled "Authorized Personnel Only" and down a hall. We passed several people dressed in uniforms identical to the one my escort was wearing. Apparently this area was inhabited by airport security.  
  
I even noticed that their stab vests had the letters AAS stenciled across the front of them. Possibly AAS stood for Agency for Airport Security?  
  
We finally came to a locked door. She took her hands off of me long enough to pull out a key and unlock the door. "If you run, I'm going to have to chase you," she said. "And I'm wearing about twenty pounds of gear. Do you know how upset I'm going to be if I have to chase you wearing twenty pounds of gear?"  
  
The implied threat in her voice was obvious. At any rate, I was naked and my hands were still tied behind my back. Where was I going to run to?  
  
"I won't run, Mistress. I promise."  
  
"Good girl," she said, and she opened the door. She put her hand on small of my back and then she gently pushed me into the room.  
  
The room was large and windowless and devoid of color. The walls were bare and the only furniture was a few uncomfortable looking wooden chairs and a battered wooden desk that looked to be more than thirty years old.  
  
Then I noticed a naked male slave hanging by his wrists from the ceiling.  
  
He was blonde and slender and looked to be about my age, and in addition to his nudity he had a ball gag strapped tightly into his mouth. His feet were dangling several inches above the floor and his body had been very thoroughly shaved. His nudity, his lack of body hair and the way his helpless bondage stretched the skin across the muscles of his torso and made his ribcage and abdominal muscles stick out made him seem extremely vulnerable and defenseless.  
  
My chaperone pushed me closer to the naked slave and I also noticed his swollen cock and the pained expression on his young face. He looked rather frightened. Then, as I got even closer, I noticed that his face was streaked with tears. He apparently had been crying.  
  
"Nicolas here has been a bad boy," my keeper explained. "He assumed that since his owner wasn't around that he didn't have to behave. He was disrespectful to the AAS. He flirted with our employees. He tried to chat them up. He even tried to kiss me."   
  
At this point, my keeper smacked Nicolas's exposed, vulnerable buttocks with her hand and there was a loud impact which echoed throughout the large room. Nicholas attempted to scream though his gag, but succeeded only in making muffled mewling noises.  
  
Upon closer inspection I noticed that Nicolas's buttocks were already quite red.  
  
"Nicholas has missed his flight home and now he'll have to take a later flight...after we're done punishing him. Do you understand that we can do the same thing to any slave? For instance, if you, Diane were to misbehave the AAD could make you miss your flight home and keep you here at the airport until you've been properly punished?"  
  
"Yes, Mistress," I replied, feeling quite apprehensive. "I'll behave." I really didn't want to stay in Sessia any longer than I had to. And I especially didn't want to be hanging from the ceiling like this naked boy and punished by members of airport security.  
  
My keeper positioned me about five feet in front of the bound slave and looked into my eyes and said, "Nicholas has been given a drug which makes it impossible to ejaculate. We could play with his swollen cock for hours and he'd still be unable to have an orgasm. That's going to be his punishment. We're going to tease him for hours and hours, but he won't be allowed any relief. He's going to be quite miserable before we set him free. Understand?"  
  
"Yes, Mistress," I replied nervously, hoping that the same fate didn't await me.   
  
Then without warning, she took my face in her hands and kissed me on the mouth. It was a long, lingering kiss and I was dimly aware of the sound of the male slave moaning a short distance away.  
  
"Did you like that, Slave boy?" my chaperone asked. "Do you like watching two girls kiss?"  
  
It apparently aroused him. He was making frustrated noises from behind his gag and his swollen cock twitched slightly. He closed his eyes tightly and then my keeper snapped, "Open your eyes, Slave boy or I can make your punishment even worse!" Nicholas opened his eyes and I saw a miserable, defeated look on his face just before my overseer placed her mouth on mine again and kissed me with even more passion. Soon all three of us were moaning.  
  
I rather enjoyed the sensation of this woman's lips and tongue, however it got even more intense as she took her left hand and gently touched two fingers to my right breast. She gently dragged her fingers across the skin, causing tingles to run through my breast and upper body. "Ugh uh uhh," I said, making inarticulate noises while my naked body craved more contact with her hands.   
  
Then she raised up her right hand and she fondled both of my breasts simultaneously. The naked and helpless slave boy made frustrated sounds through his gag, sexually aroused, but unable to do anything about it.  
  
"Oh, Mistress," I moaned, as I got more and more aroused. And then she began to roll my swollen areola and nipples between her fingers...gently at first, but gradually using more and more pressure. My nipples throbbed and ached and tingled and I moaned and gasped as these sensations radiated though my body, causing me intense need.  
  
"Do you like that?" my overseer whispered as she drove me into greater and greater sexual heat.   
  
"Oh, yes," I whispered back, barely capable of speech anymore. My chest felt heavy and my throat felt tight and I was hot and feverish all over.  
  
"Nicholas has been a bad boy," she informed me, "and you've been a good girl. Since you've been good, don't you think that you should be allowed to have an orgasm while he's forced to go without?"  
  
I didn't need to be asked twice. "Yes, Mistress," I responded breathlessly," I think that would be fair.  
  
My keeper laughed at that. "Yes, that would be fair," she agreed. "And of course, we'll have to make him watch."  
  
Nicholas whimpered and squirmed in his bondage and I was somewhat humiliated at the idea of a man seeing my in one of my most intimate moments, but I really, desperately needed sexual release. If having this bound slave boy watch was the price I had to pay I was more than ready to pay it.  
  
My keeper untied me and gave me a few seconds to massage my sore wrists. The rope burns were pretty deep and would probably still be visible when I was on the plane ride back to America.  
  
"We're going to do a body cavity search," the authoritative woman said. "But first I need you to help me move this desk closer to Nicholas." The desk was heavy and not at all easy to push across the floor, but I strained and pushed and with much effort managed to finally get it where my stern overseer wanted it.  
  
I was rewarded with a "good girl," and then ordered to climb up onto the desk on my hands and knees.  
  
Once I was obediently in position, with my thighs far apart and my pussy very much on view, my authoritarian keeper snapped on some latex gloves and got out a bottle of lubricant.  
  
"She has a very cute ass, doesn't she, Nicholas?" my keeper asked in a mocking tone of voice. "So firm and tiny...and her asshole is looks so tight."  
  
My face was probably red with humiliation at the thought of this slave boy getting a good view of my exposed (and freshly waxed) anus, but as a slave there was nothing I could do to stop the degrading way that I was being treated.  
  
Then I felt a cold glob of lubricant being dripped between my cheeks and sliding slowly down to my exposed, defenseless anus. I had just a few seconds to register how uncomfortable this cold gel was against my hot skin before I felt a finger rudely thrust into my tight sphincter and then suddenly a stranger's finger was deep inside of me.  
  
If it was just a body cavity search it would have been over quickly, however my keeper was putting on quite a show for her naughty slave body and she kept the finger inside of me and wriggled it around, making me moan and make noises of helpless distress.   
  
The bound slave boy made noises too, but his were muffled by the ball gag in his mouth.  
  
After several minutes of making us both suffer, my tormentor ripped off her soiled latex glove and put on a fresh one.  
  
"Okay, Slave girl" she said, "up you get." And once I was standing she ordered me to stand on the desk with my legs far apart.  
  
"This way your pussy will be more on eye level for our naughty slave boy," my tormentor explained.  
  
My face felt hot as I looked the naked slave in the eye and realized how turned on he was at seeing my naked body.   
  
"Now spread your legs well apart and place your hands behind the back of your neck. I want all of your naughty bits well exposed for this," she said. Of course I obeyed. I was a slave and I knew what happened to slaves that didn't follow orders.  
  
Before she even touched me my clit was swollen and sensitive and hard. It had pushed past its hood and stood erect and throbbing with excitement. I could feel my wetness, and I knew that the male slave could see how wet and aroused I was. I again felt embarrassed and ashamed and violated and vulnerable in front of this slave and prayed for this humiliation to end quickly.   
  
Of course my tormentor had different ideas. First she slid her fingers gently across the smooth skin of my thighs, making me insane with anticipation. Her hands gently crept closer and closer to my swollen, sensitive pussy lips, but would always drift away just before physical contact was made. My breathing became labored and ragged and my nipples ached as my breasts rose and fell with each breath and I wondered how much more of this I could take.   
  
Then finally this woman touched my pussy. At first she gently grabbed my swollen labia and spread them apart, giving herself and the sexually aroused slave boy a good long look at the most intimate part of my anatomy. Then she roughly shoved two fingers inside of me, causing me to gasp and squirm. My vaginal muscles automatically tightened around her fingers and I let out a scream as my orgasm almost instantly started to rip through my naked, defenseless body.  
  
My tormentor kept shouting at me to maintain my posture. "Keep your chin up! Keep your elbows back! Keep your spine straight!" But one orgasm after another was ripping though my body as she continued to thrust her fingers into me again and again. Wave after orgasmic wave swept through my body and I was being swept along like a grain of sand being swept along by a massive tidal wave. I had no control over what was going to happen to me.

I don't know how long this went on, but eventually my legs went weak and I collapsed to my knees and almost fell off the desk.  
  
It was one of the most powerful and mind blowing orgasms of my life. I was panting so hard, you'd think I'd just run a ten mile race. My arms and legs twitched spasmodically, but didn't seem to be under my control anymore. If it wasn't for the clothed woman who caught my naked body in her strong arms, I probably would have fallen to the floor.  
  
I suppose I must have passed out, because the next thing I remember there were three more people in the room. Two of them were young men, wearing the same sort of black and white uniform with the AAS logo imprinted on their stab vests and a woman in her early forties wearing civilian clothing underneath her white lab coat.  
  
"I think she's awake," one of them said.  
  
"I can see that," replied the woman in the lab coat. Turning to me she asked, "Can you tell me your name?"  
  
I was confused and suspected this was a trick question, but I answered, "Diane."   
  
"Very good, Diane. And can you tell me where you are?"  
  
"Um, somewhere in the airport...a restricted area...I saw a sign on the door that said 'authorized personnel only.'"  
  
"And can you tell me what month this is?"  
  
"August," I said uncertainly. It still felt like these were trick questions.  
  
"Excellent," replied the lady in the lab coat. "Could you sit up for me, Diane?"  
  
I slowly sat up on the desk and noticed the huge wet spot I'd left from my mind-blowing orgasm. I awkwardly swung my feet over the side, and looked around. The people in the AAS uniforms had really serious looks on their faces....especially the woman. Even though slaves aren't supposed to speak without permission, I asked, "Is there something wrong?"  
  
"Officer Ryan thought you were having a seizure," replied the lady in the lab coat.   
  
The woman who had roughly fingered me to orgasm added, "You were shaking all over and you almost fell off the desk. You were thrashing around like crazy. It looked like a medical emergency, so I called for help."  
  
"As near as I can tell, she passed out," said the lady in the white lab coat. "I've seen three other slaves pass out from orgasms that were too intense. It's similar to when a person passes out from pain that's too intense. It's sensory overload."  
  
I was stunned. A had actually had an orgasm so intense that it knocked me out? Oh, I was going to have sexual fantasies about Officer Ryan and her strong fingers thrusting roughly inside of me for many years to come! I looked over at Officer Ryan and wanted to hug her. However slaves don't ever touch free citizens without permission. It's the sort of thing that could result in severe punishment.  
  
"Actually, I'm jealous," added the doctor. "I'm forty-three years old and I've never had an orgasm that intense."  
  
This line caused a slight eruption of laughter in the room and the mood lightened considerably.  
  
"One of you needs to fetch Miss Schlank's things so that she can board her flight," the doctor said. "I'll finish up examining her while you do that."  
  
The AAS people left the room and the doctor checked me over pretty thoroughly. In addition to the regular stuff like lungs and blood pressure and heartbeat, she also checked my whole body over for bruises, abrasions, cuts and swelling. She even checked the soles of my feet and the palms of my hands as some slave owners like to whip their slaves in places like that.  
  
Of course no medical examination of a slave would be complete if she didn't do an intimate and probing examination of my pussy and my anus. I didn't complain, but she sensed that I was embarrassed and explained that a lot of slave owners are too rough in the way that they treat their slave's most intimate parts of their anatomy and was her responsibility to check.  
  
"You seem to be okay, though," she conceded. "Your bottom is visibly bruised and marked, probably from some sort of corporal punishment. You've also got some faded marks on your back, breasts and the backs of your thighs....these are also no doubt due to some sort of punishment. You've got rope burns on your arms and wrists; obviously you've been tied up. You're still a little bit shaky, but that's to be expected after an extreme sexual event like the one you experienced, however there's no indication that you've been abused or mistreated in a way that would violate Sessian law."  
  
She took some photos of my rope burns as well as the marks and bruises that she found and asked me how I felt.  
  
"My hands are still shaking," I replied, "and my legs feel rubbery and unstable." I hesitated for a few seconds and somewhat embarrassed added, "And there's an aching in my clit."  
  
"Were you whipped there?" she asked, nudging my thighs apart so that she could get a closer look.  
  
"No, it's just that I could really use an orgasm."  
  
"Again?" she asked incredulous. "You just had one...one powerful enough that you lost consciousness!"  
  
"I know," I replied. "And this is humiliating to admit, but it only took a few seconds for the lust to come back. When you examined me...your hands on my body were enough to get me all excited again."  
  
"Miss Schlank," she said, somewhat taken aback, "I'm old enough to be your mother."  
  
It was around this time that Officer Ryan came back. She had my passport and my boarding pass and some clothes for me to wear. The shoes, the dress, the bra and the panties were all brand new. Gretchen must have done some shopping while I was in bondage.  
  
"It's time for you to get dressed, Slave girl," Officer Ryan informed me. "And it's time for that collar to come off."  
  
Officer Ryan produced a key and unlocked my collar. She then removed my collar from my neck and set it down on the desk. I'd worn the thing so long it felt odd to no longer be wearing it.  
  
"Thank you," I said, rubbing my hand gently across my throat. "Does this mean I'm not a slave anymore?"  
  
"Almost," said the doctor. "We need you to sign this, first."  
  
The doctor produced an official looking document and I signed it without reading it. My signature was all messed up as my hands were still shaking.  
  
"Hold on," cautioned Officer Ryan. "Don't you want to know what it says first?"  
  
"It basically just says that nothing that was done to her was without her consent and that she waves her rights to file any lawsuits against her owner, the OSI and any operatives of the Sessian government or private citizens of the nation of Sessia."  
  
"I'm sure, but I would've read it first if I were her."  
  
"I don't plan on suing anybody," I said firmly. "I'm just glad to have my freedom back."  
  
Then I picked up my panties and tried to step into them. My legs were so wobbly that I fell over when I tried to balance on one foot. Officer Ryan instinctively grabbed me and for a few brief moments my naked body was pressed against her clothed one. Her stab vest felt rough against my exposed, aching and vulnerable breasts. And even though I was no longer a slave I felt very submissive towards her at that moment.   
  
"Are you all right?" Officer Ryan and the doctor asked both in unison.   
  
"I guess I'm still pretty shaky," I replied.  
  
I stared into Officer Ryan's eyes thinking how attractive she was and wondering why I hadn't noticed earlier. And while I was thinking this, the doctor suggested that I might need help getting dressed.  
  
Officer Ryan and agreed to help and soon her hands were all over my body. She slid the tiny thong panties up my legs while I steadied myself against the desk. She even pulled the rear part tight into my ass crack to make certain that they were on all the way. My pussy was still soaking wet and the panties were stained almost instantly. I'd have to change them as soon as I got home.  
  
Of course the bra was a pushup bra with underwire cups, so my boobs could be displayed on the plane ride home. Gretchen had obviously put a lot of thought into this. Of course Officer Ryan had to put it on me and attatch the hook and eye in the back.   
  
The dress was a very tight and made of nylon or spandex (or both) and had a scoop neck that showed a lot of cleavage. It was also scooped in the back, so my back was exposed quite a bit as well. Officer Ryan had trouble zipping me up because the dress was so tight. And the hem was about five or six inches above the knees, so I had a lot of thigh exposed.  
  
But the biggest problem was the shoes...pointed-toe pumps with five inch heels. My legs were already wobbly and unstable. There was no way I could walk in high heels. The doctor figured this out without me even saying a word.  
  
"Officer Ryan, perhaps you should escort Miss Schlank to her flight."  
  
"She does seem to be a bit shaky on her pins, Doctor."  
  
"Just let her lean on you, and I think she'll be fine."  
  
Officer Ryan put one arm around my waist and I leaned on her for support. My legs still felt all rubbery, and the throbbing in my clit was a huge distraction and the damn five inch heels weren't making walking any easier, but somehow I managed to make my way to my flight before the plane took off.  
  
As I hobbled unsteadily across the airport I asked Officer Ryan if she could get my address and phone number from my paperwork with the OSI.   
  
"Probably, Miss," she conceded. "Why do you ask?"  
  
"If you're ever in America, I'd like for you to drop by for a visit."  
  
"You would?" she asked, sounding confused. "Whatever for?"  
  
I lowered my voice down to a whisper do that only she could hear me. "You gave me the best orgasm of my life. That's the sort of thing that leaves an impression on a girl."  
  
Suddenly she stopped walking and looked at me, as if she were seeing me for the first time. She couldn't seem to think of anything to say.  
  
"And bring your handcuffs," I added. "You never got a chance to use them on me today."  
  
We started walking again and for a long time she didn't say anything. Then shortly before we reached my plane, she replied, "I get two weeks off in October. If I fly out there can I stay with you?"  
  
I gave her my best seductive smile and told her she could stay with me anytime.