**Return to Sessia Ch. 11**

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

The day Amy and Scott left Sessia, Gretchen took me to the airport to see them off. Of course I got plenty of stares. A naked girl with my figure walking through a public place will get ogled and gaped at. Of course there were quite a few people with iPhones or cameras who took my picture.   
  
My bottom was still red from that morning's spanking. Something about that made me proud. A slave with whip marks, welts or hand-prints on her skin is somehow more exciting and more esteemed.   
  
"I'm not sure when's the next time that I'll be able to make it back to Sessia," Amy said lamentably. "I probably won't be able to see you again until you return to America."   
  
She hugged me and it felt delicious to be naked and be hugged by someone who was fully dressed. It made the contrast between her status and mine so stark. It made me feel quite intimately how much she outranked and outclassed me. Her clothed body pressed against my naked body forced me to acknowledge my helplessness, inferior status and vulnerability.   
  
And just thinking about the implications of my vulnerable status as a slavegirl caused my sex to throb and my entire body to become hot with desire.   
  
"I'll be fine in Sessia." I told my sister. "I'm in my element here. Don't worry about me."   
  
"What about this lesbian club you're going to?"   
  
Then turning to Gretchen, she asked, "How are you going to keep her safe while she's being exposed naked in front of two-hundred horny strangers?"   
  
"There will be security working the club," Gretchen said wearily. "They know how to do their jobs. They'll work crowd control and keep the club patrons from getting out of control."   
  
"And what about you?" Amy asked. "I know my sister chose to become your slavegirl, but I'm wondering if she's blinded by love and trusts you too much. How do I know you won't whip her so hard that she has to go to the hospital? How do I know you won't tie her up in such a way that she dislocates her shoulders? Or pulls a groin muscle?"   
  
Gretchen sighed and rolled her eyes. She and Amy disagreed on the proper way for a slavegirl to be treated. Or at least Amy disagreed on the way *I* should be treated. I was her big sister and she wanted me to be safe and protected, not whipped in the punishment park and exposed naked in public and groped by strangers.   
  
"I've had years of experience taking care of your sister," Gretchen replied, trying to be patient and polite with Amy. "I think I know how to control and discipline her without causing any actual medical damage. And your sister is very flexible. She's had years of ballet training and Claudia has been working on maintaining her flexibility. She can be tied in all sorts of ways without her actually pulling any muscles or dislocating anything."   
  
"I want her to call me after she's been roughed up by the lesbians at that club. Will you at least let her call me after they've had their way with her?"   
  
Gretchen's mouth was set into a grim line and she seemed to be mulling over Amy's request. Finally, in a tired, unhappy voice, she asked, "Why?"   
  
"I just want to make sure that she's alright! *Jeez!* Is that so much to ask?"   
  
"Fine," Gretchen said, sounding reluctant, "After Diane and I get back from Adoration, I'll have your sister give you a call. The two of you can talk until you're sure that your sister hasn't been injured or abducted or whatever your prevailing anxiety is concerning your sister."   
  
Amy and Gretchen sealed the deal with an uneasy handshake and Amy hugged me again and kissed me on the cheek. Amy and I were about as close as sisters could be, and in many ways I was her best friend. I couldn't blame her for being concerned about my welfare. It was actually kind of sweet.   
  
Amy and Scott couldn't spend all morning saying goodbye, and eventually they picked up their luggage and headed for the check-in counter for United Airlines.   
  
As they walked away, I could hear Scott attempting to tell Amy that she was being overprotective. Amy accused him of being a bastard and hit him with her carry-on luggage.   
  
"Your sister loves you very much," Gretchen said as we both stood there and I watched my sister get in line.   
  
"I'm the only on in the family that was ever nice to her," I explained to the woman who owns me. "My mother was an overbearing dictator. My father abandoned us when she was eight. My Aunt Ruth is something of a recluse who never calls and never visits. I was the only one she could ever come to when she had problems or needed advice."   
  
Gretchen smiled and gave me a hug. "It's nice that your sister cares about you," she said. "However I'm still going to have to be mean to you. You're still my slavegirl. That means I still have to keep you naked, discipline you and be strict with you and loan you out to people who will be cruel."   
  
She patted my bare bottom affectionately and I replied, "I know you will, Mistress. I knew you would when I signed that contract. And the thought of being naked, helpless, groped, fingered and stared at by strangers while I'm waiting to be whipped or cropped or something terribly painful excited. Even when I'm scared still I'm terribly excited. It makes my pussy throb, just thinking about it. Why do you suppose I signed the slave contract in the first place?"   
  
Gretchen looked at me with adoring eyes and said, "Sometimes these things need to be said out loud. Maybe you can say something like that the next time you talk to your sister."   
  
"Of course, Mistress," I replied. "I'll tell her next time we talk."   
  
"Now turn around, Darling," Gretchen said, "I'm going to cuff your hands behind your back."   
  
Naked in the airport lobby, I turned my back to Gretchen and offered my wrists. My hands were trembling as I waited for the woman who owned me to produce stainless steel handcuffs and use them on me to make me helpless. As I patiently waited, I felt a sense of delicious humiliation. I was watched keenly by members of the European press, airport security and travelers carrying their luggage. They all took an interest in my nudity and my submissive surrender to Gretchen's authority.   
  
The metallic clicking of the handcuffs tightening on my wrists seemed to be the loudest sound in the entire airport. Gretchen made certain that the metal was snug on my feminine wrists and when Gretchen was finished I tugged against my bonds. They were strong and secure. I could feel Gretchen's authority in the metal she had placed on my wrists.   
  
It was thrilling to be naked and helpless in a public place. I felt exposed and about ninety percent breasts and pubic lips. The sudden loss of my hands and arms made me feel twice as naked.   
  
"I intend to be beautifully mean to you," Gretchen informed me flatly and my pussy throbbed even more.   
  
"Yes, Mistress."   
  
"You won't complain?"   
  
"No, Mistress," I replied with absolute honesty. "I'm your slavegirl. I expect you to be beautifully mean to me."   
  
And while I was naked and handcuffed and Gretchen was fully clothed and unfettered, she pulled me close and kissed me passionately in front of the European media and all of the airline patrons and employees.   
  
It was deliciously humiliating to have so many people watch me as I was naked, bound and being kissed by my mistress, and I abandoned myself to the humiliation and the helplessness of the moment.   
  
This kiss went on for a long time and when my mistress broke from it, she whispered, "Everyone in the airport lobby is looking at us."   
  
"Yes, Mistress," I whispered back.   
  
"I'm the most envied woman here," she said in response.   
  
And as we left the airport, Gretchen got on her phone to prepare more humiliations and torments for me to suffer.   
  
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It took more than two weeks for Gretchen and Victoria to coordinate with the club management at Adoration so that I could be the entertainment for the patrons of their club.   
  
They had to advertise, arrange for sufficient security, build a stage, obtain the appropriate bondage devices, sell tickets and make certain that the European press would have enough time to set up so that they could film and photograph my humiliation.   
  
Of course when the night in question came I was nervous as a teenager on her first date. Actually, it was probably more like I was as nervous as an innocent teenager on her first day in a woman's prison.   
  
There were butterflies in my stomach and I kept having to go and pee. A security guard followed me to the bathroom every time I relieved my bladder. She wasn't being mean or nasty, but she insisted that somebody from the club needed to keep an eye on me at all times. If I were to get hurt at the Adoration, the club's insurance premiums would go up and there'd be plenty of bad press and the club manager would be pissed. Therefore the security guards at the club were being very proactive at making certain that I didn't get hurt.   
  
Or, at least not hurt any more than is traditional for Sessian sex slaves.   
  
"Hey, Pretty-girl. You look like you could use a drink."   
  
That's Ashley. She's one of the bartenders at this club. She's a little bit older than me and cute in a Sandy Duncan/Peter Pan kind of way. She insisted that I call her Ash, and she said that she could see the way that I was panting and trembling and turning pale. She saw no point in me suffering before the entertainment even began.   
  
"I don't have any money for drinks, Ash," I told her. "And anyway, I don't think that my mistress would allow me to drink. I was spanked just for asking for coffee."   
  
Ashley gave me a disarming smile and said, "I've already talked to Gretchen, and she said I could give you just one glass of red wine and no more. She agrees with me that you look too nervous for a girl who hasn't even been tied up yet."   
  
I graciously accepted the wine and Ashely was right. It did help me to calm my nerves and keep me from panicking.   
  
"You've got a long night ahead of you, Sweetie," Ashley informed me, "They've sold hundreds of tickets to this event. If I were in your shoes, I wouldn't want to start out sober."   
  
Ashley explained that the staff of Adoration had sold twelve blue tickets, thirty-five white tickets, twenty-four orange tickets and one-hundred seventy-six red tickets.   
  
The red tickets were for the cheap seats, not very close to the stage. The orange tickets were for the good seats. They paid a lot for those tickets, so they'd get an excellent view of my humiliation and torments. The white tickets allowed women to get their picture taken with me after the show was over, and blue tickets actually allowed a select group of lesbians to go up on the stage with me during the show. Ashley wouldn't tell me what those women would be doing to me while on the stage. Very likely she didn't know any more about my fate would be any better than I did.   
  
Before the patrons started to file in I was taken back to the manager's office. I was left in there with the manager until and told that I couldn't go outside until a club employee came to get me. I was also ordered not to touch my pussy.   
  
"Well, you're certainly pretty enough," said the club manager looking my naked body up and down. "You look even sexier in person than you did on the telly."   
  
"Thank you, Mistress," I replied, leaving my hands at my sides and my feet apart, so that the club manager could get a good look at my public lips and everything else I had to offer. A slavegirl should never use her hands to cover herself.   
  
"My name is Fran," the manager said sharply, "You can forget that 'Mistress' bullshit until the show starts. I'm running a business here and I'm not at all distracted by the fripperies of what you do. You've got a hot body and you show it off. You don't wear a stitch and my audience will love that. Do a good job and I'll invite you and Gretchen back, but I don't get even a tiny amount of pleasure or excitement from being called 'Mistress'. Do you understand me?"   
  
I hadn't expected this. Most of the women I've met since coming to Sessia preferred to be called Mistress, but a slavegirl needs to be adaptable.   
  
"I understand," I said without complaint, and then I added, "Sorry, Fran. It won't happen again."   
  
"Not a problem," Fran said, "We've made almost £6,000 selling tickets to your show, so I'm rather happy with you and Gretchen. And those women who come to see your show will probably spend a lot of money at the bar tonight."   
  
"Naked girls bring in profits?"   
  
Fran gave me a winning smile and replied, "More so with you than with most. Your friend; Gretchen; didn't even ask for a share of tonight's profits. She basically just wants the media exposure. I let Channel-Four set up to film you, and she's totally happy."   
  
I understood that. Gretchen was working for Listig Strategic Communications and it was her job to make slavery more popular in the nation of Sessia. From her point of view, media exposure would be more important than the profits from my show.   
  
I was ordered to stay in Fran's office until 10:00 PM. Then I was supposed to make a dramatic entrance and get everybody's attention. Of course the waiting made me even more nervous than before. The wine had helped to calm my fears, but it had only been one glass. The harsh, vexing feeling of fear settled into the pit of my stomach again and I nervously counted the minutes until 10:00 PM.   
  
When my time came, a security guard dressed in a stylish uniform came to get me. I was told to place my hands behind my back as if they were bound there, wrist to elbow and to keep them that way until I was given orders to the contrary.   
  
A second security guard cleared the way in front of us and I was led out into the public area of the club. Every chair was filled with customers and every customer had her eyes intently focused on me.   
  
Some of the women were my age, however others were in their thirties of forties. Some of the women were slender and athletic like me. Others were plump or voluptuous. And of course all of them were fashionably dressed in evening gowns, mini-dresses and stylish footwear. Most of the women were displaying jewelry on their wrists or their necks. I saw the looks on their faces and they all seemed to be judging me. These women were all respectable, well-dressed women out on the town. I was just a naked, captive slavegirl, here to be abused, ogled and humiliated for their entertainment.   
  
Gretchen was standing to my right and in a low, serious tone, she told me, "Head up, eyes down, keep your hands tightly behind your back and don't forget to breathe."   
  
There were scores of eyes on me as the security guard led me over to the stage. The stage was one of those portable things, about 8 inches tall and maybe 12 feet wide by 12 feet long. Quite a number of people pointed as I stepped up onto it. I noticed photographers and cameramen from both Insider Magazine and Channel four. There were murmurings in the crowd as I stood naked on the stage and posed there for everyone to ogle. The stage felt cold underneath my bare feet and as I stared out at the gorgeously dressed crowd, I somehow felt even more naked than I had in the manager's office.   
  
No one had told me what would be done to me here at this lesbian club, so I kept my head up, my eyes down and breathed.   
  
Then, I heard Gretchen's voice cutting sharply through the murmuring of the crowd, *"Slavegirl, tell us your name!"*  
  
*"Diane Schlank,"* I called back, keeping my voice loud enough to be heard above the crowd.   
  
"The patrons of this club would like to see you, Diane," Gretchen called back. "Give us a spin...nice and slow!"   
  
Still keeping my arms behind my back, my chin up and my eyes down, I slowly turned for the crowd, giving every women there an opportunity to ogle my naked ass, and then slowly turned so that I was facing them again, my naked breasts and pubic lips blatantly on display.   
  
Gretchen then sauntered up, climbed up on the stage and stood behind me. "Okay, Diane," Gretchen called out so that members of the audience could hear, "Even though you're not bound, I want you to keep your hands behind your back. Don't move them until I tell you."   
  
My heart beat faster, wondering what Gretchen was intending to do to me in front of all these strangers. How humiliating would it be? How painful? The audience in front of me looked unimpressed with me so far. What would Gretchen have to do to me, to impress them?   
  
Gretchen began by gripping me around the throat and roughly groping one of my breasts. I obediently maintained position and even managed not to whimper or flinch as Gretchen's strong, capable fingers tightly gripped the tender flesh of my boob.   
  
Then Gretchen let go of my breast and placed one hand against the small of my back while still gripping my throat. Using her hands, she bend me over at the waist. This was an awkward position to maintain with my hands behind my back, however I had experience with awkward positions before.   
  
While I was bent over, Gretchen took one hand and began to smack my bare bottom with it. She didn't hit my bottom very hard, however I was already sore from my morning spanking and Gretchen didn't stop at just a token spanking of two or three slaps, but rather she spanked my naked ass sixteen times--and the last four were hard enough to make me cry out in pain.   
  
Using her hands, Gretchen stood me up again and walked to the end of the stage and addressed the audience.   
  
"Is there anyone here with a blue ticket, who would like to come up here and get to know my slave better?"   
  
About a dozen women raised their hands, most of them displaying a blue ticket and waving it high above their heads. The murmuring had stopped at this point and quite a few faces in the crowd looked eager now.   
  
"Just one," admonished Gretchen. Then stepping off the stage, she walked up to an audience member and told her she could go up on the stage and put her hands on my naked flesh.   
  
Then calling back to me, she sternly ordered, "Keep your eyes down. I don't want you looking at this woman. She can look at you. You can't look at her."   
  
I called out, "Yes Mistress," and kept my eyes down. The woman was dressed all in black, but I never got a good look at her face, due to Gretchen's orders. The woman set her drink down on the stage and I got a very good look at that. It was something golden in color with ice cubes floating in it.   
  
The woman stood behind me, much like Gretchen had and began to grope my breasts. She wasn't anywhere near as rough as Gretchen had been, however she used both hands and she excited my already stimulated nipples and got them painfully erect. She also leaned over my shoulder and licked and sucked on each of my pink, erect nipples. My nipples belonged to this mischievous woman more than they did to me and we all knew it.   
  
Next she bent me over and had me arch my back. While I was in that vulnerable position she swatted my ass twice, first the left buttock, then the right.   
  
"Don't move," the woman ordered me and then I felt her spreading my ass cheeks wide.   
  
"Your asshole is so pink," the woman exclaimed and then I felt her hard, wet tongue probing at my anus. I gasped at the unexpected intrusion and then she grabbed my pubic lips and roughly pulled them apart. I had just enough time to hear her compliment the pinkness of my pubic lips before I felt her tongue being probing into the wet interior of my sex.   
  
"*Aaaghhhh,"* I gasped, but her tongue was gone almost as soon as she sound left my lips.   
  
Gretchen then announced it was somebody else's turn and then lady in black picked up her drink and walked off the stage.   
  
The next woman who came up on stage, of course, had to spank my naked ass as well. Her slaps were hard and stinging, however she didn't seem to be satisfied with just spanking my ass.   
  
Still standing behind me, she ordered me to spread my legs far apart and to keep my arms behind my back.

From behind a hand insinuated itself between my legs and cupped my sex. Then it proceeded to vigorously rub my exposed pubic lips, getting my pussy to throb with even greater intensity. When I started to feel the beginnings of an orgasm, she removed her hand from my pussy and began to spank the tender flesh of my inner-thighs. "Aaaghhhh," I cried out each time she struck me. The woman really knew how to make my naked flesh sting.   
  
Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! And even though I wasn't bound, I just stood there with my legs obscenely far apart and allowed this woman to continue with her punishing slaps against my sensitive inner-thighs.   
  
This wicked woman was also called off from the stage, however it didn't mean the show was over. It just meant that it was Gretchen's turn to abuse me.   
  
"On your hands and knees," Gretchen ordered as she came back on the stage, now holding a thong whip.   
  
Obediently I got down on my hands and knees. I felt a delicious surge of fear as I eyed the whip and the audience in front of me now looked rapt.   
  
"Legs far apart," Gretchen admonished, "Ass up in the air! Head down!"   
  
Gretchen then proceeded to slice me across both cheeks of my bottom. The leather whip stung my taut cheeks, but I stifled a cry of pain. I had learned a great deal of self-discipline over the years and I was able to keep from crying out the second and third time the whip rained down on my unprotected ass as well.   
  
My resolve weakened as Gretchen kept changing her tactics. First she hit me across both cheeks at once, then she alternated between the left and the right, then she aimed for that sensitive spot where the top of the thigh meets the buttock.   
  
Soon I was making pathetic moaning and whimpering noises. I tried to be brave, but Gretchen made it difficult. Just when I thought I had adjusted to the punishment I was receiving, a sudden sharp blow across the backs of my thighs made me yelp. Then while I was attempting to adjust to the misery of that blow, Gretchen rained down a rapid succession of six blows on my right buttock and another six on my left. My bottom was stinging with such intensity that I could almost believe it was on fire. Tears were welling up in my eyes when Gretchen finally stopped whipping me.   
  
"Okay, Diane," Gretchen said loud enough for the audience to hear, "I want you to crawl off the stage and over to individual members of the audience. Remember to keep your ass up and your head down!"   
  
Crawling naked across the floor of the lesbian club was humiliating, especially the way I was holding my ass way up in the air. And while I was in that awkward, humiliating position, Gretchen would order me to turn around and present my ass to members of the audience.   
  
"Back arched," Gretchen admonished, "With your ass high up in the air, like a kitty-cat in heat."   
  
I kept my head down and raised my ass up as high as it would go, spreading my legs wide when Gretchen berated me for not properly displaying my needy pussy to the club patrons. They oohed and aahed at the slickness of my pubic lips and how smooth I looked with all of my pubic hair shaved off.   
  
One woman cupped my wet sex and commented, "Wow, she really is in heat." This comment earned a brief spell of feminine laughter.   
  
The women in the front row were only too happy to fondle naked my ass when I presented it to them. My ass was scalding and tender to the touch, but I didn't ask for mercy or complain about their hands on my stinging flesh. It would have seemed a social gaffe.   
  
"Burns beautifully, doesn't it, darling?" asked a woman who was fondling my poor, aching bottom.   
  
Another woman commented, "You should whip her every day to keep the color."   
  
"Gorgeous," one woman exclaimed and then I heard the telltale sounds of an iPhone taking multiple photos.   
  
A few women weren't satisfied with merely fondling my reddened ass, but insisted on smacking it as well. This elicited more whimpers and yelps of pain from me, but I maintained my pose with my ass way up in the air and my thighs apart. I even kept my head down so low that my nipples were dragging across the cold, hard floor.   
  
About a dozen women got to fondle my extremely tender ass, of course while my ass was their prime interest, some women made certain to pay attention to other select parts of my anatomy. I gasped when one woman stroked the sensitive flesh of my anus. And there were about five or six women who stroked my pubic lips and even one who artlessly grabbed my labia with her hands and pulled them painfully far apart, causing me to whimper as her rough hands abused my delicate, pink flesh.   
  
Of course, she had no concern for the pain she was causing me. However she did seem to think it was important to point out how wet my sex was and to comment how my wet pussy was absolute proof that I "must be enjoying this".   
  
One after the other, these women took possession of my naked flesh. One after the other, these women got to fondle, stroke, pinch, finger, slap and berate me. It was painful, it was humiliating, it was intimidating, it was humbling...and yet it was terribly exciting too.   
  
And then, after I had an indeterminate amount of time being fondled and hurt and abused by these mean women, Gretchen ordered me to crawl on all fours, back up onto the stage.   
  
Gretchen had me kneel on the stage and ordered me to hold out my wrists to her. Obediently I held them out and patiently allowed her to buckle leather bondage cuffs tightly onto my wrists.   
  
"Bondage is a very important part of a slave's life," Gretchen announced loud enough for all the women at Adoration to hear, "So, I think it's about time that this bad girl was bound and helpless."   
  
There was a stainless steel ring hanging from the ceiling that I hadn't noticed before. Gretchen used some D-clips or something similar to attach my wrist cuffs to that ring, high above my head. Then Gretchen stepped off the stage and she and another woman pulled on a rope on the other side of the room. When they pulled, the stainless steel ring my wrist cuffs were attached to, began to rise higher and higher. My arms were pulled taut above my head until my naked body was stretched taut and my feet were almost off the floor.   
  
"Now, I need some more women with blue tickets," Gretchen called out and a dozen women stood up and waved their tickets in the air.   
  
"You, you, you, you and you," Gretchen said as she pointed to members of the audience. Five women eagerly came up on the stage and at Gretchen's instructions they began to grope, fondle and pinch me. There were two women who stood to either side of me, grabbed my bare legs and pulled them obscenely far apart, stretching my adductor muscles and baring my shaved labia.   
  
Another woman reached around behind my neck, grabbed my hair, forced my head back and then crushed my lips with hers. While I was moaning into her mouth, another woman came up behind me and grabbed my breasts. She fondled them, slowly and gently at first, and then roughly, eventually trapping my nipples between her thumbs and index fingers and pinching my poor nipples cruelly.   
  
The sounds of my whimpers and moans were muffled by the woman who was kissing me. She forced her tongue into my mouth, gagging me and keeping me from making any real noise.   
  
The woman with her hands on my breasts continued to squeeze and knead my soft flesh, fingering, pinching and twisting my poor, aching nipples.   
  
"Aaaaaahh," I exclaimed pitifully when my mouth was finally free of the girl who was aggressively kissing me.   
  
But the throbbing pain in my nipples became a secondary concern when I felt hands on my thighs and fingers separating my swollen labia and delving into the wetness of my defenseless pussy. "She's soaking wet," I heard a woman exclaim and then she thrust a second finger deep inside of me.   
  
Soon two fingers were being pumped slowly in and out of my sex. I moaned, whimpered and gasped as my already throbbing pussy became even more sexually stimulated. As my vagina was roughly fingered, the women holding my ankles raised them up higher, slightly above my waist level. My legs were spread obscenely wide, exposing my pink pubic lips to the crowd as much as humanly possible. Hundreds of female eyes focused intently on my throbbing pussy and leaned forward in their seats to get a better look at my exposed and needy sex. I began to pant and Gretchen recognized the signs of an impending orgasm from the sounds I was making.   
  
"Does my slavegirl want to cum?" Gretchen asked loud enough that every member of the audience could hear.   
  
"Yes, Mistress," I cried out, gasping for breath. I was humiliated, but now frantic with need. My clit was swollen, throbbing and peeking out from its hood. It was so sensitive that it now ached and I could feel the approach of a powerful orgasm as my defenseless pussy was impaled on a strong woman's fingers.   
  
"Not yet," Gretchen calmly called out. She was being deliberately cruel to me, to entertain the crowd now. An agonizing wave of desire passed through me, but Gretchen sadistically denied me permission to reach orgasm. And we all knew that horrible punishments awaited any slave who dared to orgasm without permission.   
  
"If you want to cum, you need to ask permission from that woman over there," Gretchen announced and pointed to a smiling woman in the front row. The woman was wearing a black party dress and wore a very cute bracelet on one wrist that appeared to be made of black onyx and silver. She had kind eyes and a drink in her hand.   
  
Quite a few women in the audience laughed. They were probably anticipating that permission would be denied and I'd be left sexually frustrated and in desperate need.   
  
"You see her?" Gretchen asked, still pointing. "She's the one who controls your orgasms now. She's the only one who can give you permission."   
  
I desperately hoped that the woman was as kind as she looked. I made eye contact with her from across the room and pleaded with her with my eyes and I begged, "Please, Mistress! May I cum?"   
  
The smile remained on her face and her eyes still looked kind and benevolent, however she called back, "No, not yet."   
  
Another agonizing wave of desire passed through me, heating my breasts, hardening my nipples and causing my sex to throb with hungry spasms. My legs were spread obscenely wide, as if were doing the splits and those intrusive fingers were still probing deep inside my shamelessly exposed pussy. Tears welled up in my eyes and I felt a delicious, yet cruel helplessness as the orgasm I frantically needed was denied me.   
  
Other women in the audience were also smiling as I suffered--enjoying my plight no doubt. They laughed when the smiling woman denied me permission to have an orgasm. And then I yelped in pain as some woman who had been fondling my leg, unexpectedly pinched the stretched skin of my inner thigh, causing a sharp and unexpected pain.   
  
The woman behind me continued to squeeze and knead my exposed breasts and pinch my poor, aching nipples. The woman who had penetrated my throbbing, pink sex continued to thrust her fingers deeply inside of me and I continued to pant and whimper as my helpless, naked body was fingered and abused. I noticed Jennifer, the jogger that I had met on Fleming Avenue, about five rows back. She seemed to be enjoying my torment just as much as the other patrons.   
  
"You may not get to have an orgasm at all today," Gretchen mocked loudly. Of course Gretchen knew how desperately I needed orgasmic release, she was just playing to the crowd.   
  
"Please may I cum?" I screamed frantically to the woman in the black party dress. However she continued to smile, unmoved by my plight and yelled back, "No, not yet." Then she leaned towards the woman next to her and said something that I couldn't hear over the sound of my own miserable panting. Both women laughed as a result of whatever was said--probably a joke at my expense.   
  
"Please may I cum?" I screamed out only a few seconds later. My pussy was soaking wet now and my clit was so hard and swollen it ached. I was trying to hold back my orgasm, however I couldn't delay it for much longer. There were hands all over my naked body and fingers probing deep in my throbbing sex, driving up the intensity of my sexual fever. I was covered with sweat, panting and trembling with sexual frustration. An orgasm was going to rip through my naked body soon, no matter how much I attempted to hold it back.   
  
"Please," I whimpered, overwhelmed by the feverish heat rolling through me.   
  
The woman in the black party dress, smiled at me, tilted her head to one side and silently seemed to be considering my desperate request. Her friend leaned over and whispered something in her ear and whatever it was, I think it helped this woman make a decision in my favor.   
  
"Yes, slavegirl, you can come now." She said, loud enough that most of the patrons in Adoration could hear it.   
  
"Thank you, Mistress," I cried out passionately and the orgasm that had been building and building and filling me with and endless, hungry need finally ripped through me. "Thank you," I screamed again as the orgasm washed over me, twisting and writhing, my head shaking and thrashing as the shockwave of wanton, shameless pleasure tore through my naked, helpless body.   
  
"You're so kind," said the woman with her fingers thrust deep into my pussy. "I think you should have made her wait much longer."   
  
The women holding my legs far apart at long last let go of me and my bare feet were finally allowed to make contact once again with the stage. Most of the patrons left the stage and returned to their chairs, however the one who had fingered my pussy failed to follow their example. Apparently she felt offended that I didn't have to wait longer for my orgasm, or perhaps she felt I should have begged more. Whatever the reason, she raised her hand and brought it down hard against my already-sore bottom.   
  
Crack! Her hand slapped across my bottom with stinging force. Crack! It struck again. I was helpless to do anything to stop her.   
  
"Say that you're a spoiled girl and that you're given orgasms that you don't deserve," she ordered.   
  
"I'm a spoiled girl and I've given orgasms I don't deserve," I obediently responded, however that didn't seem good enough, and the punishment of my poor, tender ass continued.   
  
Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! "Ow! Oww! Ohh! Oww!"   
  
"I'm sorry, Mistress," I cried out, not certain what I was apologizing for and then I felt my bottom sting anew as her hand spanked my ass once again.   
  
"Spoiled girls need to be punished," the malevolent girl informed me and then her hand stroked my punished bottom. My bottom was so sore, that even the gentle stroking of feminine fingers caused my bottom to throb in painful protest. Then the cruel female stopped stroking my bare bottom and pinched it where it was most sore.   
  
"Ooooo, ouch," I exclaimed at the sudden, sharp, stinging pain the unexpected pinch had caused.   
  
"Remember me when you're back in America, you spoiled, little girl," the harsh mistress admonished. "When you're in America, wearing a designer dress and shopping for shoes at the mall, remember how I had you naked, panting and under my thumb."   
  
Then, suddenly, my face was held captive in her vicelike hands, she forced a kiss on me, invading my mouth with a tongue that probed deep.   
  
When she released me from the kiss, I was panting, naked, breasts heaving, glossy with sweat, eyes welling up with tears and my ass was throbbing in pain.   
  
That's when I first got a decent look it her face. It was Lynn, it was the girl from the bus-stop who had whipped my breasts with her leather belt. I was shocked to see her at first, but then I remembered that having me used as entertainment at this lesbian club was originally her idea.   
  
"Yes, Mistress, I'll remember," I said, a throb in my voice. I felt utterly humiliated and demeaned by this mean girl. Then, as I stood there, naked, helpless and panting, she walked off the stage and walked back to her seat. When she was seated comfortably, she gave me a wicked smile and took a photo of my helpless nudity with her phone.   
  
While I was still panting from my ordeal, Gretchen called out ceremoniously, "Alright ladies! Intermission!!"   
  
At Gretchen's announcement, several women got up from their seats. Some wandered off to the ladies room. Some headed for the bar. Some just stood and talked with other patrons of the club.   
  
However, while all of these well-dressed women were able to stretch their legs and avail themselves of the club's amenities, I was left panting, with my wrists bound tightly in leather, my naked body stretched taut and still on display. I was filled with foreboding and disquiet as I wondered how long intermission would last and what would be my eventual fate once intermission was over.

**Return to Sessia Ch. 12**

I was naked, panting, wrists bound above my head and covered in a fine sheen of sweat, while dozens of well-dressed women gazed openly at my heaving breasts and shaved pubic lips. And while I was still panting from my ordeal, Gretchen called out ceremoniously*, "Alright ladies! Intermission!!"*   
  
At Gretchen's announcement, several women got up from their seats. Some wandered off to the ladies room. Some headed for the bar. Some just stood and talked with other patrons of the club.   
  
One of the well-dressed ladies got up from her seat and walked casually over to where I was bound as if she had all the time in the world. I nervously watched her approach. I was left panting, with my wrists bound tightly in leather, my naked body stretched taut and still on display and she was wearing a very stylish black sheath dress, expensive shoes and carrying a cocktail in one hand. The expression on her face was relaxed and upbeat. The contrasts between the two of us couldn't have been more obvious. I was a naked, helpless slave. She had clothes, freedom and money.   
  
She stepped up onto the stage and smiled at me. Then she leisurely took a sip from her drink and said, "Hi."   
  
"Hello, Mistress," I said nervously. This girl had kind eyes and a pleasant smile, however sometimes it's the girls with the kindest eyes who can be most cruel. My naked body trembled slightly as she looked into my eyes.   
  
"You are so beautiful," the girl said, lovingly. "I've seen you on the television, but up close and bound like you are, you are absolutely fetching."   
  
"Thank you, Mistress," I said. The girl seemed to adore me. She kept looking into my eyes like we were on a first date and she was absolutely infatuated with me.   
  
"And the way she's got your arms bound way above your head, it makes your breasts rise up so high and proud. They look absolutely perfect when you're bound like that."   
  
Then she set her drink down on the stage and began to fondle my nipples. When she first placed her hands on them, I assumed that she was going to pinch them and hurt them cruelly, but instead she gently stroked them and bent forward so that she could leisurely kiss them and lick them with her tongue.   
  
I moaned and gasped as her lips and tongue found my nipples and drove me crazy with lust. The nerve endings in my nipples seemed to be connected directly to the nerve endings in my clit and couldn't help rubbing my naked thighs together as my pussy throbbed and begged for attention.   
  
"She shouldn't do that," said a female voice from behind me.   
  
"I'm not sure if it's written down in the official rule book, but slave-girls are always supposed to keep their legs apart. Rubbing her thighs together is a no-no."   
  
The young lady who had been doing amazing things to my nipples, lifted her face up from my breasts and smiled up at me. "You should probably apologize," she whispered softly.   
  
"I'm sorry, Mistress," I proclaimed to the woman behind me. "It won't happen again!"   
  
I couldn't see the woman behind me, but suddenly I felt three smart smacks on my bare butt. I surmised that my apology was not accepted.   
  
"When a slave-girl misbehaves, she has to be punished," the woman behind me said very matter-of-factly. Then I felt her smack my bare butt three more times.   
  
 *"Aaaaaahh! Yes, Mistress,"* I said, afraid to disagree. Slaves who disagreed tended to get punished even more.   
  
The girl who had been attending to my nipples, looked approvingly at me and said, "I love the look you get on your face when you're in pain. It makes you look so adorable."   
  
*"Really?"* the woman standing behind me asked, and the tone of her voice filled me with dread. I inferred that she intended to make me more beautiful by inflicting more pain upon me.   
  
My inference turned out to be correct. Within seconds, two feminine hands reached around from behind me, cupped my round breasts and took hold of my exposed nipples. With my hands bound securely above my head, I was helpless to defend them from cruel fingers and thumbs.   
  
"*Aaaaaahh,"* I screamed as my defenseless nipples were cruelly pinched and twisted.   
  
"How does she look now," my tormenter asked as she abused my poor nipples mercilessly.   
  
"She's gorgeous," said the girl in the sheath dress, "Absolutely gorgeous.   
  
There was no cruelty on her face, just a look of rapt admiration. I panted, squirmed, cried out in pain and tears welled up in my eyes and the girl just watched me, engrossed and hypnotized. Everything I did was erotic to her.   
  
The woman behind me finally released her sadistic hold on my nipples and just barely had time to whimper and sigh in relief before I felt a hand thrust roughly between my thighs and two fingers thrust roughly and disturbingly deep into my vagina.   
  
*"Uunghh,"* I gasped as the fingers maltreated my tender sex, thrusting, probing and stabbing deeply into the tenderest part of my anatomy.   
  
I knew better than to beg for mercy, so I just made inarticulate sounds of distress while those cruel fingers raped me.   
  
The girl in front of me looked into my eyes adoringly and enthused, "Those tears enhance your beauty even more than I would have thought possible. Please keep crying."   
  
It wasn't as if I had a lot of choice in the matter. The woman with the cruel fingers pinched my labia, causing me to make anguished noises of pain and surprise. More tears fell down my face and the girl in front of me, reverently wiped them away.   
  
A girl's pubic lips don't take up much space on a girl's body, however the woman who was standing behind me kept finding more and more spots on my pubic lips that she hadn't hurt yet and then proceeded to painfully pinch them.   
  
My pubic lips were already swollen, red and tender before this woman began searching out every fold, curve and contour of my sex with her fingers. And I was reduced to a whimpering, breast-heaving, sobbing mess as she proceeded to mercilessly pinch and abuse every centimeter my poor, innocent vulva.   
  
"If you were my slave-girl, I'd make sure that you cried like this every day," the cruel woman assured me as she rubbed her finger down the seam that separated my vulva. I moaned as her strong finger traced lines across the areas of my labia that she had so viciously pinched.   
  
"Yes, Mistress," I said between sobs. The innocent-looking girl really seemed to enjoy the strained sound in my voice as I made my respectful reply to the cruel woman.   
  
"A slave-girl never really knows her place, unless she's given punishments that she doesn't like. I'd learn what you dread the most and make certain that you were punished with it often. And if you have friends, family, rivals or co-workers that you'd hate to have them see you being enslaved, I'd invite them over to have them witness you being stripped naked, humiliated and punished."   
  
As I was envisioning what my life would be like, serving as this cruel woman's slave-girl, she used her hand to knead my sore pubic lips in a way that had me moaning more with sexual heat than with pain. Then strong hands reached between my thighs and roughly forced my legs wide apart and then she placed herself in a position between my legs, preventing them from closing and placed herself in a very good position to tease my already wet, throbbing sex.   
  
It was easy for me to predict what was to come next. The cruel woman with the strong hands proceeded to tease my exposed, vulnerable pussy until I was gasping and writhing in desperate sexual frustration. However when I struggled to impale my sex deeper on the fingers that had just *barely* penetrated my moist sex, the sadistic woman withdrew her hand and, with a laugh, slapped me hard across my naked buttocks.   
  
I gasped with pain as the open-palmed slap had found already tenderized flesh and set new stinging fire to burn my poor bottom. A couple more slaps had me writhing even more. Then the teasing hand and very skilled fingers found my wet, throbbing sex again and evoked new gasps of libidinous passion. The cruel woman played with my throbbing sex until I was panting, soaked with sweat and feverish with lust. Then she removed her hand again and informed me that if I were her slave-girl that I would be teased like that every day, but she would never bring me to orgasm.   
  
"A slave-girl's pussy should always be soaking wet and aching for satisfaction," the woman declared, "Knowing that her mistress controls her orgasms will inspire that girl to fervently serve her mistress and desperately try to gain her favor."   
  
It was frustrating and a form of torture for me to be so desperately horny and unable to even touch myself, however I attempted to be respectful and reply, "Yes Mistress," to her commentary on the proper way to train a slave.   
  
My pussy was still aching and I was still feverish with sexual frustration when Gretchen declared that intermission was over and all club patrons were urged to return to their seats.   
  
Now that intermission was over, a hush fell over the crowd and they waited to see what Gretchen had in store for me next.   
  
"Doesn't she look beautiful like that?" Gretchen asked the crowd, and then she pointed at me with a long, thin whip that she had in her right hand.   
  
There was a general agreement from the women in the crowd that I looked beautiful bound the way I was.   
  
I had an overwhelming sense of dread as Gretchen walked towards me with her whip, but once she was on stage with me, she didn't use the whip, but rather molded her lips to mine and kissed me warmly and passionately, eliciting muffled laughter and scattered applause from the crowd.   
  
The kiss lasted for a long time and when Gretchen's mouth separated from mine, I was short of breath. I was panting and gazing at Gretchen with submissive adoration when it was over.   
  
"Okay, I'm going to whip this gorgeous slavegirl over here," Gretchen announced to the crowd, "But I'm going to need some volunteers to assist me."   
  
It seemed like every woman in the club jumped up out of their chair to offer their services to Gretchen. However, out of the scores of women who wanted to be on stage and assist in my whipping, Gretchen chose only two.   
  
One girl had reddish-brown hair and wore a burgundy-colored V-neck dress with spaghetti straps. Her breasts were round and cute and barely concealed at all by her dress. She had a cheerful smile and a British accent. She thanked Gretchen for picking her and said she was really excited to be part of the show. She actually waved at me.   
  
It was kind of a stupid thing to do, but she was so damn cheerful and friendly, I actually ended up feeling bad that I couldn't wave back.   
  
The other woman was tall, had long dark hair and dressed all in black. She wore leather boots that came almost up to her knees and a black slip-dress. Her arms were unusually muscular for a woman and she looked me up and down as if taking an inventory. That look gave me the chills and made me feel very exposed and vulnerable. It was a cold, calculating look, as if she was sizing me up somehow. Maybe she was trying to guess how much pain I could take before I screamed.   
  
Gretchen instructed the woman in black to stand behind me and grab me by the hair. She had no qualms about pulling my hair and when Gretchen told her to yank my head way back so that I was left staring at the ceiling. She did so without hesitation. Of course with my head yanked back, my breasts were pushed out even further and thus became even more vulnerable to the whip.   
  
"Ow," I yelped as the lady in black yanked hard on my blonde hair and forced my head back, but nobody seemed to care if I was in pain.   
  
Gretchen told the girl in the burgundy-colored dress to play with my nipples and get them as hard and erect as possible. The way my head was forced back I couldn't see what she was doing, however I could feel her hands holding my breasts and I could feel her mouth on my defenseless nipples. At first it felt as if they were being kissed by soft, feminine lips, but then she bit each nipple with a painful severity.   
  
I cried out in pain and almost as if in response, the girl began to lick and suck on my nipples instead. Soon I was moaning in sexual vexation instead. Then when she started to pinch my nipples and pull on them, my breathing increased rapidly. Everything she did to my nipples got me excited. The throbbing in my nipples created a sympathetic reaction in my clit, which was soon throbbing just as intensely. And although I couldn't see my own nipples, Gretchen assured me that they red, swollen, erect and wet from the girl's saliva.   
  
I moaned in response. I couldn't seem to remember how to form words anymore. My nipples were so hypersensitive I all I could do was moan and make inarticulate breathing noises.   
  
When she finished, my nipples felt hypersensitive and painfully swollen. I panted and waited in dread for the first blow of the whip. It's a horrible thing for a girl's breasts to be whipped, and I just knew that was what Gretchen had in store for me.   
  
The first blow snapped loudly across my right breast. I yelped at the sudden stinging sensation and some women in the audience cheered.   
  
The next six blows came rapidly. The whip curled around my chest again and again to slap at one breast at a time, or both simultaneously, leaving me gasping and frantically yelping.   
  
My breasts soon began to throb with burning pain. My skin began to feel raw and I suspected that my breasts were reddened by this point—or at least a disturbing shade of pink.   
  
After twelve blows, Gretchen paused in the task of whipping my breasts and told the girl in burgundy to play with my nipples again.   
  
I could feel the girl cupping my sore breasts and I moaned as she licked and sucked upon my poor nipples. I didn't want my breasts or my nipples to be touched. They were both too sensitive, however I was helpless to defend them, and hot, wet tears leaked out of the corners of my eyes as the girl with the cheerful smile played with my sore breasts.   
  
The girl didn't get to play with my breasts forever though. Gretchen wasn't finished whipping them yet, so she told the girl to pull back and then suddenly I felt the harsh sting of the whip coming down across my right breast again.   
  
I cried out in pain and the audience yelled out words of encouragement to Gretchen, urging her to punish my breasts some more and insisting that I was a naughty slavegirl.   
  
Gretchen willingly gave the audience what they wanted.   
  
*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*   
  
Gretchen hit one breast and then the other, leaving stinging marks across my already-sensitive bare skin. I cried out in pain, but I was just a naked slave-girl. Nobody cares about a slave-girl crying out in pain.   
  
*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*When I cried out in pain, some of the women in the audience yelled out, "*Bad girl!"*The idea caught on and soon dozens of women were shouting out, "*Bad girl!"* every time I yelped in pain.   
  
I lost count of the number of times that Gretchen whipped my breasts, however the sound of dozens of women shouting out, *"Bad girl!"* seemed to go and on forever.   
  
My breasts were raw, beat up and throbbing like a sunburn by the time Gretchen had finished whipping them. The audience applauded and the woman who had yanked my head back, finally released my scalp and examined my punished breasts.   
  
"I love the color," she said as she stroked my poor, throbbing tits. I looked down and saw that my breasts were sporting a mixture of pink and red coloration. It was hard to see any individual whip marks as Gretchen's whip had covered both of my breasts completely, each lash of the whip had been overlaid with many others.   
  
There may have been some minor abrasions or welts, however it was impossible to check with my hands bound above my head. I resolved to examine my breasts later for such things, when my hands were free and scores of women weren't watching me.   
  
The girl in black was allowed to fondle and stroke my poor, throbbing breasts for a while, while the audience watched, amused at the way I sobbed and panted. Eventually the rope was lowered and my wrists were untied.   
  
I was told to kneel with my knees far apart, and while I knelt and rubbed my chafed wrists, Gretchen announced that it was time for the next phase of the show to begin.   
  
"I'll be needing some more volunteers," Gretchen announced and immediately, every woman in the audience jumped up from their seats, eager to volunteer.   
  
"Nobody that's already been on stage," Gretchen admonished. "There's a lot of ladies in the audience tonight. Let's give somebody else a chance."   
  
Gretchen took her time choosing the next volunteers.   
  
I heard a lot of murmurings of discussion as Gretchen interviewed at least two-dozen eager women. Everybody wanted to volunteer, but only Gretchen had the power to decide who could approach her naked slave-girl.   
  
Gretchen stood a good twelve or thirteen feet away from the stage and I wasn't permitted to come any closer to where she was interviewing volunteers, so I couldn't hear everything that was said, however I caught snatches of conversation here and there.   
  
The phrase, "not amendable to taking bribes" was heard. I also heard words like "photogenic" and "ratings" and "broadcast on television for millions of people to see".   
  
In the end, Gretchen chose two women from the audience that I highly approved of...not that anybody ever asks a slave to pick who will be allowed to touch them.   
  
The first woman that Gretchen chose was a beautiful female in her late teens with long dark hair that flowed down past her shoulders. She had very large, dark eyes that were wide with innocence and perhaps nervousness and stage fright. I heard Gretchen caution her "Don't look directly into the camera."   
  
Her lips were sensuously full but not large and her features fine and delicate. Though not as tall as me, she was still taller than average for a female and her figure was long and slender with a tiny waist, slim hips and medium sized, firm breasts. She was obviously nervous, but looked me straight in the eyes and smiled a nervous smile, attempting to put on a brave face.   
  
She stood over me, wearing a Grecian style high-split dress with spaghetti straps and a deep V-neck. She also wore expensive-looking shoes, expensive-looking earrings and an expensive-looking watch. Meanwhile, I was naked and barefoot and on my knees.   
  
What did *she* have to look nervous about? *I* was the one who was being molested, whipped and punished for the entertainment of cheering sadists!   
  
"Hi," she said in a soft, friendly tone. "My name is Nina."   
  
"Hello, Mistress," I replied respectfully. I know that Gretchen expected this girl to do something to me, but I wasn't certain just yet what was going to happen.   
  
"Enough friendly banter," Gretchen proclaimed as she stepped back onto the stage.   
  
"Diane, you need to place your hands behind your back. I need to tie you up again before the next scene."   
  
I submissively placed my hands behind my back and waited for Gretchen to make me helpless. I didn't have long to wait.   
  
I could feel Gretchen's warm hands on my arms and wrists. She placed my arms above the small of my back, wrists against my elbows.   
  
I could feel Gretchen's busy hands going to work on my naked flesh, making me helpless with her ropes. Even without being able to see the ropes, I could tell it was a box tie. Tight ropes were secured around my wrists and then each wrist was secured to the opposing forearm, just above the elbow.   
  
"There," Gretchen said when my arms were helpless secured behind my back, "How does that look?"   
  
Nina looked me over, still looking somewhat apprehensive, but smiling. "She looks sexy," Nina replied. "The way you've got her tied, her shoulders are pulled way back. That forces her to present her breasts, as if she's offering them up to me."

"A virgin sacrifice," Gretchen asked with amusement in her voice.   
  
"Well, some sort of sacrifice, certainly," Nina replied. "The way you've got her arms helpless, naked, exposed, on her knees, with her legs far apart and her vulva shaved and that humbled look in her eyes, it's obvious that she's here to suffer and be used."   
  
I could feel myself become warmer as Nina discussed my naked, helpless condition with such detail. Rarely had the life of a slave-girl been put into words that were so insightful, blunt and honest. There was a raw, sexiness to her words.   
  
"Suffer and be used," Gretchen said conversationally, "Yes, that sounds very apt. You've summed up the life of a slavegirl very nicely, Nina. Wouldn't you agree, Diane?"   
  
The question caught me by surprise, however the answer seemed obvious. "Yes, Mistress," I replied, "Every slave-girl experiences life this way."   
  
"Well, that leaves me somewhat troubled," Gretchen said playfully. "Tonight all of these women have seen you suffer, however none of them have seen me use you in any way. They're only getting half the picture."   
  
"Yes, Mistress," I replied, panting. My hands were bound tightly behind my back, so there was a limit to how much Gretchen could use me, however there were certain ways that a slavegirl in my position could be used."   
  
Then, speaking to Nina, Gretchen said, "Nina, raise the hem of your skirt. Diane is going to use her mouth to bring you to orgasm."   
  
Nina gripped the hem of her dress and raised it high enough that I could see she wasn't wearing any panties underneath her clothes. I could also see that her pubic area was just as shaved and hairless as bare as my own. I must admit I was shocked by that. During my time in Sessia I had come to accept that slave-girls were forced by law to keep their sex clean-shaven and exposed at all times, however free-women weren't required to follow the same laws as slave-girls. I guess I always expect free women to keep their pubic hair as a sign of their superior status.   
  
And then I felt the stinging slash of leather across my already sore buttocks. "Don't just stare at it," Gretchen admonished me. "Get your tongue in there! Show Nina what you can do, and make her happy!"   
  
I leaned forward and my tongue glided across the seam that ran down the center of Nina's pubic lips. Nina moaned from the very first instant my tongue made contact with her flesh, so I was assured that she liked what I was doing. She was wet before I even started, so apparently she had gotten sexually aroused, just from watching my naked body exposed, made helpless and punished.   
  
As I licked Nina's pussy, her pubic lips became more swollen and more excited. And, of course, as I licked her; I got more and more of her juices on my tongue.   
  
When I raised my head from her pussy, in an effort to catch my breath, Gretchen brought her leather whip across my poor, reddened buttocks, causing me to cry out in pain. "Aaighh," I yelped.   
  
"Get back to work," Gretchen admonished me. And I thrust my tongue deep into the folds of Nina's pussy. I found the spots that made her moan and I licked her there enthusiastically.   
  
"Oh, she's very enthusiastic," Nina exclaimed as I probed her wet sex with my tongue, going in deep and engaging in long, slow lapping once I'd found the parts of her feminine anatomy that were the most responsive.   
  
Of course, every time I paused for breath or raised my head from Nina's sex, Gretchen would bring her stinging leather whip across my buttocks or across the backs of my bare thighs.   
  
"Aaaaaahh," I screamed in inarticulate pain and dove back into Nina's slit, using my tongue to bring her closer and closer to orgasm.   
  
Eventually I licked the hood away from her swollen clit and I took it into my mouth to suck on it. Within seconds, Nina's thighs tensed and she made a feminine hissing sound. Then Nina's whole body seemed to throb and she grabbed my skull firmly as she panted her way to a powerful orgasm.   
  
"Oh God," Nina loudly exclaimed, and then pushed me away from the folds of her sex, when she had finally had enough.   
  
"Oh, God, she's good," Nina, exclaimed, still panting and then she finally lowered the hem of her dress, covered her shaved sex.   
  
The audience applauded after I'd brought Nina to a powerful orgasm and I wondered if that whole scene would be broadcast on Sessian television. Somehow, tonguing a woman's sex and bringing her to orgasm seemed more personal to me than being spanked over Lexi's knee or getting a body-cavity search at the airport. I was rather hoping that my going down on Nina wouldn't be broadcast to millions of European men and women.   
  
When Nina had returned to her seat, I was introduced to the second volunteer. The second woman was blonde and dressed all in black. She wasn't as tall or as slender as Nina, however where Nina had a look of nervous apprehension on her face, this new woman had a look of strength and quiet self-confidence.   
  
"Suffer and be used" the woman said as she stood over me. She made it sound like a question, and then she added, "I'll make certain that you do both."   
  
"Have her stand up for a moment," the woman said softly to Gretchen, and then Gretchen ordered me to my feet.   
  
It's difficult to get up from one's knees without the use of hands. It can't be done quickly or gracefully, but I awkwardly managed to reach the standing position using only my legs.   
  
"Don't stand like that," Gretchen admonished me, "Spread your legs wide!"   
  
Of course, I should have known that they would want me to stand like that. My legs were stiff from kneeling so long, but there are certain things that are expected of slaves...no matter what. I spread my legs obscenely wide and I temporarily felt as if I was ninety percent pubic lips and throbbing clit.   
  
However the woman in front of me temporarily ignored my sex and instead forced a kiss on me, invading my mouth with a tongue that probed deep. She didn't release my lips until I was moaning into her mouth.   
  
From somewhere, the blonde woman had produced two stainless steel nipple clamps. After she had broken from the kiss, she held them up in front of my face and asked me if I knew what they were.   
  
"They're nipple clamps, Mistress," I responded with dismay. I'd worn nipple clamps before and when they bit into a girl's soft, sensitive flesh, they hurt like hell. I was tempted to plead with her, not to use them on me, but I knew better. I had been a slave too long to think that begging and pleading would do any good.   
  
"Hold still," Gretchen instructed me, and the blonde woman tweaked a generous bit of my left nipple and pulled it out away from my chest and fed it into the little vicelike jaws of the horrid stainless steel clamp.   
  
I whimpered, but managed to obey Gretchen's instructions, and I held still even as she clamped painful stainless steel jaws on my right nipple as well.   
  
"Those don't come off your pretty, pink nipples until I have an orgasm like the one you gave Nina over there," the blonde proclaimed with icy-cold finality.   
  
I was forced back down to my knees and the blonde lifted the hem of her dress. I tried to ignore the throbbing pain in my tender nipples and began to tongue the swollen folds of this cruel woman's sex.   
  
The part of my brain that wasn't obsessed with the throbbing pain in my nipples, noticed that the pussy I was licking had been completely shaved recently, but had a light dusting of blonde stubble. I also noticed that her pussy was moist from top to bottom.   
  
I licked her swollen labia from top to bottom, earning a series of moans from the cruel blonde, however that wasn't enough to satisfy her forever and soon she was ordering me to thrust my tongue deep inside of her and lick her moist interior.   
  
When I would come up for air, Gretchen would sting my ass once again with her black leather whip. There was no mercy from my mistress. If I withdrew my mouth from this woman's sex even for a second, Gretchen would punish me for it.   
  
With tears in my eyes, I licked up under the hood of the cruel woman's clit, releasing the hard nub. I caressed it with my tongue and the cruel blonde panted. This reaction encouraged me to take her clit into my mouth and suck it. Her whole body writhed and squirmed, however she grabbed my head and held onto it with a vicelike grip. She screamed a long, inarticulate, feminine scream as she came and I kept licking until she had completely come down from her intense orgasm. She eventually pushed me back and yanked the metal, biting jaws off of my nipples.   
  
The clamps hurt worse coming off than they did going on. I was beyond pride or shame by this point, and I howled in inarticulate pain.   
  
There was more applause at this point. Was it applause for the extraordinary orgasm I gave the icy-cold blonde? Was it applause for my screams of pain? Was it for both?   
  
I was exhausted, sobbing, covered in sweat and it seemed as if my entire body was throbbing in pain, however Gretchen informed me that the show wasn't over yet.   
  
Thirty-five of the women in the audience had paid to get their picture taken with me. The show wouldn't be over until all of those women had gotten me to pose with them in front of the photographer Gretchen and Victoria had hired.   
  
Now, as innocuous as getting my picture taken with thirty-five women sounded at first, it turned out to be a lot less painless and a lot more time-consuming than I initially thought it would be.   
  
It took over an hour to pose with all thirty-five women and some of them were quite creative and demanding when it came to exactly how I should be posed for the photograph.   
  
At first I was posing with women who were American and Japanese tourists, and they were content to have the picture taken with me kneeling at their feet, with my eyes submissively downcast or with my face rubbing affectionately against their thighs, through the fabric of their dress or skirt.   
  
However the Sessian women proved themselves to be more creative than the Americans or the Japanese.   
  
"I'm Karen," said a gorgeous, slender redheaded lesbian. Her accent sounded almost British, however I'd been in Sessia long enough to tell the difference between a British accent and a Sessian accent. Karen looked at me like she was hungry and I was the most delicious thing on the menu.   
  
"Can we untie her arms?" asked Karen, while she gave me her hungry look.   
  
"The ropes make her more helpless," Gretchen suggested. "Normally a B&D crowd prefers a slavegirl who's helplessly bound."   
  
"Well, yes," agreed Karen, "But obedience can be sexy too. And getting your slavegirl on her hands and knees, obediently kissing my feet wouldn't likely be possible with her arms tied behind her back."   
  
Gretchen seemed to like Karen's response and I soon found my arms being untied. I had a few seconds to examine the reddish indentations left on the bare skin of my arms by those tight ropes, and then Karen firmly ordered me, "On your knees, face nuzzling my shoe, and raise your ass nice and high for the camera."   
  
I pressed my face to her open-toe slingback high heels and softly kissed the black leather just above her toes. The way I was positioned, the photographer wouldn't be able to photograph my face, however my bare feet, my sore, reddened buttocks, my anal cleft and the soft folds of my dripping-wet pussy lips would all be on display and would be photographed and immortalized for this woman to take home with her.   
  
"How do we look?" Karen asked the photographer. I couldn't quite hear what the photographer said, however a second later, I felt three hard slaps on my left buttock and Karen snapped, "Spread your legs wider!"   
  
I spread my legs even wider, making certain that my anus and moist pubic lips were obscenely well-exposed for the camera and the photographer took our picture.   
  
"Well, we meet again," said an enthusiastic female voice, after Karen stepped off the stage. "Up you get," the female voice urged me and then Gretchen was even more direct and ordered me, "On your feet, Diane."   
  
When I was standing, I ended up looking into the face of a bright-eyed, enthusiastic girl in her late teens. She seemed giddy with her girlish happiness and was grinning so broadly, I could see most of her perfect, white teeth.   
  
"You don't recognize me, do you?" the perky, smiling girl inquired.   
  
I looked into her cheerful eyes and examined the lines on her smiling, delighted face, but there was no recognition. I had a lot of fans in Sessia and I had probably met hundreds of them face-to-face, but I couldn't remember all of them.   
  
"I'm sorry, Mistress," I replied.   
  
Still smiling, she placed one hand on my bare shoulder and with her other hand she gently stroked my waist and hip. "My name is Jennifer," she said. "I was out jogging and your mistress called me over and invited me to take a closer look at your naked body."   
  
Suddenly, recognition dawned. When I first met Jennifer, she wasn't wearing makeup or jewelry and was attired in a sports bra and running shorts. Now she had on pearl angel earrings, her face was expertly made up and she was wearing an expensive-looking V-necked evening dress.   
  
"I recognize you now, Mistress," I said softly.   
  
"In that case," Gretchen cut in, "You probably also remember that I promised Jennifer that she would get to see you punished at the Punishment Park at some point."   
  
I groaned softly at that, but managed to force the words, "Yes, Mistress", from my lips.   
  
"You'll be punished for forgetfulness," Gretchen decreed, "I'll see to it that Jennifer is invited to watch. You do want to watch, don't you, Jennifer, Dear?"   
  
Of course Jennifer was thrilled at the prospect of coming to the Punishment Park to witness me being punished. She said that I looked adorable when my pussy was being pinched, and she I couldn't do anything to stop it.   
  
When you're a slave, and somebody makes a comment about hurting you like that, the smartest thing for you to do is to just stay quiet. If you complain, you can be punished for complaining. If you thank your tormentor for the impending punishment, they'll likely claim that you're grateful for the attention and use that as an excuse to hurt you more often.   
  
As I stood there naked, the girl in the evening dress, reached out and cupped each of my painfully sore breasts and lifted them as if weighing them. She then proceeded to squeeze and knead them. I had a strong compulsion to raise my hands up and defend my breasts from the hands that were hurting them, however I had been trained too well for that. I kept my hands submissively at my sides and grunted and panted as this well-dressed girl hurt my naked body.   
  
Her thumbs teased my nipples and as I opened my girlish lips and moaned in pain and raw, feverish lust, I suddenly found her arms wrapped around my waist and torso and her mouth planted firmly over my own as she kissed me. I passively kept my hands at my sides, clenching and unclenching my fists and allowed Jennifer's tongue to probe my mouth and caress my tongue. It was such an intimate act, her insistent tongue exploring the inside of my mouth.   
  
I moaned into Jennifer's mouth as she plunged her tongue deeper and more forcefully inside my open mouth and when she finally broke from the kiss, she looked askance at me and asked, "Don't you normally hold a woman when you kiss her?"   
  
Before I could answer for myself, Gretchen spoke up for me and said, "She's just being obedient. One of the rules I've given to her, is that she's not to touch a free woman without getting permission first. They can touch her, but; as a slave; it would be disrespectful for her to touch them back."   
  
"Unless I want her to," Jennifer said.   
  
"That's right, but you never gave her permission," Gretchen responded.   
  
Jennifer gave Gretchen a look and then she turned her attention back to me. "Okay, slave-girl," she said, "I'm giving you permission to wrap your arms around me and hold me close, while I kiss you."   
  
Jennifer's lips slowly approached mine and I held her clothed body close to my naked one as her soft, feminine lips were pressed once more against mine and I moaned into her mouth as her hot, wet tongue explored my mouth's interior.   
  
I was enjoying the kiss and feeling utterly possessed by Jennifer's mouth and hands, however the photographer got the shot of the two of us together and Jennifer was forced to get off the stage and give another woman her turn with me.   
  
The next woman had me display all of my charms for the camera by placing my hands on the nape of my neck, arching my back and pulling my elbows and shoulders back to offer up my breasts and standing with my legs indecently far apart, so as to blatantly expose my swollen pubic lips.   
  
She stood behind me, one hand on my bare buttocks, kneading my sore bottom with her strong left hand. I whimpered as her hand abused my sore, naked flesh and there was probably signs of distress and pain on my face, but the photographer took my picture and everybody seemed to be happy.   
  
The next woman had me hold an almost identical pose, however she had me reach around and lovingly cradle her head as she stood behind me. Then she reached around and cupped my breasts with her hands. My breasts were still extremely sore from being whipped and I whimpered and panted from the pain. This just caused the woman to hold my poor, tender breasts more firmly and lift them up slightly. Then she rubbed my sore nipples with her thumbs.   
  
"I know it hurts, pretty girl," the woman said in what sounded like a sympathetic voice, "But this is what it means to be a slavegirl. You have to be willing to live with the pain."   
  
Then she kissed me on the cheek and the photographer took our picture.   
  
"Can I bring a chair up onstage?" the next woman asked, "I want to put Diane across my lap."   
  
Of course Gretchen said, "Yes". Placing a naked girl across your lap places the girl in a very vulnerable position, and Gretchen was always willing to place me in a vulnerable position.   
  
Soon I was over the nice lady's lap, with the palms of my hands flat on the stage and my naked ass raised up high. The sensation of the woman's dress being pressed against my naked thighs and abdomen just helped to remind me once again how I was naked and exposed in a room full of clothed people.   
  
"Spread your legs, dear," the woman ordered and I obediently spread my thighs far apart, baring my pubic lips and anus to anyone who cared to look.   
  
"Dear God," said the woman and suddenly I felt her hands cupping my pussy, "Your pussy is soaking wet. Are you still sexually aroused?"   
  
"Yes, Mistress," I replied, humiliated and red-faced as her fingers fondled and stroked my swollen pubic lips.   
  
"Didn't you cum once already this evening?"   
  
"Yes, Mistress," I replied again as her fingers stroked the sensitive folds of my exposed labia. Answering her questions was degrading, and her fingers were making my sex throb with greater intensity.   
  
"What a libidinous slut you are," the woman proclaimed. "How many times do you need to cum in one night to calm this pussy down?"   
  
"I don't know, Mistress," I replied and then she found my hard, swollen clit and began to rub it, making me squirm across her lap.   
  
"I can see why Gretchen spanks you. An oversexed tart like you deserves to be spanked. Your sex drive is just shameful!"   
  
The way she was talking to me was humiliating. Then two sharp slaps to my bottom made me gasp in pain.   
  
"Do you want to cum again, you naughty girl?"   
  
Being forced to answer these questions was degrading and embarrassing, but I really didn't have any choice. "Yes, Mistress," I replied.   
  
"Do you want me to shove my fingers inside of your naughty pussy and finger fuck you, until you cum?" she asked, while stroking my exposed clit.

"Yes, Mistress," I replied. This interrogation was so humiliating, I actually had tears welling up in my eyes.   
  
"You want to cum, right here, right now, even though there are scores of respectable women in the room, watching? You still want me to finger your pussy, even though all these fully dressed, respectable ladies will be able to see the whole thing?"   
  
"Yes, Mistress!"   
  
"No, I don't think so," the woman replied and the ladies in the audience all laughed at my predicament and my humiliation. The photographer chose that exact moment to take our picture.   
  
There were plenty of other women who got their pictures taken with me. Some of them played with my pussy, some of them played with my asshole, some of them pinched my nipples, some of them spanked my already-reddened ass, and some of them called me names like "naughty girl" and told me the sort of horrible things they would do to me if I were their slave.   
  
But, eventually it all ended and I was ordered to crawl back into the manager's office on my hands and knees. The crowd applauded as I crawled away, naked, humiliated, sexually frustrated and sore.   
  
The manager saw the tears in my eyes, my reddened breasts and my sorely abused ass and said, "My God! What did they do to you?"   
  
I wasn't certain if that was a rhetorical question. It might have been, but it might have been a legitimate inquiry and if I refused to answer, I might get into trouble. At long last I replied, "I was whipped."   
  
Within minutes, Ashley joined us in the manager's office. She had a large bottle of cocoa butter lotion and once she saw how red my breasts were she gasped and said, "Oh, Diane!!"   
  
Gretchen came in slightly after Ashley and while Ashley rubbed lotion into my poor, abused breasts, Gretchen rubbed lotion into my poor, abused thighs and buttocks.   
  
"Ow!" I gasped in pain as Ashley smoothed the white, greasy substance into my sore, reddened breasts, "Aaaaahh!!"   
  
"Sorry," Ashley apologized, "I'm trying to be gentle."   
  
"It's not your fault," Gretchen assured Ashley. "She's so tender right now, even a gentle touch is going to be painful, but you can't stop. Go back to what you were doing. Rub it all in. Rub it all over. Her skin will do better and recover quicker after you're finished."   
  
Ashley gave me a sympathetic look and resumed rubbing the lotion on my naked breasts. I still gasped and flinched somewhat as she rubbed it in, however the more she worked, the less sensitive my breasts became and the better Ashley's hands felt on my sore skin.   
  
Meanwhile, Gretchen continued to work the lotion into my thighs and buttocks. Before too long her touch also stopped being painful and started to feel cool and soothing. Gretchen rubbed gobs of this ointment onto my naked buttocks and thighs. She was very thorough, not only coating my thighs and buttocks, but also the furrow between my reddened buttocks and my swollen pubic lips.   
  
"Mistress?" I asked as I felt her slide her lubricated fingers gently across my swollen pubic lips.   
  
"Well, that woman did pinch your labia quite a bit," Gretchen explained, "You need gobs of ointment there too. They look all red and inflamed."   
  
What Gretchen said was true, although I suspected that Gretchen was less concerned about soothing the pain in my abused pubic lips and more concerned about increasing the insistent sexual need throbbing between my legs.   
  
I whimpered and felt like Gretchen was teasing me as she took her hands away from my pussy and resumed stroking my buttocks and my upper thighs.   
  
Even though she took her hands away from my pussy, I was still highly aroused and eventually my sobbing and whimpering turned to moaning.   
  
I was still whimpering and Ashley was still smoothing lotion into my breasts and swollen nipples, when Gretchen's fingers returned to my pussy. At first it seemed accidental as she was smoothing ointment into my inner thigh and her hand lightly brushed my pussy.   
  
I twitched at this and gasped. Another wave of sexual tingles ran through my body and then I felt Gretchen's fingers gently take hold of my public lips and spread them open slightly.   
  
"Oh, Mistress" I exclaimed loudly and felt the beginnings of a wave that would soon lead to a powerful orgasm.   
  
Ashely stopped rubbing my breasts and gave me a look of concern and then Gretchen explained, "You gave those ladies and the members of the European press quite a show out there tonight. I think you deserve a reward, so I'm giving you another orgasm."   
  
My legs felt weak and shaky and I was temporarily at a loss for words, but I finally managed to reply, "Thank you, Mistress."   
  
Ashley examined my face with wide-eyed interest as I felt Gretchen's very talented fingers glide across my throbbing clitoris in a smooth, breath-taking motion. It was already hard and swollen and aching to be touched. My breath came in ragged pants as Gretchen squeezed it and rubbed it and yet somehow managed to keep my pussy lips spread apart. There was a look of wonder on Ashley's face as she witnessed my orgasm begin to bloom.   
  
"Oh god," I loudly exclaimed and then started making loud inarticulate noises as my Mistress's fingers worked magic and brought me not to just one orgasm; but to one powerful orgasm after another. I squirmed and writhed and wriggled my hips and screamed and gasped and made an absolute spectacle of myself as one orgasm after another ripped through me and took total control over my body. I shook and shuddered and trembled and enjoyed one of the most powerful orgasms of my life.   
  
"Oh, wow," Ashley said, with a look of awe on her face and the sound of reverence in her voice. I'm guessing she'd never seen a naked woman have an orgasm that intense before.   
  
"That was quite a sight to see," added the manager, still seated behind her desk. I had actually forgotten she was sitting there.   
  
I was panting and covered in sweat, and filled with the afterglow of a powerful orgasm and feeling pleasantly exhausted and Ashley asked, "Are your orgasms normally that intense?"   
  
"It's the life of a slave," Gretchen explained. "I keep her naked and in a state of constant sexual arousal, and deny her relief for days and days. Days of sexual torment and denial, makes for much more powerful orgasms when a slave is finally given permission to cum."   
  
"Oh, wow," Ashley said again. "It almost makes me want to try my hand at being a slave."   
  
"It's not for the faint of heart," Gretchen explained. "Being a slave requires a really big commitment and a lot of sacrifices. But if you're brave enough and dedicated enough, the rewards are pretty impressive."   
  
Riding on the wave of a powerful orgasmic euphoria, I had to agree with my mistress. The rewards are pretty impressive.

**Return to Sessia Ch. 13**

"Gretchen and I have been planning another display, you know," said Lady Preston, "Another public and potentially humiliating event with you as the entertainment."   
  
In the past nine weeks Gretchen and Lady Preston had gone from oppositional associates, to genial confidants. And now that they liked each other, they had no qualms about making plans about me behind my back.   
  
I raised my head from between Lady Preston's thighs. "Only *potentially* humiliating, Mistress?   
  
Suddenly I felt the sting of a leather slapper as it slapped down against the back of my thigh, reminding me. I returned to the task of lapping at Lady Preston's sex. My hands were cuffed behind me, joined to the back of my collar with a short chain that kept my hands from protecting my bottom. Lady Preston moaned with pleasure.   
  
"The level of humiliation will depend largely upon you. You are going to be playing a game called *'Escape and Capture'*. The rules are very much like the rules of *'Hide and Seek'*. However if you get captured, the penalty will be nothing like being found in a child's game."   
  
I raised my head again. "I've always been an obedient slave, Mistress. And I love Gretchen. I can't imagine ever trying to escape from her!"   
  
For ceasing my work on Lady Preston's moist sex, I was rewarded with another, harder stroke from the leather slapper.   
  
My naked skin burned and I dutifully returned to lapping at her slit.   
  
"It's not a *legitimate* escape attempt, you little fox," Lady Preston admonished, "It's a game. We had the devil's own time of it, getting all the details approved. The O.S.I will be tracking you the whole time through that beacon you've got implanted in your neck, so you won't have a chance of escaping for real, however you can put on a show for the locals and the tourists. And if you get caught, you'll be punished horribly, which is what most of the spectators will be rooting for."   
  
My buttocks and the backs of my thighs were a welter of stinging pain, my jaw ached, my tongue was sore and Lady Preston was teasing me with cryptic hints of horrible punishment if I lost this game of Escape and Capture, however there was no other place that I would rather be than kneeling at this authoritarian woman's feet. She made me feel owned and helpless, which was exactly what I craved.   
  
"I'll leave it to Gretchen to fill you in on all the details and get you ready," Lady Preston said as I got into her wet slit and worked my tongue in good and deep. I had already given her three orgasms today, but she somehow still seemed eager for more.   
  
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Back at the hotel, I stripped naked and Olivia hugged me before she removed my slave collar and put her clothes back on. I think she enjoyed impersonating me when I went to go visit Lady Preston, however Gretchen still had to pay her each time we called upon her services.   
  
When she was fully dressed and I was standing fully naked in front of Gretchen, Victoria, Olivia and Lexi, Olivia patted and fondled my naked bottom and said, "Your bottom is even redder than usual today! Was your client cruel to you?"   
  
Her question felt like a trap, so I was evasive and cautious, "I cannot complain about my clients, can I Mistress?"   
  
"Ah, so she *was* cruel," Olivia said more to herself than to me, "But you enjoyed it didn't you?"   
  
Without warning, a strong, insistent finger was thrust into my wet vagina, where it explored deeply, making me gasp. My libido had calmed somewhat on the car ride back to the hotel, however being naked in front of four clothed women and being impaled on Olivia's questing finger stirred up my libido again and soon my poor sex was throbbing with need.   
  
"Yes, Mistress," I replied in between girlish whimpering, "I enjoy it when women are cruel to me."   
  
That answer seemed to satisfy her, as she stood in front of me, embraced me in loving arms and kissed me affectionately on the lips. She then lovingly patted my sore, abused bottom, and went away.   
  
"Now that Olivia is gone," Gretchen proclaimed, "I'll tell you all about '*Escape and Capture'*, but first let's get you in the proper frame of mind. On your knees, girl. And hold your hands up over your head with your wrists together."   
  
I sank gracefully to my knees, head bowed with my wrists raised. Gretchen produced handcuffs and the familiar metallic clicking sounds signaled my being made helpless.   
  
"Okay, Victoria already knows all the details," Gretchen began, "But this will be news to Lexi and Diane. On November the twenty-first, we'll take Diane to the O.S.I. offices in Greenfield. Once there, O.S.I. officials will remove her collar and give her clothes to wear."   
  
"I thought that it was against the law for slaves to wear clothes," Lexi interjected.   
  
I didn't say anything, however I was just as surprised as Lexi. I had studied Sessian slave laws, and it was, indeed, illegal for slaves to wear clothing.   
  
"It is," Gretchen confirmed, "However a special exception has been made in this case. The police have already been informed of the special circumstances for this event and it will be advertised on the telly and on the radio in the weeks to come."   
  
"So, I won't be arrested for not being naked?"   
  
"No, Darling, you won't be arrested for not being naked. However, you'll have your hands full with other problems."   
  
My heart beat faster at that. I still hadn't heard the rules for this game, but I just knew that somehow, someway, it would lead to suffering for me.   
  
"At 9:00 AM, you'll leave the offices of the O.S.I. and you'll proceed on foot to the Elizabeth C. Stanton University in Bridgeworth. If you can make it to the university by 7:00 PM, you'll have won the game and you'll be granted twenty-four hours of freedom before you have to return to your life as a naked slave."   
  
"That O.S.I. office is only 11 or 12 kilometers from the university. Diane should be able to cover that distance easily in that amount of time!"   
  
I didn't exactly know how long a kilometer was, however I knew it was less than a mile. And I was in great physical condition! My personal trainer at Sharp Fitness had worked me hard, and my endurance and muscle-tone were incredible. Speed wasn't a high priority in my training, however I was certain I could cover 12 kilometers in ten hours!   
  
"Well, if that's all there was to it, I'm sure my slave girl would win this game easily. However there's more to it than simply traveling 12 kilometers on foot."   
  
A hush fell over the room as Lexi and I waited for the other shoe to drop.   
  
"While you're trying to make it safely to Elizabeth C. Stanton University," Victoria explained, "a number of female contestants will be trying to stop you. If they see you, they will give chase. They'll attempt to run you down, capture you, strip you naked and return you to the O.S.I. offices in Greenfield."   
  
I couldn't help it, my nipples got painfully hard and a tingle of excitement spread through most of my body. What Victoria described was a fantasy that I had masturbated to scores of times. The idea of being chased, captured and stripped naked on a public street by a domineering woman's strong hands and abducted was the sort of thing I had wet dreams about...*very intense wet dreams!* My head was swimming and I suddenly seemed to have difficulty breathing.   
  
"If any of female contestants succeed in capturing you, stripping you naked and returning you to the O.S.I. offices, they win a prize of £10,000. If you succeed in evading capture, you win 24 hours of freedom."   
  
"Mistress, will these women be working as a team?"   
  
"Actually, that will be entirely up to them," Gretchen responded, "Although I highly doubt it. If one woman captures you by herself, she wins £10,000. If two women working together capture you, they only get £5,000 each. And if three women work together to capture you, the prize goes down to approximately £3,333 each. So, the human tendency towards greed should prevent any of the contestants from cooperating with each other."   
  
"And what if Diane loses," Lexi asked, "What happens to her then?"   
  
"She'll be punished," Victoria answered.   
  
"Just like any slave who attempts to escape," Gretchen added.   
  
*"But it's just a game,"* Lexi protested, "She shouldn't be punished for an escape attempt that's not even real!"   
  
My heart went out to Lexi. I loved her for being my advocate and attempting to protect me, but she just didn't have the authority to change anything.   
  
"Lexi, every game has some sort of consequence for the losing side. That's part of the reason that athletes and enthusiasts work so hard not to lose. Diane is sure to try harder and give us her best possible effort if she knows that she'll be punished horribly and unfairly if she loses."   
  
Then Gretchen gave me a very intense look and asked, *"Won't you*, Diane?"   
  
Naturally, I said, "Yes, Mistress."   
  
"We'll be hiring a new trainer for you," Gretchen said, "Somebody who will not only teach you how to outrun an opponent, but also avoid being seen, how to blend into the background and how to choose the best route to evade being spotted by your pursuers."   
  
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My new trainer's name was Darya, although Gretchen insisted that I always call her Mistress.   
  
First and foremost, Darya taught me sprinting. On her first day she brought me some socks and running shoes in my size.   
  
"To run fast, you need good traction," Darya insisted, "And will make sure you have running shoes on "Escape and Capture" Day. It will make it easier for you to evade your foes."   
  
I already had strong legs from years of ballet and from training with Claudia, however I had never really attempted to take advantage of my leg muscles to win races or outrun opponents before. Darya intended to turn me into a speed demon.   
  
Six days a week she would take me out to a running track in Bridgeworth and make me run until I was breathless and my naked body was covered in sweat. Running naked at a full gallop, as Darya chased me, shouted and demanded more from me, I felt like Princess Beauty from Ann Rice's BDSM books, when she was forced to run the Bridle Path. I suppose I should had considered myself fortunate that Darya wasn't riding a horse and swatting my ass with a wooden paddle every time she caught up with me.   
  
Of course there were times; when Darya felt that I wasn't giving one-hundred percent; that she would take me over to the bleachers and spank my poor ass until I was red-faced, red-assed and sobbing. To make matters even worse, the running track was out behind a school, so when I was over her knee, being mercilessly spanked, there were quite often girls of around eighteen, nineteen or twenty years old walking by with textbooks, witnessing my painful humiliation.   
  
Gretchen and Victoria showed up on one of these occasions where students were openly staring at my naked body over Darya's lap. Victoria commented that it must be humiliating for me to be naked while so many clothed people stared at my naked body and seemed to view me as a sex object.   
  
Gretchen's response to that was that, as a slave, it was my societal duty in this country to display and sexualize my body for students, teachers and really *any*clothed women in Sessia.   
  
"It's her duty," Gretchen said, sharply, "to allow all of these clothed women to sexually objectify her. This is her proper place in Sessian society, to be naked while free women are clothed, and free to ogle her naked body."   
  
I had never heard it phrased that way before, however when I heard the words, it felt right to me. This was my proper place in society. In fact it felt *so* right that I was actually somewhat regretting my eventual return to America, where I would no longer be displayed naked in public and sexually objectified by the local inhabitants.   
  
Of course, even with all the training I was doing with Darya, I was still required to be spanked in the hotel lobby every morning, for the entertainment of the hotel guests and hotel staff. I was also expected to visit Lady Preston once a week and be stripped naked, cruelly punished and mercilessly violated by her, in the privacy of her home.   
  
Of course added to all that, bear in mind Gretchen was constantly bringing home women that she'd met on the street, in the hotel lobby, at Sharp Fitness or at that lesbian club and offering them my naked body for sex, bondage, fondling, ogling and cruel, stinging discipline.   
  
I remember one time she brought home a tall, thin, boyish looking woman named Mariska. Mariska had a boyish haircut and lean, muscular arms with a tattoo of two interlocking female symbols on her right arm. She wore a tight-fitting tank top that left her arms exposed, so she could show off her lean, ropey muscles to everyone she met.   
  
"I saw you get spanked this morning," were her first words to me.   
  
If I were a free woman, it would have been socially acceptable for her to say "Hello" or "Good Morning" or "Hi, I'm Mariska", but as I was a slave, it was socially acceptable for her first words to me to be about my painful and humiliating punishment.   
  
I was naked, with my shaved sex exposed to her hungry gaze. She was wearing a tank top, black leather pants and biker boots. My inferior status was obvious to anyone who was watching. My nudity was a stark contrast to her attire.   
  
I nodded in agreement to the boyish looking woman, and then she sharply said, "Turn around".   
  
Obviously, I turned around for her, displaying my bare buttocks to this clothed woman. Gretchen was standing just a few feet away, so disobedience was unthinkable.   
  
I submissively kept my hands at my sides as I felt Mariska's hand on my right thigh, my left thigh and then my right buttock, then she held both of my buttocks in her hands at the same time and squeezed them firmly. I whimpered as my buttocks and thighs were sore and tender from my morning spanking and the way that Mariska's strong hands handled my abused flesh exasperated the pain.   
  
"She got you good, didn't she?" Mariska asked as she continued to grip and stroke my naked flesh. It seemed like a rhetorical question, but I answered anyway. Lexi's spankings had been getting more intense lately. I think she was trying to impress me. Or possibly she was trying to impress Gretchen. All I knew was, my bottom was stinging more than usual these days.   
  
Mariska's impersonal examination of my naked flesh made me even more aroused and tingly. I had developed an emotional need to feel owned and objectified, and Mariska was making me feel that way with the indifferent and clinical way she examined my nude body.   
  
Without any verbal commands, Mariska then took me by the hand and led me over to Gretchen's bed. She sat down and pulled me down across her lap, leaving my reddened, naked buttocks exposed and within easy reach of her strong hands.   
  
"Get those legs apart," Gretchen commanded sharply and I separated my thighs as well as I could, given my awkward position across Mariska's lap. Of course I ended up spreading my legs far enough apart that I left my wet sex and my anus exposed and unprotected.   
  
"Look in the mirror, Diane," Mariska ordered me and I raised my head up and looked over at the large mirror above the dresser, directly across from Gretchen's bed.   
  
The girl in the mirror was naked (except for her slave collar) and draped submissively across a clothed woman's lap. The expression on the naked girl's face advertised worry, unease, fear and girlish helplessness It was the facial expression of a girl pleading for mercy that had no expectation of receiving any. Also the naked girl's obvious panting and parted lips seemed to indicate sexual arousal.   
  
"That's what a slave looks like," Mariska informed me. I began to lower my head, but Mariska slapped my bare bottom and ordered me to keep my eyes on my own reflection until I was given permission to look away.   
  
Mariska continued to examine my punished bottom with her hands, intensifying the stinging pain and also my feelings of submissiveness towards her.   
  
I was sore all over, however Mariska seemed to have a perverse talent for finding the most sensitive spots on my naked buttocks, whereupon she would knead and pinch the already-abused flesh.   
  
"*Ooooo, ouch,"* I exclaimed and the naked girl in mirror furrowed her brow, tossed her head up and gritted her teeth in an obvious pain response, however she also gyrated her naked hips across the clothed woman's lap in a way that hinted more of sexual arousal than of pain.   
  
"Gretchen dear, bring me my bag," Mariska said in a friendly tone of voice and I began to pant in anticipation. I didn't know what was in Mariska's bag, however my naked and vulnerable position over her lap strongly indicated that was something I should worry about.   
  
I looked over my shoulder and saw that Mariska's bag looked very much like a gym, workout bag, however I seriously doubted that she was going to pull gym shorts or sneakers out of it.   
  
When she saw where my eyes were focused, Mariska brought her hand down hard, three times across my naked ass, causing me to gasp and bounce across her lap as my body reacted reflexively to the sharp, stinging pain.   
  
*"Eyes on the mirror, slave-girl,"* Mariska admonished me.   
  
My eyes once again focused on the naked slavegirl in the mirror. Her eyes looked wet as if tears might start to well up in her eyes soon and she looked more submissive than ever. I could hear Mariska unzipping her gym bag, but I couldn't see what she removed from its interior.   
  
I felt Mariska's strong hands dipping into the furrow between my buttocks and then I felt on of her digits pressing gently, yet firmly against my asshole.   
  
I moaned as I felt a finger or thumb stroking the tender flesh of my anus. I flinched involuntarily as I felt that tender, pink hole being probed gently at first, and then more forcefully and then Mariska said, "I understand you have some sort of fear about anal rape."   
  
I whimpered at that, and the naked girl in the mirror had an unmistakable look of dread and trepidation on her face. One small tear spilled out of the naked girl's right eye and slowly traveled down her cheek.   
  
"I told Mariska that you have an irrational fear about anal penetration," Gretchen said. "Lord knows I've repeatedly tried to break you of it."   
  
Mariska's finger probed and pushed against my asshole more forcefully and I panted and felt more helpless and subjugated than before. I knew what must come next and I dreaded it, but my submissive nature demanded that I would do nothing to defend myself, and with that thought of utter defenselessness and submission to this woman, I felt the heat of sexual arousal flood my naked body from my thighs all the way to my rapidly beating heart. My sex throbbed and my nipples became so erect and swollen that they ached. And looking in the mirror, the naked slave girl's eyes were heavy-lidded and her lips parted wider as she panted in shameless surrender to a dominant woman.   
  
The deeper Mariska's finger prodded into my anus, the more my sex ached. I felt like an abused innocent in a woman's prison, stripped naked and forced to submit to cruel prison guards, intent on performing a cruel and unnecessary body-cavity search.   
  
My hips began to shudder and squirm involuntarily as my whole body was flooded with a welter of confusing and powerful emotions. I saw the naked girl's hips in the mirror and they appeared to be writhing in a shameless, wanton manner.   
  
*"Please, Mistress,"* I pleaded, although my words were reflexive and even I'm not certain what I meant by them. The naked girl in the mirror had a look of extreme distress and pleading on her face, however Mariska ignored my words and the look of pleading on my face and I soon felt globs of cold, thick gel being drizzled between my ass cheeks and then fingers smearing the gel across my anus.

The sensation of cold gel against my hot feverish naked skin made me jump and Gretchen ordered me not to struggle, or else she and Mariska would be forced to tie me down to the bed.   
  
I tried to remain as still as possible and I could see that the naked slave-girl in the mirror was crying. I took in deep, slow breaths and tried to calm my fear and surrender my naked body to Mariska and whatever plans she had for it.   
  
I closed my eyes tightly and whimpered as it felt as if Mariska was trying to force my anus open with a broom handle. I submissively kept my thighs apart, raised my buttocks in the air and even tried to relax my sphincter muscle, and then with the help of lots of lubricant and Mariska's strong hands, my anus finally opened up and the head of Mariska's dildo was pushed inside of me.   
  
"Aaaghhhh, that hurts," I exclaimed as the large phallic weapon pushed open my tight, sensitive anal opening.   
  
"If we want to hurt you, we will," said Gretchen reprovingly.   
  
"And open those little eyes, girl," Mariska said admonishingly, "No cheating. I want to see the look of distress and helpless surrender on your face as you're anally violated."   
  
I forced my eyes open and Mariska pushed the wicked, plastic phallus deeper into my tight channel. I panted and embraced the feeling of being opened and rendered defenseless by this boyish woman with the muscular arms. I had surrendered my rear to this domineering woman. It now belonged to her, more than it did to me.   
  
Mariska got what she wanted. I could clearly see the look of distress and helpless surrender on the face of the naked girl in the mirror as Mariska's strong hands pushed the dildo down into my tight orifice as far as it would go.   
  
My hands gripped the bedsheets tightly as Mariska's hateful weapon went in and out of me with sharp, vigorous thrusts and tears ran down the face of the poor, naked girl in the mirror. Mariska violated my poor tight anus until I was sobbing openly and then she rolled me over and tenderly kissed my tears away.   
  
**\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \***   
  
On November the twenty-first, I was driven to the O.S.I. offices in Greenfield and ushered into the offices of Assistant Director Rayne. She shook hands with Gretchen, Victoria, Darya and then; much to my surprise; she even shook hands with me.   
  
"Isn't that slightly unusual?" Gretchen asked referring to the handshake. Slaves weren't normally afforded social niceties like handshakes and introductions. Slaves were usually ignored until they were required to obey the orders of their masters or mistresses.   
  
"Everything about today is unusual," replied the Assistant Director. "Miss Schlank is still officially a slave, however today we're removing her collar, giving her clothes to wear and setting her loose on a public street. This turns all the traditional slavery rules on their head."   
  
Then she turned to me and asked, "Are you scared, dear?"   
  
There were flutters in my belly and my heart was beating too fast. Actually, I really was scared, but I wasn't willing to admit it. Somehow I felt that I was being given an important responsibility by being the first slave in this Escape and Capture game, and I wanted to do well and be remembered as performing admirably. I didn't want to be remembered as a frightened little girl.   
  
"No, I'm fine," I said, trying to sound braver than I actually felt.   
  
"Good girl," she said to me, and then she turned to the entire room and said, "Alright then, here are the rules,"   
  
"Miss Schlank will be given clothing and then driven to a nearby location and dropped off on a public street. She'll have ten hours to make her way to Elizabeth C. Stanton University. Now, the O.S.I. has approved ten young women to act as her stalkers. These young women are permitted by law to pursue Miss Schlank on foot, to commit minor assault against her, forcibly remove her clothing, bind her with ropes, cords, handcuffs or what have you and bring her back to an O.S.I. office by force."   
  
"So, these woman are allowed to use force against Diane to abduct her," Darya said, "Is Diane allowed to use force to resist being abducted?"   
  
"Oh, yes," the assistant director replied, "It would hardly be sporting otherwise. Scores of reporters and cameramen are stationed all over between here and the university. They're all hoping to see a struggle between Miss Schlank and at least one of the women who are attempting to capture her. Her valiant and spirited struggle will get far higher ratings than meekly surrendering to the first contestant who locates her."   
  
"Weapons?"   
  
"No, no, no," the assistant director responded, "Neither Miss Schlank or her opposition are allowed to use weapons. Miss Schlank is a young, fit, athletic woman. Her arms and legs should be enough for her to resist capture. Her stalkers are also young and fit. Police in both Greenfield and Bridgeworth will be keeping an eye out and they will intervene if they see either side using weapons or inflicting serious bodily harm."   
  
"But, otherwise the police will stay out of it?"   
  
"Oh, indeed," she responded. "If the police see one of Miss Schlank's stalkers pinning her to the ground and tearing off her clothes, they won't interfere unless it looks as if someone is being serious hurt or being foolishly reckless and obviously endangering someone's safety."   
  
Then a thought occurred to me and I asked, "What if ten hours has passed and I still haven't reached the university, but none of the contestants has captured me?"   
  
The assistant director looked annoyed at the question, however she had a ready answer, "In the unlikely event of such a stalemate, everyone would go home and we'd have to hold the competition again...most likely the very next day."   
  
"You'd better be trying to win," Gretchen cautioned me, "If I find out you spent most of today hiding in the basement of an apartment building, I'm going to be very upset."   
  
I held my hands up in a sign of surrender and replied, "I promise, I'll try to win. I'm not going to hide!"   
  
We spent the next hour going over the rules and then Gretchen and I had to sign some legal forms, stating we understood the rules and would agree to abide by them. There were a total of eleven pages and I didn't even bother reading most of it. I think I understood all of the rules and the consequences for failure to follow them. And if I tried to escape for real, the O.S.I. had a tracking chip embedded underneath the skin in the back of my neck. The police would find me and bring me back and I'd be severely punished, so obviously I wouldn't try to escape for real. I'd just play their game instead.   
  
Once all the legal formalities were dealt with, a security guard unlocked and removed my slave collar, and the assistant director produced a cardboard box and set it down in front of me.   
  
"Your clothing for the day," she explained. "We have your measurements in the O.S.I. database, so everything should fit.   
  
I opened up the box and rapidly did an inventory; there was a pair of hip-hugger panties, a sports bra that closed in the front, a pair of low-rise skinny jeans, a pair of socks, a pair of Nike running shoes and a t-shirt with the words **PROPERTY OF BMC** emblazoned across the front.   
  
I tried everything on and I was pleased to find that everything did fit. I guess the government bureaucracy in Sessia knows what they're doing. They got all my sizes right.   
  
"When you go back to the United States, you can keep the clothes," the assistant director said. They fit you perfectly."   
  
"Unless they get torn to shreds, while she's being forcibly stripped by an overly-enthusiastic stalker who wants to capture her and win your game."   
  
That was Victoria who said that. I sighed heavily and tried not to let the mental image of my clothing being ripped from my body demoralize me before the game even started.   
  
**\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \***   
  
The shortest route to Elizabeth C. Stanton University was west down Darwin Street, however Darya had explained to me that most of my stalkers would likely be waiting for me somewhere along that route. If I were to detour north into the Greenfield Forest and then find Dover road, I could follow that for about five kilometers west, then travel north again on Lake Street, I could follow lake street for about three or four or five kilometers and then when I got to the intersection of Lake and Garibaldi, I could turn on Garibaldi and follow it for...   
  
Well, it could mean traveling a greater distance to get where I was going, but I'd be less likely to run into my pursuers and more likely to reach the university unmolested.   
  
Of course, I had ten women trying to catch me. If even one of them strategized like Darya and I, they might be lying in wait for me Lake Street or somewhere else on my alternate route.   
  
Well, that was a risk I was willing to take. Even if they saw me, they still had to catch me if they wanted to win...and I didn't intend to make that easy. And I was filled with nervous energy, so I sprinted down a side street at a speed at an impressive speed that would have made Darya proud.   
  
At first I just ran mindlessly, putting one foot in front of the other, rapidly putting distance between me and the Greenfield O.S.I. office. Fear, adrenaline, my strong legs and Darya's training had transformed me into a speed-demon.   
  
By the time I slowed down, I was on a biking, running, walking trail in Greenfield forest. My manic sprinting had burned off a lot of my nervous energy and I was able to think more clearly.   
  
With the advent of clearer thinking, one of the first things I noticed was how people around me were acting differently than before.   
  
When I was naked, handcuffed and being led around by Gretchen, people around me (both men and women) would stare at my body with undisguised lust. They had no qualms about looking like a dirty old man, a pervert or a sexual predator. It was acceptable behavior to openly ogle the naked body of a slavegirl. However, I was now a fully-dressed woman and people perceived me differently and when I passed them walking through Greenfield Forest, they would just give me a casual glance and perhaps a smile or a nod.   
  
I didn't have a watch, so I couldn't accurately keep track of time, however at some point during my trek through the forest, I came across a naked slave-girl.   
  
She was tied to an Italian Stone Pine, with her back to the tree trunk and her wrists and ankles tied behind her. Her waist was also tied to the trunk of the tree by several tightly secured nylon ropes.   
  
As I came closer, I could see that the girl was panting and covered in sweat. She twitched as she struggled against the ropes, but the ropes were far too strong and the knots were tied far too effectively for her to get free.   
  
Her feet weren't touching the ground, but were rather about ten inches above it, as her ankles were bound tightly with rope and then the ropes were tied off to separate rings that were drilled into the tree somehow. Her ankles were tied off in such a way as to force the slave-girl to spread her legs wide and leave her moist pubic lips cruelly exposed.   
  
I'd been bound in similar situations by Gretchen, but for some reason, I felt far more pity for this bound, naked girl than I'd ever felt for myself.   
  
"Hello," I said as I stopped in front of her. She stopped twitching and she made eye contact with me. Her breasts were still heaving as she continued to pant. I wondered how long she'd been tied this way.   
  
"Hello, Mistress," the girl said as she focused on me. There was fear in her eyes, which didn't surprise me at all. She was naked and vulnerable. The way she was tied, I could do anything to her and she couldn't lift a finger to stop me. However her nipples were erect and her pubic lips were swollen and soaked in her own juices, so I surmised that strong sexual arousal was mixed in with the girl's fear.   
  
"Who tied you like this?" I asked.   
  
"My mistress," the naked girl replied.   
  
The girl was really quite attractive. She was slender, and her trembling, widespread thighs looked firm and lithe. Her heaving breasts were small, but youthful and firm. She had high cheekbones, a cute little nose, full, kissable lips, a flat belly and a narrow waist. And the distraught look on her face and the thin sheen of perspiration that seemed to cover her naked skin just seemed to enhance her beauty.   
  
"And did you do something to displease you mistress?" I asked. Honestly, a slave need not do anything wrong to earn a punishment like this, however it made the punishment more delicious if a slavegirl could be blamed somehow for the pain and humiliation that she was sentenced to endure.   
  
"I used my hands to cover my nudity, Mistress," the girl replied. "I didn't realize how humiliating it would be to be displayed naked in front of total strangers, but when she invited the neighbors over to examine my naked body it was just too overwhelming. I couldn't cope, it was just too humiliating and embarrassing! So, now my mistress is leaving me out like this so that any passing stranger can ogle my naked body and get me over my shyness about being naked."   
  
"And is it working?" I asked, "Are you over you shyness about being publically displayed naked in front of total strangers?"   
  
The girl swallowed hard and replied, "I'm sorry, Mistress, but it's not working yet. I still find it very humiliating for you to be seeing me naked and exposed like this. The way my mistress has got my legs spread apart is torture...and indecent. I don't want anybody looking at me like this. And she shaved off all my pubic hair, making me even more exposed and naked! She said that there was a law and all slaves have to be shaved and exposed like this!!"   
  
"Yes, I'm afraid she's rather right about that," I responded knowingly and from personal experience, "Slaves who have even a tiny bit of stubble down here are violating the law and can be pretty severely punished for it."   
  
As I spoke, I stroked her reddened, swollen and wet pubic lips. The girl moaned in response. She shook her from side to side and allowed her eyes to close shut. "Please," she whimpered pathetically.   
  
I ignored her pleading and watched her panting intensify as my fingers leisurely glided across her slick labia. My fingers were almost instantly coated with her rich juices. I held my glistening fingers up near my face and licked off her juices. Her taste was very subtle, almost indiscernible, although I detected a slight saltiness to her secretions.   
  
"Oh, God," she moaned and blushed a deep shade of crimson. I don't think I'd ever seen a girl blush so deeply before.   
  
"What? Was that embarrassing too?" I asked.   
  
"Yes, Mistress," the girl replied. "When I signed the slave contract, I had thought that Emily was the only one who would see me naked or touch me like...that. But now it's everybody...Emily, her mother, her friends, her neighbors..."   
  
"And even me," I finished for her.   
  
"Yes, Mistress," the girl said, with tears welling up in her eyes.   
  
"Yes, while you should always read the fine print before you sign a contract," I replied to the naked, bound girl. I was surprised to find that I was enjoying my power over this naked, defenseless slavegirl. I had always identified as a submissive, always enjoyed the passive role, always sought out strong women to be in charge of my life, but this naked girl was bringing out a dominant side in me.   
  
Now that I was fully clothed, free from supervision and control, my libido was taking on a new and unexpected direction. I continued to stroke her labia, causing her panting to intensify and making her shudder reflexively.   
  
And when I inserted two fingers into her wet sex, I felt her vaginal muscles tighten around my fingers, however she pleaded with me in a barely audible voice, "Please, don't."   
  
"Haven't you ever had a woman's fingers inside you before?" I asked.   
  
"Not like this," the girl whimpered. "Tied up and helpless like this...it's too much like rape."   
  
I could actually feel the girl's frantic heartbeat through her sex. She was very excitable. In my opinion, she was really too excitable to be a slave, however it was too late to stop that ship from sailing. She'd already signed the contract and been registered as a slave with the O.S.I. It was too late for her to back out now.   
  
"You really are innocent, aren't you?" I asked. "How long have you been a slave?"   
  
"Two days," said the naked girl, "Well, I suppose today's the third day, Mistress."   
  
I shook my head at her and read the name on her slave collar. "You've got a lot to learn, Danni. Orgasms are few and far between when you're a slave-girl. In time you'll learn to treasure them...no matter who gives them to you or how."   
  
"It's shameful," the girl said, sounding distressed and miserable, "I'm already shamed by how exposed and naked I am in front of a total stranger, but it would be even more humiliating to be fingered to an orgasm, while you watch."   
  
"Wow, Danni, you really are innocent," I exclaimed. "Orgasms are quite often the only enjoyment a slave has in her life. You shouldn't be turning them down."   
  
Right then and there, I made a decision to take over and give Danni and orgasm, even if she thought it would be too humiliating for her to endure. When her clit was throbbing, aching and painfully swollen because she had been repeatedly denied sexual release, she'd look back upon this day fondly.   
  
I kept two fingers deep inside of her tight sex, explored, poked and teased. I simultaneously rubbed her hard, swollen clit with my thumb. The naked girl whimpered and squirmed, but was helpless to stop me from invading her sex. She twisted in her ropes and panted and whimpered, "please", but she couldn't do anything to stop me.   
  
I was starting to understand why Gretchen enjoyed having me helpless and keeping me under her control. I was feeling an unfamiliar sort of thrill as I saw the helplessness in Danni's eyes while I took possession of her naked body and did whatever I wanted with it.   
  
Danni gritted her teeth, panted and seemed as if she was trying to resist the inevitable orgasm building inside of her, but in the end, she cried out in sexual release, shuddered several times and gasped in an adorable, girlish way and enjoyed the afterglow.   
  
"Did you enjoy that, Danni?" I asked with an affectionate tone. "I really did have your best interests at heart when I did it for you."   
  
"It was horrible and I think you're mean," the naked, tied girl replied sulkily. "I'll admit there's a few moments when a girl forgets everything else, but tied down like I am, the whole thing is shameful and obscene. I'm not a girl anymore, I'm a sex object to be ogled, fingered, fondled and petted!"   
  
"As a slave-girl you can be punished horribly for talking like that," I replied. "Your mistress's name and phone number is on your slave collar. Would you like for me to have a talk with her?"   
  
Danni studiously avoided eye-contact with me and refused to answer. I suspect she feared her mistress's disapproval.   
  
"Has she spanked you yet?"   
  
"No, Mistress," the naked girl replied. I was shocked. She really was an amateur at this. Her learning curve was going to be steep.   
  
"She will," I warned her. "And if you have this much of a problem with nudity, I shudder to think how poorly you're going to do with corporal punishment."   
  
"Are you really going to tell my mistress?" the naked girl asked. Her eyes were pleading with me. She looked really cute when she did that. She could melt any female with that look. I wondered if I ever looked like that when I was intimidated and scared of an impending punishment.   
  
"It'll be our little secret," I told the girl, and the fearful pleading in her eyes was replaced with relief.

**\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \***   
  
Shortly after I left Greenfield Forest, I noticed that I was being followed by a Channel-4 News van. Assistant Director Rayne had warned me that this might happen, although it really wasn't anything to worry about. The European media would follow me around and get video footage of my attempts to reach Elizabeth C. Stanton University, however they wouldn't interfere and they wouldn't broadcast anything until after the game was over.   
  
I was feeling sort of invincible at this point. The European media wouldn't broadcast my location on television, and the route that Darya had picked out for me was one that would likely allow me to bypass all of my competitors in this Escape and Capture game. As I jogged down the street, I felt victorious, almost as if I'd already won.   
  
And then, just as I was feeling invincible, I heard rapid footsteps behind me, running and coming closer. As I went to turn around, strong hands grabbed me at the waist and torso. My attacker hit me at an accelerated speed, and I lost my balance. My attacker and I both hit the ground hard.   
  
The wind was temporarily knocked out of me and my attacker raised up on hand and screamed out, "Escaped slave! I'm duly authorized to capture her and bring her..."   
  
I didn't wait for her to finish her ear-crushingly loud announcement. She was apparently one of the contestants that the O.S.I. had authorized to compete in this game. She'd strip me naked and abduct me if she had the chance.   
  
I had no intention of letting her.   
  
I lurched to the left and rolled over on top of my attacker. Her arm was still wrapped tightly around my waist, however with my weight on top of her I had more maneuverability than I did when she had her body weight pressing down on me.   
  
She had a strong right arm, and trying to pry it from around my waist was a real challenge. And then she added a distraction when she used her left hand to grab the front of my jeans. With that one hand, she unsnapped the snap on the front of my jeans and then she unzipped me.   
  
"Hey!" I shouted in protest and planted my feet firmly on the ground and with a herculean effort lifted my hips up off of her pelvis. Then she gripped my waist with both arms and pulled me back down. Her arms were locked around my waist like a vice, and no matter how hard I struggled, I couldn't seem to pull her arms apart or lift myself up off of her.   
  
"You're not going to get free, Slave-girl," my attacker admonished me, "I've caught you fair and square. I'm going to get that £10,000.00!"   
  
That's when I noticed that a cameraman and a reporter had emerged from the news van. The cameraman had a hi-definition camcorder mounted on his shoulder and he was filming my struggles with a dispassionate look on his face. I was just a job to him. He didn't care if I won or lost this skirmish. If I was stripped naked against my will, he would just stand there and record the whole thing.   
  
Then to add to my humiliation, the girl slipped on hand underneath my shirt and felt me up, groping my torso and then finding my left breast. She fondled it roughly and said, "The more you resist, the more it's going to hurt. So, what's it going to be? Do I have to hurt you first, or are you...?"   
  
Once again, I didn't let her finish. Her hold on me wasn't as secure with only one arm around my waist, so I threw all of my weight to one side and rolled off of her with all the violent force I could manage. I rolled over twice and managed to come up to my feet, without anybody holding onto me.   
  
I came up in a crouch, hands out in front of me, balanced on the balls of my feet. I was panting and full of adrenaline.   
  
My attacker came up in pretty much the same stance, feet apart, hands and arms tense and ready to grapple. Her eyes were alive with serious intent.   
  
"You can't win," the girl said as she glared at me and tensed for her investible attack, "I got the bronze on my school gymnastics team. I'm an athlete. But, you're just a libidinous slag."   
  
I laughed at her, I couldn't help it. What with all the hard physical training I'd undergone with Darya and Claudia, I was in peak physical condition. I was flexible, durable and had lean, ropey muscles. I was just as much an athlete as this trash-talking Sessian girl.   
  
Her glare intensified when I laughed at her and she lunged forward and kicked me hard in the stomach. Her kick was strong enough to drive me backwards and make me grunt, however I wasn't seriously hurt. Claudia had forced me to spend endless hours doing exercises that strengthened my abs. As a result, this girl's strong kick made contact with hard muscle. I was suddenly glad that Claudia had worked me so hard when she trained me.   
  
My attacker either didn't notice that her kick was ineffective or wasn't discouraged by it. She tried to kick me again, but I managed to sidestep her attack this time and grab her ankle. I yanked her ankle up hard, and as high as I could, and managed to throw her off balance, causing her to fall hard on her butt. I laughed as I thought that was my moment of victory, however she sprang up and regained her feet before I could take advantage of her prone position.   
  
"I can see your panties," the girl said in a mocking sing-song tone of voice. Apparently that was supposed to unnerve me. However, I had just spend several months stark naked in front of hundreds of strangers. It was really no big deal to me for me to be flashing my panties in public.   
  
Then she reached behind with her free hand and I was worried that she might have a taser or some type of weapon. According to the rules, things like tasers and pepper-spray were forbidden, but I wasn't sure this was the sort of girl who would obey the rules.   
  
However when her hand re-emerged, she was holding a pair of stainless steel handcuffs.   
  
"Oh, crap," I muttered. According to the rules those were allowed. And if this annoying girl got my wrists locked in those things, it would really inhibit my movements and make it a lot easier for her to win this fight.   
  
Taking a huge risk, I lunged and elbowed her in her solar plexus. Her abs weren't nearly as hard as mine and the impact knocked the wind out of her and caused her to double over   
  
She tumbled and collapsed on her left side. While she was using her left hand to push herself upright, I managed to outflank her, grab her right wrist and twist it around up high and behind her back.   
  
"Oy," she screamed. "That bloody well hurts!"   
  
She was down on one knee and I had her arm twisted behind her back. I was going to press the advantage.   
  
"Drop the handcuffs," I said.   
  
"Get stuffed, tosser," was her reply. But the tone of her voice was strained. She was obviously in a lot of pain, and couldn't have much fight left in her. I yanked her arm up even higher, causing her to scream wildly in pain.   
  
"Aaaiiigghhhhh!!"   
  
"Drop the handcuffs," I repeated.   
  
The girl eventually dropped the handcuffs and I locked one of the metal circlets tightly around her right wrist.   
  
"What the bloody hell do you think you're doing?" the girl asked frantically. "You can't take me back to the O.S.I. and you can't take me to the police! I haven't broken any laws!"   
  
"I'm making sure you stay out of trouble," I grunted and then I used my hold on her arm to force her to walk forward. With much prodding and yanking and threats of dislocating her shoulder, I herded her over to an ornamental wrought iron fence that surrounded somebody's garden. Then; while she was moaning and wailing in pain; I secured the other stainless steel circlet to the uppermost horizontal bar on the sturdy iron fence.   
  
I pocketed the keys so she wouldn't be able to free herself, then I zipped my pants back up and re-snapped the snap.   
  
"You'll get the keys back after I win the contest," I calmly told the handcuffed girl.   
  
"What? You can't just leave me here like this!!"   
  
"I can't? Are you sure?"   
  
I looked up and down the street and didn't see anybody who was going to challenge my authority to keep her handcuffed to that fence. The reporter and cameraman from Channel 4 news watched me impassively but didn't say anything. There was a middle-aged man and woman down the street who seemed to find the whole thing slightly amusing. A teenage girl on a bicycle slowed down and came to a stop in front of me, but didn't say anything. She just smiled and her gaze slid from me, to the handcuffed girl and then to the Channel 4 news team.   
  
And then she rode off on her bicycle without as much as a backwards glance.   
  
The girl I had handcuffed to the fence called me rude names, threatened me and pulled angrily at the chain that held her bound to the fence, but there was no way she was strong enough to break free. I did some quick mental arithmetic and subtracted one stalker from the original ten who were authorized to hunt me down. Now, I only had nine of them to worry about.   
  
I was wary about sneak attacks after that girl with the handcuffs, so when a group of four female joggers ran down the street and headed straight for me, I feared the worst. If it was a fight where I was accosted by four women, I was screwed. I was in excellent physical condition, but if it was four against one, that was just too many for me. I'd be overwhelmed by superior numbers.   
  
But I turned and braced for a fight, anyway.   
  
It was foolish, I know, but in the back of my mind I think it was an ego thing. I think possibly I was hoping to impress Gretchen by taking on four opponents at once. Or possibly I was trying to impress my fans...after all the Channel-4 News Crew was still following me.   
  
When they caught up with me, nobody lunged at me or pulled out any handcuffs. Then one of the girls held her hand out to me and said, "Hi. I'm Hanna."   
  
I cautiously reached my hand out to hers. We shook hands and I said, "Hi, I'm Diane."   
  
A blonde girl behind Hanna smiled and said, "We know who you are. You're that slave-girl in the Escape and Capture game."   
  
"We want to help you win." Added Hanna.   
  
"What? Why?" I asked.   
  
"We've seen you working out at Sharp Fitness," Hanna answered. "You're incredible, and you're a lesbian. The four of us are part of a group, the Bridgeworth Fabletics, we're lesbian athletes and we made you an honorary member about ten weeks ago."   
  
I silently just looked at Hanna and her group of joggers for a few seconds. They all had kind eyes and enthusiastic smiles. They were all slender and youthful, with narrow waists, flat stomachs, firm, youthful thighs and firm a-cup breasts. They all wore running shoes, sports bras and running tights, although two of them wore running tights that were so short they could almost be mistaken for panties.   
  
I felt a swell of pride that they had made me an honorary member of their group. They were a very good-looking, sexually appealing group of women   
  
"Well, thank you," I finally replied.   
  
"If you win, we'd like to invite you over to Lee's house. That's sort of where we have all of our official meetings."   
  
"She'd really love to meet you," Hanna added. "Lee has got such a crush on you."   
  
"That would be wonderful," I said, suddenly infected with these girls' enthusiasm. "I'm sure I'd love to meet her too."   
  
"Lee had an idea that if you were to jog with us, you'd stand out less. One blonde woman alone might look suspicious on a day when one blonde woman is being hunted. But three blonde women, one redhead and one brunette all jogging together will just look like local girls from the neighborhood out for a jog."   
  
I couldn't argue with that sort of logic. These four girls could act as camouflage and make it very difficult for any of my stalkers to locate me.   
  
"It's brilliant," I declared, "Let's do it!"   
  
So, Hanna, Lynsey, Laura, Emily and I jogged for six or seven kilometers and we didn't run into any trouble the entire time I jogged with them. Laura thought that I should change my clothes to blend in more with their group. My blue jeans; she insisted; set me apart from the rest of the group and I should be allowed to change into running tights.   
  
The others pointed out; quite correctly; that there was no quick or easy way for me to do this. Nobody had any spare running tights to give me and there was no convenient place for me to change anyway. And anyway, I was already wearing running shoes and my jeans were really tight. They showed off my legs and my butt almost as well as running tights would.   
  
I jogged with the Bridgeworth Fabletics all the way to Elizabeth C. Stanton University. When I got there I was somewhat surprised to encounter a media circus. Reporters and photographers from Insider Magazine were there. Another camera crew from Channel-4 News was there. There was also a camera crew from the BBC, a camera crew from the NOS and about half a dozen other media outlets. Absolutely everybody was going to cover my victory when I crossed the threshold into the university.   
  
I thanked Hanna and the other girls. I hugged each one of them in turn and then went sprinting down the hill and towards the university entrance. I was absolutely thrilled that I had made it! In fact I was so elated that I focused too much on how I was going to enjoy all the attention of the media circus, and not enough on possible threats that might emerge and stop me from reaching my goal.   
  
As a result, when I was tackled by a competitor in this game, it caught me completely off guard and I went down without even seeing my attacker.   
  
I managed to roll over and see the face of my attacker before she tried to climb on top of me and pin me to the ground. She had dark eyes, dark hair and olive skin. She looked young, athletic and attractive. Under different circumstances I would have enjoyed having a good-looking girl like this climbing on top of me, however I had a contest to win and she was attempting to ruin it for me.   
  
When she dropped her weight on top of me, I thrust one hand out and grabbed her. My hand closed around her throat and I squeezed tightly. The look in her eyes changed from a look of determination, to a look of surprise and alarm. She grabbed at my wrist and tried to yank my hand away. That's when I lurched to the right, rolled over and landed on top of her.   
  
The fight seemed to be going out of her and I thought my battle with her was almost over. But then strong hands grabbed me from behind and pulled me off of my opponent.   
  
"What the Hell?" I exclaimed as two strong women tightly held onto my arms and yanked me up so I was on my knees.   
  
"We're duly authorized by the Office of Slave Identification to hunt you down, capture you and bring you in," replied the girl who was tightly holding on to my right arm.   
  
"What? All three of you?" I asked frantically as I struggled against their tight grip. "You know that you'll have to split the £10,000 prize three ways if you work together, right? It's not like they'll pay you guys £10,000 each!"   
  
"We know that," answered the girl holding tightly onto my left arm, "But even split three ways, £10,000 is still a lot of money."   
  
"It's approximately, £3,300 for each of us," added the girl who was gripping my right arm, "And I can pay a lot of bills with £3,300."   
  
"NO," I screamed and made a frantic effort to break free, but these girls held on tight and wouldn't let me go no matter how hard I struggled. Then the girl with the dark eyes and olive skin got up and produced a zip-tie. Then she proceeded to walk behind me and my three adversaries worked together to pull my wrists together and bind them in tight plastic bondage.   
  
Then to add insult to injury, they used a second zip-tie to bind my thumbs together.   
  
"Okay, now that we've caught our escaped slave-girl, let's strip her naked."   
  
I struggled against the six hands that sought to divest me of my clothes, but it was a losing battle. I was forced to lie down on top of my bound arms and then one of the girls produced a pair of scissors and proceeded to cut off my t-shirt.   
  
Two of the girls held me down, while the dark-eyed girl cut of my shirt, pulled off my shoes and socks and then unzipped my pants and then proceeded to pull them down my hips.   
  
"No," I exclaimed loudly and struggled as much as was physically possible. Photographers and cameramen were recording everything that these girls did to me and I was desperate to avoid the humiliation of being stripped naked in front of the European media. The girls had to let go of my legs in order to pull my pants off and when my legs were finally free, I kicked one of the girls in the ribs.   
  
"You'll pay for that, you little despicable wretch," growled the girl whom I had just kicked. I frantically squirmed and struggled as the three girls then pulled down my panties and cut off my sports bra.   
  
Then the girl I kicked, grabbed my panties and my shredded bra and raised them up above her head like a victory trophy. She gave out a loud bellow like a warrior woman on the field of battle and then looked down at me and said, "You're buggered, little girl! We won! You lost!!"   
  
Lying on the ground with my arms bound behind my back wasn't the best vantage point for viewing the area around the school, however I did see a cameraman moving in close to videotape the girl that was holding up my shredded underwear.   
  
"Get a close-up of her humiliation, boys!" shouted one of the girls, "Stripped naked and taken into custody! She thought she could escape!!"   
  
"Think again!" shouted the girl holding my underwear up where everyone could see it.   
  
Apparently, now that I had lost, my captors were intent on taunting me. For some reason I hadn't foreseen that.   
  
"I almost made it," I protested weakly. Technically, it was true. I had gotten within about fifty or sixty yards from the finish line. A little bit further and I would have won the game.   
  
"You also kicked me, you impudent little girl! Let's not forget about that!"   
  
Then to her friends, she added, "Stand her up! I want the media to be able to get a good view of this!"   
  
I was forced to stand, barefoot and naked on shaky legs and a camcorder was pointed at me as my angry antagonist said, "Seeing you naked like that, I've got an excellent idea of how to punish you."   
  
My heart beat like a drum and I felt an excitement growing my breast. Along with the fear, I felt my submissiveness coming back. This woman was going to hurt me and humiliate me in front of a very large group of people. I should have been screaming for mercy and struggling to get free, but instead I was panting with sexual anticipation.   
  
"Watch," my tormentor said and she slowly took my swollen right nipple in between her thumb and index finger and mercilessly squeezed, pulled and twisted my poor pink bud of flesh, causing me to whimper and gasp in pain.   
  
"You see what happens to naughty slave-girls who try to escape?" she asked as she proceeded to torment my left nipple in an identically painful fashion.   
  
I continued to whimper, gasp and pant and then she suddenly slapped my left breast, causing me to writhe in pain and make inarticulate screaming noises.   
  
"I asked you a question, slave-girl!!"   
  
I hadn't even realized I was supposed to answer her question. I had thought it was rhetorical. "Yes, Mistress!" I finally replied.   
  
She proceeded to slap my right breast and that time the stinging was ever worse. With my arms bound behind my back, my shoulders were pulled back and my breasts were thrust forward. My breasts were outrageously exposed and made for a very inviting target.   
  
"Now that our little girl understands why she has to be punished, we can proceed," she announced. Then to the girls holding my arms, she said, "Try and hold her still. I don't want her squirming around too much."

Smack! Smack! Smack!   
  
I recoiled from the blows and my breasts jiggled as they turned pink, still the two girls held tightly onto my arms and they prevented me from moving enough to matter.   
  
I shuddered and moaned and flinched and jerked as my breasts began to burn excruciatingly. The slaps grew harder, and the girl with the punishing hand didn't show any signs of growing bored or tired with punishing my tits.   
  
Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!   
  
"Slave-girls have to learn their place", my tormentor informed me, admonishingly.   
  
Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!   
  
I contorted and jerked and struggled in my helpless bondage as that cruel girl continued to spank my exposed, naked breasts with her hand. When the punishment of my tits finally ended, I was exhausted, drained and there were tears welling in my eyes. My breasts were stinging and felt swollen and red-hot.   
  
"I think maybe this naughty little girl has learned some manners, now," said the woman who had tortured my bare breasts. She had her back to me and was speaking directly to a cameraman who had filmed the whole thing.   
  
The cameraman filmed my naked humiliation and stinging punishment with utter emotional detachment. I was just a story to be recorded. My suffering was utterly unimportant. He was just there to record everything for the news team, for his boss and for his loyal audience.   
  
"Now, let's get you home, little girl" my tormentor said, and with a painful slap on my bare ass I was led across the lawn and then shoved into a taxi-cab which was waiting at the curb with the engine running.

**Return to Sessia Ch. 14**

I was naked and bound during the cab ride to the O.S.I. And to make matters worse, there was only enough room in the back seat for three adult females, so my naked body was laid across the laps of the three women who had stripped me naked and captured me.  
  
Hands on my thighs, breasts and pelvis kept me from jostling around too much on the ride over. Sadly the women's hands did more than just hold my naked body in place.  
  
As the cab-driver drove us to our eventual destination, one of the women ran her fingers up and down my wet pubic slit. All three women laughed in amusement as I squirmed and moaned in sexual need. My thighs were pulled apart while my wet pussy was fingered and my swollen, throbbing clit was mercilessly rubbed and stroked.  
  
Of course, when I was panting, writhing and obviously on the brink of a frenzied orgasm, the woman's fingers were withdrawn from my aching sex and there was much laughter as I moaned in sexual frustration and raised my hips up in a vain but needy attempt for physical contact.  
  
*"Slut,"* the dark-eyed woman yelled admonishingly and she smacked my painfully on my inner thigh.  
  
When I was returned to the Office of Slave Identification, the zip-ties were removed from my wrists and thumbs and then I felt two clicks on my wrists as an O.S.I. employee handcuffed my hands behind my back instead.  
  
  
  
"Would you like to have her clothes back?" asked one of the women who captured me. She held up the clothes that had been stripped off of me in Bridgeworth. The t-shirt and the bra had been shredded and destroyed.  
  
One of the O.S.I. employees examined the returned clothing and found a key in the pockets on my blue jeans. She held it up and looked me in the eye and asked, "What is this?"  
  
"I got that when one of the contestants ambushed me on Dover Road," I replied. "She attempted to lock handcuffs on me, but I managed to wrest her handcuffs away from her and lock her onto an ornamental wrought iron fence. Then I took her handcuffs key, so she couldn't free herself."  
  
There was some laughter at that and one of the O.S.I. employees, asked, "So, she's still handcuffed to the fence then?"  
  
I answered in the affirmative and there was more laughter. However when it all died down, a very serious female employee asked me for the exact location of the girl I had handcuffed. I wasn't really familiar with Sessian neighborhoods, but I gave the best directions that I could and then she gave the key to another O.S.I. employee with instructions that he was to go and find the girl I'd handcuffed and set her free.  
  
"I hope they caught all that on video," Darya said. "I'd really like to see how you outfoxed the girl that tried to cuff you."  
  
The women who had captured me, were given their money and after a brief discussion with an O.S.I. employee, they were also given my panties and my tattered bra.  
  
"Consider it a trophy," the O.S.I. employee said, "The three of you can fight over who gets to keep it."  
  
"I had really hoped you'd win," Gretchen confided in me," however it looks like you put up a valiant effort."  
  
And while my wrists were helplessly bound behind my back, Gretchen threw her arms around me and kissed me on the lips.  
  
"Before we take you to be punished, you'll have to tell me all the details of your adventure out on the streets of Sessia, as an escaped slave. Did you enjoy it?"  
  
"I actually did enjoy parts of it," I confessed, "Although I was scared and nervous most of the time. And those three girls who captured me were cruel."  
  
"Beautifully cruel?" she asked.  
  
I knew exactly what she meant, and it did give me a pulse-racing jolt of sexual excitement to be pinned helplessly to the ground and forcibly stripped in front of scores of witnesses. I told Gretchen everything that happened to me and she listened with rapt interest.  
  
\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*  
  
In the end, I was taken to the Punishment Park in Villagio for my punishment. Apparently my punishment was to be very ceremonial and well-attended. No other slaves were allowed into the park during my punishment. A new stage had been constructed especially for me and it was strategically located so that hundreds of spectators would be able to witness my punishment all at the same time.  
  
I was nervous and felt like I had to pee even though my bladder was empty. A park employee named Nicola kept admonishing me to breath normally as I looked like I was about to have a panic attack.  
  
"Sorry," I said reflexively every time I was told that I looked really, really nervous.  
  
Honestly, I had a right to be nervous. The audience witnessing my punishment would be even larger than the audience at that lesbian club and the punishment I was to receive was rumored to be even more painful.  
  
"Just breathe," said Nicola as she held onto my upper arm to steady me, "This isn't all that different from the sorts of punishments you've had before."  
  
I tried to even out my breathing and calm my fear, but the whole thing just seemed so intimidating. When I'd been taken to the Punishment Park in the past, I'd been one slave out of scores of slaves here. I was just a face in the crowd. Now I was going to be the only slave here and something like five-hundred people would be there to witness my punishment and revel in my pain and humiliation.  
  
A familiar face entered the room. Her name was Alexandra and she'd punished me before dozens of times. She was tall, strong and self-confident and unflappable. We weren't exactly friends and she'd hurt me if her job called for it, but she was never cruel.   
  
"Welcome back, Miss Schlank," she said to me. "And how are we feeling today?"  
  
"Oh God," I exclaimed, "I'm not sure I can go through with this."  
  
Alexander sauntered over and took my chin in her hands. She raised my chin and forced me to look directly into her eyes.   
  
"Okay, Miss Schlank," she said calmly, "Now if you mean that you're nervous about today's punishment I can certainly understand, however if you mean that you think there's some chance that you can back out of this, that's not going to happen."  
  
I closed my eyes as slaves are forbidden to look a free woman directly in the face, but Alexandra ordered me to open them.  
  
"I want you to look directly into my eyes, Miss Schlank," Alexandra said. "Now you're going out there on that stage and you're going to be punished in front of the crowds. That is very definitely going to happen. Now if you're too nervous to walk out onto that stage on your own two legs, we've got employees here that can take you out there by force. Would you prefer us to do that, or can you walk out there on your own?"  
  
I felt panicky and I began to pant again. Alexandra was reminding me of my helplessness. Of course they could force me to go out there. They would give me no choice. Alexandra was full of authority with her smart uniform and her steely gaze. I was just a naked girl with my hands cuffed helplessly behind my back. Alexandra could make me do anything she wanted. And as the overwhelming feelings of helplessness swept over me I seemed to lose my ability to speak. My vocal cords felt tight and heavy and my whole upper body felt hot and feverish.  
  
I trembled and tears rolled down my face. I stared into Alexandra's beautiful eyes and I wanted her to be proud of me, however my panic had overtaken me and I couldn't seem to make my tongue work. I felt helpless and stupid in addition to being naked and exposed.  
  
*"Terri, Chris,"* Alexandra called out and two very tall female park employees appeared. They looked strong, healthy and athletic. They looked expectantly at Alexandra.  
  
"Miss Schlank is having problems making her way to the stage all by herself. Make sure that she gets there, would you?"  
  
Terri placed a firm grip on my naked left arm. Chris grabbed my right arm. Each of the women were quite strong and I was naked and handcuffed. My legs seemed to be rubbery and useless, so even as Terri and Chris held onto me tightly with their strong hands, I still couldn't seem to walk forward.  
  
As a result, I was *dragged* out by Terri and Chris.  
  
The two strong women pulled my naked body out onto the stage and placed me between two vertical poles. The two poles were near the edge of the stage, but also centered.   
  
"You can probably tell what the poles are for," Alexandra said from behind me. "You'll be secured to them so that you don't thrash around too much during your punishment."  
  
A crowd of hundreds was already in attendance and staring up at me and the Park Employees on the stage. Some of them waited patiently for the show to start. Others shouted out words of enthusiastic encouragement to the woman who would soon be punishing my naked flesh.  
  
Alexandra unlocked my handcuffs and told me not to fight or attempt to cover myself. I panted nervously, but obeyed her orders. A crowd of hundreds ogled my naked heaving breasts and pubic lips. I couldn't believe how nervous I felt. Somehow being humiliated in front of a crowd this size felt so much more frightening than being humiliated in front of a small group. I was filled with fear and trepidation.  
  
A woman in one of the front rows called out and demanded to see my ass. Alexandra seemed to think that the woman's request was a reasonable one, and she told Terri and Chris to turn me around so that my ass was displayed.  
  
There were a great number of cheers and shouts of approval, however exposing my naked ass was not the main goal of my time at the Punishment Park and the two strong women turned me around so that I faced the audience again. The crowd's view of my ass was then replaced with a view of my naked breasts and swollen pubic lips.  
  
Leather restraints were placed on my ankles and wrists and the two women spread my legs wide open, making my moist, swollen pubic lips even more exposed, then the ankle restraints were secured to the vertical poles, near the base.  
  
My wrists were lifted high above my head and spread apart, so that they too could be secured to the vertical poles. I was quickly and efficiently bound spread-eagle, much to the approval of the large watching crowd, who were privileged to see me overpowered, conquered, helpless, naked and exposed.  
  
"Did that make it any easier for you, Miss Schlank?" Alexandra asked, and I realized that it actually did. Taking the decision out of my hands and forcing this fate upon me somehow made me feel less panicky.   
  
I nodded my head in agreement and replied, "The way those two women handled me made me feel as if I have no control over anything. Somehow that helps. Being utterly helpless helps. I think I needed for control to be taken away from me."  
  
Alexandra nodded sagely and said, "You're probably going through an adjustment period. You were given freedom and clothing for a short period of time. It may take you a short while to adjust to being a naked slave again."  
  
I nodded silently in solemn agreement. Alexandra was probably right about that.  
  
"If it were up to me, I'd let you ease back into it gradually, but that's just not an option at this point. The public is expecting you to be severely punished for your escape attempt, and it's up to the employees of the park to provide a severe punishment for you. I personally think it's unfair, but I'm going to have to whip you long and hard this time. I'm also going to have to mark your breasts and up in between your legs. You're going to be a very sore girl by the time I'm finished."  
  
"I'm sure I will, Alex," I said. "Perhaps I'd best say thank you now."  
  
"Um, what did you call me?"  
  
It took me a second to realize my faux pas. "I'm sorry, Mistress. I'm sure I'll be a very sore girl by the time you're finished."  
  
"Normally, it doesn't matter much to me, but I'm going to have to punish you now for not calling me *'Mistress'* as well. Any other day you could call me Alex, but today is special. This is a very ceremonial media event and everything has to be perfectly scripted and choreographed. Today, every woman you speak to, you call '*Mistress'".*  
  
"You do know I didn't really try to escape, don't you, Mistress?"  
  
Alexandra smiled slightly at that and replied, "Of course I know that, Silly. You were just competing in a game of *Escape and Capture*. If it makes you feel any better, just consider today's punishment your penalty for losing the game."  
  
Alexandra kissed me on the forehead and patted me playfully on the ass and then left me there on the stage for hundreds of men and women to ogle. Their hungry eyes gazed at my naked body with an intensity that made me feel hot and feverish. Even though none of them were close enough to touch me, it seemed as if I could feel their hands on my exposed, defenseless flesh. And with Alexandra no longer there on the stage with me, I felt the panic rising as keenly as ever before.  
  
I was told that my punishment wouldn't begin right away, but rather I was to stand there bound and naked for about half an hour (possibly more), so that the spectators would have plenty of time to take photos of my helpless nudity and to allow the anticipation to build.  
  
And then my panic rose a few more notches when I heard footsteps approaching and I realized it wasn't Alexandra.  
  
It was Terri in her stylish Park uniform and she was escorting the woman who had ambushed me on Dover Road and tried to abduct me. She looked angry as she marched over to where I was bound. The last time I had seen her, I was fully clothed and free to run away. Now I was naked, exposed and bound spread-eagle and helpless.  
  
"There she is, Miss Ridley," Terri said to the angry woman, "Say what you have to say."  
  
Miss Ridley looked me up and down and glared at me. "*You troublesome bitch."* She spat, "I was handcuffed to that fence for bloody *hours!"*  
  
Miss Ridley reached forward and cupped my exposed breasts with her hands. She had no intentions of being gentle with me and her strong fingers groped, squeezed and fondled my defenseless breasts, causing me to squirm and whimper in my bondage.  
  
"What if I had to pee, you bloody pillock? Did you even think of that?" Miss Ridley asked and then suddenly there was a sharp pain in my left nipple. My nipples were already swollen and erect and super-sensitive. So, when Miss Ridley took one between her thumb and forefinger and cruelly pinched it, the pain caused me to yelp and struggle reflexively in my bondage.  
  
"I'm sorry, Mistress," I said as she continued to pinch and twist my nipples. I honestly couldn't think of a single reason to apologize to her. I was only following Gretchen's orders and attempting to win the game, however I was a naked slave and my exposed, naked breasts were at Miss Ridley's mercy. It was best not to provoke her.  
  
She eventually stopped pinching my nipples, but only so that she could use her hands to squeeze each of my vulnerable, bare breasts like she was squeezing fresh produce to check for firmness and pliability. I gasped, grunted and whimpered as she roughly groped my breasts and eventually Terri tapped her on the shoulder and told Miss Ridley that her time was up.  
  
*"What?* That was *never* ten minutes," protested Miss Ridley.  
  
"I say it was," countered Terri. "Do you want to argue with me about it?"  
  
Honestly I don't know how long Miss Ridley had been manhandling my poor breasts. It seemed like about an hour, but I was naked, bound and had no wristwatch with which to keep time. However people like Terri have enough authority in the Punishment Parks that it never pays to argue with them.   
  
Terri walked the angry Miss Ridley off the stage, however it wasn't very long before Terri returned, and this time she had two women with her.  
  
I recognized the first one immediately. Her name was Danni and she was the naked slave that I had encountered in Greenfield Forest. The other one was taller than either Terri or Danni. She had dark hair, was dressed all in black and walked with a very purposeful step. She was lithe and attractive, but in a very severe way. She seemed to be glaring at everyone and everything.  
  
"You touched something that belongs to me," the lady in black accused as soon as she was standing in front of me. She sounded really angry and I suddenly felt very afraid. I squirmed in my bonds and studiously avoided eye-contact while meekly replying, "Sorry, Mistress."  
  
"I really hate it when people touch my things," the woman in black replied admonishingly, "Luckily for me, the management here at the Punishment Park has given me permission to inflict some punishment to pay you back for what you did."  
  
Danni stood silently behind the lady in black and looked about as intimidated, apprehensive and contrite as I felt.  
  
"Now, watch what I do, Danni," the woman in black said to her naked slave, and the scary, intimidating woman teased my nipples, rolling them between her fingers, stroking them, pulling on them, getting them aroused and erect. Then she stroked the seam between my exposed pubic lips, making them thicker and more swollen with her expert stimulation. She used her fingertips as well as the sides of her fingers to gently stroke my labia up and down. She took her time and caressed my defenseless vulva slowly, seemingly locating every nerve ending contained in my vagina and making it sing to her tune. My arousal had become somewhat subdued today while in the custody of the Punishment Park, but this woman's masterful fingers were bringing my arousal back to a feverish level.  
  
When my thighs began to twitch and I started to pant, the woman in black spoke to her slave and said, "Here we have some of the early signs of sexual arousal. Her breathing has sped up noticeably. Her nipples have become hardened and erect. The skin around her chest has become flushed and almost red. Also her pubic lips and clitoris have begun to swell, and then there's this."  
  
She then inserted a strong finger into my poor defenseless slit, probed and explored my pussy and then pulled her finger out and held it up for her slave-girl to see how wet it was.  
  
"She's wet now," the woman in black proclaimed, making my face burn with shame. The woman with the strong fingers seemed indifferent and clinical now. In some ways this was more like a doctor's examination (or a medical lecture with me as an unwilling prop) and in some ways that made it seem worse than being sexually violated. I was less of a naked girl now and more like an object to be used and displayed for educational purposes. I wasn't even human anymore.  
  
Then the formidable woman used both of her strong hands to gently spread my pubic lips apart and leave me feeling even more open and exposed then before. Danni was passive and attentive. She obediently watched the taller woman as her skillful fingertips stroked my swollen clitoris and slowly, delicately pulled back the hood from my clit. Then, with my clit exposed, the sadistic woman stroked me, making my clit ever harder and more swollen, making my clit throb and ache with vicious need.  
  
My defenseless nipples were pinched, driving my sexual throbbing to even more intense levels. I struggled in my bondage and my breathing became even more labored. My whole body felt feverish and hot and my clit felt hard and unbearably sensitive. I whimpered the next time the fiendish woman touched it.  
  
"Pay attention, Danni," the woman said and Danni was very accommodating. She took two steps closer and attentively examined my naked body. She waited meekly and dutifully for the next words to come out the dark-clad woman's mouth.  
  
"Her inner and outer pubic lips have become even more swollen and her swollen clitoris has become so sensitive that she whimpers and whines when I touch it," the woman said to Danni, "She's straining reflexively against her bonds and the speed and intensity of her breathing has increased, note the rising and falling of her breasts with each deep breath indicating an increase in excitement and blood flow."

Yes, Mistress," Danni said, docilely taking note of all the symptoms of sexual arousal her mistress pointed out to her.   
  
The cold woman in the dark attire then felt my exposed sex from front to back, parting my labia and moving her finger across my lubricated cleft. I gasped as she fingered me, each touch of her talented fingers sending spasms through me. And then when my naked body was covered in sweat, my thighs shuddering, my sex swollen and throbbing, the woman in black removed her fingers from my throbbing sex and clinically told her slave, "At this point, her sexual arousal cannot go any further without pushing the slave-girl into orgasm and sexual release."  
  
Then the imposing woman grabbed my face in one strong hand and forced me to look her directly in the eye.   
  
"And if you knew anything about dominating a slave-girl," she said, firmly, "You would have stopped fingering my slave-girl at this stage of her sexual arousal."  
  
And then to both of us, she announced, "Slaves are only supposed to get orgasmic release as a reward. It's something which is supposed to be earned, not simply given away!"  
  
And then she grabbed one of my nipples roughly and while holding it tightly yanked it, causing a sharp, sudden pain. And when she was sure she had my attention she added, "And you *never* bring somebody else's slave to an orgasm without getting permission first from the slave's owner. Do you understand that, slave?"  
  
I was still panting and covered in a fine sheen of sweat, but through the feverish haze of sexual distress I heard her words and answered, *"Yes, Mistress! I understand! I'm sorry, Mistress!"*  
  
I hoped she found my answer adequate and released my poor nipple from her painful grasp.  
  
"If you ever touch anything of mine without getting my permission first," the formidable woman replied, "I promise you *will*be sorry, girl!"  
  
Then she finally released my poor nipple, smacked my naked ass once very hard and stormed off the stage, taking her naked slave-girl with her.  
  
And for a while there I was left alone on the stage. The crowds ogled and taunted me from a distance, however my naked body was the only one to set foot on the stage for several minutes. Somehow being alone on the stage was worse than having an antagonist on the stage with me. Perhaps having an antagonistic woman on the stage, with her hands on my naked body, her voice berating me or her fingers inside of me, helped me to narrow my focus and not be overwhelmed by the hundreds of libidinous ruffians with their taunts and their eager hungry eyes.  
  
"I'm back," Alexandra called out cheerfully and then she marched behind me with a spring her step. She pressed herself up against my naked back and wrapped her arms around my naked waist and torso in an improvised hug. Then in a friendly tone, she asked, "Did you miss me?"  
  
"Yes, Mistress," I replied in the sweetest voice I could manage. Even though I knew Alexandra was going to whip me, in some ways, I felt like she was my best friend here. At least she didn't feel any malice towards me.  
  
  
  
"You're one of my favorites," Alexandra confessed, "You've never given me any trouble and you're a very attractive girl. It's almost a shame what I have to do to you."  
  
As she talked, she cupped my breasts in her hands and fondled them. She had never done that before. Normally when she punished me, she was very businesslike and efficient. Fondling the naked slave was something new.  
  
The crowd cheered and encouraged Alex to fondle my helpless, naked body and I asked, "Mistress, what are you doing?"  
  
"What I'm doing is part of the ritual," Alex responded, "I have to fondle you before the whipping, much as the spectators out there wish they could fondle you. The crowd obviously enjoys it and if I'm being honest, I'm kind of enjoying it too. Do you mind?"  
  
"So, you're gay?" I asked, "You like fondling naked girls?"  
  
"Actually, I'm bi," Alex replied and her fingers traced along my skin from my defenseless breasts, to my raised armpits down to my widespread thighs and my buttocks, "Most of the employees at the park are bisexual. There's so much naked flesh here, both male and female, what a waste it would be if only half of it excited us."  
  
"So, it's not just a job?" I asked. "There are parts of this you enjoy?"  
  
Then I felt Alex's hand in between my thighs, she fondled my inner thighs at first and then palmed my bare pubes, so well displayed for her. She fondled my swollen pubic lips, making me gasp and whimper and pant. "Oh, yes, there are parts of my job that I enjoy," Alex replied, "Just as I'm certain you enjoy aspects of being a slave here in my country."  
  
She held her hand up so that I could see it. It was absolutely soaked in my juices.  
  
"I'm afraid I can't put it off any longer, Diane," Alex apologized, "I'm going to have to start your whipping now."  
  
Looking out at the crowd, I could see Gretchen, Victoria and Lexi in one of the front rows. Once I saw them, I struggled reflexively against my bonds. Of course, there was no point to my struggles. The Punishment Park was very competent when it came to making naked girls helpless and immobile. I wasn't going anywhere.  
  
Looking over my shoulder I saw the whip that Alexandra had chosen. It actually looked more like a leather strap or a wicked belt than a whip. It was long and narrow and black and it looked like it would sting.   
  
She held the whip as if she knew how to use it and I closed my eyes, knowing the first blow was imminent. I heard the crack of leather on bare skin before I felt the sting of it.  
  
It hurt gorgeously, the kiss of wicked leather across my naked thighs. Then across my poor, defenseless bottom. Leather lashed across my bare feminine flesh, but there was no pattern I could discern. Alexandra was finding targets all across my body, from my neck to my knees, but without having any apparent system for which part of my naked anatomy she would hit next. I yelped, squirmed, whimpered and screamed, much to the amusement of the crowds.   
  
Having been whipped before, I had become something of an expert on pain, and I knew this this was one of the more merciful whips that Alexandra could have chosen. The whip stung, however I could be whipped long and hard with Alexandra's stinging whip without any lasting damage.  
  
I think that perhaps Alexandra chose it with the intent of whipping me long and hard.  
  
I looked over my bare shoulder. Alexandra was still there. She tilted her head to one side as scanning my naked body and deciding on her next target. She smiled at me as if her smile was supposed to reassure me. And in a twisted sort of way, I suppose it did. This was my proper place in Sessian society. Alexandra and the crowds were here to help convince me of that. Wearing clothing and running through the streets and jogging trails of Sessia was a distraction from what I was truly meant to do.  
  
After a dozen scorching blows, Alexandra paused and I heard her voice calmly announce, "I've barely touched your bottom. There's just one pinkish stripe across your left cheek. Do you think the next dozen stripes should go there?"  
  
Before I had a chance to answer, I felt a searing scald go across my right buttock. I screamed in passionate suffering and then Alexandra added, "Your butt looks cuter when I've added some color to it. I'll warm that up next."  
  
Eleven rapid slashes to my unprotected bottom made me scream and tug at my restraints. Tears welled up in my eyes and then Alexandra proceeded to choose other targets on my naked body.  
  
Alexandra's evil whip stung the backs of my thighs. Then it smacked cruelly into the inside of my thighs. Then it snaked around my naked waist. Then a surprise blow curled underneath my armpit and bit painfully across the side of my exposed breast. Apparently Alexandra liked the sound of my scream when she whipped my left breast, because seconds after I was done screaming, she whipped the right one as well. I barked and whined under a frenzied rain of stinging blows. I was just a naked girl, I couldn't stand a punishment like this. It was too much for me.   
  
After thirty-six stinging blows, I was drenched in sweat and felt shamed. I could feel the salty droplets trickling from beneath my armpits. And while I panted and sobbed, Alexandra set down her whip somewhere and proceeded to carefully and meticulously wipe the sweat from my naked body with a soft towel. Then she raised my chin and produced a plastic bottle of water for me to drink out of.  
  
"You're doing fine, Miss Schlank," Alexandra said in an amiable tone of voice, while I drank thirstily, "Just twenty more strokes to go."  
  
"Twenty?" I asked alert and alarmed, "Mistress, haven't I been whipped enough? Don't you think the crowds will be happy with what they've already seen?"  
  
"Well, it would have been just fourteen more," Alexandra said calmly, "But I had to add an additional six for when you failed to address me by my proper title."  
  
I groaned and then Alexandra added, "You're a good girl, Diane, but I still have to do this." Then she kissed my forehead gently and walked back behind me and picked up her hateful whip.  
  
The next blow hit my sore left buttock and then wrapped around and then cut across my hip, and that hurt worse. I yanked against my restraints, but the wrist and ankle cuffs held fast. Even if my most frantic struggles, the most I could do was raise my feet off of the ground a few inches. Struggling accomplished nothing. I could strain and struggle all I wanted, but I could do nothing to protect my helpless nudity from the whip. Alexandra assaulted my naked body with blow after blow, from my breasts to my thighs and then back again. I screamed and struggled ineffectually and the crowd seemed to love it.  
  
"Just ten more to go, Miss Schlank," Alexandra informed me, "Where would you like them?"  
  
"I don't understand," I replied in a quivering, shaky voice.  
  
"Would you like the last ten on your back? Your ass? Your belly? Your breasts? Where would you like me to whip you next? I'm being kind. I'm letting you decide."  
  
"I can't possibly decide, Mistress," I told Alexandra. "It's all so awful. You're hurting me terribly."  
  
"Yes. Well, that's the whole purpose of a whipping -- to hurt you. But if you don't choose a part of your anatomy for me to hurt I'll have to choose for you."  
  
"I can't possibly choose, Mistress," I reply, "You'll have to choose for me."  
  
From my breasts to my thighs, my body seems to be on fire. I couldn't bring myself to condemn any part of my naked body to further punishment, so I allowed Alexandra to decide what part of my exposed nudity is to be maltreated next.  
  
My back was turned to Alexandra, but I heard the hiss of the leather whip as it cut through the air and then I felt the sting of the whip as it slapped painfully against my naked thigh and my outer labia.  
  
*"Aaaaaaagghhh,"* I screamed and looked back across a naked shoulder to give a pleading glance to Alexandra. But the park employee just gave me an enigmatic smile and said, "I tried to make it easy on you, Miss Schlank. But you told me to choose for you."  
  
I instantly regretted my decision, but it was too late to go back and change my mind now. I had told Alexandra to whip my naked body wherever she chose, and now I only had myself to blame if she decided to punish my exposed, defenseless sex.  
  
The next strike of Alexandra's whip seemed to be more centered, coming up between my widespread legs and directly across my pink, swollen slit.  
  
"*Gaaawwwwd noooooooo!"* I writhed in my bonds, but they held firm. I struggled to close my legs, but to no avail. I could barely move at all. All I could do was twitch.   
  
Alexandra's merciless whip assaulted my innocent vulva twice more, the stinging blows causing my labia to become even redder. And every time I cried out in agonizing pain, the crowd made boisterous sounds of approval. All of my screams were erotic to them.  
  
The next blow stung my tender inner thigh, less than an inch from my swollen pubic lips. The pain made me yelp and whimper, however when my inarticulate cries of pain had died down, Alexandra calmly announced, "I missed my target, Miss Schlank. Sorry, I'll have to take that stroke over again."  
  
I moaned in misery and disappointment, however the crowd erupted in amused laughter. The crowds made the punishment worse than if I were punished in a dark underground chamber with a single dominant woman for company. They multiplied my humiliation and sense of violation with their hungry stares and cruel laughter.  
  
Another devastating cut splatted against the soft, wet, tender folds of my exposed pubic lips and I thrashed my head from side to side and cried out as my innocent loins exploded into fire.  
  
Another four stinging slashes of Alexandra's whip found my soft, puffy pubic lips and my cries of unearned suffering filled the air, *"Aaaauuuugh, noooooooo, aaaaaaaaaugghhh!"*  
  
  
  
"Fifty-six," Alexandra announced to the crowd. "Fifty-six lashes on her naked skin! Do you think this naked slave will ever attempt to escape ever again?"  
  
I hung naked in my bondage and sobbed in pain as the crowd called out their responses to Alexandra. The general consensus of the crowd seemed to be that I would never attempt to escape again after a beating like that.  
  
Alexandra kissed me again, only this time it wasn't on the forehead. This time, her lips met mine and I moaned as we merged in a feminine coupling. Her lips were soft and her tongue crept into my mouth, and flicked over mine. Her tongue was an intruder into my mouth, but I welcomed it. I sighed as her tongue explored my mouth and I playfully moved my tongue over hers.  
  
"Please don't hate me," Alexandra pleaded, "If I hadn't whipped you, they just would have gotten somebody else to do it."  
  
"I don't hate you, Mistress," I insisted. "I think I needed that. I'd gotten off track today when they gave me my freedom and let me wear clothes. I started to feel like a different person, but the helplessness, the stinging stripes inflicted by your whip and the tears brought me back. You brought me back to the person that I was. Also, you used a much kinder whip than you could have."  
  
"Oh, you noticed that?"  
  
"Yes, Mistress. In your own way, you were very kind to me."  
  
Alexandra kissed me again and then left me alone like that, naked, bound and sobbing while the crowd of spectators ogled my raw, whipped nudity. Tears bathed my face and my breasts heaved up and down as I sobbed and waited to be released from my bondage.  
  
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Eventually Terri and Chris showed up and released me from my wrist and ankle restraints. I was marched off the stage and into a room where Gretchen, Victoria and Lexi were waiting for me. Lexi's facial expression was filled with anxiety and concern, however Gretchen and Victoria looked calm.  
  
"Give us a spin," Gretchen said.  
  
I slowly turned and allowed Gretchen to examine my punished nudity from every angle. She was able to see every stripe on my poor, smarting ass, thighs, breasts and belly. And of course she could see how red and inflamed my poor pussy was after it had been whipped. Lexi gasped when she saw the marks on my stinging-red ass, my back and the backs of thighs and Gretchen looked somewhat concerned at the whip marks on my body. Victoria; on the other hand; was completely unmoved.  
  
"Oh, Darling, she marked you up pretty well," Gretchen observed. "I doubt they would have been any more ruthless or brutal if you had attempted to escape for real."  
  
"Yes, Mistress," I agreed humbly. Anyway it was probably true. A real escaped slave probably wouldn't have gotten it any worse after she was captured.  
  
"Sorry you're my slave?" Gretchen asked, and for a second I couldn't respond. The question just seemed so outrageous. Being Gretchen's slave was like a dream come true for me.  
  
"No," I replied emphatically.  
  
"You must be in a lot of pain, Darling. Are you sure you wouldn't rather be back in America, with freedom to travel, closets full of clothes, control of your own finances and no whip marks on your skin?"  
  
"No, Mistress," I replied. "If you were to set me free, I'd just seek out somebody else to strip me naked and place handcuffs on me. I'm much happier when I'm naked and helpless."  
  
"And what if I'm cruel to you?" Gretchen asked, "The way Alex was cruel to you today? Those screams of pain sounded genuine."  
  
"Of course, they were real, Mistress," I explained, "Alex hurt me horribly. But I need somebody to be cruel to me sometimes. I need to feel helpless and owned. If you didn't own me and treat me like a slave, I'd find some other woman to treat me that way. It's an indispensable part of me now. I don't think I can live without it."  
  
"My poor little darling," Gretchen said as she stared adoringly at my naked and abused body, "I promise to be cruel to you sometimes. I promise to make you feel helpless and owned. You look ten times sexier when you're in distress anyway. You look so much more open. Your sensuality becomes so raw and primitive. I get wet just watching you when you're punished."  
  
And then; even though my back and breasts were a riot of pain, Gretchen held me close and we embraced in a passionate embrace, a mistress and her naked slave. I gasped in pain as her feminine hands made contact with my abused flesh and her clothed breasts were pressed into my naked, abused ones, but made no effort to break free from physical contact with my mistress. We understood each other and gave each other what we needed.  
  
  
  
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When we returned to the hotel, I was handcuffed and led in on a leash. It was humiliating for me, but really Gretchen wasn't concerned about the psychological effect it had on me, but rather how powerful an image it would make in photos and on videotape.  
  
The handcuffs and leash were removed when we got back to the hotel room. I was still sore all over and Gretchen gave Lexi a bottle of lotion and told her to smooth it into my skin anywhere where Alexandra's whip had marked my skin.  
  
"This may sting a little at first," Lexi warmed as she squirted a generous amount of lotion into her hand and faced me. She wasn't telling me anything I didn't already know. My skin was red and sensitive everywhere the whip had kissed it. Even the gentlest of touches was going to hurt, but I gritted my teeth and braced myself.  
  
I stood perfectly still, and Victoria began to rattle off new developments in Sessia that I had effected in my attempts to promote Sessian slavery. I think perhaps she did it to distract me from the pain as Lexi placed her fingertips on my sore, reddened skin. Or perhaps she was just proud of herself and how her plans at promoting slavery were bearing fruit.  
  
With a generous glob of lotion on her fingers, Lexi placed her hands on my naked breasts. They massaged the red marks and abrasions that Alexandra had left behind.  
  
*"Oooh!"* I gasped, even with her deliberate attempts to be gentle, my flesh was still too sore to be touched without sharp, stinging pain.  
  
"Sorry," Lexi said apologetically, "Should I stop?"  
  
"No, keep going," Gretchen commanded her. "This is for her own good."  
  
Lexi continued to massage the lotion into my sore skin, one breast at a time. Even though my breasts were sore to the touch, eventually Lexi's hands rubbing the lotion in felt good. I let out an audible sigh as Lexi smoothed lotion into my naked breasts and exposed nipples, easing the stinging pain.  
  
And as Lexi worked the soothing lotion into my the abused skin of my poor back and my flat tummy, Victoria proudly announced that since I had been given a free membership at Sharp Fitness, new enrollments there had gone up my more than two-hundred percent.  
  
"Obviously, the reason for the increase in new enrollments is due to voyeuristic people who want to see an attractive girl working out in the nude. In addition to Sharp Fitness, that lesbian club is seeing larger profits now that you're doing shows there. In fact your nights at*Adoration* increased profits so much, that a gay club in Eastgate has stolen the idea and they're bringing in a male slave to punish once a month for the entertainment of their patrons."

As Victoria explained the benefits I was providing to Sessian businesses, Lexi finished up applying lotion to the angry red marks around my waist and began to apply lotion to my wounded thighs and buttocks.  
  
Lexi gently massaged large amounts of the cool lotion into my abused, naked flesh, one buttock at a time and even working a generous amount of lotion into the deep cleft between by buttocks. I gasped and whimpered when Lexi's fingers came across the spots that were the most sore.   
  
"Such vivid stripes," Lexi commented as her fingers moved around my punished bottom, "She must have hit you really hard with that whip. And you didn't even do anything wrong!"  
  
I agreed with what Lexi said, although I couldn't say anything out loud. Slaves aren't supposed to complain. Complaining can really get a slave into serious trouble.   
  
Eventually Victoria got annoyed with Lexi and me. I was focused more on Lexi's hands than what Victoria was saying, and Lexi was keenly focused on my naked body. Even Gretchen was more focused on my naked body than Victoria's words, and finally Victoria stormed out of Gretchen's hotel room and slammed the door behind her.  
  
Lexi barely noticed, never once taking her eyes off my poor, abused naked body. She saved my poor, swollen pussy lips for last. My pubic lips were red, throbbing and engorged and I whimpered in pain as Lexi's fingers applied soothing lotion all up and down them from back to front and then back again. My poor nether lips were probably the most sensitive part of my whipped body, however I kept my hands at my side and my thighs open as Lexi slowly and gently worked the lotion in and tried to heal the damage to my tortured flesh.  
  
Despite the pain my poor, whipped vulva was in, Lexi's fingers were stimulating my cunt in such a way that I was soon panting more in lust than in pain. My clit was swollen and throbbing and Lexi's fingers rubbed over it several times as she applied lotion to my poor, abused pubic lips.   
  
Soon I forgot about the pain of my recent whipping and all I could think of was Lexi's fingers and the delicious way they made me feel. My legs trembled and I felt wobbly and overcome with heat and my nether lips were soaking wet with more than just lotion. As Lexi rubbed more lotion up and down my already-wet slit, she accidentally (or was it on purpose?) rubbed her fingers across my clit again, bringing me to the threshold of a powerful orgasm. I held my breath and stiffened and waited for the orgasm to wash over me, however Lexi took her fingers away and left me panting and in desperate sexual need.  
  
"Stay where you are, Darling," Gretchen said to me, "And you too, Lexi. I have something important to discuss with my lovely slavegirl and it concerns you too."  
  
I panted and struggled to focus on Gretchen's words while the juices of my lust coated my inner thighs, my hands twitched and my legs felt wobbly and just barely capable of supporting my weight.  
  
"Our darling Lexi, it seems, isn't really a natural in the dominant role. In point of fact, she's told me that she'd be much happier in the submissive role. We can't actually register her as a slave with the O.S.I. because her family would be too strongly opposed to having their daughter's naked body being displayed on public streets, however she would like to submit to you in private."  
  
"Gretchen," Lexi began to protest, but Gretchen interrupted her.  
  
"Lexi, hush," Gretchen ordered, "This is important business and you're not to do anything to spoil it."  
  
I was surprised at Gretchen's news, however I said nothing and just continued to pant and attempted to listen and absorb Gretchen's words.  
  
"Lexi doesn't want to be submissive to me or Victoria or anyone else she knows in town. However she has a huge crush on you, and has been pestering me for weeks to arrange things so that you would dominate her and treat her like a slave."  
  
"Mistress," I protested, "I don't have it in me to dominate Lexi. I love her, but I'm just naturally submissive and couldn't dominate anyone!"  
  
"Yes, that's what I've been telling Lexi these past few weeks, however after you told me about your encounter with the girl you found tied up in Greenfield Forest, I'm inclined to believe that you have latent talents. That girl begged you not to finger her pussy, but you ignored her and just used her body as if it was your property."  
  
It was hard for me to think, but I knew this would never work. Treating that girl in the forest like a slave was an anomaly.   
  
"I could never treat of Lexi as a slave," I protested. "I've been submissive to her so many times, I can only think of her as a commanding authority figure. She's spanked me dozens of times and I've always submitted to her discipline. I'm conditioned to follow her orders and do whatever she says. That girl in the forest was naked and helpless, and her legs were bound so far apart, it was like she was offering her naked pussy up as a sacrifice! She sent out a vibe! She was naked, humbled and defeated! You could smell the resignation and victimhood on her! The dynamic between me and Lexi is totally different from the dynamic I had with Danni!"  
  
Gretchen quietly mulled over everything I had said and Lexi anxiously waited for the next words out of her mouth. The tension in the room was so thick, you could cut it with a knife.  
  
"I think I understand," Gretchen finally replied, "But just as you've been conditioned to view Lexi as an authority figure, you can be conditioned to view her as a slavegirl as well. It will just require the proper guidance and indoctrination."  
  
She turned thoughtfully to Lexi and Lexi's eyes grew wide and her breathing quickened. Obviously the girl was filled with anticipation and trepidation.  
  
"Lexi, take off your clothes, all of them. I want Diane to see you naked."  
  
Lexi didn't need to be told twice. She grabbed the fabric of her t-shirt and pulled it up over her head and handed it to Gretchen. Next she removed her shoes and socks and unzipped her jeans. She pushed her jeans down to her ankles and suddenly she was clad only in her bra and panties.  
  
Next the teenage girl reached behind and unclipped her bra and pulled down the shoulder straps one at a time. Soon, Lexi's young, firm breasts were revealed to me, they were larger than mine, but still firm and perfectly shaped. Her nipples were embarrassingly erect and puffy.  
  
And when the 18-year old Lexi was down to just a pair of pelvis-hugging bikini panties, she hooked her thumbs into the waistband of the flimsy material and pushed in down her hips, thighs, calves and finally down past her ankles.  
  
When the young, blonde European stood naked before me, I was surprised to see that her pubic area was completely bald. There wasn't a single hair to be found on her pussy anywhere. And because there was no pubic hair to conceal her pubic lips, I could see that her labia were already swollen and puffy.  
  
"Gretchen told me I should shave it," Lexi said when she saw me staring at her hairless sex. She said it would make me more exposed and vulnerable. "  
  
"It should make you feel more submissive too," Gretchen told Lexi. "With your pubic lips always exposed, you can never hide your sexual arousal from us."  
  
"Take off your watch too," Gretchen ordered, after looking over Lexi's naked body for several moments, "I don't want there to be any symbols of status on your body.   
  
Lexi obediently removed her watch from her wrist and soon she was stark naked and exposed before me. Gretchen took Lexi's watch and all of her clothes and dumped them on the bed.  
  
"Now, on your hands and knees, child," Gretchen ordered, "And kiss Diane's feet."  
  
Much to my surprise, the naked teenager actually got down on her hands and knees and kissed my bare feet. I would have bet anything that she would have balked at Gretchen's order. She looked so humbled and subservient, I could hardly believe it was the same girl that had put me over her knee and spanked me all those times in the hotel lobby.  
  
"Knees far apart," Gretchen admonished Lexi. "Feel the cool air on your naked pussy. And keep kissing Diane's feet, soft, slow, lingering kisses."  
  
I looked down at the naked girl kissing my feet and I wondered how she had hidden her submissive side from me for so long. Was I really that dense when it came to reading people? Or was I just too overwhelmed with punishments, public humiliations and Claudia's physical training to notice?  
  
"Okay, Diane," Gretchen began, "Do you still think of Lexi as a commanding authority figure?"  
  
"No, Mistress," I replied, "She seems so humbled and yielding now. She's almost like one of the slaves at the Punishment Park."  
  
"So, do you think you can give her orders? Do you think you can treat her like she's your property?"  
  
I looked down at the adorable, naked girl kissing my feet. She looked so vulnerable and eager to please. I could really do anything I wanted with her, could I?  
  
"I think so, Mistress," I replied.  
  
"Okay, that's a start, I suppose," Gretchen conceded, "Now give her an order."  
  
I looked down at Lexi and she paused in her task of kissing my feet to look up at me. There was some unspoken communication between us as she impatiently waited for me to take on my role as her mistress.  
  
I had no experience at this, but Lexi was already on her hands and knees, so an idea suggested itself to me.  
  
"Crawl," I said to Lexi in what I hoped was an authoritative-sounding voice and I pointed towards the bathroom. Despite everything that I had learned about Lexi, I still wasn't certain she would obey me. I certainly didn't feel much like a stern, self-confident mistress. I mean...I was naked, my pussy was shaved and I had painful whip marks all across my body from my thighs to my breasts.  
  
Despite all of that, Lexi crawled across the floor of my hotel room. She crawled slowly, which I liked. It gave me time to admire the shape of her firm, naked ass and her exposed pubic lips. Oh, Lexi had a great body and crawling naked on her hands and knees certainly helped to show off some of her best assets.  
  
When she made it to the bathroom, I had her crawl back to me. As she approached, I got to enjoy the way her bare breasts hung down underneath her young, athletic body and the look of awkward uncertainty on her face. She had no idea what I would do with her and that put her off-balance. I wasn't sure myself, so I had her crawl back and forth across the room a few more times. It gave me time to think and I also got to admire her perfectly-shaped ass.  
  
After four or five times around the room, I ordered Lexi to stop crawling and stopped dead in the middle of the room, patiently waiting for me to give her another order.  
  
"You have a really cute ass, Lexi," I said as I walked up behind her and admired the view.  
  
"Thank you, Mistress," she said, head bowed, her naked body in a very vulnerable position. Her entire body was open to me.  
  
I knelt behind her and placed my hands on those perfect ass cheeks of hers. Her skin was so soft and so smooth, but her glutes were hard and firm. I fondled the naked teenager's ass and she submissively stayed on her hands and knees and allowed me to grope her.  
  
"You'll just stay like that until I tell you, you can move, won't you?" I asked.  
  
"Yes, Mistress," Lexi responded. I could barely believe the power I had over the girl. I'd never been the dominant one in a relationship before. This was heady and unexpected. She would actually do whatever I told her to do!  
  
I continued to fondle her ass and thighs, without any resistance from Lexi. I took two fingers and gently stroked the narrow seam in between her buttocks. Lexi gasped at this point. It was very likely that no one had ever touched her there before. Then I stroked her pubic lips with one hand, while stroking her asshole with the other.  
  
Lexi moaned as I toyed with her nether regions, but she made no move to stop me. She was being utterly compliant and cooperative. And when I inserted a finger deep into her tight pussy, she still put up no resistance. She moaned as I probed deep into her wet, throbbing sex, but she kept her legs wide open for me and didn't voice a single word of objection.  
  
"You realize," I said to Lexi, "If you're going to be my submissive, you can't spank me anymore?"  
  
"Yes, Mistress," Lexi replied. I was worried that Gretchen might object to that one, however she didn't say a word of protest. It seemed as if I might have found a way out of getting spanked every morning in the hotel lobby.  
  
I added another finger and explored Lexi's pussy thoroughly, making the girl moan and pant, until Gretchen told me to stop.  
  
"You don't want to take her over the edge," Gretchen informed me, "Slaves feel more helpless and defeated if you chronically deny them sexual release. If Lexi is going to feel like a real slave, you need to keep her pussy wet and throbbing, but you can't allow her to have orgasms. Orgasms are empowering. If Lexi is going to feel like a slave, you want her to feel as if she's powerless."  
  
Lexi moaned at this, but I took Gretchen's advice to heart. "No more orgasms for you," I announced to Lexi. "You're no longer allowed to masturbate and you can't have sex with anyone but me. I own your womanhood, and I'm the only one who's allowed to play with it from now on."  
  
*"What?* Even at home, I'm not allowed to touch myself?" Lexi asked, sounding alarmed.  
  
*"Lexi,"* Gretchen snapped angrily at the teenager, "You have been bugging me for weeks to get Diane to treat you like a proper submissive! If you give up on it within the first five minutes, I'm going to be very disappointed in you! Yes, even at home, a proper submissive is not allowed to touch herself! A proper submissive gives total control of her orgasms over to her master or mistress!"  
  
"I'm sorry," Lexi blurted out defensively, "I promise I won't play with myself! I'll be good! I want to do this with Diane! I really do!"  
  
Then Gretchen asked, "Lexi, have you ever been spanked before?"  
  
"No, ma'am," she answered.  
  
"Not even as a child? Your mother never spanked you?"  
  
"My mother didn't believe in corporal punishment. She thought it was cruel and barbaric. She always found non-violent ways to discipline me."  
  
"Oh my God, she's totally innocent," Gretchen exclaimed, "Well, that has to end. If you're going to be a sub for Diane, you're going to have to have experience with being spanked."  
  
Then to me, she said, "Diane, you can stay right where you are and give Lexi a hand-spanking. She's a virgin at this, so eighteen swats will probably be enough as an introduction to corporal punishment."  
  
*"Wait,"* Lexi protested, "Diane is going to spank me *right now?"*  
  
Gretchen shut down her protests with an accusing glare and the words, "Do we have to go through this again, Lexi? I thought you*wanted* to be submissive to Diane."  
  
"You're right, I'm sorry," Lexi finally said to Gretchen, "Just ignore me. I suppose I deserve it anyway after all the times I spanked Diane's poor bottom."  
  
"Dozens of times," I said to Lexi, "And this spanking won't even be as brutal as the spankings you've given to me."  
  
"She's new," Gretchen said authoritatively, "You have to start her out with a beginner's spanking. You can't take her from being a corporal punishment virgin to getting her ass turned red and raw. Your bottom has had years of experience. Hers is just starting out."  
  
I nodded to Gretchen and then stared at Lexi's naked ass. She was offering it up to me, as a sort of sacrifice. I felt a sense of power over her, and also a delicious sort of lust. It wasn't the sort of lust that I felt when I submitted myself to a dominant woman for punishment, however it was still flavored with the same sort of darkness. It was confusing, however it was good and it made me feel a warm tingly between my legs.  
  
And then, just as I was enjoying, the dark, delicious feeling of having power over Lexi's naked body, she heated my loins even more by asking, "Do you want me to cry, Mistress?"  
  
The question was so erotic, it seemed that there wasn't any response I could make that would match it.   
  
And while I was at a loss for words, Gretchen broke the silence and said, "It would be ideal if you did, Lexi. Tears are sort of ceremonial and prove that the punishment was done right. And besides, a girl becomes so feminine when she weeps, especially if it's because she's been punished and her bottom hurts."  
  
What Gretchen had just said made a lot of sense to me, and then for good measure, I added, "And besides you've made me cry plenty of times."  
  
Lexi nodded at that and then I brought my hand down on her right buttock. It was a historic even, it was the first time anyone had ever swatted Lexi's naked ass. And I was honored to be the first person who had ever left a red handprint on the pale skin of her firm, teenage ass.  
  
There was a loud CRACK as my hand slapped her innocent bottom and Lexi yelped in surprise. She tensed up her buttocks, but she didn't try to get away or use her hands to protect her ass. In my mind, she earned points for that.  
  
*CRACK*! I slapped her other buttock. Lexi flinched and made feminine sounds of pain and surprise, but she obediently remained on all fours, with her ass facing me.  
  
I was truly getting an education on why women like Gretchen enjoyed dominating submissive girls like this. Lexi wasn't bound, she could have escaped the stinging slaps from my hand at any time, however she voluntarily offered up her naked ass to me like a virgin sacrifice offered up to some Pagan goddess. It was a very powerful and heady experience for Lexi to offer herself up like this to me. It seemed to me that there could be no more sincere proof of love and devotion than for a girl to willingly sacrifice her naked body like this to a person of her choosing.  
  
*CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!* More red handprints appeared on Lexi's ass. Lexi made girlish yelping noises and flinched under each blow, but never protested or asked for mercy. Her willingness to submit so completely to me was giving me a sexual thrill that I had never suspected I could experience. My sexual passions had always been on the submissive side of things. I never dreamed I could get sexually turned on by dominating someone.  
  
*"Oh, Oh, Ow!!!"* Lexi's bottom weaved and she gasped and made noises of distress. After nine swats on her bare bottom, I stopped spanking Lexi and palmed her between her legs. Her sex was soaking wet. Despite all of her noises of distress, she was incredibly aroused.  
  
"My God, your pussy is drenched. You must be loving this," I said, and I held up my glistening fingers so Gretchen could see.  
  
"Yes, Mistress," Lexi confessed, "It excites me to be spanked by you."  
  
Lexi's confession that she was enjoying this inspired me to make the next nine swats harder and crueler. I sought out that sensitive spot at the tops of the thighs, where the thighs and buttocks merge. She cried out in pain and weaved her hips madly when I hit her there, but she remained on her hands and knees, offering her naked ass to me as a sacrifice.   
  
After eighteen swats, Lexi finally burst into tears. The naked teenager's tears were sweet. They added additional flavor to Lexi's delicious surrender to me. I ordered her to turn around so that I could get a better look at her face as the tears fell.  
  
  
  
"Poor little darling, the punishment's over," I told Lexi and I kissed away her tears before finally kissing her on the mouth.  
  
"Did I do well, Mistress?" Lexi asked as she continued to cry, "It was my first time. I know I wasn't very well prepared."  
  
"It was my first time too," I reminded Lexi as I wiped away a tear with my thumb, "I'd never spanked anybody before today. And yes, you did well. I'm very proud of you."  
  
Gretchen suggested that Lexi further prove her subservience to me by kneeling before my pussy and licking me to orgasm. Despite the fact that my poor nether lips had been cruelly whipped and were still very sore, I eagerly agreed with Gretchen's suggestion. It had been over ten days since Gretchen had last allowed me to orgasm and my sex was wet and throbbing with desperate need.

I stood up and Lexi knelt in between my legs. I could feel her hot breath on my moist pubic lips and then Gretchen said, "Lexi, place your hands behind your back. Slave-girls shouldn't need their hands to bring their superiors to an orgasm."  
  
Lexi obeyed, placing her hands behind her back and crossing her wrists as if they were bound together. Her nose was less than an inch from my slit and I asked, "Have you ever eaten a girl's pussy before, Lexi?"  
  
"A few times," she answered, "There was an American tourist who was staying at the hotel a few months back. She sort of seduced me."  
  
I smiled at the thought of Lexi being educated in lesbian sex by one of my own countrymen and then I said, "Well, let's see if she taught you anything."  
  
The teenager knelt between my thighs and lapped at my slit. My labia were still sore from Alexandra's whip, however I welcomed Lexi's tongue slowly licking at the folds of my pussy and working magic on my labia and clit. Despite the pain of having Lexi's lips and tongue pressed up against my abused loins, I thrust my hips in the direction on her lapping tongue, encouraging her to do more.  
  
I moaned both in pain and sexual heat, focusing on both until it was difficult to separate one from the other. I writhed against Lexi's tongue, moaning as I watched the beautiful teenager with her mouth and chin slick, nose pressed into my aching, needy sex. My breathing became more rapid and overtaking the pain of having my poor, punished pussy touched was an intense wave of pleasure. I gasped and then sighed when Lexi's probing tongue licked at my clitoral hood and pulled it away from my swollen clitoris.  
  
Lexi's tongue worked on my aching, swollen clitoris, bringing me closer and closer to orgasm. I was about to commend Lexi on her skill at pleasuring a woman's pussy, when she delicately trapped my clit between her teeth and sucked it into her mouth. I grabbed Lexi's skull and exploded into a powerful orgasm. I screamed and panted, and as the orgasm began to subside, Lexi dutifully lapped up my juices, leaving my pussy and inner thighs nice and clean.  
  
"Oh God," I moaned, "That American tourist taught you well."  
  
"Or maybe Lexi is just an exceptional student," Gretchen offered.  
  
Lexi smiled at that and I continued to pant, my breasts heaving up and down. I was out of breath and it was difficult to speak, so I just panted and wondered what was going to happen next.

**Return to Sessia Ch. 15**

It was locked in the pillory again. It was humiliating for a naked girl to be locked in the pillory. A girl had to bend over at the waist and stand with her legs indecently far apart while her neck and wrists were held helpless. My ankles were also held helpless by leather ankle restraints that had been clipped on to stainless steel rings that were embedded into the wooden platform I was standing upon.   
  
Gretchen began to stroke my bare pubic lips that had been so indecently displayed by the position I was bound in, and I could feel my sex throb and become even wetter with the attentions Gretchen's fingers were paying to my needy sex.   
  
I moaned, squirmed and whimpered and hopefully asked, "May I come, Mistress?"   
  
"No, you may not, you prurient little temptress," Gretchen replied, firmly, "I just want you good and hot before we begin."   
  
I was feeling very naked, exposed and vulnerable. The final indignity had come when something had been forcibly thrust into my unsuspecting mouth. It was a metal ring held behind my teeth by a leather strap across my cheeks and buckled firmly behind my head.   
  
"Silence and immobility, Darling," Gretchen informed me. "Perfect conditioning for a slave-girl."   
  
I had no way to disagree with her. I doubt I could feel more like a slave-girl if I tried. I was naked, my buttocks, pubic lips and anus were shamelessly exposed, I was utterly unable to speak and my mouth was held wide open, so Gretchen could probe my mouth and fill it with whatever she chose.   
  
And while my mouth was held awkwardly open like that Gretchen felt my exposed sex from front to back, parting my labia and moving her finger across my lubricated cleft. Then she inserted two fingers deep within my needy, throbbing sex. I stamped my right foot on the wooden platform and panted as Gretchen teased my throbbing pussy, and then when her phone rang, she removed her fingers from my sex and I heard her say, "*Hello?"*   
  
It seemed unfair to me. Here I was naked and helpless with my most erotic treasures blatantly exposed and available to her, and Gretchen ignored my naked body so that she could talk to her boss, or Victoria, or possibly somebody from the O.S.I.   
  
As a slave-girl I was quite often left out of the loop about Gretchen's plans, maneuverings and negotiations, and this time was no exception. And I wasn't even able to overhear much of what Gretchen said as the sound of my own moaning did a lot to drown out the sound of Gretchen's voice.   
  
Gretchen walked away and left me alone like that in the Punishment Park, naked, helpless and alone. I tried to call out to her, but the only sounds that came out of my mouth were, *"Mmmmsrs! Mmmnnsss! Oooomthhhhh!!"*   
  
I was naked and completely helpless, and Gretchen had given me no hint of when she would be returning. Did she plan this in advance as some sort of psychological torture? If she did, it was working. Being left alone like this while naked and helpless, every minute seemed like hours. The Punishment Park had rules about touching other people's slaves, but would those rules be adhered to in my case? It would be just my luck that the first time the rules were broken, would be when my naked body was the one that would suffer.   
  
Every ten minutes or so I could hear movement behind me. Was it a park employee? Was it a tourist taking a picture of my naked butt and exposed pubic lips? Was it Gretchen coming back to punish me? I had no way of knowing.   
  
The metal ring gag in my mouth forced me to drool. It was an extra added humiliation. The ring strapped in my mouth promoted salivation but robbed me control.   
  
My saliva freely dripped out of my widely open mouth. My efforts to swallow it back had soon proven to be ineffective. After Gretchen had left me alone I had explored the possibilities of speech. But the sounds that emerged from my gaping mouth were too demeaning. I quickly gave up on any attempts at verbal communication.   
  
Occasionally I would see a park employee walking by with a naked slave in tow, however that was fairly infrequent. Being bound in the pillory severely limited my ability to view the park. Unless a person was directly in front of me, I was unable to see them.   
  
And then, after several hours (or perhaps it was only several minutes), I heard a female voice call out, "Is that you, Miss Schlank?"   
  
"Ynnngg!!"   
  
"Sorry, Miss Starke said that you'd be gagged. She's going to be delayed, so she sent me to take care of you."   
  
"*Alllsssnahhhhh?"*   
  
"All right, I'm going to take that out of your mouth. Miss Starke never actually said that I had to leave you gagged, and I really can't talk to you when you're like that."   
  
*"Oh, Mistress! Oh God, thank you!!"*   
  
I couldn't believe how grateful and relieved I was that a park employee had arrived and removed that damn gag from my mouth, however I felt so much less helpless and so much more humanized now that I had control of my mouth again.   
  
"Call me Alex," Alexandra said.   
  
The simple invitation to familiarity spoke of our relationship together. Alexandra and I weren't exactly friends, however she and I had known each other for months and she was rather fond of me. Oh, she would inflict painful punishments on my naked skin if her job called for it, however she was rather fond of me. And I suppose I was rather fond of her too.   
  
"Was it really all that bad?" Alexandra asked, holding the ring gag near my face where I could see it.   
  
"It was awful, Alex! That thing made me drool all over and feel gross! It's cruel to make a slave wear one of those things!"   
  
Alexandra set aside the ring gag and then held up a riding crop where I could see it. It was slender, flexible and wicked looking. I was sure it would sting terribly if it was smacked against my bare skin.   
  
"You do understand, I'm going to be cruel to you too?"   
  
I looked at the instrument of stinging discipline, but didn't feel panic or despair. Indeed, I felt the naughty parts of my naked body throb with an even greater intensity as I stared at the wicked riding crop and understood that it was imminent that Alexandra would be using it to hurt me.   
  
"Well, yes, but it's a different kind of cruel. I'm used to corporal punishment. I'm not used to that awful gag thing. The way it forced me to keep my mouth wide open and drooling, it was dehumanizing. I felt less like a human being and more like some sort of animal!"   
  
Alexandra took a step back and gave me an amused look and asked, "And being hit with a riding crop doesn't? You do know this thing was designed for thwacking horses, right?"   
  
Okay, Alexandra had a point, but I was used to spankings and whippings. I wasn't used to ring-gags.   
  
"There's just no explaining me, Alex," I said and my imprisoned hands fluttered uselessly, "I want to be objectified and subservient, but there are some things that can be done to a slave that I truly hate."   
  
"Like being gagged." Alexandra asked.   
  
"Like being gagged," I confirmed.   
  
"So, now that you can talk," Alexandra asked, now standing behind me and gently rubbing the leather loop of the riding crop across the exposed flesh of my left butt cheek, then across the backs of my thighs, "Why don't you tell me where your friend went?"   
  
"You mean Gretchen?"   
  
Suddenly there was a stinging pain about an inch above the crease where my left thigh met my left buttock. I gasped in pain, but managed not to scream.   
  
"Of course I mean Gretchen," Alexandra replied calmly. "It's not like her to leave you alone like this. Where did she go?"   
  
"I'm not sure where she went," I replied, "She got a phone call. Apparently she wanted some privacy while she talked to them. "   
  
I couldn't see Alexandra because of the way my head was locked in the pillory, but I could feel her hands fondling my naked buttocks and thighs. Then I felt her feminine fingers insinuating themselves in the cleft between my butt cheeks and gently stroking my anus. It always made me nervous to be touched there and my legs trembled at Alexandra's touch and my buttocks and thigh muscles tensed up.   
  
Finally her hands were withdrawn from my naked hindquarters and I relaxed. Then Alexandra asked, "Who was she talking to?"   
  
"I'm not sure who she was talking to," I replied and then suddenly there was a stinging pain about four inches below the crease between thigh and buttock. This was starting to feel like an interrogation where a cruel female Nazi interrogator tortures some poor, naked girl from the French resistance for information. Did somebody tell Alexandra that this was one of my sexual fantasies? Or did she perhaps guess that it was?   
  
"It was probably Victoria," Alexandra opined. "Tell me, what exactly is the deal with Victoria anyway?"   
  
The question caught me completely off guard. I had no idea what deal Alexandra was referring to.   
  
*"Her deal?"* I asked, hoping for some sort of elaboration.   
  
Suddenly there was a sizzling line of pain directly across the crease where my left buttock joined to my left thigh. It was the most painful stroke of the crop yet and I let out a feminine yelp of anguished pain.   
  
The pain from that blow lingered and burned and left me panting, but through the haze of stinging pain, I managed to hear Alexandra say, "When Victoria is here she barely even looks at the slaves. We have some of the most breathtakingly beautiful women in the world here at the Punishment Park, and they're all naked. Victoria never gives any of them a second glance."   
  
"Perhaps she's straight?" I suggested.   
  
Without warning the crop hit me again. This time on the lower part of my buttocks. There was a burning sensation on my naked skin like liquid fire and I screamed.   
  
*"Argggggghhhhhhhhhhhhhhh... Arrrrrggggggghhhhhhhhhhh!"*   
  
My screams didn't seem to bother Alexandra at all and she continued with our conversation as if my bottom wasn't burning and I wasn't panting in pain and tears weren't welling up in my eyes.   
  
"We have male slaves too," Alexandra reminded me. "They're gorgeous too. Some of them are athletes or professional models when they're not locked into a slave contract, but Victoria never gives any of them a second glance either. Why is that, do you suppose?"   
  
I didn't have a good answer to Alexandra's question and that earned me another stinging stripe on my bare bottom.   
  
Alexandra continued to ask me questions about Victoria and she kept not liking my answers. For every disappointing answer I gave her, she gave me another intensely painful stripe on my naked bottom   
  
After fourteen stinging blows from the riding crop, I burst into tears. Either by design or by coincidence, that's when Alexandra decided to stop asking me questions and to stop punishing my naked bottom.   
  
In the end I had confessed that Victoria was the most asexual woman I had ever met. She seemed to be obsessed with corporate accomplishments, corporate agendas, corporate power, improving her resumé and getting promoted, however she'd never shown any interest in having sex with anyone.   
  
"She's an odd one," Alexandra admitted and then she gently patted my naked bottom. Her physical contact was gentle in the most technical sense of the word, however my bottom was so sore and tender that even her gentle touch made me gasp in pain.   
  
"You look cute like that," Alexandra assured me, "But Gretchen said she may be gone for hours and I refuse to leave you bent over like that for such a long time. I'm going to put you on one of the exhibition stages."   
  
It turned out that the exhibition stage was a small wooden stage, about eight inches high and with two metal posts set into the stage about six feet apart. Alexandra had me stand on the stage with my arms raised above my head and far apart so that my wrists could be fasted to the metal posts to my left and my right.   
  
I had seen slaves bound spread-eagle on these stages before, however I never knew what they were called.   
  
"We usually tie a slaves ankles far apart when they're standing on an exhibition stage," Alexandra confided to me, "However I'm being kind to you. All I ask is that you keep your ankles at least shoulder length apart at all times and I won't bind your ankles."   
  
"Thanks, Alex," I replied earnestly and spread my legs apart even further than she requested. I felt like a slut with my legs so far apart and my pubic area so indecently exposed and obscenely on display, however I wanted Alexandra's approval more than I wanted a reputation for decency.   
  
"You're a good girl, Diane," Alexandra assured me and then she kissed me on the forehead.   
  
My bottom was on fire and my naked body was being displayed for the enjoyment of leering tourists, park employees and the European media, however I couldn't help but have fond feelings for the woman who had left me in this predicament. She was as kind as a Punishment Park employee could be towards a slave, and she seemed to feel a certain amount of affection towards me.   
  
If it were possible, I would demand that Alexandra always be the employee who punished me at the park, however slave-girls were never in a position to demand anything.   
  
Alexandra and I exchanged a few more kind words and then she left me naked and bound, while she went about her duties. The tourists could stare at my bound nudity and take photos of me until Gretchen returned to free me. Sadly, I had no idea how long that could take. Gretchen might be gone for three minutes or she might be gone for three hours.   
  
Very few tourists were bold enough to ogle my nude body at close range and most of them viewed me at a distance of twelve feet or more. There was nothing in Sessian law that demanded they keep that sort of distance. It was just simple human psychology and conditioning.   
  
However, after perhaps thirty or forty-five minutes of being left out on the exhibition stage for the public to gawk at me, I heard a loud gasp from in front of me, followed by a girlish giggle. My head had dropped after standing so long and I didn't see the source of the feminine laughter at first.   
  
When I raised my head, I saw a female tourist of about my age with an amused smile on her face. She was about my age and seemed to be about my height (which is quite a feat for a woman. I'm 5' 10"), she had a really cute face and a really slender build with small breasts, a flat tummy, a narrow waist and boyish hips.   
  
"Diane, what *happened* to you?" the amused girl called out.   
  
The girl's accent was American, however I didn't recognize her. The scary thing was that she seemed to recognize me.   
  
"I'm sorry," I said apologetically, "Have we met?"   
  
"I'll say we have," the American girl enthused, *"Its Courtney!"*   
  
I stared at the girl for several seconds, attempting to place her face into some sort of event from my past. She wasn't anyone I'd ever worked with at the bank, I was pretty certain I'd never seen her at my health club in Falls Church and she wasn't anyone who lived in my neighborhood back in Fairfax County.   
  
*"Courtney Mood?"* I finally asked, remembering a girl from high school that was the same height and build as this girl.   
  
*"Now* you remember," the girl said enthusiastically, "We were only in like half a dozen classes together!"   
  
Now that I recognized Courtney, my humiliation at being naked and bound in public was doubly intense. It was one thing to be naked, exposed and humiliated in front of strangers, however it was much more psychologically crushing to be naked, exposed and humiliated in front of a girl that had once been one of my classmates back in high school. I squirmed uncomfortably, while Courtney's eyes roamed all over my naked body.   
  
"You used to be Goth," I protested, "Back in high school you died your hair black and wore black lipstick."   
  
"And I wore heavy, black eye makeup," Courtney added, "I finally grew out of my Goth phase and became an adult. Now I've got a respectable job at Ernst & Young and I pay taxes like a good little corporate drone! Can you believe it?"   
  
"Wow, you've certainly changed," I said and despite my promise to Alexandra, I wanted to close my legs together in an attempt at modesty. Exposing my naked body to Courtney somehow felt like a much greater violation than exposing myself to Punishment Park employees or members of the European media.   
  
"What about you?" Courtney countered, "Back in high school you were the good-looking, athletic one who got the good grades and the teachers loved you! Now you're being disgraced in public, stripped naked and tied up for all the tourists to gape at! Back in high school you wouldn't even shower with the rest of us in gym class!"   
  
"Yeah, well, um, it's sort of a long story, how I got from there to here," I said hesitantly.   
  
Courtney shrugged her shoulders and smiled, "Well, it doesn't look like you're going anywhere anytime soon. Tell me your story."   
  
I could feel my face and breasts burning with the heat of my humiliation and helplessness. I didn't want to tell Courtney *anything* about my relationship with Gretchen or how I ended up becoming her sex slave, however Gretchen's rules, Sessian law and the Punishment Park rules all pretty much forbade me being rude to Courtney, and refusing to talk to her could easily be considered rude.   
  
I felt panic and humiliation at being displayed naked in front of Courtney, my swollen, erect nipples and shaved pubic lips on display for her, while she wore long-sleeve tee and Adriano Goldschmied jeans, however being forced to explain how my sexual fantasies had led me to become Gretchen's lesbian lover and eventually Gretchen's naked and powerless slave-girl seemed far more humiliating and unfair. It was like I was being turned inside out and even my most intimate secrets were being put on display for Courtney to examine.   
  
Courtney seemed to take a certain sadistic glee in watching me squirm and whenever we reached a part of my narrative that seemed to make me especially uncomfortable, she insisted that I be especially detailed and descriptive with those parts of my story. She was showing a keen interest in making me feel embarrassed, disgraced and humiliated.   
  
"Why are you treating me like this?" I finally asked Courtney. "Back in high school you never exhibited any tendencies towards sadism. Why are you treating me like this now?"   
  
"Seriously?" Courtney asked. Her tone of voice seemed to indicate I should know the answer already.   
  
"Back in high school you were one of the popular girls, you were good-looking, athletic, you got good grades and all the teachers liked you. Meanwhile I was one of the losers. I was flat-chested, ungraceful and I was failing geometry, chemistry and German. You had everything so easy and I had everything so hard."   
  
"It wasn't as easy as you think," I countered, "I was a lesbian in a homophobic school. I spent my entire four years of high school in the closet."   
  
"I'm a lesbian too, you big dummy," Courtney spat, "I was just as deep in the closet as you were!"   
  
I tried to gain some sympathy from Courtney, but she just didn't want to listen. Apparently I was a symbol of everything she wanted back when she was in high school and she never got. Seeing me naked and humiliated was something she had been dreaming of four about half a dozen years now.   
  
"Look, Courtney, I know I'm helpless, I know you've got me. And I'll admit I'm frightened. You seem so ... so ... well, so different now."   
  
"I am different," Courtney conceded, "I feel more confident and more goal-oriented. And one of my most important goals for right now is to see you suffer. You can understand that, can't you?"   
  
Realistically, I couldn't. I honestly couldn't think of a single mean thing I had ever done to Courtney, so I couldn't really understand her need for revenge. I told her so, but she just brushed my words off as inconsequential.

"You'd say anything right now to make yourself sound innocent," Courtney said disapprovingly, "But I'm not going to listen to any of your attempts to whitewash your past. I just want to see you helpless, humbled and made to do penance."   
  
"I've already done that," I insisted, "I've been stripped naked, I've been spanked, and I've been whipped and subjected to humiliating body-cavity searches! How much more penance could I possibly do?"   
  
Courtney smiled at my words, but didn't give in. "I think it's wonderful, Diane, that they've done all of those horrible things to you. The problem isn't that your penance hasn't been cruel enough. The problem is that I wasn't personally here to witness it."   
  
Courtney smiled blissfully and then added, "Do you think there's any way Gretchen Starke would let me punish you personally? I'm thinking of the whip, of course. I've got a serious desire to hear it splat across that cute bottom of yours."   
  
Courtney's capacity for cruelty seemed to be greater than Gretchen's. I was hoping that Gretchen would see this woman as too intense to be allowed to do things to me, and would send her away before things got out of hand.   
  
"I've already been punished once today," I explained to Courtney, "I don't usually get punished more than once unless I've been really bad."   
  
Technically this was a lie, however Courtney had no way of knowing what sort of disciplinarian Gretchen was, and I was becoming very frightened of what she might do to me if she got the opportunity.   
  
"I'll be in town for six more days," Courtney explained, "Maybe I'll get a chance to punish you tomorrow or the next day."   
  
I groaned at this announcement, however I didn't say anything. Apparently I was in dangerous ground already. I wasn't about to say anything that would make things even worse for me.   
  
Eventually Gretchen arrived to take me away from the Punishment Park, and Courtney and Gretchen had the opportunity to meet. Much to my disappointment, Gretchen didn't view Courtney with the same alarm that I did, and soon they were chatting like old friends.   
  
"I absolutely adore the idea of Diane being punished by her friends or family," Gretchen gushed, "However Diane's sister doesn't have a sadistic bone in her body, and so far I haven't met any friends of Diane that had sadistic tendencies either."   
  
"Really?" Courtney asked, "You've discussed it with them?"   
  
"I've talked to Diane's younger sister, and two of her friends," Gretchen elaborated, "None of them have the desire to do anything that would hurt her. It's actually not surprising. Friends and family usually have a desire to protect their loved ones, not strip them naked and mark them up with a whip."   
  
"If you'll let me, I'd be happy to mark Diane up," Courtney offered helpfully. When she said it, her voice and smile were so friendly, you'd think she was offering to clean out my basement or wash my car.   
  
"I'd be really happy if you did," Gretchen said pleasantly, "The psychological effect on a girl is so much stronger when she's punished by a friend as opposed to being punished by a stranger. The feelings of powerlessness and vulnerability just seem that much stronger."   
  
Gretchen insisted that Courtney couldn't punish me right then, however she did offer to let Courtney examine the marks on my bottom where I had been marked up by the riding crop.   
  
"I like this," Courtney said as she fondled my stinging thighs and buttocks with her hands, "I wish I had known Diane was into corporal punishment back in high school. If I had, maybe things could have been different between us."   
  
Courtney continued to move her questing hands all over my punished bottom. Despite the pain and the humiliation, my heart beat faster and a wave of feverish desire passed through me. Courtney's hands made me feel owned and helpless and those feelings of being owned and helpless caused my loins to throb with hungry spasms and my nipples to throb and harden.   
  
"You little slut," Courtney admonished when my hips writhed and I was unable to stifle a moan, "You're actually enjoying this aren't you?"   
  
My pussy was wet and throbbing and my entire body felt as if it was gripped in a fever. I couldn't deny the aching need in my loins without lying to Courtney, and slave-girls who lied were quite often punished for their dishonesty.   
  
I confessed to Courtney that I had enjoyed the feel of her predatory hands on my poor, abused bottom and she laughed at me.   
  
"Well, there's more of that to come, I assure you," Courtney announced. Gretchen and Courtney eventually exchanged phone numbers and hotel information and we parted company. Courtney promised me that when we met next, she would hurt me terribly and make me cry.   
  
At that moment I truly hated her, but slaves aren't allowed to say negative things about free-women, so I kept quiet and bit my tongue as Courtney walked away.   
  
Almost as if Gretchen was reading my mind, she said to me, "I expect you to behave when Courtney punishes you, Diane. I don't want to hear you complain or being disrespectful to her."   
  
"She scares me, Mistress," I complained, "I'm afraid of what she might do to me."   
  
"I promised that I'd be beautifully mean to you," Gretchen reminded me, "And allowing Courtney to hurt you terribly and make you cry is a part of that, so I expect you to be nice, polite and accommodating whenever she's around."   
  
Tears welled up in my eyes at the thought of being polite and accommodating to the girl who wanted to hurt me terribly and make me cry, however I promised Gretchen that I would do exactly as she wanted.   
  
**\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \***   
  
Rather than return to the Hotel Castello, Gretchen drove to Eastport, parked the car and had me walk into an abandoned factory, just next to the parking structure. The factory was dark, spooky and all of the shadows looked like some sort of predatory animal that was getting ready to pounce and maul me. All we needed was some ominous music playing in the background and this could be a scene from a horror movie.   
  
Dark, creepy places like this are frightening even for normal people, but when you're trying to navigate through a dark, shadowy place like this when you're naked and barefoot, it makes you feel even more vulnerable and more likely to be a victim. My bare feet crept cautiously across the concrete and I accidentally walked into a spider web. I brushed it off, but heard disturbing noises in the distance. It was impossible to see anything more than twelve feet in front of me and even things that were in close proximity weren't fully illuminated. I watched the intimidating shadows, waiting to see what would come out of them and asked, "Mistress, why are we even here?"   
  
"We're here to meet someone," Gretchen informed me. "I expect you to be nice, polite and accommodating to her too."   
  
For a moment my heart beat too fast and I knew fear, a delicious fear like when Gretchen had told me to be accommodating and submit to Courtney, but before I could drown in the overwhelming feeling of dread and helplessness, I felt a hand on my bare shoulder and I screamed in alarm as I immediately assumed that anything that snuck up on you in this dark, eerie place must be a sinister and dangerous creature of some sort.   
  
"Calm down," Gretchen ordered, "This is who we're supposed to meet."   
  
I forced my breathing to slow down in an attempt to calm my nerves. The hand on my bare shoulder was attached to a skinny, nerdy-looking girl in glasses. That was calming somehow, I guess because young skinny girls in thick-framed glasses are almost never the antagonists in horror movies.   
  
"I'm Robin," the skinny girl announced in a somewhat relaxed voice, and then she added, "We've met before."   
  
I examined her facial features as best I could in the dimness of the room and slowly recognition dawned on me.   
  
"Robin Milenkova," I said, "We met at that LSC Christmas party a couple years back."   
  
"Very good," Robin replied, "I had thought that you were quite good-looking even back then, but now you look even better."   
  
Of course Robin was leisurely enjoying the view of my naked breasts and my chronically erect nipples. Why should she be any different? Apparently even the nerdy girls enjoyed gawking at my bare breasts.   
  
I resisted the urge to cover my naked breasts with my hands, like a good little slave, but the silence dragged on and on while Robin stared at them. Finally, I had to break the silence, but rather than judge Robin for ogling, I asked a question that shouldn't offend anyone.   
  
"Why are we meeting here of all places? What even is this place?"   
  
"We're meeting here of all places, because I can be certain that we'll have privacy here," Robin said, "I can't risk anybody from LSC ever finding out that I've met with Gretchen. Right now my boss thinks that I'm in Strasbourg at a workshop on corporate bonds. Nobody from LSC has even the slightest idea that I'm in Sessia."   
  
"Stacy Martinet is plotting against me," Gretchen added, "We can't be certain who can be trusted over at LSC right now."   
  
"If Victoria or anybody in the media saw me, it could ruin all the precautions I've taken."   
  
"Nobody is likely to just walk in on us here," Gretchen offered, "This place used to be a factory for making tin cans and tin boxes. It shut down about fifteen months ago. That's why it's so dark in here, no electricity since they shut the place down."   
  
I could see why this location would be ideal for privacy. Certainly tourists and the European media would have no interest in going inside a dark, creepy abandoned building with no electricity, and then more questions popped into my head.   
  
"But Mistress, the doors weren't even locked! Wouldn't the homeless or street gangs attempt to take over an abandoned building with unlocked doors?"   
  
In the dim light of the abandoned factory, Gretchen and Robin gazed at me with disinterested expressions.   
  
"This really isn't a productive line of inquiry," Robin said, and then to Gretchen she added, "You're her mistress. Can't you order her not to ask questions?"   
  
"Diane, no more questions," Gretchen said, firmly, "In fact you're not allowed to speak at all anymore for as long as long as we're here in this building."   
  
Gretchen had told me my place, so I obediently stood there naked and silent and allowed the two clothed women to dominate the dark and creepy room.   
  
"I've been talking to Robin for the past couple of days," Gretchen explained while I listened in silence, "Somebody at LSC has somehow altered the official records of my LSC expense account. It looks like I've abused my expense account privileges and spent tens of thousands of dollars on frivolous and unnecessary expenses."   
  
"It was Stacy Martinet," Robin added.   
  
I felt a sense of panic, and I think I gasped, but I had been ordered not to speak, so held my tongue and didn't voice my opinion of Stacy or ask any stupid questions.   
  
"I don't know what proof Robin has that it was Stacy who falsified records, however if anyone could uncover the proof, it would be Robin. She's not only one of our best accountants-"   
  
"The best," Robin corrected, "I practically run that entire department."   
  
"She's also a very accomplished computer nerd," Gretchen continued, "If somebody hacked my account and tried to hide how they did it, Robin would almost certainly be able to go through thousands of line of computer code and discover their secrets."   
  
"Which is pretty much what I did, although it was far more time-consuming than Gretchen makes it sound."   
  
In the eerie half-light of the murky room, I saw Gretchen give Robin an annoyed look, I wasn't certain why she was annoyed at first. The two of them seemed to be in sync.   
  
"As admirable as Robin is with her accounting and computer skills," Gretchen finally added, "She's not much of a friend. It turns out that she'll only help exonerate me if I pay a very high price."   
  
Gretchen sighed heavily and finally added, "She wants me give up ownership of you, and she wants you to become her slave."   
  
"But, that's impossible," I blurted out, "My relationship with you-"   
  
"You're not allowed to speak," Gretchen said admonishingly, and I fell silent. I was alarmed by this unexpected turn of events, but I was a naked slave and had been duly chastised for speaking without permission. I immediately fell silent once again.   
  
"As you can see, Diane is horrified at the prospect of becoming somebody else's slave," Gretchen said calmly. "I've spent two years learning what makes her tick and learning how to feed her submissive appetites and make her completely obedient. If I just turn ownership of Diane over to you, you'll destroy all the progress I've made with her. You're an amateur with no idea what a slave-girl needs."   
  
I felt an urge to cheer, but I remained quiet. Gretchen really had learned what made me tick and understood me better than I understood myself. She was exactly what I needed.   
  
"But, without me," Robin protested, "You'll lose your job! You'll lose everything! I'm the only one who can get you out of this mess! I hold all the cards!"   
  
Even in the gloomy darkness of the room, I could see Gretchen raise a meaningful eyebrow and retort, "Do you?"   
  
With a smirk, Gretchen turned to me and calmly said, "Diane, stand with your legs far apart and your hands clasped behind the back of your neck."   
  
I didn't understand why Gretchen had given me this order, however a good slave follows orders even when she doesn't understand them. Feeling somewhat confused and vulnerable, I spread my legs wide and laced my fingers behind my neck. This pose forced my breasts to be lifted up as if I were offering them to Robin and Gretchen.   
  
Gretchen then caused my breasts to be even more prominent and on display by ordering me to arch my spine and force my elbows back. And to add to my shame, my nipples were swollen and erect, thus making my sexual need all the more evident to this scary, intimidating woman who was trying to take me away from Gretchen.   
  
Excitement lit up Robin's eyes and she seemed almost transfixed by my submissive pose and then Gretchen said, "Touch her, examine her as if she were a slave that you were thinking of buying at a public slave market."   
  
Gretchen's words made me tremble and they apparently had an emotional effect on Robin as well. Her breathing became deeper and her lips parted as she raised a hand to my left breast and fondled it.   
  
I moaned at the touch of her warm, feminine hands and Gretchen encouraged her to fondle both breasts, and feel free to pinch them if that would please her.   
  
Robin needed very little encouragement and almost immediately the accountant gripped both of my nipples between her thumbs and index fingers and pinched the poor, sensitive things painfully, causing me to gasp.   
  
"I love it when she makes that sound," Robin said softly, with almost religious reverence. I briefly caught a glimpse of Robin's eyes and she looked like she was in a trance.   
  
"And if I lose my job," Gretchen responded, "You'll never hear her make that sound again."   
  
Alarmed, Robin looked away from my breasts and made eye contact with Gretchen. Gretchen looked cool and composed.   
  
"Diane will never be your slave," Gretchen said firmly, "However if you exonerate me and expose Stacy to the higher-ups at LSC, I will let you use Diane. I will tell you when and how you may use Diane, but that's more than most people ever even dream of. When I permit it, you will be allowed to fondle her, punish her and use her tongue to pleasure you, but if you refuse to exonerate me in the eyes of LSC, Diane and I will walk out of here and you'll never see her naked ass ever again."   
  
Robin bared her teeth and looked like she wanted to argue, but then she looked back at my naked breasts and abused nipples and replied, "You're a tough negotiator, Gretchen."   
  
"Diane is my property," Gretchen replied calmly, "It would damage her to belong to anybody else."   
  
"Okay, okay," Robin said and then she sucked in air through clenched teeth and added, "Half a loaf is better than none. I'll expose Stacy Martinet's scheme and in return you'll periodically let me use your slave-girl."   
  
"You've made the right decision," Gretchen assured the young accountant, and then they both shook on it.

**Return to Sessia Ch. 16**

Of course with Lexi wanting to be my submissive, there was no way she could deliver my morning spankings anymore, however, Gretchen refused to allow the tradition of me being spanked in the hotel lobby every morning to end so easily. As a result of all this, Gretchen recruited some other women to take Lexi's place.   
  
My old classmate from high school; Courtney; was at the top of Gretchen's list of women who could spank me every morning. She had an irrational hatred of me dating back to the years we spent in school together. I had never done anything to hurt Courtney, however, she still seemed to think I was a spoiled brat and deserving of cruel punishment. Gretchen (of course) was pleased to give Courtney multiple opportunities to punish me for slights and sins that Courtney felt I had committed against her.   
  
Then there was the Sessian girl named Lynn who we had met at the bus-stop. Lynn seemed to resent me for my boobs and my celebrity status in the European media. I had never actually done anything to hurt Lynn either, however, Gretchen was willing to indulge Lynn in her irrational hatred of me and was willing to let Lynn get her revenge against me and my poor defenseless bottom.   
  
I was guaranteed to have a stinging ass and a face wet with tears every time I went over either of these girl's laps. Apparently this made for good theatre.   
  
The crowds seemed to love it whenever the mean girls got their hands on me.   
  
Anne Marie was the third lady on Gretchen's list. Anne Marie was twelve years older than me and looked (and spoke) like a respectable, proper school teacher, however, her punishments could be just as painful as the spankings the girls my age dished out.   
  
Anne Marie thought that I was "adorable" and a "delightful girl", however, upon her first meeting with Gretchen and I, she insisted that strict discipline and painful punishments were things that I "needed" and that it would be unfair for anyone to deprive me of such necessities.   
  
I never disputed Anne Marie when she talked about me like this. My pussy was shamelessly wet every time she spanked me, so how could I argue against what she said?   
  
"I have a younger sister like Diane," Anne Marie confided to Gretchen. "Until I understood her unusual needs, she created a great deal of misery and frustration in my mother's household. She stayed out late, insulted my mother, broke windows and misbehaved in all sorts of ways, just to provoke my mother into doling out painful punishments to her. Eventually I leaned that my sister wasn't a bad girl. She just craved the punishments and was afraid to ask for them directly."   
  
"Diane was never like that," Gretchen told Anne Marie, "Her mother was a very harsh disciplinarian. Diane's mother was quite strict and spanked both of her daughters at the slightest excuse."   
  
The way my mother disciplined me and my sister was discussed in intimate detail as if I wasn't even in the room. Anne Marie wanted to know every detail of how my mother spanked me. She wanted to know if I was made to strip naked first, she wanted to know if others were allowed to watch when I was punished, she wanted to know if was forced to engage in any humiliating rituals like standing in the corner and she wanted to know if I was sexually aroused by any of it at the time.   
  
Much to my embarrassment, Gretchen knew the answers to all of these questions. I had told Gretchen years ago every humiliating detail about how my mother had used spanking on me as a form of discipline. Now, Gretchen passed down all of that information to Anne Marie.   
  
My mother never viewed spanking as a sexual thing and I didn't either. At least not at first. And shortly after I began to view spanking as something that was erotic, that's when my mother stopped spanking me.   
  
Anne Marie correctly guessed that I had had a lot of wet dreams involving spanking before I'd had my first deliberately erotic spanking. I had never told Gretchen about any of these wet dreams, however, Anne Marie insisted that I tell them both all about them.   
  
In some of these dreams I'm spanked by a strict teacher or a school administrator. In some dreams I'm spanked by a ballet choreographer. In some dreams I'm spanked by a nurse, a gynecologist or some other form of medical professional. In others I'm spanked by a prison warden, a police officer or another member of law enforcement.   
  
Despite the myriad of variations, I'm always naked in these dreams and my punisher is always female and she's always older than I am.   
  
Anne Marie was analyzing my sexual cravings and I was disturbed by the inferences she was coming up with. She made it sound as if my most intense sexual desire was to be spanked and humiliated by my mother again.   
  
"You're over-simplifying it, you delightful little girl," Anne Marie said to me, "It's much more complex than that. And at any rate, when I punish you, you'll forget all about your dear, sweet mother."   
  
\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*   
  
Anne Marie was 100% correct about that. When she spanked me, she left my poor innocent bottom a riot of stinging pain so intense I couldn't even remember my own name. She left me a naked, sobbing, quivering mess, my face soaking wet with my own tears and my naked body covered in sweat.   
  
My legs were wobbly and trembling after a spanking like that, however, Ann Marie would always order to me get off of her lap and stand over at the hotel's checkout counter with my ass facing the lobby and my hands behind my back, wrists crossed and held up around waist-high, so that I wouldn't obstruct anyone's view of my freshly-punished bottom.   
  
None of the hotel desk clerks would talk to me when I was standing at the counter like that, although there was one employee named Keira, who would quite often make eye contact and shine me an excited smile, as if she were delighted to see me naked, sobbing and standing so close to her.   
  
\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*   
  
Of course I was taken to Sharp Fitness several times a week, so that Claudia could work my abs, my glutes, my adductors and (of course) work on my flexibility and cardiovascular endurance. Claudia normally carried a riding crop with her during my workouts, as a constant visual reminder that painful consequences would follow if I ever failed to perform up to her demanding expectations.   
  
On one particular day, after an especially grueling workout, Claudia ordered me to come back to her office.   
  
Claudia had never ordered me back to her office before. I assumed that the only reason she would call me back to her office (instead of sending me to the showers, as she normally did) was that I had done something wrong, and she intended to lecture me and discipline me in private.   
  
My heart beat faster as I followed my personal trainer and my mind raced, attempting to deduce how I had managed to offend Claudia or failed to live up to her exacting standards. No matter how I tried, I couldn't think of a single thing that I had done wrong.   
  
Claudia closed and locked her office door once we were both inside and I was left to stand, while she pulled a chair out from behind her desk and sat down. For several seconds she didn't say a word, she just sat silently and stared at my naked, sweaty body and made me feel more exposed and vulnerable than normal.   
  
Claudia and I are about the same height and the same age, however, her dominance over me and her obvious superior status and the way she was fully dressed while I was utterly naked and exposed, gave her an aura of power and authority and made it seem as if she were far taller and much older than me.   
  
Finally I couldn't handle the stress and I just blurted out, "Mistress, have I done something to offend you?"   
  
Claudia chuckled slightly at my question and replied, "*Offend me? Never!* You're my favorite client of all time. You don't drink, you don't smoke, you never cheat on your diet, you do every exercise exactly the way I tell you to do it, you work up an impressive sweat at every workout and I can examine all of your muscle groups and see how they're developing on account of your nudity. *You're perfect!* I wish *all* of my clients could be like you!"   
  
Claudia's answer shocked me, but gave me a degree of relief as well. Obviously she wasn't going to punish me, however, I was still lost as to why she had summoned me into her office.   
  
"Mistress, if I'm not in trouble, why have you brought me into your office with you? You've never brought me in here before."   
  
Claudia's facial expression changed slightly and she got up from her chair and began to pace. "I brought you in here to say goodbye."   
  
I stood there speechless, not knowing how to respond. She had just said that I was her favorite client. Why would our association be ending now, if she liked me so much?   
  
"Look, we never discussed it before, but I know your main purpose here in Sessia wasn't to promote Sharp Fitness. I mean, you've done an excellent job, building interest and bringing in hundreds of new members, and not just horny old men! I was surprised at how many women signed up to come here and see you too!"   
  
She paused and then added, "You and your friend; Gretchen; came here with a political agenda. The two of you came here to shore up political support for the slave laws, and it looks like you've succeeded. Your friends have told me that a vote is coming up in parliament any day now and the bill to close the OSI and end slavery is going to fail."   
  
"Gretchen never told me," I said softly. I had been in Sessia for months and had fully adjusted to living life as a naked slave on the streets of a foreign nation. Returning to America seemed almost inconceivable.   
  
"It's a slave thing," Claudia confided in me, "Masters and mistresses can be very funny when it comes to informing their slaves about what's going on in the outside world. For some weird reason, they like to ration the information their slaves get and keep them ignorant, but I wanted you to know, because I'm going to miss you and if you don't get a proper goodbye, it's going to gnaw at me."   
  
The next thing I knew, Claudia's arms were around me. She was pressing her clothed body passionately against my naked body. I could feel the spandex of her leotard pressing firmly up against my naked breasts and exposed nipples. I could feel her spandex-clad legs pressed against my naked thighs. There was something utterly submissive about being utterly naked, while Claudia was fully clothed, and her pressing her clothed body against my naked one made me vividly aware of the contrast between us.   
  
"This is the part where you hug me back," Claudia said sternly and then I put my arms around her and hugged her just like she was hugging me.   
  
"Slaves aren't allowed to touch free-women without permission," I reminded Claudia.   
  
"We're having a moment here," Claudia said, admonishingly, "Don't ruin it by quoting slavery regulations to me."   
  
So, we hugged. The spandex of Claudia's leotard felt rough against my naked breasts and sensitive nipples and after a few seconds of holding me close, Claudia threatened to whip me if I didn't tell her I'd miss her. My pussy throbbed at the threat of punishment and I thought how ceremonial it would be if I were to be whipped during my last visit to Claudia. It would certainly mark the occasion and make it impossible to forget, however, I could tell that Claudia wanted words of friendship and camaraderie more than she wanted to whip my naked skin, so I made her happy by telling her that I would miss her every day that I was far away from her in America.   
  
She patted me affectionately on the butt and then sent me down to the showers. The look of her face as I left her office was one of sorrow. She really was going to me.   
  
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Down in the showers, a health-club employee by the name of Chloe was washing me. Chloe seemed to enjoy the task of washing me off. She took a great deal of time doing it, washing me from my neck all the way down to the soles of my feet, and she would wash her favorite parts of my anatomy two or three times (just to be thorough, she would always say).   
  
My thighs and my buttocks were her obvious favorites. Once she had me soaking wet, she would begin soaping up my firm thighs and buttocks, work on another part of my body, but then would come back to washing my thighs and buttocks again and again.   
  
She told me repeatedly that my ass was my best feature, although she also repeatedly told me that I had legs like a dancer. She couldn't seem to get enough of those parts of my anatomy and would put her hands on them again and again, even washing me in the narrow crevice between my butt-cheeks.   
  
And Chloe also liked to chat while she was washing me. I was a captive audience, so she could speak to me on any topic she felt like expounding upon and I had to listen.   
  
Over the past few months, Chloe had explained in great detail, the injustice of one of her favorite co-workers getting fired, the elation of training for a ten kilometer race and improving her time by an impressive thirty-nine seconds, the incompetence of her boyfriend in learning how to perform cunnilingus, the fight she'd had with her brother-in-law and many, many other topics which I had to listen to intently, whether I was interested or not.   
  
If I appeared to be ignoring her, she would cruelly pinch me in a sensitive part of my anatomy and demand that I pay close attention to what she was saying. Sometimes she would ask me questions about what she had told me, just to test me and see if I was listening.   
  
On this particular day, I stood there soaking wet, naked with my hands flat against the shower wall, my arms raised well above my head, leaning against the wall with my legs spread obscenely wide, while I waited for Chloe to soap me up and expound on whatever topic was currently on her mind.   
  
"So, did Claudia tell you that our time is soon coming to an end?"   
  
Chloe and Claudia were co-workers and quite probably friends. It was no surprise that Claudia would have told Chloe that I wouldn't be around much longer.   
  
"She told me," I replied, holding my awkward position while Chloe soaped up my naked body. I couldn't help but notice that she spent far more time soaping my breasts, buttocks, thighs and pubic lips than she did on my arms, armpits, back, neck or the soles of my feet. She quite obviously had biases. Certain parts of my anatomy got much more attention than others.   
  
"I'm going to miss you," Chloe confided in me, "I've enjoyed cleaning you up after your workouts, and you've been great for business. We've signed up an army of new members during the months that you've been working out here. I guess that's why they've already chosen a replacement for you."   
  
"*Replacement?"* I asked as Chloe lathered up my inner-thighs, dangerously close to my swollen pubic lips.   
  
"Claudia didn't tell you? Management is afraid that we'll lose customers once we no longer have a naked slave working out here, so they've been looking into giving a free membership to somebody else that's just as sexy as you.'   
  
Then she leaned in close, her arms wrapped around my waist and her chin resting on my right shoulder and whispered in my ear.   
  
"They've failed. I've seen photos of the girl they've chosen. She's an Australian girl named Nicole. She's tall, blonde, and thin and she's got a pretty face, but she's just not as sexy as you."   
  
I could feel the hot breath of Chloe's breath as she whispered in my ear and my legs felt weak. Somehow the soft way she held me close and whispered in my ear seemed more intimate than when she was soaping me up between my legs.   
  
"She's also not as brave as you, you wonderful lesbian slave-girl," Chloe confided in me as she insinuated her fingers into the tight furrow in between my buttocks and I squirmed involuntarily as she used soap, a washcloth and the spray of a shower nozzle to thoroughly clean and rinse that very private and intimate part of my anatomy.   
  
"Your slave contract kept you here for months," Chloe reminded me, "This Australian girl will only be here for three weeks. Despite the public humiliation and stinging punishments that come with being a slave, you were willing to sign away your freedom for months. That makes you much braver than this pretty-girl who only signed up for a few weeks."   
  
"Being a slave-girl can be very intimidating," I politely reminded Chloe.   
  
"Yes, but as daunting and intimidating as it is, *you signed up almost four months!*You're a very brave girl!"   
  
Brave or not, my thighs trembled while Chloe's hands soaped and rinsed my obscenely exposed sex. And even when it was obvious she had done a thorough job cleaning the parted lips of my sex, her fingers continued to trail up and down the length of my defenseless vulva. I moaned and panted and my legs felt all wobbly as Chloe unfairly provoked my libido to feverish levels.   
  
"I wonder if the Australian girl will tremble and pant like you, when I wash her pussy," Chloe said wistfully and I had to admit I had no way of knowing.   
  
"My boss has already assured me, I'll be the one who gets to wash her after her workouts," Chloe said, "I really hope she embarrasses easily. It would be fun to see her blush and tremble with embarrassment and humiliation as my hands manipulate her body, make her nipples erect and make her whimper with shame at how easily I take her right to the edge of orgasm.   
  
When Chloe finally took her hands away from my pussy, my clit was free from its hood and so hard and swollen that it ached.   
  
Chloe pretended not to notice and proceeded to slowly and methodically fondle my inner-thighs while she washed them.   
  
"It's a shame I won't be here to see it," I said, my voice weak, as overpowering, throbbing sexual need made it difficult for me to speak.   
  
"I might be able to videotape it," Chloe said, "If I can, I'll mail a copy to your mistress. She'd probably enjoy watching me work on the new girl."   
  
And as Chloe ran her hands all over my thighs, calves and the soles of my feet, she regaled me with her plans of how she was going to torment this poor girl from Australia.   
  
"Do you think she'll be straight?" Chloe asked. "You have no idea how much fun it would be to play with a straight girl's naked body and make her feverish with lust as my hands travel over every inch of her anatomy, stroking her, rubbing her, probing her, squeezing her and molding my hands across areas of her body that normally only lovers touch. Straight girls can get so ashamed and distressed when they're fondled and forced to the brink of orgasm by another woman."   
  
I honestly didn't think that the Australian slave-girl would be straight. Chloe had already been promised that she would get to wash the new slave-girl, and the way she washed slaves was basically like intense sexual foreplay, and Sessian slave laws protected heterosexual slaves from being forced into having sex with people of the same gender as them.   
  
And although that was the opinion quietly forming in my head, I didn't share that opinion with Chloe. She seemed so keen to torment a straight girl, I really just couldn't say anything that would ruin her good mood and her enthusiasm.   
  
"I really don't know, Mistress," I replied, "Can't you check her file with the O.S.I.?"   
  
"She doesn't have one yet," replied Chloe as she began soaping up my buttocks and thighs again. "She'll have one soon, but this is still in the planning stages just yet."   
  
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The next time Gretchen took me to see Lady Preston, Lexi came along with us. Gretchen hadn't mentioned anything to me about taking Lexi to meet Lady Preston, so I was understandably surprised.   
  
"It's like this, dear," Gretchen explained, "When you go back to America, Lady Preston won't have a girl anymore to discipline or humiliate. Also, when you go back to America, Lexi won't have anybody to dominate or punish her. Lexi thought we could solve both problems by volunteering to be Lady Preston's new lesbian submissive, and Lady Preston is open to exploring that idea as a possible solution."

I looked over at Lexi, somewhat taken aback at this announcement. Lexi nodded her head in agreement with what Gretchen had just said. Apparently they'd been planning this for some time, without ever saying a word to me.   
  
"You could have told me," I said to Lexi, feeling somewhat irritated that she left me out of the loop.   
  
"Gretchen told me to keep it a secret," Lexi said defensively.   
  
"Slaves aren't supposed to complain," Gretchen reminded me, reproachfully, "Slaves are supposed to be grateful for whatever information they receive and not ask for any more than that."   
  
I recognized that tone of voice and I immediately shut my mouth after that. When Gretchen used that tone of voice with me it meant that she was in disciplinarian mode and I was on the verge of being punished, therefore I'd best not do anything else to provoke her.   
  
**\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \***   
  
Lady Preston's first impression of Lexi was a good one. She ushered Lexi inside, barely noticing Gretchen and I. Once we were inside, Lady Preston had Lexi do a slow, 360 degree turn. Lexi was wide-eyed and looked nervous, but obediently followed Lady Preston's instructions gracefully and without complaint.   
  
"Why, she's darling," Lady Preston enthused after seeing Lexi from every angle, "Absolutely darling!"   
  
Then taking Lexi's face in her hands, Lady Preston looked deeply into Lexi's eyes and said, "Now, Lexi I'm going to ask you a series of questions before we go any further...sort of like a job interview do you understand?"   
  
Lexi took a deep breath, causing her breasts to rise up higher and this action seemed to make her look more vulnerable, almost as if she were offering her breasts up to Lady Preston as a sacrifice. The look on her face seemed to forecast fear and trepidation, however, she never turned her gaze away from Lady Preston's eyes and she answered, "Yes, ma'am, I understand."   
  
"Very good," Lady Preston replied pleasantly enough, "Now, do you understand what Diane's role has been in my life? Do you know what she and I have been up to, when she's come over to my home?"   
  
Lexi licked her lips nervously and replied, "You put her over your knee, spank her and make her perform cunnilingus on you."   
  
Lady Preston raised an eyebrow and seemed to consider that answer for a few seconds.   
  
"Well, that's correct as far as it goes," Lady Preston finally conceded, "however, there's more to it than that. There's the blatant inequality and unfairness. She's kept naked, while most of the time, I'm fully clothed. There's invasive body cavity searches. There are unfair punishments and orders to do tasks that are quite humiliating or sometimes ever impossible to follow."   
  
Lexi seemed to enjoy this description of how I was treated. Her face broke into an anticipatory smile and her breathing sped up.   
  
Lady Preston seemed to notice the change in Lexi's emotional state and examined Lexi's face as she asked, "Do you think you could handle it, child, if I treated you like that?"   
  
Lexi blinked several times and swallowed hard. I could practically hear her thinking as she was silent for a long time before answering.   
  
"I can handle the unfair punishments and the humiliation, and all of the other stuff you said," Lexi replied, her voice weak and barely audible, "but I can't let my mother find out about this. I absolutely want to be abused and humiliated by you; but if we can't keep this thing a secret from her; then I can't do any of it. I would love to be naked at your feet, while you tower over me and give me cruel orders, but I also want to have a good relationship with my mother."   
  
Lexi swallowed hard again and added, "Unless you can guarantee this will be our little secret, then there's no deal and I'll just go home without us ever having any fun."   
  
After she finished speaking, Lexi looked even more nervous than before, however, Lady Preston simply smiled and looked very pleased with herself.   
  
"Well, well, well, dear, you certainly seem to have your priorities. Rest assured, I am a master of discretion. I've been a member of parliament for over six years know, and I've learned better than most how to keep a secret."   
  
Lexi's eyes widened and looked hopeful. Her face began to break into a smile and she asked, "You mean?"   
  
"Dear girl, I've kept scores of secrets from the best investigative reporters Sessia has to offer and dozens of secrets from prying, manipulative political enemies. Keeping your dear mother in the dark about our little fun, will be child's play for a woman of my skills and experience."   
  
Gretchen and I remained silent as Lexi and Lady Preston melted into a kiss. A lot of the tension seemed to bleed out of Lexi during that kiss and by the time Lexi's lips separated from Lady Preston's, Lexi looked like a new woman.   
  
Lady Preston maintained eye contact with Lexi, but moved her hands down to Lexi's waist and hips. Then, her voice became deeper somehow. Not a masculine baritone, but a deep, throaty voice that just seemed to drip with sexual experience somehow.   
  
And she said, "Lexi, now that we've agreed that this relationship with be discrete, I think it's time that you took off all those clothes."   
  
Lexi nodded her head enthusiastically and her hands hastened to undo the buttons on her jacket and dress-shirt. Lady Preston just shook her head like a disapproving aunt and took Lexi's hands in hers. Lexi gazed at Lady Preston, her eyes questioning and the older woman said, "Lexi, undressing a girl is much like unwrapping a present. It's an experience to be savored. Don't rush. Give me the opportunity to enjoy the unveiling of your body. Remove your clothing one piece at a time and make a presentation of it, each time you bare a part of your anatomy to me."   
  
"Oh," Lexi said, sounding surprised, "Okay, if that's what you want."   
  
"You are a very nice body," Lady Preston conceded, "However you have much to learn when it comes to displaying it properly and fully sexualizing yourself. I can teach you."   
  
"I'd like that very much, Lady Preston," Lexi said as she forced herself to remove her clothes much more slowly now. I'd seen Lexi naked before, but somehow Lexi's slow, methodical, deliberate act of stripping herself bare while we three women watched, seemed sexier than her simply walking into the room naked. Something about the anticipation of seeing what Lexi hid underneath all those clothes, made my pussy throb more than just walking in on her and seeing everything all at once.   
  
There was definitely something ritualistic in the way Lexi stripped and laid her clothes on the floor in front of Lady Preston. It was like she was surrendering a piece of her dignity and authority a little bit at a time to Lady Preston. She was making a sacrifice of herself to Lady Preston. Nobody said it that way out loud, but that's just the way it seemed to me.   
  
When Lexi was down to nothing but her pink G-string panties with the even paler pink lace, she looked so vulnerable. Standing there, barefoot with firm breasts bared and her sex covered by nothing more than a thin strip of spandex, while Lady Preston wore a smart-looking, expensive tweed business suit. Lady Preston wore clothing that bespoke of authority and respectability, while Lexi stood before her, nearly naked.   
  
"Tell me, Lexi," Lady Preston said as she hooked a finger in the tight waistband of Lexi's skimpy panties, "Why did you choose these panties specifically as your undergarment? Did you have a reason to pick this tiny thing, rather than something more modest?"   
  
The question seemed to confuse Lexi, but she tried to answer it anyway. "These are sexier?" she ventured.   
  
Lady Preston played with the waistband of Lexi's panties and waited a few seconds before she spoke again.   
  
"So, you feel it's your role in Sessian society to be sexually attractive and visually pleasing to others?" Lady Preston asked.   
  
Again, Lexi looked confused, but she still attempted to answer.   
  
"I guess so."   
  
"I can assist you with that as well," Lady Preston commented, "Now take off your panties as well."   
  
Lexi hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her panties and slid them slowly down her tights and stepped out of them when they landed softly on the floor. Lady Preston's face broke out in a satisfied smile. Apparently she liked what she saw.   
  
"Your vulva looks smooth and touchable," Lady Preston said with obvious approval. Who shaved you?"   
  
"I shaved myself," the naked teenager said with pride. She smiled at the compliment Lady Preston had given her.   
  
"No, no, no," Lady Preston said, shaking her head, "That will never do. A submissive girl like yourself should never be allowed to touch her own pubic area, not even to shave herself! I'll arrange to have a friend come to your house every day and shave your sex for you!"   
  
"What?" Lexi inquired, alarmed, "You're sending someone to my house? Won't my mother get suspicious?"   
  
Lady Preston pinched the naked girl on the thigh, causing Lexi to gasp. "Your mother needn't know why she's there," Lady Preston admonished her, "Just tell your mother that she's a friend! Take her back to your bedroom or your bathroom, where your mother can't see what you're doing! A few minor precautions are all that's needed to keep your mother in the dark!"   
  
"Sorry, Lady Preston," Lexi said apologetically.   
  
"Mistress," Lady Preston corrected her sternly, pinching one of Lexi's exposed nipples.   
  
Lady Preston's voice had been warm and friendly when Lexi initially entered her home, but now that Lexi was naked, a transformation overcame the older woman. Her voice became colder and her face lost its smile. She seemed much more serious and uncompromising now.   
  
"Sorry, Mistress," said Lexi accommodatingly.   
  
Then Lady Preston spun Lexi around and marched the poor girl over to the south wall, near the umbrella stand and the grandfather clock.   
  
"Put your hands on the wall," Lady Preston commanded, "And spread your legs."   
  
The naked teenager obediently stood in that very revealing position, like a felon waiting to be frisked. She didn't argue or question why she had to display her nude body in such a vulnerable way. She simply did as she was told. Even at a distance, I could see Lexi's shaved pubic lips peeking out from between her widespread thighs.   
  
"Tell me Lexi, during the time you were being Diane's submissive, did she ever subject you to a body cavity search?"   
  
"No, Mistress."   
  
Lady Preston gave me an admonishing look and said softly, "I see."   
  
The sound of disapproval was thick in her voice. The look she gave me was even worse. I felt almost as if I'd just been caught malnourishing a child in my care.   
  
"I shall correct that oversight right now," Lady Preston announced and she retrieved a box of latex gloves from a drawer in the kitchen.   
  
"A slave-girl needs to know that every inch of her body is open to her mistress. Her anus and her vagina are not to be treated as private anymore. They are subject to penetration and humiliating, probing inspections at any time her mistress wishes it. These inspections help to reinforce the mistress's authority and the slave's inferior status."   
  
Lexi gasped and rose up on the balls of her feet as Lady Preston's gloved fingers penetrated Lexi's orifice and probed deeply, mercilessly and forcefully into the naked teenager's defenseless vagina.   
  
Lexi whimpered as the older woman impaled the poor girl's wet, throbbing sex with two strong fingers. I wanted to do or say something for comfort Lexi, but that's not really the way it's supposed to work with slaves. They're supposed to be used, abused and humiliated.   
  
By the time Lady Preston withdrew her fingers from Lexi's tight sex, the naked girl was panting and no doubt feverish with sexual need. I'd been in Lexi's position plenty of times, and I knew the poor girl wouldn't be getting sexual relief anytime soon.   
  
Lexi's thighs began to tremble and Lady Preston cautioned her slave-girl not to break position or else she'd be punished.   
  
When Lady Preston's fingers penetrated Lexi anally, the poor girl gasped, panted and moaned. In her entire life, no one had ever impaled Lexi's anus with their fingers and it was a very alien sensation. I knew from personal experience that it wasn't easy to get used to the sensation of having your anal orifice invaded. Lexi's eyes widened and she trembled and panted, however, she kept her hands flat on the wall in front of her, and she kept her legs far apart.   
  
"You're doing very well for a novice," Lady Preston assured her naked, young victim, "Most fledgling submissives would have been unable to maintain position like you are, while their virgin asshole is being impaled."   
  
"Thank you, Mistress," Lexi said, her voice strangely filled with pride. Her thighs trembled with the effort of holding her humiliating position and I hoped for Lexi's sake that Lady Preston would let her relax her stance soon.   
  
"You have excellent self-control," Lady Preston continued, "That's a highly sought after attribute in a slave-girl. If it pleases you, I'd like to see just how far your self-control can take you."   
  
Lexi was too far gone to say no. Apparently she'd been waiting for a dominant woman like Lady Preston for a long, long time and now she was utterly spellbound. She'd do just about anything to please her now.   
  
"Please, test the limits of my self-control, Mistress," Lexi implored, "I'd like to prove myself to you."   
  
I could feel myself growing wet between my legs. There was raw sexuality in the way that that Lexi was offering up her naked body and sacrificing her freedom and her dignity to the aristocratic Lady Preston. I wondered: Was this what Gretchen saw whenever I offered my naked body up to her? Was I feeling what Gretchen felt when I was helpless and obedient and utterly surrendering myself to her will?   
  
Keeping one finger of her right hand deep inside Lexi's virgin rectum, Lady Preston reached slowly and gracefully into the umbrella stand and Preston pulled out a riding crop. She told Lexi to continue staring at the wall, but she told Lexi what she was holding and described it frightening and minute detail.   
  
"I have a friend who lives in Bridgeworth," she explained, "He owns horses. I occasionally bring this with me when I visit his estate. However, horses are much stronger than humans and have much thicker skin. The riding crop doesn't hurt their rump nearly as much as I could hurt yours. If I hit your naked rump with this, it will sting quite a lot. Do you think you could remain still, if I were to hit you with it?"   
  
Lexi's shoulders drooped and her legs continued to tremble, but she was admirably brave and replied, "If that would make you happy, Mistress, I will remain still."   
  
My heart went out to the girl, and I hoped Lady Preston wouldn't hit the naked teenager too hard. I knew from experience that a riding crop hurt way more than a bare-hand spanking, and I hadn't introduced poor Lexi into any sort of punishments other than my strong hand across her naked backside.   
  
Lady Preston finally removed her finger from Lexi's tight little anus and told the young girl to brace herself for the stinging pain of the crop.   
  
Lexi tried to reply, however, her words were lost under the swish of the crop and the splat on innocent, girlish cheeks.   
  
Lexi arched her back and yelped in shock, however, her legs remained spread wide and her hands remained flat against the wall.   
  
"Excellent self-control," Lady Preston commended her victim. "I know that must have stung something awful and a scarlet line is already starting to form on your left cheek, but you stayed put, just like a good submissive should."   
  
Lexi didn't have any words to reply to her mistress now and just contented herself with a whimper. She was unaccustomed to such intense pain, but she maintained her vulnerable pose and waited to see if her mistress intended to swat her bare bottom again.   
  
Lady Preston struck Lexi's naked bottom again and again. She didn't hit the naked eighteen-year old very hard, however, with a riding crop even mild blows can sting and leave a mark. I was in awe of Lexi's self-control. When I was her age, I would have needed to be tied down for a cropping...otherwise I would have thrashed around and writhed in pain. Lexi was apparently a natural at this. It took me approximately two years of intense training to develop the degree of self-discipline that Lexi was currently displaying.   
  
When Lady Preston paused, the punished girl moaned: "Oh, Mistress... Is it over? I took everything without complaining or attempting to protect my poor bottom. Have I pleased you?"   
  
Lady Preston placed one hand on the small of Lexi's back, implying without words that Lexi should remain where she was.   
  
"You've pleased me very much," Lady Preston said, kindly, "however we're not done yet. Did you think that I was done abusing your bottom, just because I took a little break? A mistress can make a punishment last for hours, if she so chooses."   
  
Lady Preston returned to punishing my poor, naked friend's bottom. Lexi bravely maintained her position, however, she could no longer suffer in silence and girlish scream escaped her lips.   
  
"Did that one hurt?" Lady Preston asked, pausing once again.   
  
"Oh, God yes, Mistress," Lexi exclaimed, "I had tried to imagine how the crop would feel, but I hadn't even come close! It's a raw, burning pain! It's agony!!"   
  
Lexi was panting now and sweat was starting to bead on her naked armpits and torso, but she obediently maintained position, just like a good slave should.   
  
"Sorry you're my slave?" asked Lady Preston, gently stroking the girl's back.   
  
"NO," the teenager replied with a passion that surprised me. When I was as young and inexperienced as Lexi, I wouldn't have been brave enough to continue after a severe punishment like that, but Lexi was determined to embrace her new role with vigorous enthusiasm, no matter how difficult Lady Preston made things.   
  
"Want to get dressed and go home?"   
  
"No!"   
  
"You're a darling, and quite incredible," Lady Preston said, "I am so glad to have found you."   
  
"I glad to have fou - Arrrrrragh!"   
  
Lady Preston continued to abuse the poor, naked girl's bottom. Somewhere along the way, Lexi's eyes welled up with tears and she began to sob mightily and tremble as the crop decorated her bottom with shades of pink and red, however, the girl never broke position of attempted to protect her poor bottom.   
  
"It's over now, Pretty Girl," Lady Preston told her victim, "Your bottom has now been ruthlessly and efficiently cropped for the first time ever. How do you feel?"   
  
Tears actually seemed to make Lexi look for feminine and fetching, however, she was sobbing so hard at first, that she couldn't speak.   
  
When she finally managed to force words from her mouth, she said, "I feel like I've just been interrogated by the Nazis."   
  
"Oh, Darling. You do give me ideas," Lady Preston said, smiling, "The next time you come to visit, I think I can arrange for you to be ruthlessly interrogated by a woman in a very smart-looking military uniform. She will be very severe and intimidating. Before the day is over, I think you shall be willing to tell her anything."   
  
"Thank you, Mistress," Lexi replied, even though she was still sobbing and showing the strain of holding such an awkward and difficult posture.   
  
"Poor little darling," Lady Preston said lovingly, "I'll always be beautifully mean to you."   
  
Lady Preston then ordered her slave-girl to crawl on her hands and knees to the master bedroom. Gretchen and I were then invited to follow the teenage girl's punished bottom as she slowly and obediently crawled for her mistress.   
  
When the four of us were in Lady Preston's bedroom, the older woman unzipped her tweed slacks and stepped out of them. She wore no panties and her pubic hair was very clearly moist to anyone who cared to look.

"Lexi, pleasure me," Lady Preston said to her slave-girl.   
  
Lexi was still whimpering in pain, however, she very obediently crawled to her mistress and her tongue made contact with the lips of Lady Preston's sex.   
  
I had actually spent a lot of time teaching Lexi how to use her tongue to please a woman, and apparently the time was not wasted.   
  
Lexi spent several minutes planting kisses on Lady Preston's flat belly and inner thighs before finally lapping at Lady Preston's swollen pubic lips, starting at the bottom and slowly working her way up.   
  
"Ugh, I give you credit for one thing, Ms. Schlank," Lady Preston said to me, "You've taught our slave-girl how to use her tongue to lick pussy."   
  
I was proud of the vulgar compliment and I think Lexi was as well. I think I saw her smile as she cupped Lady Preston's firm buttocks and lapped at her sensitive pubic lips.   
  
Lady Preston moaned and panted as Lexi's talented lips continued to kiss, her tongue continued to stroke and her teeth continued to nibble. And then, Lady Preston finally ground her vulva into the pretty teenager's face and there was a raw cream of ecstasy as a powerful orgasm washed over the older woman.   
  
She screamed, she shuddered, there were several ragged breaths and then the woman cried out again. Eventually the screaming orgasms ended, Lady Preston whimpered and collapsed onto the bed behind her, her body suddenly limp and unresponsive.   
  
Lexi dutifully remained on her knees and waited for more instructions, while Lady Preston lay back on her bed and panted until her breathing returned to pre-orgasm levels.   
  
After what seemed like an hour (but was probably more like five minutes), Lady Preston sat up and declared that Lexi was an unqualified success.   
  
"The girl is physically attractive, she has a high pain-tolerance and she follows even the most humiliating and daunting of commands without hesitation or complaint. I'm actually somewhat stunned that a girl so young, plays the role of an obedient slave so well. If I didn't know that she was a novice, I'd swear that she had ten years of slave-training."   
  
"She's only eighteen years old," Gretchen responded.   
  
"Quite right," Lady Preston responded back, "and yet so well-behaved and conditioned! It is quite rare to see that in a submissive as young as her!"   
  
Lady Preston got dressed and then Gretchen, Lady Preston and I spent almost an hour discussing Lexi's skill as a lesbian sex-slave as if she wasn't even there. Lexi looked somewhat uncomfortable about this, however, she never once attempted to speak up for herself or get up from where she was kneeling. She seemed to instinctively know that submissives don't speak without permission and they don't get up off their knees without permission either.   
  
Lexi remained naked the entire time, while Gretchen, Lady Preston and I were fully clothed. That was the normal way for a slave to be treated, so if Lexi really wanted to be treated like a slave, she'd better get used to that.   
  
Lexi actually blushed when Lady Preston pointed out how sexually aroused Lexi was.   
  
"See how Lexi's pubic lips are moist with her own juices?" Lady Preston asked. "And see how pink and erect her nipples are? And the way she continues to pant, even though her punishment is long over? The girl is quite obviously aroused and desperate for some sexual relief, however, she's been a good girl and hasn't once complained or asked me to bring her to orgasm."   
  
"She's a good girl," I agreed.   
  
"Still, I can't have her getting too complacent," Lady Preston said.   
  
And then Lady Preston ordered Lexi not to masturbate, or have sex with anyone else until she saw Lady Preston again. She also asked Gretchen and I to keep an eye on her and try to make sure Lexi followed orders.   
  
Lexi groaned in misery, but she swore to her mistress that she would obey.   
  
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The day finally came on January the 28th, the vote of Sessia's sexual slavery laws, and every TV station in Sessia covered it. A few TV stations in Italy, Malta, the United Kingdom and the Netherlands covered it too.   
  
Voting on new legislation is a time-consuming and tedious thing, however, Gretchen was intent on watching all of it, no matter how long it took.   
  
I rather thought we'd be watching the vote from our hotel room, however, Gretchen took me to Ms. Agutter's home in Fairwind. I was never really certain if we were in her home because Gretchen and Ms. Agutter had become friends, or if Ms. Agutter wanted to get our initial reactions to the vote firsthand. Ms. Agutter wrote for Insider Magazine and the reactions of a slave and an official slave-owner might make for an interesting story for her readers.   
  
Of course; being that I was a slave; nobody was under any obligation to tell me anything, so Gretchen and Ms. Agutter sat comfortably on the couch and made friendly small talk, while I knelt naked, near Gretchen's feet and very submissively refrained from asking the questions that danced around in my head.   
  
Ms. Agutter asked Gretchen if Victoria would be coming to join us, and Gretchen explained that Victoria had gotten called back to the United States.   
  
Victoria had worked directly under Stacy Martinet, and Stacy had recently been fired for attempting to frame Gretchen for embezzlement, and since Victoria's boss was no longer working at LSC, there was some question as to whether or not Victoria had a job there either.   
  
Victoria had returned to America to try and justify her continued employment at LSC and explain where she thought her job skills could be best utilized.   
  
Ms. Agutter was slightly shocked at the news that Stacy Martinet had tried to frame Gretchen.   
  
"That's quite serious," she said, "Will she be going to jail for attempting to frame you?"   
  
"That's entirely up to Mr. Aderholt," Gretchen explained, "He's high up in management and we all answer to him. He'll be the one that will decide in LSG files any criminal charges against Stacy. Personally, I hope he does. That Stacy is a bitch, and I'd like to see her suffer for all the crap that she's put me through."   
  
"Oh, so it's like that?" Ms. Agutter asked.   
  
"Yeah, it's like that," Gretchen confirmed.   
  
Almost everyone in Sessia was expecting to vote on outlawing Sessian slavery to be close. The Green Party, the Labor Party and the Sessian Independence Party were all expected to vote against ending slavery. The creation of the OSI and the Punishment Parks had created thousands of new jobs and increased tourism revenue by an insane amount. Having naked slaves on public streets and in the Punishment Parks had been a huge boost to the Sessian economy, and they contended that outlawing slavery would hurt the economy and kill jobs.   
  
The Catholic Popular Party and the Conservative Party were all in favor of getting rid of the OSI and outlawing slavery in Sessia. They thought it was immoral to have naked men and women wandering the streets, flaunting bare breasts, shaved vulvas and erect penises. Public nudity was wrong and the sooner they could outlaw sex-slaves, the sooner people in Sessia would stop thinking about sex.   
  
The Respect Party was the only political party that hadn't come up with a party-wide position on the issue. Forty-seven members of Parliament belonged to the Respect Party and it was anybody's guess how each of those forty-seven members would vote.   
  
Of course before the vote, there were speeches...an endless parade of speeches. Men and women of Sessia's Parliament took to the floor to explain why ending Sessian slavery was either the dumbest single thing they could possibly do, or the moral duty of every God-fearing Christian.   
  
Listening to all of those speeches took forever.   
  
And when MP David Shaw of the Catholic Popular Party gave a speech, likening sex-slaves to succubi and incubi, Gretchen lost it and erupted into a loud tirade, calling Shaw a fucking idiot, a sexually repressed religious fanatic and demanded that he go back to the 18th century.   
  
"What do you think you're doing?" Ms. Agutter demanded of my mistress.   
  
"I'm shouting at your MP," Gretchen explained, "He's talking a load of nonsense and I'm getting really pissed off at him, trying to push his 18th century morals on us."   
  
"You do know he can't hear you," Ms. Agutter said.   
  
"Yeah."   
  
"So, exactly what do you hope to accomplish with all the shouting?"   
  
"It makes me feel better," Gretchen explained.   
  
With that settled, Ms. Agutter tried it. She felt a little childish at first, but she soon found that yelling at the TV when ministers of parliament said stupid bullshit, really did make her feel better. Soon, Gretchen's shouting was accompanied by Ms. Agutter shouting words of condemnation such as, "Bollocks! You're talking bollocks!" and "You bloody twit!"   
  
As a slave, I couldn't yell at the TV without permission, so I just knelt with my knees far apart and listened to Gretchen and Ms. Agutter vent their frustrations at the TV.   
  
After a great deal of waiting, the speeches finally ended and somebody called for a vote.   
  
One by one, the Lord Speaker asked each Minister of Parliament how they voted, and one by one, the Ministers voted. Ms. Agutter opined that this was likely going to take a very long time, and Gretchen ordered me into Ms. Agutter's kitchen to get them both coffee.   
  
Ms. Agutter's kitchen was unfamiliar to me and it took me a while to find her coffee maker, her mugs and her coffee. She used those coffee pods, which I wasn't especially familiar with. I'm used to making coffee the old fashioned way.   
  
"Do you want to be punished?" Gretchen asked when I returned with a mug of hot coffee for her and another for our host.   
  
"Mistress," I protested, "I did exactly as ordered. "You told me to get coffee for you and Mistress Agutter."   
  
"I didn't tell you to take all day doing it," Gretchen countered, "You'll be punished for your tardiness, when we get back to the hotel."   
  
I opened my mouth to protest, however, no words came out. When a slave-girl objects to a punishment or claims that a punishment is unfair, it usually leads to even worse punishments. I closed my mouth and wisely said nothing else.   
  
I knelt at Gretchen's feet again and eventually they called for Lady Preston's vote. As a member of the Catholic Party, everyone naturally assumed that she would vote in favor of ending slavery in Sessia, so when she voted in favor of keeping things exactly the way they were, there was quite an outcry in Parliament.   
  
There was a shocked ripple through the halls of Parliament. Murmurs, curse and exclamations of horror. There was a wall of sound as hundreds of shocked and confused people in Parliament all began speaking at once. The Speaker asked Lady Preston if she wanted to change her vote and she defiantly said, "No."   
  
"I believe that the slavery laws are good for the Sessian economy," Lady Preston told the Speaker, "And I am voting today to keep them in place."   
  
There was shouting and the speaker banged his gavel and shouted above the din to be heard. His voice was the voice of authority and it cut through the murmuring and curses of the other members of Parliament like a razor-sharp knife.   
  
"The minister has cast her vote," the Speaker shouted, his voice cutting through the cacophony of other voices, "That is her right, and now we shall have a return to order so that the rest of this legislative body may do the same!"   
  
It took at least five minutes for the Speaker to end the shouting. It was hard to identify individual words from the massive wall of sound that overwhelmed the microphones in Parliament, but I'm reasonably certain that I could pick out words like "traitor" and "betrayal".   
  
"That could very well end her political career," Ms. Agutter observed.   
  
"You think so?" Gretchen asked.   
  
"Well, I don't know how they do things in America," Ms. Agutter responded, "But in Sessia, legislators are expected to be loyal to their party. The Catholic Popular Party is very much opposed to these slavery laws, and by voting to maintain them, Preston has just antagonized all the other MPs in the Catholic Party. Also there's Catholic Party voters and such who helped her to get elected. This is a slap in the face to all of her allies."   
  
Ms. Agutter had no way of knowing that Gretchen and I had bought Lady Preston's vote with sexual favors and we weren't about to tell her about that now, but I did feel slightly guilty about quite possibly ending her political career by getting her to change her vote.   
  
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It turned out I needn't have bothered feeling guilty. A few days later, I learned that Lady Preston switched party affiliations and was now a member of the Sessian Independence Party. Based on the speed at which the Sessian Independence Party political leaders welcomed her into their bosom, I suspected that this had all been arranged well in advance.   
  
I wondered if Lady Preston made a backroom deal with somebody over at the Sessian Independence Party. Lady Preston was a sneaky sort. I wouldn't put it past her to get paid twice for the same vote.   
  
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When the day came for Gretchen and I to leave Sessia, Gretchen decided that we should make a dramatic exit.   
  
Before taking me to the airport she shoved a ball gag into my mouth, forcing me to keep my jaws open wide and she bound my wrists behind my back. She used leather bondage-cuffs and short chains that attached to the back of my slave-collar. This forced me to keep my hands up around the small of my back, and prevented me from using my hands to cover up my bottom.   
  
Of course Gretchen allowed Lynn to mercilessly spank my bottom right before we drove to the airport. As a result, my naked bottom was mixture of angry pink and red colors. Gretchen insisted that we should make certain that the last photos the European media took of me should have plenty of color.   
  
It wasn't really possible for me to see Lynn's handiwork for myself, however, my bottom certainly felt as if it were red. It was sore, stinging and felt red-hot. The backs of my thighs felt pretty sore as well. Lynn decided that spanking just my bare bottom wasn't enough and punished the backs of my thighs with equal cruelty and vigorous slaps of her strong hands.   
  
The coup de grâce was the leash that Gretchen used to lead me around through the airport. Rather than attaching the black leather leash to my slave-collar, she locked a very tight, leather belt around my waist and clipped one of the leash to a stainless steel ring on the belt. The ring was behind me where I couldn't see it. Once the leash was attached to the ring, Gretchen passed the leash between my legs. When Gretchen pulled, the leash went taut and insinuated itself into the crack of my ass and into the tender folds of my swollen pubic lips.   
  
"Ooough," I exclaimed inarticulately when Gretchen pulled hard and lead me through the airport at a brisk pace.   
  
"Try to keep up, Slave-girl," Gretchen admonished me, "The more you lag behind, the more this will hurt when I pull."   
  
She was right about that. The folds of my swollen pubic lips and the flesh between my buttocks were soft and tender and not really accustomed to having thin strips of leather pulled tightly through them, so my bare feet padded through the airport as quickly as they could and attempted to keep up.   
  
Lexi followed behind Gretchen and me and carried our luggage. I was unable to carry anything due to the way Gretchen had bound my wrists and Gretchen had one hand occupied by holding my leash, therefore we asked Lexi to take the day off from work, so that she could help us.   
  
Three AAS guards soon showed up and took custody of me and I was taken away from Gretchen and Lexi. I was taken to an **AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY** part of the airport, so Gretchen and Lexi couldn't follow. When the AAS did their pre-flight examination of slaves that were leaving the country, they didn't want any interference from civilians.   
  
They continued to use the leash to pull me forward and they continued to keep it threaded through my tender pubic lips. It made it hard for me to concentrate on what I was supposed to be doing with that constant sensation of leather being yanked tightly between the sensitive and swollen folds of my pussy, but somehow I managed to keep from falling down and made my way to the office of the AAS security guards.   
  
"Ooouungh!" I exclaimed as the leash was painfully and forcefully yanked between my tender, pink folds and I was led into the center of the room.   
  
On the west of the office was a large desk. A well-dressed woman sat behind the desk and glanced at me, then at her computer monitor and then at me again.   
  
"Diane Schlank," the well-dressed woman announced, "Female, twenty years of age, OSI Identification number 5721. Scheduled to be released from her slavery contract today and return to America."   
  
"Yfffmm," I replied around my gag, attempting to sound as if I was agreeing.   
  
"If I wanted to you to reply, I would have taken the gag out of your mouth," the well-dressed woman said, "You should remain silent for now."   
  
I kept quiet this time and just nodded my head in agreement.   
  
"Standard protocol for releasing a foreign slave from their slavery contract normally entails a positive identification of the slave, an extensive body cavity search, the removal of the slave's collar and tracking chip, a physical exam by a medical doctor to verify that the slave is in good health and the returning of the slave's passport and all of her confiscated possessions."   
  
I nodded my head at this as well. I'd been a slave in this country for months and I knew their slavery laws better than just about anybody.   
  
"Anyway, that's standard protocol," she went on, "however today, we'll be doing things a little bit differently."   
  
My heart sped up ridiculously fast at that announcement and I felt a powerful sense of fear grip at my chest. The way she said her remark about "doing things a little bit differently" had an ominous ring to it and I feared the worst. I was naked, gagged, bound, and helpless and she had three security guards to enforce her will. Whatever she had planned I would be utterly at her mercy.   
  
"There's an OSI employee who turns twenty-six today," the well-dressed woman explained, "Rather than buy her a birthday gift, she requested that she be permitted to give you one last punishment before we grant you your freedom."   
  
My eyes went wide at that. I had done nothing wrong, but apparently I was going to be punished by a government employee, simply because it was her birthday, and punishing my poor, naked body was her birthday wish.   
  
"Cheryl is a hard-working girl and so eager to please. Everyone at the OSI loves her to bits. And she's had something of a crush on you since you became a big celebrity, so everyone talked it over and decided to let her have her birthday wish. We'll get started as soon as she gets here."   
  
So, that was that. It was decided that this girl would hurt me and I had no say in the matter. As unfair as the situation was, I couldn't help but feel a soft, wet pulse in between my legs at the thought of the idea. I was a naked girl, being loaned out as a gift, to a stranger who would hurt me. If there was any way to more strongly reinforce my identity as a slave-girl, I couldn't think of one.   
  
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When Cheryl finally arrived, I had a hard time believing that she was twenty-six years old. She was giddy and filled with youthful enthusiasm. I would have guessed her to be in her late teens, like eighteen or nineteen.   
  
She looked my naked body up and down with undisguised enthusiasm, with her mouth hanging wide open in a youthful grin.

"Give us a spin," Cheryl ordered me, and I turned slowly, allowing the enthusiastic girl to get a good long look at my well-spanked bottom, my pussy, my legs and my breasts from every angle.   
  
"She's even more beautiful in person," Cheryl gushed, "And her bottom is still red! Oh God, thank you so much, Fran! This is going to be amazing!"   
  
"Happy birthday," Cheryl's co-worker said, with a much more professional tone, "You can have her for thirty minutes, and then we have to get her ready to send back home,"   
  
"Oh God, only thirty minutes?" the girl asked, sounding distressed, "I'd hoped I'd get more time with her than that!"   
  
"Well, you should have gotten here sooner. The clock is ticking, so I'd advise you to get started on whatever you want to do with her."   
  
"Okay, beautiful," Cheryl said as she began the process of unbuckling my gag, "For the next thirty minutes, you have to do exactly what I say, or I'll hurt that adorable, naked body of yours until it stings from your knees all the way up to your nipples."   
  
This girl didn't strike me as an OSI employee. Her attitude seemed all wrong for a government employee of any type. I suspected that she was the younger sister of the OSI employee sitting behind the desk, however, even if I could prove it, there was nothing I could do to stop her. If the OSI employee wanted to give me to her younger sister as a birthday gift, that's exactly what she would do. I was naked, helpless and locked in an office with three AAS security guards.   
  
I whimpered as the gag was removed from my mouth. My jaw ached from being held open so long and so wide, but Cheryl seemed not to care about my problems.   
  
She dug her fingers into the blonde hair of my scalp, pulled my face close, and whispered, "Kiss me, slave-girl."   
  
Then she forced her lips against mine and kissed me like she was trying to climb inside of me through my mouth. I submissively opened my mouth to her and kissed back. Cheryl's tongue explored my mouth and I moaned into hers. Her kiss was hungry and passionate. I felt as if she were fucking her mouth with my tongue. She probed my mouth with youthful enthusiasm, filling it with her tongue as much as she could, making me moan and reel under her assault. When she finally pulled back from the kiss, we were both panting.   
  
"I love your mouth," Cheryl said adoringly, "But I can't spend as much time on it as I'd like, so I'm going to enjoy the rest of your body now."   
  
Her hands took possession of my breasts, kneading them, cupping them and squeezing them roughly. I whimpered in pain several times, due to how rough she was. Cheryl seemed to think that she was kneading bread dough, not fondling a sensitive area of a girl's anatomy.   
  
"Your breasts are so perfect," Cheryl gushed while manhandling my breasts, "so round and firm, you've been going naked around the country for months, but they don't droop or sag at all! I could play with them all day!"   
  
Then, much to my misfortune, she found my nipples. My nipples were already erect, but Cheryl decided to see if she could entice my poor nipples into sticking out even more, so she pinched and pulled on my poor nipples, making them sore and swollen and causing me to writhe and whimper in pain.   
  
She also caused a feverish heat to ignite in my loins. My nipples are filled with erotic nerve endings and stimulating them is almost like stimulating my clit. As she continued to abuse my nipples, my whimpers slowly turned into moans and the pink slit between my thighs became soaking wet with my own juices.   
  
"There we are," Cheryl said triumphantly as she gazed directly at my poor, aching nipples, "That's much better! Now they're on display!"   
  
She pinched my poor nipples once more, making me cry out in pain and then she added, "The adorable things stick out like a sore thumb now! It's like they're just begging for attention!"   
  
She was right. My normally pale pink nipples had turned an inflamed pink hue, almost red. They were also more swollen and erect than I'd ever seen them. They were conspicuously on display, almost as if they had a mind of their own and were trying to get noticed. They throbbed and ached maddeningly, almost in sync with the throbbing in my poor, pulsing sex.   
  
She was so happy with her success at bring my nipples to full attention that she kissed me again before moving on to other parts of my anatomy. She told the security guards to remove my leash and the leather belt from around my waist and then she ordered me to spread my legs wide and display my pussy.   
  
"I just love the way they've shaved off all your pubic hair," Cheryl gushed, "I'd never shave off mine of course, but on you it looks so darling! You look so much more naked and exposed! I mean, you look darling naked, but somehow your bare pubic lips adds a whole new and erotic flavor to the mix!"   
  
I kept my legs far apart and allowed Cheryl to admire my shaved vulva. I could practically feel her intent stare across the surface of my swollen pubic lips, almost as if she were touching them.   
  
"So pretty," Cheryl enthused as she stared at my exposed pubic lips, "So wet and so open, I've seen a lot of women naked in my lifetime, but somehow your shaved pussy does more to excite me than any other woman out there."   
  
Then Cheryl dipped her strong, youthful fingers between the delicate folds of my pussy and fingered me deep. She probed my poor pussy forcefully, like she was trying to dig a hole into my womb. She used one finger at first and then graduated to two.   
  
I kept still, breathing softly, as she put her fingers up inside of me as far as they would go. It was difficult to keep still. I wanted to thrust my hips and impale myself on those fingers and bring myself to a much-needed orgasm, but slave-girls didn't do such things unless we were given permission first.   
  
I kept my thighs far apart and made my pussy available for this girl and hoped for the best, however, she seemed to know how to thrust into my pussy over and over again with her powerful fingers without ever taking me over the edge.   
  
"You are such a lovely girl," Cheryl said as she slid her fingers out of my wet sex, "But this visit will really be wasted if I don't get to hurt you. I hope you don't mind."   
  
"Mistress?" I asked.   
  
But before I could plead for mercy, Cheryl pinched the soft flesh of my swollen labia painfully and said, "No talking. I took that awful ball gag off so we could kiss, but if you insist on talking, I'll have to put it back on."   
  
I nodded in agreement and kept my mouth shut. I hated having that damn ball gag in my mouth, and I wasn't about to give Cheryl an excuse to put it back in.   
  
And then, to the security guards standing behind me, Cheryl said, "I want her on her knees."   
  
Suddenly I felt strong female hands gripping my arms and one strong hand on my shoulder. The women in the AAS uniforms forced me to my knees and when I was kneeling on the cold, tile floor, Cheryl looked down at me and said, "Your breasts are so perky and so perfectly shaped. It seems almost a shame to mark them up...but I have to do it."   
  
Then, much to my horror, she unbuckled her belt and slipped it through the belt loops on her pants.   
  
I wanted to plead with Cheryl. I wanted to beg her not to whip my breasts. A girl's breasts hurt so much more than a girl's bottom when it was whipped, but I obediently kept my mouth shut. Cheryl had ordered me not to talk, and a good slavegirl follows orders, no matter how much she might not want to.   
  
"I was planning on whipping your bottom," Cheryl confided, "But it looks as if somebody beat me to it. Your ass is all red, but breasts haven't been abused at all."   
  
Cheryl playfully stroked one painfully erect nipple with the end of the doubled up belt. The friction of leather softly rubbing up against my sensitive nipple caused me to become even more aroused and soon I was panting in erotic stimulation. Cheryl waited until I was feverish with lust and involuntarily thrusting my breasts forward before she pulled back and stopped teasing my nipple.   
  
Then she smiled, stepped back and swung the full length of the belt squarely across both of my vulnerable breasts. I gasped, cried out in pain, jerked and writhed and almost toppled over.   
  
"Arch that spine, slavegirl," Cheryl admonished me, "No slouching! I want good posture! Stick those breasts out for me! You're supposed to offer them up to me so your breasts are easy targets!"   
  
It was a difficult order to obey. A girl's normal reaction is to protect her breasts, however, I had been conditioned to be obedient and follow orders. So, despite the searing pain shooting through my breasts, I arched my spine, thrust my breasts out and raised my chin up, putting my poor breasts on display and making them an easy target for Cheryl's leather belt.   
  
"Oh, that's much better," gushed Cheryl, "Hold that pose for me until I'm done."   
  
She made it sound so easy, but maintaining that pose, while Cheryl abused my poor, unprotected breasts with her belt was a very demanding task.   
  
I struggled to keep my back arched and maintain good posture as fire blazed upon my naked, innocent breasts. I made inarticulate sounds and tears welled up in my eyes, but I kept my naked breasts thrust up and out for Cheryl and hoped that her arm would grow tired soon. The amount of self-discipline it took to maintain this pose while my poor breasts were being abused was super-human and I wasn't sure how much longer I could hold out.   
  
"You're doing just fine," Cheryl assured me as she whipped me, "You're a very obedient little girl. You've had excellent training."   
  
The cruel, undeserved punishment continued. My whipped breasts bounced and burned as each stroke of the leather belt painted my naked flesh with a painful mark. I abandoned herself entirely to my pain. Anguish was all I had. I surrendered my naked body to Cheryl's cruelty and hoped that she would tell Gretchen what a good girl I was and how I took everything she gave without complaining.   
  
"You are such a lovely slavegirl," Cheryl assured me when she was done decorating my breasts with painful marks of reddish-pink, "Such a delight to punish."   
  
Cheryl then knelt on the floor in front of me and I was fervently kissed, Cheryl's lips desperately crushing against mine, her tongue thrust once again into my mouth. When I sobbed in pain, I sobbed into her hot, hungry mouth. She found my sobbing and whimpering adorable and it made her want to kiss me even more.   
  
Cheryl's hot, passionate kisses and the throbbing pain in my punished breasts only contributed to the fire in my loins. I desperately wanted for Cheryl to thrust her strong, female fingers up into my throbbing sex, but she seemed to be uninterested in bringing me any relief.   
  
Cheryl kissed me like a passionate teenager on her first date, but she neglected to touch my aching, needy clit. I was soaking wet between my legs and my thighs were spread far apart, but Cheryl refused to take the hint.   
  
**\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \***   
  
After Cheryl left, the medical doctor came in and her examination of me was anticlimactic.   
  
She examined my naked body for scars, broken bones, brands, burns, infected wounds and anything that would have indicated that Gretchen or any of my other tormentors had violated the rules on how slaves should be treated. She verified that nobody had performed a cliterectomy on my poor, aching pussy and she even had me open my mouth for her, so she could make certain none of my teeth had been chipped or knocked out.   
  
"Well, she seems to be healthy," the doctor finally announced after she'd checked me over thoroughly, and then she signed a certificate that basically said that I hadn't been abused or mistreated.   
  
Well, at least not any more abused or mistreated that Sessian slave laws allow anyway.   
  
My slave collar was removed and the OSI employee named Fran used a high tech-looking device to remove my tracking chip. I got my passport back and my suitcase with all of my clothes and everything I had packed for this trip.   
  
But, before I got dressed, Fran had one last surprise in store for me.   
  
"Your mistress requested that you wear this for your flight home," she announced.   
  
So saying, she held up a black bra and black panties. Upon close examination, the bra had flat, discs of shiny metal sewn into the fabric, situated right about where my nipples would be. The crotch of the panties also had shiny metallic discs sewn into the fabric. There were four of them and they were all situated right about where my pubic lips would be. All six of these discs were about the size and shape of a quarter. I wondered suspiciously what their purpose could be.   
  
After giving me a few seconds to examine the unusual items in these undergarments, Fran explained.   
  
"These devices are controlled by a remote control," Fran said and then she held up a small device that looked very much like an iPhone.   
  
"When I type in a code, it causes the metal discs to hum and vibrate. There are three different intensity settings and when pressed up against your clit or your nipples, the vibrations can be very arousing."   
  
I didn't like the idea of having these things under my clothes for the entire flight home. My libido was already in feverish overdrive. If I had vibrating, stainless steel devices pressed up against my nipples and my clit for the entire flight home, I'd be a shaking, quivering, whimpering mess of sexual need by the time the plane touched down in America.   
  
"Do I have to wear those things, Mistress?" I asked the OSI employee.   
  
"Oh, yes," she insisted, "Until you get dressed, I'm not signing your release form, and I'm not giving you any more clothes until you put on this bra and these panties."   
  
I looked over my shoulder at the security guards, but they were no help. They were all impassive or grim-faced. One of them shrugged as if to say, "I don't care if you get dressed or not."   
  
In the end, I put on the dreaded bra and panties. A black mini-dress with spaghetti straps went on over top of it all and then I was given a pair of Italian slip on pumps with stiletto heels. They were made of black leather and they looked expensive. I had never worn these shoes before (or even seen them), so I guess Gretchen had been doing some shopping while we were in Sessia.   
  
The shoes fit perfectly, although I wasn't used to walking in heels. In America, I almost always wore sneakers. To make matters worse, Fran hit the code on her remote control and made the metal devices pressed up against my crotch and my nipples vibrate while I was learning to walk in stiletto heels.   
  
"Aighhhh," I exclaimed and almost fell down as powerful vibrations ripped through the most sensitive parts of my anatomy.   
  
A female security guard caught my arm before I fell and steadied me. Now, fully dressed (or at least as dressed as I was going to get), Fran and several female security guards led me through the airport and back to Gretchen, so I could make it to my gate and make the long flight across the Atlantic and back to America.