

MALE ORDER

A twist on Charlie Darwin's theory

(Please forgive any punctuation or spelling mistakes)

"This sprinter is approaching St. Catherine's Central." Suki logged off, and closed Her laptop. It was intense at the Department, and the journey from Pankhurst had given Her an opportunity to catch up. "Thank you for travelling with E-Motion. Always Moving People."

Suki clicked Her fingers, and a carriage boy crawled hurriedly in response to Her utterance. "Yes Miss?" the attendant enquired respectfully. Suki barely acknowledged its presence, she just glanced up at the overhead luggage locker, and as stupid as males were, even they could understand what the Lady had indicated with Her glance.

Nude, it stretched up fully, up on its tiptoes, in front of Her, as it stretched to open the holdall. Carefully it lowered the contents onto the maroon and grey, checked, carpeted floor. Again Suki clicked Her fingers, as She rose from Her navy, upholstered, seat as usual relaxed and rested.

The sprinter service had no overcrowding. Far too many trains, and all of them punctual, reliable, clean and comfortable. How it should be, twenty-four hours a day. It was a tribute to the Party, and provided a transport system that Ladies not only needed but expected. Standards had risen considerably, since the Party had taken office.

The male attendant didn't need telling, it had followed this same routine for thousands of Ladies before, and Suki, with all due respect, was merely another Lady to be served. Suki glanced out of the window, as the electro-sprinter slowed at the platform. The station was a typical Victorian building, and it was yet another gem from the 'Isambard Kingdom Brunel' portfolio.

Holding out Her arms, the creature helped Suki 'slip-on' Her jacket, before falling to its knees. Immediately it automatically, and eagerly kissed, and licked Her boots, taking particular interest in Her stiletto heels, in addition to thanking Suki for 'having been allowed to serve'. Still tonguing keenly, the creature was dismissed with an 'away boy', accompanied by a light kick. Quickly it scurried away, on hands and feet, with its bottom up in the air, in the lunge, or raised press up position. It was the way all males were trained to crawl.

Suki was pleased to see that there were ample, other naked creatures, all squatting with lowered shaven heads, miserably waiting to be summoned. Suki buttoned up Her coat, an essential barrier to the forecasted inclement weather. The door lock clicked 'open'. Suki waited, before the door automatically swished open, accompanied by an advising, mechanical sounding 'Stand clear of the door' and 'Please ensure an animal has all your baggage.'

The opening doors triggered frantic activity on the immaculately male-cleaned platform, and quickly another creature crawled to attend. Again naked, and with head bowed, it squatted with senses on alert for any Female command or finger click. Suki alighted and pointed "You boy". Quickly the creature boarded the sprinter, and upon seeing the Lady's luggage, it picked up both bags.

Suki had made sure Her laptop was on Her person. She had learned the hard way how clumsy a male could be. Even so, Suki had neither the time, nor inclination, to strap Her larger bags to the mule, using the elasticated velcro girth. Instead, She had it stand and carry, up on its hind legs. Then it ran, to catch up with the confidently striding Lady, before adopting its head bowed stance behind Her.

She had not permitted having Her luggage put down. So it wasn't. Instead, the creature stood obediently, with arms beginning to ache, a bag in each hand, neither of which came close to touching the floor. Soon the elevator arrived, to reveal a pristine interior. Suki stepped in, and the luggage, and creature, followed behind. The creature had special dispensation, as it was attending to a Lady. Otherwise, it was the stairs and tunnels.

Upon the lift reaching its ground floor destination, it followed closely behind, as Suki made Her way through the throng of travellers. Suki headed toward the coffee stall, where She was served by a Girl (for hygiene reasons). Suki ordered a 'Cappuccino', and a quick sip later, Suki replaced the cap, as She kicked the mule as way of encouragement.

Exiting the main concourse, Suki searched for Georgia, and after spotting Her Sister, Suki turned to the creature before telling it to "hurry up boy". Still not as efficient as She had hoped, Her kick would have obtained. Then Suki hurried over to the frantically waving Georgia, where they hugged lovingly, long and tight, whilst the mule stood, arms aching, obedient and patient.

"This is nice," Suki commented, as She climbed into the back of Georgia's new red 'Citi-carriage'. The latest model, it could be pulled by two, four, or six beasts. Having loaded the baggage into the boot, the creature fell to its knees, enabling it to lick the boots of, and thank both Ladies for having been allowed to serve. Georgia dismissed the creature with an 'away boy'.

“How’s the birthday Girl?” Suki enquired, settling back into the welcoming seat. The carriage whip cracked, and the carriage steadily, and gently, pulled off. Georgia informed Suki that Jess was very excited. Well, eighteen, and all that goes with it, no wonder the teenage Girl was excited.

Both Ladies chatted happily, catching up on the week’s gossip and both adding bitchy comments aimed at the Ladies of wealth, and leisure they passed on the streets. ‘People watching’ was so much fun, so much to see. There were Ladies out walking with their restrained and leashed animals as status symbols and laughing at those that by their tacky dress sense were obviously ‘nouveaux riche’.

All creatures were to be leashed in public, and it was a legal requirement for them to be under total control, even resulting in a fine if not. This traditional and simple method involved attaching the leash to the restrainer attached tightly around its testicles. It was then pulled back through its legs pulling the testicles back and subsequently the foreskin. Then the attached lead would spread its buttocks and on a tight lead it rubbed, irritating and chaffing its sphincter, even as it raised its bottom as high as it could, as it crawled at a Lady’s side.

Ok, to be fair, the Lady might be using one of these creatures for a task of some kind or another. Perhaps carrying Her shopping or the like, but the ones with two or three animals crawling at the end of Her leash, just thoroughly ostentatious. “Fast trot, boy” Georgia communicated to the privileged, male sat in the driver’s seat and with the encouragement of the dressage whip the two nude trotters ran faster and the environmentally friendly carriage accelerated.

The driver had earned its privileged position through years of service as a trotter. It had been a good boy and deserved Georgia’s generosity. It knew how privileged, and lucky, it was to be able to drive Miss Georgia’s new carriage. It even felt a welling pride.

Unlike their restrained testes their free hanging (but safely encased) penises slapped and bounced, as they banged against the creatures’ abdomens, their heads enclosed in their metal penitentiaries. At ‘knees up’ they bounced uncontrollably and uncomfortably, and with the awning down a Lady could hear the slapping in the rear seats. ‘Come on, knees up!’

All males were also chastised. The fitting of these devices was an effective method of eradicating rape and masturbation (disgusting creatures) . With the preventive spikes digging in sharply behind the head of the penis at the first sign of arousal.

The two trotters toiled and sweated as they ran, striving to get their precious cargo home. Meanwhile, the Sisters sat comfortably, still observing the kaleidoscope of Female life unfolding all around. Teenage Girls still paraded the streets, clothed in the latest styles and fashions. Business Ladies still went about theirs, and of course, Mothers on occasion reluctantly shopped with their Daughters. It was a 'day out' as much as anything, and all the while happy old Ladies still proclaimed that 'it wasn't like this in their day' even if it had been, and everywhere you looked, naked creatures crawled at the end of many a Female leash.

Soon the carriage reached its destination and both Ladies rose from their seats. Their arrival caused its usual commotion, as creatures hurriedly took up their positions, all strategically, placed and ready to serve the two Ladies. The brace of trotters coughed, and spluttered, as they gasped to regain their breath. After all, 'Fast trot' was a very respectable pace, especially if over the six kilometres these creatures had traversed. Not to mention the pulling of a carriage containing two Ladies.

Georgia's houseboy was there to welcome its owner home. The House DuCroix was an imposing building and a classic example of Georgian architecture with just a hint of the neo-Gothic. The drive, lined with leafless oaks, led to this beautiful property that was the Taylor family's seat and home to the Sisters and Jess. Holding out its hand it helped both Ladies out of the carriage, whilst making sure each retained their balance and dignity. It knew the consequences of any slip and certainly didn't crave it.

"Aunty Suki!" Jess shouted adding an excited squeal as She ran to the newly arrived Ladies. Not a creature moved as they hugged, only the houseboy advisedly scrambling out of way with a respectful bow. Again, it did not crave the consequences of being in the way either.

A domestic didn't always crawl in the dirt, as is the male norm. It wasn't compulsory as it was with almost all other male animals. Houseboys, and the senior skivvies, were permitted to stand and walk 'Up on the hinds' as it was known. Especially when serving in some way, serving at table being a prime example (in fact, to be honest, any time it was required by a Lady really). Hurriedly it scurried away.

It was just another skivvy in truth, but had worked its way up to the houseboy position through obedience, effort and its behaviour. Still it was there to clean and scrub, to wash and iron. There to change the bedding, carry out the dusting, and of course polish a Lady's boots. Plenty really and it was to toil all day at the unending, mundane tasks of housework and to be at a Lady's beck and call in addition. Its place was in a Lady's home and clean was the least of requirements. After all, Georgia did not want dirt brought in, what Lady would? Georgia didn't require Her houseboy having leathery calluses on the palms of its hands either. Not particularly hygienic at all.

A boy already held both bags and it stood waiting patiently, not letting them touch the floor, just as Suki had instructed as She usually did. Why wouldn't She?. Suki did not want dirt on the bottom of Her cases. Dirt was for creatures to crawl in and not for a Lady's bags. Eventually, the three turned toward the house, and the mule followed with head bowed. The houseboy bobbed and bowed in a subservient manner emphasising the welcoming of its owner and Her Sister, home and declaring its 'happiness and joy' at their safe return.

The Ladies chatted happily about Jess's big day barely noticing the grovelling creature and certainly not acknowledging it. The bobbing and bowing, halted only temporarily to hold the rosewood door open for the trio of Ladies. The door closed behind them and creatures broke from their posts, all running quickly to resume their daily labours.

The houseboy continued subserviently bobbing and bowing. Still bobbing, it pointed out the cocktails on a tray held by another head bowed junior skivvy. All three Ladies sipped as they walked down the portrait lined corridor chatting frantically and excitedly about Jess's big day. Some of the portraits dated back to the 18th century, the Taylors were not new money.

Suki returned to the living room, having showered and changed. It was good to wash the grime and stress of the capital away. She sat on the sofa, next to where Georgia and Her Daughter sat. "That's better." Georgia and Jess both agreed sympathetically that it must have been exhausting, not to mention stressful, all that travelling today. But not as tiring and stressful as the up-coming months were expected to be. "Sorry Girls. I know it's a little early but would you mind if I turn in? It's going to be a long day tomorrow and I feel a little drowsy as it is". Suki put a friendly reassuring hand on Jess's shoulder. "Thanks, and I promise I'll be up for it tomorrow. We can Party! Party! Party! Goodnight both." Suki stretched and yawned, emphasising Her point, before a goodnight kiss and the mule carried its load to Suki's bedroom door where it was dismissed. It certainly wasn't following any further. Suki slipped naked beneath the 'Laura Ashley' floral print quilt before extinguishing the bedside lamp.

Jess pressed the button on Her new mobile phone. It was an early birthday present from Mummy and although the latest and top of the range, Jess would be very upset if Mummy didn't have something else lined up, and hadn't bought Her another major item. A domestic who had stood at Her door all night, just in case, appeared almost instantaneously having been summoned by a painful stab in its penis, a result of Jess's finger pushing the option on the latest 'App'. It knocked, before respectfully entering the young Lady's boudoir. "Is everything alright, Miss?" it enquired, not expecting to have been summoned at this surprisingly early hour. It was before eight, what was going on? Miss Jess never rose before eleven, why would She? Most parties, and social events, weren't on till the evening and Jess needed all Her sleep, partying could be so tiring.

“No, of course there’s nothing wrong. Of course there fucking isn’t, anything but.” Jess was so excited and bubbling with happiness. “It’s my birthday. Can’t any of you fuckers remember anything? I’m 18 today. The happiest, and most anticipated day of my life, and I can start owning one of you stupid, lazy, buggers legally.” Jess grinned at its fear-filled re-action “I really can’t wait.”

Jess responded to Her birthday texts as the ‘lazy bugger’ awaited the birthday Girl’s next barked order. It wasn’t long in coming. “Now, hurry up and pour me a glass of that Champagne, then you can run me a bath.”

Jess’s attitude towards the male was fully justified. It was already treading on thin ice and on its final warning. Georgia had allotted the creature to serve Her Daughter and hence it was standing at Her door. A couple of nights of this should teach it to show a bit more respect to a Lady, not to mention improve its response time to an order. It was time to teach it a lesson.

Georgia had also told Her daughter to ‘test the animal, to the hilt’ and the verbal abuse was just a mild introduction. This creature had already been punished at the public suspensions. It had already had a two hour as well as a five, and even an overnight. Back chat, slow response to an order, and looking a Lady in the eye, just a few of its misdemeanours.

However it was the aggression it had shown when sentenced to the overnight suspension that was the major concern. Jess thought the creature had almost raised a hand to Her. Jess knew it had, and it knew Jess knew. Jess decided that it still needed to learn its place. Jess had noticed an attitude problem with Her ‘running the bath’ instruction as well. Not the crisp, sharp response expected of a male to a Girl’s order. A word with Mother was called for and Jess watched more closely after telling it to ‘fuck off’. Still not as crisply as a creature should. Mummy will be interested.

A knock at the door and another junior skivvy entered. Populating the tray it carried was a choice of tea or coffee, with a selection of cereals and toast with either marmalade or jam. Yum, yum, Jess ate well.

Excited anticipation of the day ahead was beginning to envelop as Jess climbed out of the bath, and stepped into the shower to rinse off. Dried, Jess returned to Her room. Drying Her short blonde hair, She sat down on the bed barely noticing the work

the young skivvy had carried out. Sheets changed and breakfast cleared away, Her dress was now laid out, neatly on Her bed. Bought by Mummy, just for today, the dress alone had cost more than the boy who had laid it out.

The hairdryer buzzed as did Jess with excitement. Excitement at the thought of Her day, and life, ahead. Thoughts entered Her head of what it must be like to be male. She soon dismissed them. She didn't want to ruin Her big day with such miserable and ludicrous thoughts. The unforgiving lottery of birth, well, to be honest it wasn't as fair as a lottery, not with all the D.N.A. tampering and the sexing of eggs and semen.

Major advances in medical science were accelerating. Ladies now controlled the breeding of males, and this coupled with synthetic wombs and incubator advances had eradicated any maternal feelings. But not for their precious little Girls with 'quite the contrary' being a total understatement.

Georgia let out an exaggerated gasp as Jess descended the magnificent staircase with its mahogany banister and the British racing green carpet mimicking the grass of Ascot on Ladies Day. All Jess lacked was the hat. "Wow, you look beautiful. Absolutely stunning, darling" Georgia exclaimed with welling pride. Jess had to agree, they had made a good team shopping as She admired Herself in the hallway mirror. Jess looked the part, and the reflected image confirmed this. The designer outfit fitted like a glove. A pale blue slash neck, off the shoulder dress and the blue pointed court shoes improved Her posture, not to mention emphasising her shapely legs.

The skivvies lined the driveway near The House, cheering, and waving, as they wished Jess a 'happy birthday.' Two, miserable looking creatures even held a sheet with 'Happy 18th Miss Jess' emblazoned upon it. I doubt very many were heart felt, and Jess ignored them of course. She was chatting with Georgia and ordering 'Fast trot.' She was excited after all and wanted to get there. Jess reported Her earlier observations to Her Mother "Deal with that tomorrow Darling. Don't want to ruin your big day" Both exited the carriage, with young Jess almost running heading to the hall.

'The Bossy Bitch' was an exclusive venue and without doubt one of the best in the city, and that really was saying something. Situated in the exclusive district of Neicely, the area was over populated by the rich and famous, many of whom regularly enjoyed the facilities on offer with the 18 hole golf course a social-climbing magnet. Again, the creatures were ignored as Georgia told Jess to slow down "Young Ladies don't run." Aware of Jess's excitement Georgia made little or no fuss when ignored. After all, no one told Jess what to do. Just the very thought of it.

“Happy birthday to you” joyously burst out as both entered the plush function room. It would be holding Jess’s ‘Seniority Ball’ later, and already in a side room off to the left, the table was laid. Lots of hugging and continental kissing followed, one on each cheek. Jess’s closest and dearest formed the small contingent and all had met before and all knew each other well.

Males again busied themselves, holding trays of aperitifs, and re-filling glasses, clearing empties or running to the bar. Other redundant creatures squatted randomly, tethered to the hooks all around the wall, just in case a Lady may have required its service. After happy reunions, the Ladies took their chairs. The first course was soon served. Jess’s vegan ‘Seniority’ meal was delightfully plated and delicious, and for once a justified Jess was, rightly so, the centre of attention just as She liked and expected. Much of the conversation referred to the privileges Jess could now look forward to. Many of them, and Jess smiled inwardly as She mulled over in Her head just how She intended using them.

The extensively trained skivvies were carefully clearing the hors d’oeuvre plates away when the talk turned a little more serious. “I can’t believe it, it’s been over a century that The FF have been in charge. Do you think they’ll remain there for another hundred?” It was a topical debate with The Party’s latest challenge just months away.

The Female Front, or FF, had swept into power in the aftermath of the last World war. The Party was determined that this really would be ‘The War to end all Wars’. It had been ferocious with casualties catastrophic. Conservative estimates were upward of 160 million, and very, very, much predominantly male. After all, the World’s three major powers had become involved in what had been yet another Middle Eastern dispute. Something had to be done. Even males agreed enough was enough after this latest bloodbath.

Who caused these conflicts? Why men of course. Who could eradicate them and re-build a more serene society? Who could re-generate and give life? Who had the organisational, and multi-tasking skills needed to repair the damage caused by the conflict? I think you know the answer to that, and by a landslide, an exclusively all Female party had taken office for the first time and hadn’t they made hay.

The Party had achieved its main goal early on, the stopping of all conflicts globally and the dismantlement of the World’s armed forces. Their achievements and policies had encouraged other Women’s groups across the World. The lack of men (caused by the casualties of war) just didn’t have the numbers to halt the political tsunami and in a ‘domino effect’, country after country had become a Matriarchy. All in the pact had immediately dismantled their armed forces. The men didn’t, and still don’t, like it but the democratic process must be adhered to. After all, wasn’t that what all those creatures had died for?

In addition to that achievement, Women had de-radicalised the World's religions. Indeed, had almost eradicated them. Well, can you name half a dozen Women of religious standing? No, exactly, religion was very much a male thing and good riddance. There were other deities to worship now, beginning with a 'W' and ending with an 'N'.

The Parties', indeed the planet's, primary bugbear was the environment. They had and were always introducing policies, with many of them extreme and hard hitting. Hard measures for hard times were needed, and not only environmentally either, but also economically. But most importantly in rebuilding after the carnage, and helping the planet recover. The planet, nature and the environment were 'tired, exhausted and in need of a brake'. A Kwik Fit Fitter was urgently required, sorry a Quick Fix Fixer was urgently required.

Petrol and diesel fumes no longer filled the air because of the cost and availability of oil, catastrophically affected due to production being focused in the centre of the conflict. This, along with intense environmental pressure had brought about its demise and with it that of the motor car. Internal combustion engines were a thing of the past. It was an environmental life saver, and now the big challenge was how to get an eco-friendly, efficient and abundant substitute? If they did, perhaps they could now introduce vegan cars complete with 'substitute' horsepower.

This then, coupled with the giant strides achieved in battery technology, had meant that the State's policies had been judged feasible, and it had then been unsurprisingly passed in both lower and higher Houses. Now the dilemma was how do you produce, and convert, enough kinetic energy into electricity? The leading scientists (all female of course) were working on feasible solutions. Heaven forbid, you surely can't have possibly imagined a male scientist can you? Intelligent male creatures were rarer than a snake in high heels. They'd barely be able to tie their own shoelaces, if they had, or were allowed any.

Anyway, back to reality where leading scientists were working tirelessly around the clock to improve battery technology. The other part of the conundrum no longer remained, it had been resolved, and construction was well under way. Across the country, power plants were under construction. It was decided they would be wooden constructions as it was felt that this was both environmentally friendly and aesthetically pleasing.

Thousands of State slaves were toiling hard involving the construction. Many plants would appear in every city with numerous others in towns and villages. Some of them planned to be, in urban locations, as much as twenty stories high and these mysterious constructions would soon become apparent and in time quite a common site. Other creatures would work on the fixtures and fittings. The State news in a few weeks would reveal their secrets, when there would probably be a statement by the President Himself.

Abeer Bafaqi had become the country's first Muslim leader. Once more emphasising the diversity, opportunity and giant leaps in Feminine achievements after their gaining of superiority. The possibilities for Females were now limitless. Popular, capable, and able, this Lady had many other attributes. Productive, innovative and determined were just a few. She was also a tad extreme and the Female population loved it.

The Party had other major obstacles to overcome involving the environment. Although they had achieved their secondary goal, that of the elimination of fossil fuel mining and production, there was still a lot more to do.

Other policies, the Party could take a bow for included a strict, and compulsory, vegan diet with all animal products banned, illegal and carrying stiff penalties for those flaunting the regulations. Not even wool or honey were produced or eaten and the wearing of silk had become illegal. Had they really eaten meat and drank milk back then, weird, what were they thinking of?

Intensive farming had been abolished and was now a thing of the past. Chemical fertiliser was also strictly forbidden in a last and much needed attempt to encourage natural regeneration. If it was for animal welfare that these new measures were introduced, then there were additional benefits.

This meant a healthy population and an easing of pressure on the health service, with obesity and diabetes now also a thing of the past. Well, it certainly was amongst the male population anyway (although some Ladies still overindulged at too many social events, becoming a tad over curvaceous as a result.)

Then there was the decrease in methane production this had helped cause, although males still contributed this was now being controlled by dietary restrictions. Instead dairy and beef cattle along with chickens were now extinct. Not slaughtered of course, but allowed to live out their lives, naturally and the species allowed to die out gradually. The sheep had been set free, and now roamed the mountains of Scotland and Wales whilst pigs populated woods nationwide.

Some of the cattle, rescued after the introduction of the new regulations, were adopted by members of the old Animal Liberation Front, now thankfully obsolete with irrelevance having caused their downfall. The cattle rescued had been treated better than the militant Ladies' male creatures. It was a kind of bovine revenge for all those years of inhumane treatment.

Another surprising but still major concern was the still rapid forward strides being made in technology. Yes, life was becoming increasingly comfortable for Ladies, but these strides were compromising male ownership. Questioning both cost effectiveness and

feasibility. It would jeopardize a Lady's lifestyle. Financial costs would mean it was only the wealthy that could afford male animals in any number. It threatened male usage and the benefits it had brought to all.

Males were becoming obsolete and the male birth rate had been reduced to zero for now. It was vital that the State and the wealthy upheld the traditions of slavery at all costs, ready for the ending of the current economic climate.

There had been a previous employment crisis in the late 20th century, caused by the introduction of the computer. This had set up tech companies, administrative posts, and the light industry sector, all major players in the employment of working Women. Now machines were taking over in many fields. A congested Female job market had developed, with automation, robotics, technology and computerisation the leading culprits. This was causing a massive reduction in tax revenues on salaries, slave sales were slow, and rentals almost non-existent, and it was becoming a serious concern. After all, machines do not pay income tax.

The Party had already decided this could be discussed later. Result dependent they did have a policy they were about to roll out. Plans were in place concerning this, but The Party had far more pressing concerns right now. The other parliamentary issues continued below the surface, as usual dealt with by the efficient all Female staff but, for the first time since the carnage of the last war, The Party had a serious challenger. Unemployment and the increasing lack of public services were fuelling this.

"Mum, can't we talk about something else?" The main course crockery was being removed. The 'blue willow' pattern plates, precariously balanced on the serving boy's arm. The conversation had been that intense and long, and the waste and the leftovers had been scraped into the bin. "What about pudding?" Christina and Lolita, Jess's best friends and soon to be Her 'Maids of Seniority', joined in Her questioning enthusiastically. Pudding was a favourite of all three.

Jess was a little cheesed off however. Her Grandmother still hadn't given Her a present. Jess liked presents. Everyone else had. Suki, Christina, Lolita and Mum hadn't yet but Jess knew theirs would come later. But Gran, it just wasn't fair.

The music played at a just tolerable volume. Cyndi Lauper's 'Girls Just Want to Have Fun' authentically, and appropriately, filled the air, and Girls having just that ran happily to the dance floor. Every invited guest had agreed a 1970's and 80's themed party would be a hoot, very retro.

Chloe had done Jess proud, and Her present was a playlist of the classic songs from the era. Chloe knew Her music, and this was the best of the best genre in Her opinion. A time when bands were 'real' bands, and not the 'electronic crap' of today Her definitive declaration. Unfortunately, Chloe also knew Her fashion history as the tank top and flares crowned by a curly perm clearly highlighted in a tasteless sartorial demonstration.

Jess mingled, often having to cup Her ear to hear the best wishes and compliments, with Her new dress a magnet of attention and positive remarks. Politely She nodded and acknowledged the well wishers, while the music and general hum provided an excuse not to stop and chat when needed.

She spent a lot of time with Her friends whom had flown in especially. Two were from France and one from the States. Jess bumped into Yazz first. Having flown in that morning from Los Angeles, Yazz couldn't contain Her excitement. Seeing an old friend that She hadn't seen since Her Mother had moved them to California was great, yes, but first and foremost, because She was back in the U.K. and the home of male slavery. Oh My God!

Don't get me wrong, Yazz was thrilled at seeing Jess, but most of all was really looking forward to Her week in England. This sort of thing didn't happen at home because stubbornly, certain US States still hadn't become fully converted to male slavery and unfortunately, for Yazz, the Golden Gate Bridge State was one.

She had thoroughly enjoyed seeing the creatures grovelling at the station when She arrived, their nudity amusing. It had taken time but Yazz had eventually felt Her confidence rising, after ten minutes of watching Ladies parade up and down the platform, catching or leaving sprinters, with their leashed animals, as Yazz would later discover to be, 'at moderate heel'. A slightly looser leash than 'tight' for walks of a longer distance as it meant the animal wasn't constantly pulling on a Ladies arm.

Reaching into Her tartan case Yazz removed the restraint and leash. Jess had sent them to Her as an 18th birthday present, just to wind Yazz up. To tease Her about how much fun She was missing out on and what She would've been allowed to do now. Jess had hoped it would sooner or later be put to good practical use. Yazz really deserved it, She was a great laugh and a dear friend.

Not bothering to zip up the case, Yazz clicked Her fingers and two creatures raced to be of service. Having seen the young Lady unattended they had waited patiently, and alert, and with their fast crawl finished both creatures kissed, eagerly and obediently, one at each foot, just as Jess had said they would. Feeling a little shy, Yazz looked around timidly, not one Lady took any notice. Reassured, at the normality of it all, Yazz assessed both males grovelling at Her feet and made Her choice.

Having made Her selection, Yazz dismissed the other with an 'away boy'. The dismissed creature reversed humbly away thanking Her that "it had an opportunity to offer service" and that "it was sorry, not to have come up to standard". It was just as good, as Jess had described it, indeed better, much better.

Yazz glanced down at Her choice "Zip up my case, boy." Yazz had issued Her first order and it felt good, it felt easy, Yazz seemed to be a natural. "Stay bent over the case" spreading its legs from behind, Yazz followed up with "That's better, wider boy. It makes it easier for a Girl to see." She was getting into the swing of things and thoroughly enjoying Herself.

Her running commentary was coupled with a tight grip and pull on its scrotum. Just to let the creature know who was in charge, and with that, Yazz clipped the restrainer closed around the animal's sack. Yazz had put it to good practical use. Nice one.

Yazz had considered using both creatures, the mule She had selected and the other to walk tethered at Her side. It looked such fun and Yazz really wanted to like some of the other Ladies She had been watching. But no, best not. Not the first time. Yazz pulled the straps tight to secure Her luggage.

Nikki, and Esme, Jess's two French friends were next on Her mingle list. They greeted each other with exaggerated hugs "You look magnifique!" Nikki exclaimed with enthusiastic agreement from Her sister.

Having changed from Her previous elegance, Jess was now adorned in 'Levi 501's'. The oxblood 'Doc Marten' shoes, with the obligatory white socks, and a classic maroon 'Fred Perry' polo shirt made up the rest of the look. Topped off with Her black Harrington jacket, Jess looked late 70's, the 1970's, not years of age. Very authentic and proper 'rude Girl'. So Jess bloody well should, after all the time, and money, that Mummy and Aunty Suki had spent scouring the 'Shopanet'.

The three had met on a school exchange. Jess's oral French had needed improving and She had stayed at the Sister's chateaux. Annecy was stunning. Quaintly nestled in the foothills and framed by snow capped peaks, pine forests and clear blue lakes, this Alpine town retained many happy memories of when Jess had spent a happy month with these two equally spoilt, and like-minded, Girls.

Improving Jess's French became inconsequential, as these two teenagers knew how to party. Jess loved it, party after party. They also shared Her contempt for males, none of

them gave a damn about the animals born to serve. A male was simply to be used, not to be concerned about.

Nikki was the eldest, while Esme was the bubbly younger sister. Nikki was in Her second year at university, with Esme due to join Her at Queens, studying Business and economics. They had their respective 'seniority parties' in the last 18 months. A Girl needed to be 19 to own a creature in France. A year later than the U.K, and they'd only just received the younger Sister's boy and it was still very much a novelty and needed training to walk at heel, at various different Girl's chosen pace.

It had been great fun. No, Jess wasn't 19, not even 18 yet, but what the hell. No one would know or say anything, and anyway, Jess could always say that She was unaware of the law. Jess would only get a slap on the wrist. It was well worth it, the best fun She had had in ages. Especially in the old part of the town and seeing the creature struggling on the uneven cobbles of the historic old streets. Hilarious when the two French Girls pulled hard on their leashes, and the animal struggled to keep its balance, often failing painfully.

The three had spent many days that summer parading up and down the banks of the numerous canals, finishing at the cafés, scattered on the narrow streets. A pleasant day walking their animals and politely acknowledging other Lady's doing likewise. There was an ambience in the atmosphere enveloping the town known as 'The Venice of the Alps'.

Here Jess walked Her first, and second, creatures in public. Pulling the leash tight, tighter than the Sisters had, the creature had let out a gasp and squeal as Jess took up the slack. "Villain garcons". The only words Jess had needed to pick up. Jess laughed at the fun. Roll on next year.

Pardon me, I almost forgot. Jess had also picked up a little Italian. Claire's parents owned a restaurant in Annecy town centre. Claire had joined the trio after Nikki and Esme had taken Jess to the restaurant's adjoining bar. A friend of the two sisters since their school days, Claire was having a break from Her hosting duties. There to greet and guide Ladies to their tables and to make sure a table boy was there to serve. Very attractive and with a great sense of humour, She was the ideal occupant of the face of *Giovani's*.

Claire was also happy to extend Jess's linguistic skills. "Bambino cattivo" Jess repeated, and how about that, Jess could now say 'naughty boy' in French, Italian and Her stern and unforgiving native tongue. Would Welsh be next? Claire blew a kiss at Serena, and Danielle, Her two friends sat at the table near the window.

That year had rolled past. In fact, it had rock and rolled past. The French Girls just had to be here, they'd be great fun during and after the ceremony, and then with a 'see you soon, Girls' Jess excused Herself and moved on. Nikki and Esme appreciated Jess had to mix. Jess smiled happily, glad Esme and Nikki had come, but why, oh why hadn't Gran bought Her a present. She was becoming more than a little irritated.

She was an only child, the only child of a very wealthy Lady. Jess was Heiress to the family slave trading business, along with the small fortune that came with it. Obediently served by a small menagerie of creatures, Jess enjoyed days of leisure. She had never had a job, and never intended to get one.

Still She felt hard done by. Why oh why was Gran being like this? The ringing of a spoon on a wine glass accompanied by a raised voiced "Ladies! Ladies! Ladies!" drew and held the attention of the gathering. "Let's hear it for my darling Daughter, Jess."

Making Her way through the fifty or so guests, Jess enjoyed the attention and was expecting it. Many a kiss on the cheek, and many pats on the back, seemed to only add even more to Jess's already exaggerated opinion of Herself as She progressed toward the lectern. Many congratulations, and many hopes She has a 'happy future', the centre of attention, just as Jess loved and expected.

The temporary stage housed a throne. Jess made Her way to it as the applause and back slapping continued from the attentive gathering. Shocking pink, the stage had transformed into a fairy tale land, the silver tinsel drooping like lianas only adding to the gaudiness. Framed by bunting, the stage resembled a US pageant scene. Jess took Her seat whilst Lolita and Christina on smaller thrones flanked Her, wrapped parcels tucked under each and, not surprisingly, Jess had already spotted them.

Speeches followed with Her two Maids of Seniority speaking of what a great friend She was, and after many memories, littered with anecdotes, both Girls raised their glasses wishing Jess 'Health, wealth and happiness'. That was almost a given, unless things changed drastically.

Aunty Suki stepped up next, and again all sorts of compliments flowed, more anecdotes and raising of glasses "Cheers!" Suki held out Her arm welcoming Her Sister back onto the stage "My little sister and the party Girls Mother, Georgia."

Oh god, when are they going to stop? Jess wanted Her presents, especially Mum's. A Girl's Mother's present was traditional. Like wealthy 17, or 18 year olds in the past had been bought a new car, today they received their first animal instead. Who wanted a new car when Mum's present would be much more fun learning to drive, a male slave. "Always a

good Girl, Jess has made a wonderful Daughter, and it is with mixed feelings of great happiness, and pride, that I raise my glass.”

Good, Mother had finished. Just a few words from me and the games can begin. Jess began Her oratory with a ‘Thank you all for coming’ and a ‘ Thank you’ to Aunty Suki and Mother for a wonderful day. Jess coughed politely, clearing Her throat, before resuming with ‘Thanks’ for the presents received from Her gathered friends and then finally, how much She was looking forward to tonight, especially Mum’s present and the accompanying procedure, following which Jess returned to Her seat.

Lolita was first to approach, clutching a gift-wrapped box. Lolita bent and kissed Jess on both cheeks before handing Jess the gift accompanied by a smiling “Congratulations”. Jess accepted it, knowing full well what it was, a leash and a re-strainer.

Christine followed with the other traditional present, a chastity cage. Jess didn’t even bother to look at either the leash and re-strainer nor the cage. Jess just knew they would be top of the range. Of course they would be only the best for young Jess. Quickly, a creature placed a stool in front of Jess’s throne before scampering away. Yes, at fucking last.

Mother walked onto the stage, with a creature on a neck leash in tow. Jess gave out a gasp. She was flabbergasted and brimming over with excitement. A blue Jess was about to take ownership of Her own ‘blue’, and this was bound to impress Her circle of friends no end, not to mention trigger a lot of envy.

Only one of Her friends owned a blue. Cassie was the spoilt Daughter of a bespoke internal designer and Her Mother had bought one because as She said ‘It set Her little Caz off.’ With Her eye for style and taste, She should know, and like a dress, or item of jewellery, Cassie only brought it out on special occasions otherwise it was one of Her numerous ordinary everyday oranges. Jess was going to get a lot more out of Her new, blue cocked, beast.

Blues were sought after and rare. Fashionably exclusive, reassuringly expensive, and the one Jess was about to receive was a superb specimen. A 20 year old with a very athletic sporting physique and, the sport in question, appeared to be middleweight boxing judging by the toning. Still missed by many, boxing had been wrongly condemned to history, as far as some Ladies were concerned. Bring it back, a regular call.

Many hadn’t seen it before, especially the younger population. It would be entertaining watching two creatures slugging it out, bare knuckle of course, and thankfully with males there was little or no danger of brain damage. Perhaps the Party could look at the issue in the future.

Its back and arms shone muscularly as it crawled, following Georgia leashed by collar at the neck. "Up, onto this stool" Georgia tapped it "Quickly, boy" Georgia barked out the second order "Come on, hurry up. Miss Taylor is waiting to fit your re-strainer."

Jess already had the first of the gifts in Her hand and a broad grin upon Her face as She approached the crouching male. Conveniently, the stool kept the creature at the right height. Conveniently, that is for Jess, so that She didn't have to bend. Very un-Ladylike and in any case, at this height, it was easier for Jess to see Her target.

"Spread those knees, now." The naked creature obediently obeyed it's pretty young owner's first command and accompanied by a 'Yes Miss' its thighs parted. Jess reached under, and firmly grabbed its sack as She thought of all the experience She had gained using the field-boys on the estate. She had opened a cage regularly, and ordered a creature out, and then She had used it for practice. Strictly forbidden at Her age, but who'd know? Who'd say anything? Certainly not the creatures, if they knew what was best for them.

Nervously, as Jess didn't want to embarrass Herself by getting this wrong, Jess pulled its balls down. Now let's get this right. Still pulling, Jess reached for the re-strainer. Picking it up, She pulled away the plastic covering. Jess exposed the metal strip and held it against Her forehead, before clipping it closed around the boy's scrotum.

This had uploaded Her thought waves into the device, and Jess could now control Her animal by thought control alone, although leash was much more fun and the popular choice amongst most of the Female owners. Except in emergencies, when a Lady may need instant control or unbelievably, for self defence. Creatures, in certain parts of the World, were becoming unruly.

The creature jumped and squealed, as Jess caught a little skin whilst closing the lock. Now locked it pinched. Never mind, it'll wear loose. Still the creature continued to wriggle uncomfortably. "Keep still, you fucker!" Lolita and Christina helpfully assisted holding it as Jess attached the leash with the initial pull emphasising the stinging pinch, and whilst still squatting, the creature's re-strainer was programmed.

Jess set just the basic settings, squeeze and twist. Jess could always add apps later, plenty more. It's a pity it wasn't fitted earlier when the bastard had been wriggling so much, and knowing Jess as I do, I wouldn't mind betting Jess would have thought 'twist and squeeze.' That's by The Beatles, isn't it?

"Down boy" was accompanied by a sharp tug. Hard enough to pull the creature off the stool before it scurried into its place on the floor. On the floor, at Jess's feet, in a raised press

up, or lunge position it waited. At least it was showing signs of obedience. Right place and correct position, it was ready for their first promenade. Bottom raised and head down. As I say, correct place, correct position.

Jess adjusted the leashlength to tight, barely longer than the synthetic handle She held, which meant at times Her knuckles brushed against the creature's straining balls, the scrotum stretched and the foreskin back as Jess pulled the leash taught. 'Tight leash' taught, quite a comfortable height for Jess, not so for the male creature. Already up on its tip toes, the strap still tugged. When most comfortable for Her, Jess happened to hold the leash a couple of inches too short and even pushing its bottom as far as it could in the air couldn't relieve the discomfort. Tippy-toed it just reached the height Jess's lead demanded.

Oh well, Jess loved it. The height was perfect, it was very comfortable and should keep it obedient, and most importantly, under control. Jess could even rest Her arm on its back, whilst crawling, if the need arose or She so wished.

"Jess, Jess" Gran called, walking across the raised platform. No, Jess thought. No bloody present, then I'm not having you ruining my fucking prom as well. "Jess, come here." Who did She think She was speaking to? "Come here Darling, I've got something to show you."

Hello thought Jess, my present, at last, and it had better have been worth the wait. It was, and Jess let out Her second gasp of the day. Wow, it was Her own Citi-carriage, and not an ordinary one either. It was the new, light weight, two-seater sports. "We'll have to wait till Tuesday to choose your team. Sorry Darling, you'll just have to wait till then." Jess didn't hear Gran's apology, She was overcome, what a day.

Bouncing with joy Jess re-entered the hall, passing Her other present squatted obediently, where She had left it. "Stay boy" She wasn't interested in it now, She wanted to show everyone Her latest present, a brand new sports carriage. Jess would be the envy of all Her friends, and once again the centre of attention, just as liked and expected.

Jess searched frantically for Christina and Lolita, then Jess also searched for Her French and American friends because they had to be the first, the first to sit in it with Her, and first to be photographed with Jess.

Tuesday was going to be fun as well, a day out at the auctions, with males to be inspected, handled, and purchased. It was going to be a real laugh and then they could ride in it, but not till Tuesday. But Jess wanted them to come and see it, and to sit in it for a photograph, just as a reminder of a lovely day. "Say cheese!"

Jess grabbed Her pet's lead as She re-entered the busy, bustling hall. The metal chain divided its buttocks, pulling its testicles taught, with the lead fed back through its legs. I think Jess had the leash at 'tight', its foreskin was certainly pulled back. Jess needed Her animal under control. It would be crowded off the stage and Ladies didn't want creatures brushing up against them. Even specimens like Hers.

Jess needed to control Her new animal, a test Jess relished, so tight leash it was then. Then back to the function room, as a little promenading was well overdue, and with a firmly held lead, the new creature crawled correctly struggling to keep up. There were many congratulations to Jess on Her new carriage before beginning Her walk.

It was a tradition for the young Lady whose ball it was, to walk Her new pet around the room, and with the leash tight Her rapidly becoming preferred control length, Jess began. All the gathered Ladies stood and clapped, watching the walk. Jess pulled Her leash even tighter and with its balls pulled uncomfortably from behind, Jess proudly paraded. Then Jess summoned all Her strength, and two handed Jess appeared to have lifted it. Not for long, but it had been lifted momentarily off the wooden floor, its squeal and jerk of surprise caused by pain seemingly confirming it.

The invited guests laughed and cheered even louder than before at the spectacle. A petite, Girl lifting Her animal by the balls, and all on Her first promenade was very impressive. Had Jess walked a creature before? Surely not, Jess wouldn't be that naughty, would She?

The creature, however, had just learnt a valuable lesson. It now knew its new owner held a tight leash and it would need to be attentive, concentrated, and obedient if it didn't wish to be raised by its nuts on a regular basis by this young Lady.

Typically, Esme and Nikki were first in the queue forming to walk Jess's new toy. The two French Girls took the leash, before they circumnavigated the room, taking turns to lead it. Ladies and Girls again clapped at the sight of the two pretty, petite, Girls leading a creature twice their size. All absolutely delightful and endearing. "I've sorted it out for next week." Jess's Mum informed Her as She passed. Jess nodded, with 'good' Her response, knowing Mum would certainly be harsh and severe at the punishment in a day or two. Well, it had been heading for it, asking for it even.

Anyway, back in the hall, other Girls were walking it and still they laughed and cheered. It was such fun. Its testicles ached, tugged, bruised and swollen, then another Lady took hold of its leash. It was time for another walk and more entertainment for the observing Ladies. It certainly would be, it was Bella's turn.

Bella ran the gym in the City centre. Situated in the 'Springtime Centre' shopping mall, 'Ladies in Weighting' was a popular destination for Ladies who wished to get into, or remain, toned and in shape. The Springtime also boasted exclusive boutiques and shoe shops, along with beauty salons, nail technicians and hairdressers all interspersed with café bars, restaurants and exclusive jewellers. Best of all though, no creatures were allowed, making it all in all a great place to meet and relax.

However, it was in the gymnasium that Bella operated, and with a usually fully filled membership it was a status symbol just to be one. Film stars, rock stars, sports stars, celebrities and models amongst the clientele. Bella had made it a very profitable operation, with its fully equipped chambers, superb coaching, and excellent dietary advice. Bella was living proof of its benefits.

Jess wasn't overly concerned regarding Her animal's use and suffering. Jess had nothing on tomorrow. She wouldn't need it till Tuesday. It could recover tomorrow while Jess was sleeping off the night's excesses. It would just have to tolerate it, because all Her friends had to have their turn, not to mention the 'cred' and popularity it would earn Her.

Bella began Her circle. Bella was 6ft tall and powerfully built and She had represented England at rugby, as a flanker. Bella called Jess over as She got near Her table. "That was a good effort, Jess, but this is how to do it." With that Bella flexed her arm into a curl and lifted, then with a further bend of Her elbow, the creature gasped and yelped as the strain told on its tender balls. Then it was clearly off the floor, its feet a good foot off. Bella held it there, as it groaned and kicked its legs uncontrollably in the air, like an epileptic frog.

Its full weight supported by just its balls and arms, its loud moans punctuated its heavy breathing. Jess joined Bella on Her parade, the click of their heels mimicking the sound of morse code, its message a resounding SOS for the animal crawling painfully at heel.

Laughter rang out accompanied by applause and cheers as the ominous footsteps continued over the oak floor, the creature fully concentrating on the Ladies gait. Then Bella helped Jess hold the animal in the same way before jointly walking it half the length of the function room. "That was great, thanks Bella" Jess had really enjoyed that as had the other Ladies observing judging by the response the lifting had generated. "Bella's such a sweetie."

Just two traditions remained, and then the Girls could dance and drink the night away, perhaps accompanied by the odd line or two of Colombian marching powder. The first of these traditions was to replace the creature's re-stricter. The metal device had a single open lock. A lock that could only lock just the once, the time it was fitted, and once it was unlocked it was not reusable, and therefore ideal for chastity devices as any tampering was easily spotted.

Jess ordered Her animal to squat on the stool, then holding its enormous cock in both hands, to emphasise Her animal's size, Jess unlocked the current pink junior device. The re-stricter spikes loosened their grip automatically, allowing Jess to slide off the 3" pipe. The creature felt the relief.

The device had been fitted on its birthday, and unlike all Jess had received, it had been a 14th birthday present it had not been wishing for. That had been six years ago, and it had rubbed since the day it was fitted. As the creature had grown and developed the cage had become a lot tighter and now there was barely enough room inside for its purple head.

Jess held the emancipated penis and after slipping off the tube, still holding it, Jess gave the creature a surprise. From the back of the room a uniformed veterinary nurse approached, the white coat striking amongst the assembly. She needed to collect a sample for the gene pool. The creature's bonus present, on Jess's 18th, a few flicks of nurse's wrist.

Erect in Her hand, it spurted in seconds, some into the jar She held in Her other hand and some onto the floor. The vet sealed the specimen jar. Thankfully, the watching Girls hadn't got any on their clothes, when it spurted, and then Jess locked it away for the rest of its miserable male life. Another deposit for the gene pool bank paid in.

In response to the nurse's finger click, it didn't need telling, it was almost a reflex action. It had never ejaculated before still, it immediately set to work, licking up its sticky mess and leaving the floor clean. Well a Lady may have stepped in it, and no Lady wanted that, did they? It would be gross, revolting and disgusting, so best get it licked up and quickly.

Even a blue restrictor was hard to fit on this creature. Perhaps a new gold one should be introduced. Jess's animal was hardening again, and Jess could feel it starting to throb. Jess, slapped its hardening manhood with no apparent effect. "Fetch me a bucket of ice, boy" Jess told the awaiting creature near Her and it scurried off before returning with Jess's request.

The bucket contained ice. Not cubes, but slush. Jess threw it over Her animal and the restrictor slid on much more easily after that. Lastly Suki unzipped the grey leatherette case before She removed the device and handed it to the excited Girl.

Jess entered the creature's details. First to be programmed: 'WG1017' its state identification number. Also entered was its year of birth, and much like thoroughbred race horses of old, they all shared the same date, 12th November, and finally Jess's full name. It had been chosen as the 12th to coincide with The Party's coming to power.

“Bring it up here please, Trudi.” Trudi had just walked it, and after being led onto the stage Jess took its lead and it tightened a little as Jess took control. Not noticeably to the naked eye maybe, but certainly to the naked, damaged testicles. Bottom lifted, it waited.

“Go on Jess brand it, but be careful you don’t burn yourself” Like a baying mob all Her friends prompted Jess to apply the branding iron “Go on, brand the bastard!” Jess picked up the branding iron. Always the right buttock, always the right just as the State demanded. Jess applied the metal plate to the creature’s skin and a press of the button and the plate glowed red. Skin sizzled as Jess held it there for the recommended five seconds as it screamed and straightened in recoil, unfortunately still tightly tethered.

The bathroom plug style chain snapped taught, the tiny spheres causing marks and extra bruising, and this pain caused in the testicles by the male’s reflex did not negate the stinging pain of the burn. It just added to it. Released, the creature remained on the floor in the foetal position, lying where it had fallen. It moaned, shook and cried, its hands a comfort between its knees.

The freshly marked boy was eventually helped away by other creatures as the Girls danced and partied with the flashing lights sparkling on the retro ‘mirror ball’ (once a common sight in 1970’s discotheques). Jess had done a really good job judging by the welting. It was nicely pronounced and easily legible ‘JESS TAYLOR’. It now had a permanent reminder of who owned it, and its discomfort and suffering was really of no concern.

Five thirty am and the houseboy was chairing the morning slave meeting at which the house skivvies were informed of Jess’s guests. Jess was still asleep. It had been a late night, great fun but tiring. “I do not want to be disturbed” Jess had made it clear when She had got home late last night.

The skivvies went about their tasks as usual, just noticeably quieter and more carefully, as they all knew the consequences of waking the Girl or Her friends and none craved it. But the chores needed doing.

The domestic skivvies were nicknamed ‘stubbys’ because of the size of the worm, hidden almost, between its legs. These were the creatures with the smallest penises. Orange and blue, the other two colours with each colour a different size, orange being average and blue a trunk.

Ladies purchased stubbys as domestics, or skivvies, as it meant Ladies didn't have to see, or hear, a creature's parts bouncing around as it cleaned or served. This also saved on re-stricters, what was the point, indeed where was the point?

Average oranges were usually used as field boys, gardeners, or State labourers, maybe trotters. The largest, blues like the one Jess had been given, used as personal creatures or pets. The larger the cock reflecting the owner's status. The cost alone determined this with big but expensive quite apt.

The French Girls awoke first. Esme reached for Her phone, before pressing a button, and propping Herself up on the firm pillows. An old skivvy appeared quickly, and dismissively, Esme ordered breakfast and asked if Nikki minded Her having the first bath drawn. The aged, experienced creature was already turning the taps.

Wow! What a night. Both agreed it had been. Then a knock, it was Yazz. "Hi Girls, wasn't that such a laugh, must do it again soon" The Sisters agreed that they really 'must do it again soon'.

Nikki had bathed and was towelled and turbaned. Great timing as breakfast arrived simultaneously. A few croissants complimented the usual breakfast, very continental. Jess was so kind, caring and thoughtful. Jess, really? "Hurry up, boy" Nikki demanded "I wish to dress." The old boy cleared the dishes, as quickly as it could "Come on, boy. Come on. Don't want you watching, you perverted old prick."

The old skivvy was quickly dismissed. "Have you checked its age? It looks like you'll need a new one soon" the French accented advice.

It was time to dress and the Ladies wished to retain their dignity and modesty, and they certainly wouldn't dress or undress in front of a male creature. Only Mary of Jess's friends had, when Mary had stripped off in front of a creature (only topless mind). Mary laughed and laughed at the reaction. The creature became very erect and very uncomfortable in its device. Cock swollen, it hurt in the enclosed metal cage as the prevention spikes dug in. But still it swelled, and throbbed, and the spikes dug in sharply and relentlessly causing considerable pain behind the head (where the device was cruelly attached). The creature danced with discomfort.

Mary only did it to tease. Twas the night before it was due to be sold to the State. It had looked one of Her Mother's friends in the eye, while being reprimanded for its response time. Mother had said the poor Lady had been shocked at its behaviour. It needed to go. After all this Lady was a regular visitor at Mary's, and they didn't want a recurrence. There

would be no chance for it to say a thing, nor tell anyone, and what a memory for it when it was labouring hard for the rest of its existence. It was being collected in the morning.

Well that was Mary for you, but it wasn't going to be any of these three Ladies. Heaven forbid no. All three Girls were fully aware of how important decency, and modesty, was held amongst today's Ladies. Mary really was crazy. Hilarious though, Jess had thought.

Esme let out another sigh of pleasure, the creature was well trained. The couch was situated in the lounge area adjoining Esme's bedroom. Esme lay on the massage table as Her shoulders were manipulated. Nikki and Yazz sat on the floral patterned sofa, morning coffee cups littered the small table. "Clear these away" Nikki demanded "Pay attention you fucking idiot." The three all debated and then finally decided that they would go and wake Jess. But first all three required a little pampering.

They knocked. Although Jess had said She didn't want to be disturbed, She wouldn't mind them. She didn't, welcoming them in and patting Her bed as way of invitation. The three sat.

Jess had received a text "You know that disobedient bastard I was telling you all about." The three overseas visitors nodded "Well, Mummy has arranged it. Indeed, has arranged it for Monday" Jess and the other Girls smiled. The Girls knew what the day after next held, a suspension and thrashing. A uniquely British idea none of them had seen before. It was going to be so exciting and such a spectacle.

The four spent the rest of the day relaxing, trying to recover from the night's excesses. A swim in the morning really accelerated the process, so much so that the Girl's hit a few balls after lunch on the adjacent court. A film and a foot rub by an eager foot-boy in the evening again helped the rehabilitation process. Especially as it was accompanied by a couple of 'G&T's'. Life was so tiring for Girls, and a good night's sleep was urgently required. Then back to the fun.

'Give them an inch...it'll make you smile' was the humorous slogan beneath the company name. Miss Otley really was very funny. Georgia pulled up in front of Otley's and the other cart trundled to a halt in its place behind. After having had the full process explained to them in detail, Yazz sprung up from Her seat. "Oh my God, what a great slogan, that really is funny." Yazz had got it, quite surprising for an American, and Jess was pleased to see Her friends were really beginning to enjoy themselves and anticipating the visit.

The companies' slogan referred to the inch of leeway the creatures were afforded during a suspension and the smile spoke for itself. It was the feeling all Ladies felt after disciplining their animal in this way. As I've said, it was very, very funny.

Georgia, Suki, and the Girls entered through a male held door. Heading toward reception they passed a window overlooking the stone paved courtyard. They had their first glimpse into this facility and they loved what they saw. It was very intimidating, well certainly for a disobedient male.

Previously Otley's had been stables, irrelevant now due to the banishment of horse racing and with a State grant it had been converted. Bought by the Otley family for peanuts, the stables were now cells. No upgrade, mind you, it was no surprise there were rats. It was that kind of establishment with the conditions so poor, and basic, even the fleas were packing their bags, ready to move out.

They walked into the only upgraded area in the whole complex. It was luxuriously plush. Well it had been a generous grant and there wasn't much other expenditure. The large smoked glass windows let in plenty of light, but it didn't quite fit in with the architecture or purpose of the establishment. The white walls and grey furniture added to the strange, foreign airiness of the large open plan room.

The Lady on reception looked up and instantly recognised Suki. Suki held a senior post at the Ministry of Male Control, and was a senior adviser to the Minister. Hence, Suki was indeed a celebrity in environments of this nature. Immediately, Suki became the centre of the receptionist's attention "Good day, Lady Taylor, how may I help?"

Suki, had received The State award of Ladyship for Her services to male control and discipline. Suki had been as thrilled as much as She was puzzled. An award for doing an extremely well paid, and respected, job She loved. It was extraordinary. Nevertheless, She wasn't about to turn it down, it reinforced Her standing and status.

Having regained Her composure, the receptionist entered the details of the case before forwarding it to the judge, Lady Hawkes-Blackburn. She was the State judge and was the highest judiciary in the land. Ok, there was the Lady Chancellor, in the Upper House, but Lady Hawkes-Blackburn's word was generally final.

The disgraced creature was fetched from its cage. Caged on the cart, the creature had been the target of abuse and ridicule from passing Ladies. So what? It was a guilty animal after all and a little extra mockery to dehumanise it wouldn't hurt. It certainly needed it. The creature crawled at the end of the guards' lead into the imposing courtroom. The judge sat behind what appeared to be an ornately carved walnut barrier, and ominously Her notes

were scattered across Her desk. The creature was led to its designated place and having been fetched, all waited for the inevitable judgement.

As usual the creature was hooked to the wall naked and frightened of what was to come. The decision was of no surprise "Guilty. Sentence as suggested by its Lady owner." It always was, this was purely protocol. Quite simply the Lady outlined the case against Her animal, and then Lady Hawkes-Blackburn made Her judgement. The creature had no say, and Lady Hawkes-Blackburn wasn't even paying attention, so mundane was this case, and continued texting.

The accused creature had no say, male opinion, what was the point? The Judge had heard all the details of the case from its owner. It would be a total waste of time. You can't possibly think the creature would have anything relevant to add, or that its owner may be fabricating or exaggerating. Excellent, Jess thought, it can be sentenced to the maximum, and Jess knew Mum wouldn't hesitate to administer the harshest of correction for this offence. Mother wouldn't have to worry about the welting, an often tell-tale sign of a disobedient creature. It didn't matter in this case, because it was going to The State, otherwise there would have been far more hesitation in allocating the beating. It would have depreciated the animal's value no end.

Punishments rose on a scale of severity based on the offence. Usually a suspension would rehabilitate, sometimes though a second longer suspension was administered as a reminder. Then came lengthy hoists, thrashings and then as a last resort, surgical removals. Usually the balls, or cock, the hands also held an appeal for certain disciplining. They were amputated for theft, first the right, and then the left for second time offenders, no matter how trivial the stealing.

Her first visit and Jess would watch a 'third grade' sentence with three mates also in attendance, a beating and then a tethering. Jess was so happy and excited, and She knew She would pick up a lot of cred and increase Her popularity no end. Male suffering, She couldn't give a fuck.

A lot of chatting and head nodding followed between the court clerk, Suki and Georgia 'Two nights, 50strokes, no food' were entered into the records. The clerk entered the details into the computer "All done, Lady Taylor, is there anything else?" The decision of little food was a cost saver, as much as anything. Punishment stays were charged and animal food was an unnecessary extra. For fuck sake it was only two nights.

The Girls waited with excited anticipation, chatting and trying to predict what was about to happen. They all seemed to have their own unique views but hoped that, whatever was decided, it would be harsh enough and of amusement. They couldn't wait. Yazz looked

at the creature, squatting in the corner, smiling at its fear filled trembling. She was going to enjoy this.

The creature was unhooked, a two-handed job to prevent them escaping, as they are unable to reach behind themselves with both hands to release the locking mechanism without losing their balance in a very painful manner. Unhooked, the creature began its leashed crawl towards its prescribed punishment. The Girls, and Aunt Suki, followed Georgia and the male.

The Ladies all wished to walk a little quicker and to get on with it. The creature un-surprisingly did not. So stubborn was it that the straining on its testicles almost caused one to tear. It screamed, but that was just the start of its night. Yazz kicked the creature, hard. She really was getting into the swing of things and it soon hurried along, at heel.

The entourage were met by the yard overseer. The tall Girl knew Suki well, not only through their professional positions either, but socially. They had been at University together studying 'male discipline and its administration' and had remained friends ever since. Having both passed with honours, they were putting their education to good practical use.

Often attending the same meetings, and seminars, their friendship had grown, and now they also moved in the same social circle, regularly meeting at The Springtime for coffee. Their conversational topics randomly ranged from daytime television to discussions on new measures, ideas and strategy required for implementation "You're early, Suki" The overseer remarked "We don't usually get busy for another two or three hours".

"I know, I need to get back. I've a hectic couple of months ahead. The fucking election's a lot more intense this time." Important matters of State needed addressing. "I'm catching the 9 o'clock sprinter." Suki explained and the overseer shrugged Her shoulders disappointedly. "What a pity, we could've caught up over a glass of red."

Back to business, so let's get on with the procedure. The sooner it was up the better. The Ladies were in a bit of a rush, they had a table at 8, and with the creature struggling a lot less on its leash the accompanying Female entourage moved relentlessly onward.

None of the cells they passed were occupied. They just contained a bucket, trough and water bowl haphazardly laid out on the stone paved floor and a wooden bed, with no sign of a mattress or pillow. Minimalists would best describe it. Jess couldn't resist having a peep through the bars of one. Jess liked what She saw, the animal was going to have an unpleasant stay. Well, it deserved it for its arrogance and attitude. Freezing cold in the winter and unbearably stifling in summer these cells had become a major controller of male behaviour, coupled with what else a stay here often brought.

The overseer, Jade, jangled Her keys before unlocking and opening the door marked 'Punishment Yard'. "Come in Ladies." Jess had now taken the leash, and why not? Georgia had no problem with it, even encouraged it. It had to know that Jess was a major player in its present predicament. After all it had shown the temerity to consider raising a hand to a Lady, raising it to Jess Herself. All the Ladies stood back as Jess led the creature in. Even crawling, it could clearly be seen to be trembling and shaking.

Jess handed over control to Jade and it made one last attempt to delay its fate, pulling pointlessly against Jade's relentless hold. No chance, Jade had done this before countless times. Jade knew how to control a struggling male. She pulled hard on the leash "Stop pulling, you stupid bastard. Fucking behave yourself" accompanied by another hard tug. Jade had control. "Right, get over here, boy."

The creature was led over to where a wooden bench stood. It was to be chained and caned. The restrainer was still secured around its testicles but with the leash unattached a moment of relief from its usual pull. It was then made to lie on its back and pull its legs back over its head and then to support itself by its elbows. A length of chain was attached to both ankles, this helped ensure it retained its balance and pose. No, it wasn't a traditional full suspension, yet, but it made Jess smile nonetheless. Then there was just one more thing to do, a judicial caning before its tethering.

"A dozen each Girls and make them hard, don't hold back" Jade instructed the eager, young Ladies as She handed Jess the thin, whippy smoked dragon. This was a nice surprise. Jess had thought She and Her friends would just be watching, this was a really nice surprise.

The Girls, and Georgia, administered their thrashing, hard and enthusiastically. Forty-eight stinging strokes raising numerous red welts. The creature screamed and wriggled, its breath heavy. Suki hadn't issued Hers yet though "Watch this. I'm proud to say it was my idea to introduce this, it's even known as 'the Suki'." Suki picked up the cane, making a swish as She whipped it through the air, practicing and assessing the rattan in Her grip. "The best way to beat a male, it hurts intensely, I'm told." Not surprisingly, Suki never had, and never intended, finding out, and with that Suki rapidly delivered twelve stinging strokes across the back of its thighs.

It jerked and screamed, as a smiling Suki gave a 'told you so look' as She replaced the stick in its holder. Whoops, it had had an extra ten I think, there we go. Never mind, even a Lady could sometimes get something wrong. Buttocks and back of the thighs red raw, whelmed and bleeding the Ladies left it, and the creature was led off to be suspended. "Pick it up the day after tomorrow."

With its arse and thighs stinging, bleeding, and numb it raised its bottom and advanced to the next experience. It crawled at the required speed, this time tethered. It balanced, trying not to move, in order to avoid adding strain to its aching balls. It would be a long and uncomfortable night. Much sleep? Probably not.

The creature could hear the Ladies saying they were going to the auctions next week, as they'd left through the heavy door. "Enjoy your meal, Girls. Let me know what you decide." Jade waved and it slammed shut behind them. A team of trotters and a new creature to replace that disobedient bastard top of Jess's shopping list.

Hunger pains re-awoken, by it's subversively overheard conversation, intensely worried it shuffled again in search of unattainable comfort. "Hurry up, Girls, or we'll lose our table." What a nice end to what had been quite a day.

Suki had to leave on the sprinter, heading back to Pankhurst. She'd have to take a rain check. The Girls enjoyed the fine Cajun cuisine without a thought for the creature they'd left uncomfortably tethered and hungry.

Pankhurst was a new city built after the war, and had become a purpose built Federal capital under the new regime. It was a soulless administrative hub and St. Catherine's firmly remained the Country's cultural, sport, entertainment and spiritual centre. It was basically a collection of government offices spreading over a concrete wasteland. A park, or two more, would have been nice and was to be rectified by The Party.

Suki arrived back at the ministry, and had barely sat down at Her desk when the Minister entered. Emma Pearson informed Suki that She urgently needed to sit down and talk with Her team and come up with a solution. The meeting took up the whole morning and then lunch. Suki reached in Her bag searching for Her phone. "Hi, Georgie, I've just been in a meeting and we may have a major problem ahead," Suki explained. "Also, they're thinking of bringing the announcement of the new energy policy forward and that may confuse issues, hopefully causing a boost in the polls."

This possible recession was worrying. Their tender had been accepted, but could be withdrawn and re-allocated to save the State costs. But the Taylors had not got where they had without a gamble or two. Always positive, Suki saw it as an opportunity. "Is that farm still for sale, Georgie?" Suki hoped it was. "Offer them the full asking price. Just trust me, we'll still be using them for manual labour and service" Suki reassured Georgia "Benefit cuts, end

of grants, and shortage will make it viable, and I have other irons in the fire. Oh yes, apparently there may be signs of a recession.”

The Bank of England, the CBI and the IMF were all calling, worrying the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The lack of revenue caused by unemployment, high interest rates, and the increasingly rapidly rising rate of inflation, the concerns. “Apparently, the latest polls have the new Freedom Party just a few points behind and growing. Cheers Georgia, must go, and make sure you put in that bid tomorrow.”

You may already think this story is a load of bollocks, but testicles were regarded as very important in this Feminine regime and it was even rumoured that some Ladies, in the past, had used laminated nuts removed during judicial castrations as earrings, would you believe. The Lady would have them stained with the colour of Her choice, usually one to match one of Her outfits.

Traditionally, males had been gelded but this had now changed. Gelding had its benefits. It had eliminated all thoughts of rape or masturbation. New measures were introduced and now instead, in cases that required it, the penis was lopped. As well as retaining the balls for control on a leash.

I think most Ladies also realised that the creature would still feel the urges and stimulation caused by Females, but would never be able to relieve them. Nothing to tug on, bless them. This just made it even cruller. It would, after all, take more than two or three generations of abstinence to eradicate these creatures’ perverted desires and urges, maybe a lot longer.

Every Lady knew their history of inability to ignore, and being led, by their penises. Like a compass it pointed toward perversion. Perhaps the removal of this offending article will point them in the right direction. Their total lack of restraint had meant males had even killed for sex in the past. The sick bastards had even raped and killed little Girls.

Very versatile because of their hanging sack, the testicles were ideal for punishment and control. A bonus was that the pain caused by being in restraint like this was unknown. Ladies never had and never would experience it. Unlike a stubbed toe it was very much a male thing, so tug away Girls.

Anyway back to the tethered creature. It was officially from nine till nine, however, as Suki had had to catch the sprinter, it was tied at 7-30. Another lesson learnt I think. Now it was down on its cell floor.

Late August, you've guessed it, stifling. It had hoped to sleep. It had none since being dropped off last night. That would still be very difficult no matter how tired, what with the hustle and bustle of the day escalating outside in addition to the ever increasing heat. Lying on its raised planks it could just make out a Lady's shoe or boot as She strolled past, blissfully unaware of the creature having the temerity to even glance. This was accompanied by the hands, and feet, of their scampering at heel animals, through the high barred window as She went about Her day.

There we go, it always had tonight to look forward to. It might be a bit cooler then but there was a price to pay. It would be securely tethered by its balls, and then the following morning it would know its fate. Exactly what its owner intended for it. This really wasn't turning into a very good stay, a bit like 'Butlins' without the beach, funfair or bingo.

The cells were busier today. Along with Jess's animal were many others, most with a two-hour suspension. The Taylor's creature envied them, though it had no way of making its feelings known. Males of different owners were not permitted to communicate with each other. Not at all, not in the street, workplace, house, park or field, wherever, and certainly not in here. Talk can lead to revolt and a chance to conspire, a chance to organise, rebel and ultimately revolt.

Sentences were very stiff. Quite ironic really, considering creatures weren't allowed to utter or get one. Most Ladies had their creatures gagged in public now to make sure they abstain. After all, all a creature needed to say was 'Yes Miss' not voice an opinion.

Evening arrived eventually, but all too soon, cooling things down a little. The sky was a blazing shade of orange. Not a creature's delight, it just meant another day of clammy discomfort tomorrow. Red sky at night, it didn't need that. 'Slop up!' The cell door opened for the first time in ten hours. The cool draft was invigorating as the guard had the accompanying creature open the cell's heavy door.

First, the effluent bucket needed emptying. Hoping the removal of this sewage would eliminate the smell and detract the flies. Where the flies originated was unknown to the creatures, it certainly wasn't from any food waste. Believe me, there was no food waste in Pascoe's. It could have been the way it was being stored before distribution possibly. Put it this way, it wasn't refrigerated.

Up on its hinds, the creature walked with the effluent of the eight occupiers of the cell. The smell was overpowering causing the carrier to wretch. Carefully to avoid slopping, the creature walked, on one of the rare occasions an animal was permitted to stand in Pascoe's. Guards did not want it all over the corridor, the smell would be intolerable. It's alright for the fucker who spilt it, it was its own shit. It disposed of it in the allotted drain. It didn't detract the flies, just meant they needed to find new opportunities.

Food, or slops, had been served by the time it returned, giving the flies something new to their revolting liking. The cell door slammed shut and then suddenly re-opened accompanied by a commotion. The Guard shouted at the creature, who had dished up the slops "Scrape that slush up. No food for this thing." The heavy iron door slammed shut. It was staying in tonight, dinner for none.

Today's 'nouveau cuisine' sized culinary delights had lain in a small pool in a section of the trough. One ladle had been dished up, a single ladle of a watery, mixed up, off smelling mush, and now it had been cruelly removed. Had it been deliberate or an error? It licked hungrily at the remnants of the rancid sauce in a desperate, and pathetic, attempt to compensate. All it inevitably did was increase the hunger pains.

It had been the last few days leftovers from the various Female eating establishments. It was fed to all State slaves, be they in public service or a house of correction. It was collected, much like food re-cycling today, from public and private sources, and it was a lot more economically viable than the kibble fed to most privately owned animals.

Food waste was also collected from hospitals, government departments, schools and colleges, as well as 'out of date' produce from local supermarkets. Many hotels, the larger eateries and take away establishments also contributed, helping to keep costs and therefore taxes down. This batch was from the local school and with school Girls anything could be in it.

Eight o'clock arrived all too soon, and having been led from its cell, the creature was being readied for another tethering. It was then left to wait until Georgia, and the Girls, arrived. In the end, only Georgia arrived, forty-five minutes later and in a rush. The Girl's had decided not to go. They wanted a lie in, and had already seen all there was to see regarding this creature.

Georgia just checked the creature was tethered to Her satisfaction. It was, and then as a parting gift informed it that it was going to the State and all that entailed. Again, it wouldn't get much sleep.

Georgia had slept, indeed had slept very well thank you, and now She was back with Jess, Yazz, and Her two French friends, in tow. After a quick chat with the receptionist it was off to the yard. Jade met them at the locked gate and once again welcomed Her guests into the area of male discipline.

The creature was again tethered, on the same frame that Georgia had left it on the previous evening, standing with a small chain securing its balls to the post. Its arms were encased in cuffs behind its back. "No, it was released most of yesterday, locked in its cell." Jess informed Her overseas friends. I think one or two of them had thought it had been there all day and night.

The restrainer was unclipped from its chain. The relief was immense, arms free it had an opportunity to stretch its legs and liberated arms. Obeying an 'at heel boy' order had never been more sublime, even if it was to be walked. 'Is it ready to take, Jade?' Soon the soothing ceased as the leash was pulled taught, even so, it was still a relief from the previous evening's endurance. "Come on boy".

Saying their 'goodbyes' to Jade, all left with the creature crawling along on Yazz's leash. Yazz had asked to lead, and Jess had thoroughly approved. Struggling, it kept up as best it could. Yazz made no allowances for the aching in its testicles, a result of last night's restrictions. Leash length and pace set entirely by the American Girl. "It's quite convenient. We are at the auctions tomorrow and Jess wants a couple of bits and pieces. Cheers Jade". They exchanged further pleasantries with the tall Overseer before leaving. Jess and the other three Girls talked amongst themselves as they recalled what they had just witnessed.

Next morning Jess rose at nine. It appears Jess felt this was an occasion worth rising early for. Well it was. Today She got Her team of trotters, and something to replace the creature they had left at Luther's on the way home yesterday evening.

Although it was almost certainly going to end up owned by the State, it was good etiquette to announce and display any creature you are ridding yourself of. It allowed Ladies a viewing and a chance to inspect the goods with a view to a purchase. Therefore it was on display as the Girls arrived. Second row of cages, all nicely at eye level for any passing Lady to view or maybe come in and handle.

It had been shaved all over, head and body, and then had been scrubbed, hosed down and caged on display. "You never know, somebody may be after a cheap creature, perhaps students, unemployed or the generally less well off." Georgia thought so anyway. Georgia would have a duty to inform any potential buyer that the creature had an attitude

and temper problem. But it was cheap and only 31 years old. Even so, the State was still the favourite for its destiny, and hard labour for the rest of the creature's life.

Although Georgia, and Suki, had agreed that castration would be the most effective way to cure its aggressive behavioural problems, Georgia decided to 'hold five' on the creature's altering. If a Lady did wish to buy, the Lady may well want it complete, so Georgia had delayed it much to Jess's annoyance.

Jess was very disappointed and had wanted Her friends to see one. A castration would generate a lot of cred, so Jess desperately wanted to see a couple of plums snipped off. In any case, whatever the decision, there was certainly going to be plenty of entertainment. Buying, and selling, should be fun, and a great experience for Her friends, not to mention the cred it would still earn.

They walked into Luther auctioneers, taking time to view the males on display in the row of cages. Nothing really took the eye, but these were just cheap creatures and not the quality animals Jess was in the market for. Trotters and quality young orange and blues were in the viewing room at the rear of Luther's. This is where Jess and Her friends needed to be.

Entering the rear room, Georgia decided to let the four Girls have a look around for themselves. Georgia told them there was no rush and to enjoy themselves, and that She was going to have a chat with a couple of acquaintances.

The four stuck together as they commenced their viewing. In a Girls 'Utopia' within a Girl's 'Utopia' they began. Naked males of all ages squatted, waiting to be inspected, examined, and handled, and all at a Girl's whim. Right, where shall we start?

Jess knew just what She was looking for, and Her three visitors were more than happy to watch Her come to that decision, with a little 'hands on' advice of their own. "Hands up on your head, boy" Jess ordered.

She then had the boy squat down onto Her hand so that She could now handle and weigh their genitals, rolling the balls between thumb and digit finger, like marbles in a bag. Satisfied with Her inspection, Jess then dismissed them all with an "away boy." Not what the young Lady required.

Georgia's mobile jingled into life and She begged Her pardon, off Her friends, before answering. It was Suki. "I hope you've put in that bid?" Suki enquired. Georgia phoned for a viewing at ten next morning, arranged, Georgia sighed, relieved it was still on the market. Suki would have been very miffed.

Back to Luther's and first they could get rid of that damn animal. The creature was next on the block.

Having surprisingly sold its new Lady owner was a frail old Scottish Lady who, although it's rude to say, must have been in Her 70's. The elderly Lady went on to explain about how She had to put Her last animal down. It was over 40 and it had been one of the Lady's trotters for 20 odd years. Unfortunately it had a damaged leg, the legacy of a greenstick fracture suffered in a slip a year or two ago whilst pulling Her carriage.

It had been very icy that crisp spring morning. If only She hadn't been in such a rush. She couldn't even remember what She was late for now, it was neither here nor there. It had been a harrowing experience and an ambulance was called. The Lady had bumped Her head, but it was an unnecessary action, the old Lady had only minor injuries and didn't want to make a fuss or waste a doctor's time.

The ambulance had been and gone long before the vets arrived. The paramedics had refused to treat an animal, and it regularly let out an agonising scream at the slightest movement. The vet arrived and it only took seconds to give Her opinion "It would be best." The old Lady just didn't want, or need, all the hassle and veterinary fees. Instead She sensibly chose to have it destroyed by lethal injection.

Financially sensible, as She was unlikely to get a full day's work out of it in the future. It had been a much cared for creature, still complete, well stabled, watered and fed, but now severely lame. It was best, and the kindest thing to do, and hopefully the insurance would cover the Lady's loss, and no, sorry Jess, She neither needed, nor wanted, Her new animal castrated.

In the market for a yellow cock as a trotter was unusual but the Lady went on to explain Her logic. "Even had to close the carriage window it was so irritating." She referred to the noise of a slapping, bouncing, caged blue at knees up "No, I always buy yellow to eliminate it." Georgia and Jess made their excuses before leaving and heading towards the pre-auction viewing. There wouldn't be much to see but that was exactly what the Ladies were closely, as it needed to be, looking for.

They assessed all five, and the third interested them most. A stocky, dark-haired animal, it had the stubbiest little cock Jess had ever seen. It was almost inverted, no longer than half a Ladies thumb nail.

The group of Ladies took a table near the stage. They needed a good vantage point. In any case, they were buying. A creature returned and placed five glass flutes on the

Ladies' right before popping the cork, and filling the tulip shaped glasses with the effervescent liquid. Drinking Champagne at the auctions was a long standing Taylor family tradition, a true sign of quality, class and standing.

The rear of the stage, housed twenty or so holding cages, lining the back wall, stacked two cages high. The rest of the stage had a displaying block and the auctioneer's gavel and desk. The auctioneer took Her seat.

Other traditions were followed at Luther's. One was the strictly followed order in which the different category of creature was displayed and sold. It hadn't changed since its inception at the company's opening 25 years ago. It was felt it would hold the purchaser's interest till the end.

The ordinary category oranges were first up. They sold quickly to the various farmers and construction companies' representatives, the few unsold given to The State. Then yellows for the house's domestic skivvies and finally, the prime and most desirable group, blues, obviously to be used as a Lady's personal animal or pet.

Some of the wealthiest Ladies also used blues as trotters, but the slapping could be irritating. It was thought it had originated from showing off, and education, in the early days. A time when male genitalia was only just becoming an everyday sight. It was done initially so that any Lady could appreciate the different aspects of a penis. It had just become the way it was done now. It had allowed Ladies to get an idea of the extreme differences in size a creature could be, to show just why blues were quickly becoming desired as personal animals, whereas the stubby yellow cocks ideal as Ladies maids.

All oranges inspected, bid for and sold, the auctioneer informed the gathering that there were only two creatures available in the blue category. A disappointed Georgia clicked Her fingers, and a creature hurried to refill the Ladies' glasses as they sat back to watch the bidding. It was brisk.

"Next we have the domestics. We have five yellow cocks for your perusal Ladies" and with that, the five were led onto the raised stage. Jess warmed to the spectacle as the first, recently hosed down creature was led to the front of the stage, amused not only at the creature's diminutive organ, but also the humiliation, and shame, it would be feeling having to display its tiny penis to the watching Ladies including Georgia, Yazz, Nikki, Esme, and of course a cred earning Jess.

The other four were similarly paraded. The Lady auctioneer began "Lot 222, a twenty-five year old general domestic, the first of five yellow cocks." The Lady displaying lifted its little maggot with Her tweezers, a joke She always used on the yellows. Amusing for

a new Lady at Luther's, for regulars just a useful presentation of the goods. Jess genuinely wondered whether the displayer's tweezers would prove to be suitable for the creature they had their eye on. They looked far too big and the displaying Lady placed Her thumbnail adjacent to its cock, confirming it was no bigger.

"I have a few on-line bids. Shall we start at fifty? Fifty five, sixty" the bidding continued, eventually it went for ninety-five and the first had sold. "Next we have a sad, disfigured lot, present at the tragic fire at the Hurst's." Three generations of the same family had been killed in an intense inferno and now their property was being sold off, with all monies received going to the new Hurst Foundation.

Set up to aid disadvantaged Girls, something Amanda Hurst was passionate about, and the creature was an item being used as a charity fundraiser. The creature had received little praise for its heroism but surely putting its life in peril in order to save its owner and Her family was very brave but the least expected of an obedient animal. In fact, had it put in a sufficient amount of effort, or had it stood back leaving the poor family to die? It all needed to be investigated. Had it tried hard enough? It certainly hadn't sacrificed itself in the rescue attempt.

But it wasn't enough either way, and now it was being got rid of. It hadn't done enough, and it had been all in vain, resulting in major injuries to the creature's upper torso and face. Jess had to turn away. It was hideous. Jess had refused point blank to look at the disfigured creature in the viewing room "We're not buying that. It would make me quite sick seeing it scurrying around the house." Georgia requested that Jess wasn't so harsh. It had made a very brave attempt to save its owner, apparently, and besides it would only be used as a scullery boy and therefore it would remain in the kitchen and out of sight.

Not that Georgia had any intent to purchase. It was revolting and badly disfigured and its disappointing selling price only reflected this. Next up was the animal the pair were interested in, a twenty-two years old general purpose houseboy, a stubby.

After being led onto the stage's edge it was made to stand, facing its potential purchaser's, hands on head and legs a metre apart, as instructed. "Extremely small, one would say, not very well hung doesn't start to describe it. Not hung at all may be more accurate."

Louise, the auctioneer's assistant, approached the displayed creature. "Resembling a slug, or maggot, between its legs, it's ideal as a houseboy". The auctioneer continued, and then with that Louise lifted the creature's tiny prick. Pinching and stretching its foreskin, Louise lifted the minute phallus. The tweezers were just suitable, and it was Louise's party piece, and always produced a chuckle and added humiliation. Georgia told Jess to relax,

explaining She would start bidding when the bids slowed down. Inevitably, the Taylor's bid was successful, and accepted.

“That’s great, tomorrow at ten.” Georgia hung up. She had called Suki, who gladly received the news. Suki had gone on to explain about the fall of tax revenue due to unemployment amongst Ladies. This may well affect the intended cutting of benefits and allowances regarding male ownership.

Alongside technological acceleration this would only escalate the problem. Belts needed tightening and more and more Ladies would be unable to afford to keep a male. The State would have to step in, adopting unwanted creatures. Georgia, buy that farm. The one cloud on the horizon was the emergence of a new more liberal Female party.

The new Freedom Party had different views on financial benefits, unemployment, energy costs, and production. They also differed on the health service and the recommendation of building new prisons. They also differed on diet, with the proposed lifting of dietary regulations, but above all it differed with its radical views regarding male slavery.

Georgia booked a viewing of the farm, Her head reeling with doubts and confusion. She put all those thoughts behind Her, with the reassurance that Suki always got things right, except for the odd mathematical slip up as you may remember. Ten extra strokes when She was showing off with ‘The Suki’ back at Pascoe’s.

Georgia filmed the farm as She looked around. Visions of the property were transmitted live to Suki in Her Pankhurst office. It looked ideal, with the main house more than suitable for a family of four or five. The stone outbuildings exactly as Suki had pictured it, a small orchard even featured. But the stream, complete with water wheel, and fall, was the gem “Buy it Georgie. Pay over the asking price if you have to.” Georgia did and didn’t need to.

The Farm was now the latest asset owned by Jess, and Her family. Their second farm. “Nice one, Georgie. We’ll sit down and talk about my ideas, and prepare a business plan, whilst I’m down on the weekend.” Georgia could hear Suki’s excitement in Her voice.

“By the way, Jess found nothing of the quality of animal that She wants, so we have to be back at Luther’s next week. We got a stubby though. ” Georgia added before ending the call.

On the Girl's second visit to Luther's, Jess was once again disappointed with the quality of creatures available. It didn't however prevent the Girls from having a good look around, in addition to carrying out quite a few, detailed, close and thorough inspections. Nearly all the creatures were handled and checked, and then dismissed by Jess. Over twenty erect cocks very painfully manipulated. Not to climax of course.

Judgmentally, Jess had the creatures star jump, run on the spot and touch toes. Then finally press ups and pull ups to end the assessment, and all at Jess's instruction and pace. Jess even assessed their suitability as trotters, making them run on the spot again, and measuring their knee lifts with a broom handle, often demanding higher. It was the first time Jess had ever been near a broom, I'm surprised Jess even knew which end to hold. But still not what Jess was looking for. She informed the manager that She was very disappointed with the quality of the creatures, the time She had wasted, not to mention the disrespect shown to Her by this. Didn't they know who She was?

The manager assured Jess that She would look out for any quality merchandise and reserve it for Her, apologising that Jess felt this to have been the case. "Sorry, Miss Taylor, we will make sure you are pleased with next week's stock."

Jess would have to make a third visit next week, and they damn well better hold any suitable animals for Her perusal. "I do not wish to waste any more time establishing whether, or not, you have any suitable stock."

It was the end of Her three guests' stay. Not only would She miss them, Jess was a little pissed off. Pissed off that She had missed being the centre of attention that a ride in Her new carriage would have brought. Never mind, it had still been a fab week. Why can you never find a pair of trotters when you fucking need them?

Jess travelled to the airport with Yazz, and the two French Girls, using Mummy's carriage as it had the required extra seats, and a couple of trotters to boot. Jess had ordered 'medium trot' again. A very respectable pace for the journey's length, a speed that Jess felt was appropriate.

Having waved off all three, at the terminal, Jess returned to Her carriage just as the French, Girl's E-Jet departed for Nice. The planes were electric powered with the batteries recharged, within 30 minutes at each airport visited. No, they couldn't reach anywhere near as far as Australia yet, but the technology was improving by the day, and a fully charged battery would make Athens, Moscow, or New York, making cheap flights and zero carbon footprint two of the many benefits. 'Fast trot' Jess ordered and slouched back in Her seat.

Jess was tired, and horny, and Jess needed the privacy of Her bed. "Come on, you lazy bastards, I said fast trot!"

Jess was already in bed when Her Mother returned. Jess had retired early, damp down below from the day's entertainment. Jess needed release. Jess wanted and intended to get it. Jess thought about all the cocks She had felt, and the subsequent reaction this had caused. It had been great fun. Yes, Jess saw nude males every day, but handling was a rare pleasure. It was not done to ask a Lady if one could touch their property.

Jess reached into Her top draw. Not surprisingly, really if you had known what it held, and the quality of the gifts Jess had been given. Girl to Girl gifts to relieve Her urges and now was an ideal time to try one out.

Many were still gift wrapped. Reaching into the drawer, Jess selected two. The one Trish had given her, along with an old favourite of hers, a friend even. Top of the range of course, this was a classic old model. Realistic, and made of silicon, this 8" vibrating clit stimulator was easily programmed. But first Trish's present.

Jess, ripped off the paper and tore the box open. Holding the contents, She flicked the 'on' switch. The pristine, slim, one-eyed trouser snake vibrated into life, before going about its work. Jess let it massage, and stimulate, Her clitoris, already receptive from thoughts of the auctions. Jess, slipped the silicon inside Her awaiting split beaver.

Adjusting the settings, Jess lay back and spread while the throbbing intensified. Jess moaned, and arched, damp turned to very wet and thrusting it violently, up inside Her pussy, Jess moaned and writhed with pleasure. Not having experienced the real thing, this was as good as it got.

It was better than the real thing in truth. It lasted longer than 2 minutes. Didn't wipe itself, in the curtains, and didn't roll over and leave Jess in the wet patch. Then of course there was always Her 8" friend at hand. Mind you, Jess wouldn't mind trying the real thing one day, and the dry cleaners could always sort out the curtains.

Suki arrived back from Her work in Pankhurst, tired from a stressful week of travelling with the Minister, on the election campaign, and was looking forward to a relaxing weekend. It had begun becoming a major contest. The MLF had started their poster campaign....'Our Plight,..Our Right...Freedom In Sight'. But first a chat with Georgia.

Suki went on to discuss unemployment and the revenue problems this was causing. It was concerning The Party, how this was driving the popularity of the new Freedom Party, and for the first time in its history, the FF was going to be challenged. Worryingly, there may be serious trouble ahead.

It was hoped the early announcement of The FF's new energy policy and the re-introduction of a State owned, financed, and run, health service. This would be free at point of delivery, for those earning under 150k. Alongside, there was a private health care plan and a charge at public health facilities for the wealthier.

Other tempters they hoped would win the votes, free public transport and a determination to retain a vegan diet. It was the pressure released by the elimination of obesity that allowed, and made feasible, the new NHS. Fingers crossed.

The electorate would be very high. After all, St. Emmeline, and the Suffragettes, deserved that at the very least. It was important that this struggle for Feminine rights was highlighted. The other party was hell bent on giving males rights so quickly, and easily, if they got in, it was vital that the majority remained FF voters, or it could signal the end of male enslavement.

Although not ideal, the introduction of a slave tax would have enormous benefits to the country, and plug some gaps in the balance of payments. It had not been an FF idea, but seemed very popular. Most of the financial losers, with the introduction of this, were undoubtedly FF supporters. But would this, potential loss of votes, be counterbalanced by the increase in popularity, and votes, from the undecided? Many of whom had hinted at continued support, and the realisation of the importance of retaining the balance, and stability, The Party had brought. The Party was still thrashing things out.

The issue that the Party was warming to was the proposed introduction of slave taxes. The question was why, should the working class pay taxes, to maintain the allowances received by the wealthy commercial slave owners? Why indeed, especially when the majority of the electorate could no longer afford a creature of their own, and some were in full time employment. The money could then be redirected, and used to fund transport and repair the environment. This was hoped to be enough to keep 'the lefties' happy.

Both Parties agreed that State benefits must end for slave owners. It was ridiculous, some were multi millionaires. The cost to the treasury meant it was unsustainable, and Ladies would just have to accept that slave ownership was not inevitable, or a Female birth right. Instead, males would be taxed in the future. A Lady would be expected to pay a lump sum on each creature they owned. This was measured by the number of animals they possessed. This sum would alter, on a fixed scale, increasing with the more enslaved.

A purchase tax was also under consideration, a sort of VAT, as the financial burden of creatures on the State had to cease, and become a contributor to the fiscal situation instead. But Ladies still needed the benefits that creatures brought. Even the less wealthy, wanted to retain some male services, especially if they were to be State sponsored, and supplied, no matter how meagre.

It had to stop. All agreed across Parties on one thing, the ending of financial immigration. It seemed like every Lady, in 'free countries' all over the world, wanted a piece of the action, and it seemed the UK was the place to be. But the Extremists wanted to take things further, they wanted expulsions. This was an immigration, and financial measure, not ethnic cleansing for fucks sake.

The FF and Freedom Party unsurprisingly did not see, eye to eye. After all, some of the affected Ladies were dear friends of UK nationals. Compulsory repatriation would be very distressing for any Lady affected, UK citizen or not. It did not set a good image and would infringe on a Ladies lifestyle. The UK was a big player in slave culture and didn't want to set this precedent, others may follow.

After all, the UK was the founder of the League, set up to unite countries with a male slavery culture. It had to set an example. It had aligned legally and had set other conditions amongst the members, and an economic and trade partnership had followed, along with the introduction of a common currency.

The League was now a serious, and expanding, threat to the historic existing pacts. The FF, and Freedom Party, had a less extreme policy. Yes, it involved nationality, and membership of the League, but compulsory repatriation was a non-starter. No more non-residents of a sovereign state of the League would be granted residency, still controversial, but none would be expelled either.

The opening of secure hotels was another universal policy. They concurred that on crime they needed to get tougher. Yes, it was inhumane to incarcerate a Lady, but the increase in crime was intolerable, and almost out of control. Most of it petty, it was now turning more serious and there had even been reports of Women mugging Women.

Something needed to be done and fast. The re-introduction of secure hotels, for more serious offences, co-ordinated with a recruitment drive, to escalate the numbers of the almost non-existent State police force, were seen as the solution. A vote in The House would almost certainly pass it. Again, it was unemployment that was fuelling this problem, the link undeniable.

Regarding cheaper, and affordable, housing of course they agreed. More were needed, fast and affordable, and that's about all that needed saying really, regarding this lingering post war problem. Quickly, cheaply and eco-friendly appeared to be the motto. The electorate hoped so. Then the younger Ladies, and the 'first time' buyers, after a mortgage, almost unobtainable in the current economic climate, would then be given the opportunity to step onto the property ladder.

On the other issues they differed, sometimes quite fundamentally. For starters, the Freedom Party wished to re-introduce an omnivorous diet. Well, not only for starters, for all courses. They felt it was against Female freedom not to have a choice. Ladies did not like being dictated to, and of course Ladies should be allowed to choose. It was their right. A matter of principle.

They were happy to retain it for males however. It would save on having to introduce a new kibble substitute. In addition, it would make sure Ladies didn't have to see hideous, fat creatures running around, free or slave. The FF, on the other hand, were determined to retain the diet. Animal welfare was up near the top of their agenda, and thankfully veganism had eliminated much of the savagery.

Compensation for slave surrendering they again differed, though the parties' did have a common theme. Where they differed was whether the compensation should be universal, or just for those under a certain income. That 150k figure was again being muted to be used as a barometer. All this hopefully irrelevant with the right referendum outcome.

Yes, compensation for all Ladies would be terrific, but it was a non-starter regarding the financial feasibility. Another un-financial, and ridiculous, proposal the Freedom Party had suggested, was the introduction of male wages. It was preposterous, the economy was struggling with Female pay. Where the fuck did they think the money would come from, was the obvious FF counter argument. Male pay was an absolute no-no. If they wanted the security, accommodation, health care and food afforded them by their Owners, then they would have to remain in enslavement.

What the FF proposed was the granting of males a voice in certain legislation affecting them. Possibly a referendum, on status, had been mooted. Not the vote of course but a say on new punishments, living conditions or sentencing for instance. Not that their view would matter much, and almost certainly be ignored, as well as carry very little weight if listened to at all. But it was a concession, again it kept the lefty floaters happy.

Quite simply, The Freedom Party and The Male Liberation Front wanted male freedom, The Extremists, less rights for males and The FF wanted to maintain the status quo. The Independents, or re-publicans as they'd been nicknamed, just muddied the waters, but also carried the weight to tip the balance. The battle lines were drawn, so let the electioneering begin.

Georgia and Suki left early, well before Jess had surfaced. At 'medium trot' they headed towards their new property. Whether due to the new slave tax or because of the withdrawal of benefit, it would mean a need for secure accommodation for State owned creatures. There would be a need for a controlled breeding programme and training, rental, and selling facilities for many animals.

The outlying stone barns only added to the farm's appeal. Suki had plans to add more. She realised all would need to be constructed with the same local, natural materials to pass planning permission, and they would need to have solar panels, insulation and double glazing fitted. It would be costly, but Suki believed it would be more than financially viable.

Suki loved it, and with Georgia, excitedly discussed the purchase, and the possibilities of their new acquisition. Suki believed the farm would offer an ideal location for the siting of these services.

As the viewing showed, a lot of investment and improvements would be required. Ok, perhaps it wasn't a 'no brainer', but it certainly appeared a good gamble. The possible need for a State backed slave providing service would be a golden goose. But remaining as things were, being in the slavery game, would be the best outcome. But advantages could be found whatever the result, meaning expansion, and extra capacity, for the current company.

Every Lady agreed on one thing, that it was vital whatever the result that feral male animals were prevented. After all, Ladies didn't want feral creatures running around the streets, with all the dangers that would create. How would they react to a Lady who still held the views and habits of old? Not as quickly and sharply as a boy needed to under the current regime, that's for sure. Not to mention a possibility of civil disobedience and unrest, possibly even a damn right refusal to do as it was told, free or owned. Rebellion, no less.

Jess had just arisen when the two Ladies arrived back. Jess, though the day meant no different to any other, had a lie in. It was a bank holiday, after all, and recovery was required. But now She was up, and all Her thoughts were on a stroll in the park. It was beautiful weather, for the picnic, and there always was on a bank holiday, plenty of Her mates for Jess to show Her new carriage off to, and to display Her new pet in addition.

It was the August bank holiday weekend and many of Jess's friends would be heading back to university in September, and this would be the last real time they had left to get together. Jess hadn't gone to university, why would She? She had no intention of following a career. Taylor Holdings would cover Her extravagant tastes.

After dressing, Jess uncaged, and attached Her pet's leash. "Come on boy, at heel." Jess gave it an encouragement tug to get it into place. "I need you under control. I don't want you fucking about and ruining things." Jess led the creature out into the warm, bright late August sunshine. It squinted, painfully, as Jess lowered her 'Ray-bans' onto Her pretty nose. Another of Jess's presents, they prevented any such discomfort for Her. "Come on, come on."

Jess had already ordered Her carriage readied, and the new sports gleamed as it stood in the forecourt of DuCroix House, Her new team suitably tacked and harnessed. At last Jess had found a pair to Her requirements and liking. The two red-headed oranges had taken Her fancy. In their mid twenties, and muscled, Jess had personalised the pair, and the sides of their heads were now adorned by an embossed 'J'. Under Her instruction, Jess had it formed by shaving the creatures' hair and sideburns. Jess loved it.

Her animal placed the cool box in the recently bought carriage's boot, the odd nibble interspersed amongst the half dozen clarets. Jess's pet was permitted to stand, hands on head, enabling it to keep up running, at the carriage's side, attached to Jess's leash, and it did so, all the way to Victoria Park and the castle grounds.

Very ornamental, this inner-city gem was a walled oasis and an escape from the busy, consumer populated, streets of the city centre. The lawns manicured and the beds a floral cornucopia of shape and colour. Complete with bandstand, and boating lake, it retained the atmosphere, and elegance, of the Victorian era.

Jess knew these gardens well, and where Her friends frequented. Jess headed towards them. Past the castle ruins and the many Ladies, both young and old, out walking, many with a leashed creature or two. Halfway along the magnolia lined arboretum, Jess had Her team slow to 'walk' and Jess enjoyed the turning of many heads with Her arrival. The centre of attention...well, what did you expect?

Having arrived, a boy ran to open the new carriage's door. Jess stepped out before directing the driver to where it was to wait, until Jess was ready to leave. Jess pulled the leash, and it was now at heel. After all, Jess wanted to look Her best, and that She obviously had full control of a male, of this size, would certainly help Her attain this. It had better fucking behave.

There's Louise. Louise was an old schoolmate and was present at Jess's party "Hi Jess, how's the new creature? Learning its place, I hope." The question was basically unrequired as Louise knew, full well, Jess wouldn't allow it any leeway. Louise blew a little goodbye kiss, as She realised Jess needed a little space, to allow the users of the park the best possible view of Jess and Her beast.

Louise moved away. She was aware that Her friend wanted to retain Her image, and not lose the attention She had gained. Jess now had Her pet in the 'lizard' position, crawling like a crocodile, its arms bent at the elbows. A sign of its training, strength, and fitness, which emphasised Jess's control, and showed Her animal off to a tee, adding even more prestige for the spoilt young Girl.

Louise quickly assigned a spare creature that She had brought with Her to "Run and fetch Miss Taylor's cool box." It struggled, carrying Jess's cool box in addition to Louise's own. Jess could now walk unhindered, with Her leashed, struggling, creature crawling difficulty in front of Her, its reptilian pose still attracting admiring looks.

It needed to readjust its pace, from time to time, as it needed to keep its lead at the required tension. Not a painful tension but certainly not slack, with the restrainer semi taut just as Jess demanded. Over pulling at times, it was stretching its testicles, and scrotum, to the limit causing the foreskin to reveal its containment. A fear of an additional sharp tug, on its nuts, usually concentrated, re-adjusted and had it back in place, re-affirming Her control and style.

It was so hot that Jess decided to hire two boys from the park's animal rental stall. The old Lady sat behind the counter, already benefiting from the services of one of Her own commodities. Jess tugged Her pet to a painful halt. Jess answered the stallholder's enquiries as to which creature She wanted with "Any two. It's only to carry a shade. Surely any male creature has the intelligence to do that." Indeed, and on a day like today, vital.

The two hired creatures would be required to carry the parasols Jackie had so thoughtfully brought. Jess relished the cooling shade it offered, showing no concern that no shade materialised for the attached carrier or Her crawling animal. They made their way to the banks of the boating lake. Head bowed, cool box in each hand, and the Sun blazing on its head, the other creature followed. "What a lovely day."

Two blue and white, gingham checked tablecloths covered the tables, standing in front of the half dozen, or so, fold away chairs. Abby and Debbie occupied two, a third by another Girl, all shaded by creature held parasols. Jess knew Abby and Debbie well, but was sure She had had the acquaintance of the other Girl before, as well.

After introductions She remembered, and Jess suddenly became very interested. She needed to gain this Girl's friendship and trust. It would be extremely beneficial as a solution to a major problem in Her plans. "Glass of wine Kirsten?" Jess made Her first move. "I'm Jess, I'm friends of Abby and Debs" Kirsten took the wine, opened and patiently held by a skivvy. That'll do for starters. Jess felt a couple more glasses should do it.

Only Abby, and Debbie, had brought yellows with them to the park, to wait on the Girls. The two oranges having carried, and set up, the table and chairs were both now secured on the public hooks, straining on their short chains. Jess had used Her own boy, and it had secured them under strict supervision.

Well at least Her animal had learnt something useful today. It now knew how to attach a creature properly, and securely, with the short chain it set, emphasising the pulling, and it hoped the tight entrapment would please the Girls who owned them. After all, it did not want to disappoint and end up being secured itself. Debbie, Abby, Louise and Kirsten barely noticed, let alone showed interest or concern.

The last three Girls expected, arrived in a shared carriage. Phillipa, Dawn, and Zana lived near each other in a neighbouring leafy borough, and collectively they had felt one carriage to be adequate. They joined the others, so the picnic could now start in earnest.

Picnic was maybe a little misleading, all that legitimised this picnic claim was that it was alfresco. No tartan, travel rug, no quaint wicker basket and only bone china crockery. There was certainly no corned beef sandwiches, or hard boiled eggs, not only for legal reasons but also for palatable decency.

The yellow cocks busied themselves serving the Girls' drinks, while the other secured creatures were still bent forward, with fingertips supporting and helping them balance, up on their tiptoes, attempting to ease the suffering caused by a too tight securing. Neither dared make eye contact with the other, let alone speak, and inevitably both knew what the consequences held.

Thank heavens for trained domestics. Can you imagine those two oafs serving at a Ladies picnic? "They can barely balance over there, could you imagine one with a tray?" They knew nothing of etiquette, and wouldn't even be able to spell or pronounce the word. It was a good job there was a domesticated creature to run around for the Girls "Another glass of Beaujolais, Miss?"

Jess's contribution was going down well, if a little too fast in some cases. Mummy's wine was always popular, and this latest batch of Beaujolais had been a competitor in the 'cross Channel' race, back on November 24th, the third Saturday of the month. It was a fine

vintage this year with a fine bouquet, the superb summer a vital ingredient of this year's quality harvest.

Having made sure all the Girls' glasses were suitably charged, the boy began to lay out the picnic on the checked muslin covered trestles. The plates, cutlery, and serviettes, framed the elegantly positioned platters.

Jess un-hooked the tethered creatures before leading them back. Jess handed the handles of the relevant leashes to Mandy and Abby. All the Girls agreed that the creatures didn't have the intelligence to serve them, but could be used as furniture, to balance a plate, and glass, on maybe, and therefore allowing the Girl an extra free hand. There should be enough room on its back "If we can't rest all the glasses, we can use mine as well."

The domestic had almost finished, just the black and green pimento olives to put in bowls, and the nuts and bread batons to intersperse amongst the displayed dishes. Then, one at a time, the Ladies made their way to the mouth watering selection. The domestic had now taken up a position ready to serve the Ladies their choices.

The selection of dishes ranged from lime corn fritters and spicy avocado toast to courgettes stuffed with lentil and walnut paste, and just about everything in between. It really was a picnic plus. "Is that a cocktail sausage? No, it's the creatures thingy." How they laughed.

Jess approached and had the domestic serve Her a little of each. Not too much and She regretted taking Her earlier brunch but had needed it to ease Her hangover. Fuck it, and Jess added an asparagus pancake and a beetroot and shallot sandwich. Not too much, Jess needed to leave room for pudding. She could always leave them if it was too much, a little treat for Her pet perhaps.

Jess strategically took Her seat. Kirsten was at the table selecting Her plate of tasty nibbles, and standing out distinctively in Her bright orange t-shirt. So Jess claimed the empty seat neighbouring Kate's. Jess had Her animal squat down on the side, furthest away from the approaching Kirsten.

Jess smiled, and welcomed Kirsten with a 'we should stop meeting like this' jibe and the offer of Her creature as a table. A click of the fingers, and a point, and the creature crawled to pull Kirsten's chair out for Her. Having eased it back in for Her, Jess's animal hurriedly scurried to occupy the space between the two Girls. It raised into the lunge position. Raised, it offered the optimum height for the Girls, and both rested their wine glasses as they ate. The male table didn't even dare think of the consequences of what a mishap or spillage would bring. It had better retain its pose, balance and concentration.

The offer, Jess had known would be a good ice breaker, and help foster their new friendship. "What's your family's line of business, Kirsten?" It was an unnecessary, enquiry as Jess knew full well what Kirsten's Mother owned. Jess recognised Her now, from when She had travelled with Mummy to meet Aunty Suki there a few months ago. Jess had glimpsed Kirsten from Mummy's carriage whilst picking Suki up, after She had officially inspected the premises.

Jess neither needed to, nor listened to, the answer. Jess was already planning Her strategy. The answer was 'Rest Assured' as Jess well knew. Jess faked surprise, and followed up with feigned ignorance as She enquired as to what that was. Kirsten explained to Jess what the firm manufactured. Jess intermittently listened but Her thoughts were elsewhere, deep in instigating a plot to weasel Herself in. "Isn't that the building down the Bay?" A leading question that Jess hoped would generate the right response "It is a beautiful building, middle 20th century isn't it? I love that architectural period."

Jess waited with bated breath hoping for a favourable response. She couldn't really give a toss about the architecture, but had to invent a reason of some kind or another to gain entry to the factory. It was, it was the perfect reply. An invite. "Oh, thank you Kirsten, I'd love to. When would be best?" Yes, Jess almost punched the air. Her plot was pecking away at the inside of its shell.

"Two weeks Wednesday?" Kirsten offered as a possible date for a look around. Jess casually checked Her diary, but it wouldn't have mattered a jot if She had an appointment with the President, or the lead singer of The Dripping Quims, (Jess's favourite rock band), Jess would be there. She just wasn't going to miss this golden opportunity. Jess asterisked the date in Her mobile's diary before telling Kirsten that She would let Her know nearer the date. Don't look too keen and play it cool, Jess thought as She felt Her little ploy move a step closer to fruition. "More wine, Miss?" Jess held out Her glass.

Jess re-joined the picnic, very happy with Herself. She was excited about Her plot to get to know Kirsten, and the social events they would need to attend to achieve this, and with Her selected pudding carried carefully by the overworked, and stressed, domestic, Jess returned to the throng.

"And the piece of string said, no, I'm sorry, I'm a frayed knot." The tottering on the tipsy Girls giggled. Zana was at it, always joking and clowning around. Zana was the heart and soul of the group. 'Nothing could be that serious' was possibly Her family motto and now She was holding court, with Her sat down comedy routine. A half pissed audience helped no end. "Isn't Kirsten lovely? Bless Her. She's only just moved near here and hasn't really got many friends, if any besides us." Jess's ears pricked up at Zana's declaration. Soon Kirsten re-joined the gathering, after having 'powdered Her nose'. Jess made a b-line.

“Just one more thing, I’m having a few of the Girls over for a barbecue, and an afternoon pool party, tomorrow. Do you fancy it?” Kirsten couldn’t refuse, as Jess well knew. A day by the pool was great, but it was the opportunity to make friends and contacts by networking that was the real bait on Jess’s hook “Tomorrow about two, I can send a carriage to pick you up.” Sorted, Jess was even more pleased with Herself “Don’t forget your swimsuit Kirsten.”

The picnic having finished, the domestic creature was clearing the pairs’ plates away. “Hang on boy, pick your glass up Kirsten” with that Jess picked up the sandwich crusts off both plates. Good advice as Jess wished to throw Her pet the waste bread.

Jess threw the leftovers in the general direction of Her creature and with a “go on boy” Jess’s creature crawled forward, and ravenously ate its unexpected treat. Fresh human food was a sought after rarity.

Jess spent the rest of the afternoon sipping a little too much claret. Jess excused Herself, She’d best get home. Jess didn’t want to blow everything. “Cheers Girls, hope to see you all tomorrow.” Jess headed toward the sports, Her creature in tow. Jess drifted off to sleep that night, with Her head reeling and overflowing with plans and ideas. Jess had re-caged Her new animal in the barn, till the next special occasion. Oh yes, tomorrow.

Suki and Georgia put their business plan into operation. First, they needed to summon their accountant, architect and solicitor. They needed to plan the layout of the farm and make sure their plans met all legal requirements, and most importantly, do the costings. All parties had agreed to rendezvous at the farm this afternoon, and akin to Jess’s, the Ladies’ plans appeared to be coming to fruition.

The Ladies dined at ‘Pulse Ate’, the best restaurant in the surrounding area. After ordering they began polishing up their business presentation, and running through their own questions. A shared dark chocolate and raspberry truffle cake later, the carriage recommenced on the final leg of its journey, at medium trot, just as ordered. Suki nervously scanning the plans, and Georgia’s shuffling in Her seat, made no attempt to disguise their feelings of apprehension. It was all unfounded as the meeting would soon reveal.

Jess meanwhile hadn’t arisen yet. She had told the boy who had brought Her breakfast to ensure the pool area was brushed and scrubbed, seats and tables wiped down and the jacuzzi prepared. Emptied, cleaned and refilled. Jess also had the barbecue set up along with orders sent to the kitchen to prepare the foods, dips and marinades, ready for a

two o'clock start. Finally, Jess had Her carriage readied, and boys tacked, before they would be discharged and sent to collect Kirsten, "At one".

Having ingested Her breakfast, arranged and allocated, Jess rolled over in bed. Just another half an hour, Jess was very tired after all the recent events. Just another half an hour, then Jess would jump into the shower and prepare Herself for the imminent arrival of Her guests, especially Kirsten.

Jess knew She had to play it cool, and not seem to be over keen. It was important Jess didn't suffocate Kirsten, and made a point of having a conversation with Abby, and Mandy, first. Kirsten was interacting with Louise. Things are going well, Jess thought.

Jess chatted with Abby, and Mandy, about the opening of the new refurbished Honeysuckles in town, Bella's planned sports day, and finally the Girl's discussed Michelle Muller's work, and the advancements in artificial womb technology. The German born American citizen had been nominated for the Nobel Prize in both physics and medicine.

Yes, Women had exclusively won the Nobel Prize for the past 50 odd years, but Dr Muller's research had pushed Her up alongside Marie Curie and a few others, whose work really deserved this kind of recognition, irrespective of the gender of the recipient. Yes, there had been giant strides in recent technology, and medical advancement, but this was an Olympic long jump record in comparison, and it was the most important medical advancement since finding the cures for Coronavirus, HIV and cancer. It made the gestation of male animals a metamorphic process.

I think that should be long enough, don't want things to go the other way and for Kirsten to think Jess was ignoring Her, or was annoyed or upset with Her in any way. "Hi Kirsten, glad you could come." Jess embraced Her target "See You've met Louise, don't believe a word She's told you about me." All smiled as Jess stepped things up "Do you wish to try one of the burgers? There are quite a few different ones to choose from. Probably best if you come and choose for yourself."

Both moved towards the red brick tiled patio, overlooking the ample pool, where the BBQ was situated. Jess un-rolled Her plans further "Your Mum is friends with my Aunty Suki. Aunty Suki told me when I mentioned meeting you."

The smell of charcoal was overwhelming and different burgers salivating. A pungent and fragrant aroma of grilled vegetables, herbs, and spices wafted amongst the chatting Girls, and now both Girls started to look forward to a bite to eat, to line their stomachs, before the afternoon's inevitable binge. Kirsten chose the third option, as did Jess.

Jess was always going to choose whichever Kirsten had. Jess wanted to create as many links between them as possible. Jess again moved things on as the skivvy prepared their chosen burgers “Apparently, Aunty Suki knows your Mum quite well” This will help the bonding, as many connections as possible, even if it was only a burger. “Aunty Suki works at the Ministry of Male Control and Mummy runs our family business. We’re in the slave trade.”

Suki had worked with, and bought products off, Kirsten’s Mother’s company for the Minister to allocate to various State slavery projects. “Melia, isn’t it?” Kirsten affirmed that was Her Mother’s name “If you are supplying the State, just how many of these wonderful things do you make?”

“Hundreds and hundreds, we have a worldwide patent.” New countries were becoming Matriarchies regularly and the demand was growing, and supply had to meet this. “Shit, we sell thousands.” Kirsten answered with pride at what Her Mother had achieved, and planned to continue and expand. “Does your Aunty Suki want to come over with you, and see our expansion, next week?”

“Aunty is going to be busy for the next few weeks, with next year’s election.” Jess really was playing it cool, calm and collected and it was time for a sauna, massage, hot tub and swim before Kirsten, and the rest, got too pissed.

“Wow! Your own hot tub, and sauna we haven’t got one at home. I will have to get Mum to buy one.” Jess seized the moment of Her excitement, telling Kirsten that She was always welcome to join Her and Her friends at their little gatherings. Jess’s mobile pinged. It was a text saying ‘Green light regarding the farm’ Jess wasn’t interested, Her mind was on Her own business. “I hear you’ve just moved here, I’ll have to show you around.” Jess was troweling yet another layer of cement on their friendship.

It had been a very productive day. The feasibility of the project had re-ignited Suki and Georgia’s enthusiasm. It was all systems go “So Suki, how many are we planning to house?” Suki just smiled back, and pulled Her mobile from Her bag and dialled. “Good afternoon, Parr Incubators, how may I help?” Having explained Her requirements, Suki was very helpfully advised to postpone Her order. The new, commercial, synthetic wombs would be available in a month or so, and all fitted with the latest Muller technology.

Four weeks, it would take a lot longer to sort everything else out and to get up and running. Suki took the Lady’s advice before turning to Georgia, and explaining their position.

Yes, it was a minor setback, but at least they hadn't bought obsolete and inferior equipment. It did nothing to dampen their enthusiasm, and they continued discussions.

Again Jess retired early, as She became more, and more, intoxicated, during the afternoon and evening. Lolita, and Christina, knew all too well how to party, and they would have no problem stepping in and covering Jess as acting hostesses. Jess had made a lot of progress and She did not want to cock it all up with a stupid pissed remark, so stating enthusiastically how Kirsten was always welcome, and how She had been delightful company, departing, Jess kissed Kirsten goodnight.

All Jess's friends understood that it must have been very hard work organising the pool side party and BBQ every two weeks. How exhausting worrying about, and having to pick, which burgers to serve Her guests, plus then ordering them prepared and cooked by the skivvies. How had Jess coped? However, Jess was usually the last Girl standing, a real party animal. This was almost surreal. "Is everything ok, Jess?"

Yes, It very nearly was thank you "Yeah, I've just got a headache and I'm a little pissed and knackered. I need to go and crash." Jess left for bed, happy and on the verge of attaining Her goal. Great party.

"Prices may remain level for a while, but I can promise that this party vows to make electricity cheaper to all during the next term of parliament, when re-elected, and free to all within three years. That is a promise." Loud 'here, here's' and cheers came from the gathered House. "Should we fail to deliver cheaper fuel prices then we are sure that you, the electorate, will show your displeasure, and will have something unpleasant to deliver us." President Bafaqi shuffled Her papers, and stepped away from the lectern. She had delivered The FF's message. "With that, back to the studio."

Jess wasn't watching the news, She had no interest, whatsoever. No, Jess had been on the phone and pressed the red 'end' button, happy that Kirsten had had a great time, and happy that She had reaffirmed this week's visit. Jess had also suggested that they go to Honeysuckles, enthusiastically received and agreed on by Kirsten. Both Girls were looking forward to the weekend. Excellent, Jess thought.

The next news announcement was about the breakthrough in womb technology, followed by something about developing new restrictors. Going totally unnoticed, by Jess, next was the plans to open the new generating plants, with the finishing touches being applied to the first batch ready to go on-line. The generation would be produced by treadmills, powered by convicted and State owned creatures, and each station would, if

possible, be architecturally sympathetic to its relevant location. But they needed to be functional.

Suki was ecstatic. It was the solicitor, with brilliant news. Planning permission had been granted, and it was time to speed things up. Everything was now going very smoothly and they now had to make transportation arrangements. Soon on the phone again, Suki called Lindley's Couriers and Logistics. She obtained advice before ordering a 'separated cage twenty'. She phoned Georgia, to inform Her of the glad tidings and give the go ahead to put the next stage into operation, and to let Her know that She had arranged transportation.

Georgia woke early next morning, the goods carriage would be here soon. Simultaneously, Suki was on the mobile again, to various suppliers and ordering materials. The plans were in full swing. The Lady driver brought the team of six to a halt. The transporter consisted of a large cage divided into twenty smaller cages, two rows of five stacked on each other.

A Female driver was essential. Not only would a male be incapable of handling one of these, the largest forms of transport on the road, but also because of the dangers. Twenty creatures loose, even if caged, in a large vehicle was the nightmare scenario, along with all that could entail. Enough to cause a minor uprising was a possibility. No, a Lady driver was essential, and well paid apparently, certainly if it was reflected in the overall price. But fair play, Lindley's was the best, and with the best security record.

The driver dismounted, and headed towards Georgia's front door. The steps were slippery from the early November rains, and the last of the mulched fallen leaves, and the driver took care, watching Her step. "Fancy a hot drink before we begin?"

Georgia had consulted about whether a transporter was necessary. Couldn't She just walk them there? Suki dismissed this idea, while explaining that She wanted the creatures fresh and ready to start work straight away. Suki didn't want tired creatures after a 12km walk. No, a transporter was the sensible option despite the extra cost. Georgia had considered walking them, with their re-strainers, chained together, behind Her carriage. But She could see Suki's logic. "Let's get these cages filled".

The twenty earlier selected animals were led to the carriage, in groups of five, until both floors of the cages were occupied. The cages were small, 4ft by 4ft by 4ft, a size mathematically convenient for manufacture, but also for the room available on the trailer, if uncomfortable and tightly packed for the cargo. This meant the creature had to either crouch, squat, sit or kneel, all very uncomfortable, in the small mesh floored cages.

The creatures shuffled uncomfortably, between the four awkward and painful choices, the entire journey. With the rows of cages filled, the team of six had trouble accelerating, due to the extra weight. The driver soon rectified this with a few cracks of Her carriage whip. Georgia followed in Her carriage.

The convoy of carriage, and trailer, pulled up at the farm's gate. Georgia had Her creature run to open it, and the entourage entered. Still the male cargo remained ignorant about the purpose of their transportation, or where they were bound. They soon would learn.

Suki was there to greet them, accompanied by the first two of the new staff recruits. The business was already helping the employment situation, along with boosting the local economy, and it was certainly a good example for Suki to be setting, still being involved in government, as She was.

Suki invited both Georgia and the driver in for a warming refreshments after their journey. The trotters used the galvanised zinc trough of rainwater in the yard to quench their thirst, meanwhile the new labour force continued to disembark.

Jess was on Her way to Her rendezvous at 'Rest Assured'. Jess was still undecided. Can She trust Kirsten, or should She approach a member of the dispatch staff? Jess would wait and see how things went. Her ace card, and maybe the only one She would have a chance to play, was the new improved and fully updated Honeysuckles, or at least that was what the advert proclaimed. 'Real Fancy Lickers' it boasted, Jess would certainly be able to get a positive response out of Kirsten there.

Jess had it all planned, all in hand, and all under control. Jess entered the concrete factory paying fake interest and displaying likewise pleasure at the old 20th century industrial property's architecture. Ugly was probably the best description, still Jess adored it apparently. "Is it Jess?" The receptionist helpfully enquired "I'll just buzz Her." The Girl behind the desk then informed Jess that She was on Her way. "Please, take a seat, would you like a beverage?" The creature, crouched at the end of the desk, scampered off to get the black coffee, one sugar.

The coffee was hot, and Jess had barely taken a sip, before Kirsten arrived. "Here, boy" Kirsten clicked Her fingers, before telling the responding creature to carry Jess's cup. After all, it was still very hot and almost full to the rim. "Don't want you spilling it and burning yourself. No, this creature can carry it for you. Don't spill any, boy" Kirsten warned it, before reassuring Jess that it was hygienically clean.

First, Kirsten showed Jess around the company's offices. Accounts, administration, IT and recruitment, all very, very, boring and Jess had great difficulty feigning interest. Still, needs must. "Not much more to see here, let's go and see the factory floor." Yes, lets.

They walked to the next industrial unit, where the noise was overwhelming. Machines rotated, noisily moving up and down. It was no place for a couple of Ladies, and remained so very briefly, then it was onto dispatch. This is where Jess was hoping to put the first of Her two moves into operation, hopefully needing just the one.

Jess would need to use her other bait though. She had not had the opportunity to explain Her ideas to Tania, the possible co-conspirator, but Jess had made Her acquaintance, and had exchanged contact details and had even suggested a few drinks one evening. An affirmative reply and Jess once again had Her first chance back. Onwards to Honeysuckles.

This was Jess's first visit since Her seniority coming. She showed Her platinum membership card, then returned it to Her wallet, and subsequently Her handbag. Their two creatures were secured to the hooks outside, as the two Girls entered the impressive new location. Creatures were not permitted in here, the sign on the door making this rule crystal clear. Ladies may be in different stages of undress, of course they weren't allowed in here. The Ladies would not be able to relax and enjoy the experience properly, worried a male might enter.

They walked down the freshly painted corridor, there was still a slight scent of gloss in the air, and pushed through the black door marked 'Changing Room'. Neither Girl bothered with a pre-session shower, as they would have one afterwards, when they really needed it. They both wanted to get on with it, and take their seats. "Brought my razor" Jess waved it, before replacing it in Her bag. Jess had not shaved for some time, and had such a large bush it was almost the size of a cunt tree.

Jess and Kirsten entered the predominantly white changing rooms, where Jess removed Her suit jacket before hanging it on an available peg. Red, they were the only other colour present to break up the white, it looked very medical. Was this deliberate, to make it out as a therapy of some kind? Because it wasn't, it was pure unadulterated pleasure.

Changed and gowned, they entered a side room just off the long corridor. Moans of pleasure, and demands for more effort had punctuated their walk from behind pink doors they had passed. Now seated, both Girls chairs automatically adjusted. A trap door opened in the highly polished floor in front of each, to reveal a male head.

Both Girls pulled their toys of pleasure in close, into a comfortable position. Pulled by the ears, it was the same as ever, the comfort of Ladies and un-concern for the male creature. It could smell the Girl's excited scent as it nuzzled its nose in between Her widely splayed thighs.

Using the equivalent of its radar it homed on its target. Deliberately blinded to retain the member's modesty, it's only remaining locator worked overdrive. Its tongue flicked at the writhing teenage Girl's crack, parting Her labia lips it nibbled gently on and around the clitoris. Jess glanced over, happy to see and hear that Kirsten was undoubtedly receiving the same, and moaning in an equal stage of ecstasy. Kirsten violently pulled the animal's head closer, whilst thrusting Her hips forward. Oh, that's so good.

This was just the two's warm up creatures. Novices, but free, as they needed to train and learn the skills to maximise a Lady's pleasure. Another benefit of platinum membership. The Girls would mark each out of ten. The creature knew this and also knew that it would lose its envied post without the maximum effort. Both Girls awarded their's a 6, it would need to improve.

Once a creature had shown it had learnt, and was capable of satisfying a Girl fully, it was fitted with a stud. A very, nice orgasm producing addition, and this adornment needed to be earned by the creature's skill and effort. But 6 out of 10 was not enough of either. It could be easily lost with a fall in performance, and ultimately, it's very privileged position.

The novice had tried, but to be honest, had no idea. It had been okay but now the Girl's wanted a top tonguing. The novices had been removed and the new heads poked through the holes. They were quickly moving into place and action, at the Girl's anticipating twats. "Are you able to get me a few, Kirsten?" There, Jess had said it "It'll be our own little secret."

The ball was well and truly delivered. Kirsten moaned with pleasure "Yes, yes, yes." Was that an affirmative or an orgasm? Well it wasn't a no, and with confidence and optimism rising Jess wriggled under the touch. Jess pulled the flicking tongue closer, with fingers, and not legs, crossed. These creatures had been used as specialist items of persuasion by many a Lady before, and Jess needed that extra little nudge to get Her own way.

Suki and Georgia arrived back after another day's organising and overseeing at the farm. Dinner on laps, they watched the national news. The headlines affected both. First was a statement from Emma Pearson, warning that male freedom would be irreversible, and how it would ultimately lead to a return to a male dominated world, and the subsequent oppression of women, misogyny in a word. The referendum would be a gamble.

The wrong result made all the time and expense that had already been invested on the creature's training, and the related infrastructure, all wasted. The State couldn't possibly afford to take on all unwanted animals. The State could use the skills a particular creature had learned as cheap labour for manual work. Then there was the new different infrastructure and housing that would be needed. "Exactly" Suki agreed fully with Her Head of Department "What a total waste of money, as well as an affront to Female life styles."

The second was an announcement that the new wombs would be available at the end of the month. The new technology was breathtaking. Michelle Trafford and Alice Bradshaw, two Lady scientists who genuinely deserved their Nobel nominations. They had turned Michelle Muller's theories into tangible reality.

The new wombs were mini marvels, and whilst still cumbersome, and very expensive, they really were minor miracles. Intense lepidopterist studies had revealed the secrets of metamorphism, and with a capacity of five, the technology involved was almost science fictional. They would radically change male breeding, and with it slavery.

Georgia upped the volume "With a gestation period of around 24 months, the male will have physically developed to an age of around 17 years. However this affected and played on the development of a creature's brain, limiting its intelligence, and affecting future training and use."

So what? Was this really a problem? Certainly, some researchers saw it as a blessing. It would lead to an acceleration of animalisation. Further research was being conducted to resolve this, if required. It wasn't a priority though, as thick or not, they could still be put to work much quicker, and save enormously on care, and other expenses, during development.

The procedures could begin from the 1st of next month. 'Chrysalis Super Wombs' were now available for purchase. CSW had arrived. Suki had already ordered safe in the knowledge that experiments had been carried out on young and unborn creatures, and had confirmed the womb's safety, effectiveness and capabilities. Suki hoped a lot more would need obtaining. There were rumours that 9 month wombs were also close to reality. The metamorphic process would be removed. These wombs would prevent all the problems of labour and morning sickness in the natural birth of Girls.

It would save on Ladies having to go through all the sickness, stress and turmoil of pregnancy and labour. Their maternal love for their little Girls could be uploaded, much like programming a restrictor, and Ladies would be able to go about their normal lives as their little Darlings developed safely. Tests were almost complete.

Jess was still down the park as Her pet had needed un-caging and exercising. Usually walked around the grounds by a garden skivvy, Jess would on occasions take it out Herself, where it was given a little leeway and allowed some fun. Jess threw again, and Her creature scurried off, before Jess un-pocketed Her mobile and answered.

The creature returned to Jess's feet at Her whistle. Jess was keeping a close eye on Hers and She threw again, and Her animal scampered off to fetch the stick. "Hi, Jess, I'm just by the south gate, I'll be with you in a tic." The extending leash rapidly unwound, Jess needed hands free and lay Her mobile on the bench at Her side.

Jess smiled, and acknowledged two passing Ladies, but was looking past them for Kirsten. Kirsten arrived as the creature crawled back to Her feet, and after telling it to stay, Jess greeted Kirsten "Recovered from last week, yet?" Kirsten joined Jess on the park bench, before Jess told Her animal to drop. "Mind if I let mine join? It could do with a run." Jess, shrugged Her shoulders in an 'I couldn't care either way' kind of way "Now, behave and don't let me down. Go on boy, fetch. Fancy a bet, Jess?" Why not? Jess threw the chewed stick again, and the creatures raced to fetch it. "Bet You 20 mine's quicker".

"Don't let me down" was the trigger, and both animals raced off, aware that they must try their hardest to please their owners, and were determined to return first with the stick. It sounded like a challenge between the two Girls, and the animals knew they had made a wager. Loyalty and obedience were drilled into the creatures, and they would undoubtedly try their hardest to win, for their owner's prestige and pocket.

"Was that a yes to the devices, or the licking, earlier?" Both Girls giggled at the question and afternoon's delights. A bit of both, Kirsten confessed "Look, I need to talk to you, about an idea I have." Jess continued "Look, let's go back to mine. I've got something to show you."

The two creatures had become a little over enthusiastic, with both gritting their teeth. Both pulled on opposite ends of the stick in a desperate attempt to hold on, or to rip it from its rivals mouth, and to gain sole possession. They were like a pair of pit bulls. "Yes, of course I'll come, let's go."

Kirsten whistled, but Her animal didn't come. It may not have heard Her, over the din the two, squabbling animals were creating. Snarls and yelps when a punch or kick landed. But the pain was a small price to pay, so keen were they to please and retain their owners status, and return triumphantly with its trophy.

“Oi drop. Drop, drop it now!” Kirsten strode forward before slapping both creatures on the face, and then She pulled the quarrelling beasts apart by a now twisted neck collar. “I’m sorry, Jess. I really thought it would behave.” Kirsten pulled hard on the leash She had just re-attached, and held Jess’s creature, while Jess sorted out Her tangled leash.

Un-tangled, Jess clipped it onto the re-strainer held by Kate. After another hard tug the two Girls had control, and then both whipped the back of the leg of the disobedient animals, with their synthetic leash handles. Suki would have been proud of them. “I’ll just send Sarah a text.” The Girls headed for Jess’s new sports, their animals exercised and disciplined.

‘Fast trot’ ordered, the trotters accelerated with the Girls two pets hands on head, keeping up tethered to the side of the Girl’s lift home. They were on their best behaviour, and anxious about any recriminations that may occur regarding their aggressive behaviour. Excellent, a little more exercise for the two unruly animals.

Jess and Kirsten were already in the family drawing-room as the houseboy began its second cringe worthy subservient bobbing and bowing routine, the second of the last ten minutes. The knock at the front door its cue. Many of the other creatures hadn’t even got back to their labours, before they were waiting alertly again, but once again, they weren’t required and soon went back to their tasks.

The houseboy had already been dismissed after serving the Girls peppermint tea. Thereafter discussions followed, and after an agreement was made, with Sarah, it was agreed She wouldn’t say a thing, and forget all about it, if She wasn’t interested. Jess took up the reins “What it is” Jess reached down and took hold of the box by the side of Her chair. Sarah knew what it contained, Kirsten, on the other hand, was intrigued. Jess emptied the contents onto the coffee table, and Her collections of ‘friends’ spilled out. Jess indicated towards them “It’s really pissing me off.”

The sex toy industry had become enormous, (in more ways than one), with new and more realistic models almost becoming a weekly announcement. They were mostly bought online, but a national chain of shops still traded, and there was one store in town. Ladies and Girls needed their pleasure.

Everyone knew of the bedroom antics of their peers, and knew it was almost a basic necessity of life. A good licking was all well, and good, but a Girl needed something in Her hole once in a while. She couldn’t wait. She had started lessons, but still had a bit to do. She hadn’t yet trained Her new pet to its full potential.

Every Girl had one at least. Self induced orgasms were big business. There were three major companies supplying the demanding Female populous and they knew if they hoped to stay in front of the game they needed to massively invest in research and development.

They were getting better, but not better enough, as far as Jess was concerned. If nothing else, at least Jess had an opportunity to show off Her vibrators and dildos. Jess would once again be happily the centre of attention. I'll stop mentioning it now. I think we all know Jess loved attention.

Sarah and Kirsten both admitted their admiration of Jess' collection and an interesting and intense debate ensued discussing the ones they had in common, and listening to Jess' feelings and comments on the unfamiliar. Basically it was a critical review of the latest models, a very critical review. Jess finished with a declaration, that She was no longer getting the amount of pleasure or satisfaction that She desired.

Sarah reached for the much smaller package, tucked by the side of Her seat, pulling out the cassettes from within. Sarah explained what this was all about. Sarah had found some of these things, in a box in the attic. One of the bags held copies of video tapes of six or seven popular films from the time. The Towering Inferno, Jaws and the like, but the other bag held three examples of the other classic movie genre, which the late 1970's were infamous for.

Two looked a little worse for wear, with labels worn away till almost illegible and interspersed with some questionable old stains, but the third was pristine. Still in its original cellophane, through which could clearly be read 'Room For One on Top'. They were old video tapes, and these were the rarest format of the two, Betamax.

With fortunate co-incidence Sarah knew a friend who'd got all the equipment, and 'know how', to transfer them to a chip. Jess had taken the three of them and they had been transferred to chip, using Her friend's antique equipment, combined with modern technology. The old video recorder's clock read 00:00, it didn't create a problem, all the Girls needed was ON, PLAY & REWIND, maybe.

One was indeed pristine, neither unwrapped, nor viewed and it was to stay that way. It didn't require checking for quality, due to its protective cellophane coat. But the other pair were in more than watchable condition. However, as they weren't VHS it would be more difficult, expensive and take longer to do, therefore adding to the risk involved.

Jess had already promised She would recompense the Girl, and informed Her that there may be a little extra in it for Her, fingers crossed. Jess continued revealing Her plans, and was almost interrogating Kirsten, as She probed to find out whether the Girl Jess had

met in dispatch could be trusted. Having received an affirmative, Jess moved onto the next item on the agenda “Is the security, accountancy and stock control strictly monitored?”

“How many suspension frames do you think we should have?” Suki and Georgia were discussing the practicality and infrastructure of their new venture. “We should really have a reminder frame per 50 creatures, or so, plus 2 full hangers.” Agreed, they were ordered.

The purchases were purely disciplinary, similar to the ones Georgia and Suki had seen put into practice on countless occasions. Made of wood, ironically birch, with metal chains attached, these free standing structures were for punishment. Tetherings were typically carried out for looking a Lady in the eye, disobedience, laziness or a damn right refusal to do as it was told. Inverted of course for the more offensive offences. Offensive behaviour did still occur on extremely rare occasions.

The next delivery of stones had arrived, from the local quarry, and the foundations of two planned barns had already been dug, very quickly, under the supervision and encouragement of their overseer’s. Now the creatures trained in construction could be transported and two more Ladies recruited as the required overseers.

The chill winds of mid winter rustled and buffeted the trees as the houseboy again served the brace of Ladies drinks. “Quickly, boy”. Drinks having been served, the creature replenished the glowing embers, making sure not to get in the way, or make a nuisance of itself. Grateful for the opportunity the creature bobbed humbly out having completed its service. They sipped their ‘Martini’s’ as they assessed their progress. “What a beautiful evening, if a little chilly.”

The two cartloads of creatures had already been unloaded and housed. Caged for the night, they might catch a little restless sleep, and then be up and available for a long hard day’s labour. The imported labourers more than filled the capacities of the two current barns, with barely enough room to lie curled up. They shivered in the night chill, and shuffling even closer together made little difference. Eventually, they chattered themselves to sleep.

The overcrowding and conditions was of little concern. The two Sisters both thought it would only act as an incentive for these creatures to hurry in the construction of more barns. More room. Well it was hoped the males would have the intellect to be able to put this train of thought together, and to recognise the potential improvement in their living standards hard work could obtain. One could but pray. Probably not though, perhaps the Overseers could explain it more clearly, somehow, in their own encouraging way.

Georgia clicked Her fingers, and both glasses were re-filled. “Jesus, when are they going to shut up? I can’t put up with this fucking moaning all night?” It was certainly a possibility of all night, if their cramped and cold enclosure was the instigator of their

protestations. The exhausted Sisters put on a film and upped the volume, another martini, and the Girls slouched back and the titles filled the screen.

“This is the new one, isn’t it?” Who cared? At least it meant the Girls didn’t have to put up with all that male whimpering. “She really looks amazing” Georgia commented on the movies’ leading Lady, and soon the film drowned out the whinging.

Cirrus clouds intermittently smudged the clear blue morning pallet, making the frost sparkle on the green grass, as the Sun attempted to warm, with the brisk wind negating its solar efforts. Suki was woken by the sound of digging, and the odd crack of a whip, accompanied by a distant shouted “Come on, you lazy, bastards”, answered with replies of ‘Yes, Miss’ and ‘Sorry, Miss’. Good, that sounds productive, now where’s my breakfast?

The Sisters had a busy day ahead. Interviews were first on the itinerary, with the first applicant for the six posts due at ten. The two Girls went back over the questions they were going to ask. Checking whether, or not, they had covered all the relevant criteria. “Excuse me, Miss. Miss Hanson is here.” The houseboy showed the Girl in with a sweeping bow, before getting in its place.

“Hi, Jackie isn’t it? Take a seat. Right, let’s start here. I see from Your CV that you’ve had previous overseeing experience.” Jackie’s response was enough to secure Her position “May we offer you a position?” She was on Taylor’s payroll.

After the interviews, two others were selected for a second interview, later that week. Two applicants were dismissed out of hand though. Both had looked shocked viewing the work of the farm on the screen. Showing the cold, cramped, un-comfortable and basic accommodation afforded these creatures inside the barns at night, and their toils of the day.

Both Georgia and Suki had agreed that their reaction caused a problem. Not the usual ‘this is how it should be’ look, more one of almost total surprise, shock and unbelievability, almost sympathy and concern, and therefore totally unsuitable.

The afternoon’s plans were to make a call to Ruff and Reddy, suppliers of slave quarter fittings for over 25 years. They were regarded as most reliable and not the most expensive, but equal to anything quality wise. They also supplied trained creatures to assemble, observed by a supervisor, to maintain accuracy and the highest standards. Georgia knew what was required, and ordered.

Suki needed to return to Pankhurst. The minister had called an urgent meeting but She had left happy, perhaps good news was imminent. She was back at the farm in time for

the second interviews, even happier than before. Suki would have loved to be able to inform Georgia of the glad tidings but the Official Secrets Act forbade it as did the FF Party's chairwoman. "I think She's perfect for the role."

Having explained the company's history and purpose as a slave trading organisation, one currently solely concerned with the buying and selling of male animals (and usually at a pretty good profit) Georgia went on to explain the new venture, and the role the job entailed. Jackie showed genuine interest and matched Taylor's standards, not always the case.

Jackie joined Georgia, and after having been shown the plans and around the new property Jackie was offered the post. Suki and Georgia were very impressed with the new recruit. She had been an outstanding applicant. It felt like a good thing, She was a 'really lovely' Girl, and it would be nice to give the Girl a chance, especially as She was a recent college leavers, and She needed an opportunity and a start.

Her friendship alone would have been enough, but being re-assured by Kirsten that there was a way of smuggling but needed another conspirator, and this coupled with Her enthusiastic liking of the idea, meant Kirsten's inevitable inclusion in Her conspiracy was sealed. Jess began on the finer details.

After introductions and revealing the parts played, and still to play by each other, Jess introduced Sarah. She explained how Sarah had discovered these films, and that two were of no interest and had been horrific and offensive. But the third, Jess admitted had stimulated Her, and had been the catalyst of Her plan. Sarah had done enough to deservedly be a member of the group.

Next Jess laid out Her part. Jess went on to explain how She had access to in-numerable creatures and how these animals were of the finest quality, all with toned physique and amply equipped, but most importantly were loyal. The creatures knew the consequences of disappointing or upsetting the conniving young beauty.

They also all knew that Her Aunty Suki held a powerful position at the Ministry, and they could be used as guinea pigs, for new punishment techniques as they had been in the past, all adding to the trepidation, and the foreboding feeling of fear, that the estate's creatures felt, thus increasing Jess's control over them. Deny Jess? No, they wouldn't dare. Besides, it may stop their cocks from turning pinker and pinker, as they had, now sex was becoming that rare. Sorry, an illegal meat joke. They would do the act, pleasure, and then shut the fuck up.

Other contributions to the plot were revealed and discussed and all displayed excitement and an urgency to push on. "So what's this about someone else having to be involved?" Kirsten went on to state how going onto the factory floor or into dispatch would be noticed, and noted as unusual and unnecessary.

Even if She was the owner's Daughter, there were numerous other Ladies supervising the premises, and all were loyal, and answerable, to Kirsten's Mother. The loss of any items could be hidden in the records, and accounts, though. Now this was Kirsten's ballpark, but the actual act needed a fourth accomplice, so Kirsten promised to speak to Tania, and test the waters.

Kirsten wanted to know what they proposed offering as an incentive. The Girl they had in mind held a good position at the company, and these actions, if discovered, would almost certainly result in instant dismissal. Jess suggested and guaranteed the Girl would be rewarded both financially and pleurably. The little gathering adjourned, agreeing to re-contravene on Friday, this time at Sarah's.

Two days later Jess, unsurprisingly, was first to arrive with Her pet in tow. Jess evidently regarded this as an important gathering. Certainly important enough to show off Her prized new animal. Getting out of the carriage, a creature held umbrella shielded Jess from the driving rain.

Although not instantly, or easily, noticeable due to its absence of clothes and hair, the creature was thoroughly soaked. It had been standing waiting without permission to open the broly, till one of Her guests had arrived. Sarah wanted to impress today's distinguished guests and offering a little defence from the miserable, inclement weather was the least Sarah could do, and the Lady would expect a dry protective shelter.

After closing the door on the rain filled blasts, Sarah's skivvy pointed out the hall's hooks, mounted on antique fruitwood plinths, at a height that would ensure and maintain good behaviour inducing tension. Jess nodded, an indication that She wanted Her new pet animal hooked as well. The scurrying host creature did so before politely enquiring "May I show you through, Miss?"

Sarah's creature dropped into the lunge position before feeding its lead back through its legs, and with that Jess took up Sarah's houseboy's leash. At medium leash it accompanied Miss Jess to Sarah's drawing room, leading the way. At the doorway, it hesitated. "Miss Jess, Miss." Sarah's skivvy animal scrambled away after being un-clipped, to fetch the Girl's requested requirements.

It had barely arrived back before it was scrambling away again, in response to another ring of the doorbell. A mirror image repeat of the procedure undertaken to greet Jess followed. Even another coffee. Kirsten had just taken Her seat before Tania, who the conspirators agreed needed to be included sooner rather than later, arrived. Ding-dong, the creature began its third crawl of the past half hour.

After welcomes and hugs, the Girls sat on the olive green sofa and Sarah had Her skivvy move the highly polished rosewood coffee table, so Her latest guests could reach Her mug. Sarah opened Her phone and entered Her password, before pushing the interactive and inclusion button. 'Honeysuckles Academy for Eager Young Bitches' flickered onto the wall, and then the camera cut away to the first scene.

The Girls stepped in, through the projection, and walked together up a holographic drive leading to a large Georgian stately home. Cut to the next scene, the drawing-room.

The room was occupied by two males, unbelievably seated. The contents of the ashtray on the table explained the cigar smoke induced atmosphere, and the lewd and loud conversation was explained by the two, half empty, brandy glasses. A pack of recently used cards, stacked neatly alongside, a sure sign that gambling had occurred recently. These creatures were clearly out of control, but this was just the onset of the astonishment to follow.

In this holographic medium the Girls were present as though they were there, but non-existent to the cast of the film, nor visible to the camera. They could hear and witness all the scenes at any angle, as if they were there, but could have no influence. A knock at the door and four nude Girls entered the plush atmospheric drawing room, complete with Adam fireplace and crackling logs. The mantle held French carriage clocks, and porcelain vases, and enough leather-bound books to open a small library lined the far wall.

The men stood and walked towards the four, before squeezing the odd breast and slapping the odd bottom, and even having one bend and touch Her toes, an extended casual fingering ensuing. The three Girls looked aghast and angry, but worse was to follow.

Having informed them that they were being judged, the four were made to kneel on the rug in front of the hearth. "This is the semi final. Put in a bit of effort, and a place in the final was theirs." It appears the creatures had gone through all the club's dancers, and these were the best four. A place in the VIP area awaited the winner.

The three Girls looked on horrified, as each Girl was made to suck one of the men's dicks. Again, the male pulled the Girl's head forcibly into its groin by Her hair. Sarah didn't wait for the result and pressed exit on Her mobile.

Out of the film, and back in Jess's living room, the three stood open mouthed, shaking their heads in absolute disbelief "Fuck that! Did Women actually do that and allow men to touch and speak to them like that?" Kirsten enquired in shock "Not sure I want to watch the other two. That was revolting. Was that meant to be pleasurable? Well, you won't catch me looking for that sort of fucking fun. Absolutely disgusting, they were evidently forced."

"Don't worry Kirsten, darling, that is as horrific as it gets." Sarah assured the apprehensive Girl. They certainly hoped so. When She had watched it, first time, Sarah had almost wretched at the thought of a creature's thing in Her mouth and erect to boot. Sarah feared She may have a nightmare again tonight, like She had on Her previous viewing.

It had shown the degradation and humiliation those poor Girls were subjected to. Perhaps the school history lessons had played down the oppression, humiliation, disrespect and violence suffered by Women at the hands of males. I think they called it misogyny. Kirsten recalled an obscene, offensive, old joke Her friend's Gran had told Her, all about women getting married in white.

It used to be a male joke that akin to their white wedding dresses women were just another household appliance. White goods and a good shag to boot, all in all downtrodden. A concept utterly inconceivable in today's Female led society. Funny really, because as we all know now, the Ladies were always well and truly in control. A pull as they called their conquests, I don't think so, the only thing a creature pulled hung pathetically between its legs.

The second film showed your typical porno of the day. You know, male in charge, taking the girl from behind, lots of the nude girl and footage of pussy, arse, and tits but limited viewing of the male. It was a typical lad's film. You have got to be having a laugh. Did Women really get used and abused like this? Well, at least there were some mitigating circumstances and some encouraging noises, along with writhing, and thrusts, that accompanied the sounds of Female pleasure, unlike the previous horror film.

The Girl was certainly getting some enjoyment, but it still wasn't right. Something was very, very wrong. The male was on top and again, portrayed as the dominant character. Jess and the others did not like the idea one little bit. A male on top, although this was common in the animal kingdom, it would not be tolerated in today's civilised day and age.

Males had been sexually dominant for millennia. Then over a century equality had raised its head (sorry) and in a total turn around, this one sided dominance was eliminated amongst humans, post-bellum. Symbiotic, sexual relationships had flourished for a short period, before the restrictions came in, but now males were excluded from the matrimonial bed.

There was no time to view the third film, because Sarah had to go to another meeting, and She took the three soft porn films with Her. Sarah needed to replace them in the old shoe box. It was probably a blessing in disguise, that they had run out of time and the cellophane remained intact on the un-viewed film.

The Girls needed to keep mum, and therefore almost insure the bag remained sealed, even if puss was thinking of absconding. The videos appeared un-discovered and un-disturbed. Jess put part two of Her scheme into play. "You mentioned that you oversaw the company's administration, Kate."

January came roaring in. Freak weather was rapidly becoming the norm, and this cold snap was just another example. The snow drifts banked in the winds that were simultaneously blowing, and bending, the tree's exposed, gnarled branches. The daffodils checked their watches, Spring would be some time yet.

Jackie re-filled Her flask from the carriage's dispenser, before pulling up the collar on Her greatcoat, as She stepped down from the warmed carriage. She sighed, as She headed toward the construction site, to relieve the new Girl. Two fucking hours in this freezing wind, Jackie really didn't need this, and took a sip of Her coffee.

This weather did have its advantages though. It certainly encouraged the creatures to work harder in order to compensate for the cold. Naked, they felt the full intensity of the Arctic originated blasts, with their tiny shrivelled penises an accurate thermometer. Although unlikely in these temperatures, spotting a creature slacking was a bonus, and issuing a whipping did keep you warm "Hi Kim, how has your first shift been? You must be freezing."

Coat, scarf, gloves and Siberian furry hat formed a barrier to the sub-zero temperatures, but Kim still looked and felt cold. It was bitter, and Kim pushed through the naked toiling males, as She headed towards the refuge and warmth of the house. Jackie took over, and began Her shift. "Come on you lazy bastards. Put your backs into it." Pickaxes swung and spades recommenced digging.

Kim had decided on a hot shower before heading home. "That's better." She stood below the jet of warming water. The wall mirror was already steamed up, displaying the effects of the cold. Kim dried between Her toes as She contemplated. Cold but a good day.

She had enjoyed Her first day at the farm and now that She was out of that biting wind, with the accompanying precipitating sleet flurries, She was enjoying it much more. Never had She needed to be warmed by the welcoming shower more.

By Her standards a slow start. Jackie had barely landed more than a lash, or two, on a creature that She had judged not to be pulling its weight, before Jess's carriage came into sight. At least Jackie had warmed Herself, along with a few backs and bottoms, with Her exertions. "Nice action." Jess complimented Jackie on Her whipping technique as She arrived, interrupting Jackie who had spotted another shirker.

The creatures downed tools, and squatted, as their training demanded. Jess introduced Herself. Jackie showed the necessary respect and with Shakespearean thespian-like skills complemented Jess on Her 'very stylish' coat, but believe me, far too many acrylics had suffered in its manufacture, but at least the fake leopard print coat Jess wore, was nice and warm.

Still squatting, the creatures shivered with inactivity whilst the two Girls were joined by Jackie's co-Taskmistress. Vicky was still pushing Her long black hair into Her hat, as She apologised for being late, blaming Her lazy slow trotters. Vicky would deal with them later. "It wasn't a problem being late, silly Girl." Jess fully understood.

Vicky joined them on a tour of the site. Every creature downed tools, and squatted, as the trio approached their area of labour. Soon all the creatures were noticeably shivering with teeth chattering and goose bumps like the Himalayas. Vicky, like the other pair, also pulled up Her collar on Her thick coat "Jesus, it's fucking colder than I thought."

"Make sure you work them hard, I've never seen so many little willies before. They need warming up, Girl's." Jess's parting quip as She left them to their quota obtaining and demanding overseeing. Must say that Jess thought the new Girls were doing a good job, and things were coming along nicely. The creatures gladly returned to their toils, as Jess's carriage pulled away, glad of a chance to warm.

The carriage had barely reached its destination before She was administering Her first admonishment "Come on, put your backs into it." Crack!!! The insufficient increase in effort, Vicky felt Her reprimand demanded, caused Vicky to accompany Her order with the encouraging use of Her new dressage whip. (Her preferred implement of encouragement, as She had mentioned with an enthusiastic response at Her interview).

After what felt like hours, but was only the usual two hour shift, Georgia relieved the two slave drivers and replaced them with a new pair, before the night shift began the process of securing the creatures for the night. Tools downed, the creatures were escorted to their digs. Shivering, they formed an almost emasculated alloy primate conga.

Once back in the draughty barn, they scrambled and hugged each other, like a mass of writhing snakes, desperately attempting to gain warmth from their fellow sufferers, the thin carpet of straw their only ally. The naked male grappling, and writhing, put D.H. Lawrence's novel to shame. This was mass nude male wrestling, and it had been an amusing sight. But 'Women in Love' needed to be 'Women in the Warm'.

Georgia had another log put on, and then slouched back in front of the welcoming fire with Her fine malt, to contemplate on a good initial day. Now, where's that book on forestry? "Away boy. I will summon you when the fire needs replenishing. Now fuck off." It did.

The Independent's leader chaired the meeting, explaining the short-noticed calling of it. The gathering sat around the un-surprisingly small and highly polished maple boardroom table, the patina betraying its use and antiquity. The eight unanimously and positively concurred with bewilderment. They couldn't believe it. In exchange for their support and a guaranteed coalition, they would be granted their sole purpose. The eight left for the local restaurant with a feeling of victory, in their soon to be celebrating, and replenished, bellies.

Almost simultaneously Emma Pascoe chaired Her own cabinet meeting, around a much larger, but divided table. They needed utter unity, however, three ministers remained rebellious. It was a major concern that could have a detrimental effect on the electorate. Not a lot, but this time every vote would be crucial, and this meeting was an attempt to rectify this. The Right remained concerned.

The three rebels needed convincing. The arguments for, and against, and discussions on the possible consequences, were discussed and scrutinised. On both, Miss Pascoe assured the gathering that there would be restrictions attached, and confirmed the possible expenditure this could trigger.

It seems to have done the trick. Explaining the mechanics involved, and the guarantees this would cement, had been a tempting argument along with a promise, that the industry would at least remain, even if in a different, and reduced, way to current practices. They needed to pave the way with guarantees before continuing their proposals. They needed the rebels on board.

After a short recess, the previously unconvinced returned with much more belief and re-assurance. The pros and cons weighed and considered, unity was as good as sealed, The FF could now finalise their coalition plans and with it, almost certain victory. Now to sit down, and suggest restrictions on the partner parties proposals, and a convincing and detailed case for the retention of slavery.

The following day's meeting lasted long into the night, with many coffees served by number 14's houseboy. It had replaced Humphrey at the bottom of the Presidential household's food chain (the cat was even allowed on the furniture). At the meeting, it had been agreed to contact, The Independents, to ratify the agreement.

The ambient atmosphere floated up to the high ceiling, accompanied by the sound of enthusiastic back slapping and victory expected chatter. The proposed agreement with the Independents had been easy, and quickly agreed.

Next day lawyers and barristers boosted the attendance in the imposing office. The Prime Minister and Her Home Secretary entered to join the corresponding officials of the other parties. Prime Minister Pascoe began by re-affirming their agreement. The camera flashes, of the significant number of journalists outside, only confirming the importance of, and public interest surrounding, this meeting. Then the bombshell, as the Premier announced the relaxation of alcohol licensing trade legislation, and the re-opening of public houses.

For some inexplicable reason The FF still felt under threat. After the announcement, they met to review the figures and weigh up the opposition. Are there any other parties they could approach after the election, to increase their support to a working majority? Starting with the right-wing Extremists, The Party would not officially rule out an agreement, but this would really be a last resort. They felt they couldn't let the electorate know it had even been considered.

The Extremists knew their only chance of making their unpopular policies even heard, was that they made a pact. Their main goal was very controversial, and most unlikely, the opening of care homes as they described them. However, should their support be required, and demands for this to come about, the FF would delay opening these camps for creatures born in captivity and had reached sixty years of age. Holocaust, I think they used to call it. Surely, Parliamentary common sense would prevent these camps altogether, with counter legislation.

Although abhorrent to The Party on a public face, the worst scenario of needing the fascists' support, and having to agree to the opening of these horrific camps, did have a silver lining. It would save on State benefits and solve a problem. Out of sight, out of mind. The Party would not be held totally responsible for the openings, but still be credited for the cancelling of cuts in services, funded by the savings the extermination of old slaves would bring. However, the imagery, and credit, for not creating the camps was considered as far more beneficial to the Party, and it really wasn't something most of the Female population wanted. The idea of a partnership was unequivocally rejected.

The MLF were the main opposition running on a male freedom ticket. The FF could afford a bit of leeway on this issue. A little male response towards improvements, and their future, wouldn't have to hurt. Indeed it could even integrate, and bring about changes in the legislation, and possibly seal the creature's future indefinitely. Could they take the gamble? Agreeing to a referendum may even help.

Jess passed the toiling creatures. Well at least they weren't freezing today, the cloud induced insulation making sure of that. Torrential rain drummed on Her carriage's roof, falling from the dark foreboding sky. Still in a state of shock and revulsion, Jess fumed inside. That fucking film! Jess was pleased to see the new Girls were getting plenty out of the creatures though, two of the barns were almost complete. Jess's carriage pulled onto the main road leading to Sarah's. "Medium trot" Jess conveyed.

She had heard so many stories of the debauchery, and pleasures, of the pre-slavery days from Georgia's Mother. Apparently most males treated Ladies to nights out, where they paid for everything. But best of all, they got a 'good banging' as Gran called it, from the creature, or boyfriend, as these animals were known, at the end of the night. A lot were 'perfect gentlemen', it was where the old term came from, they knew their true position, door holders, gutter walkers and seat offerers.

This next one had better portray female pleasure, ecstasy and orgasms, and show that Gran hadn't been over, exaggerating with a rose-tinted recollection. Jess feared She may have to ditch Her idea. It was all totally unfounded. Sarah answered the door Herself with a naughty little Girl grin on Her face "You've fucking watched it, already." Jess responded in mock anger "And?"

"You're not going to believe what's on it. You'll love it." Sarah waved the cassette in a seductive way.

Tania, Kirsten and Jess waited with excited, and optimistic, expectation as Sarah projected the image on the wall. "I don't know what this will be like." Smiling at Jess with raised eyebrows, and hoping for Her silence, Sarah even rustled the discarded cellophane to hide the fact She had already opened it, and had a sneak preview.

'A Lady on Top' appeared much clearer than the previous already watched film. So it bloody well should, because it was in 'New Cinema-scope', the very latest in film technology at the time. Things have moved on a little. But, was it purchased by mistake?

Made up of a compilation of scenes, this film was a total antipode of the previous one, covering a much more acceptable and realistic theme. Covering the dominant side of females, in a sexual setting, the clips showed scenes from dungeons, featuring dominant Mistresses. Mistresses dressed like the cover model of a Marvel Comic, enjoying foot worship from grovelling creatures' tongues.

Others looked fun. Torturing males with cock and ball torture, or CBT as it was known, seeming a particular favourite. The cp and whipping scenes, and the boot and foot licking scenes, so normal were they in modern life, that the Girls almost used it as an advert break, ordering more hot beverages.

Breath control fascinated the audience, as bound males thrashed around as they struggled desperately. Then the all powerful, controlling and demanding Lady allowed the pathetic creature a gasp, before clamping the supply off once again. The wriggling recommenced. Next came anal play, accepted with amusement, and the Girls really liked the idea of water sports, but hard sports? What was wrong with these sick creatures?

There were others, some weird and wonderful. What was being an adult baby all about? It had made the gathered Girls laugh, as a Lady replaced the nappy on an adult creature. Males really were strange. Others showed Girls casually using a strap-on, with the creature bent over receiving it. Plenty of fun Girls would enjoy. The proof was on the holographic silver screen, accompanied by a re-affirming soundtrack of pleasure and pain. Gran hadn't been over exaggerating, and was wearing rose tinted specs.

No, it hadn't been bought by mistake, but hidden by a concerned creature, who hadn't wanted to put ideas into the Girls, he knew, heads.

Next 'Fucking Bronco's' began, with a blonde beauty kneeling on a bed, a male lying on its back beneath Her. Her right-handed manipulation was having the desired re-action, and then suddenly She stopped the hand job, and mounted, with the total absence of a condom dating the film. Creatures didn't wear condoms today, the absence was now due to a lack of intercourse and male hairdressers, rather than health. If a creature wanted 'something for the weekend' now, it couldn't go to Ali's barber and his 40 sheaths, anymore.

HIV was an unknown quantity in the early 70's, and the use of sheaths was much rarer. The virus had been brought under control before the turn of the century, however it had only been in the last twenty years that it had been totally eradicated, with the forbidding of sexual intercourse, believed to be a major contributor.

Up and down, moaning with pleasure, the Girl had plenty of spring. Like Zebedee on speed, it was magic in a roundabout kind of way. Time for bed "Hope you last longer than an asthmatic in a marathon" She quipped, struggling with Her own respiration. The creature held the Girl, under the ribs, lifting Her and helping Her balance and bounce. "So, can you get some, Kirsten?" Jess whispered below the gasping.

All systems go then, as a happy Jess reached into Her vegan Gucci handbag, to retrieve Her vibrating mobile. It was Georgia, "Hi Mum." A look of total shock spread across Jess's face, while tears welled in Her eyes. "It's Gran. She's been rushed to the Elizabeth General. They think it's something to do with Her chest infection. I've got to go."

Gran's three close relatives thanked the surgeons, and nurses, as they left. It was felt best to let Gran recuperate, as the next 24 hours would be crucial. The trio boarded the carriage, dejected and sombre, but just a little bit more re-assured by the doctors. Fingers crossed. "Slow walk."

The houseboy greeted an anxious Georgia, Suki and Jess, solemnly welcoming them home while expressing its heartfelt sympathy, to the Ladies, over this very sad family tragedy, before hurriedly organising creatures to fetch all the Ladies' requirements. These poor Ladies, it must be very traumatic having a close family member seriously ill, the creature thought, but a chance to have one to be ill, in the first place, would have been nice.

It sighed, but now was not the time to selfishly think about itself. Ladies needed comforting, and looking after, and of course a few little treats more than usual would be needed. A little comfort food, maybe chocolate, biscuits or cake. Georgia excused Herself. She was tired, upset and emotionally drained, and Her bed called to Her more alluringly than the ancient Greek Sirens.

After a check on Gran's wellbeing, critical, in a coma but stable, Suki Googled 'Land Registry' and She was very pleased with the search results. It was owned by an old Lady you would describe as a spinster today, without any Daughters. The 'chocolate box' cottage was right next to the village green, while the rear of the property looked out over the expansive attached estate "Hello, is that Miss Welch?"

Having ended the first business call of the day, Suki deleted it from Her diary before She entered "New Brook Cottage, Helen Welch, 2pm" under tomorrow's date. With a suitably concerned, and worried look Jess entered, as a skivvy was replenishing Suki's coffee. Jess enquired about Gran, and then dismissed the creature to run and fetch Her a coffee, before receiving a reply "She's stable, but in an induced coma and on a ventilator."

Coffee having been served, the creature had been dismissed, because Suki needed a little privacy. "Listen darling, I was only chatting with Your Mum, and Gran, the other day, before all this drama, and Gran was only saying how much She would love to be a great

Grandmother. She said it would give Her a real purpose in life and re-invigorate Her.” More relevant than ever, Jess gave a tentative, barely noticeable, nod as She pondered.

Suki assured Jess that She wouldn't mention this little chat to Georgia. It was Jess's choice, and Suki wanted to give Her time and space to consider “Will you have a new baby Girl for Gran? Especially after this life threatening incident, there may not be that much time.” Persuasively asked, and nicely put, Suki felt as She switched on the screen to watch the announcement.

The President, Prime Minister, and the Minister for Energy, stood posing for the press, with all three beaming as President Bafaqi cut the yellow ribbon, with an unnecessarily large pair of ceremonial scissors. “This is the start of a new, sustainable power generation, which will not only be saving you from large energy bills, but also saving the planet from suffocating.”

It would take time, but free energy was now a feasible ambition, and was a realistic, reachable goal along with the zero carbon emissions that would accompany this. “Cheaper electricity prices are a promise, within the next year.” A stroboscope of camera flashes accompanied the announcement.

On the right of the door, behind a purple velvet curtain, hung the plaque. On a black background, with gold carved letters and the pink Party logo in the top right hand corner, it awaited its unveiling. “With a target of being free, within a decade” She concluded, before a smiling President picked up the scissors “I hereby set the wheels of a brand new industry in motion.” The three prominent Ladies turned toward the red bricked entrance with the television media in tow.

Miss Payne welcomed the Ladies into the new power station, through a creature held door. The pristine reception area was very welcoming, with the décor tasteful, along with an aroma of freshly painted woodwork. “Hi, I'm Sharon.” Miss Payne welcomed Her distinguished guests with a handshake, and respectful bow of the head “when fully up and running, it will create just over fifty jobs, and it will need to use 180 creatures. It will power just over a thousand homes and businesses.”

Sharon Payne went on to explain that tests were still being carried out, and that this would almost certainly lead to needing another 60 creatures if it was seen as being more efficient and productive to have three teams, rather than just the two. “Again, when fully operational 10 to 15 slave drivers, or overseers, will be needed along with 18 cell guards and another 3 Girls in IT and a receptionist. We will also require 10 in accounts and billing.” Miss Payne continued to outline the employment breakdown of the new project “Many will be highly paid jobs.” With that, the managing director of Tread-gen ushered the Ladies into the

admin and IT departments, and then onto the financial centre “Shall we go to production now, and get the creatures into action?”

Tread-Gen had submitted the winning tender and The State had approved their selection to supply electricity to the national grid. Now the production wheels stood eerily silent, amplifying the noise of the Ladies’ heels on the wooden floorboards in the cavernous hall “Bring in the first wheel of animals in please”. With that a wooden side door creaked open. “Can we get the contractors back and fix that please”. Miss Payne’s secretary took note, as two uniformed overseers led the first twenty creatures in, ten behind each Girl.

Crawling, the creatures were attached together, by the neck, in pairs, manacled at the feet. The crawl completed, the males were attached, two abreast, to the ten metal spokes, and these in turn were attached to the wired-up, and ready to go, central pole. Secured by the wrist to the evenly aligned cuffs, they were now all linked to the central generator.

Nervously, and ignorantly, the creatures stood trying to ascertain what was appertaining. Then, the next twenty crawled in, led and controlled by another pair of overseers. A process repeated, till all spikes were manned and the creatures attached, and then the ceremony continued.

A pink, velvet cushion was placed on the table, near where the observing Ladies stood. Coiled, like a cobra, the fake calfskin embossed bullwhip sat awaiting use. The inscription read ‘To Encourage and Generate’ in raised gold, on the black flagellate. The President then put it to good use with the cracker loud, as Miss Bafaqi just missed, whilst assessing Her distance from the awaiting creatures. The whip landed, and with it the male powered generation began with a scream. The turbines turned for the first time.

The one lash of the whip from the President was only ceremonial, something which was of little compensation to the first un-lucky creature to have had its back welted in this new establishment.

Suki switched the TV off, and left for New Brook Cottage. Suki went through Her paperwork, and proposal, in the back of Her carriage, on the journey to Miss Welsh’s property. Suki just wanted to test the waters, and to see how the land laid. A positive response, and She would discuss things further, and later the next steps.

Suki’s carriage arrived at the Lady’s ‘chocolate box lid’ cottage. Her trotters regained their breath as Suki alighted. The alert Lady’s creature opened the wrought iron gate, and Suki traversed the fruit, and leafless, apple tree flanked drive, as She led Her creature, on its leash, up the garden path. ‘Boom boom.’

Two hanging baskets of out of season whatever's, oh yes, forget-me-nots, sentried the white front door, all sheltered by the stone walled and thatch roofed porch. Suki knocked three times and the door was answered, by the Lady's personal animal. Her pet remained hooked to the porche's wall.

Having closed the front door, it handed the handle of its leash to Suki, as it raised its bottom to the length the lead demanded, and then it led its owner's guest through, to Miss Welch's living room. Quickly, and insignificantly, it scurried into its place at Miss Welch's feet, as the two Ladies introduced themselves to each other. "Tea, boy, and hurry yourself." Again, it scurried away.

The two Ladies sat forward, beginning negotiations and swapping ideas. "My company would buy the land, off yourself, at 10 per cent above market price, and also supply the labour force, and supervise the job, and in addition we will offer you a percentage of the net profit." Miss Welch approved the idea and with un-commitment, She agreed in principle. Suki shook the Lady's hand before leaving.

Jess had fastened Her seat belt, before the captain announced the imminent descent of the Air Qatar jumbo E-Jet. Jess tapped the arm of Her neighbouring passenger "Come on, we're about to land." Kirsten removed Her ear phones, before righting the reclined seat. After a safe, and seamless, landing, Jess and Kirsten exited the first class cabin, and travelled in a rik-shaw, as three creatures followed on foot, carrying the Girls' luggage. Incident free, Jess and Kirsten negotiated customs, before directing the creature toward the exit.

Jess clicked Her fingers to gain the rik-shaw trotter's attention "The sprinter terminal, at medium pace. It's very hot and we want to be in the hotel, and out of the sun." Jess had realised fast, in this heat, was unfeasible. Sat in the back, Jess contacted Mummy to inform Her of Her safe arrival. Entering their room, the two young Ladies could not believe, or cope with, the contrast in heat from their point of departure.

The pair had flown in from Lyon Airport after a month skiing in The Alps. It was the first part of Jess's twice annually, two month, holiday. Jess had invited Kirsten, as She had rapidly become Jess's best friend, over the last six months. They had had a super time partying, and socialising, together and a deep friendship had grown, and matured, and Jess had wanted Kirsten to meet Her French friends. Christina, and Lolita, Her Maids of Seniority, were fast becoming snubbed, and old news.

Kirsten had immediately hit it off with Esme and Nikki, and laughed uncontrollably as Kirsten ended up covered in snow, as She once again lost Her balance, striving to conquer

downhill. Kirsten went faster on Her arse than Her skis. But come the evening, and Kirsten came into Her own.

Slim, and slightly built, Kirsten could barely lift the stein to Her lips. The French hosts went on to tell the history of the first stein, and how it had become common practice in most Alpine towns. It was a tradition Jess had taken part in, on Her previous visit, and again Jess gulped it down alongside Her pals, with Kirsten doing a fine job, keeping up.

The French Girls excitedly informed Jess, and Kirsten, about the parties happening at this time of year, and Jess looked forward with excited anticipation. Although much of the time was taken up skiing, there was still plenty of time for partying and even sightseeing.

Annecy had so much to see, and was rightly known and regarded as the Venice of the Alps, and the windswept canals of the old town confirmed this. Jess, and Kirsten, noticed that the carriage they were travelling in was much faster than the ones at home, the cold a major factor, Esme explained, in the increase of male exertions and the enticing warmth it brought.

The café bar they chose lay opposite to where Jess had walked Her first creature in public. Jess relished recounting the occasion with a very in depth anecdote. The French Sisters pulled their animals closer and ordered them under the table. After all, they didn't want them in a passing Lady's path.

The four chatted in front of the crackling log fire, about the different sites, and the lake they would visit over the coming weeks. Nikki clicked Her fingers, and another creature was on its way to the bar. "I hope that creature knows how lucky it is working indoors." Kirsten glanced at the shivering creatures secured, and awaiting their owners, in the bar's carriage park, as She shuffled Her chair closer to the roaring fire.

Next day Jess, and Kirsten, met the two French Girls in the hotel lobby. Esme, and Nikki, had already planned the quartet's itinerary, and first on the list, a trip to Lake Annecy. The local Girls both had their creatures secured to the exterior hooks. Jess recognised both. "Still got the same animals, I see." The pair had evidently been well behaved boys.

The French Girls' carriage awaited at the bottom of the hotel's paved steps. All four climbed in, as Esme increased the temperature of the carriage's heating. Even if the carriage's roof hadn't been up, there would have been no fear of slapping, the cold eliminating that particular irritation.

The lake was typical of the region, and Annecy was situated on the northern shore. The majority of the rest of the banks were looked over by craggy outbreaks of stone cliffs interspersed with isolated clumps of pine trees, with the snow capped Alps an imposing backdrop.

The four strolled along the wooded track. They chatted in the bright sunshine of the blue skied frosty day. It was nice to get away from fucking creatures. Nice not having to keep a constant eye on them. Nikki and Esmes' creatures were securely caged at home.

The chat revolved around Jess, and Kirstens', second half of their holidays, and tomorrow's skiing. "Let's head back to the hotel. It's an hour walk back to the rickshaw, and we need to get back, before it starts to get dark."

The next day's skiing went very well, and Kirsten loved it, as did the children sledding down the slope. Only to be pulled back to the top by cold overworked creatures, just to 'wheee' as they slid down once again. "I'm having such a great time, thank you so much Jess for inviting me, and thanks both for all the fun, and your hospitality" Kirsten said, with heartfelt emotion, further strengthening her adherence to Jess. They really had become the best of buddies.

After more days skiing and visiting all the local bars, and restaurants, the month was almost over, and the Girls spent their last night together, partying at The Rouge, Annecy's top venue. The Sugar Knickers were playing there, and then they could go on to Pedestal, and dance the night away.

Next morning, two hung over Girls, struggled out of bed. Even after a shower, it was the incentive of sun drenched beaches that kicked them into gear, and toward the airport. They had said their 'goodbyes' last night, and Jess envied the undoubted lie that they would both be enjoying now. Still, the sun drew them towards their second month of relaxation.

Suki called Kirsten's Mother "I'm so sorry. I heard it on the news. How much do you think it will affect you?" Melia had become good friends, as Jess and Kirsten's friendship had blossomed, and now She was concerned about Her friend's future. "I suppose some will want to keep using the current ones, but will that be enough?"

Sobbing, Melia admitted She had no idea, and expressed Her worries concerning Kirsten's future "I've got to go now, but if I can help in any way, you know where I am. Try not to worry, darling." Suki hung up, understandably worried, but had Her own business

concerns. She sent the skivvy hurrying to fetch Her latest demand, pausing to clear Her head, before rejoining Georgia in the drawing room.

The room held an apprehensive feel, and the two Ladies held a serious talk, before the accountant arrived. Georgia felt an intense worry about what would happen, while Suki held an anger that a department, She had given 7 years of Her life to, were having the temerity to treat Her this way. How dare they renege on Her, didn't they know who She was.

Having dismissed the skivvy, Suki began outlining Her strategy. Both were upset, but were determined to create their own silver lining. The problem, they needed to overcome, was that The State had changed their minds and policies. Now, instead of allowing Taylor's to supply all timber, for The State's affordable house building project, each individual project would in future be sent out to tender. This would hurt, and both knew it. 'Ding dong' it was Alison, the accountant.

?

"I can't fucking believe it." Suki was very pissed off "I want a damn side more than their fucking offering." The State had made a substantial offer, if Taylor's would agree to end the current 10 years rolling contract, for supplying timber, and the three Ladies were here to plan their next move. "We had an agreement. They knew we'd have a monopoly." Suki dismissed their 'worried about forming monopolies' bollocks.

Alison agreed that they were in a serious position of strength, and they agreed to dig their heels in, and attain their demands. Then their attention turned to Melia's problems, and ironically, moments later, Georgia's phone jingled into life. "Shush it's Jess." She had arrived safely.

Georgia mentioned neither Taylor's, nor Kirsten's Mother's, troubles. Louise didn't want to ruin the two Girls holidays with problems they couldn't resolve. Glad to hear that the flight had been fine, and that Jess had slept most of the way, they said their goodbyes.

Having not slept at all well, searching constantly for the cold side of the pillow, both woke early, and ate breakfast, in the hotel's dining room, and then headed towards the pool, with their obligatory holiday novels in hand. The main topic of conversation, were the plans for that night's fun, as they enjoyed the invigorating sunshine, with the warmth even more intense, following their month in France.

Jess, and Kirsten, reclined on their sun beds, sipping their Mojitos, whilst two creatures knelt behind, a folded parasol beside each. Just in case it got uncomfortably hot.

The Brazilian Girl approached them. Her tiny white thong, and matching bikini top, emphasised Her dark skin. "Hi Girls, have you just arrived? Sorry, I'm Jasmine."

The tall Afro-Caribbean Girl ran the condominium. "How do you like the complex? Are your rooms to your liking?" With a click of Her fingers, Jasmine had Her two accompanying animals scamper, one to fetch a sun bed, and one a parasol. "I was a dentist in Bello Horizonte, but had to try this lifestyle." Jasmine swept Her arm for emphasis "I holidayed here, fell in love with the place, and bought it. Then five years ago, the current regime began and it's been fun, and profitable, ever since. With non-existent staff costs, plus the boost in tourism, caused by the political revolution, sending profits rocketing."

The Girls' glasses clinked, as they raised a toast to Her successful venture. Then it was time for Jess, and Kirsten, to pick Jasmine's brain, and gauge Her thoughts on the local nightlife.

The Girls had hit the jackpot. Jasmine's knowledge of the Island's bars was encyclopaedic, and Her choice for tonight was 'Jacksons'. With the most important decision made, the three spent the rest of the afternoon drinking and chatting, becoming more acquainted. The awaiting creatures were up, and down, like busy escalators, either holding a cooling parasol, or back down in its place, when the sun worshippers wished to take a little more sun. "One for the road, then we'd better go and get ready for tonight's fun."

Jess smiled in agreement that bumping into Jasmine, had been really fortunate, and now they wouldn't need to waste time, finding the right bars, as Kirsten headed to the shower. Jess sat on the veranda, rum punch in hand, reflecting on Her friendship with Kirsten.

It was nice to have a friend like Her. She was kind, caring, but above all loyal. Jess was jolted out of Her happy thoughts "Sorry, just ignore me. I left my towel, and razor, in my case." Naked, and wet, an embarrassed Kirsten tried to hide Her mott of pubic hair, and preserve Her modesty with Her hands.

"Not a problem, in fact a pleasant surprise. A hirsute pussy. Jess was impressed with what She saw. Kirsten appreciated the reassurance, laughing, and pulled Her retrieved towel open, flashing to Jess as She headed back to the bathroom "Perhaps you would like me to pop in and laver that bush of yours." Kirsten's returned smile, and the raising of Her eyebrows, showed Her approval of the idea. Jess followed Kirsten, who had now lost all inhibitions.

Kirsten now waved the towel excitedly above Her head, before happily standing in the front of the shower cubicle. Jess removed the cap from the aerosol, shook and sprayed. The

cool gel foamed as Jess's hand spread the whipped cream like bubbles over Kirsten's hairy mound and Kirsten moaned as She foamed, with the following aftershave play, in the bedroom, the completion of the ecstasy.

After the fun filled ablution action, the Girls left to meet Jasmine in the foyer. Jasmine was already there, sat on the olive green couch, and rose as the two Girls approached. Their 'Coco Channel' designer dresses drawing the admiring and expected attention. The three hugged, and ordered 'shots' in turn, at the bar, as they didn't have time for a creature to serve. They knocked them back in one. "Right then, Vixen's here we come."

Melia hadn't seen the news announcement, but had been given a heads up a fortnight ago. Melia was worried. "Yes, it would affect business, but there are, and always will be, traditionalists, and we hope that some will want quality, external metal ones." Suki butted in on the facetime call, enquiring if She had talked to Kirsten. Melia hadn't, adding that She didn't want to worry Her, and ruin Her holiday. Melia finished by saying that She would see if there was a major effect on supply, and whether the market was big enough for their 'Rolls Royce' of the product.

Suki apologised for not being able to give Melia a warning, explaining that She had not been involved in the discussions or decisions. Suki then went on to confide that they had their own storm on the horizon. Her friend in Housing had informed Her that the Minister for Housing was reviewing their construction policies. "Bye Melia, I'm sure everything will sort itself out."

Georgia, and Suki, continued the discussions about the in coming winds of trouble, and disruption ahead, and whether this would prevent Taylor's Timbers remaining viable. Both directors knew they had trouble ahead, and if the largest arm of the firm didn't survive, Suki could not see Taylor's Trafficking being able to support the families standard of living. The slave trade had also been greatly affected by the current economic state of play, and political uncertainty.

Suki paused before answering, it was Jess. "Not a word." Georgia was still nodding as She scrolled the green 'answer' button. "Hi Darling, are you having fun?" Having received an affirmative, Georgia, and Suki, listened as Jess told them all about their hotel, the pool, and the beach. Then excitedly, about Jasmine, and the night out they were about to have. Not a word was said about the two holidaying Girls potential disruption of lifestyle and cash flow. "Bye Darling, be good, love you. Have fun."

The two Girls linked arms, entering Vixen's, following Jasmine. Vixens was busy, with many Girls dancing, hugging and kissing. The trio headed for a table, in the corner of the vibrant room, with the palm leafed ceiling helping to keep the noise in, and muffled, to respect neighbouring bars. A creature quickly appeared, eager to carry out the Girls' demands.

It was whilst the creature was at the bar that Jess first noticed it. "What's that?" Jess pointed out a small bright light a mile or so away in the bay. Jasmine informed Jess that it was a private yacht. Jasmine knew it was a private one because tourist, and public charters, were docked by eleven. The Useless Cox's latest 'Sweet Gussets' boomed out. "Come on, let's go and dance."

Still sniffing, coked up, the Girls stepped onto the raised dance floor. Intimate, it was intermittently populated by males, fanning the stage with large fans, but even with this form of air conditioning, four or five dances soon had the Girls heading for the comfort of their seats. "Oh look, it's a lot brighter." It would get a lot brighter, as the 40 ft ocean cruiser came closer. Soon, the luxury of the vessel became apparent, as the jetty lights illuminated it in all its glory, as it docked.

Two creatures jumped the 4ft gap onto the quay, before lashing the yacht securely. The ramp lowered, before the two creatures helped the elegant Girls disembark. Once on terra firma, the two creatures raised their bottoms, offering the Girls their leashes. They took hold, and walked across the small beach.

Jess was annoyed with the amount of attention they received on their arrival. But this was soon quelled, most seating taken, the two asked if they could join them. What a relief, Jess was back in the limelight.

The two Girls introduced themselves, and over too many drinks, Jess learnt that the yacht was Freya's Mother's. Their great grandfather had made the fortune that Freya now enjoyed. It had been accumulated, back in the day, in the oil industry, and Freya was on a cruise with Her best friend Abby. It was partly vacation, and partly business.

It was the yacht's last voyage. Being not electrically powered, the yacht was to be scrapped as it was illegal from the end of the month, due to recently introduced environmental laws in the islands. Freya was taking the old lady out for a last hurrah. Abby had wanted to sail to Rio, but had bowed to Freya's insistence that South America was pushing it. It was the boat's trade in worth, and the cost of a replacement, that was the business side of the visit. Was it viable, and worth it, or would the family just sell up and leave the sector?

Jess's ears immediately pricked up. She had taken an interest in this subject, after a yacht scene in one of the films. "What was the boat used for, and what line are your family in?" Jess immediately liked the idea. Island cruises, and parties, on board a luxury yacht. What was there not to like? Jess needed to react quickly, and considered Mum, and Suki's, reaction. She had to go for it. "My Aunt may be interested, would you mind waiting until I've spoken with Her?" Jess headed to the loo's, where She rolled a 20 and snorted.

Jess left the cubicle, and checked Her makeup in the washroom mirror, when a face She recognised entered. "Are you from St. Catherine's?" Even as She asked, the realisation struck. It was Kelly Mortimer, the star of the latest blockbuster, the science fiction movie 'Misogynist Extremist'.

Jess hurried back to the table, eager to tell Her new friends about Her encounter. Jess pointed out the table. She sat with Her co-star Maddison Sparks. A pissed, Abby headed off towards the two A list celebrities. "Love your new movie, Kate" She said, to which Kelly Mortimer replied "Thanks, and it's Kelly by the way." Typical Abby.

Finishing Her drink, and about to say Her 'goodbyes', and head off to Her hotel, Jess rose to leave, when Abby, and Freya, after a very quick conflagration asked Jess "Do you fancy coming back to the yacht?"

Too right Jess did. She hadn't even hinted to them, but Jess had never dreamt, when She had left the hotel earlier, that She would be ending it on a luxury yacht. If Jess thought She was wealthy, then She was in for a rude awakening.

The yacht screamed opulence. The middle deck housed the Girls', and guests', cabins, all with 'en suite' bathrooms. The top deck had a day cabin and also housed the wheelhouse. A viewing deck lined one side of the vessel, with port out, starboard home, offering the best views. All very POSH. Ample amounts of furniture lay scattered, around an adequately sized pool.

The lower deck neither Freya, nor Abby, knew anything about. Neither had ever been down there before or had even thought about it. The slave cages resided here. Talking about the yachts slaves, there were plenty. Jess had thought that She was well served, but the quality, and level, of service was very impressive.

"That's Gran and Mom" the Southern States accent unmistakable. "That's my great, great, Grandmother." Freya wafted Her hand at the portrait. Expensive looking art works adorned the walls, surrounding the family's gallery of photographs and old portraits. The only male image was of their great grandfather "Well we needed a mug's shot."

“Bet you’re going to miss Her?” Jess, sympathetically asked about ‘Lazy Lady’, as the yacht was named “This environmental business is all well and good, but it’s ruining a lot of fun, not to mention businesses. “What are you going to do to compensate?” Jess tapped the yachts’ wall in a comforting sort of way. “As you’re selling, shouldn’t you check out the lower deck.” Why not.

Being at anchor meant the galley slaves were at rest. In this dark and humid atmosphere the creatures spent their time. They slept here, ate here, and certainly worked here. The Girls, in a drunk, and coke induced state, prodded, and poked, the creatures in their cages, waking, tormenting, and teasing them. Having had their fun, and looked around the miserable, bleak, conditions, they returned to the extravagance of the bar area.

Jess offered more coke. “No, Jess put it away, it’s my shout.” Abby asked Jasmine to stand, and with an ‘excuse me’, Abby pulled a bag out of the trunk, Jasmine was sat on. Jess’s eyes widened at the sight. She had never seen so much, and the purity of the narcotic was nose tingling. “In answer to your question, I’m not sure. I don’t know if Mummy is going to buy another boat or sell up. I think She’s had enough.”

After a few more drinks, Jess enquired about the cost of the new electric, replica Roman galleons. Although still very expensive, it was a lot less than Jess had thought it would be. “No, it wouldn’t be as fast, but much more stylish. This creature will show you to your cabin.” Freya handed its leash to Jess “Do you need any toiletries? I’ll have a skivvy run and fetch some, and it’ll bring them up for you.”

“Yes, that would be nice.”

Jess spent five more days enjoying a level of luxury that She had never experienced before. As I’ve already said, the service was most impressive, and this accompanied by fine cuisine, plenty of booze, and coke, punctuating lazy days sunning themselves by the oasis, that was the actually more than adequate pool. Jess took particular interest in the historic sights of the islands, they visited, especially those linked to the African slave trade. Many were functioning again, and Jess was fascinated with the link to the previous major slave society.

Evenings were a far more hectic affair. There was a party every night. It was brilliant. But the fact that each one was on a new, different, island every time, made it even more appealing and exciting. Jess was determined to get a boat, and to bring some of Her mates on a cruise. But that was in the future, the present needed thoroughly enjoying first.

“I’ll get my solicitor to draw up the contract. We’ll be around next week for you to peruse and ratify it. But, at least we have a provisional agreement.” Georgia and Suki left happy, with how things had gone. and pleased they hadn’t had to renege on the kind old Lady.

Georgia dialled Jess’s number to tell Her the news. “Still in bed after the flight.” Georgia explained that She had another worrying call from Melia. Then Suki contacted Amy.

“Good morning, Hartley Solicitors, how may I help?” The receptionist transferred the call through to Jenifer’s office.

“Hi, Jenny. It’s Suki, Suki Taylor.” Suki didn’t need to introduce Herself in so much detail, and certainly not twice. Jennifer recognised Suki’s voice instantly. Suki, and Taylor Holdings, were one of Her most valuable clients, and to be discussing and drawing up legal forms, for a business of this size, and potential, was both a challenge and a privilege. “Just under four hundred acres, of which about three hundred are wooded. She wanted two and a half million, but settled on two.”

Suki sounded very pleased with Herself “A good price, and with plenty of spare land to increase production. However, there may be a change of direction.” Suddenly the future looked highly competitive. Suki realised She had to get the business up and running, then She’d get a million profit, from the extra value put on a going concern when selling. The farm had to look efficient and profitable.

The little minx wasn’t ‘still in bed after the flight’, far from it. Jess was retelling Her beach bar story, still giggling, for the umpteenth and once time. Jess also recalled the story of the rickshaw at the airport. How the creature had been using its owner’s best, while the usual everyday one was being repaired. It was to be careful, and not damage it, or heaven help it. Having loaded the Girls’ bags, and explained about the rickshaw, it promptly reversed into another one. It was hilarious. The creature hadn’t laughed, it would have to endure the inevitable whipping.

But the biggest, and most attention grabbing moment, was Her recant of meeting Tiffany and Maddison. Jess was making out She was on first name and speaking terms. ‘Are You from St. Catherine’s?’ Very deep.

Tania was seated at the table, opposite Jess, as Kirsten arrived, causing the termination of the umpteenth, and second, recount of Her holiday stories. The discussions needed to begin, and Jess was fully aware of the precedence of the meeting. Provisionally, a

fortnight Saturday was agreed, during the excited discussions, and after the adjournment, Jess headed home to receive mixed tidings.

The good being news that the latest branch of the business would soon be sold. Which Jess welcomed with excited, anticipation of all that went with it, and the opportunity of extra available capital. "Sealed the deal with Miss Welch. She's not well. Miss Welch is in bed with a bug. A dry cough, high temperature and loss of sense of smell. Very odd."

The other news hit a different chord. Mother had made an appointment at the fertility clinic. Shit, Jess thought, that's a bit quick. Yes, Jess had said 'yes', but fucking hell, a gynaecological exam next week. Jess had had one before, She must have been about 15 or 16, and it was still very fresh in Her mind.

It had been horrendous to start with. Even after an attempt to reassure Her, by telling Her how lucky She was that it wasn't a creature examining Her, like it had been in days gone by.

Jess had cried, it had been so humiliating, having to spread Her legs in the stirrups for the doctor. Jess soon noticed that Doctor Phillips looked sexy and was very pretty so it did have its bright side. Jess had fingered Herself to orgasm on many occasions reminiscing about the vaginal check. "Mum, a week Monday, must I?" Yes, you must. It was a vital part of Gran's rehabilitation.

Jess scrolled inquiringly on Her laptop. Jess had entered 'IVF' into Google, and now Jess was reviewing what the procedure would entail. Her online education was interrupted by Aunt Suki's knock "Bye, darling." Suki was travelling back to Pankhurst, to discuss electoral tactics "See you tomorrow, hope all goes well today and don't worry, Mummy's told Her to be gentle and "You already know Doctor Phillips."

An hour later, Suki was opening Her laptop, simultaneously with Jess's opening of Her legs, as the sprinter swished out of St. Catherine's, bound for Pankhurst. Suki went through Her emails, replying to some and deleting others. Then She went to the latest, political announcements.

She liked what She saw. They were following Her advice. All good negative points and all very dissuading. Well, if they're to be given the decision, they really should know the alternatives. The Party needed to emphasise the cons, as well as diminish the tenuous pros, and some of these points would certainly make them think, and hopefully deter.

Jess was halfway through Her ordeal. Jess had already been examined, and required to put Her hands on Her head, as Doctor Phillips felt, and squeezed, Her breasts, before the be-spectacled, white coated, medic tweaked Her erect nipples. An embarrassed Jess watched it all in the highly polished full length mirror on the wall facing Her.

Doctor Phillips pulled a draw open, removed a small object, and then had Jess bend and touch Her toes. Jess, touching Her toes? No wonder She had pangs of humiliation. Then to Her horror, Doctor Phillips spread Her buttocks, ready for insertion of the thermometer “ I've always believed it gives a far more accurate reading”.

Next Jess was agape in the chair. Doctor Phillips, had told Jess prior, of what today entailed and had spent time re-assuring the apprehensive Girl. Doctor Phillips informed Jess that She would begin with a few questions, before a thorough check on Her health, to assess Her suitability to undergo the procedure.

The cotton apron did little to retain Jess's modesty as it rode up, with the lifting of Her legs, into the stirrups, under Doctor Phillip's instruction. Jess was fully displayed, fully accessible, and overwhelmingly embarrassed. The only person Jess was not in full view of, was Herself. This was the height of humiliation, and Jess wished the procedure over. Sorry Jess, it hadn't even begun yet.

Doctor Phillips adjusted the stirrups' height, before pulling Her stool into position. Satisfied, the doctor pulled the elasticated strap over Her head, and flicked on the attached torch. Jess was horrified, what was going on? Doctor Phillip resembled the coal miners, She had seen in school history lessons. It's not a fucking mine shaft you know, and in any case, it was Jess who had been looking for a good shaft, not Doctor Phillips. “I'm just going to ease You open.” The doctor parted Jess's labia “Just going to slip a finger or two in.”

It was no good. Even with the torch light Doctor Phillips was not totally satisfied with Her viewing. “Over here, on the couch please Miss Taylor.” Jess dismounted the chair and lay on Her back on the couch. Doctor Phillips had Her just slide down a little “I need a closer look. Let's have you over.” With that Dr Phillips took hold of Jess's ankles, pulling Her legs back over Her head. Jess had to prop Herself up on Her elbows. Her legs kicked a little, as She struggled with coordination and balance.

The humiliation, and abhorrent feelings, reached new levels. “That's better, nicely displayed and presented.” Accompanied by reassuring ‘all appears normal’ and ‘um hum's’, Doctor Phillips proceeded to give Jess a thorough examination, but it was not too bad after all, Jess thought, certainly not after You surrender and relax.

There was becoming a greater, and greater, call for more male rights. It was neither time to surrender, nor relax, for Suki. The FF needed to convince the electorate that they would call a referendum. An 'unwanted future' needed painting, so the Party's think tank sat in collaboration. They needed to create a manifesto to offer as a deterrent.

The afternoon proved very positive, and a strategy was put in place. The plan was to grant the referendum, and then make sure it falls flat on its face. It would need a little subterfuge, but would remain within the democratic process. The Party would also grant the Independents their demands, as the Party were considering the idea anyway, to boost revenue to the national purse.

Jess had certainly raised the white flag, and relaxed, before Doctor Phillips had summoned Her nurse. Nurse Llewellyn's gloved fingers held Jess's labia open. The inexperienced nurse had a smile on Her face, as She stood facing Jess. Nurse Llewellyn was hot, which did nothing to delay Jess's increasing damp and slipperiness.

A squelch accompanied the removal of Nurse Llewellyn's digits, as it did as Dr Phillips inserted the shiny stainless steel speculum, the tool of Jess's nightmares. The coldness and shock was not enough to extinguish the sensations Jess was enjoying. Jess eased Her legs wider and rolled Her head on the hard pillow.

This was much better than She remembered Her other examination to have been. Jess had to control Herself, as well as Her breathing. Jess was on the verge, as Doctor Phillips slid the snatch spreader from Jess's pussy. Even that 'device of Her nightmares' had not quelled Jess's enthusiasm. Excitement didn't begin to cover it. It was excitement only matched by Suki's apprehension at the Ministry. It was time for some proposals.

The first deterrent was under scrutiny. Suki sipped on Her water before getting to Her feet. Suki needed to put forward the first of the ideas that the think tank had concocted. The emphasis was to point out all the problems the creatures would face. A three months transitional period was suggested, for the creatures to move out, along with a proclamation that the creatures would not be entitled to free, or subsidised, housing or any benefits.

Jess, returned to Dr Phillips office, coyly returning the reassuring smile, as She took the seat in front of Doctor Phillip's desk. Jess's shower had taken even longer than usual. Half had been taken up by the shower nozzle's spray, refreshing the parts only it could reach, and in a far more satisfying way than Heineken ever could.

Jess had enjoyed the internal tickle of the spray, even pushing the nozzle's perforated head up inside Her. Boringly, the other half was taken up by soaping and rinsing. Well, not boring exactly, it was still sensual, but the bar had already been set at altitude, with Her aqua action of 5 minutes ago. Louise knocked on the door marked 'Doctor Phillips', before entering, and being invited to take the seat next to Jess.

Thankfully, Mum hadn't been present at the examination. She had been asked if She would like to be there, to comfort Jess, but had the decency to ask Jess if She wanted Her in attendance. No way, no fucking way.

The replaying of the procedure, accompanied by Doctor Phillip's running commentary, of what Jess had just undergone, was bad enough, thank you, but having to divulge Her sexual history, and the regularity of Her toy use, and all in front of Mother, was mortifying. The only compensation was the result, and the declaration of all clear, meaning the next stage of Jess's pregnancy could begin next week. Gran will be thrilled.

Suki was also thrilled, and excited, when told the glad tidings. The news made Her coffee taste so much sweeter, during the afternoon recess. After giving Her empty to the boy, Suki returned to the grindstone, although progress was slow, it was very definitely advancing. Maybe the meeting could manufacture a manifesto tonight, though a day or two looked more likely.

Doctor Phillips confirmed an appointment for Jess. Jess would visit the family planning clinic the week after Her next menstruation. Also to take a quick look at the potential donors. Jess barely knew where She was, everything was happening so fast, as Jess knew it had to be. Gran was deteriorating.

The next, but one, Wednesday night, Jess unlocked a cage, before putting the key back in Her pocket. Then Jess grabbed the penis, of the liberated animal, before breaking off the re-stricter, confident the second of Her little secrets would conceal the vandalism. After all, She needed to relieve a lot of stress and tension, amongst other things, and after a good hard knobbing, and re-populating the empty cage, it seemed to have done the job, and Jess slept well that night.

Thursday morning at ten, and Jess was thumbing Her way through the catalogues in Doctor Ophelia Ball's office. Kirsten had come with Jess, and it was fun choosing, flicking through page after page.

Each page had three photographs on it. One of the potential donor's face, one a full-length full frontal, and the third, of the creature's penis and testicles. At the bottom of the

page was a biography of the creature, accompanied by an assessment of its abilities, intelligence and obedience.

Its Intelligence Quotient, or IQ, was measured on a creature scale, not human. It was the level expected of a Girl of 4 or 5. Years of no education, or communication, was driving them back towards the chimps. Many a creature still failed to come up to standard, and were not included in donor catalogues. Also, in the paragraph, was its full health history and genetic make up, and all were checked for hereditary problems and excluded, where necessary, from the selection available.

Jess was only having a look, and She would make Her choice later. But a sneak preview wouldn't hurt. Jess was just putting the magazine down, when She spotted it. Just as Jess had envisaged, and had hoped for. "No, I definitely want the tall blonde one with the blue eyes. I want my baby Girl to be beautiful." Georgia had suggested one or two others. "No, with my stunning looks and its hair and eyes." Georgia suggested that Jess slept on it, and not make a rash decision, but Jess had made Her selection and was adamant.

Dr Balls tried to calm Jess's apprehension with humour, and after telling Jess that Her Mother's advice was very wise, She told Her old, and well loved, gag. Dr Balls even stood to deliver it "Don't worry Jess, the only difference is when receiving IVF you use a Pyrex, and not a Durex, and the baby might even have a womb with a view".

"We will happily pay for the new test to assure the egg and sperm are Female." Suki tapped in Her pin number "We don't want any of the problems, and expense, a male child would bring, not to mention the time wasted if Jess had to terminate." It was initially expensive, but could save in the long run. The screen read 'remove card' and all was paid for, all systems go. "Don't forget to count the days. When was the last time you flew the Japanese flag, Darling? Don't forget to save a tampon for Doctor Phillips to look at as well."

Georgia ordered "medium trot and knees up". 'Knees up' was quite a common site these days. It had become quite impressive, and fashionable, to have a high kneed team "The Queen Elizabeth's main entrance, boy, and keep those creatures synchronised." Georgia dialled Suki.

Suki was delighted with developments, and had a major announcement of Her own. "We've agreed to a referendum. I didn't want it, but when I heard The Party's plans, I read some of the negative points on the train, and I think we're onto a winner."

"The poll has been supported and approved by the Upper House." The Party had weighed up the risk. They needed to persuade a majority, and knew they would gain remain

votes, from the loyal creatures, and the ones who had known no different, and realised they wouldn't survive on their own, or be able to support themselves. It was worth the risk to win the popular vote.

An excited Suki also announced happily "On top of that, I have also had the first, bid." Both squealed excitedly. "Better make it fast trot, Georgia now." This was even more rehabilitating news for Gran, and Georgia ordered it so. Having visited Gran and informed Her of the day's developments, the two Ladies headed for home.

"I thought that perked Her up no end. But She doesn't look well. Can we talk about the new business tomorrow? I need to watch this film everyone's talking about it. I tell you what, I will accompany you on tomorrow's inspection, and we can discuss it then" Jess suggested. After all, 'Misogynist Extremist' was on, and Jess did know Kelly, the star. Well, at least had once said 'Are You from.....'.

Next day Jess was up in time for the daily inspection and check on productivity and progress. Showered, and breakfasted, Jess sat in the back of the Citi carriage, listening to Mum begin Her lecture, all about Suki, and Her own, plans and visions for the Company's future direction "We need to finish building the infrastructure of the new venture and get it up and running and then sell for a lot more than we paid. We need to change direction with all this new tender systems."

The Party had had to reconsider, and review, their policy of awarding the contract to a single multinational, due to public concern and industrial and political pressure. Now the aim was to construct the business, and sell it, before the government announcement. The now proposed intervention of 'The Monopolies Commission', had only added to the urgency. Perhaps they could inquire into why 'Monopoly' is only made by 'Waddington's', while they're at it?

The carriage pulled up at the construction site. Once out, Georgia and Jess were greeted by the senior sight overseer. Mandy pulled Her struggling animal into place, at heel, with a sharp tug on its leash. "Get at heel, you imbecile. Don't you know this is Miss Georgia and Miss Jess? Now fucking behave, boy!" Jess, and Georgia, both shook Mandy's free hand, and with a click of Georgia's fingers, the two Ladies animals were likewise at heel.

Light banter, and chit chat, accompanied the Ladies as they stepped into the lowered four-seat sedan. "No, I'll sit with my back to the front. I've seen it all before, and it'll allow you both to see all the views, and a few of the charming properties in the locality." Mandy looked over Her shoulder. "Lift." The four males squatted before lifting the chair by the two steel poles. In synchronicity, they grunted as they took up the weight. "Barn one and quickly." The three personal animals walked behind, attached in the usual way.

Mandy had selected a sedan, as a carriage was thoroughly unsuitable. The basic terrain, and the deep mud created by the incessant rain, of the last few days, was reason enough. The three Ladies needed to be carried by creatures, so as not to dirty their boots. Walking was out of the question, and in any case, it was like having to whinny when you own a donkey. I hope that's not too politically incorrect, in this animal rights culture. The choice was obvious, and besides it would be more treacherous in a carriage.

"Five accommodation barns, with four already complete, and the fifth starting today, and hopefully, the completion of the correction barn at the end of the week." The reply to Jess's sensible enquiry. Fuck me, Jess had taken an interest in the new venture. But was it for the assumed right reasons?

Jess had heard rumours, and now Mum had confirmed them. "It's coming along nicely, and your Girls have done well. Are we at full capacity or can they be worked harder?" Jess really was interested, as She could see the possible benefits, and the added finance, for Her idea.

"Rest assured my Girls demand maximum effort. After all, You must be in a hurry to get Your new venture up and running." A distant crack of a whip, reinforced Mandy's words and the Task Mistress's demands. "Ah, here we are. This is barn one, it's going to be for 100."

The creatures struggled, ensuring they didn't slip, as they continued transporting the Ladies over the muddy terrain. A gait of walk was adequate in these treacherous conditions. One slip, by a creature, and the Ladies could end up covered in mud, if not worse. The sedan approached the penultimate construction site.

"What's that?" Jess asked, as the sedan slowed to allow a struggling couple of creatures, and their load, to cross the path. The overseer moved them as fast as She could, with liberal use of Her cruel thin whip "Come on, put some effort in, you're delaying these Ladies." Her thin, flexible whip urged the two creatures on.

"It's an RSJ. It's used to support the upstairs rooms or something. They appear to be rather heavy to boot." Jess wasn't interested anymore, She was having too much fun, enjoying watching the Overseer administer Her lash. Jess had not watched creatures whipped, to drive them on before, and the effects were both remarkable and appropriate. She had seen punishment whippings, had even issued them, but this looked far more satisfying, and worth the effort.

Georgia's phone flickered into life, accompanied by that irritating new ringtone. It ceased as Georgia answered. "It'll be on this Wednesday's evening news, I'm announcing it

this afternoon. Will you enquire about the rest of the hill, and order the saws and saplings? We need it all sorted by then, and by the way, how's the mum to be?" Suki asked in an almost afterthought kind of way. Her mind was fully focused on the purchase.

The rest of the inspection became secondary, and Georgia rushed through it, promising Jess could have a proper look around again, and hopefully on a more clement day.

Georgia needed to get back. She had one, or two, minor details that needed ironing out. As She said, Jess could have a look around again. Anyway, Jess had enjoyed the whipping, as She had said 'The lazy bastards had earned it.' The business expansion needed to open, and they couldn't afford slacking.

"Miss Welch, how are you?" Georgia was back on Her overused phone "I'm so sorry to hear that. I think Gran may be coming down with it, as well, I'll be around this evening."

That Wednesday's 6 o'clock news led with it. 'Government announces u-turn on housing policy' the reader announced, above the dramatic, programme opening, campanology. The second clang of the peel 'Lady Taylor resigns' and the third more news on the release of the new restrictors. It had been a momentous day in the 'corridors of power'. Suki was a leading policy adviser, and member of the influential 'think tank', The Chair to be accurate. "Now live to Pankhurst, and our reporter, Amy Sturridge."

After agreeing what a shock the announcement had been, Suki began explaining Her reasons for handing in Her resignation, at this politically important juncture in time. "Like a turkey voting for Christmas, (more political incorrectness), I cannot support this decision, on both personal and business grounds." Suki listened to the next question "I feel my work is done here, and it's time for new blood. The impending election promises will, I hope, show the work my colleagues have achieved, behind the scenes, but I cannot support this. No, it's time for new blood. A fresh face and new ideas." Suki thanked the assembled press, before turning and leaving the lectern, and public service, behind Her.

Suki emotionally took Her seat. On time, the E-motion sprinter pulled out of the station, with Suki fully aware that this was probably the last time, She would commute back from Pankhurst. It was quite emotional. Jess was there, to meet Suki, at St. Catherine's, after the fast, comfortable, and reliable journey.

Jess had volunteered, to save Mummy the bother, and besides Jess thought Her pair of animals needed exercising. The pair of ginger, lazy, buggers hadn't been put through their paces, lately, and they could do with a brisk pull.

Suki had time to secure Her luggage this time. Suki had needed to use two animals and they crawled quickly, and obediently, behind with their loads. Ten years of clutter and memories carried some weight. The timpani of rain, on the station's roof, gave Suki an indication of the weather. It was worse than She thought, it was hail, and Suki waved as Jess sat in the carriage.

Jess had been on an expectant look-out, due to the latest heavy downpour. So heavy that the freezing cold, pellets stung the nude creatures, waiting to pull the two Ladies home. Jess ordered the carriage forward to the station's entrance. This certainly wasn't the kind of weather a Lady needed to be subjected to. Suki hurried, before opening the door, Herself, and jumped in the carriage next to Jess.

It was no weather to be waiting for a creature to attend. Instead the creatures were dispatched, to load the unusually large pile of luggage. Finished, the boot slammed shut, indicating the completion of the creatures' tasks. "Medium trot" Jess ordered, and the carriage pulled off. There was no doubt that medium trot would be maintained, as neither creature relished a taste of the driver's whip, certainly not in this bitter cold. It was hopefully winter's final assault of the season.

Having hugged, Suki shivered in Her seat. "That's a really biting wind, I'm glad you've got the heating on full." Jess smiled, happy to have had the foresight to help Auntie Suki warm up, and now She was helping the creatures do the same. "Come on boy, that's not fucking 'medium'. Get them moving, or I'll have 'fast trot' out of them."

"How's everything, and how's the project coming along?" Suki soon saw for Herself, and was pleased with what She saw. The carriage came to a halt, in the courtyard of Du Croix House, and they were home. Males were already waiting to attend, with two stood with umbrellas. Also present, amongst the welcoming party, was the houseboy who soon began its exaggerated subservient grovelling.

As the two Ladies exited the carriage, houseboy assisted of course, the two umbrella holding creatures hurried into place to make sure no rain, or hail, hit either Lady. The houseboy's exposure to the elements was of no concern. Most Ladies carried the view that male creatures didn't feel the cold, un-like Ladies, as they were far too hairy. The other two crawling animals, were directed towards Her luggage, with a click and point of Suki's fingers, through the puddles of the gravelled drive, they scampered.

Sorry I didn't come out to greet you, but it's really hammering down." It wasn't a problem, and both Sisters were soon 'high fiving'. Suki was so happy, not only had She finished working for the government, Suki was about to take up the reins of Taylor's Holdings. She had already mounted the firm, and was about to put Her spurs to productive

use, in order to generate commercial stimulation, and growth, with the goal to make Taylor's huge, and the timber side was a pity, but it could be discarded.

After a hearty, warming, butternut squash and lentil stew, Suki dug Her metaphorical spurs into the company's rib cage and dialled. Fifteen-hundred saplings were to be delivered next Monday. Tomorrow, Suki would work the building creatures hard, and to the limit. Hopefully construction would be complete, and the labour situation sorted out, and decided, with creatures ready to start by Thursday. After a long productive day, Suki slumped back on the sofa. Having been served by the houseboy, the two Ladies watched the soap opera 'Anita Way', martini's in hand. "Where's Jess? Has She gone to bed?"

Well, not exactly. She was in bed, yes, but not sleeping. Jess had already been to one of the barns to choose a creature. Her pet animal had been housed in its place, just in case there was an unexpected head count or something. Her new selection secured in the bedroom cage in its place. Not just to deceive a possible head count, Jess couldn't use Her own pet, and She had locked it in the barn. Not only would it be weird, it would be too risky. Jess couldn't take the chance that Her animal may communicate with someone. No, it was too near home. Jess would use a field boy. Jess was ready, and turned the key in the padlock "Out boy, quickly."

Jess's creature crawled from its cubic incarceration, unlocked from the cages it usually occupied. Jess fitted a blindfold, then slammed the door closed. Jess held its cock, taking note of the dimensions, and estimating the capacity of the needed replacement. That orange, where is it?

Jess had used the back entrance to smuggle the farm animal into Her bedroom. Yes, it meant Her being seen by some skivvies, but they could be silenced far more easily than trying to explain the situation to Mum or Aunty Suki. "Ah, here it is." Placing the object of Her rummaging on the bedside table, Jess closed Her underwear drawer, and with rising excitement, Jess switched on the residing table lamp. "Here boy." Jess slipped Her white knickers down, as the creature waited, having crawled as ordered. Jess stepped closer.

The animal's nose twitched as it tried to make out what was in front of it. Jess giggled, it was a pair of Her three days worn knickers, and making sure She did not brush up against the deep breathing, and frantically sniffing, creature, as it struggled but was unable to establish the origin of the odour. She coaxed it around the room, Her smelly knickers a more than adequate enticement.

This was a first-time visitor to its nasal receptors, and therefore it must have been an instinctive, biological, reaction, that with no knowledge of what was stimulating it, it had become semi erect. Jess pushed Her vagina closer to its face "That'll do, you little pervert.

You appear to have enjoyed your little sniff of your Mistress's dirty knickers." With that Jess took hold of Her creature's penis, and stimulated it further, until it started to throb and stiffen. Jess released Her grip and lay back, instructing the creature to lightly stroke Her belly. Jess looked forward to it, it was quite big, and it knelt on the bed, next to Jess, and began. "Make a good job, boy."

It had no formal training, and certainly no practical experience, but under Jess's instruction and tutorage it was soon improving its technique. Jess closed Her eyes, happy with Her coaching abilities. Jess undid Her bra and let it fall onto the rug at the side of the bed, next to Her earlier discarded skimpy briefs. "I bet this is beyond your wildest dreams and what you pray for and think of a lot." Jess shook Her head. "Probably wank over given the chance." With that Jess placed the blindfolded male's hands on Her pert breasts, "A Lady's titties."

Jess enjoyed its touch and Jess's nipples firmed, "Squeeze them gently." Jess's nipples felt like little taps to the manipulating creature, triggering other bodily taps to drip. Was this the time? No, Jess decided, a little clit stimulation first. Jess pulled Her animal's head down toward Her excited expectant twat.

Jess moaned and writhed with Her legs over its shoulders, thrusting Her pelvis forward to interlock with the creature's head, and after what felt like seconds, but was really the best part of five minutes, Jess climaxed, jerking and gasping, and the creature drank the young Girl's nectar, eagerly.

Jess panted, thoroughly satisfied. That was as good as Heads. Jess had reluctantly thought 'squeeze' and the creature had jolted and shuddered, before withdrawing from between Her legs, with its ardourous thoughts controlled and suppressed. No need for anything else. Wow.

The orange contraption She had earlier removed was replaced with the new one, courtesy of Kirsten, on the creature's rapidly softening, and diminishing, penis. Jess then replaced Her pussy in Her pants, Her animal in its cage, and Herself in the living room. Jess confidently recited Her pre-concocted alibi "Couldn't sleep, thought I'd come down for a hot chocolate."

Jess, and Georgia, arrived early, and were checking in at reception. A prim, and proper, receptionist sat behind the pine counter, and after a quick check of the adjacent screen, Jess, and Georgia, were informed by Her that unfortunately, Doctor Phillips had picked up a virus, and She wouldn't be in today. It appears She had picked it up on Her ward

rounds, and one particular ward has a few cases. "Some of the older Ladies are quite poorly."

However, Jess would still be seeing a doctor today, Doctor Philip's colleague, Doctor Osaki. Jess thought about the old nursery rhyme, and Jess wondered if Doctor Phillips had gone down with 'Alice', a nasty illness that Christopher Robin had suffered from. Well, She needed something to take Her mind off the impending procedure.

This just added to Jess's trepidation. Now, She was going to get Her pussy examined by a total stranger. Doctor Osaki welcomed Jess, and Her Mother, into Her room. Doctor Osaki began with introductions, and a brief history of Her qualifications, and previous experience in fertility, IVF and reproduction procedures. "I've also got some positive news. You won't need OHSS."

Ovarian Hyperstimulation Syndrome, or OHSS, would not be necessary. The treatment was to encourage egg production and Jess was informed that all was normal on the swab. "A good clutch in the future" Doctor Osaki announced "All that would take place today would be egg retrieval, Miss Taylor."

It was vital that Taylor's Timber looked like a well established, profitable operation, in an ideal location, and fully equipped and with more than adequate infrastructure. It needed to resemble a viable proposition, and they had a week, leaving three weeks before the submission of the new tenders. Another cart load of 10 arrived. These were recently acquired, cheap State slaves. Even a company the size of Taylor's, didn't carry the required stock of working animals, for an enterprise of this magnitude.

Ten at a time wasn't ideal, and was putting plans behind schedule, but the creatures were cheap, and it was the State's only cart, and with a capacity for only ten. It was slow, but the two Ladies needed the first barn habitable by tonight. They needed to make accommodation available for the creatures.

Suki had done the maths. It would pay for the extra animals, in time saved, but it would stretch the room available, for the accomodation of the creatures. Suki had been offered the use of State creatures through Her connections, and She couldn't turn down the offer. The driver cracked the whip, and returned to the State holding camp. Just another three trips to go.

Georgia had already contacted the supplier, to cancel their order for the wombs. The whole of their focus needed to be on the new venture. They wouldn't be required now, there would be no need to worry about future lumberjacks. It wouldn't be a Taylor issue soon.

A propped up Gran was getting very ill, but still expressing how deeply she wanted this, and how happy, and proud, it would make Her. "Best thing I ever did, you'll be thinking, when you've have your own little Girl running around, Darling." Gran reassured and wished Jess well. Gran reached for the bedside table, and picked up Her glass, then sent Her boy "To fetch a glass of water". This damned cough, Gran took another gasp on the ventilator.

"I know, but I'm a little apprehensive. But I will do it, I promise. Have you still got that cough? It sounds like it's getting worse." Jess hung up. Fucking Gran always phoned at the most inappropriate times. "Sorry Girls." Jess had never had so many Girls in Her bedroom before. Then with the excitement, and anticipation, of appearing nude in front of Her largest audience, almost tangible, Jess pardoned Herself, before taking down Her knickers. "Right Girls, watch this."

Jess clicked Her fingers and the creature came crawling. So intently were the creatures paying attention, that even in this blind state they could still recognise their own owner's click, and desperately hoped to hear it. Guiding it, with Her knickers, Jess led it to the side of the bed. "Right boy, come here and stroke me, like you did yesterday" adding "Gently and seductively."

It did as it had the day before, and Jess felt the same pleasurable urges. Again, Jess guided its hands, not to Her breast though, this time Jess escorted them toward Her awaiting sex. Her pre-selected animal fumbled its way along the bed, knelt, and began its caress. She knew how Her naked body caused yesterday's erection, and Jess needed it erect. She fully intended to have Her first shag, and wanted it satisfying.

Jess was soon up for it and told Her animal to kneel here. Jess tapped Her quilt to point out exactly where She wanted Her animal. It had repeated the previous night's stimulation, and some, but now Jess needed it further down the bed. It was time to take things a step further.

Jess took hold of its uncaged, rock hard eight inches, whilst telling it to lay prostrate on its back. Jess tested the deterrent factor of the creature's re-strainer, with a 'kick' thought, and the creature jolted and noticeably softened. That seems to be functioning. It was time.

The other three Girls looked on intently, as Jess once again manipulated Her animal stiff, after breaking the re-stricter open on the creature's huge phallus, Jess sat astride, and shuffled into place, before lowering onto the erection, and under Her direction it slipped its firm cock into Her soaked love tunnel. Jess released the first of many a gasp. "Don't you dare come, or it'll be castration for you." Jess warned, increasing the frequency of Her bouncing.

Zebedee had nothing on Her, it was magic in a roundabout sort of way. Jess was near the rate of the Girl She had seen in the film. Jess bounced away. Jess was having a great experience, and slipping into ecstasy. The creature had adjusted its timing, and now its upward thrust coincided with Jess's descent, the penetration deep and forceful. Jess's tartan, patterned quilt fell to the floor, as again it's impressive eight inches jammed into Her, with the equally impressive girth stretching Her vertical lips.

Jess could feel the creature nearing climax. Jess needed to intervene before it was too late. She knew She needed to control Herself, and had to think to make it stop. Jess couldn't, excitement the culprit. The thought control was on, Jess just needed to think 'no' and it would cease. All Jess could think though, with potential disaster a possibility, was Yes! Yes! Yes! Just think no, and stop, Jess. Too late, and with a thrust, moan and jerk, it ejaculated and stopped.

Jess jumped down horrified, worried, and in a state of shock. Frantically She wiped with the quilt, trying to rid Herself of the creature's sticky load. Oh shit, Jess was at maximum fertility, and She even had Her insemination due in the morning. A panicking Jess wiped, at Her recently used crack, internally with a wet wipe. Unfortunately for Jess, the stable was empty, and the door still ajar. It was too late to shut it now, the stallion was over the hill and far away. Jess was well and truly fucked, in more ways than one. Shit!

Jess got about as much sleep as a creature at Pascoe's that night. Why hadn't She made it stop, why hadn't She just thought fucking no? Jess was seriously concerned and lay propped up, grinding Her teeth as She did when stressed. Jess had been awake so early that for the first time She had heard the creatures being awoken for their daily toil.

Two issues were tormenting Jess. Will they notice any remnants of last night's ecstasy and why the fuck hadn't She worn protection? All this meant that Jess may be in a seriously large jar of Branston's. Cursing Her stupidity, and with mounting trepidation, Jess lay back prone. Jess was so filled with concern that She felt Herself trembling. Relax Jess, at least it won't hurt.

Although it was still early, Her call was answered by a very sleepy sounding voice "Hello." Jess apologised, and explained that Her lack of sleep was due to concern over last night's frolics. "Of course I'll come, where were you thinking?"

Kirsten was happy too. She knew what Jess faced today, even if She hadn't been through the terrifying procedure herself. "See you then, good luck." Kirsten was fast becoming Jess's best friend and rock.

Doctor Phillip's re-assurances were all well and good, and pain was the very least of Jess's worries. Doctor Phillips guided Jess's ankles into the awaiting stirrups and once again the apron did nothing to maintain Jess's privacy. Her current brazen display matched only by Her naivety. Has it stretched? If so, had it returned to as before? It hadn't widened with Her toys, as far as She was aware, but She hadn't checked in as much detail as the gynaecologist would.

"All appears normal." Now, that was reassurance from the physician. Suddenly Jess had another concern, Doctor Phillip's was approaching and She wasn't empty handed. Doctor Phillips took the stool, in front of the couch. Jess was relieved it was only a smear wipe and quickly, and without fuss, the procedure was concluded.

In the post procedure chat, Doctor Phillips announced that there had been no problems found during the tests on Her tampon, and that the examination had thrown up no anomalies. An alcohol sterilised handshake, and Jess was on Her way, with more re-assurances and the date of Her next appointment, two weeks Monday. The stress had been as intense as the relief was now, but still Jess rang Kirsten. "Not as bad as I thought it would be. Still fancy it? I'll see you there." A much needed makeover, and pampering, was arranged and appointed.

"Come on, come on." The lash free encouragement appeared to be working. The creatures were unloading the first batch of saplings, and laying them neatly inside the stone perimeter wall. The three years old Norwegian spruce trees were then carried to the summit of the first slope. Here, hundreds of creatures were already at work, thinning and planting, and with the completion of the saw mill, and the building of accommodation, and storage, almost complete, the illusion was almost visible.

The thinning had been on-going for the past week or so. This was the important first stage of the management of the recently acquired woodland. The existing pine areas were not as labour intensive as the native woodland nor environmentally illegal to fell.

Besides, pine forestry was meant to be the company's objective, so it came as no surprise that thinning had begun there. The work was urgent, and hard, but it came nowhere near the construction site, where the slaves were building intensity, as they worked at the intensive building project.

Georgia had begged a favour, and had hired half a dozen horses from the local riding school. Many of the younger Girls, in the locality, had their own horses stabled at Bantam Equestrian Centre, however the school had ten of their own. They could spare six, on a

rolling six months contract, to ensure they recouped the loss of revenue this would potentially create.

The intermittent, shards of early spring sunshine, did little to take the chill from the morning air. The naked creature's bare feet crunched, on the fragile, frosty grass. Spring, it may have been, but the mounted Task Mistresses still turned the collars up on their greatcoats. Having breakfasted on kibble, the creatures were ready for work.

Mandy assembled the creatures into their teams, and issued them with the required tools. Then Mandy, and Her fellow Overseer, accompanied the creatures to where they had terminated last night.

They once again lined up awaiting the decision. The overseers, controlling the creatures on the night shift, always met in the bar after the session, to give their opinions on the effort put in by their respective team. There were incentives in place, as well as penalties. Some teams were closer to predicament than others. Some needed to pull their damned fingers out.

The rewards and penalties for hard effort, or the lack of, ranged. A 'good days' toil could earn you a night, in the saw mill, and this was the goal of each team, and meant a little comfort, and little comfort it was.

It differed in the number of blankets issued, two instead of one, and the food rations. Another bonus was the extra hour in bed, half an hour in the morning, and another half at night. The guarantee of a bed, albeit wooden, and the extra warmth of the less cavernous room, generated by body heat, another attraction.

There would be additional benefits the next day. They would have grade one, the easiest to hit target level, and regarded as a privilege by the creatures. Tasks involved running errands as and when. The less productive teams were allocated jobs, based upon their rankings. Next position was the carpenters, the rest ranked all the way down to the rockers.

Rockers was their official title based on the nature of the job, though you would think it was 'lazy bastards' if what the Girls in charge were always calling them. They were to carry slabs of rock, down from the quarry. The overseers had made their decision. Having lined the teams up in their democratically decided places, Mandy cracked Her whip. "Alright, let's get on with it." Mandy lifted the reigns, and with a "Walk on" headed towards Her colleague on the bay gelding.

The Girls had made the request for horses, after complaining about it 'being murder' having to be on their feet all day. Each Overseer had been issued with a horse. Having been exclusively used to allow Girls to learn to ride, they were exceptionally well schooled. After all, what young Girl didn't want a pony? A pony She could ride confidently and safely. Even the less privileged, Girls deserved the opportunity to ride, and these were horses that afforded them that opportunity.

The two Ladies sat high in their saddles, the height allowing an excellent vantage point from which they could observe each team. Each team had their own jobs, in groups of five, one gang did the initial clearing, armed with machete and scythe. First, the sycamore, elms, and the like, were chopped down to under six inches tall by machete, and then all bramble, and nettles, were scythed down, before being removed by the tidying up team. These, believe it or not, were the sort after jobs, this was reward. Other tasks were far more physical and strenuous.

Then another gang of creatures went to work, they had different tools, some a pickaxe to loosen the soil, and break the roots, the other carried a spade to remove the stump. This was the hardest part of the job, and was the equivalent of being a rocker. "Come on, you lazy bastards put your backs into it" Mandy removed the flask from Her inside pocket "want a quick hot toddy to warm you a little?" Her colleague took a quick shot. "Jess knows all about it, but I don't know how Georgia or Suki would re-act." Not very pleased I should imagine. Drinking at work was not permitted even by cold overseers.

There were no horses here at the construction site, the terrain was judged far too treacherous. Not for the rockers, however, as they continued their circumnavigation of their endless and monotonous cycle. Still they struggled up the narrow stone track, carrying out their 'Sisyphean' task, and then over the muddy field and onto the awaiting stonemasons. Some lads of old had dreamt of becoming a rocker, not this kind however. Easy Girls, easy.

The stone slabs were heavy, and carrying them was back breaking work, apparently. They were also precious, and valuable, judging by the whipping issued for dropping one. "Best get back to it." Mandy needed to check, where a necessary increase in effort levels was required. Her colleague had appeared to have found an area that needed improving, judging by the sound of the cracks, and accompanying pain, and scream filled male apologies. They did not appear to be up to the Overseer's expectations.

Back at the forestry location, the tidy-up boys arrived regularly, with their burden of felled sycamores. It was then fed into the shredder, and the chippings would be laid to form ecologically friendly, and safer tracks, to make the transportation of the felled lumber easier. Hopefully this made up for the pollution, caused by incinerating the removed brambles, nettles and weeds. Composting was not an option. Too woody.

Gran had been moved to another ward. She was running a high temperature, and Her worsening cough was causing breathlessness and concern. Georgia, and Suki, were shocked by what they saw, Gran was on a ventilator. She was still conscious, and gave a little wave of welcome. Gran sat up in bed, "Pardon me, both. Fetch me some water boy." Her cough was getting worse. Georgia had seen an article about a virus in North Korea, but surely not, Korea was on the other side of the World.

All conversation had now switched from Gran's health, and focused on Jess's appointment this afternoon and for once, Jess was not looking forward to being the centre of attention. At least Jess was a little less apprehensive today, at least She would be anaesthetized. She had insisted, even if it was only egg retrieval day.

Before Jess awoke from Her morphine induced narcosis, the embryology team were already checking the recently removed egg's health and welfare. The thin needle had done the job, removing the egg from the ovary, without a hint of any problems. Eventually awaking fully, Jess lay still in the same position as when She woke. Jess felt tired, groggy and dis-orientated.

Stretching Her aching muscles, Jess rolled over to see a smiling sunrise of joy, and happiness, staring back. Still confused, Jess had to be reminded of where She was and what had happened. "In hospital. You had a procedure, and all went well. How are you feeling, Darling?" Mummy asked sympathetically.

"Not very well." Jess replied irritably, like a spoiled child. Meanwhile Jess's potential new spoiled brat, was on Her way to the embryo department. Here the one selected, and screened sperm, inseminated the egg by intra-cytoplasmic sperm injection (impressive, or what?) before the fertilized egg was placed in a hypodermic. There was no need for blastocystis, as extra development was felt un-necessary. So now the next, and final part of the process, could occur. Just one more infiltration of Her crack.

Jess's irritability had receded, if only marginally. "No, I didn't. The pillows weren't firm enough, the mattress too hard, and the room far too fucking hot." Jess had not slept well at all. Never mind, poor Jess would soon be home. Just the one more check to go.

Again, all having gone well, Jess sat with Georgia in Doctor Phillip's office. Doctor Phillips went on to explain that She hadn't needed to use embryo glue in the uterus. Personally, although there was still no conclusive evidence, Doctor Phillips believed it may be responsible for causing developmental damage, and besides, this was the first attempt and Jess may be very receptive.

On the other hand, there was no guarantee. In the old days a large number of IVF eggs had been rejected, for various reasons, but even that had been rare. "Not if sexual intercourse had not taken place within 72 hours of the procedure." Sexual intercourse, not bloody likely, it had been illegal for over 40 years, let alone this week.

Doctor Phillips handed Jess Her home pregnancy test, before ushering both Ladies into reception, and wishing Jess all the best. "One of our creatures has been dispatched to fetch your carriage, it shouldn't be too long." The Doctor turned, and greeted Her next patient. This whole process had done nothing to calm Jess's turmoil. Pregnant She may be, but with what?

Suki urgently needed to speak with Georgia. Yes, She was no longer at the Commons, but had received a leak from Her ex-colleague, now in the Home Office. "Keep it quiet, it hasn't been leaked to the press yet. Get out!" Her advice was loud and clear. "How long will you be?" Suki had a skivvy fetch Her a Scotch.

Opening Her laptop Suki tapped in 'Fly Away' and pressed 'enter'. Suki had booked the flights before Georgia returned. Even at 'full trot', She had still taken longer than Her ETA. Flustered, She hurried to the drawing room. Worry was etched all over Suki's face. "Get yourself a drink, you're going to need it."

Attentively, Georgia sat listening, as Suki explained how Her friend in the Home Office had contacted Her, and told Her about the rumours coming out of both the Foreign Office and Department for Health. If true, they needed to act before it was too late. Suki knew that as had been the case, with past epidemics and pandemics, borders may close and business take a major hit.

The epicentre in Europe appeared to be Antwerp in Belgium, and Eindhoven in Holland. "Three have died, and seven more are ill, and all in this nursing home in Belgium. They don't know what it is. They're calling it 'Hanoi Flu'." A serious, and trying to stay calm Suki, went on "it's spreading fast, very virulent."

They needed to protect Gran. She was in the vulnerable category, and had a throaty dry cough, the very symptoms of the residents affected, on the near Continent, less than 500 miles away. "Do you think we should give Melia a 'heads up' and a life line?" She was going to need it after the restricter announcement. "This coupled with the announcement, could be the end for Melia. Of course they would.

They both agreed that Jess's idea looked more, and more appealing, sensible and a way out. "I know I hadn't consulted with you yet, but I've already bought tickets for the five of us." Georgia had problems with it, what about Gran? Suki pointed out that there was little, She could do until Gran came out of intensive care, and that'll be weeks. Melia, and Kirsten, were booked in the row behind on next week's flight. They couldn't delay.

The next morning Suki excused Herself, She couldn't watch this. The whole medical theme was denying Her the opportunity to put Her concerns out of Her mind. It kept reminding Her of Gran's health. It was stock control day, and a chance to check the company's stock's health and welfare. The farm's animals needed checking. She'd catch up on the official figures later, and react accordingly.

Things were going well, the previously selected creatures had almost completed unloading, and assembling, the required equipment in the House's summer house, where these procedures took place annually, but normally a lot later in the year.

The vet had already arrived and was running through some paperwork in Georgia's office, at the same time the first batch of animals were being prepared. All hosed down and shaved. "Sorry we had to double our fees, but it was very short notice. This is Alex" Mandy introduced Her assistant "Alex is on work experience, She wants to study veterinary surgery and major in male animals."

Georgia welcomed the student, with encouragement to follow Her dream. But they needed to get started, as the length of time allocated suggested it would be a time consuming, and rushed, job. All Taylor Holding's animals were to undergo the same testing and check. It would be a major task, but Mandy assured Georgia that it would be completed, and thorough, not to mention being an ideal opportunity for Alex, to get a full idea of what the job entailed.

The first twelve creatures were lined up, hands on heads, by the overseer as they were allowed, or rather told, to stand for a rare occasion. The three Ladies entered the room, two now clad in white coats. "These are the first ones, they're all stubbies, sorry, I mean yellow cocks."

"Don't worry, I knew what you meant. I can see. Domestics, I assume." Laughing, Mandy went on "One I examined the other day was so small, I thought it had a pussy." Mandy rose to begin Her work. "Had to stretch it out, to confirm it was a male. Went for a fortune mind" Mandy's final retort "Here boy." The first creature hurried into place.

"I personally always begin with the prostate. Leg up here boy." Mandy tapped the table, with Her recently encased latex gloved hand. Mandy tapped the exact spot. "Hurry up,

boy, other leg you idiot.” The creature had to bend its knee to steady itself, as it had to stretch the other, to reach the height of the desk, and as a result this displayed its whole undercarriage to the vet. Mandy held onto its genitals, to help retain the pose. Alex sat down on Her low stool to get a better view.

After watching a dozen, or so, creatures checked, with an invitation, Alex took hold of the creature’s scrotum, before pulling down. “This is just to keep it in place?” Mandy nodded an affirmative, and with that Alex eased Her digit finger up, the creature’s straining anus as it jerked, stretching its scrotum momentarily. It wouldn’t flinch again. “Keep still!”

Alex’s digit searched for its gland. Alex thought that was easy enough, and She could cope with that, handle it even, and wouldn’t mind having a go at this vet business. There were worse jobs out there.

Each creature was put through the complete test, before the vets moved towards the respiratory unit. Mandy led the way, and upon entry an oxygen masked creature, began its running on the machine’s moving travelator. Gradually Alex increased the speed on the machine’s dial.

Mandy listened intently, as Alex enthusiastically extolled the machine's virtues. “This is our new machine, it has the capacity to calculate an animal’s fitness and effort with incredible accuracy and then give the creature’s percentage of its fitness.” Mandy turned the dial up to the prescribed measuring rate. “It’s set to start making its assessment. Right boy, I want you running at a steady pace.”

The steady paced, first half of the test's minute’s endurance, had begun. This first test allowed the machine to assess the creature's basic fitness, and this would help with the second minute of calculation. Mandy pushed a key on the machine. “Now, I want to see you flat out, come on, let’s see a bit more from you.”

The sensors on the running machine’s base picked up the details, so that the maximum pace the creature could manage was maintained and adjusted accordingly. The machine also made two other calculations, heart rate and recovery time. There was no chance of a creature not going full out, as a low percentage could mean a trip to the auctions.

Next, the creatures received any inoculations that were due. The vet used the same jabs as doctors did with Ladies. Technology was getting there, but human medicine was irreplaceable in certain areas or cases.

After basic testing, creature jabs were being manufactured, but were still unreasonably expensive, with the added possibility of damaging the animal. After its blood test, the

creature was assessed for flexibility. Bending, and squatting, as ordered, allowing the vets to handle, squeeze, and weigh, the balls before finally being checked for sores or welts.

Welts were unwanted on a creature, especially as they would be part of the overall purchase. It betrayed the creature's behaviour, which was why owners always had to think twice, about using the whip. Did they really feel the whip matched the punishment, and subsequent drop in value? "Next, " the second creature moved toward the calculating floor, "One down and only a hundred to go." Well, not quite that many.

By the afternoon, the process had, to all sense and purpose, doubled its pace. Alex now felt comfortable, and was putting creatures through the whole procedure, happily, on Her own. The morning had only reinforced, Her determination to follow Her chosen career, and Alex's next patient awaited, leg up on the desk. Soon all had been inspected, and all were ready for sale.

The evening news was full of doom and gloom. The Hanoi Flu was spreading, and was reaching epidemic proportions, in the other Benelux countries. The first case in the UK had been diagnosed last Monday. It was undoubtedly in the UK, and like many of the viruses of the past, it targeted the old and vulnerable. Gran was in this group. The other item of concern was for Melia, more than Taylor's. It was the announcement that a second, new company, had started manufacturing the new restrictors.

Jess also had Her leg up, up on the toilet seat. Well at least you didn't have to pee on it anymore, all the new tests required was a quick wipe, that was all. "Oh my god, yes." Jess pulled Her knickers, and jeans, up.

Jess paused outside the door, as She composed Herself. Metamorphosing Her persona into disappointed, and with deep breaths, and a click of the fingers, a creature opened the door. A very disappointed, and depressed looking, Jess entered the living room. Both the occupants were concerned, and a crying Jess announced the negativity that Jess hadn't taken.

Jess was inconsolable, Her acting immaculate. Jess needed to be comforted, it was a serious enough an incident to warrant Gran's brandy. She was unlikely to drink it, Gran had deteriorated rapidly over the last twenty four hours. Would news like this, send Her to Her grave? She needed to be told, She was still head of the family.

Miss Welsh's family had been told to prepare for the worst. Although neither had met, it was believed Miss Welsh had contracted the virus, whilst visiting Luxembourg. Suki, or

Georgia, may well have transferred it to Gran, during their regular visits. But it was through ignorance and not carelessness. Miss Welsh had tested positive for Hanoi, and Her age was no ally. Gran had been tested, with Her result due in the morning.

The test result lay unopened on the ward sister's desk. "Time of death 11-42, thank you everyone." The crash team ceased their resuscitation, and the doctor pulled the sheet over Gran's head, and ceased the attempted ventilation.

The creatures had never ran faster, driven on by the carriage whip. "In grave danger they said." The consultant greeted the apprehensive pair, as Georgia and Suki rushed into the ICU. The news could not have been worse, and both hugged each other in tears.

The death of Miss Welsh, soon after, did little to lighten the sombre mood. It was extraordinary, although the two elderly Ladies had never met, they had been born within a mile, and a month, of each other on the same day 71 years ago. They had contracted Hanoi in the same week, hospitalised on the same day, and died within the same hour.

Soon, Melia and Kirsten joined the mourning huddle, back at DuCroix. Callously, Suki thought about it. It did solve a problem. A tear came to Jess's eye, "Sorry. Gran, I can't believe it, why didn't you wake me?" Jess fell on the sofa and buried Her head "I'm so sorry Mummy, sorry Aunty Suki " Jess sobbingly added.

The two grieving Sisters hadn't disturbed Jess, because Jess needed plenty of rest, with all She had gone through. Jess would be devastated, and probably suffer extreme depression. Did She feel depressed? Jess didn't think so, in fact quite the opposite. Devastated, certainly not, She didn't want it in the first place. She'd only done it for Gran, and now She would not need to do it again, thank god.

Jess was upset, and felt and shared Her Mother, and Aunties', pain. Jess pointed, and it scurried to pick up the phone. At first it was uncertain of what its owner's actions had suggested. It was the phone, or the make-up bag. No, it must be the phone. Luckily for it, it chose the correct option, and dismissed, the creature bowed, thanked, and left the Girl's bedroom.

Jess scrolled through Her contacts. "Fancy a day in town? I need a couple of new dresses." Having received an enthusiastic affirmative from Kirsten, Jess teased Kirsten, "Tell you the result, when I see you later"

Jess pressed the button, and ordered the responding creature to wait outside the door, and rolled over. Pillows fluffed, Jess lay Her head. Poor Jess must have been worn out, and

soon slipped back into a light, sleep safe in the knowledge, the creature would wake her. She had told it 'She was sleeping, right through till eleven'.

Even showered, Jess still had two hours to kill, till She was due to meet Her friend. She contacted Kirsten, and to see if She fancied meeting earlier. 'I'm awake early, fancy Scarletto early?' Jess texted. Jess returned to Her 'home page', before clicking on the camera function. Selecting gallery, Jess selected a video and pressed play. You've guessed it, a film of Jess's ride.

She was much happier now about watching it, as it had not resulted in the unthinkable, a male offspring, and all the shame, and embarrassment, it would cause the Taylors' reputation. Jess could now really enjoy the film's climax, in more ways than one, relieved and relaxed. Looking back on it now, Jess was so glad that She hadn't thought 'stop'.

The film brought back memories of the immense pleasure. Jess killed a bit more time, after the movie, with Her finger before She summonsed the creature, who had been standing obediently at Her door, before telling it to "Fuck off and call me a cab."

A public rickshaw was ordered, as Jess didn't need all the fuss of using Her own carriage, or Her animal for that matter. They would be entering boutiques, and obviously creatures were not permitted in such places. Ladies liked to try on outfits, in peace and privacy. Her creature would need all that hooking, and unhooking, and Jess couldn't be bothered. It wouldn't be a problem, if Jess bought too many items, then She could always hire a boy to carry it for Her. Too many items to carry? Jess, buy too many shoes or dresses? Jess? Surely not. "Your taxis here Miss."

The journey to the City centre took no time at all. The sadly atypical, and authentic looking, rickshaw was powered by two trotters and constructed of bamboo. It did make it light and faster, and many Ladies used them for short commutes. The rickshaw pulled up, outside Dashwood's, as ordered.

Kirsten was sitting outside the imposing building, in Her public hire carriage "A disobedient animal is playing up, and being sedated, in there. Apparently it back chatted." Kirsten stepped out of the rickshaw, "What's wrong with them? Allow them in and this happens, stupid bastards." The welts on the creature pulling Her were proof enough of Kirstens' lack of patience, pent up anger, and disregard for creatures. It mattered little to Her, it was a public animal, and it would pull for the rest of its existence, and therefore, there was no need to worry about its value, in any case.

Kirsten hugged Jess, offering Her condolences. Kirsten was astounded by Jess's reaction. "I'm quite pleased, in a way. It removes a major obstacle, for Her business plan, and talking of business, talk turned to the potential collapse of Rest Assured. "If the worse

comes to the worse, there is always a place for you in The Maria's." Jess squeezed, as She hugged Her best buddy.

The two enjoyed a coffee, before embarking on their purchasing pilgrimage. Kirsten hadn't brought Her animal either. The pair of spoiled Girls, headed for their unanimously agreed favourite shop. 'Savilles' was very posh. It was exclusive and fashionable, and what seemed to matter most, expensive. The lack of items on display, in the window dressing, emphasized both exclusivity and expense.

Jess and Kirsten had decided against renting a boy, yet, they could manage a bag each. Anymore however and it would be necessary. The shop was up on the left, by the fountain. The Girls entered the haute couture boutique. It was the fashion chain's second shop, having branched out from Milan. It had only opened the previous week. Jess followed Her body compass, which always seemed to lead to the very costly. "Yeah, I went through the whole process. I can't believe how lucky I've been."

Jess held a dress in front of Her. "Well?" Kirsten nodded Her approval but really wanted to hear the rest of Jess's tale. Kirsten prompted Her with a raised eyebrow looked 'go on'. "I wasn't to tell you. Mum told me to stay 'Mum'."

Kirsten didn't know how to react, was Jess really upset and disappointed? Jess' reply implied not, "No, I only did it for Gran. I don't want a fucking kid. I've got partying to do. It would just get in the way."

The Girls continued their rummaging, "Especially with the new drug laws. It was a Re-publican Party suggestion." Jess found nothing else that took her fancy, and in the end it was the original green dress she had picked up that got Her vote. "One thousand, five hundred, thanks" Jess pressed her card against the terminal "Yeah, they're going to legalise it."

The potential was massive, but legislation would need re-writing, and historic old laws rescinded. A whole new industry would need to be set up, most likely State controlled. But it would financially solve a lot of the funding needed for public services.

It had already been proposed by the Home Secretary, Miss Belsize QC. Advice from leading medics, and the legal profession, was responsible for the introduction of the bill, or at least that was the official stance. Numerous former Ministers, in this position, had not had the foresight, not to mention the balls. It was the sensible option, with the pain relief achieved, in certain conditions, now greatly missed, and replaced by expensive medicines, many with harmful side effects.

Suki had agreed to come out of retirement. Emma Pascoe had called begging. They needed 'all hands on deck', and Suki's expertise was needed with the legislation. They needed the bill to clear The Houses quickly, and smoothly, and not to be held up by a technicality. The tax revenue was immeasurable.

It was thought there were on average, three illegal growing factories, in every street in the Country, and it needed legalising to access this. They felt it sensible to bring the independent growers on board, offering the opportunity to become State suppliers.

The revenue raised would more than cover the costs of any health concerns the new legislation may bring, and it would finance so much more. The logistics of the new industry needed sorting out, and it would help with Female unemployment.

There would be a variety of jobs. There would need to be overseers to supervise the cultivation, harvesting, and primary transportation that would be carried out by closely monitored creatures. Other Girls would be needed in the whole production chain. There would need to be overseers, at each stage of manufacture, packaging, retailing and of course, all the administrative jobs would be Female filled. There would also be the jobs, and opportunities, in the businesses involved in support, everything from overseers and drivers, to accountants and canteen Manageress.

It was also planned that this new industry would fund the new eco-friendly, and affordable housing plans, along with the cheaper, or free, energy bills, and the now probable scrapping of some of the anticipated tax rises. It was thought that this should be enough, to attract the number of votes required, and this was their joker in the pack. Cannabis legalisation was a must.

Suki caught the sprinter back, satisfied and confident that they had done enough. The next, and last, time She would be in Pankhurst, in an official capacity, would be next Thursday, Election Day, and on Friday off to the Maria Isles. The government was waiting, before putting restrictions in place. There would be no border closures until after the weekend.

Enough of all that. Suki had two days off before then, two days to further the other project, and then election day, followed by retirement and withdrawal from public service, at the end of the week, hallelujah. Then Suki could sort out the details of their travel plans. "This sprinter is approaching St. Catherine's Central." That was quick, Suki had been day dreaming.

Suki enjoyed what She heard, and loved what She saw. Saw being very appropriate. The logging was coming along nicely, and the saw mill was already churning out boards, by the hundred. The figures surprised even Suki. Production had been phenomenal, and She

must remember to thank the overseers. They had been working hard, and had produced outstanding results “Nice one, Georgie. Sure, we can step it up next week as well.”

“The logistics have been a bloody nightmare.” Well not quite, but an over dramatic declaration, of how well She had done, “I’ve contacted the removal company, and I’ve enquired about accommodation.” Suki wasn’t particularly sympathetic, She had had a busy, and stressful, day Herself.

Seriously though, Georgia had sorted out felling, and transportation to the mill, along with storage. She had also ordered, and begun the planting of the new saplings, in a semblance of order and routine. It was no easy matter. But not to worry, Suki was here, and She would resolve any teething problems. Right, let’s get this show on the road.

Awakening early again, Jess joined Her Mother and Aunty on their tour the next morning. Excitement had triggered, Her sparrow fart timed waking. Jess had spoken about Bella’s open-day, and how She needed two or three animals. Jess saw a lot of potential animals on the tour. She eventually selected three, and arranged to have Her selected animals sent to the discipline barn.

Georgia, and Suki, were totally confident, now that they had seen it all in action, that they would achieve an extra mil profit, on their expenditure.

The three Jess had selected were already waiting in the feared barn. Not allowed, or daring, to discuss their predicament, all stood individually terrorised, wondering why they were being punished. Jess was in no hurry, She had popped back to The House to supervise Her packing.

After assessing Her selection, looking for height, strength and stamina, Jess had them each put through their paces. None of them knew why. What did their height have to do with their punishment? The overseer caged them. “You think that was tough? Tomorrow you will find out the standard, Miss Jess demands.”

About midday Bella was around to announce Her plans, and date for Her open day. Jess would have to start preparing Her choices, and pick which of the three would be entered for which events. Jess needed to decide which of these creatures would do what. Jess needed one for the tyres, and a pair for cock sucking. Her favourite two overseers could supervise their preparation. Jess had other things on Her mind, sun, sea, sand and success.

Suki had just said bye, and left for the station, to catch a sprinter back to Pankhurst. All was in place, and the policies for both the election, and promised referendum, were drafted. Relieved about this, Suki looked forward to the upcoming flight.

“You have to vote” Georgia told, whilst also persuading, Her Daughter. “Aunty Suki has been very good to you, and you should at least support Her. It was important, it could shape the whole future.” Georgia tried a firm approach “In any case, you have already told Suki you will.” Georgia changed tack, and softened into persuasion.

Jess eventually agreed, with Her nagging Mother, that she would vote. “Thanks, you know it may be very close. It really could change your whole lifestyle, and with the wrong results, who knows what. I’m Sorry, how rude of me, how was Bella?”

Jess had learnt of The Suffragettes, and their struggle to end suppression, and of their battle to win the vote for Women. But surely Her vote would have little consequence? But the very thought of Women, not being in charge, was inconceivable. Aunty Suki had even pointed out the possibilities of Women becoming subservient? You can’t be serious, aren’t you? Damn right Jess would vote. “Bella’s fine, Mummy. She was just telling me about Her open day, and I need to organise some training. Will you excuse me Mum, I’ve got to make a start.” Jess excused Herself.

Jess headed towards the barn, and its row of cages. The creatures hurried into place, squatting and knees spread, hands on heads, and front of cage, displaying themselves as the commodity they were.

Jess made Her selection, it looked big in the light, She had picked well. The other two will just have cock sucking tuition. Two pretty boys, She may make them dress like little Girls, would it offend? It probably would not be a very good idea.

Jess led Her pick to the office. Flicking on the light, Jess told the creatures to “Stay.” Removing Her coat as the creature remained kneeling according to Jess’s instruction, Jess flicked on the heater and the room warmed noticeably. The room needed to be warmed, the overseer’s used the room for paperwork. It was not as warm as it was then. Jess needed warmth, Her plans would be unbearable without it.

“Up on your hind legs, boy.” Jess used the new, becoming more fashionable, term for a male to stand, another stage of male dehumanisation. Jess broke off its orange re-stricter, as Jess wanted a look at its package, freed from it. “That should do the job.” It did, and Jess thought this was a right knee’s up.

Jess wasn't the only one having a knees up. She had Her selected animal begin running on the spot, "Higher, boy, let's see those knees up." She needed the creature out of breath. Jess gave the creature ten minutes, before ordering it to finish. Then, still up on its hinds, Jess lifted Her skirt and removed Her knickers. Again, Jess clicked Her fingers "A few seconds, without these, should get you in the mood." Jess twirled them seductively, on Her digit finger, and then casually tossed them towards the confused creature.

It was the chance of an unimaginable, glance of a Lady's nakedness, as it inched toward the discarded lingerie, its crawl accompanied by Jess's suggestion "Rub them up, and down, your cock, boy." The creature gratefully did. Jess was very impressed with the creature's girth, and was looking forward to this. "Tear those knickers in half. I won't wear them again, now a creature's touched them. The creature did as it was told.

Unexpectedly, Jess heard the click of heels, on the barns newly laid pine flooring "Jess, darling, are you in there?" Suddenly, Jess struck out, scratching the cheek of the un-suspecting, and unrestricted, creature. screaming 'rape' and ripping Her shirt open, sending the buttons scattering across the office's rug.

She had its DNA under Her nails. The evidence would appear to suggest that Jess had to fight the creature off, meanwhile the creature remained kneeling, in a state of shock, and bleeding from a sizable gash.

In apparent distress, a weeping and panting, Jess ran into Georgia's arms "I was just getting it out, to assess its suitability for its event, when it just grabbed me." Jess upped Her tear rate before continuing, and expressing Her abhorrence of the actions she had supposedly just endured, "I fought it off, as best I could. I locked it in the office and ran."

Georgia called in a state of shock, "Help, my daughter's been raped!" The State police soon arrived, unlocking the office door, they soon cornered and captured the dangerous animal. Georgia, and Jess, observed from a safe distance, staying back for their own safety.

The forensic evidence backed up Jess's account of the incident, making it irrefutable. The skin, under Jess's fingernails, was consistent, and coincided with the creature's wounds, to make the case concrete. The creature's DNA was on Jess's torn knickers. It wasn't looking good for the shocked, and confused, creature.

The discarded re-stricter remained on the floor, where it had fallen, broken. Georgia added, during Her emergency call, that She could clearly see the creature had been exerting itself, and that it was still out of breath, and perspiring heavily, when She had rescued Her poor Daughter. Lady Hawkes-Blackburn was sent a report. Perhaps running on the spot

wasn't always good for your health. "Shit that was close" Jess sighed, puffing out Her unblemished cheeks.

The creature had been booked in at the station, and after undergoing its initial, intense interrogation, followed by a severe truncheon clubbing, the creature was dragged to, and thrown in, its cell by two burly guards.

Poor Jess meanwhile, was recovering in bed, with a bowl of tomato soup speeding the process "I know, darling, it must have been terrifying." Georgia re-assured a convincingly traumatised Jess "The disgusting bastard will be appropriately dealt with. I bet it's regretting its beastly actions now. It will be castrated, and sentenced as quickly as possible."

Suki was shocked, and horrified by the news, however bad as it was, it would have to wait. The election loomed. Deals had been agreed, with the other parties, and with last week's announcement, the result seemed a definite positive, and defeat was rapidly disappearing over the democratic horizon. Checking all was in place, Suki thanked Her trusted team, and then headed for bed, without the election fuelled stress of the last six months. Comfortably propped up, Suki called Georgia, to get the full story.

Suki was very sympathetic. After comforting Her, Suki told Jess She loved Her, and to try and get some sleep. Jess was supposedly crying again "Come on honey, I'll be back soon, I'll give you a big hug then." Suki drifted off, eventually, without all the stress of the election fuelled past couple of months.

Now it was just a distressed, raped Daughter, to keep Her worried, and with a head full of insomnia and rage. Even after lying awake pondering, until the early hours, Suki was up early. The stress of the election pandemonium, over the last six months, was about to be replaced by another major drama.

It hadn't been straightforward, getting the cannabis legislation through. It was a major step, but one the Female population deserved after all these years, and certainly one that would be welcomed with open arms, by both users, and economists, because amongst other things, it was a dead ringer to assure victory. It had been an internal discussion, but the Party had come to agreement, and its announcement last week, appeared to have had the desired effect.

The polling stations opened bang on time. Suki was at the Party's Pankhurst East headquarters, and She had been for the best part of two hours. "Have we got the exit poll in place?" Voting was brisk early on, and Ladies on their way to their employment, had made sure to leave early, and leave time to cast their vote. Voting in fact remained brisk all morning, and then at lunchtime, Suki took a breather and called Georgia.

Jess was up. She had had a long lie in. Jess had to play on it, but had become bored. It was so tedious, putting on Her thespian head. Jess decided to be brave, and go downstairs. Poor, brave, Jess shuffled into the living room, and sat next to Mummy. "Darling, how are you feeling?" Jess shivered theatrically "Fetch two coffees, boy."

Georgia went on to happily announce that the creature had un-surprisingly been charged, and it was due in court this afternoon. If Jess was up to it, She should go. "Let me think about it please, I'm not really sure." Don't milk it "I should though, it's my public duty. Yes, I think I'll manage, and then we can vote at the same time."

"She's a lot better, and we are going to go to the trial. Jess is happy to go." Georgia listened, as Suki described how busy it had been, before ending the call by asking Georgia to hold the decision on the sentence, until She got home tomorrow. Suki wanted her input on the bastard's punishment. Jess meanwhile, was inviting Kirsten along.

Georgia watched with a mixture of sadness, sympathy and anger. In a sober, and sombre, outfit Jess slowly descended the stairs. All that was missing was a black veil. The sadness of Jess's mood, and the sympathy Georgia felt, was fast becoming overwhelmed by Georgia's rapidly growing anger. "That bastard's going to pay for its beastly behaviour."

Jess was so upset that She requested a slow trot, and also that the 'guilty' creature was not able to see Her in court. It would upset Her too much, and She may not be able to cope with the trauma. The carriage pulled up in front of the courthouse.

Lady Hawkes-Blackburn welcomed both Suki, and Jess, before giving Jess an additional sympathy filled hug. "We'll make sure that horrible, revolting, creature pays a heavy price. Rest assured, Miss Taylor, it will be sentenced, and I assume suitably punished." The trial hadn't even begun, and they were considering sentencing. They probably should have carried on, the result of the trial was inevitable.

All the evidence backed Jess's statement. "You spoke very well, darling. It must have been very difficult and trying." A very proud, and protective, Georgia pecked Jess on the cheek "We'd best go back in. The verdict's due."

Lady Hawkes-Blackburn had the creature brought in, for the first time during the whole duration of the trial. It crawled behind the two burly, stern looking, middle aged guards of the court, before mounting, and kneeling on, the central sentencing block. A nod, and the chairwoman of the jury rose.

“Have the jury reached a decision?” Lady Hawkes-Blackburn knowingly asked. Having received the reply, with confirmation it had been unanimous, Lady Hawkes-Blackburn ordered the creature to look at Her. “Guilty, do you hear me disgusting scum? Guilty.”

The creature looked terrified, it had done nothing. What would the sentence be? What had it supposedly done? It didn't dare to think, but it wouldn't be great. “You will be sentenced at the end of the week. Miss Taylor, and Her family need time to consider a suitable sentence, but my recommendation is castration, at the very least. Take the vermin down.”

The ‘guilty’ animal was led away. It had no chance to explain what had happened. No chance to put over its case. No defence whatsoever, and in addition it would have a week to ponder, and think incessantly about the impending sentencing, and it's supposed misdemeanour, all the time caged. Kirsten suggested ice skating, as the ideal remedy, for Jess's stress and trauma, and after a miniscule delay, Jess left to take Her medicine.

Jess now knew how prospective borrowers felt, knocking on the bank manager's door. Jess would be happy to run it, if only Aunty Suki, and Taylor Holdings, would financially back it. “You know that cruise I went on, with those two Girls?” Jess went on to lay out Her plans and ideas.

It was a surprisingly persuasive, and professionally delivered presentation. Suki was already impressed. Jess seemed to have done Her homework. Her idea was to start doing luxury cruises. They looked at Perkins Shipwrights website, and Jess pointed out the reproduction galleons. The price was high, but Jess's projected figures seemed to validate its viability. “Why do you think we're going for a holiday?”

Anticipating, and visualising the future, an over excited Jess continued “I need to get a 10 oar if possible, and then the boat would be large enough to berth eight. A galleon would pay for itself, in just over 24 months” Jess continued “I even have a name for the firm, Taylor Made Holidays.”

Jess glanced at Aunty, to see if Suki was showing any enthusiasm. “I envisage twenty galley slaves, two teams of ten, with two to an oar.” The strenuous nature of the rowing, and the weight of the oars, would require this. The creatures would be doing revolving shifts of two hours, leaving enough time for rest and to keep them fresh.” Jess was right, the oars were heavy, but they needed to be, to propel a boat of that size, didn't they?

Suki was even more impressed, Jess had a serious proposition. Another bonus was that it would give Jess something to concentrate on, and give Her some responsibility. Was Jess really getting a job, and to do some work, surely not? Jess continued Her presentation.

Most importantly it had to be luxurious. Jess was aiming at the 'higher end' of the market. Jess was trying to attract a certain clientele, young, rich and spoiled. Do you think it sounds like anyone we know? 'Reassuringly expensive' the slogan, and its selling point being exclusivity. It would also give Jess, a well stocked, new pool of super rich to network. But would Her net work when fishing in this pool? I think She'll land one or two.

Jess had it all planned, and had decided that the two shifts of galley slaves would be made up of blue cocks. Jess wanted everything first class, all the way down to the size of cocks, and of course all the serving skivvies, as socially expected, would be yellows. To keep up appearances, the cages to house them, when not rowing, would be beneath the rowing area, in the boat's bilge.

Just like the Girl's yacht, the middle deck would be the living quarters, and cabins, all with double beds and en suite bathroom. The top deck was where most of Jess's planning seemed aimed. Well it was here, the guests would spend most time. Jess had looked up the dimensions of the galleon, and with surprising effort, and detail, Jess had laid out a plan of Her vision, a swimming pool and sauna. Jess liked Her sauna and a bar area, barbecue and decking completed Jess's ambitions, and oh yes, a whipping post, just for authenticity, a reminder, and probable practicality.

Food was to be cordon bleu, with one of the island's finest chefs recruited. She would also ensure the wine cellar. was stocked to the same standard. This was undoubtedly a Feminine post, a creature simply wouldn't have the intelligence.

Jess also wanted to put on top class entertainment, bands, comics and the like. Finally, Jess had chosen a colour, it would be liveried in British racing green, with Taylor's written in grey on the bow. Just to let everyone know, that this was one of Jess's fleet. Fleet? Jess was running before She could walk.

Suki had one problem with the scheme. "Why do you keep saying 'I'll do this' or 'I'll do that', it's we. It's 'we' when you're part of Taylor's." The realisation of what Suki had said hit home, and Jess squealed with pleasure, and leapt onto Suki. Wow, Jess was happy and excited. Suki had liked what She'd heard. "Yes Jess, I will have to speak to Georgia, and see what She thinks about the idea, but I fully approve, and support it."

Georgia, and Suki, enthusiastically endorsed Jess's idea, on the way to court, as a glowing Jess sat opposite, Her depression seemingly gone. Both thought it was a good

venture, and without a lot of discussions, they decided that they would finance Jess's idea. "Let's get the court case over first, and then I can turn my whole attention to the business." Suki unbuckled Her coat, before having a court boy remove it. Georgia and Jess likewise. They then ascended the imposing staircase and headed for 'Courtroom One'.

The court was shrouded, under the muffled murmuring of Ladies, and this soon ceased as proceedings began. All stood, as Lady Hawkes-Blackburn took Her raised seat. The guilty beast was quickly, and forcibly, led in and caged in the corner, before with a loud bang of Her gavel, the High Court judge called for silence, before gesturing for Jess, to enter the witness box.

"You are Jessica Taylor?" Jess nodded "This court has found, that animal guilty of rape, a horrific and very serious offence, and you, Miss Taylor, were the victim of this disgusting beast's action?" Lady Hawkes-Blackburn gestured towards the cowering animal as Jess replied affirmatively, with nods to both enquiries. "Have you come to your decision, regarding the sentencing, and disciplining, of this lump of shit?" Again, Jess answered with a nod and an accompanying yes. "Would you like a chair, Miss Taylor?"

One was fetched by another court boy, dressed like a jester. After a short recess, Jess stood, and took the stand, before expressing Her feelings. It was obvious, to anyone watching, that Jess was feeling a bit shaky, and a little light headed, with the acting worthy of a BAFTA.

It was quite understandable, after the traumatic experience Jess had supposedly endured. Jess shakily, and with obvious effort, lay out Her papers on the adjusted lectern. It wasn't going to be a long speech, but Jess wanted to get it right, and make sure She didn't miss out on any of Her concocted details.

Jess began by stating how frightened She had been, during the attack, and how hard She had struggled. How it had violated Her, and above all She felt that but for Her bravery, Jess thought She had possibly avoided being killed.

The creature was fetched from its cage, before being ordered up on the sentencing block. It trembled with fear, confused by how it had got into this predicament. What rape? She had chosen him to do the business. It was terrified by what today was going to bring. It was about to find out.

"Miss Taylor, what punishment have you, and your family deemed suitable, for this horrendous attack, and the distress it has clearly caused you?" Jess had consulted with Suki and began. She was beginning to believe Her own lies, so intense had been the acting during the procedure. Jess needed to cover Her tracks. Jess had to remain in character.

The creature had inevitably been found guilty. But this was important, Jess had to be convincing in Her pretence. Besides, males were a disposable commodity, and Jess had absolutely no concern for it. Maintaining Her dignity, and the protection of the family's standing, far outweighed the fate of a mere creature.

Jess had originally felt a tinge of sympathy, and guilt, but that had soon been expelled from Her mind. She had soon fully immersed Herself in the whole fabrication, even joining in, and enthusiastically suggesting castration, amongst different options of punishment, that they all felt the crime deserved. Many appropriate, but the odd one or two funny, making the Ladies laugh, but they couldn't propose some of them, they really couldn't.

Glaring at the creature, Jess exaggerated as She recalled Her lie-filled account. "Excuse me, Miss, why, are you doing..." The creature tried to interrupt, and desperately offer a defence, but couldn't even get its sentence completed, before being silenced by Lady Hawkes-Blackburn's sharp reprimand.

"How dare you speak in court. Miss Taylor is outlining your correction. Shut your mouth, or it'll be 'Dashwoods' for you, and believe me, it'll be more than a humbler for you. Apologise to your owner." The creature did as it was told, adding its thanks, as ordered to Jess, for being so lenient regarding its rudeness. 'Dashwood's Geldings' or 'Willy Nilly' as it was affectionately nicknamed, was conveniently next door to the courthouse. 'Good for Nutting' their slogan claimed.

Most Ladies knew it was excellent, but Jess had never been before, so here was a good opportunity. "I agree, we should watch the first part before we fly back". It would be a good addition to the agenda, even if it's only to fit a judicial humbler." Jess had finished reading out Her recommendations "Shall we say twenty daily, and a half pint, along with six months in a tight, unforgiving humbler."

"A very appropriate sentence, Miss Taylor, even if I would have added gelding.. So be it, this court is adjourned." Jess, had just sentenced the creature, to a life tariff prison sentence, accompanied by a daily twenty lashes, of a guard's bullwhip, ten in the morning, and ten at night. This would then be followed by a pint dousing, of a saline and acetic acid application, to its welted back, and oh yes, the humbler. Talking of which, first a visit to Dashwood's, for its fitting.

"Dash, it's lunchtime, we'll have to wait till this afternoon." All three Ladies smiled at Georgia's little joke, before heading for Hardy's, opposite the court. All talk was of getting the project on the road. After a satisfying, and enjoyable lunch, the three Ladies returned to the impressive column fronted building, the same architecturally imposing front, as the next door museum. A creature held Dashwood's doors open for them.

Jess spotted the scenario, and excitedly asked if they could stop, for a little, to watch an impending castration. The trembling creature, awaiting punishment, had been sentenced to this, followed by execution. It had struck a Lady.

Was that all it had done? Perhaps, Jess had been a bit too lenient with that bastard. She had practically forgotten, Her creature was completely innocent. There again, that fucker who had raised a hand to Her, had certainly got off lightly. Perhaps She would be able to rectify this retrospectively. Maybe review its punishments, and advise its new owner.

Jess thoroughly enjoyed the spectacle, and it had the extra bonus of being a traditional removal, and not carried out under anaesthetic. The wriggling, and the screaming, only added to the whole thing. Suki nudged Jess, having difficulty encouraging Her to come on. She had been captivated, happy and thrilled, and She must admit shocked. But with clarified, great memories of the recent procedure, Jess was only too keen to see the next bit of fun. “Thanks for letting me watch. I really found it interesting. I’m fascinated to know, is it always anaesthetic free?” Suki gave Jess a quick history lesson on castration, Her specialist subject, and central of Her dissertation at University.

Next stop was in the other room. ‘Plums in the Middle’ on the door. They entered into the subsidiary of Dashwoods. The terrified, crawling beast, would soon know exactly what was in store for it. It was led in and made to bend over. The newly made to measure, if a bit tight, humbler was slammed closed.

The bent over creature cried out at the pain, caused by the un-caring fitting of the device. The scrotum remaining tightly clasped, between the unforgiving metal bars, no matter its stance or position.

If that wasn’t bad enough Jess wished to use “One of those, what are they?” Jess had selected a press, a device to fit behind the humbler, with both testicles in its bite. It would be screw turned daily, therefore tightening, and then in time flattening them, like two stepped on plums, I suppose.

Fitting completed, the three Ladies left. Locked away by its new restraint, the newly entrapped creature was led to its cells, struggling to keep up. There it would wait, anxiously awaiting its first thrashing and dousing, and all the time kept in an extremely uncomfortable position, as the humbler dictated.

“It would turn Taylor’s Holdings into Taylor’s Conglomerates if it all works out. As things stand, it will make logging unsustainable, we have to change direction, and insure the company’s future.” Suki was adamant “Think about it, we have to take advantage of this

information. We really need to act fast, and make sure we are ready, and prepared for the official announcement. We have an opportunity of a flying head start. Mull it over, overnight, and we'll run through some figures tomorrow. Now, what can we watch?" Georgia was already contemplating, Suki was very serious.

It was time to unwind, a time to relax, after all the stress of the court hearing. Jess didn't pay much attention to the Australian sitcom, She was far too busy, rewinding the best moments of the day, in Her mind. Jess recalled the technicalities of the fittings, and the satisfaction of seeing it off, to begin its incarceration. With the show ended, 'time for bed' Jess decided.

Georgia was awoken with the news that last night's, and this morning's whipping, had been administered, producing a satisfying re-action. "Oh good, Jess will be pleased. I'll tell Her when, or if, She bothers to get out of bed."

Over breakfast Suki began, "Why sell?" Well, Suki had used Her position to once again, to gain inside information to benefit the company. Suki had already received an acceptable offer, for the timber company. The construction company involved, had already started production in various locations across the Country, and wished to purchase to increase its portfolio. "The papers have been drawn up, and we're signing today, if the work has been completed to Her satisfaction. We have to show it is, and operating to capacity.

The construction work was completed, and timber boards were now being produced for the construction industry. Scots pine for the interiors, and the sturdier larch, for the outside. Suki had new, and bigger, ambitions for the company's growth.

If the creatures thought they were working hard currently, they were in for a rude awakening. They would need to make an impression. They needed to show that they were hard working beasts, worth keeping, as they needed to show their worth, and reassure the new owners.

The new direction of this company would involve a large investment, and the more these creatures added to the site's value the better. More male backs would need to ache, sting and bleed. So be it, the Lady buying would need convincing.

Backs stung, and bleeding, the Lady was suitably impressed, and contracts were signed. They shook hands, and the farm was sold. There were just a few days to go, and things left to do, and then Suki, and the rest of the girls, could jet off.

“The ayes have it!” The Lady Speaker announced. The ratification was complete and the last barrier cleared. The new industry could commence, and if Suki’s projections were accurate, then this would escalate tax receipts and job creation. Yes, Suki may have made mathematical errors regarding creatures’ discipline in the past, but had made sure She had used a calculator this time, and all just in time for the general election. Timing or what?

The legalisation of cannabis was now inevitable. Grass (as it had been known, up to 60 odd years ago) had been proved to have astronomical health benefits, and the latest, and the one that tipped the balance, was the near miracle effects it had of counteracting the side effects of the recently prescribed cancer cure. Common perception was that the side effects, the treatment caused, were awful. But this was just the cannabis beginning its work, and reacting to the current treatments.

The Ladies being treated, complained that it had affected appetite, and caused nausea, along with nagging abdominal pains and headaches. Other Ladies reported cramps, but in time marijuana had alleviated these symptoms, or certainly helped. Period pains were also now a thing of the past.

Then there were the conditions that it prevented in the first place. This would both cut pressure and costs for the health service. Research at Queen Catherine’s University indicated that epilepsy, and other seizures, could soon be consigned to history, alongside cancer.

Fantastic news for the few remaining sufferers, and tests proved conclusively its worth, and cannabis would be introduced, and included in their treatment. The final nail, in the abstainer’s coffin, was the announcement of the postponement, of the proposed tax rises, and service cuts, this would be able to finance. It was no wonder the motion had cleared parliament, on its first reading.

Emma Pascoe called Suki with the news. Suki’s information assisted premonition, was confirmed, and the first harvest was less than six months away. Suki was a little irritated, as She was in the middle of sorting through Her clothes, and packing. It wouldn’t affect Her life anymore.

Then the big one, as the Minister announced that the referendum date was set, and it was time to distribute the film. The film outlined both side’s views and ideas. The pro’s sugar coated, future promises and a life of liberty, were more than counterbalanced.

Finishing packing, Suki was glad that She had bought the air tickets in advance. The cases of Hanoi were sweeping the Country, with deaths and hospital admissions spiralling. Borders were days away from being sealed.

The potential hardships, and the loss of security, along with the binding legal requirements, and restrictions, seemed sure to tip the scales. The release of the film didn't come as a massive shock, or surprise, as the whole ethos of the FF was the retention of male enslavement.

The announced referendum date, would also satisfy the Lefties, and fingers crossed, it could even result in the extinction of the M.L.F. if the creatures put their crosses, in the wrong box, or the right box as far as the FF were concerned. Of course they would be using crosses, the creatures needed something they could manage.

The film would be shown, the week before the referendum, to keep the images fresh. All the major slave owners, both commercial and private, were being sent e-mails, to inform Ladies it was mandatory.

They must show the copies to their caffles. It was of life changing importance. Other viewings would be arranged, for the owners of only a handful, with the cooperation of local theatres and halls. It seemed, a lot of the Female population would happily back the Party, and offer facilities, absolutely anything to help retain their lifestyle.

The contents of the film were aimed at discouraging a 'yes' vote. The single question on the paper was simply 'Do you want your freedom? Yes or no?' Simple enough even for a male. A question of this magnitude, was a massive gamble, and a gamble that could affect their whole agenda, and would almost certainly result in defeat at the next General Election, which with certainty, would be called almost instantly, by both the country and opposition.

The film was brutally honest, and not the rose scented future, they envisioned. If you were asked to choose between remaining in slavery, or freedom, I'm sure you would choose freedom, however maybe not, not if you thought about it, and the film was aimed at making sure the creatures did think about it.

The film began with the promotion of a 'yes' vote. Yes, there would be freedom, and an end to compulsory nudity, along with by far the biggest, and most challenging, threat to a victory: an end to male subservient servitude.

This was an opportunity to change their lives, but it would come at a cost. The magnitude of the invoice, to society, a vote for freedom would bring, this film was designed to emphasise, and to let them know, just exactly what freedom would entail, along with the difficulties it would involve.

First item covered was accommodation. It was explained how there was already a housing shortage, and rents were high. There was no way they would be able to afford the sort of rent the current market demanded, if they had any money at all. Employment would be very limited, and all of it low paid. There would be no State benefits, no free veterinary care, in fact no financial support whatsoever.

Yes, compulsory nudity would come to an end, but where would the clothes come from? None had been manufactured for years, and it would take years to make enough, and then they would be un-affordably expensive. The manufacture of male attire did not appeal greatly to any Lady entrepreneur, and this lack of clothing would only increase the discomfort caused by the weather, and intensified by the lack of shelter.

Then what about food? There would be no handouts or charitable deeds. They would become scavengers, alongside the rats and herring gulls. Food, and accommodation, would no longer be supplied by their owners, and health care no longer paid for. The individual creatures would be responsible, for these basics themselves, and a quick mention of the apartheid, and segregation, that would prevail. Males not permitted in certain places, the beach or restaurants for example. The film ended with 'It's a lifestyle choice, yours.'

"Sorry Emma, thank you for asking, but as I said at my resignation it's time for new blood. Besides, it's in the bag, that film should bring it home to them." Suki hung up. She really didn't want, or have the time, to lead the referendum campaign, or the marijuana horticultural issues. No, Suki had much bigger tofu to fry, off to a new life, in the Maria Isles.

"Are you ready, Jess?" It was time to have a little chat. Suki was both chuffed, to have been asked, if a little irritated they had contacted Her. Suki always stuck stubbornly to Her word, especially when She had a new bone to get Her teeth into, vegan or not.

Jess, and Suki's pets needed exercising, and it would be a nice walk, along the canal towpath, and a chance to have some quiet time, with Jess. "It's only days away now, are you ok? You've appeared apprehensive, for the last couple of weeks. Are you sure everything is alright?"

Not really. Jess was stressed, apprehensive and excited about the impending move. Rapidly, it grew as the day drew closer. 'Fine thanks, Aunty' Jess lied, although excitement was rapidly winning Her war of emotions. Their animals exercised both Ladies headed for home, "I see you are not training any competitors for Bella's. It's on Saturday, isn't it?"

The return of public houses, called for by a loud cross party coalition was headlines in all the papers, and swinging support noticeably the FF way. The Re-publicans, as they were fondly nicknamed, for their relentless campaign to re-open pubs, were already thrilled with the re-action to their proposals. Anything else was a bonus, as they had the biggest issue they wished addressed, resolved. They had a smaller manifesto than The Raving Loony Party!

Suki couldn't give a toss. It meant nothing, and would have absolutely no influence on Her life. She would be on the other side of the World. The re-opening of these ale houses, was hoped to help build community spirit, and provide somewhere to give Ladies a place to socialise. It would also supply a safe place to buy, and smoke, cannabis socially.

The pub could also be a controlled, and licensed, distribution hub. Cannabis sales would be monitored initially, but 'weed' would soon be openly available. "Yes, that is good news, thanks Emma." Suki had to be polite, but she couldn't give a toss.

Exhausted, and optimistic, Suki entered local Party headquarters. The 'exit polls' were mostly positive, and one could feel victory in the air. The gathering was in its infancy, but excitedly, and happily, filling with FF candidates, official sponsors and loyal supporters. Jess, now the trauma of the court case was subsiding, and not the serious condition Jess had overacted it was.

Bravely, Jess had decided that She would accompany Georgia, to the hoped for, and expected, election victory party. Jess loved a party, even if She had no interest, or much in common with the attendees. Jess was soon happy with Her decision, the large hall contained many Girls of Jess's vintage. Jess knew other guests, most of them Mummy, and Aunty Suki's pals and Jess soon spotted Naomi and headed Her way.

Naomi and Jess had been friends at college together. Naomi had been unable to attend Jess's seniority ball. She'd had a chance to accompany Her Mother to Tokyo. The attendance at the fashion show, had been ink penned into Naomi's diary, for almost a twelvemonth.

Naomi had long since apologised, to Jess, for Her absence. Her Mother was a leading fashion designer, and Jess listened, with great interest, as Naomi went on to reveal that Her Mother was revealing Her latest carefully designed, topless swimwear range. Reveal being quite appropriate. Naomi then went on to tell Jess, all about Tokyo, and the week in New York that followed.

Another result came in and another hold, victory was very near. “Jess darling, come and meet Miss Eaves. Judy is a representative of the Independent Party, and their members are here to hopefully celebrate the victory of our coalition with us.” Another result, another win, and just two more needed. As blatantly inevitable as the result was, no Party members were celebrating yet. No members were saying that victory was sealed, well not publicly anyway.

The Independents had more than done their bit, with their current two seats held, and three gained. Astounding, and a real show of strength, for the introduction of their solitary policy, and they were there by right, confidently enjoying the impending victory. The Female population were firmly showing their liking, and support, and The FF vote had remained consistent. The MLF were taking a major hit, that was possibly Party ending, like that of UKIP, and the Lib Dems, amongst others in the past.

The election winning result came in, just after midnight. Champagne corks popped, and Jess joined in, and toasted the Party and the result. Jess was neither interested nor concerned, but it was a couple of free glasses of bubbly. Why wouldn't Jess drink to it?

However, it was the other kind of party that interested Jess most. Jess thought about Bella's do, and whether the training had gone well. Did they have enough training? How do you increase a creature's strength, and stamina, in a week, or its sucking skills? Equally, was it appropriate, after what had just fictionally occurred? Probably not. Jess had to emphasise how, this whole rape episode, had deeply upset, and knocked Her out of Her stride.

The day before the flight, and as usual, Jess's diary was full. Bella's do was always one of the highlights of the season. “Are you sure you're up for this?” Jess was. Jess just couldn't resist a party, and the day's jollities. Jess wouldn't miss the night at Vex, the exclusive nightspot, and the already announced destination, of Bella's after event party. No way.

Mummy was very happy about Jess's recovery, if surprised by its rapidity. “If you're going on to Vex, I'll come with you. I know I'm a bit old, for all that, and my raves are all behind me, but.” Georgia smiled at Aunty Suki's teasing “Of course, I'm not. I'll get a sedan, so that you don't tire yourself out, walking around to Bella's. I know it's not far, but You don't want to be seen walking by the neighbours. Best get a couple of animals to carry you, just to

be sure.” Suki glanced at Georgia, before adding “I’ll check on Gran’s funeral, but apparently, the new restrictions mean, we can’t attend.”

The games were well under way, as Jess, and Kirsten, arrived, carried by four running creatures, in a family sized sedan chair. They stopped to watch a bit of tyre rolling, on their way to the large blue and white marquee. “Two Mai-Tai cocktails, quickly boy.”

Jess needed to elevate Herself, to the gathering, and no doubt, Her attitude to the male would help this. Then Jess spotted it, just as Bella had promised. Jess pointed out “Let’s go and watch, and have a go maybe.”

The video had shown Girls, kicking creatures in the balls, until they were sick. It couldn’t be that difficult, and Jess had begged for it to be introduced. Jess did have a go, and as Jess wasn’t as tall as the previous Girl, the creature’s wrist restraints were loosened, to enable it to bend its knees. Jess could now deliver five hard kicks. “That was even more satisfying than it had looked on the…” Jess bit Her tongue. Don’t mention the video, it was still their little secret.

The primary reason for this year’s event was that Bella was hoping to attract new members to Her intended, and even more exclusive, and expensive, second venue. The pair mingled amongst the crowd. All the Ladies were dressed as if at a wedding, or Lady’s day at an old fashioned horse racing meet. There used to be a big meeting in Berkshire, apparently. Then they bumped into one of Gran’s friends.

The spectacled, spinster-like Lady, was genuinely concerned upon hearing of Grans recent death. After deep condolences, looking over the rims of Her round lensed glasses, as if sporting pince-nez, the tall posh Lady turned towards Jess “It’s young Jessica, isn’t it?” Having received a shy admission that it was, the posh Lady continued “I haven’t seen you since you were a baby. I can still remember bathing you.”

Jess cringed and blushed red. “Haven’t you blossomed into a lovely, young Lady, absolutely blooming.” Miss Edwards kissed Jess, adding, “Did you see the wheelbarrow races? The things ‘thingys’ were flopping around everywhere. I still find it disturbing, but they are a great favourite to the day’s events, really good fun, and I must have a go at the new ball busting. It looked like you really enjoyed it.”

Jess declared that She had, and thanked Miss Edwards for Her kind, if excruciating, remarks. Suki interrupted to inquire, if Miss Edwards would recant the story about Incarceration Day, the day the Party announced, the immediate introduction of male slavery. Although expected to happen, the suddenness, and speed of the introduction, took both sexes by surprise, the males, more than the Ladies.

“Your Gran and I were at St. Martin’s together, St. Jennifer’s as it is now” Miss Edwards went on to set the scene, and give a detailed account of school life. Unsurprisingly, the boys were disruptive in class, and forever getting into trouble, often fighting in a futile attempt to increase their masculine standing. So much more immature and, all in all, pains in the arse.

“Bullying the Girls, and the younger boys, was almost a subject they were studying. They used to tease me about having a boy’s name. It’s Syd by the way. Very intimidating and upsetting, and they were also forever trying to look up our skirts, a perverted attempt to have a sneaky peep at our knickers, absolutely disgusting.”

It had been a possibility since the end of the last major conflict. But no one thought it would happen, and become reality. It would never happen, it just wouldn’t, but it had. Miss Edwards went on to explain this, and how no one believed it would come about, certainly not the boys. But She had been told, by Her Mother, who taught at the school. “You know what bullying was, don’t you Jess?”

A detailed account of the bullying Miss Edwards had endured, from the boys, followed. How they had called Her ‘specky’, and ‘four eyes’, and how She was ugly, and how none of them would dream of going out with Her. “It hurt a lot.”

“They had been at it, during that morning’s break, on the day of the announcement.” A resignedly nodding Miss Edwards continued Her reminiscences. The bullying had become very tedious, tiring, and childish, and the boys needed control and discipline. There was no doubt about that. “I can still see the look of shock, and fear, on their faces, as they were rounded up.” Jess smiled as She heard how Miss Edwards, and Gran, had waved the wankers off, with a deliberately exaggerated smile, beaming across their faces.

But to be honest, neither Gran, nor Herself, had thought that male slavery would take hold in such a large and intense way. “Nice one. That’s so cool, you and Gran being around when it happened. I bet that taught the pricks a lesson. Will you excuse me.” Jess needed the loo.

Leaving the conveniences, mistakenly by the other door, Jess was intrigued by the large gathering behind the marquee. Jess enquired as to what all the commotion was about. Boxing, the crafty bitch Bella, had managed to organise it, and it had barely been reintroduced yet. This was a trial run. There would be five three minute rounds. A short enough time for the pugilistic creatures to give their all for the fight’s duration.

It had been decided to make it all in fighting. The creatures knew nothing of the Queensbury rules anyway, so this was an all out ruck. Proper boxing would come later, with training and coaching. But does it really matter? Let them fight. Jess texted Kirsten 'boxing in gym, come on over'.

Bella was in Her element. Greeting people like a proud peacock. This was Her 'piece de resistance', pugilism, this would bring customers into the gym, and hopefully not for the last time. They couldn't help but be impressed.

The two animals in the bout put on a good show, stalking each other, and feigning punches, and then hurtling in, lashing out randomly, accompanied by flailing kicks "They have similar builds to my pet." Their knuckles bled, in equal measure to their noses. One creature's hand was raised, the other put in a cage, to await its disappointed owner's reaction. The blood was mopped from the canvas, and the two teeth picked up, by the cleaning creature.

"Jess, those two were middleweights." Bella had excitedly hugged Jess, as She arrived. "Good isn't it. Ah, I'm going to enjoy this new liberal lifestyle." Jess didn't have time to watch all the bouts, and missed the last two. She had to prepare Her animal, and place a bet on it. The boxing had been exhilarating, now for a bit of fun. Jess sent a boy to fetch Her animal.

It arrived, and Jess had it squat and wait. Jess wanted to see the sucking doubles, and the two creatures were made to lie, in the '69' position, on the grass in front of the gym. The Ladies in the audience clapped out a beat, and the creature's heads bobbed to the rhythm, as it slowly got quicker. Kirsten joined in the clapping enthusiastically.

One of the creatures had already spunked, into the other's mouth, but it had dribbled. The creature had taken one on the chin. Now it was the other's turn. Timing was only taken, when both the pair had shot their loads, and with a gasp the second had. That was quick, and why Jess hadn't entered a pair.

She had experimented with different creatures at the farm, but had not found another one to match, so had settled on entering the singles. "Get up there now, and suck hard. I want to see that head of yours, bobbing. Don't let me down." It took its place, on its knees.

The Party's referendum propaganda had been well delivered, and it was estimated that more than ninety per cent, of captive males, had been shown the film. It was too late to do anything about it now. The Party could not have done more, or laid it out more clearly on the line. Had it been listened to and understood? It may have been broadcast to the

creatures, but did they have the intellect to consider the difficulties they would face, in an alternative lifestyle? Well, it was in the lap of the Goddess's, or would be, if the creatures could not come to an agreement.

The ballot papers had been collected. Both the large slave farms, and the Ladies with only two, or less, animals had entered their creatures' opinions onto the official Government form. The result would be a barometer of feelings that the creatures had on the issue.

If the result was not by a two thirds majority, either way, then another referendum would take place, and this time it would be accompanied by a vote from the Ladies. This would almost guarantee, slavery remaining, mind some Ladies were looking to abolish male slavery, no matter the result, with the MLF an extolant force behind this.

The boxes had been tipped onto the counting table, and a dozen Girls sat on high stools overseeing. The creatures counting, were highly intelligent, and could count to ten. They did so. A Lady could count the piles later.

Unfortunately this was a job they needed to do, creatures could neither count, nor be trusted. None of the ballot sheets was identifiable, and all confidential. The ballot was secret. The count continued relentlessly. It may have looked inevitable, but victory was not yet guaranteed.

It didn't need confirmation of a victory, for the Taylor family to take advantage of the new licensing laws. Suki had secured entry to one of these new establishments. The Open Arms was traditionally decorated, and laid out like the pubs of old. Just as they had been back in the day. All present were convinced, this would soon become a regular night out.

Things were a little different from the boozers of the 20th century. No barmaids for a start. Instead, the pub had table service, supplied by the pub's slaves. There was no old man in the corner with His dog. Many of the local Party members, and sponsors, were present, as was the Independent's local candidate, and Her three Daughters, all hoping for the right result.

It would need the support of sixty seven, out of a hundred, creatures to avoid having a second referendum, and postponing the decision on slavery. This indecision would further the economic indecision, and worry. Get that two thirds majority, and it would mean the retention of male slavery, possibly for ever. No one really knew the creatures' train of thought, but it was felt it was an issue that needed sorting out, one way or the other.

It was good to see the scum, in person, at the trial.” Suki went on, “I watched it carried out yesterday. It wasn’t as good as being there, but the transmission had shown it all.” Suki was watching online again. “Give it an extra ten from me.” The senior guard issued them with relish “bastard won’t touch a Lady again.”

It was humbled as sentenced, with its humbler preventing the creature standing, and therefore leaving its back, and buttocks, always available to receive extra lashes, if judged required. “Give the bastard an extra ten, on top.” At least it was increments of ten, and not twelve, as it had been in 'old money'.

Suki took the opportunity to speak with Georgia. Taking Her to one side, Suki explained to Georgia, the latest Health Board's recommendations, and plans, and how it may affect travelling, and Her plans to get them out of this dilemma. Suki hoped Her contacts may be able to help. The Hanoi flu was spreading. There had been cases in Pankhurst.

The Party was not allowing any flights in, or out, from the end of the week. It was a relief that they already had a seat on a plane. This must not become public knowledge, as it was feared it may cause a stampede, of Girl's who did not fancy the idea of a lock down, as was being muted. “Maybe Jess’s business idea had an unseen benefit, quite literally, a harbour in a storm. Do you fancy a pack of spliffs?” Suki headed off to the old retro cigarette machine, authentically standing near the toilets.

The last song faded on the duke box before it was turned off. Roberta Daise, the political editor, appeared on the large screen. Jess excused Herself, She needed the loo, far more than She needed some boring political programme. Jess needed to pee, and entered the Ladies. Suddenly, that need changed to urgency. She was so excited, She'd almost wet Herself. They had a condom machine on the wall. Jess was dumbfounded, does this mean...?

“Yes. But only if we win.” The Party mentioned, in their referendum pamphlet, that they were about to announce the introduction of sex slavery. “More fun for us, and an incentive for a ‘no’ vote from the animals.” Suddenly, Jess was far more interested in the vote, which certainly hadn’t been the case earlier.

Jess listened intently, fully concentrated, and excited, as Suki revealed the details of the Party’s new plan, to introduce controlled, and monitored, sexual intercourse between Ladies and animals. It was time to throw off the puritanical shackles currently suffered by Ladies.

Yes, the sex toy industry had come a long way, if you'll pardon the phrase, but Ladies were missing out. Why shouldn't they have greater sexual possibilities, and choices, if they so wished? "May I ask, if this is going to be available in The Maria Islands?" Jess had Her fears quashed, by an affirmative from a beaming Suki.

Creatures were to be offered the opportunity to become a sex slave, and if selected, and passed all criteria, they would have to learn how to please a Lady. It would need to learn technique, and it would need to learn control and longevity. It would be monitored to ensure it was performing, to its maximum, with a lack of performance, resulting in losing its treasured employment, its position quickly filled, by a replacement eager creature.

It had to be that way. It would need to go to one of the new farms. Well, it couldn't be allowed to return to the State herd. It had far too much to tell. It would reside with other, similarly dismissed animals. They could reminisce on old times, and rue their inability to retain their envied positions.

Jess lost interest, as Suki went on to explain the benefits to the country, the manufacturing jobs created by the new condom industry it would bring and how much it would raise. (Sorry, another smutty pun). Suki always looked at the financial side of things. Jess wasn't. She was still absorbing the wonderful news regarding the new sexual freedom, and planning Her hopefully, forever lifestyle, along with the added bonuses.

"We are expecting the result in about an hour." Roberta Day turned towards another correspondent. After three years of political 'toing and froing', and finally, for the first time, Jess was taking a genuine interest, with less than an hour to go. When the result was finally announced, it was incredible. Suki had been fucking right again, a 72 per cent 'no' vote, and with only 28 per cent for, it was a far wider margin, than even Suki had envisaged or hoped for.

The cheering and party poppers were drowned out as the band struck up, thumping out their first number. Jess didn't like it. The Right-Handed Lovers were hardly The Quims. Jess excused Herself, tired Jess wanted to get home. Jess was content and fell into bed a happy Girl. Excited, and with Her head spinning, Jess drifted off to sleep with happy memories of Her childhood, and dreams of the future.

Mum, and Georgia, were happy with how the Company were doing and apparently males, with slavery, everyone was happy.

The news was saturated with it, the announcements of things that would be done, and the subsequent plans for the future. The leading headline, on a continuous loop at the bottom of the screen read 'CREATURES VOTE NO' and 'PERMANENT MALE SLAVERY ADDED TO STATUTE BOOK'.

"This is a momentous decision, a piece of history. The vote is irreversible, and it will ensure males will not rise again, to dominate the world, as I have no doubt they'd try." Then with thanks, to the slave trader for Her views, the transmission returned to the studio. "Come on, Jess, jump in the shower."

Georgia flapped and flustered packing things. "Get out of my way, you fucking imbecile." A panicking Georgia, kicked the creature out of the way. Still racing around, Georgia collapsed onto the sofa, before ingesting a calming piece of toast.

On the 'Breakfast News' sofa, the next live guest in the studio was the leader of the Extremist Party. Mel Best wanted to take things further, with the elimination of male speech their final objective. The Extremist Party, also aimed at the total de-humanisation of males, as an attempt to turn them into totally subservient animals, of no higher standing than a donkey, dog or pony, dependent on their delegated usage, designated by the owner.

"They will only need to nod, to show recognition of the order, and there is no doubt that if the removal of the tongue, at birth, was introduced, it sped this process and it would have other benefits. It would eliminate the chance of a verbally organised revolt, always having been a major concern to us, the ruling sex."

The right-winged party leader explained Her thinking. "Three generations of non-communication should do it. No education, not being allowed to speak, or be spoken to, unless to respond to an order. The first signs of the effects will start to show in three generations, and then in five, or six generations, we should have a new lower species of ape."

"Thank you, Miss Best." Turning back to face the camera, Her face showed the shock of the severity. It was difficult, for the presenter, to show Her support for the tongue removals. They did so much more than help speech!!! The presenter turned to more interviews "What do you say to that?" The presenter asked the leader of the pro freedom party.

"It was a surprise, a very surprising result." It was the turn of Kate Cathcart, leader of the pro-freedom losing side, to offer their reaction to the momentous defeat "What more can we do? The stupid animals have sealed their own fate. We've tried, but we wash our hands of them."

“Quick darling, Auntie Suki’s on.” Jess rushed in, and She had only missed Suki’s introduction. Suki went on to outline how they were to issue new code locking, re-usable, restrictors, and how they had been tested for security, and that they were being manufactured already, and then ready in the next fortnight, for retail to the public. “The creatures are to be rewarded, with the opportunity of sexual slavery. This will need to be earned, and the lucky few selected animals will be displayed in public harems, with the choice for Ladies extensive.”

After enquiries into the reliability, safety, and security, Suki continued “It can equally be used as a stimulant, for more work, effort or respect. The creatures will be closely assessed, as to their suitability. A Lady wanted a stud not a dud.” Both Ladies chuckled at Suki’s little quip,

“It will come with a price. Judicial discipline sentences are to be increased, for any offence committed, in conjunction with the new sex guidelines. The creatures had to realise how lucky they were. Another price to pay, along with the introduction of a stricter regime, productivity targets are to be raised.”

A glowing Suki also announced The Party’s decision to postpone the tax rises, and the proposed benefit cuts. She also announced the estimates of the taxes expected to be raised by the new cannabis industry, more than permitting this. You’re very articulate Suki, you were the obvious choice to deliver the announcement.

Jess wanted to leave immediately, but would have to delay, as the reporting team hadn’t finished. Starting with Suki, they inquired as to how this comprehensive result, of the referendum, had come about.

Suki knew why. It wasn’t all about what the creatures would have lost with a ‘yes’, it was also about what a ‘no’ vote would offer them. It was the promise to introduce item four, of their new policy announcements, that had swung it. The Party was about to announce the introduction of the very controversial, new piece of legislation.

“Can we leave the controversy till last, after all, other new policies were also announced. The legislation to legalise cannabis for instance. It had been cleared, and it was already beginning to show its phenomenal tax raising capabilities.” Suki took a sip of water “The benefits are already showing. Not only was the new cannabis industry a good source of revenue, it also meant an improvement for Ladies, in the local employment market, certainly, in the prescribed cultivating areas.”

Suki once again recited Her spiel on the extra revenue, and the reduced need for tax rises. How it would also mean the proposed service cuts would be postponed, and the fact that there would be extra funding, and how the tax cuts alone would help create, and fund, many infrastructure projects, and create many posts.

Then Suki boasted about the new public houses that were being built, and of the still remaining old pub buildings that were being returned to their original usage. The pub re-openings had also created hundreds of jobs, and helped foster community spirit. It had been very well received by The House, and the 'here here's' were deafening.

Other proposed introductions that had helped persuade the creatures to remain as they are, included a promise to launch a review to improve slave welfare. Not as enthusiastically received by The House, but nonetheless agreed.

Suki batted off accusations of new taxes, stating that The Party would be introducing a slave tax, and that there would be VAT on the buying, and selling, of male creatures. An annually renewed licence would be needed for each slave owned. The cost of these licenses would be announced soon. But they were hoped to be only temporary. Controversial, and unpopular, hopefully the new tax raised on cannabis, would soon see the repeal of them.

Suki was mentioning that the promised electricity price cuts were to be by fifty per cent, and that it was hoped to make it free, within three years. The interviewer butted in, "Sorry, that's all we have time for. Thank you Miss Taylor."

The interviews had taken longer than expected, all the news channels wanted their piece of the action, and their own reporter's angle. With the interviews completed, the crews were packing away their cameras, lighting and sound equipment, when the interviewer enquired about Jess's leashed pet.

The interviewer had seen the customary creatures scurrying around, but a pet was different in intelligence, physique, and the faithful bond the pet had with its owner, and that interested Her most. "I'm sorry, but I still can't understand why they voted 'No'? Do you know why, Miss Taylor?"

Jess knew full well, but always liked to hear it. "Why don't you ask my animal, yourself, before it loses its permission to speak?" Jess pulled Her creature into position. "Go on, tell the Lady why you voted no. Come on boy, at heel." Jess ordered Her pet to answer the Lady.

"It's what I was put on the planet for Great One." Replied an honoured, grateful and honest, spart.

At the airport Jess had spat, as She had named Her animal, caged in the hold in an insulated cage, as Jess didn't want it to die of cold. All the palaver of pet passports, inoculations, and other paperwork, had taken fucking ages. But it was worth it for spat. (Well, I thought so). She was very fond of Her pet. The airport 'tannoy' announced that their flight was boarding. "Let's quickly pop into the duty free."

There was no need to arrive two hours before your flight these days. Customs didn't take long because there wasn't much that was considered contraband anymore. It was the 'x-ray scanner' that took the longest to negotiate. Just about everything that was contraband, or a security risk was now metallic. Ladies had been caught in possession of counterfeit restrictors. This was affecting the sales of the reputable, traditional manufacturers, but not the new firms. They were not detectable.

These devices were often of a lower quality than the old ones, increasing the danger for a Lady, if in the vicinity of a creature, fitted with one of these inferior products. In some cases, creatures had managed to get them off, without causing anything like the amount of pain, or discomfort, needed to act as the deterrent they had been designed for. This had been the trigger for the new design, and the bullet fired, had killed Kirsten's family's company, Lyre & Bietreyer.

Obviously, firearms and bombs were searched for more urgently, than anything. It was a problem, especially in certain parts of the World. The parts where total male submission was still not fully acquired. Far flung parts of the World, where there were still pockets of male resistance. Dangerous places, where many Ladies carried sidearms, but they were not allowed on aircrafts. "This is the last call for Air Qatar flight 1927 to Angelique International." It was music to their ears, the Girls showed their boarding passes.

Even if Jess was used to flying first class, She had been far too excited to use the bed provided. Instead Jess had sat awake all flight. Excited didn't quite capture it, Jess was going to set up Her own business. The creature returned with Her vodka. "Easy Jess, you may get into trouble if you get too pissed." Suki hoped this would be Jess's last, they would be landing in forty-five minutes.

It was like stepping in front of a hairdryer, with the heat of the plane's engines not helping. Suki, and Jess, were pulled in one of the airport's rickshaws to the terminus. Customs were far more relaxed here, and much of it had to do with the fact that security was so good, at Princess Kate International, where they had flown from. It was felt unnecessary.

Although the narcotics trade was flourishing, it was very much not an export. The Islands were a major producer, and another tourist attracter, as many young Ladies still liked the odd dabble. But it stayed on the Island, not in Girl's luggage. Customs were a little tighter, on the way home.

After reaching their hotel, the Ladies headed straight to their rooms, and bed, knackered from the long flight, and the early hour of their arrival. Jess drifted off, happy tomorrow would be the start of a whole new chapter.

Jess, and Kirsten, were awake long before their usual eleven o'clock. Whether this was excitement, or time zones, wasn't clear, but excitement seemed the favourite. There was no lie in or breakfast in bed. "Jess, when we go to Black Oaks Shipwrights on Wednesday, what do you envisage for your galleon?"

Jess went on to explain that what She really wanted was a twenty oared, three decked, and without sails. "I'm sure we can arrange that." They left for the jetty, to catch a boat to Black Oaks, and their potential purchase.

The four oared boat was already moored. A creature, the boat's senior boy (a very privileged position) stood at attention, waiting to offer the Ladies assistance. It helped as the two Ladies boarded, resplendent in its perfectly iron pressed, white shorts and shirts. They were soon under way, as the four creatures pulled on their oars, the first of countless strokes. "I can't believe there are clothed males here. I thought there was a dehumanisation policy."

The dehumanisation of males was now a common practice in The League's member countries. In some, the attempt to eliminate speech was coming along rapidly. Creatures were also being rotated to other countries, which was preventing the learning of a language, due to unfamiliarity, and also causing a random mix of animals, making the ability to communicate even more remote.

After all, as I said before, all a creature needed to say was 'Yes Miss' even if it was in various different languages and it was certainly working.

The whole regime, here in The Maria's, had tightened up on discipline, and was still changing and becoming stricter. The islands needed to, because there had been feral animals, due to creatures escaping. Thankfully, all had been re-captured, disciplined, and executed, all beamed live, to as many creatures as possible, to discourage others.

It still wasn't a fully sadistic sentencing, penal system, and for less serious offences there was always Diana Island, an isolated penal island, where uncontrollable creatures were sent. The first residents of this island had been convicted for theft, and this had become the kind of offence a creature was sentenced to. Others for general reminding of their place, and two were at the island for stealing water, the pettiest of things. But there was now a second island, for the more dangerous offenders.

The summer of 87 had been long and hot, causing water rationing. The creatures felt it first, and hardest, and they were rationed to just a daily litre, despite having to work in the hot sun. But this wasn't enough, and as they grew more thirsty, and dehydrated, desperation drove them to act. The two surreptitiously left their place of work, and were caught drinking from the yard's tap.

This did have a silver lining, as it drew attention to the need to up the creatures supply, as their welfare was recognised, and staff, along with owners, soon upped the ration, as it was thought creature health was being threatened, under current measures, but it wouldn't rise by much. All a bit late, for two of the island's residents.

The island's ruling Party had declared that more stringent measures were to be introduced. All homes were to keep their waste water for recycling. You may think that this would be kept to water the gardens of the many historic plantation houses, but it wasn't. The creature's fresh water ration was being withdrawn. It would no longer be fresh.

It had to be done. The hundreds of creatures were an enormous draw on water resources, and now there should be enough to water them. Washing up would need doing, general cleaning as well, and then of course, there were the Ladies baths and showers. A Lady needed to keep Her hygiene, especially in the baking heat. It was unthinkable, a Lady could not be expected to attend a function, unless thoroughly cleansed.

The drainage had been altered, a disgusting job, and now all waste water, not sewage of course, went directly into the water butts that had been supplied by the government. Ok, it may be a bit soapy, but it was better than nothing.

Now creatures received one warning, for an offence of this microcity, before being deported to Diana Island. First time offenders were circumcised, making them instantly recognisable, and a warning to Ladies to be careful, as the creature was untrustworthy and may be dangerous.

Circumcision was a quick and easy process. The islands had introduced the measures, realising the benefits of instant recognition as a warning, of the possible dangers the animal may carry. It was also economically sensible and very cheap to perform. It was

simple, the cock was stretched out, over a wooden board, and a scalpel was then used to sever the foreskin. Easy, there was nothing to it really.

Replying to Jess's genuine concern, Suki put Her mind at ease. Suki explained that it was only a tiny number that were not kept nude, and that only the most obedient, and loyal, earned the privilege. Most were kept naked, if only for circumcised recognition reasons. Much like the severity of the discipline, and sentencing in these islands, the rewards offered as incentives were similarly exaggerated. Suki liked what She saw, as the ship builders drew closer "If all goes well today, we can go. and view the island after."

It did go well, but there still wasn't time. Tomorrow's viewing would reveal that it was an ideal size, almost five miles long, and three miles wide. Currently un-inhabited, due to the death of Jasmine Frobisher, the imposing colonial style, white wooden, plantation house, along with its magnolia flanked driveway, had been Her family home for over 250 years, and slavery was part of the furniture.

The previous free labour had cultivated the island's impressive sized rubber plantation. Production could begin almost immediately, if needed, another bonus the island offered.

Suki, and Jess. wasted the rest of the day, and the following, viewing two more islands, but it was the first one Suki wanted. She had fallen in love with it, it was ideal, in an idyllic setting, and Suki was happy to shake on 2.5 million.

Jess loved it as well. Jess could picture Her boat moored up, and creatures loading, and unloading, luggage, as Ladies of wealth, and standing, disembarked, before heading to their accommodation. But, first things first, let's go and meet the Manageress at Black Oaks.

Georgia, was more than happy to put, pen to paper, in Her solicitors. With Suki's blessing, Georgia was sealing the deal, and then the felling operation, and collection of buildings, would be sold for a million profit. Macey's Flooring had always looked the most attractive offer.

Suki had only been in the islands for a couple of days, and had not had a chance to assess the situation. She was sure all would be fine, still it was best to be safe, rather than sorry. They would buy, and use as many, native creatures as were available for the labour. They would get more work out of them, as they were accustomed to the heat. Georgia agreed. "Must go now, we've got an appointment at the shipwrights this afternoon. Jess is so excited, and it's wonderful to see Her taking an interest."

Jess had visions, and dreams, and planned to give Her full attention to the project. A life of luxury in this paradise, with all Her friends, either living here or visiting. The cred would be immeasurable, not to mention making Jess the epicentre of attention. All three Ladies agreed, they were more than happy with the 1 million.

It was more than they had accounted for, but it would more than finance the infrastructure for Jess's project, in addition to covering the costs that would occur, developing the modest harbour and pier.

Suki, and Jess, entered Black Oaks, past six creatures waving imitation, ostrich feather fans, generating the building's air conditioning. Both Ladies pleasurably noticed the remarkable difference in temperature. "We try to create a draft, and circulate the air. It's economically sensible having a boy with a fan. If they put in enough effort, it usually does the trick, and anyway it's traditional, it's the way they did it back in the day."

Alex Jones introduced Herself "We like to keep things traditional and authentic. Everything is designed to reflect how it was back in the day, though I must admit, we do have an additional air conditioning system." Miss Jones smiled as She led the cortege to the design studio.

Jess had heard the phrase, on numerous occasions, over the last few days. She needed to know. "What does 'back in the day' mean?" Jess asked with innocent ignorance. Then with great interest She listened, as Miss Jones outlaid, a history of the islands link with the slave trade. Miss Jones invited Suki, and Jess, into Her office, before handing out Her company's brochure.

"We only use the best materials in the construction, and only the most skilled animals" Miss Harper continued Her sales pitch "The keel, and frames, are constructed of teak, mahogany or oak, and the planking larch." Suki's ears pricked up, then realised they had sold the timber business. "It's the design requirements, and extras that you are looking for, that we need to sort out."

"We feel it's best to go that extra mile. It's best to go for extra length, although height is cheaper, but is far less practical. It may be beautiful out there today, but we do have the odd tropical storm, or at least high winds, and it can have a major effect on stability and handling." Suki could see the logic. "Time lost through bad weather is time lost making a profit." Miss Jones emphasised the obvious "Length has other benefits, including having extra oars and wider decks."

Miss Jones turned a page before continuing Her pitch, "Yes, there would be less room to accommodate the extra slaves needed to man the additional oars, at night, but this is a

minor detail.” She pointed out the plans. “Will there be enough room for the number of galley slaves required, I suspect you’re thinking?” Miss Jones went on to explain how the creatures would be on the lower deck, while telling Suki, and Jess, not to worry. “We’ll pack them in, even if we have to use the bilge.”

The longer galleons allowed up to twelve oars a side, and a longer galleon could even allow for cutting the decks to just two. Jess had planned for ten cabins. Miss Jones thought the guests' accommodation could occupy one end of the galleon, leaving ample room for the recreational area, and pool, on the upper deck.

“If you do decide to have a pool, on a ten oar, then you will need somewhere to house the filter pump. It’s quite bulky, and it would need to sit on the lower deck. This would reduce the room allowed for the creatures.” Miss Jones looked up, hoping for a positive response.

Jess couldn’t give a shit. “I’m sure we can pack them tighter. What’s the problem?” Jess was adamant “I still want the large pool, there’ll be room.” Like a spoiled child, Jess almost stamped Her feet, determined to get Her own way.

“It’s not a problem, Miss Taylor, we’ll sort it out.” That’s better. Jess usually got Her own way, and besides, how cheapskate would it appear without one? It obviously had to have a filter system, obviously a large one, because surely, you wouldn’t expect a Girl to swim in a pool without one. The Lady guests would also be most disappointed, if there wasn’t one.

“Remove the benches from the rowing area, and this would create extra space.” Miss Jones went on to outline other benefits, this would also manifest. “Standing on their hinds, would also be more ergonomic. The lazy fuckers would have to work harder, there would be nowhere for them to hide.”

Jess was more than happy, She had got Her own way, and the galleon would have a large pool, for Ladies to cool off in or maybe sit by, tanning themselves, and enjoying a ‘Pimm’s’, and all at a faster, slave generated pace, getting the Lady passengers to the next party, as soon as possible, and would be an extra selling point.

“Before we get onto fixtures, do we agree on full length?” Suki confirmed that was the case. “Then I recommend two task Mistresses, as they would then have only twelve oars each to supervise, so maintaining effort, and therefore speed. They could work a four hour shift, which was more than the maximum time it took to travel, between any two islands.”

Miss Jones was very professional, and Her sales patter flowed, “Oh yes, you will also need a Lady to supervise, and maintain standards on deck, as well as maintain creature discipline, and an animal, for the kettle drum. We have a selection of slave drivers on each island, so there’s always Girls available.” Finally, Miss Jones went on to say that they “also supplied animal food on each island.”

Miss Jones logged onto Her laptop “Right, now we have the basics of your requirements, we can begin on the details.” A blur of fingers, on the keyboard, and Black Oaks website illuminated the screen, and after having clicked on ‘extended galleons’, a picture gallery of designs and options popped up.

“Two decked, with a large pool, and twenty oared.” Miss Jones pressed enter, and with accompanied typing, the selection shrunk to two. They closely resembled the galleys in the new ‘Ben Hur’ remake. Jess liked the one on the left, it was much more authentic looking, and very Roman.

The other was very modern looking, futuristic almost. Jess wanted the one on the left, and had no interest in the price. Jess’s puppy dog eyes were unnecessary, and Her pleads falling on already made up ears. “We’ll take the luxury option.” Suki had never considered anything else “Would you like to see what’s available, Darling?”

Black Oaks had a tried, and tested, system to make sure that all details were submitted, and made so. Miss Jones began the computer generated, 3D construction, by entering ‘Jamaican Dogwood keel, and all planking to be larch or pine’. Suki took the opportunity to mention they had been involved with larch logging, and an interesting debate on the subject ensued. “Larch it is then.”

Black Oaks will supply skilled creatures, plumbers, carpenters, wood carvers, decorators and many more.” Miss Jones assured “The basic shell of the galleon will be constructed in our factory, fully supervised of course.” The options, choices, and decisions followed.

Suki, and Jess, took a lot of the advice offered by Miss Jones, but still had minds of their own. All Jess was concerned about was Her guests’ comfort and welfare, and that the cabins were of adequate size, and that it had a first class pool.

The four, Girl crew, would be housed in the stern of the accommodation deck. This deck would also hold four double cabins. The upper would be a decking area, bar and pool. Jess wasn’t sure that the dimensions of the pool were the largest available. Suki assured Her it was, even if Jess always wanted more.

At least She was happy with the decking, and the sitting of the barbecue area, along with the positioning of the bar. A creature was sent to fetch three, rum punches, and after its return, the resumption turned to the décor and extras. They would be lavish, and even the animals holding cages, were to be made ornately, of the best iron, by the best smiths.

Next on the agenda, was the plans for the slave quarters. The rowing area was most important, with height an issue. There had to be an area big enough, to allow the pulling of twelve oars a side. This would take up two thirds of the square yardage available. This would not be a problem, however, if the Ladies agreed to Miss Jones' proposals "We can cut the size of the cages, by a square foot, and this will allow us to have two levels. I told you we could cram them in. The bilge will be ideal." The creature returned, with the Ladies refreshments.

Alright, Jess did compromise on the gold taps, but all in all, the boat had all the luxury trappings, and all had been gone through with a tooth comb, even down to the colour of the bed linen. The cabins would be bright, and airy, with full air conditioning, and an en suite bathroom and toilet, if a little small.

Each would have LED lighting, creating an ambience, and illuminating the fully stocked wine rack. The rest of the spots, aimed at carefully selected areas of the sumptuous surrounds. The views were outstanding, port out starboard home, all very 'posh'.

Another wall was to be adorned by a large cinematic screen, and all the latest movie releases would be available at the touch of a button. The other wall would remain clear, and glazed, to enjoy the aforementioned views. The kitchen galley, manned by a supervised team of creatures, still maintained the boat's bespoke style and design. The counters, fridges and oven broke up the lime green décor, with their stainless steel frontage, and white surfaces. Perhaps the colours might need changing?

Jess was thrilled, when Miss Jones brought the 'decking extras' website page up. Jess could view the swimming pool and decking in detail. What had caught Jess's eye, was on the first page, a bathing platform, and Jess wanted one that lowered, so making it easier when the Girls were getting in, or out, of the water. Teak topped, and with integrated bathing ladders, it was a great addition to the facilities, in the case of Her passengers wishing to have a dip in the warm water, or had plans to scuba dive.

Eventually Jess, and Suki, came to agreement on the minor details, as Miss Jones took notes, whilst calculating the costs. "Same décor and specifications on both?" The finer details only adding to the opulence "The first should be ready in a month or so." Jess had a second question, for Auntie Suki, She'd mention later. Another minor detail, they came to agree on, was spending the next day on the beach. It was time to relax.

Business was successfully completed, so today was a day to relax, and sunbathe, a time to contemplate. Jess had the boy, who did all the running around, lay Her towel on the soft white sand, and rising from Her lounger, the two creatures followed Her, with the parasols, and fans, they held. Absolutely essential, for two Ladies on the beach, in this blazing sun.

Suki similarly remained cooled "Two more rum punches, boy. Where's Kirsten today?"

"Gone to see a Girl we met the other evening. I didn't like Her." The two creatures shuffled a little, as they adjusted their stances, to maintain the shade currently being enjoyed by the two prone sun worshipers. Jess really needed to ask Her question "Aunty Suki...." Jess enquired about Miss Jones's remarks, especially the plurality of them "Same décor on both?"

"Look Jess, I've had some news. You know the virus is spreading in Europe, well Georgia's coming over. She won't be able to attend the funeral, whenever it is. The Party has deterred mourners from attending. The virus is very virulent." Suki continued "As I thought they would, they're closing the border on Saturday."

Suki, and Georgia, had looked deeply into it, and the potential demand, logistics and costs, and even if Jess had suggested the idea, to allow Her an even better lifestyle, it was certainly feasible. "When Gran passes away, we'll sell the slave business, and Georgia will come over, and we'll put everything behind your plan. Hook, line and sinker." Suki had promised. Jess lay back content, and replaced Her headphones. The Quims' latest release, 'Gusset Hound', returned Jess to Her stereophonic cocoon.

"Yes, I've told Her. She took it well, almost in Her stride." Suki, greeted Georgia at the airport "She's upset about Gran, and that no one will attend, but She's really getting excited about opening." Jess had gone out with Kirsten to celebrate. "Moving on, let's talk business."

Suki went on to tell Georgia, all about the trip, describing the island, the rubber plantation and the already existing jetty, along with Her plans, if Georgia agreed, to turn the Frobisher's family home into a luxury resort. "The galleys are beautiful, and the interiors are going to be amazing." Suki was excited just relaying the details of the plans.

"If Mummy, and Aunty Suki, are planning on two already, if it does well, many more will follow." Jess told Kirsten "Each boat will need a hostess to manage, supervise and maintain standards, and to show new passengers around, and give a few tips on the best places to visit. Customer service must mirror the galley's facilities."

Kirsten thought She knew where this was going, and hoped for it “We’ll have some wild parties.” Jess moved onto the beach’s sit ups bench. Jess wasn’t interested in bulk, or building muscles, just toning up and adding to Her attractiveness. “Twenty.”

Jess remained inclined on the bench, as She breathed heavily, gasping to regain Her breath. It was a hard workout in these conditions. Jess cooled off, in the sea, before returning to Her shaded bed “Shame Bella isn’t here.”

After the afternoon on the beach, the two headed for the hotel. The two Girls sat down to watch a movie. The Girls vaguely watched the film, as Jess went through Her idea, explaining that as there were two boats planned. Taylor’s would need another captain. Kirsten was more than happy to accept. Her Mother’s gambling, and drinking, habits were intensifying. Going insolvent had taken its toll.

Touch down had been as smooth as ever. “I see what you mean about the hairdryer. The Island looked beautiful, as we came in to land.” First impressions were very positive. Georgia approved, nodding as She mulled the future over, before heading to Miss Jones’s company, in the carriage She had provided.

The private carriages were very different here, and nothing like the ones at home, nothing like Jess’s Citi-carriage. They were manufactured by a different company, and they were modelled on 18th century lines, and their authenticity reflected the architecture and ambience of the town. This royal blue model was no exception, and obviously top of the range, well what did you expect?

They were also a lot heavier than the models in the UK. This was not a major issue, as it suited the pace of life on the islands, and the speed the creatures managed to generate, pulling these cumbersome modes of travel, was not that important. The two trotters took up the strain and the driver sat redundant as the pair knew the way.

The journey was very pleasant, with the countryside stunning, and the weather just as expected. “It must be quite hard work, for those two animals” Jess commented “What with this heat.” Jess clicked Her fingers, and the creature fanning Her, increased its effort “at least they aren’t running, they should count their blessings.”

Miss Jones was in front of the imposing building, to welcome the trio of Ladies, and show respect to Her highly valued clients. They were already one of Her highest paying customers, and with possibly a lot more to come. Welcoming them into the cavernous, construction shed, Miss Jones held out a sweeping arm, as She showed the progress that had been made on the first of the vessels.

The hull, and bilge, were complete, with the final touches being applied to the accommodation deck. "We should have the first one ready to be painted by the end of next week." Miss Jones was almost boasting, chuffed, and very pleased with Herself, and Her company. Their reputation as the finest in the business was being upheld. "Why don't you come and have a closer look."

The three looked over the construction. Only the finest materials had been used, by the skilled craft animals involved in its building. They didn't spend too long looking around, as they wanted to get to the island. Besides, they were delaying things, the creatures were not at work. "Come on, come on, these Ladies are waiting to go, and your laziness is delaying this. Get to it." The skilled creatures returned to their specialities.

Alex enquired, and was genuinely happy upon hearing that Georgia, and Suki, would be supervising the island' infrastructure construction. "Will you be taking up residence in the old house immediately?" Yes, they would be, they were already ready to take up residency, in the eight bed roomed property, and intended staying to keep an eye on construction, and to watch the launches.

This would allow them roughly ten weeks to get the project underway. Jess had wanted to go, with Kirsten, and explore the capital of the neighbouring island, but Kitten Island could wait. There would be plenty of time for that later. Jess was worried about Kirsten's growing friendship with Her new pal. But at the moment, Jess was tied up with all the setting up. She needed to put it to the back of Her mind, they needed to push on. Letters needed drafting, contracts signed, appointments confirmed, and the initial procedures completed.

The meeting adjourned in the early morning, as none of the Ladies had spotted the minute hand of the clock, moving relentlessly onward. "Look at the time. I've got to get to bed." Georgia spoke for all three, as they had staff to look for in the morning. Then Jess could visit a neighbouring island, not Kitten Island, but Lady Port, the capital of St. Jasmine, and the location of Sadler's, the destination of tomorrow's business.

Next day Suki and Georgia were up bright and early, unlike Miss Jess. She was still in bed, and as usual, had no intention of rising till absolutely necessary. "Jess, will you get up, and get ready, or we're going to be late, and possibly miss a bargain." Jess got up, and dressed, with Georgia's demand the catalyst for this. Jess was worried about Kirsten.

Meanwhile, Suki ordered transport. "No, nothing like that. We're new to the area." The Girl, at the public transport department, had been concerned. Had they had problems with their own animals? Had they been struck by the current problem of escaped animals. Memory jogged, Suki added 'security' to Her 'must do' list. It was becoming a major topic,

and problem, and things needed doing, with stringent measures brought in, while in the meantime, private security was imperative.

“Bugger me, it was a lot of effort running my own bath, and getting today’s clothes out.” Jess was up, and was soon reassured as Suki promised, it would be the one and only time. Jess had not enjoyed all the running around and fetching things. She normally had creatures to do that, and things had better be different tomorrow. “The carriage is here,” Suki opened, and closed, a door as they left. Things were getting desperate, and this was probably the first time, She had ever done that, for Herself.

The sea crossing was incident free, and the slave driver had kept the boat on schedule, with Her liberal use of the whip, maintaining the effort of the slaves as they rowed, to the beat of a kettle drum. A punk rock beat, rather than a lament. It would take a lot more effort than a pogo though. “Come on, you lazy bunch of pricks, put your fucking backs into it.” Georgia thanked, and tipped, the boat’s eager captain, and even increased Her reward, upon hearing it was the Girl’s first trip. Reaching the jetty, Suki flagged another public carriage.

“Pardon me, Miss, this is Harper’s.” The driver informed the passengers, before pulling the team of two to a halt. Great timing, Jess had just finished Her makeup refresh. The three Ladies disembarked.

Harper’s premises reeked of colonial elegance, as it should. It was an original auction house, and chattel had been bought, and sold, here for centuries. It was a listed and protected property. It was no crumbling old derelict building. Far from it, it was the hub of the local community, and the centre of the regional slave trade. It was the cornerstone of the town. The job opportunities it offered were just the beginning, and it supported a whole network of other companies.

The demand for the luxury hotels, generated by holidaying tourists, was fierce. There would be a need for accommodation for the Lady holiday makers, and somewhere they could stay, safe in the knowledge that their animals were securely caged nearby. The larger luxury hotels were often full, so Harper’s also offered half a dozen fine rooms.

Other local industries also relied on this income, from taxis to Heads, gyms to nightclubs, yoke hire to animal transportation, and with many more benefiting. The service sector boomed in this area.

Other firms were supported far more directly, with some manufacturing and supplying exclusively to Harpers. ‘Mandrake Manacles’ for instance. Both sides of their industry’s sole purpose was to supply Harpers. From smelting and casting, to manufacture and delivery. They made everything from manacles and chains, to yoke interiors and branding irons.

Other companies at the other end of the spectrum, would include firms like 'Jane's', a pet food supplier.

It was not only an auction house, although that was Harper's primary purpose, along with the upmarket B&B. It also housed conferences, in the attached business sections, and an always busy arts centre, rehearsal rooms and recording studios. It was a well used creative hub, for the local Girls, with fashion and designing popular choice of many.

Georgia, Suki, and Jess, walked into the plush lobby and immediately three creatures crawled to be of assistance. Although not currently required, they would remain at the Ladies' disposal throughout their lunch, a touch of class and service. Absolutely typical Harpers. "Let's get a drink and a bite to eat first."

Having enjoyed a superb lunch, the satisfied Ladies rose from their dining chairs, as the creatures assigned to do so, pulled the Ladies chairs back, and they headed towards Harper's viewing rooms.

The high ceilings, and Maplewood panelled walls, were adorned with oil paintings, along with shelves decorated with pieces of fine art. The floor to ceiling, walnut bookshelves, filled with literary treasures, added to the atmosphere and feel of the place, very Hispanic. "Wow, I've never seen so many animals on display." Jess was impressed, with Her eyes darting everywhere, and they hadn't got to the first row of cages yet. She wished Kirsten was here.

Although busy, Georgia couldn't get the feeling of guilt out of Her head. She felt She had let Gran down, and just abandoned Her. But, there was no reason to stay, as funeral attendance restrictions were now in place, and they could do the reading of the will over the net. Their solicitor would set up everything at Her end, and call tomorrow.

Skivvies worked frantically, making sure everything was just right. All knew the consequences of upsetting a Lady today, today of all days. The relatives toasted Gran, with Georgia proclaiming that She had been a loving Mother and Grandmother. A kind, and generous, Lady who had been extremely successful in setting up Taylor Holdings, but above all Gran would be dearly missed.

Skivvies held trays of Champagne, desperately making sure to behave and to maintain a sombre mood, and display a respectful level of deep sympathy. After all, this was the Lady who had owned the company that owned them.

Over the conference call, a black attired Georgia reminisced, often tearfully, about How Gran had been very excited about Jess's new venture, but above all, how She regretted not being there for Her, at the funeral, a sentiment felt by the rest of the gathering. The call came through, from the company solicitor, and the details of Gran's will were

revealed. Georgia had much on Her mind, there were all the arrangements involving Gran's possessions.

Georgia had spent a few days tying up the ends of the sale of the farm, but Georgia was fully back in business mode by the day after the reading. It was all much of a muchness. Predictably, Gran left most of it to Her spoiled Granddaughter. The rest was divided between Her two daughters, Georgia and Suki, but with a provision that sizable donations be sent to the five animal charities, She had supported since a little Girl. Georgia made sure Gran's wishes were carried out, with generosity, just as Gran had instructed. Gran was still demonstrating Her generosity, and kindness, even from beyond the grave. What a lovely Lady. So kind to animals.

There were, however, hundreds of male creatures who would disagree. Kindness, and generosity, were not the same attributes felt by all the male animals, She had traded, and sold into a life of servitude, pain and misery, and all at a good profit.

The next day, four of them stood, tacked and harnessed, to Georgia's carriage. Georgia had a busy day ahead. First to the solicitors, the final contract needed signing. "Yes, I have everything prepared, and just need the purchaser's signature." In time, Miss Frobisher's representative arrived, and after a quick handshake, Georgia left satisfied and headed towards Her new accountants.

The sale was snag free and quick. Taylor's was a well established, and respected, going concern, and it wasn't surprising really, that there had been a bidding war for this prized asset, and happily for Jess and Her family, it eventually went for above the asking price. This coupled with Gran's inheritance money, only added to the backing of Jess's venture.

It had been a highly emotional week, if successful and productive. Gran's death, and funeral, coupled with the selling of all of Taylor's UK firms, had made it extremely tumultuous, and thankfully it was done and dusted now. All that was left was their home. Why not turn it into an animal sanctuary? Georgia was soon on the phone to Gran's favourite charity.

'Forever Home' gratefully accepted the unexpected windfall. Many animals would benefit. Not male creatures. but cute, furry and adorable animals. Georgia went to bed, and drifted off thinking of the new day, and the start next morning would bring.

The last two years had flashed past. Taylor Made Holidays was thriving. The first three galleons were overwhelmed with bookings. Everyone seemed to want to hold their pre civil partnership hen parties on board. They had needed to expand, and their fourth galleon was on the horizon, and due for delivery next week. "Yazz, has taken up our offer of a position with Taylor's, Darling"

Yazz wanted a new challenge, and wished to leave Los Angeles and travel to The Maria's. Although Yazz had taken the position, She had no knowledge of the sea, nor the running and sailing of a galleon. Yazz would need to be shadowed, before crewing Her own boat, and would need to learn the ropes.

"Kirsten's Mother has also enquired about a post." Grabbing Her keys, Suki asked "Thought She had gone to rehab, gambling and drinking, wasn't it? It hit Kirsten hard, when will she be back out?" Suki looked back over Her shoulder "Perhaps we can offer Her the captaincy of our 5th galleon." Suki had put in the order.

"Nice one, can't wait to see Yazz, and I'm meeting Kirsten later. I can ask Her about it." Jess ran things through Her head. If Mum, and Aunty Suki, are going to concentrate on the admin side, and the next boat is on order, there will be a need for a further captain. It would help cheer Kirsten up, and help her Mother' rehab. Still not Lolita, or Christina though, nor her French friends. Only one boat was available, but Jess planned to have one for all her friends in time.

This was like a lottery win, after all the recent doom and gloom, for Kirsten and Her family, but they also had plenty of news to catch up on. "Don't see you much anymore. What have you been up to?" Kirsten was just revealing small titbits of Her friendship with Frenchy, or whatever She called Herself.

"Sorry to interrupt, is the service up to standard. I hope its size doesn't alarm you?" Zana tried to reassure "It is locked in tightly, and I know its flapping can irritate, and if it does I'll have it replaced." The discussed creature hurried back, with the Girls' robes. Zana ran this impressive health spa, attached to the complex. The speed boats bobbed, in the light swell "Sorry, I like a well hung animal myself, I never tire of seeing large cocks."

After the best massage, She had ever received, Jess headed for the bar, an equally revived, and tingling, Kirsten in tow. "Didn't think of getting us a drink. I don't know" Georgia joked as She entered the room, with Suki and Yazz. Jess rushed to hug Yazz.

A creature crawled behind Suki, hooded and leashed. Another creature raced to fetch another three drinks. Suki pulled the creature into its place, "Squat down there boy." Suki

removed its bank robber hood. "Oh my god, is that your pet, what was its name? spart, yes spart."

Yazz excitedly referred to the creature, crouched and just unmasked. Yazz couldn't believe Her eyes. She had been there when Jess had been given it and had given it one of its most challenging walks, at Jess's coming of age party.

Jess clicked Her fingers, again, while pointing to a spot, and Her pet crawled obediently, into its place, at Jess's feet. Yazz held onto its leash, and it brought back funny memories. She knew it was trustworthy, and Yazz knew Jess would appreciate Her hanging on to it. "Wow, I'm really surprised you've still got it. You've had it so long, you probably let it up on the furniture." Yazz mocked.

"No we do not. Whatever next? We never allow animals on the chairs." Jess seemed quite annoyed. "Yes, it's well behaved, but let it get away with things, like being up on the furniture, and before you know it, the creatures are taking all sorts of liberties." Jess was adamant "You have to be consistent."

"I know what you mean. They're still fucking running around, un-controlled, at home, with some even having the audacity to beg at the table, and they should know, we never feed an animal at the table. Fucking imbeciles." Yazz went on "The introduction of this kind of discipline, and control, needs to be urgently introduced. It's nice to be in a place where males know their status." Both Girls nodded, at spart, a see what I mean nod, that said it all.

Yazz took a sip, She could see the bottom of Her glass of bourbon. "I know I haven't been out here long, but the level of service, and standards of discipline administered, is of the highest quality, and undoubtedly, they have their animals totally focused and controlled. A few countries, around the world, would do a lot worse than follow the island's model."

Suki couldn't agree more, "Security has been an issue, with escaping and a few minor uprisings, all quelled rapidly, but still an issue." Well it couldn't all smell of roses. "But you really will notice a very positive difference in male attitude, when you're out and about."

The three Girls smiled in an approving, this is the way it should be, way. Today they would judge this and it could be great fun. "Bourbon again, Girls?" Zana offered "Have you increased the fleet lately? The last I heard was you were running three or four." Jess was happy to field Zana's inquiry, because water skiing was rapidly becoming more, and more, unlikely, as the American liquor went about its job.

Jess pulled out Her mobile to show some photos. "This is one of Mum, and me, at The Quim's final gig, it was a great night, but really sad. Mum loved them, bouncing and clapping. Yeah I enjoyed it." Jess went on to show Yazz, photos of island life, and Her time here, all only wetting Yazz's appetite further.

Yazz couldn't wait for tomorrow. It was about time that She had some slaves to serve Her, now she was out of California, at last, and without doubt, Yazz was looking forward to the next couple of months. Although She didn't know it yet, it was a lifestyle, She would become accustomed to.

Suki butted in on the picture show. She needed the Girls' attention, and having gained it, Suki began explaining the importance of training. It was a safety matter. Not only did the Girls need a basic knowledge of first aid, they needed to make sure the life belts were serviced. Some navigation skills, and the like, also coming in handy.

"Shadowing for a similar length of time, should be ideal for everyone." Suki checked the time "I think we'll finish this in the morning. Now, will either of you require a bed boy tonight?" Georgia enquired "We have a good selection in our harem. It's down in the cellar, Jess will show you the way." Both Yazz, and Kirsten, happily accepted Georgia's hospitality. Jess did you need to ask? Yazz was exhausted from travelling, but was certain a sensual licking would help Her sleep.

"Can we go and have a look, Jess?" Of course they could. Jess was itching to show, Her American friend, Her collection of sex slaves. Kirsten had previously sampled the merchandise.

"Go on Jess, take Kirsten, and Yazz, to make their selections, and take your time Girls. Georgia, and I, have a few things to mull over. We have a few choices to make." It sounded more ominous than meant. They were happy decisions, but not as much fun as the decision Yazz and Kirsten faced. It took Yazz, and Kirsten, a lot longer than usual to make their decision.

Kirsten and Yazz took time considering and assessing each creature in turn, as Jess proudly displayed them. "Next, up here boy. Come on, quickly, Miss Yazz and I want to take a good look at you. Come on up to the front of the cage." Another creature prepared to undergo the Ladies' humiliating, and thorough inspection.

Kirsten ran Her hand over its chest, before punching its tensed stomach. All seemed very impressive. "Face the other way, and spread your buttocks." Yazz, and Kirsten, continued their assessment "Look, as much fun as this is, I need to get to bed." Yazz agreed, and soon Kirsten concluded Her examination.

“I don’t want to be crude, but I don’t need penetration. Do you need a knobbing, Yazz?” Having agreed it wasn’t vital, they moved to the cages set on the far wall “Sorry, I only need a good licking. Besides, I can’t see their woods for the trees.” All three agreed, that they had seen enough orange, and blue cocks, anyway, and Jess suggested they keep them till the two Ladies were less tired, “You’ll appreciate it, and enjoy it a lot more. Ah, here we are” Jess’s sweeping hand helping Her, show the full extent of the cages. “The yellow cocks, Girls, no fucking with these.” The three enjoyed Jess’s jokes.

It had been as if Jess was introducing a band, or act at a gig, I’m surprised there wasn’t applause. Perhaps there was a clap of appreciation, and joy, at the site of twenty nude males, all openly displaying themselves, inside their meshed display cabinets. As they viewed, Jess answered their inquiries.

“The introduction of colour grading began some twenty years ago. Ladies had the right to know what sized creature they were purchasing, and this colour coding had a set universal sizing scale.” Jess knew her slave trading.

This discrimination, had polarised further, and now the work, or usage, of males was dictated solely by the size of their cocks. The row of cages, the Ladies now faced, held yellows, the smallest of all. These were the domestics, or skivvies, and therefore ideal as the three Ladies were looking to have their carpets cleaned.

They selected two, while Jess had Her pet to keep Her warm. “Goodnight Girls, have fun and sleep well.” They certainly did. They had used their sex toy, then had secured it to the hook on the wall, just as Jess had suggested. Both had enjoyed their alternative night cap.

“Did the creature satisfy you? Did it perform to the required standard, and are you happy that it maintained the correct position?”

It could always be better. “It was ok, I’d give it four, or five, out of ten.” Kirsten was setting very high standards “Will that maintain its position? It didn’t last night.” Even Kirsten’s humour couldn’t hide the fact that it hadn’t reached the accepted standard. “Tell you what, it can have a second chance tonight, and perhaps it will put in a bit of work, effort, and care this time.”

Even Suki, sat at the breakfast bar, showed concern. “I’m so sorry to hear that, Kirsten, are you sure it can have a second chance? Don’t worry, there’s plenty more to

choose from, down there, and we can send that useless thing to the island. It appears it wouldn't be a great loss." More coffee was poured, by the attending skivvy.

"Enough about that, Girls, how would you like to take a tour of the island?" Georgia, hoped to return the conversation, to a more business orientated subject "There's beautiful beaches and forests, the rubber plantation, house, and of course, Jess's boats."

"I'd love to Georgia, thanks, and fuck it, I'll pick another tonight, and to be honest, that was the best fun of the whole process. Just send it to the block, or this island place." Suki clicked Her fingers, and one creature was sent to have Her team tacked, and harnessed, then another click, and another creature was sent to collect a cool box. "You'll need refreshments. It's going to be a very warm day." Kirsten, and Yazz, finished their orange juice before rising from the breakfast table.

They needed to get ready, and pick a cool outfit. They took so long, that Georgia had to nudge them, "Come on Girls, Suki's waiting and the carriage is ..." Georgia didn't finish the sentence. She didn't need to, as the pair were already on their way "Shit, you're not going out dressed like that?"

"No, we'll have a beach robe, but these new topless swimsuits are becoming all the rage, especially the thong style." The two Girls were dressed, if that's the word, in different coloured thongs. One violet, and the other lemon "It's the summer." The two gave a cheeky twirl, showing Georgia even more than She needed, as Jess wiggled her breasts, one last time, before tying Her robe.

"Go on then, but keep your robes on, and retain your dignity and modesty, and make sure no creatures see your titties." Shaking Her head, Georgia left the Girls to it, with a knowing expression on Her face. Georgia had been young Herself you know. Both Girls twirled again, this time with a lot more urgency, whilst grabbing their robes. "Shit!"

Thankfully they had managed to turn in time. "Fucking knock!" The creature cowered, and bowed subserviently, and apologised profusely, as the Girls struggled to cover their modesty, with their backs to the unruly, rude, and unmannered, animal.

It had been sent to let the Girls know that 'the carriage was at the door.' It never knocked at that door, why would it? There was no need, it was the library. It led off the hall, next to the skivvy quarter's, stairs. It had come up to them, and entered the book filled room, as it had done thousands of times.

It couldn't be expected to knock, when it was in, and out of here like a dog's dick all day. So how was it to know, there would be two half naked Girls there this time? This wasn't a boudoir. Unfortunately, the Girls were selecting their poolside reading, robeless, to wind up Mum.

It seemed to make no difference. "DO NOT assume, boy." Having checked, on a shocked Kirsten's state, Jess turned to the creature again "I'm going out, with Miss Kirsten, now. It'll give me time to think about things. Now get to the discipline barn. I'll deal with you when I get back. Get down there, and tell them you're to be caged." The creature ran to its place of punishment, such was the fear felt by males, in this Matriarchal regime. It hadn't been told to, and it just knew it must.

The carriage journey was back dropped by stunning scenery, with the distant mountains shrouded by clouds. The cumulus clouds briefly broke the sunshine, helping to keep the heat down a little. But it was still early, just after eleven. The Sun would win, and become the clouds cremator. It would get hot, but it would be ok, the Ladies had their cool box, and even the trotters were remaining less hot than they had been, now the six had been ordered to 'walk'.

Yazz, who had joined them, was amazed at the density, and diversity, of the local fauna and flora. Flocks of green parakeets populated coconut laden palms, and other species of parrots, screeched from their tropical perches. But not a Norwegian Blue in sight.

They headed on past a banana plantation. "That's the pretty bit, so let's head for the port and the resort." Jess requested "Medium trot" and the carriage accelerated, as it headed to its new destination, passing field after field of orange cocks, in rows, labouring on the land.

They passed the headquarters of Mandrakes, as they approached the port, but Harpers dominated the skyline of the small town, a town that had sprouted up and spread, offering accommodation to the island's rapidly expanding, visitors and staff. "Look, there's some off to Diana Island."

Jess pointed out the miserable animals, being run down the road, a wooden yoke keeping them secured together by the neck. While heavy chains shackled their ankles, and cuffs kept hands together behind their backs. The Lady on the horse, in charge of the transportation of these creatures, gave a cursory nod as She passed. "You can tell they are, because they've all been circumcised, and clearly didn't learn their lessons." Kirsten, and Yazz, were impressed with Jess's knowledge, "They have to be off there, no one would buy a half dozen creatures that were all snipped."

Snipping wasn't taken lightly. Circumcision seriously deflated an animal's value, far more than welts. Creatures had to be punished, yes, but this was not a decision owners came to easily. The creature would become un-saleable, and if it dared commit another offence, then it was compulsory that it was sent to Diana Island.

The driver brought the team to a halt outside Harpers. "This is basically the hub of the town," Jess's sweeping hand, emphasising the size of the venue "I guarantee we'll spend more time here, than anywhere else on the island. The Girls didn't enter. "Plenty of time to have a look around later."

"The harbour, fast trot." This was the bit Jess was looking forward to most. Looking forward to Her two friend's reactions. Anticipating their awe, at the luxury of Jess's galleon, and the cred points She would accumulate. Yazz, was impressed, very impressed. The cred had been banked. "So, are you interested in a post?" Too fucking right they were.

Georgia asked if they had heard the government's new proposals. Jess hadn't, and wasn't really that concerned or interested. This soon changed "They are going to introduce new legislation, regarding the more liberal sex laws." Her ears pricked up "It's on the news, would you like me to turn it over?" Yes Jess did.

The news was half way through an item, relating to the recovery, in terms of numbers, of the tiger in Bengal, and then began a new loop, starting with the headlines, on the top of the hour. The Ladies' interest was in the lead story. "Now, with news of the announcements, on alterations to the new sex laws, we join our reporter, Jennifer Jackson in Pankhurst."

The Home Affairs reporter went on to explain the changes. Ok, changing the control method to a microchip design, and introducing new modesty knickers, that were designed to allow Girls sexual activity, but keeping themselves covered, was good, and would remove a lot of hassle. But what was all the fuss, except for the devastating effect, it had on Her friend's family firm? Jess enjoyed being nude, secretly.

Then Jess squealed with delight, as the reporter added "Rings through the noses, is being introduced, as an extra method of control, in bed. Their restrainers will be redundant, and useless in bed." Now, Jess could pull the creature, by its nose to Her pussy, and make sure it fucking stayed there.

That cheered Jess no end, and Her head was full of thoughts about how much better, and safer, it would be, and although it was only sex animals being ringed, Jess was sure the whole male population, would soon be similarly adorned. "To top it all, it's being introduced

on the same day as your birthday, Darling. You'll be able to take full advantage." Jess was even more happy, but this wasn't the end of Jess's happy morning.

Georgia, held a large manila envelope in Her right hand "Talking about Your birthday, as You know, Gran left a trust fund for You, in Her will. Well Suki, and I, have decided to allow you access early, and we hope you'll invest it sensibly, in Your business. Suki's on Her way over, and we can go through things then."

Jess didn't need this meeting. She already knew what the money would be used for. She would buy two new boats, to plug the gap in the market, created by the opening of Diana Island. Jess already had the bread, and butter, income of hen nights, birthday parties, sightseeing, or just a good old fashioned piss up. Two more boats would allow Jess to expand, and cover the new Diana Island charters. Six trips a day, seven days a week. She would need to arrange mooring fees, with the port's director of operations at Port Artemis, Miss Terry.

"Yazz is upstairs, and I think Kirsten's gone for a walk, anyway we need a chat." Suki, Georgia, and Jess, sat on the shaded veranda. Jess agreed, She mustn't fritter it away, and agreed most of it should be used to back Her cruises. Jess had already made plans to speak with Miss Terry, but there was no need to delay speaking with Miss Harper. Two more, please.

The next six months business boomed. Unfortunately, the inevitable happened, and Kirsten's family firm entered administration. It had seriously affected Melia's mental health. Alcohol was a certainty, drugs a probability.

Gone for a walk? Strangely, She always asked Jess if She fancied it. Jess was more than peeved, She was very put out, and She wondered why Kirsten hadn't mentioned it. Jess was stressing, and having all sorts of bad thoughts, one of which was, am I getting paranoid? No, it was probably jealousy and threat. Jess didn't want a challenge to Her best friend status. Simultaneously, in the office, Kirsten rose.

"So I will have full access to mooring, on the jetty, on top of the boat." Frenchy had accepted the bid. "Then we can shake." Kirsten shook, and shuffled Her signed papers, and secreted them in Her briefcase "Not a word to the Taylors, please, and I hope my

confidentiality will be maintained.” Jess had no idea of the meeting. God knows how She would have reacted.

Outside, Kirsten called Her Mother to tell Her that She had bought the boat. She was pissed. The jetty mooring spot came with it. The previous original and recently dismantled charter company had constructed it when they had become the first to run boat trips and had exclusive jetty rights. The boat was old, and needed a refurbishment, but it was sea worthy.

Kirsten had barely been gone two hours, when Harper’s secretary answered the phone. “No. I am sorry, but we have exchanged contracts, and I’m sure you understand I cannot divulge any further details.” Jess threw Her phone across the room. Fuck you! Jess was less than happy, it had been available at midday, Jess had checked.

She wasn’t happy, and it wasn’t because someone had opened a competitive rival service. The Taylors had battled off competition before, no, what hurt, and bugged Jess the most, was the way it was done. So surreptitiously, quickly, and all without Her being consulted, and all behind Her back. Surely She should have been informed, and offered the opportunity to submit Her own bid?

After all, Jess was the biggest player, if new, in the cruise game in the Islands. She was the whale shark, in this puddle, and intended staying so. Jess was pissed off. It was still a threat, no matter how small. What had that fucking secretary said, something about it having been advertised, and this was the first bid to match the asking price? She’d have more than matched it, if She had known, for fuck’s sake.

Jess phoned Kirsten to relay the news. “Hi mate, I’ve just been on the phone, with Hartley’s, and they’ve fucking sold that second hand boat, and mooring rights, to someone else. I’m fucking furious. Better news, Bella is flying over here for a week. She’s looking at the possibilities of opening a gym on the Islands, and could be in charge of fitness, amongst Jess’s galley slaves. She’ll be here on Friday.” Kirsten confirmed that She had a lovely day with Frenchy. They had looked around the town.

“I’m sorry, I’m busy on Friday. I was going to let you know that I shan’t be at work.” Kirsten fobbed off Jess’s probing, only stating that She had a coffee morning in town, on Friday, with Frenchy. In the state Her Mother was in, She had to support Her. She went on to say that it may take many more weeks of care, but She could do part time or stand in, but couldn’t guarantee anything like daily. That Girl, she had met at that party, was becoming a pain in the arse. Jess had clocked her, and she was far too pally.

Kirsten said Her ‘goodbyes’, sheepishly and concerned. Kirsten had dreaded Jess reacting this way. She had hoped to keep the friendship unblemished and intact. Well, She

was well wide of the mark. "I'm going to get some people to dig around a bit. I will find out. Bye Kirsten, see you tomorrow for the hunt, much love, kiss, kiss."

Kirsten hadn't been in town. She had been with Frenchy. But for far more sinister reasons. Kirsten's habit was growing. Melia was taking drugs, in addition to Her drink problem. Kirsten had found Her Mother's hidden stash. Kirsten hadn't confronted Her Mother, instead Kirsten had had a dabble. It had made Her sick, but wow, what a buzz.

Kirsten called, She couldn't make it. Something had cropped up. Jess spent the day grinding Her teeth with worry and stress. Fucking Kirsten wasn't even coming to the hunt. What the fuck was She up to. She was really pissing Jess off. Thankfully, Bella was flying in today, and Jess hoped that excitement was winning the emotional war, over stress. Jess had plans to discuss with Her old mate.

I don't know why Bella booked a fortnight on The Islands, because within 14 hours, let alone days, they had neared agreement. All that was needed was the legal papers being drawn up. Bella had sorted Her agenda, already, now where's the beach?

They met Yazz at the beach, it was the first time Bella and Yazz had spoken since Jess's party. Bella loved it. She loved the location, the possibilities, and the island. Bella could envisage Her gym, being the latest addition to the ever expanding resort. She could hold classes on the beach. It would be a symbiotic partnership, and Jess would transport Bella's clients, and they would stay over at the house. Bella would get free accommodation. It was beneficial for both "I'm going to go for it. I'll keep my two gyms at home, and employ managers."

Back home, Jess welcomed Bella into the family living room. Well, She had practically become part of the family. Jess turned the conversation, onto slave health and strength training, to get Her galley slaves up to standard, especially with the new competition. The two Girls chatted, late into the night. "I'll show you tomorrow. I think it will be an ideal location."

The next morning, Jess's carriage was awaiting the two Girls, as they chatted excitedly, envisaging the introduction of a 'Ladies in Weighting' gym. Both could see the benefits, a new gym would bring, and add to Bella's portfolio, and a great addition to Jess's complex. A gym would be a great extra to offer Her guests. "Medium trot."

"It'll be a balanced programme, both aerobic and strength. The idea is to get them stronger and fitter, and then they can work harder for longer. It's not rocket science" Bella continued "I will need a few specialist extras, for training the animals. Nothing expensive, and I can get the rest of the exercise machines from my UK supplier." Bella made a note "I'll train them for an hour, in the morning before opening, and for three hours in the evening, after closing".

Jess flicked through the agenda Bella had planned. Jess was fascinated. "They roll the tyres over and over. Ok, what do they do with the heavy ropes?" Jess saw the logic, and benefits, this training would bring. "How many animals do you intend training at any one time?" Jess hadn't time to think about it, and didn't intend to worry about it now. She was already presenting the site proposed, through the window, as the carriage drew to a halt.

The hall was ideal, and big enough, with rooms off the corridor, approaching the main hall. These would be ideal as changing rooms, showers, massage rooms and admin. Bella already had plans for the gym, and Bella had already made up Her mind, before Jess sealed it. "Then we have the yard, maybe a boxing ring."

Jess, and Bella, had waited as a creature unlocked the fire door, leading into the embryonic gym's back yard. The paved yard was sizable, and Bella was most impressed. The yard was the clinching selling point. "No trees, I'm sorry" Bella looked puzzled. Why would She need a tree? "Something to hang those tyres on, so they can have a swing." Although light hearted, the creatures were regarded as far more animalistic, on the islands, and tyres were quite a common sight, in back gardens.

Bella thought Jess was being very unkind, comparing monkeys to males. It jogged Jess's memory, "Talking of monkeys, we're going on a safari this weekend. Going Friday, and back on Saturday. I've booked a lodge in the hotel's grounds." Bella loved the idea. "Please don't take this the wrong way, but that bitch Kirsten let me down. You aren't a second thought, I'd booked it a few weeks ago."

The Girls met at Mandrakes on the Friday morning. All greeted each other, but someone was missing. "Where's Kirsten, She is coming isn't She Jess?" Jess replied with obvious anger in Her tone, and a negative reply, to Yazz's inquiry.

Jess was fuming, who the hell was this so-called friend? Jess put it to the back of Her mind, She had a weekend of hunting to enjoy. But it bugged Her, because this was very unlike Kirsten. She would have loved the hunt, She'd been going on about it for ages.

Suki got up from the table, and excused Herself as if heading home. The Lady concierge approached Suki "I have had a request from your Sister, would you like to retake your chair Miss Taylor?" With that and ushering the creatures forward up on their hinds, the concierge read from the card "Happy birthday, baby Sis." Fuck, Jess had forgotten, Aunty's birthday. She had so much going on. Mum could have given Her a nudge.

"Mimosa, Girls?" The creatures held trays that carried tall flutes, and the other, Cava and chilled lime juice. The creatures began serving the cocktails, two parts champagne, and one part lime juice. Jess liked Her cocktails.

Not a true champagne, agreed, but that was only geographically judged. Cava was still a quality sparkling white wine, albeit from the Catalonia area of Spain. The secret of its suitability, the double fermentation, and with the second occurring in the bottle, this meant a natural effervescence, and not a carbon dioxide induced fizz. "To Suki, happy birthday, cheers."

There was no rush. The creatures were still being loaded into the ship's hold. Yoked together, their cut penises a sure sign they were destined for Diana Island. Another three yokes arrived, trotting in order to keep up with the mounted escort. "Come on get in here." The instruction was accompanied by a push, to speed them into the dark of below decks.

On the top deck meanwhile, the Ladies' bags were being brought on board, before the Ladies arrived, having decided to walk the short distance from Mandrakes.

All headed to the poolside, and the neatly arranged sun beds. They would stay there, taking advantage of the obedient, and attentive skivvies. They were on their second drink, and still they hadn't set sail. Slaves were still being loaded. Plenty more future games. Then began the deep, and loud, beat of the kettle drum, as oars were readied. Acting as an audio throttle, it kept the coordination, and speed, of the oars in time as dictated by its rhythm.

The boat approached Diana Island. The jetty occupied a part of the island's only inlet, the rest of the island defended by an imposing sheer cliff. The hunting lodge stood, imposing and proud, on the top of one of these, overlooking the small harbour.

The galley docked, and moored, on the wooden pier, and creatures hurried to unload the Ladies cases. The luggage was loaded, by the time the Girls reached the carriage. "Why the eight trotters?"

The boat was untied, and sent to moor out in the bay, a security measure that meant no escaping off the Island. "Well, young Lady, you'll soon see why." Miss Terri explained how steep the road was up the hill, and what an effort it took, to pull a carriage up, even with the assistance of the yoked creatures that you saw being loaded. The creatures all took up the strain, and with a crack of the whip, advanced. "You'll see what I mean in a minute." Suki pointed out the steps used by the labouring animals. 'Jacob's Ladder' had nothing on these.

To pull the carriage is possibly wrong, it was more push. The carriages, on this island, were different. The interiors, and body of the carriage, remained as plush as ever, it was the mode of locomotion that differed. Due to an uprising some twenty years ago, it was felt that

the extra security measures should include better securing of trotters, and they hadn't bothered changing things back.

What was the point? This way worked more than adequately. Trotters didn't run upright, on their hind legs, here, instead they bent at the waist, and pushed, manacled to the axel in the crawl position, almost, except their front legs pushed on the bar, rather than scamper along on the floor, with the rear legs supplying the drive.

It was also argued that this way was far more ergonomic, especially with the formidable incline they needed to navigate. The first of which was the very one they now sweated on. Plenty of sweat, and toil, later, the carriage arrived at the security gates.

The complex boasted all the latest, anti-creature devices, and deterrents. The driver spoke into the intercom, and the heavy iron gates opened. The creature had needed to use the buzzer, as creatures were not given the five digit code for entry, and had to use the intercom, another safety measure.

The Ladies were greeted by a reception party of three mules, and a senior skivvy. All four sprang into action, as the carriage arrived. The three mules were already on the way to the three prior booked rooms, luggage in hand, as the four crossed the gravelled drive, leading to the complex's entrance. The new glazing fitted with the building's natural stone facade.

The skivvy greeted the Ladies, and directed them to the bedrooms. Suki headed to open the door, leading to the room's balcony. Opening the slatted wooden door, Suki, walked out onto the ornately railed veranda. The first floor location offered a stunning view of the rolling savannah, and the nearby chattering jungle. On cue, a raucous resident took flight, disturbed by Suki's appearance. In a flash of blue, it disappeared below the forest canopy.

Then Suki realised, the balcony served all the rooms on the first floor. It ran the length of the Colonial Hotel. She headed towards the other apartments, before knocking on the first French windows. Confused by the knocking on the shutters, Georgia answered. "Wow!" Her reaction reflected Her first sight of the stunning landscape.

Ok, it wasn't Raffles, but the Girls still managed a couple of Singapore Slings. The excited talk was all about tomorrow. Yazz wanted to go to bed, to sleep, and to make the time go quicker, but knew it was pointless. Excitement would prevent sleep. Maybe a couple more Slings may help with the insomnia. The skivvy arrived with another tray full.

Sleep did occur, eventually, as did waking up. But sleeping was not for today, and all were up, and ready by seven. Breakfast was a very rushed affair, to an onlooker, and it was very un-Lady like, and a surprise none of them got indigestion. Adorned in army fatigues, they headed to the fun, and out to their individual quad bikes.

Helmet, knee and elbow pads on, the Girls checked their rifles, before securing them properly to the rack, and with a push of the ignition button, they brought their transport to life. Michele, the manager of the hunting parties that the Island had become famous for, led the way. The Rhodesian ridgebacks trotted alongside. She had decided to be the guide for these distinguished guests.

"We'll head for the far side, on the edge of the grassland." With a cheer they started on their short ride. "Some of them have become almost arboreal. They think it's safer up there, from the everyday dangers incurred from The Island's natural predators. Dogs like Bugle here" She stroked the dog's head "Protect us. It's not all about tracking," The quad bikes exited the stockade, "Put your foot on it, come on, we'll drive some out of the trees, and its great fun chasing them across the plain."

It was fun. Their tactics flushed out a pair, and the chase was on. The Huntresses, if they were sticking to island rules, would follow the traditional, scoring system. A system with rewards, dependent on numbers bagged. All creatures were categorised on offence committed, A, B, or C. They were then marked.

A stencil was used to spray a red, orange, or yellow star, on the front, and back, of each creature upon arrival. Deliberately bright, the scoring system worked around these colours. It was thought that an early party had devised it. It helped with segregation on the penal island.

It didn't seem sensible to house murderers, rapists or aggressive animals, with those that had been sent here for triviality. It would give them unwanted thoughts. Red was for the most dangerous. Red was for murder, rape or assault. Orange was for theft, and the like, with green for back chat, or disobedience, etc.

The Island was divided into two sectors, separated by the Island's only river. The larger pen was for the safer animals. The orange, and greens, had free reign here, and all Ladies used it to learn the game. The red pen could wait till this evening. The scoring system was different in each. It was based on capture or kill. A kill, in the safe area, was a direct hit by a paintball. A kill, in the other zone, was just that, a kill. Live ammunition was in play, but there were double points for a capture.

“A pair by those rocks.” The four Girls, eased back the throttle, and with a ‘here we go’ raced toward the, still unsuspecting, beasts. The silent, electric quad bikes, closed in on the ignorant creatures. They were less than 50 yards away, when the creatures bolted “Two oranges.”

The creatures just made it to the small wooded area. None of the Girls had got a shot off. There was no chance. They had to stop the quads, get the gun out, aim and fire. It wasn’t as straightforward as it seemed. It wasn’t just riding around, bagging animals, this wasn’t shooting fish in a barrel. It took a little nous and hunting knowledge.

They split up and encircled the old wood, “I can’t see them. Send in the dogs. We’ll take a side each. That should cover all the escape routes. Bugle, and Moby, will flush them out” Michele informed the shooting party. “The dogs barked and pulled, before Michele let them do their work. They entered the wood, from opposite sides, and soon bushes were being sniffed. Michele pointed, and the group all looked up “Best to check the trees. Any sign your side, Jess?”

Suddenly, there was a commotion in the scrub, and a creature broke from cover. The creature broke through the thicket of brambles, thorns the consequence. “This way Girls!” Jess was on its tail.

“Don’t shoot it, Jess. Run it. It’ll soon tire and you can make a capture. More points.” Michele pulled alongside Jess “Head it toward that open ground”. The four accelerated, adrenaline flowing, a not uncommon reaction, especially on your first chase. The Girls closed in, as the animal tired.

They soon ran it down, and Jess was first on the scene with Her net, and with a swipe, bagged Her first creature. Jess was ecstatic. Just two hours into Her first hunt, and She had already scored points. The creature was secured, and left on the ground, it would be picked up later.

There were only a few more chases that sortie. It could be like this, quiet, but it was much like a big game safari, with no guarantee of seeing ‘the big five’. But there had been a successful chase. The Girls headed back to the lodge, and the fine cuisine. Showered, they all reassembled in the bar.

The bar’s wall was littered with photos, of previous hunting parties. The one wall homed an ‘Honours Board’, and it needed to be either a five creature capture haul, or a hat trick of red kills, for a position on it.

They had a photo together, and then individual ones. They sat in the traditional pose in front of the rack. Jess smiled at the camera, a rifle propped against Her leg, the brandy glass offering a toast. On the rack, it hung. Strung up, securely tied by the ankles, like a side of bacon in a butcher's window. "At least I got one."

Over dinner the Girls reminisced about a great day. The only disappointment was the quantity of animals bagged. They would hope to bag more animals tomorrow. "If we don't do better on tomorrow's hunt then, I'll come back again next weekend. I am fucking determined to get on that honours board. I'm going to shoot some reds."

They retired early again that night, they had an early start. Bella grabbed Jess's arm, and informed Her about the bank appointment, and that She would have the first six months rent tomorrow.

The early morning start did pay dividends, and much like yesterday, they had early success. Yazz killed one, a red, as it drank at the stream. It had been a one shot kill, through the head. Well done Yazz, it had been on the run here, since being convicted of attempted rape, 12 years ago. It was a much sought after kill.

Unfortunately, that was it for the day. Jess would be back next week. It was a lot harder than She'd ever imagined.

Next day Bella made Her way to the bank, and sat waiting. She was early, and Miss Wilson was running late, all making Bella, keep going over Her points, and reading Her business plan. "Hi, it's Bella, isn't it" Miss Wilson held out Her hand "Please, take a seat, sorry." Bella's proposition was mulled over, and scrutinised, but was accepted, and loan granted. Bella headed back.

Again Kirsten was with Frenchy. "It's done." Kirsten had registered the phantom booking. With Her Mother's health, and state of mind, Kirsten had been made executor of the family finances. Instead of watching Her Mother, frittering it away on booze and drugs, whilst killing Herself, Kirsten had plans for it.

Kirsten couldn't keep nicking off Mum, and as Her dependency grew, so She'd take it all in one. She had sourced out a supply. Frenchy was like a pharmacist. She had connections. Frenchy knew The Islands cartel. Should I?

Jess kept on all the way home from the hunt. She wanted to go, and buy a pet, for Kirsten. She hadn't asked for one, but it looked odd, Her not having one. Besides, She had to show Her friendship was more valuable than that bitch. Jess got Her own way, surprise, surprise, and they broke up their journey, with a stop at Mandrakes.

A sign advertised that Mandrakes had 'New Stock, quality animals, and all at competitive prices', at the entrance. Entering Mandrakes auction hall, Jess spotted it, and She made Her way, straight to the displayed animal. Walking around the creature, Jess liked what She saw. "Can we buy this one? I promised Kirsten a new pet, and this one looks so much like mine. It'll remind Her of me, every time She takes it for a walk."

Concerned about the pace of Her decision, Suki questioned Her instant selection. "Are you sure, Darling. There's plenty more to look over. There's no rush, no need to be so hasty." Georgia tried to advise Jess, with Her experience.

"No, I want this one. I can't believe how much it looks like mine." Guess what, Jess got Her way, and Kirsten's new pet was purchased. Jess checked over Her new purchase "Kirsten's going to love Her new pet." They left for home, and the new pet trotted behind, up on its hind legs.

Jess took no interest in the skivvy welcoming Her home. She was far too busy, searching for an available boy, and spotting one, Jess clicked Her fingers, and the creature reacted crawling rapidly to Her feet. "Loosen that animal's ties. Now boy. You may stand."

Jess waited impatiently, as the creature was released from the cage, and the attending creature struggled with the securing rope and chains. "At last. Now, fuck off back to work." The creature did its usual smooch, with Her footwear, before declaring its appreciation that it had been of use. "Go away."

It scurried away as Jess turned to Kirsten's present "Over, boy." Jess reached between its legs, and clipped the leash to its restraint. It really does look like mine. Kirsten's going to love it. "Come on, at heel."

Kirsten had mulled it over, and wanted to go for it. "I've spoken with Her, and She's agreed to meet us on the boat. She'll go through the details then." Kirsten was envisaging the money, and looking forward to Frenchy's arrangement. It would also maintain Her friendship with Jess. Jess could have some for Her other boats.

Peaches, not Her real name, sat opposite, looking every bit the drug dealing, gangster, She was. "We'll buy what You don't need. I'm under surveillance and we need a new way of transportation." Peaches continued, as Jess considered "We will pay more. We know the potential risks, but haven't been busted yet.

"What do You plan?" Kirsten was coming around to the idea "How do I do this?"

"Just bring the boat, I'll handle everything else. Friday, at ten?" Peaches left, two creatures at heel.

That Friday morning, Kirsten filled in the paperwork. The non-existent booking was a trip to Kitten Island. Kirsten falsified the signature. The accounts could be corrected later, from their profit. After closing the safe, Kirsten headed to the Bluebird, moored at the jetty, briefcase in hand. This was not luggage, to trust a creature to.

Frenchy and Peaches sat on the bench, enjoying the morning sun. The temperature was still bearable, at this hour of the morning....it soon wouldn't be, but they would move then. Kirsten arrived, and invited them on board.

It felt very weird not having a party on board. In the cabin, the three designated certain tasks, normally carried out by the currently absent with leave, crew. All three agreed, first of all, and most importantly, to get going. The three headed down the steps, to the lower deck.

The creatures cowered in their cages, as the Girl's unlocked them, one at a time. Released from their nightly incarceration. Once out, the animal was Woman handled into place. Wrists were secured to the oar, then the next cage was unlocked. Soon, all the oars were manned.

"Right, who wants the first shift?" Handing Peaches the whip, Kirsten, and Frenchy, ascended the wooden steps. A crack of the whip, and a splash in the water, and the oars began their first, of many strokes, and the adventure was underway.

Returning to the top deck, the two Girls sat on the sun-beds, poolside. Kirsten, pointlessly, clicked Her fingers. No creature came crawling, there were no creatures on board. What was She going to do? She'd have to get something Herself. Reluctantly, Kirsten rose "Fancy a Spritzer? It's almost twelve."

Kirsten returned, from the boat's galley, glass in each hand. The ice chinkled, against the glass, as Kirsten sat "Cheers. Here's to a successful partnership." Peaches wasted no time, and was soon laying out Her ploy.

Frenchy downed another. "Fancy something a little different?" Frenchy riffled through Her bag, before triumphantly holding Her 'gear' in the air. The smack hit Kirsten hard, and She clumsily replaced the small pipe on the table. "Excuse me." Kirsten held Her hand to Her mouth, as She ran retching, before heaving over the side. Feeling better, Kirsten returned to Frenchy and the heroin. She'd not do that again.

"Sorry, Kirsten, I thought You would have dabbled before." Kirsten had suffered a common re-action, to the first use of this dirty drug. "Don't worry, You won't take anything else again, after You've tried what we're picking up!"

The Girls went onto discuss who, and where, they were going to meet Kelly. "We'll transfer it all into condoms, then a galley slave can swallow ten each. Simple." Frenchy went on "Obviously, swallowing is a difficult, and slow, process, even for these animals. That's why we will probably get back after dark. It will give us cover."

The other two, more experienced Girls, sat and smoked, while Frenchy explained Her position. At least they weren't jacking up. Just the smell was making Kirsten feel queasy. Frenchy went on to explain that She had spoken with Her contact.

"This all needs to be done very quickly. The authorities have their suspicions. So we need to be in, and out, fast. We'll be able to get away, as Kelly has arranged for Her friend to get into trouble in Her private boat. She's going to send an S.O.S. So, all the police boats will be in use."

"Are we all happy?" After Her affirmation, Kirsten left, to relieve Frenchy. Poor Girl must be exhausted, they had been worked hard, and the boat continued on it's journey, at a fair rate of knots. Soon it reached Kitten Island.

With Bluebird tied to the quayside, Kirsten called to the others. "Can You come, and give me hand." They did, and the creatures were soon un-cuffed, and re-caged. They climbed the stairs, and headed to their rendezvous, The Penn and Cygnet.

Kirsten was intimidated by Kelly. She certainly wouldn't want to cross Her. Kirsten was playing in the premier division. Thankfully, Kirsten wasn't in Her company long. Negotiations were completed, rapidly, and hands shaken, before briefcases were surreptitiously, exchanged, under a table.

Kirsten didn't shut up, all the way back to the boat. Finally, Frenchy butted "Listen, Kirsten, I've known Her for ages. I know She's a bit intimidating, but She's cool. Don't worry." Peaches, lay the briefcase on the desk, before opening it. You could smell it, through it's packaging.

"Look at these two beauties." Peaches waved the two, half kilogram parcels, above Her head. Part one, of the escapade, was safely negotiated. "Shall we start packing?" Peaches reached in Her bag, before producing condoms and a jar of honey. Fuck me, was She well prepared, or what.

They didn't even bother having a drink, as they packed the cocaine into condoms, before tying the ends, and heading for the bilge. Kirsten, Frenchy, and Peaches, entered the dinghy, dark, and humid, lower deck. Peaches, lay the condoms out, on the skin of the large, kettle drum. Dipping one in the honey, Peaches headed towards the first cage, honey dressed, narcotic laced, rubber treat, in hand.

Peaches dangled the condom through the cage bars. Although, having never tasted it, the creature could smell the honey's sweetness. It cautiously licked at the swinging treat, before Peaches ordered it to swallow. "Don't you dare chew it."

It struggled to swallow. "Have a drink, out of your bowl, you fucking idiot." Eventually, it managed, and the next cage was unlocked, and the honey jar lid removed, and the condom dipped. A process carried out 75 times, in all, over the next two and a quarter hours. A slow process, even with Peaches advice and demands. Creatures oared up, and they set sail.

Below decks Peaches was still coaching the vomiting. They couldn't wait any longer. Peaches was becoming impatient. Couldn't they carry out the simple task of throwing up. Time was ticking on. Most of the creatures had regurgitated, but not all.

Frenchy, and Kirsten, were counting, and packing, the coke filled condoms in Kirsten's back pack. "Still seven missing." The lit Jetty came into view. "Look if they haven't managed it, by the time we get back, we'll lock them away, and get a creature to go through their shit, when You come into work in the morning."

Kirsten liked the idea. Besides, they needed to get back, un-load, and post the report of the trip. They didn't want to raise Jess's suspicions, by getting back too late. She may become concerned, and inform the coast guard that they were missing. The Girls didn't need that, not with the cargo they had on board. The excursion had been a day trip, apparently,

not a fucking wild hen party. 'Boom, boom', the kettle drum rang out it's metronomic beat, as the mooring approached.

Suddenly, an out of breath, panting, Peaches burst in. "We've got a problem. One of the fucking creatures is ill. It doesn't look at all well." By the time the Girls entered the galley slave's quarters, it lay slumped and hanging limply from it's oar. "I hope it's been worked to death, or we have a major problem. "We're going to have to report it to the authorities. The new measures brought in to control the Hanoi flu, demanded it, then there was the possibility of an animal virus, amongst the ships beasts. The creature was left, attached, where it had deceased.

"Who's going to tell Jess? She'll be very pissed off with all the hassle." It didn't bear thinking about, if it died because of their gear. "I'll tell Her it must have died overnight, when I get there, in the morning. Oh god, I hope they don't do an autopsy." They would.

Frenchy flagged down a rik-shaw, and three nervous Girls, headed back to Kirsten's, their A grade 'China White' tucked safely away, in the case at Peaches feet. "We could always destroy the evidence. Just a thought."

Jess was watching a movie, when the phone rang. "Sorry we were a bit late getting back. You know what it's like, no one wants to leave. Set us back a bit." Jess said it wasn't a problem "I'll bring the report over now. We can catch up. I've been really busy."

Kirsten did come over for a chin wag. The report had been unremarkable, and filed away. Jess would give it to the accounts department in the morning. Jess pressed the pause button "Thanks, there's only about ten minutes left."

Although enjoying Her evening with Jess, Kirsten did have an ulterior motive. At just past eleven, the phone rang, and those motives became a little clearer. Jess hung up, a gaunt look on Her face. "My boats been destroyed. It's Yours, The Bluebird, gutted by fire. You did turn everything off?"

"Of course I did. Besides, I've been here for the past couple of hours. It would have caught fire quicker than that." Kirsten hoped She didn't blush, as She lied, denying all knowledge and blame.

The knock on the door sounded official. Jess was about to find out just how official it would turn out as She answered the door. The two suited Ladies showed their ID, and the two detectives entered. It was shocking.

They had sifted through some of the ashes, and what remained of The Bluebird, and had made a puzzling discovery. "During the search, officers discovered the charred bodies of the slaves. All present and correct, locked in their cages." The police Woman paused for effect. "However, despite all the cages still being locked, one animal was discovered attached to an oar." She continued "We've discounted an attempted escape. Why would the creature manacle itself? Even they aren't that thick."

"What, all the animals? This is going to cost me a fortune." Jess turned to Kirsten "And You won't have a boat."

The detective took an interest "Is the boat the one You skipper? I may need to speak with You. Were You out on it today?" Kirsten nodded. "The post mortem, tomorrow, should confirm the cause of death. Somethings not right."

Suki, Georgia, and Jess, sat puzzling over what could have happened. Suki had been on the phone to the police, without any joy. "I feel sorry for poor Kirsten. She's going to feel it, especially after what's happened to Her Mum." Jess was genuinely concerned "We should give Her some money, as compensation, to tie Her over."

A concerned, confused, and angry Jess, sat mulling things over, when another knock at the door, jolted Her out of Her thoughts. "It's the police, Miss." The creature announced, before scampering back into the hall.

Jess offered a seat. "No thanks, Miss Taylor. The post mortem was very interesting." The police Woman seemed reluctant to carry on "We have arrested Miss Bietrayer, on suspicion of drug importation and arson." The officer informed Jess, that they would like Her to accompany them to the station. Just a few loose ends.

Jess was flabbergasted, She'd been in a mind of Her own, ten minutes ago, now She was in the back of a police carriage. At the station, Jess sat in front of the desk of the interview room "You're not under oath, and free to leave at any time."

"My client knows nothing about this, and I have advised Miss Taylor not to comment." It was advice from the family's brief, that Jess was certainly going to take. Question, after question, 'no comment'.

Jess was as surprised as anyone else in the room. Another detective entered, and after a knowing glance, the detective terminated the interview. "Interview suspended. 11-34." They were on their way to Kirsten's interview, She'd said something very important.

"How many more times had She planned? For fucks sake, who does She think She is." Jess was not happy. "If that condom hadn't burst, we'd have never known." Jess explained how She had needed to go for a walk, with the new pet to calm down, and clear Her head. "The new creature was no good by the way. It was very difficult, and heaven knows how the previous owner put up with it. It can't crawl at heel for a start. Sell it Mummy. Kirsten, sure as hell, isn't getting it."

"She'll get Her just desserts." Georgia re-assured Jess "Cocaine, I can understand, but why burn the boat? We could of disposed of that fucking animal. How fucking stupid is She?"

The police had called with news "We have charged, Miss Bietreyer, with drug trafficking and arson. She has made a full admission. She had two accomplices, Peaches Ndomo, who set the fire, and Frenchy Cordova, the contact in Kitten Island." The investigation went further "Miss Beitreyer also gave us the names of people of interest on Kitten."

The silly bitch had gone and grassed now. She was going to regret that, at the secure hotel that awaited Her. Jess smiled, fuck Her, and Her two ugly friends. Jess couldn't believe it after all She'd done for the cow. Set Her up, with a boat, when She was on the bones of Her fat arse.

Jess was still going through Her list of favours, when the phone rang. "Hello, Suki Taylor speaking." It was the police. They would be invoking a warrant to impound the Taylor's fleet. They were part of the investigation, possible crime scenes.

Fucking Kirsten. Just because She was fucking greedy. Jess was fuming, close to exploding. "What a cunt!" Not Jess, but Suki. This was going to cost a fortune. Should She cancel the new boat? Even Suki was in a quandary.

Suddenly, the Taylor's were not the untouchables they had portrayed. The stitches were coming loose, and their lifestyle coming apart at the seams. The Taylor's had urgent repairs to carry out.

TO MAYBE BE CONTINUED.....IT'S UP TO YOU

Dear reader.

Firstly, if you are reading this bit, I can only assume that you have taken the trouble, and time, to read it. Thank you, a seriously big THANK YOU. I hope you enjoyed it.

This is my first attempt at something like this, and I would appreciate any criticism, or opinion, good or bad. Please be honest.

Lastly, but not least, I would like to thank every Mistress, and Young Lady, I have met at The House DuCroix, along with all the pleasure I have gained from serving You. You are the catalyst and inspiration behind all this. You know who You are.

Finally, a big THANK YOU to Steph. Without Her i wouldn't have been around to even write this and he almost comes into the category above, to boot.

Thank You Great Ones (&Steph)

With Love

spart the Houseboy

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