

# EDUCATION, EDUCATION, EDUCATION



**By Freddie Clegg**

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**Email:** [freddieclegg16@gmail.com](mailto:freddieclegg16@gmail.com)

**Blog:** <https://freddiestales19.wordpress.com/>

## ***Chapter 1 – The Value of A Good Education***

Now don't get me wrong. I am as much in favour of education as the next man. Even more so, as I think you will see. It's just that I am not convinced that the process is really delivering the right results. It seems that our universities are turning out people who have the academic skills but lack the practical understanding to apply them to every-day problems. It's not that it's a difficulty for me, of course, but I suppose I just find it disappointing. I'm in contact with some of the best products of our university system and they just do not seem to really get the most from their education. They are full of book-learning but have no way to apply it. In contrast, Elly, my assistant in this enterprise has absolutely no qualifications in anything but she does have an extraordinary amount of common sense and most of the time that seems to count for more.

Anyway enough of the complaints; graduate recruitment is what is required and graduate recruitment is what I provide. You cannot argue with the customer, after all. It's a growing part of the market. Since the government tells us that we are in a knowledge economy it shouldn't be a surprise that clients are getting as interested in brains as much as in beauty. I just feel that you have to ask about value for money – especially with the premium that this sort of recruitment commands.

Just take my latest five recruits, for example. None of them has really got the full benefit of their studies, yet. As a result, I am currently working with a medical student that has failed to appreciate the action of simple drugs; an engineering graduate with only a limited appreciation of the qualities of carbon steel; a business studies major that is having trouble understanding the way in which markets work, a language scholar that is having the greatest difficulty in putting her thoughts and feelings into words and a sociologist who has turned out to be one of the worst judges of character that I have met.

In fact, I do sometimes wonder if what I call a graduate intake programme wouldn't be better called a graduates taken-in programme.

But still, the cheque book rules, I always say. If graduates are what's wanted, then graduates will be recruited. Since my commissions were to find an MD, an MSc(Eng), an MBA, a holder of a TEFL certificate and a BA Soc, I will have met my targets. And, who knows, maybe their new positions will give them the chance to put their qualifications into a more practical context. Even so, I wouldn't want my clients to think they were getting more than I can realistically deliver. After all setting expectations that can be met is the first stage in creating real customer satisfaction in business.

## ***Chapter 2 - Take 5 Girls***

Let me try to explain how things work. Take the five new recruits I mentioned before. As far as they have thought, up until now, I have been representing a graduate head-hunting organisation. In a sense they are right but their underlying assumptions about the nature of my business are, of course, wrong. To them Heads You Win Ltd. has been spotting potential high-flyers for a graduate training programme. Right again but wrong, if you see what I mean.

As a result of our initial discussions they were all looking forward to the chance of being taken on by a major multi-national enterprise that would give them the opportunity to travel and to learn new skills while putting their current knowledge to good use. And, in a sense of course, they were right. It's just that I think they formed the impression that it might involve paid work and that they might have some choice in the matter. So now the five of them are on the first stage of their new career without having to do anything more than turn up at the confidential interview sessions that my business invited them to.

(By the way, this has to be one of the easiest ways of doing this job that I have found. My candidates arrive of their own accord. They have been particularly secretive about their opportunity in case any of their co-students should get to hear of their good fortune. As a result they walk in wide-eyed and willing with no one to miss them for a while and no links to their abductors.)

So what of our five new recruits? They are all now in what we call the staging post – a large house that we use between the various recruitment interview venues and the airfield where our export facilities are located.

In the basement of the staging post is a series of small rooms. In the first we find Debbie Gifford, our medic, slowly recovering from the powerful tranquilliser that laced the coffee she drank down as we started her interview. She has just about realised that this is rather different from the hang-over that she would have had after a late night session on vodka mixes but she hasn't quite remembered that she wasn't out drinking last night nor has she worked out why she cannot move her arms or her legs. Pretty soon she will realise that it's because of the ropes and then the panic will start to set in. That's always the most worrying time because that's when they can hurt themselves accidentally and the last thing I need is bruising so early on. Still I will be around just to make sure she's all right.

Nancy Carter, the engineer, is, however, already well awake. In spite of her training in the nature of metals she is determined to prove that she can break out of the handcuffs that are locked around her wrists. It is evidently a considerable source of frustration to her that the efforts of struggling for an hour or so have had no effect but in time she will calm down and the grunts of her efforts will be replaced by a quieter sobbing.

Nancy is still locked in her cell, not yet aware of what has happened to her. Angela Dennis on the other hand is now realising her fate. Having recovered consciousness two hours ago, we have brought her up to the office to get her ready for the next

step in her travels. She has coped with the first stage reasonably well although she's not looking quite the trim, business woman that turned up for interview. Her hair is rather seriously messed, she has ripped the side seam of her skirt at some point trying to free herself and she has laddered her tights, probably in the same way. Elly peels away the strips of tape that cover the lower part of her face. Angela spits out the wad of cloth that she has been gagged with and harangues us with the usual round of abuse that we have come to expect from new recruits – it's quite extraordinary how colourful the language of even the most respectably looking young ladies can become at this point. As usual we are told that we have no right to do this to her (almost certainly true); that she has nothing that we can steal (we know); that there is no point in trying to extort a ransom (which we don't intend to do); and that we had better release her (which she doesn't provide any good reason for doing).

She doesn't appear to let the fact that her wrists are still tightly bound with rope interfere with the vehemence of her arguments. We let her finish. There's no danger that she can be overheard and she might as well get it out of her system. I invite her to sit down which she eventually does with some help from my colleague. It's at this point that I explain to her that if we had intended to rob her or ransom her that we probably would have been rather more careful to avoid the risk of her recognising us; that it doesn't matter because it's not a piece of information she will be able to make use of; and that, in a short time, she will be on her way to her new position. I explain to her that she should be pleased that the combination of a good degree, a trim figure and attractive appearance mean that she is a very marketable commodity and that, as a result, she will find herself a wealthy owner with all the benefits that go with that. I describe how the laws of supply and demand have created a market in which someone with her training in business management, understanding of macro-economic theory and, of course, blonde hair and good tits is likely to find herself as part of the global cycle of trade. She tries to explain that people cannot be bought and sold but she obviously has not got to grips with the features of this particular area of business. In the end we get bored with listening to her, jam the wad of cloth back in her mouth and add some more tape to keep it in place. She becomes more agitated, so we add some more rope to stop her thrashing around and stick her back in a cell. I can't be bothered to explain to her that she will have to be stripped later on. We'll let that be a surprise for her.

### ***Chapter 3 – A More Problematic Interview***

The fourth of my recruits is the teacher, Amanda Cairns. Actually, I was being a little unfair when I said she was having difficulty putting her thoughts into words. She is having trouble getting her words out but that is mainly the result of the gag, I suppose.

She was the one to give us the most trouble at the interview. I think she may have become suspicious at some point because she refused a drink and seemed to be trying to find an excuse to leave. In the end I brought the discussion to an early close, assured her that we were still interested in having further discussions, buzzed Elly on the intercom to tell her that Ms. Cairns was leaving early, and escorted her towards the door. Of course, she didn't get that far. I would not want someone to miss out on an important opportunity simply because they got cold feet at the interview. I grabbed her as she reached for the door handle and spun her around against the wall. She kicked out and nearly broke free as Elly burst into the room with a chloroform pad at the ready – she'd understood the significance of my intercom call. I held Cairns as Elly clamped the pad over her face. The chloro' took effect and Amanda's struggles subsided. By the time she was unconscious though I had bruises on my shins and some scratch marks on my hands – annoying.

One she was out cold, we parcelled her up as normal - handcuffs on the wrists, ropes around chest, ankles and knees and a wad of cloth with duct tape to complete as a gag. Of course one of the problems if you have difficulties is that you get a bit more careful so I suppose the ropes were tied a bit tighter than absolutely necessary and the gag used a bit more stuffing and a lot more tape than usual. Elly grinned, suggested that my powers to charm must be waning and then helped me to bundle our now unconscious teacher out of the back of the building and into the boot of our car.

Now the poor girl is sitting up on the frame bed in her cell scowling at us and grunting through her gag. She's no doubt thinking about trying to escape. I am thinking that we will have to cut the tape from her gag out of her hair in order to have a sensible conversation. I decide to leave it there for now. I tell her about the future. Her eyes widen with each remark and she's shaking her head in either disbelief or disagreement. The muffled cries from behind her gag get progressively more intense. I explain to her that she has been brought here because of her skills and that she will have plenty of opportunity to make use of them in her new life. She doesn't seem impressed. I also point out that the fact that she has good legs won't hurt either. That doesn't help. When I explain that her new life will involve an interesting combination of professional and personal services she becomes extremely agitated.

She's going to be a challenge but I think she will not prove too difficult to break.

## ***Chapter 4 - The Sociable Sort***

Then of course we have, Melissa, our sociologist. Boy, did she make a wrong call when she worked out how to play the interview.

We know quite a bit about our recruits before they ever turn up at interview so we didn't expect her to look the way she did. For someone we knew to favour trainers, jeans and a sweatshirt; her outfit was a surprise. The tight trousers, worn with spike heeled boots, well cut shirt and waistcoat certainly made an impression. And she'd made a real effort with her hair and make-up too. Elly had grinned as she'd shown her in for the interview and I had sat back thinking that training her was going to be easier than I had thought. Of course as the interview progressed she had tried even harder. She had obviously thought that flirting with the interviewer was a good move; she invited me to call her "Mel"; she took trouble to make sure I got a flash of cleavage where she had left undone just one more shirt button than was decent. That was fine by me, it just confirmed my assessment – she fitted the bill from an academic perspective and could be made to fit in regarding the other requirements of my clients without too much effort. She was fluttering her eyelashes at me over the top of her coffee cup as the drug kicked in and she slumped forward towards the desk.

Melissa has recovered from her trip in the boot of our car and is now standing in the office. She's still gagged, roped and handcuffed and, I suspect, feeling stupid. Elly stands to one side watching her. I ask her if she is going to behave sensibly. She scowls over her gag and then nods.

Elly, as she has done so many times, eases off the tape. Melissa keeps quiet. We go through the same ritual that I cover which each of the recruits. I explain that she has been abducted and that because of the way that we do things there is no question of her being rescued. She is told that she will be leaving the country; that she will become the property of her new owner overseas and that she can expect better treatment in return for cooperation. She will remain secured at all times and gagged whenever it seems necessary.

I decide to have a little fun with her and tell her that she came across particularly well at the interview and that her new owner will appreciate her flirtatious manner. She blushes. I tell her I am particularly intrigued by what she has under her waistcoat and that I am sure she will not mind me undoing the few remaining buttons of her shirt. Melissa protests but, while Elly holds her still, I unbutton her shirt, professing satisfaction with what I find and assuring her that her new owner will be quite happy with what he will be getting. She is obviously embarrassed but whether this is the result of being half stripped or because of she feels that her flirting earlier has in some way contributed to her current situation, is impossible to tell. One thing is sure, she won't like being stripped later, either. I don't bother to button her shirt, she might as well get used to a little exposure. She is gagged like the others and taken back down stairs.

## ***Chapter 5 – Medic & Mechanic***

So, that leaves just two – our medical student and our engineer. I can see from the closed circuit television cameras that we have installed in all the cells that Debbie Gifford has managed to struggle up to a sitting position but seems to be quiet, while Nancy Carter is still twisting and wriggling to loosen her bonds. We bring Debbie up to the office first.

Debbie seems resigned and comes quietly. She says nothing as her gag is removed, nothing as I run through the same routine as I have done for the others. It hardly seems worth having taken the gag off and she doesn't resist as Elly puts it back. I ask if she has understood what we have told her; about what will happen to her, her new home and her new life. She nods slowly. She only seems to show any shock as she catches sight of herself in a mirror. Her white blouse has some oily spots from being brought here in the car boot, her black skirt is dusty and a strand of her long dark hair has worked loose from the pins that held it up. I think she looks prettily dishevelled. She seems puzzled as to how she can look this way. She's obviously scared and in shock. There's no sense in making things worse now, she could just panic. I tell Elly to put her back in her cell. A little while later I check her out on the CCTV. She's sitting bolt upright on the side of her bed staring straight ahead. I am still worried about her - she's going to need quite a lot of help adjusting to her new situation.

Nancy does anything but come quietly. She tries to run for it as soon as her legs have been untied and she is out in the corridor. Elly spins her back against the wall. Nancy kicks out but misses. Elly shocks her with the stun gun she keeps handy for emergencies. We drag her back into the cell. Elly is pissed by this disruption to her routine and goes to work on Nancy with some more rope. As the stun wears off, Nancy is struggling to cope with a vicious hogtie and her elbows roped almost together behind her back. Elly has cut off her tape gag (and more than a few tufts of ginger hair with it) stuffed some more cloth in her mouth and kept it there with a length of rope that is tied across Nancy's mouth and back behind her head to the ropes cinching her elbows. Nancy moans as she recovers. Elly grins. I decide there will be nothing gained from taking her up stairs and decide to brief her there. I go through the main points, Nancy's grunts of anger turn to moans of discomfort as she tries to ease the strain on her body from the ropes. I say that surely, as an engineer she should appreciate the stresses and tensions involved. She gives a groan that is half angry and half resigned. I ask her if she's prepared to behave if I loosen something off for her. She thinks about it for a moment and then nods her head. I think about loosening her blouse but decide that would be more than a little unfair and untie the hog tie that links her ankles and wrists. Nancy gives a moan of relief. Elly snorts in disgust and stalks out but, as far as I am concerned, for Nancy that's the first compliant response we have seen - the start of her training.

So there we are. Five graduates, secure in their cells and all ready for the next step in their journey. The benefits of their higher education are not yet apparent to me, although it is interesting to note that the two ex-public school girls, Nancy and Amanda, seem to be showing the most spirit so far. I am sure their new owner will

get good value from all of them.

Perhaps education isn't what they needed; perhaps training is more the requirement. Certainly their new home will provide ample opportunities for that. They are all going to learn to become proficient in new skills but those will be achieved through practical application rather than academic study.

I am confident, though, that they will make the grade. This recruitment business isn't a matter of simply snatching up any passing female. It takes a lot of research to ensure that my recruits will fit in with the needs of my clients. That research is as demanding as anything going on in the halls of learning of this university. Just as an interlude, I'll give you a taste of just how much trouble we go to in researching our recruits.



## **Chapter 6 – Primary Sources**

Now, every good degree course involves an element of research. While my new recruits are not going to be researching anything for a while, research is an essential part of my activities before taking them on.

In preparation for this group of five I had to carry out my usual trawl through the primary sources and I now find myself engaged in a essential data collection exercise.....

“All right, bitch, where’s the money?” I push the gun up under the girl’s throat. “Where’s the money?” I can be quite aggressive when needed.

“There isn’t any, please believe me. There’s nothing here.”

We are in the administration office of the university faculty. It is early on Friday evening and the two girls who were just about to close up are wishing they had done so ten minutes earlier. For them the week-end is definitely going to be starting late.

“Get down on the floor, both of you,” I bark. It would have been easier if they weren’t here but no matter. In some ways it helps to have some witnesses. “And get your hands behind your backs.” While they do this I turn the key in the office door and slip the sign round to read “CLOSED” so that no one disturbs us,

“What are you going to do?” The younger of the two seems to want to chat. I’m not in the mood. Why are they always so impatient to know what happens next? They find out soon enough, and, anyway, haven’t they seen enough movies to be able to make a half-way reasonable guess?

“Just keep quiet and you won’t get hurt. Now do as I say.” They both oblige. They seem pretty intimidated by the gun and the ski mask but even so it’s always a good sign when they start to cooperate. I use cable ties to do the job on their wrists and ankles. The small blond one whimpers as I jerk the strip tight around her wrists.

As far as my two captives are concerned this will be a simple robbery. For my part I just want to get at the student files for a dozen or so prospective recruits without, of course, raising any suspicions. The search for cash gives me an excuse to ransack the files.

I tell them to sit up. It is always amusing to watch helpless women wriggling while bound. I guess that when I stop enjoying that I will know I have got too old for this little game of ours. They eventually succeed. I lift each of them up and sit them back on the chairs behind their own desks. I pull some phone cords and network cables from their sockets (the average office is now a complete warehouse of bondage goodies) and tie them in place. Hands are tied back to the chair upright, feet are lifted clear of the ground, waist ties lock them in the chair and a further length around the knees serves to keep them steady – standard stuff. I think that gags are going to be more of a problem until I spot a shopping bag on Blondie’s desk – two packs of tights and some new panties that she must have bought in a shopping trip that lunch time: ideal.

I decide that I don't want to get engaged in the "please don't gag us - we'll keep quiet" conversation that is almost mandatory in these situations. So for each in turn I just jam the gun against their head and push a couple of pairs of panties in their mouths (Blondie's taste in underwear is such that it would take more than two pairs to make a really good gag but it does for what I need here) and secure them there with the pantyhose.

To maintain the fiction of a robbery, I let them watch as I turn out their handbags. There's not much cash and only a couple of credit cards each but I pocket them anyway. The credit cards provide me with an introduction to my captives. "Blondie" turns out to be Sue Clark while her younger colleague is Katie Reed. I try to be polite. They just scowl.

For the last bit I want them blindfolded. Fortunately Katie comes to my rescue. Sue is wearing a roll neck sweater over a short corduroy skirt but Katie has on a regular shirt and jeans. I decide the sleeves of Katie's shirt will make fine blindfolds and flick out my pocket knife, much to the consternation of the two girls. However, the cables keep them tight to their chairs and Katie can only squeal into her gag as I cut away the sleeves of her blouse. She's almost relieved when I tie one across her eyes to blindfold her. Sue gets the other sleeve and I tell both of them to keep still and quiet while I look for the money.

I give the office a good turning over, spreading files around and emptying drawers before heading off into the main file room. I find the files I want quickly enough. Sue and Katie obviously run an efficient office and it's almost a shame to make such a mess. I photograph the contents of the files I want and toss them back into the pile of muddle that I have made. In turning out one of the desks I find a cash box with five hundred pounds; not much but enough to justify my having been there.

"I found the cash, you liars," I snarl as I head back into the office. I check to make sure that they are still tied securely and the gags and blindfolds are still in place. The two of them struggle and mew as I work around them but they have been well behaved and haven't really made any progress I getting loose. I reckon the gags will last about 15 minutes before they get them loose. That is plenty of time for me.

"Sorry to be leaving," I say. "You are nice looking ladies and I'd have loved to stay and play. We could have cut some more from that shirt of yours, Katie, to see what's under there. I am sure that Susie's got a nice pair of tits under her sweater, too but I don't really have the time. You two stay very still and quiet until you hear my car leave the car park. Then you can try to get free. Understand?"

The two of them nod and make affirmative grunts. I bid them farewell and leave. I pull off my ski mask and walk away from the office. I guess they spend a while straining to hear the sound of my non-existent car before eventually starting wriggle free.

As the local paper had it, "University Raider Terrorises Staff". According to them a violent, masked, gunman had "seized several thousand pounds and tied up two staff in a vicious attack at the University's administration building". According to me, I

now had the application forms, course details, accommodation addresses, and selection interview notes for each of my prospective recruits. Oh yes, and five hundred pounds – why do the press exaggerate so - and some loose change from the girls. (Also of course I also had the opportunity to meet two potential recruits if a client ever needs a secretary-slave. No qualifications, I'll bet, but really effective administrators.)

Anyway, the university admin office burglary gave me a substantial chunk of information. Nobody gets a Nobel prize for this sort of research but it always makes the rest of the job easier. I like to get the medical records and their banking details as well.

The banks are easy – its no effort to create a bogus credit checking company and they seem only too willing to pass over details of accounts and credit cards.

Medical stuff is usually harder but this time I manage to hack into the University Clinic's computer systems. In some ways it's a disappointment - I'd been looking forward to another little burglary spree, perhaps with the benefit of some of the clinic's nurses trussed up in their cute, white uniforms and gagged with that really sticky surgical tape. Still it wasn't to be this time around. I had my data and you really have to quit when you've got all you need.

## **Chapter 7 - Ready To Go**

So, anyway, back to our quintet in the staging post:- Debbie our medic, Nancy our challenging engineer, Angela Amanda, and Mel.

Their next step is to be made ready for transport. Fortunately the flight is going to be ready on time so I don't have to keep them hanging around too long. We don't really have the facilities for long term retention or for training at the staging post and I always feel its important to get on with that as soon as possible after they are brought in.

Each of them go through exactly the same routine – if you've got a process then there's less risk of a failure - so I'll just take you through one in detail. We decide that Debbie should go first. We start off by checking the CCTV, she looks as though she has relaxed a little. She's still sitting up on the bed but she's looking around and occasionally testing the strength of her bonds. We go into the cell; she looks up. Elly removes her gag.

"Oh, thank you," Debbie says. It's the first time she has spoken. "Can I have drink please, just some water."

I tell her no, there are other things to do first. I tell her I have to note down her details on a form I have. I show her the clipboard with her name on the form. Elly shows her the stun gun, tells her not to make trouble, unties her ankles and takes off her handcuffs. She sits on the bed rubbing her wrists and asking if she is going to be released. I tell her no, again.

Next comes what, for many, is the part where they start to realise what all this will mean. I tell her to strip.

She begs us not to make her, as they all do, but, in the end obeys, peeling off her white blouse, dropping her skirt around her ankles and stepping out of her shoes. For some reason they all stop at that point and need to be told to take the rest off, but she's soon naked. That's not enough – we tell her to take her jewellery off as well. She insists its not valuable but for us that is not the point – she has to travel without any belongings, without anything to link her to her past.

Now we get the first chance to check that we have got a recruit that will measure up on the physical side as well as on the intellectual. Debbie seems fine on that count; tits are good, neat bum, firm belly – she'll be fine, I decide.

We check her over for distinguishing marks and note them down. Like many of our recruits she already carries a tattoo – in this case a small dolphin low down on the left side of her back. She'll get the tattoo of her slave number later. We check her for piercings; these must be recorded too. She has none yet, I note, apart from two in each ear.

We tell her to use the bucket in the corner of the cell. She looks aghast but sees we don't intend to give her any privacy and performs as best she can. Elly gives her some tissue to wipe herself off. She finishes and stands up trying to use her hands to

give her some modesty. I let it ride. She'll have plenty of opportunity to learn that modesty is not a highly regarded virtue in her new life.

We explain to her that we will ensure that all contacts with her past are to be destroyed. We list out the inventory of her clothes and jewellery recording each item on the clipboard, packing them all away in a sealed bag, marked for incineration.

Elly gets out the restraints - two padded wrist cuffs, two ankle cuffs, a collar and waist belt. We padlock them on to her. She doesn't resist.

I take a small steel tag from my pocket and check it against the clipboard making sure it has the right number engraved on it. I tell her that this is her new identity; that she must remember her number and always respond to it. She shakes her head in disbelief but does not argue.

Elly follows up with ear plugs and the leather, tight-fitting, lockable, hood that we use to ensure captives are unable to see or hear for the duration of their transfer. Finally, she adds the gag – this time a rubber plug pushed into her mouth and held in place with a locked strap.

With that the hooded, silenced, captive begins her journey. She is lead from her staging post cell down the corridor to the loading bay at the rear of the building. She is placed on the couch that makes up the lower half of her transport crate. Each of her restraints is fastened to it. Elly administers an intra-venous tranquilliser and connects the captive to the drip line and time dispenser that forms part of the couch and will keep her subdued for the duration of her transport. We connect the respiration and heart rate monitors to her wrist restraints and hood. Once it is clear that unconsciousness is established the top part of the transport crate is fitted over the captive and fastened in place. The captive's number is marked on the crate. We check that the external indicators show her respiration and heart rate as normal.

And so it is for each of them. The same routine, the same result. Some try to resist more than others. Some rebel at the order to strip – Melissa in the end has her clothes torn from her as Elly holds her struggling body. Others show defiance as Nancy Carter did, still struggling at every opportunity. But the outcome is the same, five black crates, identical except for the numbers marked on the outside, each containing an unconscious and secure captive, loaded onto a truck and heading for the freight hold of the flight that will take them to their new lives.

## ***Chapter 8 - Skills In Use***

Some time later I am invited by my client to visit his Tibetan mountain domain in order to see the results of the initial training received by the five recruits.

Melissa, unfortunately, is still away, enjoying the hospitality of Ms Sofronia Strong at her school but I am sure that she will make progress.

The remaining four appear to be putting their original education to use and adapting well to their other duties. My client has provided a most comfortable suite, naturally equipped with permanently available slave girl, for the duration of my stay. The bedroom and bathroom are, of course, sumptuous but most magnificent of all is the large living room that gives out on to a balcony overlooking the Nyenchen Tanglha mountains.

It is here that I spend a most agreeable afternoon with the four of my recruits that are here; Debbie, Nancy, Angela and Amanda as I remember them (I find it so hard to keep track of numbers when all the original research has been done in relation to their names). They are shepherded in by one of the security guards but now need no restraints. The guard has arranged her charges as local protocol provides, on their knees, heads bowed, in front of the chair where I sit. Then, having determined that I having no further need of her, she leaves.

Three of my recruits are wearing the short cheong-sam dress that is the standard wear for all slaves here. Each cap sleeve, high-neck dress is in a different shade of silk. The skirt, barely long enough to cover the back-side, is slit at the side giving a view of thigh and the hip. Each wears high-heeled mules in a shade matching their dress. Each has their hair dressed immaculately; all now wear it long and piled on their heads.

The fourth, of the girls, Angela, is dressed in the full harem costume of a junior concubine, a sure sign that she is making progress in the service of her new owner. Her outfit does everything to display the wealth of her owner. On her head she wears a bejewelled pill-box hat that holds in place a long silk cloak with fastenings to jewelled bracelets on her wrists. A chain of gold coins drapes across her forehead. Her long blonde hair falls across her shoulders. A yashmak emblazoned with the cipher of her owner veils her face. Her breasts are covered and supported by a golden top that takes its decorative style from the east and its engineering principles from the west. A jewel twinkles in her navel. Her legs are partly shrouded by a skirt made from separate panels of gold wire-embroidered cloth which spread away from her legs revealing her nakedness beneath.

All four stay obediently silent, until I greet them.

“Welcome, ladies, I am pleased to see you are all so well.”

“Greetings, Sir,” Angela replies on behalf of them all. “Our Master has asked us to ensure your pleasure. May I approach you?”

In response to my nod she comes and kneels close to me.

“Sir, if you would wish, I can use my tongue to please you while each of my sisters tells you of her life here.” I give my assent and she unfastens my trousers as I beckon to Debbie. She comes to kneel beside me. I ask her how her medical skills are being used. She recounts a most interesting project which involves the perfection of a new range of drugs designed to improve the docility of slaves and is proud that her work is already helping her sisters and herself to serve their Master better.

Angela, in the mean time is doing her best to distract my attention by careful use of her lips and tongue. I notice that she at least has now acquired a piercing – a single stud in the tip of her tongue was being used to great effect as she licks, sucks and nuzzles at my engorging cock.

Trying hard to keep my mind on more immediate matters I summon Nancy forward and am pleased to discover that she responds as quickly as Debbie did. Her earlier, rebellious nature has apparently been overcome. I ask if she has been beaten much. She responds that it has only been as much as was needed to bring her to correctness in her behaviour. She asks me to feel the wheals across her buttocks from her beatings, lifting the flap of her skirt to allow me access. It is clear that she has suffered considerably at some point but that the wounds are now largely healed, presumably as the result of progressive improvement in behaviour and reduction in punishment. Her task has been to work on improving the entertainment facilities in the complex and now, as a result of her engineering skills a cascading waterfall now graces her owner’s master playroom.

Amanda follows her. I had been worried about how well she would adapt to her new life. She had seemed the most reserved at her interview and had given us nothing but trouble in the cells at the staging post. She admits that she needed considerable disciplinary guidance to come to the correct understanding of her new position. Perhaps the teacher is the hardest to teach. Having spent much of her time at college being taught the primacy of learning through play as a method of education she has found it hard to accept the more direct approach used in her current situation. However, time and the whip are doing their trick. Now, she tells me, she is delighted to serve her Master. The training regime and Debbie’s drugs appear to have worked as well on her as on the others.

Amanda had been set the task of improving the language skills of the slaves that were most often used to amuse her owner. This has been a particular requirement as the range of nationalities being recruited as slaves broadens. Whereas once upon a time the USA and the UK were the principal sources for recruits now new supplies are being sought in mainland Europe and South America. Amanda’s English classes have been a great success. She has also been called to act as a translator during some of the sessions between concubines and her Master. This allowed her to learn a great deal of the sexual skills needed to arouse and satisfy the considerable appetites of her owner. She was now putting this to good use and hopes to earn the rank of junior concubine soon, following in Angela’s footsteps.

Much as I regret it, I then have to tell Angela to cease her task at my crotch and to attend to my questions. Her business skills were in great demand. (I could imagine that her other skills are not exactly ignored either) but her most recent project has

been to study the wide range of bribes, and “presents” that her Master was paying to those in the local administration. This has allowed her to save her Master a great deal of unnecessary expenditure and he, in turn, has generously presented her with the heavy gold belt that she now wears about her hips. This is not, of course, as any form of property of her own. She recognises that such a thing is quite impossible, but it is hers to wear for the pleasure of her Master. She now divides her time between her Master’s office and his playroom – using her business talents to enrich her owner and her physical talents to please him.

“Sir,” she says. “I hope that you can see we are putting our education to use but that also we have been well trained.”

As Angela completes her story we hear the sound of her owner approaching and all four girls immediately assume the silent, kneeling, heads down position that they had taken when they first entered the room.

Their owner enters and, smiling, asks if my recruits are demonstrating their training to me as well as they had shown their education to him. I am thinking that all four have demonstrated the distinctive value of the two disciplines. After all as someone once said to me – if you were to learn that your 16 year old daughter had been receiving sex education you would be pleased. If you learned she had been receiving sex training your reaction might be somewhat different.

Evidently the recruitment programme is working for him – he expresses his thanks for the way in which my organisation has met his needs. Hopefully there will be further commissions, he says.

That’s what I like to hear. There is always more work to do.

## THE END

*Except that we also heard more of Melissa’s experiences at Mme Sofronia Strong’s establishment and later her return to the fold with the other four recruits. ....*

.....

Good Morning, Freddy: As you are now ready to ship I will provide the requested information. You can ship Melissa to:

The Lutece School  
c/o S.A. Strong  
435 Melrose Rd.  
Function Junction MN



Please advise as to carrier and ETA.

I will advise Gloriana that her new charge is en-route and alert the wardrobe mistress. I am certain that we should first address her self-image as a thoroughly with it-superior sort of modern woman. We will help her revise her notions about what a woman should be. That will be a great pleasure. A nice challenge, to socialise an unsociable "sociologist. Tee-hee!

As ever, your most humble and obedient servant,

.....

Sofronia,

I am very pleased that you have felt able to take on the initial training of one of my recruits. As you will have established from my account of her collection and early experiences there are some interesting challenges in addressing this particular individual.

I am sure that Gloriana and your wardrobe Mistress will have a beneficial influence. I will post a short account of how her co-recruits are coping without her in the next few days. I will be happy to update things with details of her re-union with them later.

My client is equally grateful for your help.

Shipment details follow.

Regards

Freddie

### **Consignment Note**

### **Shipping Information**

Shipment – our airway bill number: 02.327/01 dated 01/06/2003

Despatched in the care of Ms. Sofronia Ann Strong, c/o Lutece School from UK Central Staging Post.

Ship to:

The Lutece School  
c/o S.A. Strong  
435 Melrose Rd.  
Function Junction MN

Please advise UK Central Staging Post on receipt (attention F. Clegg).

### **Carrier Details**

Carrier / Flight No: Freightways FW1069

Flight arriving: KDLH Duluth International

ETA: 16:40 Central Time 01/07/2003

Ground transportation: Truck shipment from KDLH to Function Junction

### **Contents**

1 (one) Caucasian, female, un-sterilised, slave, 21 years old, previously known as :  
Janes, Melissa.

Long dark hair, brown eyes

No distinguishing marks / tattoos

Ears pierced / navel pierced.

Height: 5ft 4ins (1.62m)

Serial Number: #02.327

Unpacked Weight: 116lbs (53 Kg)

Restrained, hooded and gagged.

### **Packing Details**

Shipment is packed in a black, standard slave transport container (air) labelled #02.327 and marked "For the attention of Ms. S. A. Strong".

Please be advised that the contents are sedated using an intravenous timed tranquiliser drip, which forms part of the packing. The drip should be replaced by a glucose solution drip as soon as possible after receipt until the contents regain consciousness. Keys to the content restraints can be found in the pouch on the outside of the container.

Ensure contents are removed from container within 12 hours of receipt. Open only in a secure area.

Caution: shipment is untrained and liable to unpredictable responses at least initially. This is the first long-haul transfer for this slave.

### **Invoice / Order Details**

This shipment is a free-of charge transfer to enable #02.327 to undergo training at Lutece School.

No transfer of ownership occurs as a result of this transaction. Outbound and return shipment costs will be borne by F. Clegg.

Advise F. Clegg on completion of training assignment.





"Fourth Form? You can't put me in the Fourth Form, you bitch. I am a graduate sociologist, not a schoolgirl. Oh...Mmphh!" So much for impertinence to say nothing of insolence. She seems to think this is all just too *infra dig*

I, for my part, resent anyone who thinks our wonderful school is beneath their dignity. I quickly show them that have no dignity left. To achieve this with Missy Muffy I have introduced her to the indignity of a tightly laced corset, a blue silk taffeta uniform dress and a white ruffled pinafore. My maid, Fifi, who lost his dignity ages ago, has set upon her head to create a coiffure of dangling sausage curls atop which is perched a blue satin bow. She is in white silk knee high hose and black maryjanes. She looks like every other moppet of l'age ingrat. Her protests have been stoppered and she has been led off by the ear to Miss Welter's classroom with instructions not to spare the school strap.

Miss Welter is a whiz at maths, Mlle Duchesne with irregular verbs and Maitresse Gloriana at the art of discipline.

Muffy has tried everything from tears to tantrums and, true to form, flirting. With whom? Why Fifi, of course. He is still a man for all of his fluffy livery. She offered him her body in lieu of her corset and uniform. That reduced Fifi to giggles and me to a spell of Headmistress' rage. She has a bunch of stinging nettles in her bosom as a result. She should be fairly wild by the end of the first period.

Anyway, Muffy is off to a good start for all of that. Miss Welter will set her to calculating how my applications of the school strap she can anticipate if she does not settle down. As for the rest of her fellow students I have had *Newgie* embroidered on her pinafore so that they will give her the New Girl Initiation Ceremonies which will be her first lesson in the practicum in group dynamics. I look forward to the Unmiffing of Muffy.

.....  
Thank you for your latest report.

Muffy's uniform will, I am sure contribute to her re-alignment. Such a change from sweatshirts and jeans. I hope that she will have to keep them well laundered – I have always suspected that a taste for casual clothes had more to do with a spirit of idleness in the area of personal appearance than with a specific preference for the look of the out-doors. From your account of the outfit it will need a great deal of attention to keep it clean and neat – I do hope she will not be able to foist these responsibilities on others.

I fear I cannot pretend to be surprised at young Muffy's early performance in the field of flirting. I suspect that she can only be guaranteed not to flirt when her mouth is filled and even then, no doubt, she will try some other means. Such behaviour will need constant attention for a while at least. I fear that her attempt with Fifi only adds to my concern at her lack of judgement – does she imagine no one would have noticed the lack of corsetry (I assume that a boarded front panel is being used to























Ground transportation: Truck shipment from Function Junction to KDLH

**Contents**

1 (one) Caucasian, female, un-sterilised, slave, 21 years old, previously known as :  
Janes, Melissa.

Long dark hair, brown eyes  
No distinguishing marks / tattoos  
Ears pierced / navel pierced / tongue pierced  
Height: 5ft 4ins (1.62m)

Serial Number: #02.327

Unpacked Weight: 122lbs (55 Kg)

Restrained, hooded and gagged.

**Packing Details**

As advised by Ms S. Strong.

**Invoice / Order Details**

This shipment is a free-of charge transfer to return #02.327 from initial training at Lutece School.

No transfer of ownership occurs as a result of this transaction.

.....

Freddie

Sofronia,

You will be pleased to hear that Muffy arrived safely together with her accompanying wardrobe. My, what a collection! Cecil Beaton would have been jealous.

Not the easiest of trips, I fear. The long-haul flight to Katmandu was fine (the 747 remains the most sturdy of workhorses and the ones we use have plenty of space for cargo as well as comfortable accommodation for those accompanying the goods) but the transfer up here was rather taxing. Normally I like to bring the Chinook on the last leg over to the Valley but due to other commitments (a troublesome recruit that was needing some re-orientation) I had to leave the trip to a colleague. Suffice to say that it turned into a rather bumpy jaunt and Muffy arrived a little bruised in spite of the care taken in her packing. The dresses were unharmed though, you will be relieved to hear.

Her deportment is mightily helped by the corset. The catwalk's loss is definitely Xanadu's gain.



