

The Slave Girl's Secret

By

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Chapter One

Eric stood glaring down at her with his cold blue eyes, tossing back his unruly blond hair. "You know you must be punished, do you not?" he demanded, as he crossed his powerful arms beneath his broad shoulders.

It reminded her, once again, that he had been both an Army officer and a SWAT team member back on Earth, who now trained the local young men for the unlikely event of an interplanetary war, with the guns that he had brought here with him.

"The slave trader promised me your complete obedience, in return for all the coins I paid him, and I have seen little sign of it so far," he went on. "You are my first slave girl, and based on your behavior, you will also be the last." Growing even angrier, he coldly added, "The first order I gave you was a very simple thing—clean the dishes that Cook had left."

"But I did wash them!" Debbie wailed, through her tears.

"Yes, and then you left them there to dry by themselves, because you were both lazy and defiant. So you must bend yourself over that table, where I can punish you properly."

"No, Master, please!" she wailed. "I will complete any household task that you command me, I swear to it."

"And I will be sure you keep your word! Those words you just uttered will add five blows to your sentence, and you must accept them without making any sound... except for your cries of pain. So now you must obey my order as quickly as you can, in *silence!*"

Scurrying to the wooden table, she forced herself to bend over it and grasped the edges with both hands. She felt the cool air washing over her slim bottom when he quickly dragged her slave's short red skirt to her waist.

As befit a slave girl, she had worn no panties, so that her Master need not waste his time pulling them down to her ankles and pulling up her slave girl's typical short red skirt. It was colored bright red to make it easier for the Master to see how he was turning her backside to a matching vivid hue, letting him know that the punishment had served its purpose. He knew, too, that like all good spankings, this one could be very painful but not really harmful at all.

Glancing back at him, she moaned to see that he was taking the wooden paddle and leather belt from his closet. As his left hand pressed into her back, she realized with terror that this punishment would be a brutal one indeed.

It would be even worse than anticipated, she realized, as he raised his hand high over his head and brought it down with all his force, setting his target on fire. But my bottom is not really in flames, she tried to assure herself... it only feels that way. Her eyes filled with tears, as she realized that the flame would grow even hotter as the punishment went on.

"Ow! Ow! *Ow!*" she cried, as she struggled helplessly beneath his restraining hand.

"Stop fighting against me!" he commanded. "You have already earned ten more slaps by trying to resist, and if you do not stay still you will have as many more."

Completely hopeless now, she could only burst into tears. They poured from her great dark eyes, over her creamy cheeks, and into her long brown hair. His hand kept rising and falling with all his force, leaving her bottom in a fiery, swollen torment, which soon transformed into an aching bruise of black and blue.

Until it faded to its normal creamy hue, she knew that she would not be able to sit down for an instant. As it was, she felt sure that her suffering could not possibly be even greater....

Until he paused for a moment, leaving her wild with relief.

Then she remembered the two dreaded implements that were waiting on the chair behind her.

"*No!*" she howled, and then clasped her hands over her mouth. It was too late to save her from even further suffering, she realized, as he told her that she had just earned herself five more smacks of his wooden paddle.

It was broad enough to cover her entire backside with one agonizing blow that left her stunned with the pain, and barely able to believe that anything could hurt so badly. Her whole world was on fire, with blast after blast of agony.

Then she was weeping more violently than ever, as she remembered that the most terrible weapon of all was waiting for her—the dreaded leather strap. She closed her eyes, to keep from seeing the horrible thing, which would be bring the worst agony she could even imagine.

But instead, she felt his broad hands gently pulling her up from the table, as his powerful arms closed around her. "You have been punished enough," he whispered. "You will not endure the strap as well. For now."

He stroked her hair with one hand while the other embraced her, and she rested her head against his chest while she sobbed helplessly.

Then he lifted her into his arms and carried to his bed. Winding her arms around his neck, she felt him leaning down to place one of the pillows beneath her backside, and lowering her onto it carefully.

"After pain comes pleasure," he whispered, letting her feel him breathing warmly into her ear. "Should it not be that way?"

"If you say so, my Master," she murmured in return.

"I certainly do say so," he assured her. "I certainly do."

Climbing onto the bed above her, he gently pushed her thighs apart with his own powerful legs. Pulling down his trousers with one hand, he used the other to raise her skirt to her waist once more. Now she was moaning again, but with pleasure rather than pain, just as he had promised her.

Her moan rose to a cry of ecstasy, as he thrust his long, thick member into her moist and throbbing opening. Deeper and deeper he pressed himself into her, as she writhed and gasped beneath him. Her secret parts opened and closed around him, more and more quickly each time.

When she felt sure that she had drawn him into the very depths of her being, she pushed herself upwards to receive him, as they both reached the height of pleasure. Just as he had promised, it was far greater than even the sharpest punishment he had meted out before.

As he rolled to lie beside her, she pressed her head into his shoulder, closing her eyes for the most blissful sleep she had ever known. Her eyes opened again, though, as she suddenly remembered the third part of her punishment.

"But what of the strap?" she asked him. "Are you still planning to use that on me?"

"Not unless you deserve it again," he told her. "Now be quiet and let me sleep."

"As you say, Master." She could not sleep herself, though, since she lay awake, still thinking about that strap, until she finally fell asleep dreaming about it.

* * * * *

For two long days, she awaited her chance to carry out her plan, while washing and drying the dishes, just as the Master had commanded her to do. At long last, she finally heard the Cook complaining that she was running short on supplies but too busy to shop for more.

"I could do it for you, if you like," Debbie shyly offered. "I have finished washing *and* drying all the plates, so I have plenty of time to go shopping."

The older woman glared at her from across her flabby folded arms. "So you will also have time to run away before our Master starts searching for you, do you not?" she demanded, her pale eyes squinting suspiciously.

"Oh, no, Mistress!" Debbie cried. "I have no thought of running away... and if I did, I would swear by any gods you choose that I have no intention of doing any such thing. I just thought I would try to be helpful. And perhaps to make your dishes even more delicious, by choosing the freshest food I find."

After a long, suspenseful moment, the Cook finally nodded her head. "I certainly am busy here, and you seem to have nothing else to do," she conceded, in a grudging tone. "So you can fill our shopping list."

"You must be sure to go to Steven, the Shopkeeper, since he has always been honest, about only buying what your Master needs," the Cook said. "And if you try to sneak in some tasty little tidbit for yourself... well, the receipt will tell me if I must report your theft to the Master, who will be sure to cure you of that crime. So, remember, *just* what is on the list and not an item more."

Pulling open a wooden drawer, she thrust the paper into Debbie's eager hands. Always suspicious, the Cook sensed that the girl was too eager to go on her errand.

"And just remember," she called out, as Debbie was reaching for the door, "if you try to escape, the Master will find you, no matter how far you run."

I would never try to run from our Master, Debbie thought, but wisely stopped herself from saying so. She knew that the Cook was suspicious enough as it was. As Debbie had learned from painful experience, the Cook would never hesitate to report any misdeeds on the slave girl's part, like the good free woman she was.

* * * * *

True to her word, Debbie headed straight for the market square. She barely noticed the planet's beauty, as she walked down the winding, wooden path beneath the waving palm trees, pushing the shopping cart before her, and no longer even noticing the heat.

The food seller was not her first stop, though, as she assured herself grimly, because she was striding towards the wooden hut that she knew perfectly well. Even if she had not been well

acquainted with this particular landmark, she would still have recognized the auction block that stood before the slave trader's shop.

"Debbie!" he cried, with a broad smile, as he held out his thick, hairy hands. "I trust that your Master is treating you well?"

"He spanked me hard enough a few nights ago," she answered grimly. "I could hardly bear sitting down for days."

"Well then, I am sure you richly deserved it," he told her, with an even broader grin. "In fact, I feel sure that you earned every punishment he gave you."

"Not quite every one," she answered coldly. "He used his bare hand and his wooden paddle on me, true... but he melted before he got to his leather strap. In fact, he was doing his best to comfort me and I would not even have been surprised if he had apologized for causing me pain. Me, his slave girl!"

"So what do you expect me to do about it?" he asked, in a cautious tone.

"I expect you to do the right thing," she retorted. "I felt sure he would be the stern Master you described to me, the beautiful brute I had always dreamed of. You promised to make my dream come true. You have not carried out your part of the bargain, so I want my money back. And you can throw in free transportation back to Earth as well!"

"Will you be reasonable?" he demanded, nervously rubbing his bald head. "Even if I were willing to do it, I would be under no obligation to do so. I honored our agreement fully, by finding you a stern Master... and, I must add, a very good-looking one, too. He must be brave as well, since he came here to this space colony by himself."

"I don't see what's so brave about that," she answered, with a sniff. "He brought with him plenty of money, as all of your settlers do, although he only had to pay you half as much as I paid you for him!"

"Of course, he knew he could not be arrested for either buying *or* selling a slave, since we have no legal obligation here to follow the Earthly laws... just as long as our slavery is consensual, of course, so that Earth will not go to war with us," the slave trader said. "He just wanted to be a Master, which is why he kept searching the Internet for a way to do it, until he came to my website for would-be Masters. And, I might add, you did exactly the same thing, until you found my other site...the one for would-be slaves."

"Just in case you didn't realize that you were coming to a slave world, it is called the Planet Briseis in honor of the great warrior Achilles' concubine, who was captured during the Trojan War...which probably made her the happiest slave of all time.

"I mean, our Masters here are not like the ones you were always sighing and pining for, in all those Master-slave novels you kept raving about online—*Quo Vadis*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *Slave Traders of Bruto*—along with so many slave-planet stories, you would think that Jefferson Davis had conquered the galaxy. And you've probably read them all. In fact, they were probably the reason why you became an English teacher back on Earth.

"*Uncle Tom's Cabin* was always your favorite, though...and you are hardly the only fan who ever fell in love with Simon Legree. So it's no wonder that when you learned about our little world, you jumped at the chance to come here."

Despite herself, she felt that warm feeling spreading through her lower body at his words, and rising up to her blushing cheeks. Simon Legree, yes... who had told his poor, helpless new slave girl, "Well, my little dear, we are almost home."

As a good Victorian novelist, Ms. Harriet Beecher Stowe had left the readers to imagine what he planned to do with her once they got home. Debbie had never even dared to voice the suspicion that would have gotten her tossed out of every schoolroom she ever entered... namely, that Harriet secretly dreamed of being Simon's slave girl herself. Why else would he have sent her out to work in the fields before quickly bringing her back home?

"And I know that the Bruto novels are a little too rough for your taste," he added. "But you would not keep reading and rereading them, if you did not enjoy it. Remember, you wanted to come here, before your Master ever thought of buying you. So, the only thing you can do now is to stay here with your Master, and try to make it work. Who knows, you might even find a way of getting him to use the strap on you, after all. Just try to find a way to please him... or displease him, as the case may be."

* * * * *

While she hurried home through a sudden, warm rain, the weather did not improve her mood. Still, as angry as she was with the double-dealing trader, she had to admit that he had made a good point. She had to find a way to help her Master make her very expensive dreams come true.

They had cost \$3,000, in fact, which had meant a lot of scrimping and saving to pay for the Master she had always longed for. Like most of the other slave girls here, she had told her family that she wanted to be a pioneer on some newly discovered world... without, of course, letting them know what kind of planet it was.

Her own parents would have been shocked if they ever found out about it, especially since they had always been so proud that they had never spanked her themselves. Often she found herself wondering if that was the reason why she had dreamed of the experience for so long.

It would be worth every penny, she promised herself, when she took one look at his photo. She felt sure he would make all her dreams come true... just as long as he never realized that he was fulfilling all her fantasies, in addition to his own.

Right now, she was dreaming of his strap coming down across her bare bottom, leaving it streaked with angry red. But now, he had made it all too clear that he had no intention of making that particular dream come true. She would have to find a way to persuade her Master to do it, *without* his suspecting that she so desperately wanted it done.

And this was the problem, she realized, as she kept wiping the dishes dry. If she made him angry enough to strap her, he might be angry enough to sell her to someone else. But if she could not drive him to that height of rage....

"Debbie, you have wiped that plate twenty times already!" She jumped as she heard the Cook's voice, making her drop the dish to the tiled floor, where it shattered to pieces.

"Now do you see what you have done?" the older woman demanded angrily, crossing her arms over her chest as she glared at the slave girl. "I am not going to lie about it to your Master, so you might as well be the one to tell him the truth, and accept his punishment."

To her amazement, she saw that Debbie was smiling. "You are so right!" the girl exclaimed. "I really must tell him the truth. That will make me feel so much better."

"I doubt it you will feel very well when your bottom is burning," the Cook warned her, with obvious satisfaction in her tone.

Forcing herself to sigh sadly, Debbie replied, "No, I am sure I will not." But, she thought, my private parts are getting very warm already.

* * * * *

"Ma-ma-master," she stammered, in her most timid tone. "May I please come into your office? I have a confession to make."

Kneeling on his blue-and-burgundy Persian-style carpet, she stared at his booted feet. "I fear I have displeased you this time. I have broken one of your dishes."

"Well, I have more," he assured her, in his most soothing tone. "So I will let you go without a punishment, because you came here to tell me the truth."

"That was only half of the truth," she answered. "I am telling you because the Cook said I had to."

"And you obeyed her, as you should, in her kitchen. So you may go back to work there now."

"And you will not use your strap on me?"

"I *told* you I would not!" he informed her, angrily folding his arms. "I swear you are making me almost angry enough to strap your bottom sore, even if your bruises have only started to heal from the last sound spanking I gave you."

At his words, her secret parts grew even warmer and wetter than they had been before. Now I must tell him the truth, she realized, or keep having to endure my frustration.

"I wish you would!" she answered. Hearing his gasp of amazement, she looked up to see that his blue eyes were wide with surprise. "I need to feel the strap, to know that you forgive me, before I can pardon myself for my clumsiness."

Which was part of the truth, anyway, she decided. I certainly do need to feel the strap, not because I feel so driven for forgiveness that I have earned it, but because I paid \$3,000 to be a pioneer on this planet. And it has been worth every penny, so far.

"Very well, then," he answered, in his sternest voice, which left her longing even more desperately for him. "Bend over the table again and pull your skirt to your waist."

Her hands were trembling as she did so, and then grasped the edge of the table. Looking up, she saw him pull the long, thick leather implement from around his waist and stride towards her.

It was all she could do to keep from squirming with pleasure now. Her warm, wet private parts almost throbbed with desire as he raised the belt and brought it down with all his force.

"Ow!" she cried, jumping with surprise at the pain, and wondering how she ever could have wanted it. Glancing behind her, she saw that her bruised backside was marked with an

angry red streak, going from one side to the other. Soon her cries turned to wild screams and finally helpless weeping, as the strap fell, again and again, harder and faster each time, until her entire backside was blazing.

"Ow! Ow! *Ow!*" she wailed. "Master, Master, please, please, *please!*" He did not answer, even when she was crying too hard for speech. She was still sobbing, when she heard him drop his dreaded implement to the ground.

"The last time I punished you, I comforted you afterwards with my gentle lovemaking," he reminded her. "This time, I will take you in another way."

Once again, she cried out, as he pulled her from the table and threw her back onto it, facing upwards this time. Her private parts were throbbing more wildly than ever, as his fingers unbuttoned his trousers and his knees forced her legs apart.

Pushing himself into her with all his force, he felt her opening and closing ever more rapidly around his thick, hard member. When his final thrust left them both gasping with ecstasy, she knew it was too late to hide the truth.

"So you enjoyed that," he said.

"I could not help myself, Master," she replied.

"But you still suffered through your strapping, did you not?"

"Indeed, I did!" she told him, shuddering again from the memory.

"Good," he replied, with a teasing smile. "Then I can still inflict my punishments and make sure they are correcting your faults."

"You can indeed!"