

# DRUG LORD SLAVE

LUCAS



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## SLAVE Lucas

Illustrated by Paul

Cover Paul

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# Background

**I**n the seventies, two drug peddlers by the name of Raul and Ruben Mezquita took refuge in the Amazonian jungle. Things were getting difficult for them. The Government of the United States was putting pressure on the Colombian army to act more decisively against the drug barons.

An ambush was set up and the two brothers fell into it. Ruben managed to escape but Raul was wounded and taken prisoner.

Ruben fled north to the Mexican border with his partner, Lucia. She was only thirteen years old at that time. They were both arrested in a Mexican village and the girl was raped in a police station. When they finally got to the United States, Lucia discovered she was pregnant.

The baby was born, a girl. They called her Sara.

A few months later, the stress proved too much for them and the couple separated. Sara took her daughter to Italy where she had family.

The captured brother, Raul, was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment for drug dealing. When he came out he went straight back to his old job, growing coca in plantations deep in the jungle and moving on if the pressure got too hot.

Raul came out of prison a deeply bitter man.

He was bitter because the others had left him lying wounded and he had been captured. He was also bitter because he loved Lucia, even though she was a child, and she had gone off with his brother...

During Raul's long imprisonment, Lucia's daughter Sara grew up and became a beautiful young woman. Sara never lost contact with her father in America and she decided to visit him.

Her father now had an American wife by the name of Brenda. He also had a considerable fortune. He had become the main supplier of heroine to the American film industry. He owed his dominant position in the market to his wife's contacts, and to her business acumen and general ruthlessness.

But Ruben had always been uneasy about the whole drugs business. He had never really felt he belonged to that world. When he heard that Sara was coming to stay with them for a time, he took the decision to retire. He did not need the money, after all.

His wife Brenda did not see it that way. She had no intention of losing the business empire she had built up so carefully. For some time now the relationship with Ruben had not been good and she solved the problem her own way. She had him killed.

Two days after his murder, Brenda, now in sole charge of the Los Angeles market, got in touch with Raul in Colombia. They came to an agreement. In future, Raul would be her supplier and her stepdaughter Sara would be the payment for the first delivery of drugs.

Brenda sent Sara off to Colombia, alone and unsuspecting. Her father had never told her about his drug peddling activities. Sara thought she was going to sort out some legal questions concerning the inheritance of land belonging to her late father. On arrival in Colombia, she was kidnapped by her Uncle Raul and trained to be his sexual slave.

Meanwhile a sinister general by the name of Ramirez had been appointed head of the anti-narcotics operation. The noose was tightening around the coca plantation owners.

Supplies became irregular. Brenda was worried. She decided to visit Raul to find out for herself what was happening. She was nervous about going alone, and she persuaded two of her stepdaughter's friends, a young couple by the name of Gary and Raquel, to go with her.

Sara's mother, Lucia, also went into the jungle. She too was heading for a trap. Raul had written to her saying that Sara was ill. Lucia believed it and packed her bags immediately.

Raul was very happy with Sara, but he wanted her mother too.

He was totally obsessed by Lucia. Having her daughter was good, but it was not enough. He needed Lucia. Through the long years in a dark prison, he had nurtured his obsession because he had little else to nurture, and his need to see her had become urgent, compulsive and as dark as the prison itself.

Raul's obsession was complex and full of contradictory elements. Love was there, and lust too. He had not seen Lucia since she was sure she was beautiful, like her daughter Sara. He would strip her naked, as he stripped Sara naked, and he would tie her to the wall and he would make her show him her naked body...

But his obsession included, too, a terrible desire to punish Lucia. She deserved to be punished, it seemed to him, for leaving him wounded in the jungle and running off with his brother. He would punish her all over her body, but he would punish her especially on her most intimate parts. She owed him that pleasure after so many years thinking about her.

He would punish her for being Lucia and he would punish her for being what she was, a woman. In Raul's twisted, unhappy mind

Lucia had become more than Lucia. She represented women, all women.

Lucia's breasts were her breasts, but they were also all the breasts that Raul had ever wanted to see and touch and lick and suck...

Lucia's vagina was her vagina but it was also all the vaginas that Raul had ever wanted to see and touch and lick and suck...

For the moment, her daughter Sara received that punishment. And he was very pleased (happy was not the right word for Raul) with his sexual slave, especially with her magnificent, exuberant breasts.

But in Raul's dark, largely unreflective, mind, it had become urgent for him to have Lucia too, his Lucia, as she seemed to him. It had become urgent for him to love her and hate her and above all punish her...

He would punish her for all that women had ever done or not done to Raul Mezquita as well as for her own crimes against him...

He wrote to Lucia telling her that her daughter was ill. Could she come and see her? The girl had fevers and it was better if she didn't travel back to the States alone.

# Chapter One

## The homecoming

The light aircraft took off from a remote airstrip in Leticia, the heart of the Colombian Amazon.

It had dropped off its only passengers, an elderly couple coming back from Bogotá and Lucia, a tall young woman, with dark hair, travelling on an Italian passport.

It was a swelteringly hot day.

The humidity made it difficult to breathe.

Lucia smiled. She breathed in the intense smell of rotting vegetation.

It awoke memories of things she had forgotten a long time ago.

It stirred feelings she had not felt since she was a child.

She squinted up, sheltering her eyes from the blinding tropical sun and looked at the enormous trees, the flight of a large grey parrot, the clouds... It was all the same.

She looked around and saw the same kind of people she had known as a child: slow moving, timid, and a little suspicious.

She had the impression that contact with whites had not been positive in its effects on these tribes. Maybe it was the drug thing. Maybe they were always in the middle, always growing coca and

always explaining to the army that they did not grow coca, they grew yucca.

Lucia saw an old man selling papayas and other fruit. His straw hat concealed a deeply-lined face.

She was hungry.

"A papaya, please."

"I thought you were a gringuita," he said.

"And you wouldn't have sold me a papaya?" she said laughing.

"Not for the same price," said the man, looking at her with no hint of a smile.

"I was born here. I left when I was very young."

She surprised herself at her Colombian accent. She thought she had lost it when she fled the country with Ruben, when she was thirteen.

"Welcome home, then. Things have changed. Not for the better. These are dangerous times," he said, handing her a papaya.

"Thank you," she said with a nervous smile. "I'll be careful."

She remembered the feeling. It was fear. The smell, the taste, of fear came back to her. It had never really left her. She still re-lived in her nightmares the sound of gunshots, house-to-house searches, humiliations and rape in a Mexican prison...

She sat in the decrepit shelter where the travellers were waiting for their baggage.

She tried to control the anguish that the old man had provoked. She forced herself to look around and take an interest in the jungle.

Twenty years had gone by. She was sure there had been changes, but she could not see any. The old airstrip, just a small clearing with a grass runway, looked the same. The same hut with the same rusty aerial... Probably the same old man selling lottery tickets. Nothing else. Nothing new.

Her mind went back to the past, irresistibly. She went over it all, the flight to Mexico, rape in the police station, America, the birth of her daughter Sara, and the break-up of her relationship with her husband, and a new life in Italy.

A dramatic life for someone who was still young, in her early thirties, but that's how it is sometimes. She remembered an interview with a novelist she had once read in an Italian magazine. "Reality is always worse", the woman had said. The phrase had stuck in her mind.

She looked around, a little frightened. Reality in the jungle was worse than in most places.

She wanted to cry, but resisted the temptation. They were hard times for everybody.

She was surprised to find how clearly she remembered Raul. Maybe it was not so surprising, she thought, after all they were childhood sweethearts. In the end, she had chosen his brother, but she remembered him well.

She had had no news for twenty years. She wondered what he would be like.

Had prison changed him?

And where was he?

She blamed all these dark thoughts on the long journey and concentrated on her papaya.

She opened it with the corner of a mirror she always carried, but the ants had got in first. She threw it angrily to the ground. She had forgotten so many things about her beloved Columbia, especially the details like the ants...

She breathed in deeply, as they had taught her in the Tai-Chi classes. At least her hunger seemed to have disappeared.

The other travellers had left and the fruit seller pushed his cart down a narrow path between the huge trees and disappeared.

There was no one around.

How would she find Sara? That was her only reason for being here. Uncle Alfonso's letter had worried her. Poor girl. Even as a child she had had a lot of fevers, high temperatures... Perhaps she shouldn't have let her go alone...

She looked at the sky again. The early-morning drizzle had all gone and the sky was its typical midday grey, a heavy leaden colour.

The heat was unbearable again.

She picked up an old magazine and fanned herself, driving the flies away. Uncle Alfonso was late...

She hated that. He had said he would be here. Where was he?

She found herself thinking about Sara again. She was hardly aware of the fourteen years age difference. They were more like sisters than mother and daughter. In Italy they were often taken for sisters.

In Italy Lucia had been alone with Sara, trying to bring her up as best she could in a single-parent family. It had not been easy and they had both matured early and had grown very close. By the time Sara was eighteen, Lucia had become her best friend. They went out

together and they had the same friends. For Lucia it was an opportunity to enjoy the normal adolescence that she had never known.

The sudden noise of an old engine brought Lucia back to the present.

A lorry appeared at the other end of the runway and drove along it. A fat man, with a run-down, even dirty appearance, jumped out and stood looking at her.

Surely that was not her Uncle Alfonso?

"Lucia!" he bellowed in a hoarse, croaky voice. "Don't you recognise me?"

Lucia could not place him. This man was in his forties, which meant he would have been in his twenties when she left Colombia. No idea.

"It's me, Raul!"

Lucia could not hide her astonishment. Raul? Raul was slim, smart, handsome. Christ!

"Raul?" she managed to say.

"For God's sake, Lucia, don't tell me you don't remember me!" he said, coming close to her.

"I ... I wouldn't have known you, Raul," she said nervously. "You've changed!"

"Yes. Twenty years behind bars do that, you know. You, on the other hand, are as pretty as ever. Prettier..."

It was true. Lucia carried her thirty-two years well. She was a splendid-looking woman, at the height of her physical beauty... She

was dark-haired, slim, and had a slightly distinguished air. Her face was beautiful but also full of character. She wore no make-up but her large green eyes, her full, sensual lips, her charmingly decisive nose and her generally Latino look made her a very attractive woman, far more attractive than most younger women.

The man hugged her. Lucia dropped her head and protected herself with her elbows. The man smelt. She did not know what to say or do. Luckily, he let her go immediately.

"Let me take a good look at you..."

He took her by the shoulders and held her at arm's length.

Lucia was wearing a printed cotton dress that came down to just above her knees. It was thin and cool. It did up in the front with small buttons covered in the same cloth.

The outline of her breasts, full and firm, was clearly visible.

It was quite obvious that she was not wearing a bra.

Raul licked his lips unthinkingly. His eyes were fixed on the top three buttons, which were undone...

"You're looking very well..."

Lucia felt uncomfortable. She slipped away from him and changed the subject.

"I was expecting Uncle Alfonso."

"I know. He's getting on a bit though. And he lives in the south, near the border. The road is bad."

"You don't live in 'Los Charcos?'"

"No. I moved to the plantations. It's a lovely little estate. You'll like it. Classy!"

Raul opened the door of the old truck.

Lucia climbed up, aware that the man was undressing her mentally.

"And Sara?" she asked nervously.

"She'll be glad to see you. She's not having a good time."

"But, how is she? What's the matter with her? Does she still have fevers?"

"The doctor says she'll be all right. She'll be able to go back with you."

The lorry pulled off the runway and went down a rough sandy track.

"How long are you thinking of staying for?"

"Not long. I've just come to take Sara back," she replied.

Raul was silent for some time, concentrating on the bumps and holes in the forest track.

"What's wrong with her exactly? What's the diagnosis?"

"Something to do with the mosquitoes, they say."

"Has she seen another doctor?" Lucia insisted.

"Doctor Venancio is a very famous doctor. We have a hundred workers and he looks after all of them. She's in good hands. She may not be able to go back for a few days though."

# Chapter Two

## A hole and a cage

The prison was in the back yard of "La Fortaleza", which had a grand name but was more like a big hut than a fortress. In fact the prison was the only building made of wood and mortar in the whole plantation. It consisted of six cages made of wooden poles and ropes. They were not very big. They could take about a dozen workers altogether.

When Raul left the plantation, he had left his niece in one of the cages, like an animal.

He was keeping the girl, for the moment at least, for his own personal use. He wanted to be sure she was faithful to him.

The only ones with a key to her cage were Venancio, known as the "Doctor", and Oswaldo, the foreman, better known as "Cara de Perro", Dogface.

It was not that Raul trusted these two, but they all knew better than to lay a finger on the girl.

There were not many prisoners that afternoon, just a couple of drunks and the husband of a woman who had run off the day before. The couple had signed a four-year contract, but the wife had not liked the look of Dogface. She had not liked the way he raped her, which was first anally and then orally, and she had run off into the jungle on the second day...

Sara was in the last cage. She had been in Uncle Raul's hands for three months now. She longed for him to leave, even for a few hours. It gave her a little time for herself, even if she was in a cage. She needed time desperately to try to make sense of the nightmare that she was living.

Raul had left "Los Charcos" and come to the plantation because the army was putting more and more men in that area. Even here, her uncle did not let her out of the room. She spent most of the time shut up in a small hole dig in the ground and covered with a heavy metal grille.

She spent hours and hours waiting for her uncle to remember that she was there, and when he remembered, he came and raped her.

One day the "doctor" came to take her out. The man was big and strong like Raul. His nickname came from the days when he had the job of official executioner, and unofficial torturer, in the state penitentiary.

This man knew the weak points of the human body. He could keep a prisoner alive for weeks and still torture him without losing him.

His head was shaven and so too was his whole body, including his genitals.

He covered his body with strong-smelling jungle oil, which added to his savage aspect.

The "Doc" was a convicted killer who had escaped from jail with a little help from a bundle of dollars. When Raul set up the plantation and needed a lot of workers, he hired him to keep them under control.

He got the nickname "Doc" from his habit of saying to new female workers "We give new workers a full medical check-up. Show me your tits and your cunt."

Raul put him in charge of Sara...

His job was to take care of her personal hygiene, food, and appearance... Sara found him at least as physically repugnant as she found Uncle Raul. But she was more afraid of him.

When Raul was working, the Doc took her out of the hole at night, and dragged her to the toilet, usually by the hair. The girl stumbled along behind him, her legs cramped by the hours spent doubled up in the filthy hole.

She had to do everything in front of him, urinate and defecate. That is, if she had not already done it in the hole...

He hosed her down in the yard and made her wash her body and hair. Her uncle would soon be wanting to see her...

Back in the hut, Sara had to dress up under the watchful, lustful eye of the "Doctor". She could choose her clothes from a trunk full of the most extraordinary erotic garments: basques, stockings of different colours, garters, leather bras, gags, hoods, sandals, shoes with incredibly high heels...

It was all obscene, Sara thought, and ridiculous.

Once she was dressed, the Doc chained her to the bed to wait for her uncle.

Waiting was hard. Would Raul come drunk? Would he just rape her? Or would he make her act like a prostitute, humbling and shaming her before he raped her?

She had to serve her uncle, sometimes for hours on end, and then she was shut in the hole again. Sometimes her arms were tied back behind her, forced up high into the small of her back, and tied to the collar he made her wear.

The hole was small and shallow. Sara had been forced to dig it out with her own hands, pulling up handfuls of the reddy clay soil. If she stopped, the whip came down on her back. She could only fit in on her knees, sitting back on her heels, or sitting on her bottom and with her knees brought up to her breasts.

It was damp and foul-smelling. Apart from her own physical needs, it was soiled by her uncle if he woke up in the night and needed to urinate...

Raul had been away for a couple of days now and had left her in one of the prison cages. It was better than the hole. The Doc had just hosed her down through the bars of her prison cage. When she was in jail they didn't even bother to take her out of the cage, they just hosed her down where she was.

Sarah hated the Doc with all her soul. He treated her with absolute indifference, worse than if she was an animal.

The burning midday sun came down into the cages, mercilessly. There was no air moving, no cooling breeze. Sara felt she was suffocating. She also had another feeling, of calm before the storm. Night was falling and there was rain in the air, real torrential tropical rain.

Sara was sitting on the floor, curled up into a ball against the flaking whitewashed wall, her chin resting on her knees.

She was looking at the cockroaches scuttling around busily, single-mindedly, looking for crumbs of dry bread.

Survivors, she thought. There will always be cockroaches and rats and crows and pigeons.

She was not sure if she was a survivor or not.

The cockroaches were loathsome, horrible. She was not frightened of them any more, but they made her feel sick. Like many other things in her new life.

She did not realise that two guards with stockings over their faces were walking past the cages. One carried an electric cattle prod tied to the end of a stick. The other carried a noose, also tied to a pole.

They looked around furtively and stopped in front of Sara's cage. She was wearing the plantation workers' uniform: a very short white dress with a low V-cut. She was not wearing underwear of any kind.

"Hi, slut!" said the man with the noose. "Missing your boyfriend?"

They were both drunk and found plenty to joke about.

"We've come to keep you company. Ha! ha! ha!"

Sara instinctively curled into a tighter ball, protecting her breasts. She was shaking.

"What's up? You don't like us?" asked one, sticking the noose into the cage. Sara slid into a corner. She would be safer there.

The second guard moved off, came round the back and touched her on the ribs with the cattle prod.

She jumped and cried out in pain.

The second guard slipped the noose round her neck.

"Got her!" he cried out enthusiastically.

Seconds later a struggling Sara was pulled against the bars of the cage. They slipped another rope around her waist and tied her to the cage.

"Give me your hands! Your hands!"

She resisted until she felt the cattle prod again and screamed and quickly offered them her hands.

She was soon tied up, attached by the neck and waist to the bars, with her arms sticking out horizontally like a cross.

Her large breasts were sticking through the bars.

"What a good little girl, eh? Very kind to offer her tits like that!"

They slit her dress with a knife.

They looked puzzled for a moment when they saw what Raul had done to her. He had pierced her nipples and put rings in the holes.

They put cord through the rings and pulled them together, passing the cord round one of the bars.

Then they cut the other ropes. Sara was trapped, tied by both nipples to a single bar.

"On your knees!" they ordered.

Sara hesitated, but a prod in the stomach persuaded her and she obeyed.

She felt completely defenceless. One of the guards took his belt off.

"I always fancied a blow job with a gringuita!"

Sara looked away. She was a plaything for these bloody Indians again, she thought...

The dirty and smelly penis forced its way in between her lips.

Suddenly two gunshots rang out!

Sara felt warm blood on her face. She looked up in the direction of the shot.

Oswald, better known as "Dogface", had just shot the guards in the head.

"Stupid bastards," he said, looking down at them. "They knew the rules. You belong to Raul."

"Time to get ready," he said, cutting the cord. "Time to get all dressed up. Your uncle will be here soon and I'm sure he'll be wanting you to look your best. He's got a little surprise for you, I understand."

Sara realized she was trembling.

# Chapter Three

## The General

**A** year earlier, General Ramirez had set off to "Los Charcos" looking for Raul Mezquita and his niece Sara. He was at the head of an elite commando group carrying all the latest weapons.

It was spectacular. They went in with helicopters, intimidating mortar fire, and then they launched the final attack.

There was no one there.

Raul Mezquita had left with leaving any signs that he had ever been there.

Annoyed, they went after Alfonso Mezquita, Raul's uncle, who lived in a nearby settlement. They had heard that the men were often in touch. They found him, shot in the back of the neck. Raul had silenced the only one who knew his plans.

In the village they were told that Raul had gone into the jungle, taking his niece with him.

That was exactly what General Ramirez had supposed Raul would do. They all did it. Except the big boys, who went to Miami or Europe.

The General also learnt in the village that Raul had been expecting visitors – Sara's stepmother and two young gringos, friends of

Sara's.

The general gave orders to arrest them all as soon as they set foot on Colombian soil and to interrogate them.

The General wanted Raul Mezquita's head. Raul was not a big fish, but he was getting bigger. The Yanks had identified him as supplier to a Californian organisation.

General Ramirez was also interested in questioning any other people associated with Raul. He would particularly like to question this little group of gringos, two women and one man...

# Chapter Four

## The rescue

**I**t was hot, and the rain was pouring down.

Night had fallen.

Lucia and Raul had been travelling for two days and there were still another two days to go. The paths were impossible because of the mud and the old lorry hardly ever went over twenty kilometres an hour.

They took turns at the wheel. The woman seemed overcome by emotion. She would never have imagined that the man next to her could hate her. He had not said so, but she could feel it. He hated them both, her and Ruben. Ruben was dead now but he still hated him.

He seemed to blame them both for everything that had gone wrong with his own life.

Twenty years in prison had not done him any good at all. He had come out a different person, twisted, bitter...

Useless trying to explain things to him. She had even tried apologising.

Useless too to explain that having Sara was an accident. Sara's father, in all probability, was one of the Mexican policemen who had

raped her, not Ruben. She even told him she had never loved Ruben. She was thirteen then, just a child who knew nothing about sex and was trying to get away from the army.

It was all useless.

Lucia was beginning to feel very frightened.

It was still raining...

The windscreen wiper couldn't cope with the water, the engine smelt of petrol and the water dripped into the lorry through the rusty chassis.

The lorry creaked over every bump, every hole in the road. It gave the impression that it wasn't going to make it.

The noise of the rain was deafening, but so was Raul's snoring.

For a second she took her attention off the road and looked at him. He looked dirty, violent, brutal... His way of thinking suggested to Lucia that he had a genuinely criminal mentality, that he would rather do an illegal action than a legal one, all things being equal.

As soon as they arrived, she would collect Sara and leave immediately. She would not even stay the night.

The feeble light of the headlights hardly picked out the road in the pouring rain. She was feeling very jumpy and driving too fast.

Suddenly someone stumbled in front of the lorry.

Lucia braked too quickly and Raul lurched forwards, hitting his head on the glass.

"What the fuck's going on?" he growled.

"There's someone there,"

Lucia got out of the lorry. Someone was lying on the wet ground at the side of the road.

Raul recognised the clothes, but not the face. The clothes were the standard uniform of a worker on his plantation. The face was that of a beautiful woman.

What was all this about?

Intrigued, he got out of the lorry. Lucia turned the girl over. Her uniform was ripped and torn and she seemed to be in a bad way.

The girl looked up. Her voice was faint:

"Help me! I work for the government. Get me out of here, please."

Raul was in favour of leaving her by the side of the road. He smelt trouble.

Lucia insisted they help, and between the two of them they got her into the lorry.

Raul took the wheel.

"Hurry up, Raul. She said they were following her!"

Raul went as fast as he could.

"What was that about the government?" he asked.

"I'm not sure. I could hardly hear her in all that rain. I think she said she worked for the government."

Lucia took a towel out of her bag and started drying her, but it was difficult. She was covered in mud.

The girl looked about twenty-five years old. She didn't look Colombian.

She was a redhead, a gringuita, with green eyes.

When Lucia cleaned off some of the mud she saw strange, horrible marks all over her back.

When they came to a ford across a river, she asked Raul to stop. "I want to clean her up a bit."

"Come and help, Raul, get the clothes off her!"

Raul looked up, surprised.

Between the two of them they stripped her off.

Raul had never seen her before. He would have noticed that young, beautiful body. She must be new. It was all very strange. And she had been flogged on the back.

What the hell had been going on when he was away?

They dried her and put one of Lucia's dresses. The soles of her feet were so tender that they decided not to put any shoes on her.

The woman started to ramble, feverishly.

"No! ... No! ... Please! ... Don't! ... NOOOOOOO!"

"Calm down, it's all right! You're with friends," said Lucia.

"Who are you?" the woman asked, perhaps responding to a female voice.

"You can relax now," said Lucia. "You'll be all right with us." She put her arm round the woman. "How do you feel now?"

"Christ! I've been lost in the jungle ... two days." The woman rested her head on Lucia's shoulder.

"Tell us what happened. It'll do you good to talk about it. What's your name?"

"Laura Grant, narcotics. Government agent."

It all started to make more sense to Raul.

"One of them ... one of the men ... his name was "Dogface" ... Oh, God!"

"Calm down, calm down," whispered Lucia.

"He's a savage, a wild animal!"

"OK, it's all over now!"

"Have you seen my back? He whipped me!" Laura was shaking again.

Lucia could not believe her ears.

"Where did this happen?"

"On a plantation. They come and go. We find them, burn the stuff, they move on. My colleague and I got inside as plantation workers. They didn't suspect, I don't think. But that pig fancied me and..."

Lucia looked at Raul, terrified.

"You infiltrated a plantation? You work for the government?"

"We work for the FBI, and for your government. I have to get in touch with the police. Mark is in danger."

"There `s nothing round here," said Raul. "We'll radio when we get there, but it'll take some time yet, all night..."

"Where are we going?" Laura asked.

"Near the border. My wife and I have a small plantation. Bananas."

"Try to rest," Lucia said. "You'll be all right with us. Try and get some sleep. I'll wake you up when we get there."

Laura Grant smiled weakly. Gradually physical exhaustion took over and her eyes closed.

"Who could have done a thing like this to her?" Lucia asked.

"No idea. Anyone and everyone. Government agents are not too popular round here."

Lucia stroked Laura's hair.

Laura was having the same nightmare.

"NOOOO!!! ... PLEASE! ... NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!! ... DON'T!"

# Chapter Five

## The Agent

**A**gent Grant, Laura, had just woken up and felt a little better.

She ate some fruit and bread and then told them about her two days in the jungle. It had been terrible. She did not know where she was or which way to go. At times she heard the men following her with dogs.

She had thrown them off by going through water, especially a swamp full of mosquitoes and piranhas. She had seen alligators too but they had not attacked her.

She had come to a road, guided by the sound of occasional trucks. She stopped a lorry with three men in it. They raped her all night in the back of the truck and in the morning they threw her into a ditch at the side of the road.

In the morning she was woken up by the noise of dogs. She forced herself to her feet and set off along the same track. She hid every time she heard someone coming.

At night, the dogs had picked up her trail and were getting near. She was exhausted and could hardly walk.

It was then that she heard their lorry. She decided she had nothing to lose and she stopped it.

Laura sobbed again. It was all too much, too terrible. Two days of panic, pursued by men and savage dogs, with no food or drink. And

she had been raped all night...

"What did you do in the plantation?" asked Raul.

"We had been after a man we called "The Pig". We picked up his trail in Bogotá. Mark is Hispanic and we passed ourselves off as a pair of newly-weds looking for work. We signed on in one of his plantations for four years. It was a long time, but it was the minimum." Laura took a deep breath. It was all a painful memory.

"As soon as we arrived they separated us. The men slept in one hut and the women in another. At night we were chained to the bed by the ankle. We were slaves!

That same night two guards came and took me away. Me and a Venezuelan girl. They dragged us to a cabin. "Dogface" and "The Doctor" were sitting at a table. They made us serve at table. I was too frightened to refuse."

Laura fell silent.

"There, there," said Lucia, comforting her. "Then what happened?"

In fact, Lucia was not so sure she wanted to hear the rest of the story.

Laura sighed and carried on.

"They ate and drank like pigs. I knew Dogface from the police files. His real name is Oswaldo. He's considered extremely dangerous. Psychotic. The Doctor worked with the police interrogating suspects for some years until he decided to set up on his own. Him and The Pig are two of a kind."

Laura stopped. "They couldn't take their eyes off us. As women, I mean."

Laura knew what she meant. She was thinking of a dusty Mexican police station.

"The Doctor picked the girl up and took her away kicking and screaming. He was a giant of a man, there was nothing she could do.

She wiped the tears with the back of her hand.

"I was alone with Dogface. "Come over here, come on!" he said, pulling me by the wrist and sitting me on his lap.

"Now if you're a good little girl and treat me well, you'll live like a Princess here."

He was filthy, disgusting, I struggled but he held me in his arms and started groping me, kissing me. I managed to get an elbow into his face and run to the door, but it was locked. He was on me in seconds..."

Laura paused. She was breathing fast.

He tied me up. I was bending over the back of a chair. He still had a bottle in his hand. He slit my dress with a knife and raped me again and again until he fell to the floor, exhausted. And drunk."

"Good God!" said Lucia, "what on earth did you do? Did you report him to anybody? Did you complain about him?"

"Who to? To Oswaldo? He was too busy with the girl. And he runs the show. Except for The Pig himself, that is. Thee girls in the hut told me The Pig is the worst. It seems he's got his own slave, an American. I saw her in a cage, but I was a long way away. She looked very pretty. They had her chained up and The Doctor was torturing her with a hose..."

"And how did you manage to escape?" Lucia asked, horrified at the story.

"It was in the morning. They took us to work in the fields, to pick the coca leaves. Dogface came up to me on his horse. He said "Did you like that last night, you little bitch?" I didn't answer. "Have you decided to treat your Daddy a bit better?" I ignored him. He threw a lasso around my waist. I tried to pull it off but I couldn't. I had to follow him on the end of the rope, running behind his horse. He took me to a lonely place. He said "Nobody says no to Dogface, especially a big-titted slut like you!"

Laura paused again to recover her composure. It was all too recent...

"He got off the horse and tied me to a thick tree so that I was facing the tree. He pulled my dress down to my waist. My back was bare. He took a whip off the saddle. It was a huge ox-whip. He started whipping with it, again and again on my bare back.

I couldn't do anything to stop him. You can't imagine how much a whip hurts!" she said, her eyes fixed on the distant horizon. "You wish you'd never been born..."

When his arm got tired he tied my arms behind my back and raped me, three or four times. He was furious. He tried to hurt me as much as he could. In the end I passed out. When I came round I was alone. I managed to untie myself and escape."

Lucia stroked her hair again, trying to soothe her.

"I'll never forget it. I'll never forget that face!"

"It's all over now, you're with friends. And you'll be able to report it. You know where the plantation is."

"I'm not so sure. They took us to the plantation with blindfolds over our eyes. The only thing I managed to find out is the real name of The Pig. He's called Raul Martinez."

Lucia had no time to think about this extraordinary information. Raul gave her no time. He braked hard and the two women hit the windscreen.

Then he took out a pistol and pointed it at them.

"Get out! The two of you! Out! On your knees, quickly!!! Hands behind your back!"

Raul was shouting like a madman.

The two women knelt in the red mud in front of the headlights. It was still pouring down.

Raul came closer, still pointing his pistol at them. He put the barrel on the back of Lucia's neck. "Take these," he said, handing her some handcuffs, "and put them on her!"

Lucia turned her head, but heard the soft click of the trigger being cocked and obeyed immediately.

When she finished, he threw her another pair. "These are for you. Put them on your left wrist!"

Lucia put them on.

"Now cross your arms behind your back."

He cruelly put the cuffs on much tighter than necessary.

"You're hurting me, Raul!" Lucia protested.

"Shut up, you bitch!" he said, bringing the butt of his pistol down onto her ear.

Laura shouted out when she heard the name Raul. She looked at him, panic-stricken and made a long "NOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Raul stood in front of the two kneeling women.

"That's nice. That's what I like. Two good little girls! Now we're going to the plantation. You'll be looking forward to seeing your friend Dogface again, won't you?"

He lifted Agent Grant's chin with one finger. "Of course things may be different now. Before you were just a slut. Now you're a slut and a Yankee agent."

The girl's eyes were white. Just a moment ago she thought she was safe!

"And as for you, Lucia, we'll all have a nice little chat when we get there, you, me and your lovely little daughter!"

He put his gun away and pulled them both up by the hair.

Lucia was frightened too, but she was also very angry.

"Take your shoes off!" he ordered Lucia.

She obeyed, using her feet to take them off.

They were both barefoot now. He bent down and tied their ankles together.

"Get up!" he ordered, holding the door open and helping them up with a push on their buttocks.

They set off for the plantation. Laura was so horrified she seemed only half-conscious. Why had she spoken so much, she was thinking. Why had she taken these complete strangers into her confidence? What use had all her training been?

Raul glanced at Lucia. "Put yourself in my place, Lucia," he said grimly. "I can't let this police slut escape. It would be the end of me and the plantation."

"Take these handcuffs off, Raul," said Lucia. "They're digging into me."

"No way. You'd try to escape and you'd make things difficult for me too. First we have to have a little talk, come to an agreement. You've no idea what's going on here. The bastard government and Cali and Medellín have done a deal. I'm part of the deal. They all want me out."

"But your men are criminals. Look what they've done to this woman."

"Look what this woman would have done to me. This is war, make no mistake. Anyway, she's a pretty little gringuita. She'll just get what's coming to her. Nobody asked her to come to the plantation. She came of her own accord."

"Shut up, Raul!" Lucia shouted. "You've turned into a real big-time criminal now, not just a little drug pusher. You've changed. I don't recognise you."

Laura listened, mentally absent, indifferent...

Yes, it was her job. And if she had learnt one thing it was that it was useless to argue with people like this. An "illegal personality" they had called it at training school. Nothing you could do against it, except use its own weapon: violence. Words were never any use with people like this. Probably psychotic too, with no idea of the pain they caused, no way of seeing things from the victim's point of view. She feared the worst.

"Life is hard here, Lucia. Try to understand. There are no Indians left, men or women, and no whores ever come from the capital. A

man's not like a woman. A woman can live without fucking, but a man can't. He has to get his dick in sometimes and have a good pair of tits to get hold of."

He looked at her in amusement.

Lucia was furious. "You're a filthy sexist. You ... you think you have the right to kidnap women, to rape them..."

Raul was getting fed up with the conversation. He always did. Conversations did not always go his way. He preferred actions. He was better at them. He decided to keep quiet, to take things slowly, to wait... The actions would go his way and he was in no hurry. In fact, it was more fun to put them off, think about them a bit...

He glanced at his passengers. Their dresses had pulled themselves up and he saw the women's legs shining in the dim light of the cabin.

"Listen, woman," he said, "I said we'll talk about things and we will. We'll have plenty of time. Your daughter's not well enough to travel yet."

Lucia tried to control her rising panic. The warm contact with the agent's leg was a slight comfort to her, but the rest of the journey was a nightmare.

She did not like the look of things at all. She normally knew where she was with men, she knew how to handle them. But this man was not like any other man she had met. He was a wild beast, unpredictable and violent...

For a time no one spoke. The silence grew heavy in the cabin.

From time to time Laura groaned softly, her eyes closed or glazed by all she had been through, and all she was about to go through...

Raul was driving much faster now.

Lucia's hands were cuffed behind her and it was difficult to keep her balance on the ripped seat of the lorry. From time to time she was thrown against the lorry.

Her head was spinning too...

Did they treat Laura so badly just because she was a government agent?

What was all this about Raul having his own personal slave?

Did Sara know that all this was going on?

Lucia closed her eyes. It all looked bad. There was no way she could force herself to cheer up. Usually she knew when a problem seemed bigger than it really was. She knew that she was just tired and she put things out of her mind until she'd had a good night's sleep.

This time it was different. The jungle was so big, the road so long, the rain so torrential... It was all a different and madder world. A world which, objectively, included drug plantations with slaves working on them and government agents looking for them and, presumably, sexual slaves too.

She was sure about one thing.

She did not trust Raul.

# Chapter Six

## Sara gets dressed

**S**ara got dressed under the watchful, lustful eye of Oswaldo, "Dogface". She knew that he wanted to lay hands on her. She knew too that he was afraid of her uncle. He must be, or he would have raped her already.

It seemed incredible to her that these savages had no real norms, no codes of behaviour, even among themselves, unless you counted the law of the jungle. This part of the jungle belonged to Raul Martinez and so did everybody in it, including herself.

Following the foreman's instructions she put on a pair of old-fashioned, transparent stockings, with a seam running up the back. Her uncle's favourites...

She also put on some delicate lace garters, about halfway up her thigh. Her patent-leather high-heeled shoes, a little the worse for wear, were Raul's favourite colour, black. They had sharp white heels.

Next she put on some tiny knickers made of fine black leather. They clung to her like a second skin, going in a little where they pressed tight against her vagina, almost like cellophane.

Dogface licked his lips and could not take his eyes off the knickers.

Sara could see he longed to tear her pants off and see her uncovered vagina.

She wore nothing at all over her bottom, except a fine strap that came up in the crack between her cheeks and went up to her waist.

"Now the bra!" ordered Dogface.

She picked up a handful of bras, made of the same clinging material. They were very tight, which pushed her breasts up, and they had holes cut in them to let the nipples through, and most of the breast too. Dogface watched as she did them up, fastening them in front. They were the kind of bras used in sex-shows, or by prostitutes, two flimsy leather circles designed to show the important erotic features of the breasts, their fullness, their lift, their normally shy nipples...

When she was dressed, Dogface took her collar off and put a plaited leather belt round her neck, which he let hang between her lovely breasts.

"Very sexy," he said, slapping her on the buttocks. "D'you know what happens when The Pig gets tired of his sluts?"

Sara's head dropped. She said nothing.

"He passes them on to me. You and I are going to have a good time together."

Sara closed her eyes. It did not seem to be about her. It was as if he was talking about someone else. And what did it matter anyway? The only choice she had at the moment, it seemed, was between The Pig and Dogface. A choice between animal and animal.

Dogface interrupted her thoughts. He took out of his pocket a small bronze ring.

"No, please..." she stammered nervously.

It opened up like an earring. He passed it through one of the holes in her nipples. "Your uncle likes this sort of thing. He'll be pleased."

He put it in her nose. Her uncle had personally pierced her nose, her nipples and her clitoris with a red-hot nail.

Sara felt especially humiliated when she wore the rings.

But they were not the worst thing.

"On your knees at the foot of the bed. Careful with your stockings!"

She obeyed. Dogface handcuffed her behind her back. He tied her elbows together with a leather strap. Her young breasts reached forwards like living things, straining to break through the obscene bra that was torturing them. As Dogface stared at the breasts and their now erect nipples it seemed to him for a moment that they were about to explode and spray his face with milk...

Sara suspected, rightly, that there was more to come.

With a strange half-smile on his lips, Dogface took out the horrible piece of string with a noose on the end. He passed it through the ring on the swollen, wrinkled right nipple, then through the left nipple and finally through the nose ring. He pulled it taut. Sara's head went down, her breasts were pulled tight together and came up even higher...

"NOOO!! PPLEASE!!!"

Dogface pulled it even tighter, with a series of light tugs. Sara's head was down. She could not see his sadistic smile, but she could imagine it.

Finally her nipples were touching and her nose was touching her nipples. Tears came to her lovely green eyes and ran down her cheeks.

"Instructions from your uncle. He says you're too proud. You have to learn to lower your head in his presence and not look at him the way you do. He says it's the only way you'll learn."

"No, please ... don't leave me like this!" Sara begged, sobbing.

It was no use. Dogface left.

Her uncle could take hours to get there.

Sara knew that by the time he arrived, she would be pleased to see him, that his arrival would be the thing she most desired in the world...

# Chapter Seven

## General Ramirez questions a suspect

**G**eneral Ramirez studied the dossiers carefully.

He had three suspects in front of him.

Whitney, a black American girl arrested on board a yacht suspected of containing heroin. She looked at him, pleading with her eyes to be released.

She was on the "horse" – a simple trestle of the kind used to support tables. It was unusual in two ways: it was very low, just over a foot high, and it had a huge wooden phallus on the top of it.

The girl's knees were on the ground, but her ankles were crossed and tied back to her wrists.

This forced her to hold her shoulders back and push her breasts up, towards the General.

The phallus went deep inside her vagina.

He had also tied her elbows together behind her back. This helped her, as he explained, to present her breasts to him...

He had also gagged her with his own used underpants.

He brought them every day, a little present for his favourite prisoner...

He really liked the girl. He was enthusiastic about every detail of her splendid feminine body.

Every morning he made her rub oil over herself. He checked that she did not miss a single square inch. The result delighted him. The black skin shone like polished ebony. The girl looked like a statue, a suffering, responsive statue...

Ramirez was reading his report to her.

"The old woman, Brenda by name, declares that she has come to visit her late husband's brother, that her husband's name was Ruben Mezquita. She alleges that her two travelling companions are friends of her step-daughter, whose name is Sara, and who is on a holiday, staying with the brother of the late Ruben Mezquita."

"Interesting," he said, blowing out cigarette smoke.

The girl watched his cigarette. It was getting down to the filter. "Everybody is looking for this brother. His name, I can tell you this, is Raul Mezquita. Nobody knows where he is. What do you think about it?" he asked, looking up at the young American girl.

Witney did not answer. It was a rhetorical question.

"And this boy, someone's boyfriend, what's he doing here? And the girl? Do you know what's going on here? What does this mean, 'travelling companions'? Are they really here on holiday too, or is it a little business trip into the middle of the coca plantations? It's not clear."

He looked at her again. "Did you have a boyfriend before you were arrested?"

The girl nodded. The General stared hard at her. "You did, eh? He wouldn't be one of those delinquents we found on the boat? The ones we put down with machine-gun bullets?"

Tears came to Witney's eyes.

"What did you use to do with him?

Did you use to suck him off? Give him a blowjob I think you American girls say. Did you let him fuck you from the back like a real bitch?"

Witney closed her eyes.

The General returned to his reports.

"It says here the boy came to see his girlfriend. She was staying with an uncle, one Raul Mezquita. He was travelling with a friend, a girl called Raquel. They're just friends, he says, friends of the niece. Her name is Sara, they say. She's ill, they say. They've come over with the stepmother, just for the ride, to keep her company, they say. Now all of this could be true, or all of this could be false. What do you think?" the General asked. He took a last drag on his cigarette and put it out on her left thigh, leaving a smoking burn-mark.

"AAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

The General was a heavy smoker.

The girl's legs were covered in similar marks.

"Now the girl's statement is the most interesting. Raquel. She says she came because she was worried about her friend, this Sara. But she doesn't say why she was worried, exactly."

The General sat back in his chair and lit another cigarette. The girl watched in dread.

"She's eighteen. Look at the photo."

Witney saw the face of a blonde girl, with blue eyes. She was wearing prison uniform. She had an identification number round her neck. You could see from that photo that she was an energetic, attractive young woman, despite the sad, tired eyes...

"Not bad at all, eh? The problem is, her statement is incomplete. What would you do if you were in my position?" he asked, sitting up and looking her in the eyes.

Witney knew what she wanted to say, but could not think how to say it.

"Answer when I ask you a question!" he said, slapping her and knocking her off balance.

She pressed her knees together and with the help of the wooden phallus managed to stay on top of the trestle.

"All right. I'll tell you. I'll bring her here and question her. She may know nothing at all about our friend Raul Mezquita, or she may know something. It's my job to find out. So I'll ask her a few questions. What do you think of that?"

This time she answered with a nod of the head.

The General stood up and unbuttoned his trousers...

"I hope you're not going to be jealous, black tits," he said, taking her gag off...

Whitney opened her mouth obediently and closed it gently around the tip of the General's member. All she wanted was to get off the trestle...

# Chapter Eight

## Raul works on his niece

The old lorry pulled in and Raul jumped out. He told the guards to shut the women in a cage and he went straight to his cabin.

Sara was in agony.

She heard footsteps coming. A shudder ran through her body. She was trembling too. Anyone who came near her was a threat. When she was free, before she came here, she had always wanted people around her. Now she just wanted to be left alone.

The door was thrown open.

The cord that joined Sara's nipples to her nose made it impossible for her to lift her head. She did not need to lift it to identify the person. There was a sharp smell of unwashed man. It was unmistakable. It could only be her Uncle Raul.

"Hi there, niece! How are you doing?"

Sara could not speak. Two drops of blood ran down the horrendous cord.

The tension in her nose made her eyes run. Her face and her breasts were splattered with blood too...

"Have you missed me?" he asked, taking his trousers off.

Silence.

"Yes ... I suppose you have," he said, answering his own question, "a slut with big tits like you can't be too long without fucking."

Sara felt a surge of hatred. She tried to calm down. She knew it was dangerous to let him see her hatred.

Horrified, she saw the blade of a machete held near the string.

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!" she screamed.

Raul began to cut, very slowly. It was a blunt blade and he went slowly.

When the cord gave way, Sara's head shot back as if pushed by a spring. Raul gazed at the face that disturbed him so.

It was a face that suffered...

Her emerald green eyes were filled with tears...

It all excited him. Having her so totally in his power excited him.

He took the nose ring out, caught hold of her hair and pushed his erect penis into her mouth, right down until his testicles were pressed against her trembling chin.

He liked raping her like this, in her mouth.

He was crazy about his niece. He liked her legs, her breasts, the cheeks of her bottom, he liked everything about her. He liked the roundness and the swell of her vagina. But what he liked most was her face and its different expressions of suffering.

He was a sadist, pure and simple. It was his victim's sufferings that turned him on, more than the sexual acts to which he made them submit.

Sara had learnt to control her breathing while she had his huge penis down her throat, but on this occasion he had given her no time to take in air and she was choking.

Raul realised this, and pressed harder. She would soon go into the spasms that he enjoyed, the spasms of a beautiful girl choking on his member, the automatic bites on the base of it, the shuddering of a fantastically beautiful body...

Raul's member was so big that he nearly dislocated her jaw every time he thrust into her, making her teeth useless as weapons...

When he saw that she was near to fainting, he withdrew an inch so she could breathe.

He looked down happily at the base of his penis, shining with his slave's saliva, just the way it should be.

Sara breathed in as deeply as she could, knowing she had only a few seconds. The cold air excited Raul even more and he opened her throat again, clenching his fists on her hair...

Finally he felt the orgasm coming on. He was not sure whether to shoot sperm all over her face, which he knew she found repugnant, or to make her swallow it all.

He decided to make her swallow it. He had not finished with her yet and he did not like finding his own spunk on a woman's skin when he was still working on her.

Sara felt the throbbing and the spasms of the member that was choking her and the movement in the testicles that were pressed against her cheek. She felt the hot, viscous liquid hit her throat. She closed her eyes...

She felt the man withdraw, just a little, a quick jerk that sent most of his semen onto the back of her throat.

He never let her spill a drop. If she did, it was an excuse to punish her.

She sucked and sucked to get it all down...

His head dropped as he shot the last bursts. He was silent for a short time and then said "You were thirsty, eh? You enjoyed that sucking, eh? You titty girls, you like a good suck!"

Sara said nothing. She had learnt that anything she said was wrong and likely to be used as an excuse to punish her. The whole point of his conversation seemed to be to provoke her or to make himself randy.

"Get up!" he ordered, pulling her by the hair. "Let you Uncle have a good look at you!"

Sara stood up.

"Turn round."

Staggering, nauseous, Sara put her hands together behind her head and slowly started to turn round...

Raul eyed the black patent leather shoes, the stockings with their perfectly straight seam (he hated it when the seam was twisted), the garters, the leather tanga, the suspenders and the leather bra with its two holes.

"Are you pleased with the clothes your Uncle bought for you?"

"Y ... yes, Master," she said in her dark, sensual voice, the voice that haunted her kidnapper.

"And how are you going to thank me for all that generosity?"

Sara sighed. Why didn't he just do whatever he wanted to do?

Why did he always have to play around, like a cat playing with a half-dead mouse or bird? What was it that turned him on in this stupid game?

"Whatever my Master wants," she replied, lowering her head.

SLAAAAAAAAAP!

SLAAAAAAAAAP!

"AGH! ... AAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Two tremendous slaps on her breasts, one with the palm of his hand and the other with the back of the hand, made her cry out. She looked down and saw his finger-marks imprinted on her breasts.

"You know you have to look me in the eyes when I speak to you!" Raul shouted.

She lifted her head quickly. "Yes, yes Master."

She hated all this almost as much as she hated the punishments.

Sometimes he punished her for looking insolently at him ("haughty" was his word) and other times for not looking at him at all.

"Put your arms round me."

Sara went up to her uncle and put her breasts against him. It was the best she could do with her arms cuffed behind her back. Her breasts pressed against the hairy naked chest that she loathed.

She closed her eyes and put her head to one side, against his ear.

He lifted her head, pulling on the hair as usual with one hand while the other hand went down to her buttocks, rubbing them, feeling them, taking handfuls of flesh and squeezing it like dough...

He had an erection again. Sara felt it pressing threateningly against her.

The most repulsive man in the world, in her world anyway, pressed his penis, his great horse's penis, against her. She ought to be used to it all, she thought, she had had that penis in her so often, but she was not. It made her shudder.

She remembered the slaps on her breast. She opened her eyes. Her uncle was looking at her in that fixed, glazed way of his.

She shuddered again at the first contact with his tongue, a broad, firm lick all the way up her cheeks.

Then the tongue came straight into her mouth, like an eel wriggling around exploring her teeth, her gums, her tongue.

She loathed his thick slimy tongue and his evil-smelling breath. His saliva seemed thick too. She imagined it as yellow.

His lips were repugnant, covered in little spots, big fleshy lips that were so insensitive...

He went back to licking her cheeks, her chin, her nose... Sara could do nothing to stop him. He was pulling her hair.

He tried to get the tip of his tongue into her nose. He bit her nose, holding on with his teeth until tears came to her eyes.

"I like biting your nose 'cos I like seeing you cry. I like the way you get that look, you look like a dog, a bitch, that's been beaten."

His hands went down to her buttocks. Sara did not dare to look down. Her uncle kissed her on the lips, forcing his tongue in between her teeth.

She tried to respond, moving her tongue tentatively. She was afraid he would accuse her of being a "hooker not doing her job properly!"

She tried to caress her kidnapper's tongue with her own, to press her lips against his... She couldn't. She was overcome by repugnance.

He did not seem to notice. He was kissing her furiously, angrily, as if he had not had an orgasm for weeks...

A hand slid in between her buttocks. Sara went tense, but remembered not to pull her face away. She knew what was coming. A cracked nail was pressed against her anus...

Sara instinctively pressed herself against her uncle, against his erection.

"That's a good little slut!" he said.

It was a cruel game. With his finger he made her press her whole body against his. He made her rub herself against him, excite him...

Sara knew that the nail was not just a threat. When he tired of that part of the game he would sink it into her anus.

"That's good. Your uncle's having a good time here. Now it's your turn..."



# Chapter Nine

## Prison inspection

**T**he General strutted into the prison courtyard accompanied by the Prison Governor.

He was wearing full dress uniform, medals all over his breast, tall boots with spurs and instead of a sable he wore a wooden riding crop stuck in his sash.

He wore a cap and dark glasses...

The prisoners had been waiting for two hours in the implacable sun.

There were twenty of them, standing in three lines about two yards apart.

They all wore the prison uniform, a kind of coat without sleeves. It was very short and had a zip all the way up the front. They were all barefoot.

The General identified Raquel immediately. She was the only blonde and she was also one of the tallest women.

"Where do you want to start, General?" the governor asked.

The general walked along the lines inspecting each prisoner carefully, making no attempt to conceal his interest in their bodies.

At the end of the second line he stopped next to a beautiful brunette.

"Name?" he asked.

"Teresa, Sir."

"Age?"

"Twenty-two, Sir."

"Teresa is here for stealing from her bosses. She was a servant in the Juarez's place and she took jewels and money," said the Governor.

The General looked the girl in the eye and asked "Anything to say?"

Teresa bit her lips.

"Answer!"

"It's not ... not true, Sir," Teresa stammered.

"What is the truth then?" he asked, taking her chin in his hand and turning her face to his.

"Sr Juarez raped me. His wife saw it."

"Silence!" shouted the Governor. "How dare you...?"

The General silenced him with a quick gesture of the hand.

Raquel stood in the next line watching, horrified, trembling...

"So what you are saying is that a Judge sentenced you unfairly?"

Teresa lowered her eyes.

"Yes, Sir."

The General walked round her a couple of times, slowly, looking her up and down.

With the tip of his riding crop he lifted the prisoner's short uniform. The girl's full, rounded thighs and buttocks came into sight. The prison uniform was just a kind of coat with no arms. It did not include underwear of any kind.

"I'm not surprised Sr Juarez took a personal interest in you. What's your opinion, Governor?"

The Governor seemed embarrassed. "Yes," he said. "No. Not at all surprised." He knew those thighs and buttocks well. He himself took an active interest in the prisoner every day at siesta time.

"Take note of this, Governor. This prisoner has insulted our judges. She has said publicly that she was sent to prison unfairly by one of our courts. That is a serious statement, a grave infringement of prison discipline and regulations. She will be shut up in the hole for a week with no food. She will be flogged in public every night. Twelve lashes..."

Teresa turned to him, dropping to her knees. "Please, no! NOOOOOO!!!"

The General kicked her in the stomach.

"If she gets over that kick, send her to me, Governor. I'll question her personally."

Raquel watched, shaking with fright...

The General and the Governor continued their inspection.

The General tapped his riding crop against his right boot...

They stopped in front of Raquel. She looked fixedly in front, but she was shaking and her eyes were tearful.

"And this one? She looks like a foreign whore," the General said, his face close to Raquel's.

"She came into the country to look for Raul Mezquita, the drug dealer. She actually asked about him in the police station at the airport! She was arrested."

"Mmmmm..." the General murmured softly, stroking the girl's soft cheek with the tip of his crop. "Our man has good taste I see. Do you know the penalty for prostitution in this country? I'll tell you. Ten years."

Raquel could not speak.

"She also confessed she's a friend of Mezquita's niece, Sara."

"What have we got here then," said the General. "A pretty picture! Prostitution, narcotics, terrorism. How old are you?" he asked, running the tip of his riding crop around her nipples.

The girl looked him in the eye. "I am an American citizen and I want to see my Ambassador."

She swallowed nervously and looked straight ahead once more.

"Really?" he said with a smile. "This is something new. A delinquent with rights! Shall I explain to you what we do to foreigners who abuse our hospitality by committing crimes in our country? Shall I?" He turned her head with his crop.

Raquel said nothing. It was all humiliating. Two hours in the sun waiting for a general in a banana republic.

Dressed in this embarrassing uniform, with no underwear, barefoot, standing to attention, watching the humiliations suffered by the other girl. God, it was all too much!

"We hang them," said the General. "Although in your case, given your age and special circumstances, we might make an exception."

Her special circumstances, Raquel felt, seemed to include her thighs and breasts and perhaps her buttocks.

She snorted. She was not going to be browbeaten by this stupid, corrupt general. She looked at him with a look that transmitted all her contempt. She turned her blue eyes on him and let them say it all.

The General walked round her admiringly. He stopped behind her.

She was tall, about 1 metre seventy-five. Her shoulders were straight, almost military, he thought approvingly, and her legs were lovely, white, shining... He imagined her covered in oil like the black girl. He pictured her delicious gringuita cunt, bottom, legs, breasts, all covered in oil, all waiting for him.

He looked at her high, firm breasts, shaking and lifting in her panic. He looked at the small of her back, the lovely curve it made as it led the eye down to the round, full, bottom, so feminine, so prominent, so provocative...

His gaze went down her thighs past her calves. What he could see of her feet seemed satisfactory. They were muddy of course. Nothing wrong with that! He sometimes rubbed mud over prisoners' breasts, or made them do it themselves, or to each other!

The General paused thoughtfully. He had never seen a black girl rubbing oil or mud onto a gringa's breasts. He had never seen a naked gringa with big tits rubbing oil or mud onto black breasts

either. There were a lot of things he'd never seen and would like to see.

Yes, it was decided. He would take her and question her. He would question her together with his black girl. Their tits would look lovely together. Or maybe... He would have to talk to his daughter about it.

"I'll take her," he said. "It's an important case. There are ramifications. I want to question her personally."

Two guards took the girl and led her to the General's bulletproof car. They handcuffed her with her hands behind her back.

They put her in the back.

Five minutes later, the General arrived, now wearing combat uniform.

"Put handcuffs on her ankles. I don't want to take any chances with terrorists."

He lit up a cigarette and got in the back with Teresa. "Headquarters," he said, "but there's no hurry. We'll go for a drive first."

He closed the window that separated the front and the back of the vehicle.

# Chapter Ten

## Raul, Sara and Lover

**R**aul had been lying on his slave for a whole hour now. A whole hour kissing her on the mouth. Intimate kisses, wet, suffocating...

He enjoyed kissing his niece because she was beautiful but also because he could see how much she hated it. He could see she found it repugnant.

He kissed her with his tongue, sticking it in deep, slowly, and he ran it over her palate, gums, the inside of her cheeks, sucking in her lips, biting them...

He pressed her tongue with his own.

From time to time he stopped and observed her. She opened her eyes immediately. He saw it all: desperation, resignation...

He had her on the bed, her wrists tied to the foot of the bed and her ankles were suspended from the ceiling. Her legs were straight, pointing straight up to the ceiling, and they were wide apart. Her vagina and even her anus were high. The lips of her vagina were wide open. Raul had opened them. He wanted everything properly presented.

He wanted Sara to show him all the things she had never shown anybody, ever, at least not so clearly.

He was raping her, delicately, slowly...

He stood up. Sara breathed a sigh of relief, glad to be free of her uncle's tremendous weight. She was covered in his rancid sweat.

Outside, the rain was starting again...

He left the room and came back with "Lover", a present he had bought for her in Los Angeles.

Lover was a pink phallus, a vibrator, bigger than his own penis even. It was operated by batteries. On the tip there were small but hard bristles made of nylon.

Sara was afraid of it. She could not stand it. It was very painful at first, but in the end it had its way with her. However much she tried to fight it, she ended up going into an unwanted orgasm, sometimes more than one...

Raul knelt between her open legs, opened a small bottle and poured its contents into her vagina.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Her shout rang round the room. It stung painfully.

He had poured an irritating liquid into her. It smelt of perfume and had the effect of stimulating her most intimate woman's liquids, making them flow more abundantly.

He waited for it to take effect, watching how Sara writhed and twisted around. It made him even more excited to see how, without meaning to, she threw her big breasts first one way, then the other...

Raul liked the movement of breasts more than anything else, the way they responded when he punished them, the way they wobbled when a girl was in pain or getting excited...

He ran two fingers between the lips of her swollen vagina, wetting them with the secretion he found inside.

He put his nose near them and sniffed deeply. The perfume of the liquid was giving way to even more stimulating, dizzying, headier natural perfumes...

He kissed her on the mouth again, slowly, taking his time, passionately, deeply. He liked his slave's taste...

Sara closed her eyes. She could not stand the sight of that huge ugly head, half bald, with its dirty skin and pussy spots. She did not want that filthy head between her legs. It was disgusting, nauseating. She tried not to be sick.

The torture was beginning, slowly, subtly. The pain was giving way to a different state, of extreme sensitivity... Her vagina was excited. She could feel her lips swelling. She wanted to satisfy it, to rub herself against something or someone. It was urgent.

She hated all this kissing, but each lick of his slimy tongue produced a response. It was too strong to be ignored. Her vagina seemed to be burning, to be asking for physical contact...

Raul knew this and he took it slowly, so slowly that Sara herself began to push her vagina forward in a series of small, involuntary jerks...

Every now and again Raul stood up, put the tip of her penis in the opening of her vagina and rubbed it around a bit, over her clitoris too, and then he took it out and went back to kissing her face...

"Ask your uncle for it," he whispered in her ear.

Sara was not sure what he meant. He nodded at the bedside table. She understood.

"Please ... please ... give me Lover."

"Do you want Lover right up inside your big wet pussy?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, humiliated by her own response.

"Don't worry, your uncle will give you what you want," he said, switching on the huge vibrator and holding it up for her to see.

Sara burst into tears. She sobbed, hopelessly...

She looked at the vibrator. She listened. She could hear the high-pitched tone of a fast vibrating movement, but there was a deeper buzz too, from the slow backward and forward movement of the hard bristles on the tip.

"Don't cry, your uncle won't make you wait any more."

Without taking his eyes off her face, staring into her green eyes, Raul slowly slipped the rubber phallus into her wide-open vagina.

The enormous length of the rubber replica went in, inch by inch, provoking a whole series of different gasps from the girl. Raul loved each and every gasp, each sudden, confused opening of the girl's lovely green eyes, each sudden jerk her head...

The bristles were doing their job, exploring and stimulating...

There was nothing Sara could do. Her uncle had discovered it in the first few days. She was unusually sensitive in that area even when he raped her.

She always tried to resist. She deliberately looked at the pig they called The Pig, hoping that the disgusting sight would counterbalance the thumping of the vibrator deep inside her. It sometimes worked for a



**Do you want Lover right up inside your big wet pussy? few minutes, but not more. In the end she realised that she was just prolonging her**

own torture.

The batteries would last hours and her uncle was enjoying it...

As if he was reading her mind, Raul left the vibrator deep in her vagina and climbed on top of her again...

He started kissing her and licking her again, as if he hoped the show would never end.

Gradually the mechanical phallus took over, and Sara began to gasp and to jerk, her eyes unfocused and rolling with unasked for pleasure.

Raul loved every moment of it. He loved watching those green eyes shining as the orgasm hit Sara...

Her mouth had a different flavour at moments like that....

He loved watching the way her superb, generous breasts bounced up and down in response to the pelvic thrusts, which were getting faster and faster all the time.

He could not take his eyes off her nipples, now sticking out like two tubes.

He lowered his head, opened his mouth wide and sucked in her right nipple.

Then he began to bite on it, hard...

It was one of Sara's worst afternoons.

When Raul finally left after six hours, she was exhausted, half-dead...

"Lover", the huge, hideous mechanical phallus, had thumped away deep inside her all that time. Ruthlessly, pitilessly, like her uncle himself, the vibrator had forced her to have orgasm after orgasm, six in all. Most of them had been multiple, body-shaking, mind-blowing orgasms that were so close together Sara did not know if one had finished or another was beginning...

Raul wanted to go inside her himself. He took the vibrator out of her vagina and pushed it up her small, tight, wrinkled anus.

Then he raped her, forcing her to have four more orgasms. He said he could feel Lover. He said the vibrations turned him on too...

When he finished, she was covered in bruises.

Her wrists and ankles hurt from the straps that held them.

Her hair was wet with her own sweat, with her uncle's sweat, with his foul saliva...

Her vagina was dripping with her own female secretion and his semen...

She was not crying. She did not even feel the weaker vibrations of the dying "Lover". She was mentally absent, in a kind of exhausted coma.

Raul did not find her very interesting when she was like that.

"I'll get The Doctor to look by and tidy you up a bit. You've got a visitor."

# Chapter Eleven

## **In the back of a limousine.**

**R**aquel sat in the back of the limousine feeling General Ramirez's eyes burning into her thighs.

She still had her hands cuffed behind her back.

The uniform had slipped off her right shoulder.

He was smoking a foul-smelling cigar. The windows, made of dark glass, were closed. The air was unbreathable. The atmosphere was oppressive...

The limo was now speeding through one of the more dangerous slum districts. Its siren rang out from time to time, clearing the road...

They reached a made-up road and the chauffeur slowed down. The General relaxed and helped himself to a whisky on the rocks.

Raquel was staring out of the window. The cuffs forced her to lean forward and she was very uncomfortable.

Something cold touched her left thigh. She turned her head.

Ramirez, smiling lustfully, had stroked her with the cold bottom of the whisky bottle.

"Lean back, make yourself at home, just relax!"

The girl leaned forwards. If she leaned back onto the seat, she would be showing the pig more than she wanted to show him. She was already. She knew he could see the curve of at least one breast, most of the breast probably, almost down to the nipple.

The General knelt on the floor in front of her. Carefully, almost delicately, he took her left foot by the heel and pressed the metal cuff into her ankle. Then he did the same with the other foot.

"You're a sexy little gringa all right," he said, more to himself than to her.

He stroked her calf with the tips of his fingers.

The girl sat up straight. She had to hold her feet on tiptoe or the pain in her heels was terrible.

"You didn't know this little trick with the cuffs? I learnt it in your country, in a military academy. A prisoner with her ankles cuffed can't walk, can't even stand up..."

She looked at him horrified. None of this was necessary, not even the handcuffs.

"It's very practical. You Anglo-Saxons are very practical people, I like that. With just two little rings, one on each ankle, you can have a guerrilla fighter, let us say a beautiful young woman like yourself, in your bed without worrying about whether she'll escape or not. And her legs will be free!"

Raquel closed her eyes. The General's hands were still resting on her calves.

He stood up and sat down next to her.

Almost shyly, he put his arm round her and pulled her towards him

"Your situation is a little complicated. Desperate, I would say. There are only two possibilities: hanging or life imprisonment. And the prison will be far worse than the one you have been in."

Raquel sobbed.

"There, there, don't cry!" he said, bringing her head down onto his shoulder. "I have an idea that may save you from hanging or prison..." His hand rested on Raquel's naked thigh.

He took her tattered prison uniform and tore it horizontally, just above her waist. The material was old and thin. It separated easily, making a kind of bikini. His right hand ran up the outside of her thigh, lifting the bottom of the uniform.

"I needed a servant. A special servant," he said, slipping his hand between her thighs. "I have servants for routine things, but I need one for my more personal needs..."

Raquel lifted her head. She was terrified. It was more or less what she had been expecting, but she was still terrified...

"There is a vacancy at the moment for a girl like you."

She shook her head and pulled away from him, but he caught her by the hair and pulled her back.

"It'll be a comfortable life, I can tell you, compared with prison." He spoke in a half-whisper, insidiously, persuasively, sometimes kissing her ear.

"You'll have a bed, clothes, everything a girl your age could want. Even sex."

He was kissing her more often now, on the cheek, on the ear, more aggressively...

This young gringa was getting through to him. He liked her blue eyes.

"I'll teach you all you need to know, don't worry. And at the end of it all you'll have learnt a trade..."

Raquel looked at him. No, he was not joking. He looked like a man who would kill you, but not joke, unless it was about women.

She closed her eyes and tried to shut it all out. It was unbelievable.

"Your job will be to serve my daughter, Estrella. She's about your age. And Max, and me. You'll like Max. He's like a son to me. He'll take to you too..."

My daughter's looking for a male servant too. Maybe the American boy who came with you would be interested? The poor girl is having a bad time. She fell in love with a married man. Bad move. A Yankee she met when she was studying in Boston. I'm sure your friend will help her to forget him..."

Raquel had not been able to stop thinking about Gary. She was in love with him. Where was he? First things first though. And she was the first for the moment. She had to concentrate.

"It's time to have a good look at your credentials..."

He pulled her by the hair, off the seat and down in front of him, facing him, on her knees.

He liked the feel of her fine blonde hair, he liked her almost childish features, her magnificent blue eyes, her generous, uplifted breasts...

He dropped his gaze. The prison uniforms were nicely calculated.

He looked her in the eye. He reached out, his hand shaking a little, and pulled the top of the uniform down a little over her right breast. He pulled it, very slowly... Raquel's head dropped.

"No, no, lift your chin," he said, putting his finger under it. "Don't go all shy on me! Consider this an exam, a medical exam, the most important exam of your life. It's in your own interests to put some effort into it. Smile and stick your tits out!"

Raquel opened her eyes but could not smile. She had never seen an expression like his before – it was wild, savage, full of lust...

He pulled again, this time pulling the uniform down until it was just suspended over her right nipple.

He looked at her breast for a moment, and licked his lips in anticipation...

Then he pulled the uniform down off both shoulders. It stayed up on her breasts, but was about to fall off

He stroked her shoulders. They were strong but strongly feminine too. She was a big healthy girl, he thought, a big, strong, healthy, titty, sun-tanned gringuita.

He took his left arm from around her and used both hands to pull the top down to her waist. As he pulled it down, he held it tight against her breasts.

Raquel's breasts, held down and suddenly released, sprang up, as the General knew they would. He watched, fascinated, as they wobbled against each other and settled into place. It gave him an aching, throbbing erection.

Yes, her breasts were all the General had imagined, and more...

They filled his mind and clouded his sight. They were perfect.

He glanced down and saw her nipples standing out provocatively, stimulated against the girl's will by the brushing of the prison uniform...

Raquel felt defenceless as never before. A tear ran down her cheek...

She also felt as if her body was not her own. It was not even a whole body. Depending on the moment, it was thighs or breasts.

She felt something she had never felt before, that her breasts were exposed and defenceless.

A small drop of saliva appeared at the corner of the General's lips.



**He tugged again, this time pulling the uniform down until**

**it was just suspended over her right nipple.**

A few minutes later, the tattered prison uniform lay crumpled on the floor and the young American girl lay on the floor of the limousine completely naked. The General was holding her down with a boot. The boot had no string. He had taken it off and tied her elbows together behind her back. It pulled her shoulders back and pushed her now naked breasts forwards...

He pulled her hair again to sit her up next to him.

The General looked as if he wanted to eat her alive...

A young, blonde, blue eyed, white skinned Yankee, all for himself, stark naked! Yes, she was perfect.

And perfectly terrified. Shoulders back, breasts out and nipples pointing up. And she was showing her blonde triangle of pubic hair, a swell of soft flesh on her mons veneris. Her magnificent thighs were held tight together, shaking in terror, her calves were tensed, her feet on tiptoe...

It was all too much for him. He took two generous handfuls of her breasts.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he said, stroking her left nipple with the tips of his fingers. "We'll let my daughter and Max decide. Personally I'm inclined to give you a chance. A couple of years' trial period should be enough..."

# Chapter Twelve

## Lucia on the plantation: Day One

**W**hen Raul went to visit Lucia in her prison cage, the young Italian woman had just got off to sleep. She was lying on the floor. From time to time she cried out in her sleep...

Raul stopped outside the cage to look at her. Her posture emphasised the sweep of her hips and let him see most of her thighs.

He could hardly believe his luck. It was Lucia, his Lucia, the girl who had preferred to be with his brother, the girl who filled his fantasies night after night, day after day in his twenty years in prison.

It had taken him a long time. She was now a mature, beautiful woman. All the better...

He had her where he wanted her. It was her turn now to be the prisoner in his own unofficial prison, in his cage...

He thought about the future, the next step. He was in no hurry. He had mother and daughter now. He was holding all the cards.

Revenge would be sweet with such beautiful women...

"Mujer!" he shouted. "Woman!"

"WOMAN!" he shouted again, to no avail. Lucia was exhausted and in a deep sleep.

He opened the door of the cage and prodded her with his foot.

She stirred, hardly awake. Her breasts were tight against her thin dress. Raul put his hand on his member.

"Get up, Lucia."

She tried to remember where she was. It took her a few seconds to remember the nightmare she was living...

As soon as they got to the plantation, the guards separated her from the agent Laura and put her in the first cage. Laura went into another cage. The other FBI agent, the man posing as Laura's husband, was put in a cage next to Laura.

For hours, Lucia and the other agent had to watch as "Dogface" raped Laura.

The worst thing came at the end. They castrated the man in front of the terrified girl. It was horrendous. He bled to death, shouting and screaming. Laura was forced to take his genitals into her mouth. Then they took her away and Lucia never saw her again.

"Come on, get up," said Raul, taking her by the arm.

Lucia managed to stand up. She felt sick and depressed. She had never imagined that people - people she knew - could be so cruel.

Her head was spinning...

They went out into the street. Around the "Fortaleza", the fortress, workers' huts had sprung up. There was no drainage and after the rain the smell was foul.

"You must be hungry," Raul said.

Lucia shook her head. "No, I don't feel well."

"It doesn't matter. We'll go to the canteen. It'll cheer you up." His hand was on her arm.

Lucia, still barefoot, followed him through the mud to a shelter, with a roof made of galvanized iron. There were walls, except on one side where a fence made of planks and barbed wire protected the drinks served in the bar.

They sat at a table in the middle. A group of guards who had the day off were playing cards.

Lucia saw how they all turned and looked at her with undisguised interest. She saw them muttering together and joking about her.

Raul seemed proud of her.

"The new whore!" he said.

Lucia could not believe it. She supposed he had made a heavy joke of some kind.

"Nice pair of bedwarmers you've got yourself there, Raul!"

"Plenty of work for you there, Raul! Call me if you need a hand."

"It's mature, ripe melons this time, is it?"

"Melons and figs. I reckon she's got a nice juicy little fig down there, all pink and rosy inside!"

"Prime-cut quality cunt!"

"Experienced cunt, too. This one knows how to use it. She's taken a few bashes in her time, this one, I reckon!"

"Yeah. The other one's a bit too young, Raul. You can pass her on to us. You don't need two!"

"Let me know when's it my turn for a tit-fuck, Raul. Ooooh, I can just feel her pressing them each side of me, and heaving them up and down..."

The men laughed and groaned and imitated orgasms.

"OOOOOHH!!!" ... "UGH!" ... "AAAAAAAAAAGHHHHH!!!"

Raul laughed. It appeared that what the men were saying was funny.

He ordered a pair of fried eggs and coffee for Lucia ("un buen par de huevos," he said, a good pair of balls) and a sausage and beer for himself.

"The sausage is for the lady?" the barman asked.

They all laughed again.

"How're you doing?" he asked, dipping his sausage into mustard. He ate with his fingers.

"A bit better thank you," she said, trying to ignore the way he was eating.

"I'll show you round the plantation this morning. It'll do you good."

He spoke with his mouth full, sucking his fingers and burping whenever he felt like it. It irritated Lucia. She felt it was just a silly macho style.

"We can eat out somewhere and you can see your daughter."

Eat out? Eat out where? she asked herself. Under a banana tree?  
In a coca bush?

"Can't I see her now?"

"Not possible, woman," he said, chewing on a piece of sausage.  
"She's seeing the Doctor this morning. He had to do a very detailed  
exploration. She had a bad night and she's worn out. I don't want  
you to see her looking bad."

Lucia caught his hand. "Please."

Raul held her hand. "You really want to see her, don't you?"

"Of course I do. She's my daughter."

"Well let's see now. What would you give to see your daughter?"

She looked confused.

"What would you give me, I mean?"

His eyes were shining and his voice was hoarse with lust. He  
squeezed her hand. It hurt.

"Raul, let me go, please...!"

The other men were watching the scene expectantly. They knew  
Raul. On more than one occasion he had ripped a woman's clothes  
off and tied her to the table on her back for them to finish their meal  
on.

"I've got a dollar that says we get a new salt cellar," one of the  
guards said. No one took him up. They had used a girl's vagina on  
more than one occasion to hold their salt.

They had also used it to hold their bananas and cucumbers.

"Sure as hell is a good way to squeeze your oranges!" said one of the guards.

They all laughed again. A few months earlier one of the female workers had tried to escape. When they brought her back they tied her to the table all day, and had all their meals on top of her. One of them cut oranges in half and squeezed them on the woman's breasts. The others licked up the juice as it ran down.

The woman had no food that day, at least in her mouth.

She drank a lot of semen.

This time the men were not going to be so lucky.

Raul suddenly stood up, pulling her by the arm.

"You guys!" he said, pointing to one of the workers, "That's enough! I don't want to hear any more of your shit. And I don't want to catch you looking at her like that again. You'll pay for it with your bollocks if you're not careful!"

"OK boss, just fooling around."

He pulled Lucia behind him and stormed out.

There was a general sense of surprise first, and embarrassment later.

They went back to their card game...

# Chapter Thirteen

## The General, Raquel and ropes

"**I**'ve got some good news for you, my dear. My daughter has agreed to take you as a servant without even examining you. She says she trusts my good judgement."

Raquel lifted her head. She couldn't take any more.

She had been tied up like this all night. She wanted to die.

Her arms were lifted and pulled backwards and also up high, with her wrists tied right up at the top of a post.

A cord around her waist prevented her shoulders from coming out of joint but did nothing to relieve the tremendous pain.

She could not change position in any way.

Her knees were bent and her feet were tied each side of the post about half way up. She had handcuffs on her ankles that hurt and made it impossible for her to walk. She had to stay on tiptoe all the time. The only thing she could do was crawl around on the floor.

Her body was shining with oil.

"Now there's just Max. But don't worry. He's sure to like you!"

General Ramirez went up to her and opened her legs with his knee.

"You've already persuaded me," he said.

He took her head in both hands and began to kiss her on the mouth.

The girl was mentally absent, probably from physical exhaustion as much as panic.

The General lowered his hands. The girl's posture obliged her to offer her breasts to him. She trembled as he stroked them, gently, almost tenderly, waiting for the nipples to firm up.

When they did he slapped her on both breasts.

SLAAAAAP!

"AAAAAAGGHHHHHHH! PLEEEEEEEAE ... NOOOOOOOO!!!"

SLAAAAAAAAAAP!!

"AAAAAAAAGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

He fumbled in his pockets and took out two pieces of string.

He tied them tight around the base of her breasts. The breasts swelled like balloons. The nipples seemed about to shoot off.

"You know what?" he said. "After you've met Max you'll probably find you prefer to be with me!"

He twisted and pulled and manipulated her breasts...

# Chapter Fourteen

## Lucia visits a work camp

**R**aul and Lucia went on horseback down a narrow path, hardly visible in the thick vegetation. They had left the lorry just off the road and they were making their way to the logging area.

There was only one horse, and only one saddle. Lucia was riding in front, practically sitting on Raul. He had his arm round her and pressed himself tight against her.

She tried to ignore the very obvious erection that was hard against her bottom. It was difficult....

They had been riding for an hour and Raul was enjoying it. Finally, after all these years, he had what he wanted. He had Lucia!

He looked at her naked thighs, her feet, her arms...

When he spoke to her, he pulled her hair back softly and whispered in her ear.

He was fascinated by the nape of her neck, the discreet fall of her shoulders, and the glimpses of her breasts as she rose and fell with the horse...

"I've missed you, pussy cat," he said softly. That had been his name for her over twenty dark years before, and he had used it too sometimes when he talked to her daughter.

"Your skin's nice and soft. Mmmmmmmmm! I didn't remember you smelt like this, it's good..."

He emphasised each observation with a quick thrust of his pelvis as if he was making love with her.

"We could turn the clock back, Lucia. Start again, you know..."

Lucia said nothing.

"Can you feel me behind you? Can you feel it?"

Lucia could but she said nothing.

"That's you doing that to me!"

Lucia was uncomfortable in all senses. His member felt like a tree trunk.

"I've got a dick here that would satisfy any woman in the world," he said suddenly.

Lucia exploded. "Why don't you just shut up? Nobody's interested in what you've got! Do you think you're the only person in the world who matters? I'm not interested, Raul. I just want to see my daughter! Can't you get that into your head? Is there room for anything in your thick skull except your dick, as you call it?"

Raul smiled a bitter smile.

If that was the way she wanted it, that was the way she'd get it...

He squeezed her hard. Her daughter Sara had once said something similar to him and he had not liked it then either. He had many ideas in his head, too many sometimes. But there was one that he never had: the idea that a woman could be superior to him. It was not acceptable, not part of his upbringing...

Lucia struggled for a moment.

"I don't want to hear that kind of talk again," Raul warned. "I'll tie you up if I do. I don't like rabid cats any more than I like rabid dogs."

A few minutes later, to Lucia's relief, they came to a big clearing where about forty men were felling timber. It was hot work and they wore only their underpants. The trees had to be felled by hand with axes because the army had become more skilful at detecting their chain saws with electronic equipment.

On one occasion they had seen what was apparently a radio-controlled spy plane fly over.

Things were getting difficult.

A large group of guards, armed to the teeth and each with a dog, kept an eye on the operation. They carried whips in their belt.

"All quiet, Sr Mezquita," said one of them with a wave of his hand.

Raul did not reply. He dismounted, leaving Lucia in the saddle. He seemed lost in thought.

"Are you going to see the girls?" the man asked.

"Yes, later."

"Starts today, doesn't she? I haven't seen her before."

"She's new, but she's not going to work. At least, not logging."

He slapped Lucia on the naked calf.

"Good idea," said the man, smiling and looking Lucia up and down.

"Where's Oswaldo?" Raul asked.

"Dogface?" The other man seemed surprised at the question.  
"He's with the girls. He's always with the girls, Señor."

Raul nodded and got back on the horse. He did not normally like his men mixing work with pleasure, but Dogface could handle both...

They crossed the huge clearing. It looked more like a camp full of slaves than a place to earn money. It didn't make sense. There were almost as many guards as workers, and what were all the whips, and dogs, and machine guns for?

Soon they came to the women's camp.

The women all wore the same short, tattered uniform. They were clearing the ground of weeds and bushes.

The men cut the trees and the women prepared the land for sowing. Lucia knew the story. The soil was good enough for a year or two's crops, but no more. The rain washed it all away and left a kind of desert. Then the loggers moved on to prepare new ground...

There were not so many women, no more than twenty. And only about a dozen men were in charge of them. There were no guns, only whips, which they carried in their hands...

One of the guards came over.

"Señor?"

"Where is Oswaldo?"

The guard hesitated.

"Well?"

"He's down the river. Two of the girls turned nasty and..." His voice trailed off as he gestured towards the river.

Raul rode off.

He found Dogface with two guards and two girls. Both girls were naked.

One of the girls was suspended upside down by the right ankle, with her hands resting on the ground. Her left leg just hung, unsupported. It was tired and she didn't know what to do with it. If she let it fall, she exposed her vagina and Dogface hit it with a whip. If she lifted her leg, it ached.

Her leg was coming down...

"NO! ... NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

The girl shouted out, begging him not to hit her again.

"PLEEEEEEEEEEEASE! NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

SLAAAAAAAAAP!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH"

The leg went up again and the thighs pressed together, rubbing the vagina to try to take away some of the sting.

The other girl had a rope around her neck and was standing in the middle of the river with the water up to her waist. She was gagged.

"Ah, there you are, Raul. What have you got for us this time?" he asked, walking over to Lucia.

"Nothing for you," said Raul very seriously.

He did not like Dogface at the best of times. He was useful, it was true, but he did not like the man and never knew if he could trust him. He was taking too many liberties...

But Raul had no wish to confront him.

"We could do with a few more hands," he said, sizing up Lucia. He pinched her upper arm lightly.

Lucia shrank back. "Get your hands off me, you pig!"

Dogface looked surprised. This woman had seen him kill an American secret agent with her own eyes, and she wasn't afraid of him? It was strange.

"Oooh, a firey one here, Raul. Plenty of spirit, just the way we like them!"

"Leave her alone. I told you she's not for you!"

Dogface looked Raul in the eye, then nodded slowly and walked off to the girls. He glared at Lucia. She realized she was shaking.

"Would you mind telling me what this is all about?" she asked Raul. "Are you going to let them torture these women?"

"Oh, don't exaggerate, dear. Nobody gets tortured here. You'll see. Manuel! Bring that cunt over here!"

One of the guards pulled on the noose and pulled the girl out of the river.

Lucia looked at her. She was very young.

"Cristal was washing her little cunt out, that's all. Hygiene is very important. We don't want one of these little sluts infecting us, do we?" Dogface said, slapping the girl on the bottom and then sticking two fingers into her anus.

The girl gasped and looked nervously at Lucia. Her lips were trembling.

"These young ones need a bit of rest from time to time. If not, they don't do their work properly," said Dogface, groping around in her anus with his fingers.

As Lucia watched, a tear ran down the girl's cheek.

"They've raped her, Raul! They're criminals!" shouted Lucia.

"SHUT UP!" said Raul, clearly very nervous now.

Everyone fell silent, including Lucia.

Raul went over to the other girl, who looked in her early twenties. Like the first girl, she was South American in appearance.

"And this one?" he asked, putting his foot on one of the hands that were touching the ground.

"Revolutionary," said Dogface, smiling. "I ordered her to come with me to get some water from the river and she started shouting and screaming."

Raul called Lucia over.

The inside of the girl's thighs was criss-crossed in a series of deep red welts. Some of them were blue and bruised and some of them had raised edges where the flesh had opened.

They had beaten her with a leather belt as well as the whip, Raul saw.

There was semen around the vagina.

Lucia closed her eyes. So much cruelty! So much horror! She was in hell itself.

"We have to maintain discipline," said the guard.

Before Lucia had time to explode again, Raul took her to one side and into a nearby tent.

"We'll eat here," he said, pulling up a couple of chairs.

Lucia could not believe any of it. As a child she had known the jungle and its ways... She had not realized to what extent its ways were men's ways. She was confused. What did it all mean? The survival of the fittest? Of the strongest? Of the cruellest?

She felt bad.

"Raul, tell them to let the girls go. And get rid of these thugs," she said as they ate an uninspiring soup of potatoes and yucca.

Raul brought his fist down onto the table.

He was getting irritated.

"Keep your nose out of all this. And if you want some advice, don't be so rude when you speak to these men. Treat them with respect! I don't know who the fuck you think you are!"

Lucia bit her lips nervously. When they got back to the plantation she would pick Sara up, however ill she was, and she would get Raul to drive them to the airport.

# Chapter Fifteen

## Raquel meets Max

**R**aquel was crying and shouting. She was hysterical.

Max, with his member erect, was trying to penetrate her, but could only thrust into the air.

The General was encouraging him...

"Come on, Max. She's crazy about you, get your tongue in there at least!"

Max was licking furiously, licking the girl's defenceless vagina.

Max was a dog, but he had a strangely human face, the face of a fat man with hanging cheeks. He also had very sharp teeth. Girls were always frightened of Max.

Raquel was now tied to the wall by the wrists and ankles.

The General had done nothing to her when he tied her up in a different way. He had just looked at her. She had felt like an object in an art gallery as he walked around her again and again.

Her feet had been on a bench, but the General had kicked it away to let Max lick better. A rope around her waist took some of the weight.

Raquel's breasts were still tied off with string.

She screamed as the strange dog looked up at her. It had a mutated human face with a huge rough tongue that licked and licked endlessly.

The General had placed the girl so that Max could not penetrate her.

He had done this before, especially with the black girl Witney, until one day he grew tired of the game and let Max have her.

"It's a question of not being cruel to animals," he had explained to the girl as the bulldog fucked her.

"Yes, I think he likes you. He'll soon get used to your scent, you'll see."

The dog scratched at her, trying to get his long, narrow penis up. He was almost as hysterical as the girl herself. Ramirez had difficulty controlling him...

"Slow down, Max. Behave yourself. This is a young lady from a good family. And she's a foreigner, you know, I mean what would people think of us? Just behave like a good boy, that's right, a nice, handsome good little boy..."

Raquel was sobbing now. "Please, please, get him off me, I'll do whatever you want, please, please..."

Her vagina was red and raw from the insidious, tireless, carefully – trained tongue. Her thighs were coated in the vile animal's filthy drool...

She felt dirty. She felt humiliated, showing her most intimate parts to a man and his dog...

"Max has his own room," the General said to Raquel. "If you don't behave yourself, if you disobey my orders, I'll shut you up with Max

all night, like a bitch on heat. You might have puppies, you never know."

He pushed Max away and stroked the girl's wet vagina, fingering her lips.

"I can just see some lovely little puppies popping out of here! Ha! ha! ha!"



**Yes, I think he likes you.**

**He'll soon get used to your scent, you'll see.**

# Chapter Sixteen

## Lipstick

On the way back, Raul left Lucia in the "Fortaleza!", which operated as a guest house as well as a prison. The first floor housed the few visitors who came to the plantation.

"Have a shower and change your clothes. I'll send for you when Sara is ready," he said, and left.

Lucia was glad to get under the shower. The water was at least cool and it helped her relax and forget the stifling heat of the jungle and the horrors she had witnessed.

When she finished, she brushed her hair and lay down on the simple bed. She was suddenly very tired and closed her eyes....

Some time later, she woke up with a start. Somebody was knocking at the door. She looked at her watch. She had been asleep for over an hour.

"Wait a minute!" she shouted and looked around for something to wear. The dress she had on in the morning was ripped and muddy. She couldn't wear it.

She opened the only wardrobe in the room. She had left her bags there. Now they had gone. Instead she found a pair of tiny red knickers, stockings with an old-fashioned seam, a pair of garters, a blue dress and a pair of high-heeled shoes. There was no bra.

She put it all on, absurd as it was. She had nothing else, and she was too tired to want to argue with Raul about his stupid male fetishes.

She looked in the mirror. Horrible! She looked like a hooker in the twenties. The dress had a very deep V-neck and left her back completely uncovered from the waist up.

Two cloth straps went round her neck and held up the front of the dress. It sat so low on her breasts that her nipples were almost visible. It had some built-in reinforcement that pushed her breasts up and together...

The dress came down to her feet, for which she was grateful.

"Good evening." Oswaldo, "Dogface", was undressing her mentally.

"You look great!"

Lucia said nothing. She had large breasts and knew that men found them attractive, especially over a slim waist. Precisely for that reason she had always covered them up.

He handed her a lipstick, a horrendous scarlet colour.

"Thank you, but I never wear lipstick."

"Put it on. Raul likes it."

Lucia was too tired to argue. She took the lipstick and painted her lips bright red.

The man stepped over to her. He was dirty and smelt terrible. She took a step back without thinking...

"Listen to me, you big slut," he said, taking her by the wrist. "One day you'll pay for your little scene this morning. Down by the river, I

mean. Don't interfere with discipline. This is our show. We run it our way, OK?"

"Get your filthy hands off me. You're a killer, a murderer!" she shouted hysterically.

"You could do with some discipline yourself. Those tits look like a good place to start. Just don't push me. Your tits might regret it. ... Let's go. Raul's waiting for you."

He led the way downstairs and left her in Raul's living room. It had an armchair, a table, and an old bed in it.

"I'll go and get Raul," he said, "I'll tell him you're ready."

# Chapter Seventeen

## Lucia meets her daughter

Lucia's mood lightened a little.

Finally she was going to see her daughter! She had been in that hellish place for a day and she had seen no sign of Sara.

Lucia looked around the room and felt depressed again. She did not understand the cruel violence she saw around her.

Her life in Italy had been pleasant. She had forgotten most of the horrors she saw here when she was just a child. They had left her with an obscure sense of the possible depths of human degeneration, but with no very precise memories, except of a Mexican prison. She had wiped them all out successfully.

Here in the jungle, in the middle of a cocaine war, there was a cruelty in the air that made it unbreathable, a cruelty bred of ignorance and poverty.

Even that, in its own horrible way, was understandable, had some kind of logic. You could see it as a struggle between good and evil, or just two sides in a war, and it made some kind of sense.

But what was all this gratuitous cruelty with the women? Lucia asked herself. Was it really necessary to hang a girl upside down by one ankle just because she did not want to be raped? And was it necessary to whip her and hit her with a belt on her most private parts as she hung there?

What had happened to Laura, the American agent? And the girls in the jungle this morning? And all the workers who were slaves on the plantation?

And Sara?

Lucia paced nervously up and down the room. The decorations on the wall made her nervous.

There were ropes hanging from the ceiling.

There was a collar on a chain set in the floor...

There were other ropes on the bars at the head of the bed...

"Good God!" she exclaimed when she saw the hole in the ground. She crouched down and looked, puzzled, at the hole where Raul kept her daughter.

It smelt terrible.

What was it? A toilet?

She couldn't believe what she was looking at. She put her hand unthinkingly to her chin, a gesture of astonishment...

Did the man really have a toilet in the middle of his living room?

At that moment the door opened and Raul came in with a woman.

It was Sara! No, it couldn't be Sara! She looked so much older! And dressed like a showgirl, a prostitute!

Sara looked at her mother and lowered her eyes.

She was naked from the waist up. Her thick hair fell in waves onto her shoulders and back. Her breasts were prominent, and very naked.

She was only wearing some lacy suspenders that came down from just above her pubic hair, and some old-fashioned stockings like those Lucia was wearing herself. And the same high-heeled shoes.

Apart from that, she was completely naked!

Her hands were cuffed behind her back.

She had a tight leather belt around her waist, squeezing her waist in, and from the back of the belt hung a rope which passed down between her buttocks, came up between her legs and ended in Raul's hand. When he pulled it up, as he now did, it slipped in between the lips of the girl's vagina too... Sara gave a little gasp.

Her ankles were hobbled together with a short rope, which made her walk with very short steps.

"What do you think?" asked Raul. "I've turned your daughter into quite a woman!"



**What do you think?**

**I've turned your daughter into quite a woman!**

Lucia was unable to speak. Sara stood with her eyes wide open, unable to take it in. Her hand stayed on her chin in an unconscious gesture of total disbelief.

"I've pierced her nose and nipples," Raul went on. "I can thread a cord through them and make her big boobs look more interesting..."

Lucia did not recognise the expression on Sara's beautiful, suffering face. She had never seen it before. It was the expression of a person who has lost all hope...

This was not the excited little girl she had said goodbye to a few months earlier in Rome airport.

Sara was a mature woman who had experienced some of the infinite cruelty of sexual sadism...

Raul lifted the rope and pulled her nearer him. She gasped again as it went in between her lips. It had caught her by surprise...

"Very sensitive daughter you've got here, Lucia!" said Raul. "The slightest movement anywhere near her clit and she's gasping for it!"

He looked at Lucia and smiled. He wanted to see her reaction, but she was still too shocked to react...

The presence of her mother, which Sara had once longed for, proved now to be just an added source of embarrassment.

And it was clear to Sara that her mother too had walked into a trap.

She glanced briefly at her, managed a brief "Hello, mummy", a weak smile and fell silent.

Lucia too managed to say "Hello, are you all right?"

Then she exploded.

She jumped onto Raul's back and caught him by surprise, pulling him to the ground. As he fell back she ran round to the front. He was lying like a turtle on its back, flapping his arms and legs. She brought her high-heeled shoe down onto his testicles.

He yelled and rolled around, holding his crutch with both hands.

When Sara saw him down, rolling around in agony, she joined her mother as best she could, hobbling over and bringing her own high heel down onto his face, with some difficulty as her feet were hobbled.

The two women hit and kicked him every way they could. Sara could do little except drop onto his face with her knee, using her knee as if it were a fist. She looked around for something heavy to hit him with, but there was nothing.

She found new strength. Hope flooded back through her veins...

What she wanted now was a rock. A big, heavy rock. One day she would come back with one. Raul Mezquita would be snoring on his dirty bed and she would come in with her rock...

Meanwhile, Lucia scratched, kicked and punched with unexpected strength, hysterically, desperately...

They insulted him as they pummelled him.

"You dirty, filthy bastard...!"

"You sadistic pig! I'll scratch your eyes out!"

THUUMP!

"AAAAGHHHHHH!!!"

A group of workers walked over to the hut, hearing the shouting.

THUUUD!

"UGH! ... AAAAAGHHHHHHH!!!"

Raul could not get up. He could only clutch his testicles, which Sara's knee had just come down on once more, with all the weight of her body above it...

Guards came running. Dogface himself drove into the yard, coming back from the jungle with his female prisoners.

He leapt out of the lorry and went into the hut.

He smiled at what he saw. Raul was still on the ground, his face bleeding, still receiving a frenzy of kicks on the mouth, on the nose...

He looked forward to incidents like this, provoked them even. They were part of the fun, the perfect excuse to discipline prisoners...

Dogface waited a few moments, enjoying the scene, before he called the guards.

In seconds the two women were overpowered and Raul was taken, stumbling and bloodstained, to the infirmary.

# Chapter Eighteen

## Lucia learns the ropes

**L**ucia struggled to stay on tiptoe. She had been stripped completely naked.

A noose hung from the ceiling and went around her neck. If she put her heels down on the ground, the noose went tight and cut her air off. Apart from the noose, her body was free to move.

Sara was in one of Raul's favourite postures. Her thumbs were tied to a cord suspended from the ceiling. She was also naked and on tiptoe, but wore shoes. The points of her shoes were touching two boxes a couple of feet apart. If she lost balance, her thumbs would take the weight of her whole body...

Raul stood in the middle. He was feeling much better now.

"A pair of wildcats!" he said, walking slowly round Sara. "I thought I'd tamed you, but I see I was wrong."

He did not seem very pleased. Dogface and a lot of the workers had seen him being attacked by the women. No one had made any jokes about it. Probably no one would dare. But he'd lost points there...

He lifted one of Sara's legs to put a stocking and a suspender on her. Sara managed to keep her balance. Then he lifted the other leg and put another stocking on. He attached the suspender to the two stockings.

Sara looked at him in panic. He was not a tolerant man when it came to disobedience.

Raul ran two fingers down her backbone, and then over her buttocks and down her muscular thighs to her calves. "We'll just have to start again from the beginning, that's all..."

"No, please!" Sara begged. "I'm ... I'm sorry! Forgive me!"

"SILENCE, SLAVE!!!" he shouted.

Lucia tried to intervene. "Leave..." She stopped. The noose was choking her.

Raul swung round.

"And as for you, you big slut, I'll teach you to behave like a good guest! I was hoping you'd changed but you haven't! You're still the same Lucia who ran off, leaving me for the army to pick me up and throw me into jail. And now, what do you do? You try to kill me, the first chance you have. You weren't very smart there, Lucia.

Now I'm going to punish you, every inch of you, especially every square inch of your big whore's tits!"

He ran his hand over her breasts, stroking them...

Lucia closed her eyes. She had a cramp in her calves and she could hardly breathe. Any physical effort she made could be fatal...

Raul went over to the only cupboard in the hut.

Sara started trembling when she saw inside the cupboard.

It contained a collection of the most terrible, obscene instruments of torture.

Lucia feared the worst.



"It's special material for specially naughty little slaves. It's bitter. It makes your saliva flow. It's one of your daughter's favourites."

He forced it into her mouth.

He left her and turned to her daughter. The girl shook her head. She knew all the sadist's little "toys" as he called them, and this was one of the worst.

"Open up, open your mouth!"

"Nooo, please..." She was already beginning to cry.

"If I were you, I'd obey orders!"

Sara half-opened her eyes and he sank the obscene replica into her, ruthlessly. She struggled to keep her balance. She dared not lose her footing on the boxes...

When there was just an inch to go, Raul pulled on a buckle and the last part, the worst for the victim, forced its way into her throat. Tears came into her eyes...

He gave a couple of puffs to the perfume spray and Sara responded with a choking sound, as if she wanted to be sick and couldn't.

He went to the cupboard and came back with the "heater." This was a belt with two monstrous iron penises strategically placed along it. One was for the anus and the other for the vagina. Electric cables swung from the belt...

He turned to Lucia once more and showed her his other toy.

Sara could not plead with him because she could hardly breathe, let alone speak...

Next he strapped a wide belt around Sara's waist. She was slim and he used the penultimate hole, but when he looked at the result he changed his mind and pulled it hard until he got it in the last hole.

The two cables hung threateningly between her tense thighs...

Lucia could see them perfectly.

"Now for the good bit, eh, pussy cat?"

He began with the anus, sinking the iron phallus viciously into her.

"Your daughter has a sensitive little bumhole too!" he explained. "She can't get enough of it! She loves my dick really, but I like to give her a bit of variety."

Sara brought one leg up in reaction to the pain, but kept her balance.

It was savage, cruel torture, but at the same time there was something refined about it. Lucia found this especially repellent. It seemed there was a kind of culture based on sexual abuse and torture!

Sara's thumbs were almost out of joint. She had to keep the pressure off them.

There was no way she could relax. The penetration of the iron electrode had been very painful too...

The other one went into her vagina more easily.

Lucia could hardly control her anger. She caught hold of the rope and tried to take the pressure off her throat so she could shout, but she lacked the strength to hold it for long.

She had the feeling she would never get out of there alive. The pig would torture her until he killed her. She had to do something. But what?

She looked at Sara. Raul was pulling on another buckle, tightening the belt and pushing the two irons in another inch...

He went back to the cupboard and took out the other part of the "heater", consisting of a transformer and a mixing board.

He connected the cables and then passed three more through her nose and nipple rings.

"What do you think of that? Pretty neat, eh?" Raul asked Lucia.

She did not reply. This lunatic would kill her daughter!

"This daughter of yours is a hot slut, you'll see! She loves this little invention!" he said, stroking Sara's legs at the top of her stockings, just where the full white flesh began... He loved the feel of the thigh as it came out of the stocking. It turned him on.

It all turned him on. It was all fun for him.

It was more than fun too. Here in his miserable little hut he had two beautiful women beautifully naked and beautifully presenting their breast and vaginas to him...

And one of them was Lucia, the stuff of a thousand masturbations in his prison cell!

He loved her and he hated her.

He would make her suffer and she would suffer twice, on her own body and again from watching her daughter's suffering.

It all meant a lot to him.

Lucia had run off with the wrong man, his brother. And they had left him lying wounded and he had spent twenty years in a cage. Bad decision.

Now it was his turn. This was his show. Her suffering was for his benefit.

Her suffering was not just hers. It was his too. The difference was, he enjoyed it.

Raul felt the cruel sexual pleasure of a psychopath...

He sent a quick shock into Sara's nipples...

She jerked and came off the boxes. For nearly thirty seconds she swung by the thumbs, trying to get her feet back on the boxes.

Lucia closed her eyes. She shouted:

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

She lifted her arms again to pull the rope up. Her dress was soaked in sweat.

Raul sat on the bed, holding the controls, smiling.

Raul looked at her carefully.

She was magnificent. He liked everything about her, every inch of her woman's body. He liked the way her arms trembled with the effort, her naked back shining, her generous breasts uplifted temptingly, waiting for punishment, her shapely legs set off by his favourite stockings... He loved her slender ankles too. They were just right for handcuffs.

He looked at Sara.

Which would he choose if he could only keep one of them? He did not know.

For the moment, he had another problem: how to break Lucia's spirit and make her obey all his orders.

"I've got an idea for a little game, Lucia," he said.

Lucia looked at him with hatred in her eyes.

"Here are the rules. There's only one really. YOU OBEY! Got it? I say things and you do them, OK?"

She said nothing.

"Take your clothes off!"

She looked horrified.

"Take your clothes off, I said. All of them. Strip right off. And do it with style, like a real lady! Your daughter can learn things from watching an experienced slut like you take her clothes off!"

"I ... am not a ... slut," Lucia said with some difficulty. "You are ... a ... sadistic bastard! Get stuffed!"

Raul smiled and pressed a button. It didn't matter which. They were all good...

Sara screamed and lost her footing again as her legs came up in an involuntary jump.

Raul waited until she had found the boxes again and went over to her.

She looked beautiful, especially when she suffered.

He squeezed on the bulb until he blocked all the air off.

Sara's eyes opened wide and she went red.

Raul let some air out through the valve, just a little.

"Try not to shout. If I put a gag on you it's 'cos I don't want to hear you, slave! So just watch your manners!"

Sara was gasping for breath. Her large breasts were rising and falling in panic, as she tried to suck in enough air through the horrendous penis.

Another electric shock at a moment like this could be fatal. They all knew it even before Raul pointed it out to them.

"Well, are you going to take all your clothes off or not?" he asked Lucia.

Lucia put her hands to her neck and fumbled with the strap.

"I want a proper striptease. Don't just strip. Tease." Raul's finger was on one of the buttons.

Lucia loosened the strap round her neck. As she did it, her arms caught her breasts and lifted them beautifully.

She held the straps in both hands and pulled down on them, using them to reveal gradually more and more of her swelling breasts.

Her hands were shaking and she felt deeply embarrassed.

When the dress came to the nipple, she paused a moment and turned slightly left and right, showing him her breasts from different angles.

Then she pulled a little more and the dress caught for a moment on her erect nipples, and then suddenly dropped off them. She turned left and right again to show them to best advantage. She put her hands behind her as she did so, holding hands with herself next

to her bottom. Her breasts looked lovely as they wobbled and quivered and finally settled into place again.

Raul watched fascinated. He had an erection and from time to time stroked it and squeezed and pumped it through his trousers.

"You're getting a bit randy, eh? Your nips are sticking out! I can see you're a hot piece of cunt!"

Lucia flashed a look of contempt at him.

"It turns you on to see me punish your daughter, that's what I call dirty! What kind of mother is that?"

Sara was sobbing.

"Let's get on with the show!" he said, stroking one of the buttons. "Move your breasts around like you did before!"

Lucia moved her now naked breasts left and right, holding them high, arching her back...

Raul was impressed. She was a big woman in front, almost as big as her daughter.

Her tits looked just right to him – big and full and firm and uplifted, but at the same time silky and soft, nice to lick, with good big nipples to suck on...

He would have to experiment with the right clothes for her. Her tits might look good with the rings on...

His hand was still on his member, shamelessly stroking it through his trousers.

Lucia pulled her dress slowly down to her hips, where it hung for a while. She let go of the straps and put her hands on her hips, fingers pointing down, and hooked her thumbs over the dress. She slid it

down off her hips, slowly, and with a snakelike movement, swaying hypnotically.

Raul was watching in a trance...

The dress came off her hips and she let it fall around her feet.

Raul stood up, gazing at her little red panties, her suspenders, her stockings, her shoes...

"Put your hands behind your neck, under your hair this time, and turn round slowly. Very, very slowly, so I can see everything. Take your time. There's no hurry here in the jungle..."

Lucia did her best, making lots of small movements on tiptoe... She couldn't do anything else.

When she was showing him her back he said "Stop!"

Raul drank it all in, the perfectly straight line up the stockings, her long thighs half covered by stockings and red suspenders...

Her bottom, with its firm, naked cheeks...

The narrow waist set off by the fine lace of her little pair of knickers...

The curve of her back...

The waves of hair falling onto her shoulders...

Irresistible...

Raul turned to Sara. "Pay attention! This is a master class your mother's giving you here. You'll be able to use your breasts better if you watch her..."

"Move your whore's arse!" he shouted at Lucia.

She obeyed, although she could not do much with her bottom.

"Lift a leg!"

Lucia obeyed, but all her body trembled.

"Higher!"

Her right knee came up until her thigh was parallel to the ground.

"More! Get that leg up higher!"

Her buttocks changed shape and the bottom of the tanga appeared tantalisingly. It was damp.

"You're dripping like a wet sponge," said. "You must be dying for a good prick up you. You can teach this daughter of yours a lot, I can see that! D'you know what I have to do to her to get her juices running like that?"

Lucia said nothing but lowered her leg.

"Leg up! I'll tell you what I have to do. I have to work on her cunt with a dildo covered in itchy, burning grease. Or I have to fuck her with "Lover", sometimes for hours and hours..."

Lucia bit her lips, horrified. She shuddered as he picked up some horrible instrument and switched it on. He came over, holding Lover. She saw it was a huge rubber penis with hard pig's bristle on the tip. It was disgusting. It vibrated and thumped as if it had a life of its own.

In his other hand he carried a small riding crop.

"Sniff this! Smell it!" he said, putting the crop under her nose. "It's your daughter's perfume. It takes a long time to get it down, but it smells of honey and nectar when it comes!"

Lucia lowered her knee. She couldn't hold it up any more.

She looked at Raul with hard, penetrating stare. What kind of pig was this? she thought. Did he have any idea what he was doing? What did he get out of it?

She could understand thieves and even murderers. She could understand rapists even. They wanted something and they had found a way to get it, illegal, criminal, but at least she could understand it.

But what kind of man was Raul? Depraved, twisted... He got a kick from it all. He enjoyed the slowness of the torture. He got his sexual pleasure from the cruelty...

"No need to look at me like that," he said, stroking her thighs with a cane. She put her hands down to protect herself.

"You want to feel the riding crop, eh?" he asked, running it down to her calves, where she could not reach... "Now that's a very good idea. You're going to have to get used to the feel of it and you might as well start now!"

He lifted his right arm and pulled it all the way back.

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!

"AAAAAAAAAGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

Lucia screamed and writhed around, presenting him, against her will, with the magnificent sight of her breasts wobbling and settling into place again. The pain was terrible. She could not get her hands down to her calves to rub them...

Raul was surprised at the woman's reaction. He had hardly touched her. It was just a little touch, a caress...

He tried it again, this time a little lower down.

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!

"AAAAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

He was again surprised.

He looked down, curiously. The stocking had survived the slap and Lucia had a second red welt across her leg.

"Tut, tut, there's no need for all that shouting. You're a very sensitive woman. It must be in the family," he said, deep in his own thoughts as she writhed around on the end of a rope.

He loved this kind of show, especially the way he gave his slaves just a little room to move when he tied them up... He enjoyed the way they used that room to hurt themselves.

He looked again at the whole show.

Lucia's hands were on the rope, and then they went quickly to her thigh, where she rubbed it vigorously to take the sting out of it, and her legs were moving around suggestively.

His eyes settled, as they always did, on her magnificent breasts, which picked up the twisting and writhing of the different parts of her lovely body and interpreted them in their own way, with a delicious mouth-watering quiver, or delicate trembles, or huge breath-taking earthquakes as Lucia panicked and breathed in deeply, throwing her breasts up into the air, shaking them, so that one knocked into the other...

"KNICKERS OFF!" he shouted, his voice dark with repressed lust...

Lucia stood up even higher on tiptoe.

She slipped a hand down over her hips, and then the other. She managed to push her knickers down over her hips, but she soon found she could not push them down any more.

She tried it a couple of times, but could not do it. The rope was cutting off her air.

"Do you want me to help you?" he asked, fingering a button. "I could knock them down little by little..."

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Once again she began her sensual, slow dance that was pure bliss to Raul.

She swayed and wiggled her hips in a kind of controlled belly dance that left Raul with glazed eyes and a hanging jaw. He drifted off into another world, his world, looking at Lucia's breasts and swinging hips. She was his now...

Lucia swayed and worked her thighs together in an up-and-down movement that finally pulled her knickers down, revealing her dark pubic hair, luxuriant on the gentle slopes of her mons veneris...

Finally they slipped down to her knees and it was easier from there.

Sara watched her mother, wondering what would happen now...

"Give them to me!"

Lucia lifted them up on the end of her high-heeled shoe.

"Come on, what are you waiting for?" Raul threatened, lifting his right arm and the crop.

Finally he took them on the end of his crop and put them to his nose, as if he was sniffing a good wine.

"Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!!! Lovely, Lucia, lovely..."

He put the knickers into her mouth and began to stroke her raised shin. She had to steady herself on the rope not to choke.

Her other foot came up. Raul pinched the tensed muscles.

As he thought, first – class meat.

He lifted her leg higher until it went over his shoulder.

He looked down and saw her vagina, squashed by the uplifted thigh.

He could not really see it through her pubic hair, but he was in no hurry...

He enjoyed slowing things down. This woman, especially, was worth it.

He had waited over twenty years to see Lucia's vagina. He could wait a little more.

He ran his hand gently up her thigh, enjoying the soft, satiny texture, similar to the soft skin on the bottom of her breasts. "Silky," he said, out loud but to himself.

Lucia's eyes closed. She was trembling from head to toe...

The hand carried on exploring, two fingers separated and sank slowly in between the lips of her vagina. Just a tiny bit, just the tips of the fingers...

"Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!!! ... Exquisite!"

Lucia jerked. It was an automatic and undesired response to the touch of the fingers in her vagina.

She remembered an earlier rape, a hot cell in a remote Mexican village, a drunken policeman, a terrible pain between the legs...

"Very sensitive..." murmured Raul.

And then he let her go.

Lucia nearly strangled herself on the rope.

"Now I'm going to tie you a bit better. Put your hands behind your head!"

She obeyed. First she felt ropes tightening on her ankles. Then other ropes went above and below her splendid breasts, pulling tight on the base...

Finally he tied her wrists together behind her head and tied them to the rope.

"Practical, you see. The rope round your tits sets them off nicely and it pulls them up. And the rope round your wrists means I won't have to keep telling you to put your hands behind your head!"

Lucia sighed. How did they know all this rubbish about ropes? Was their culture really based on sadistic knowledge like that? Perhaps it was. On coca bushes too, of course. There didn't seem to be any element of this culture that took other people into consideration. It was all to do with their own pleasure. They just didn't seem to know there were victims involved, real people being tortured or getting hooked on the drugs...

Then his hand slid down over her breasts, over her smooth stomach, and down over her stomach, stroking softly, and down to her thighs...

He pulled her stockings down, leaving them over her knees.

Then he took her shoes off.

She was still on tiptoe. The only difference was that she was now completely, totally naked.

She was better presented now, he felt, offering him everything – her lovely suckable breasts, her lovely suckable vagina, protected only by her dark pubic hair, here splendid swelling thighs, everything that she would most like to cover up...

Lucia closed her eyes.

He could see all her body now and he could do whatever he wanted, in front of her own daughter...

She was especially aware that her breasts were hanging heavily, naked and unprotected.

So was Raul.

He picked up a bamboo cane.

Lucia watched him coming over to her.

Was she dreaming all this?

Would she wake up soon?

Was it all possible?

Naked, tied up, beaten, her private parts exposed, humiliated...

"Swing your tits, Lucia. Swing your big udder. I want to see it move..."

She swung her large breasts from side to side.

He put the cane down, and took one in each hand, rubbing his thumb over the nipples to make them firm...

The he stepped back and picked up the bamboo.

"And now," he said, lifting his right arm, "I'm going to punish you for hiding your breasts from me, for covering them up. And I'm going to punish you on the right place..."

SWIIIIIIIIISH

THWAAAAAAAAAACK!

"AAAAAAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Lucia screamed as the bamboo cane came down again and again on her naked breasts...

# Chapter Nineteen

## Raul is served

**L**ucia watched in horror.

It was the most sordid, disgusting spectacle she had ever seen.

Raul was being served by his slave, as he called her daughter Sara.

Lucia herself was once again on tiptoe, tied up just as she had been the day before. She stood at the foot of the bed, forced to watch every revolting, depraved detail.

She was gagged with her own knickers.

Her arms were tied up behind her head.

The rope that kept her on tiptoe passed above and below her breasts, framing them for Raul to enjoy...

Sara was dressed like a prostitute with the usual stupid gear, suspenders, stockings, shoes... Didn't the man have any imagination, thought Lucia?

Were they all stuck like that, frozen images from their youth, all living in a time warp?

Were they all turned on the trivia, the underwear, the trimmings?

Were they all absolutely and completely obsessed, like this sick man?

She did not answer her question. She feared the answer might be yes, all of them.

He had stripped her daughter very slowly in front of her, removing all her clothes not with his hands but with his teeth...

Mad, mad, mad, they were all mad...

"One picture is worth a thousand words," he had said to her. "Sara will teach you what my slaves have to do to please me."



**Sara's delicate hand was around his huge penis and she was**

### **licking and kissing his stocky, hairy body.**

Lucia's thought was for herself: what do they have to do to kill you, Raul Mezquita?

Lucia looked in astonishment at his male part, and shuddered. Over a foot of bluish flesh, with veins sticking out all over it and an upward twist like a cow's horn!

The most striking thing was the thickness. Two or three inches around the base swelled to even more at the tip.

It was like a mushroom cloud after a nuclear explosion...

Sara's delicate hand was around his huge penis and she was licking and kissing his stocky, hairy body.

Sara's delicate hand was around his huge penis and she was licking and kissing his stocky, hairy body.

She was kissing his cheek now, while he lay back with a glass of cane spirit in his hand, giving her instructions. Meanwhile, he never took his eyes off Lucia...

"That's the way, squeeze my dick, pump it ... ugh! ... slowly..."

Sara's small hand closed firmly on the base of her uncle's throbbing member and slowly pumped it forwards and backwards...

The delicacy of Sara's hand contrasted with the animal vileness, the male coarseness, of Raul's member. Beauty and the beast, thought Lucia.

"Kiss me!" said the beast.

Sara leaned forwards, giving him the most perfect view of her magnificent swinging breasts, and kissed him on the mouth.

Lucia shuddered again as the slurping noises told her Sara had put all her tongue inside the beast's mouth.

Raul looked at Lucia.

Sara herself was trying to shut out her mother's presence, but it was difficult.

"Now, get your big slut's tongue working. I want a saliva job, all over..."

Sara moved down to his feet and took his toes into her mouth, licking them and sucking them one by one...

She moved up the hairy legs, which the man opened as she moved up.

She came to his immense testicles that were moving around of their own accord, responding to some subtle change in the air or to the huge pressure of pent-up semen.

She put both hands around them, almost tenderly, and then licked them, sucked them and kissed them again and again.

She ran her soft, damp tongue up the length of his member, lightly and on the outside, without taking it into her mouth.

Lucia shuddered again to see her daughter's full, sensual lips going up and down the thick unworthy penis until it was shining with saliva.

It was unnatural. They did not belong to the same species.

The man turned over, lifting his bottom high...

"Lick my arse good and clean, you slut. I want to feel your slave's tongue working my hole..."

A strangled cry of protest came from Lucia through the gag of her own underwear. It was nauseating. The man was like a dog, with enormous balls hanging between his flabby thighs and buttocks. His curved penis seemed about to attack the bed.

He opened his buttocks with his hands, holding them apart for Sara. The smell was terrible. Lucia was nearly sick. The air in the hut was already foul enough...

Sara worked on his testicles. Her fingers squeezed them playfully, stroked them, encouraging them, and then slid up and down his penis.

But she couldn't play for time any more. He had given her an order.

She closed her eyes and pressed her face into his filthy crack and began licking him, cleaning him, up and down, again and again...

"Swallow it all."

She knew the rules. No spitting.

Hour after hour of sexual training had taught her exactly what she could and could not do.

"Get your fucking tongue in, will you, girl?"

Raul lifted his bottom even higher and held his cheeks open even wider. It was pure bliss! Not the licking in itself so much, as the knowledge that the girl found it all sickening, and humiliating, and so did her mother!

Lucia watched. Raul had ordered her to, and she did not dare to look away. She shuddered as her daughter's tongue went into the beast's dirty anus.

Raul couldn't stand any more, he was getting too excited. He turned over. Sara waited.

"Get that big prize-winning pair of breasts over here, girl!"

She leant over him, teasing him, tantalizing him with the sight of her swinging breasts.

He took them and squeezed one against the other. He picked up a piece of string and passed it through her nipple rings and pulled them tight together.

"Show your mother what a real whore's tits are like! Show her your big udder!"

Sara turned to her mother. Lucia sobbed.

Her daughter's breasts were pulled into one.

Raul moved across the bed so that Lucia could see everything more clearly.

"Tying her boobs together is not just pretty, Lucia. It's practical too. Watch this. She's got ten minutes!" He handcuffed Sara's wrists behind her back.

Sara licked his huge penis so it would slide in better and then offered her breasts. Raul pushed his member up between them. She had ten minutes and the sadistic pig would do all he could to resist her charms...

She began moving her breasts up and down, up and down. The swollen, purple gland appeared and disappeared between them...

The tension on the nipple rings was unbearable. Her nipples were stretched painfully each time she went up or down. She groaned from the pain.

Raul fixed his eye on Lucia. He didn't want to watch Sara moving her body sinuously, like a snake, sensually, rhythmically, with the natural grace of a beautiful young woman with a magnificent body and unbelievable breasts...

He would give way to it.

He wanted to resist her.

The minutes ticked by. Lucia felt sick. The man's eyes were rolling, the white was showing, his mouth was open, his jaw was hanging, and he was still looking at her...

He seemed to be smiling, to be saying, you see how good I am, your daughter can't make me come...

A small stream of dribble ran down the corner of his mouth and onto his chin.

And to Sara's horror, a quarter of an hour went by like that.

Sara went on and on, pumping him with her suffering breasts, trying to avoid some horrible punishment that would be even more painful...

She noticed that the penis was going limp. Her uncle seemed to be going to sleep.

She took a chance.

She lifted her breast, let the penis flop out, and put her warm mouth around his purple tip...

Lucia could not believe it. It was impossible. First the swollen purple tip went in, and then the shaft!. Her daughter's throat was visibly stretched... The horrible scene lasted only some thirty seconds. A thick milky liquid escaped from the corners of her mouth and dripped heavily onto the beast's testicles. He threw his head back, clenched his fists and grunted like a pig.

The orgasm went on for a long time. Sara was being choked by the huge penis in her throat.

When it was all over, Raul gave the girl a brutal kick on her naked, ringed breast. It hurt her so much that she fell to the floor like a sack of potatoes, senseless...

"I hope you've been learning from all this, you big cunt!" he said, before turning over and snoring...

# Chapter Twenty

## Mother and daughter perform for Raul

**H**andcuffed, kneeling on a table, humiliated and ashamed, Lucia pumped "Lover" up and down her own vagina.

She had lost count of the orgasms she had had.

She had known for some time that Raul would oblige her to have sex of some kind. Making her masturbate like this, again and again, was clearly only the beginning.

Raul had been right about Lucia. She was indeed sensitive. She had always enjoyed her sex. She had had a lot of lovers in her time, but no really serious relationship. She was a free agent, and had always wanted to keep it that way.

She had never trusted men enough to want to start a long-term relationship with one.

She had never trusted the way men responded so quickly, so unthinkingly, to a new pair of breasts on a new girl.

She had never known why they were so eager to risk everything, to risk breaking up their family and home, just to follow the latest secretary with the latest boobs or latest hairstyle. They did it, she felt, for the stupidest of reasons, like because the colour of the new girls' hair was different from their wives'... And they really thought

they were in love when they did it, and afterwards they knew it hadn't really been love...

You could not take them seriously because they were not serious in all important respects.

They had more penis than brain.

Lucia had the reputation of being hard with men. She made the rules and she broke off the relationships.



**"Get it all in. I want to see it go right up**

**into your big, wet, juicy cunt!"**

And yet here she was, pushing and pushing her vagina onto a vulgar length of penis-shaped rubber, making herself come again and again...

She hated the way she was showing this vile beast the parts of her body that all decent women covered up

"Get it all in. I want to see it go right up into your big, wet, juicy cunt!"

He had threatened them both with the cattle prod if Lucia did not follow his instructions carefully. His eyes went from her vagina to her splendid breasts, big and rounded as melons, firm as Second World War bombs, soft and trembling as jelly... Every time she had an orgasm her whole body jerked and her breasts flew around wildly, out of control.

Raul's hand was on his member...

It was an impressive performance. He could not take his eyes off her. She was a big girl, with wide, well-rounded hips as well as beautiful breasts. Her narrow waist meant that wherever you looked, you saw curves.

"Show me your cunt, whore!"

She moved her left leg, bending her knee and lifting her leg slightly so that he could see her vagina more clearly.

She was exhausted. Her eyes closed as she slid the rubber penis in once again, oblivious now to the presence of her daughter, who stood behind her, her mouth open in astonishment at the interminable series of enforced orgasms...

How many more could her mother have?

The buzzing of the vibrator became deadened as Lucia slipped it deep inside her once again. She separated her knees and began pushing her vagina onto it.

"Use your finger on your clit!" he ordered.

Lucia slipped two fingers in and found her clitoris. Raul saw that it was red and sore from so much rubbing, but she rolled her fingers over it, playing with it...

"Look and learn, Sara," said Raul. "This time it's your mother who knows. Older women can do this sometimes. They just come and they come and they come and they can't stop..."

It was true, Lucia knew. When she reached the age of thirty she had started having multiple orgasms, whole series of them... It was something to do with age, she once had read in an Italian magazine. She hardly needed to work on her clitoris this time, it was almost as if she was in the middle of one of her big long ones...

She could not stop now even if she wanted to.

It seemed to Raul that this was a show, a spectacle for his benefit.

Lucia knew that these orgasms were her own. She took them as something for herself, something enforced on her, it was true, but something personal for all that. They were her own and she tried to forget Raul...

She began thrusting, her powerful thighs jerking urgently, rippling with the effort, as she desperately pushed her vagina onto the vibrator and onto her own fingers.

She was shining with sweat...

"You look just like your daughter," Raul said, looking from one to the other. "Like two peas in a pod. Two tits in a bra I should say! Ha!

Ha! Ha!" He seldom made jokes. Lucia was embarrassed and confused. He had interrupted her...

"I'll do a deal with you," he said, speaking to Lucia.

Lucia was listening, but she had recovered her concentration and she wanted to build up another orgasm, she could not help it, it was coming over her...

"If I like your big wet cunt more than your daughter's, I'll leave her alone. How about that?"

Lucia could not answer. She grunted. She was coming...

"UGH! ... OOOOH! ... UGH! ... NOOOOOOOOO! ... NOOOOOOO!!!

AAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!"

Her head shot back, nostrils flared, mouth open, shouting, jerking, breasts flying wildly...

Raul watched as she went rigid, her back arched, her lovely breasts beautifully presented, high and firm...

Lucia's eyes closed, head sank and she gave a long groan before slumping forwards. Her mind switched off. She was in the dark, half-conscious...

**SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH**

SLAAAAAAAAAAP!

SLAAAAAAAAAAP!

"AAAAAGGHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Raul had hit her on each breast with his fly swat, a simple piece of plastic with holes in it. He did not want her to rest.

Lucia hardly reacted.

"Stand up! Come here! Put one leg each side of me! Nearer, I want to see you! Bend at the knees and open your legs wider!"

Lucia stood, her knees bent, her vagina wide open just in front of her uncle's face.

He reached up and played around with it, rubbing her lips, putting his finger inside to see how damp she was. He saw that her feminine secretion had wet all the hair around her vagina, especially at the bottom, and had run down one of her thighs.

"You've got a very wet pussy, Lucia. Hold it open for me to see, both hands..."

Lucia put her manacled hands on each side and pulled her lips apart. She could feel that she was damp, wet even...

"Kiss me with your cunt."

She hesitated and then pushed her vagina a few inches forward, onto his lips. She gasped as his tongue ran over her clitoris...

"Mmmmmmmmmmm!" he said, appreciatively.

Lucia had recovered now. "Keep your filthy mouth shut!" she said.

To her surprise, he laughed. He seemed to like her in all moods, whatever she did or said. It was exasperating.

"They sure don't come any better than you!" he said, and laughed again.

Sara's head dropped. She had been able to perform for her uncle, but she was unable to avoid a deep sense of shame at seeing her mother offer her vagina to him, the secretion running down her thigh...

Raul picked up his crop and pointed to Sara.

"Come here."

She obeyed, her legs trembling. He put a harness on her waist, with a strap hanging from it. Two large rubber penises were attached to the strap. One phallus faced inwards, ready to go into her.

"Open your arse, your uncle's got something for you..."

She bent forward and for the second time that day he put a phallus into her. He pulled the strap tight and this pulled it deeper into her bottom.

Sara winced.

She looked down. She seemed to have a penis, and a black one! The second phallus was pointing outwards, flopping around where it would be if she was a man!

Lucia sat, half-stunned by her orgasms, hardly aware of what was going on. A slap on the hip woke her up.

"Come on, you big slut! Leave Lover alone, you'll wear it out!"

She stood up, still dazed.

"Here's what you do," he said, sitting down in his armchair again. "You're going to fuck each other in front of me. Sara will be the male. Get on with it! Fuck this hot bitch! She's dripping for it!"

Mother and daughter looked at each other uncomfortably. If there were any norms in this jungle culture they were all the wrong ones. She had the feeling these people had taken all the normal rules, all the normal taboos, and declared them breakable.

Sara felt deeply embarrassed. She was also physically uncomfortable in her high-heeled shoes, stockings and suspenders. She also felt physically uncomfortable with her anus penetrated. And here she was, having to make love with her own mother! She would have to fornicate, to penetrate her own mother, with this vile rubber object!

"Get on with it, will you?" shouted Raul, picking up his crop.

Lucia lay down on the bed to make things easier for her daughter.

"No, I want to see it go into her mouth!"

Lucia flashed a look of pure hatred at him. If looks could kill, she thought. Yes, she would kill him if she could. But she saw that he was careful when he came near her. He never lost concentration, never gave her a chance... And there were always guards at the door or nearby.

Lucia knelt in front of her daughter and opened her mouth.

She could only get in the tip and a little bit more. She felt that the corners of her lips were going to give...

Raul stood up.

SWIIIIIIIIISH!

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIISH!

One on Sara's buttocks and the other on Lucia's back.

Sara caught hold of her mother's head and pushed her pelvis forwards. Lucia put her hands on her daughter's hips.

With Sara pushing and Lucia pulling her closer, more of it went in. Lucia reached, trying not to be sick.

Raul stroked Lucia's overstretched neck. He could feel the phallus through the skin. Perfect...

"Fuck her face..."

Sara moved her hips cautiously.

"That's fine, nice and easy. By the way, Dogface has asked if he can borrow you for a few days. I have to think about it."

Sara shut her eyes and carried on. She was choking her mother.

"OK, we'll leave it at that for today. Lucia, you got off lightly. Show your gratitude. Stand up and put your arms round your stud!"

Lucia pulled her head back and breathed in quickly.

She stood up and put her arms round her daughter. It was the first time for many years she had done it. She would never have imagined she would do it in circumstances like these...

"Well, don't just stand there, do something! And it'd better be good. If I don't like the show I'll hand you over tit-naked to the plantation workers. They won't say no to tits like these, that's for sure! We've got one or two lesbians who'll give you a hard time, I can tell you! The night guard on the woman's hut will s have you

hanging upside down with your legs apart soon as she she's you! You'll find out just how good your own cunt juice is, Lucia! It'll be running down your stomach and you'll be drinking it! Ha! Ha! Ha! So get on with it, kiss each other!"

The women looked at him horrified for a moment and then embraced each other. Lucia took the lead to help her daughter, kissing her on the lips.

Raul grunted with satisfaction.

He opened his flies, took out his member, and started masturbating.

"Get in closer, get your hands working!"

He watched in ecstasy as the two splendid bodies began to rub against each other. He looked on, fascinated, as the women rubbed their hands over each other's back and hips. Lucia took the lead. Her right hand rubbed over Sara's pelvic bone, then moved in and down onto her pubic hair...

Soon the two women were lying on the floor, writhing around, lifting their thighs over each other and squeezing their vaginas onto the other one's thighs...

Neither of them were lesbians, but they writhed around together, making love with each other, for the exclusive satisfaction of a depraved, twisted relative.

Their kisses grew more and more intense...

Sara looked for her mother's vagina with her mouth, but Lucia stopped her.

"Put it in me," she moaned.

Sara pulled back and held the large phallus in place. Slowly, it went in and Sara fell into a rhythm that simulated well enough a man's movements.

Neither of them thought about the other.

They each drew on fantasies of past relationships that had never happened, old dreams which had left their mark...

Lucia began to gasp once again as nature took over. Sara got little pleasure from the phallus in her anus, but the phallus in front pushed relentlessly on, stimulating her mother but also pressing on her own clitoris. Lesbian love, she thought, was more complicated than she had supposed...

Soon both women were able to give Raul the present he wanted, the sight of two women groaning and shouting as they wobbled and thrust their way into powerful orgasms...

He watched in a state of bliss as flesh trembled against flesh, muscles tensed, and the huge release came, with one final powerful shake of their breasts...

And he shot off too...

There was a long silence in the room.

Finally, Raul broke it.

"Welcome to the plantation, ladies. You both get the job. Raul Mezquita now has two personal slaves!"

The two women separated, confused and disconcerted.

They had given him the show he wanted.

They had made love.

What now?

What did the future hold for them?

What would this sex-crazed, sadistic beast make them do next?

# Chapter Twenty-One

## Lucia in the stocks

**S**ara was naked. Her hands were tied behind her back and she was looking in horror at what Raul had done to her mother. Just seeing her there was almost worse for Sara than being there herself.

Lucia had her elbows twisted back and up. She was on a wooden frame that the plantation carpenter had built for Raul especially for the two women.

Her head was pulled right back by a rope attached to her hair.

Her feet were trapped in a hole in a second block of wood, at a height that meant that her whole body was arching painfully backwards.

Her chest rested on an imitation of the stocks in which prisoners' hands used to be placed when they were exhibited in the market place. In this case, however, there was an important difference: the holes were for a woman's breasts, not wrists. And Sara's large breasts more than filled them. They pushed their way through the holes and emerged the other side as perfectly rounded hemispheres, full and smooth...

The carpenter had been brought to the hut a few days earlier to take measurements. His jaw had dropped when he saw Sara.

He had done a good job, Raul thought. He particularly liked the way her nipples stood out. They were pointing slightly up despite the weight of the breasts, asking to be sucked, asking to be punished.

As Raul gazed at Sara's breasts they seemed for a moment to take on a life of their own. They were full of milk, they were about to explode... For a moment Raul the man disappeared and Raul saw with a child's eye. He stood there, once again the boy he had once been, gazing at his mother's breasts. They were solid and reassuring. They were comforting. They offered him not only food but a sense of stillness, a warm feeling of timeless satisfaction...



**As Raul gazed at her breasts they seemed for a moment to take on a life of their own. They were full of milk, they**

**were about to explode...**

Raul sighed. He was not a man given to much reflection, but he could not avoid a sad, pervasive feeling of unease. What had become of that boy? Had he gone forever? Could he never find that peace again?

He shook his head and shook the thought off.

He had a job to do. Breasts to work on. Here was that slut Lucia waiting to be ringed...

He had just gagged her with her own panties. She had been about to throw up, but he had put sticky tape over her mouth, and then a cloth on top of that to make it look good.

He certainly didn't want to hear her shouting and screaming.

Her breasts couldn't be better displayed...

"It's going to hurt. You'll be proud to wear them though. All my ponies wear them."

Ponies? thought Lucia. What was he talking about? He was stark, raving mad!

She switched off and thought about something else. She would go mad if she lived in this depraved version of reality.

She thought about her work, her flat in Italy, her last lover, her early years in Colombia, and then about Sara and Raul and she came back to her own naked, defenceless breasts...

It had been a useless mental trip. The pain made it impossible to forget the present. The threat of the needles made it all too real...

She would be better dead than living this man's bitter, twisted dream.

Sara interrupted. "Master. I will be your slave. I'll make you happy any way you want. But ... let her go. Please. Let my mother go..."

Raul looked up, surprised.

Her warm, husky voice had always excited him. For a moment, he hesitated. He had said he would keep them both, but it was not true. He would probably only keep one of them...

He said nothing, but turned round with a strange smile and took the glowing needle from the brazier. As always he showed it to his victim, the woman he still loved and hated as he had loved and hated her for over twenty years.

Nothing had changed that, not Lucia herself and not her daughter.

"Look at it. It's hollow. A sample of your nipple will come out inside it. We'll put it in the soup tonight. Ha! Ha! ha!"

The two women shuddered. His madness seemed infinite. He was worse than a beast. He was a man, a sadist, a psychotic...

He seized her nipple in a pair of pliers, and pulled mercilessly.

Lucia thought she would die from the pain...

Sara looked on helplessly, sobbing, as the hollow needle with into the base of her mother's nipple, where it hurt most.

Lucia could not take any more. She fainted.

A penetrating smell of burnt skin drifted towards Sara and she too fell senseless to the ground...

Raul went to get two buckets of water.

# Chapter Twenty-two

## Something dies in Raul

**D**ogface and Raul were sitting at the table, chatting. The two women were serving them their supper.

"What happened to the agent?" Raul asked, referring to Laura.

Dogface wiped his hand across his face. He always ate with his fingers and chewed with his mouth open, noisily.

"She's working with the men," he said. "A bit of extra money won't do any harm. Hey, bring us some more wine!"

Lucia, barefoot and completely naked, hurried out with a jar. Every time she got near the foreman she trembled from head to foot.

He put his hand on the back of her thigh...

"A good colt. You should get her working too. It'd do her good. Bring her down a bit. She's too proud! And this one would bring in a lot of money..."

"Working? So you can fuck her all day free? No thanks..."

Dogface laughed. His hand was moving up between Lucia's legs. He slipped two fingers in between her muscular buttocks. Lucia shuddered and spilt some of the wine.

"Clumsy mother-fucker!" shouted Dogface.

"You got the wrong one there Oswaldo," said Raul, in a rare attack of humour. "It's the daughter that's the mother-fucker!"

Both men laughed.

Lucia hurried away, aware of the men's eyes on her bottom as she walked.

She joined Sara, who was standing against the wall waiting for orders, wearing the suspenders and other erotica of a bygone age.

They both stood with their backs to the wall, facing the men...

Dogface eyed the girls.. "Real class you've got here, Raul. If we open a restaurant and dress them like this, we'll have queues outside."

He couldn't take his eyes off Sara.

"Turn round, both of you," Raul ordered.

Lucia and Sara obeyed, turned round slowly. They were physically very similar. Sara seemed a little slimmer, the effect of the high heels, and she had bigger breasts and a slightly more muscular bottom...

"Which one fucks better?"

"I don't know. I haven't had the pleasure with the one on the left yet."

Dogface looked puzzled.

"You sure take your time," he said.

"What's the hurry? I've got something to look forward to... I have seen the daughter fuck the mother, though, and she did a good job."

Sara's hand touched her mother's. Was there no end to this torture?

"I was thinking of giving you one of them," said Raul. "What do you think?"

He wanted to keep the man happy.

Dogface hadn't expected this.

Sara and Lucia looked at each other, terrified.

"I can't keep the two of them on the go all the time. I haven't got time. And anyway, I want to give you something, a little present. You do a good job here. I wouldn't want to lose you."

"You won't lose me if you keep up the supply of tit!"

"Which one do you prefer?"

"I ... I don't know. It's a good present, Raul, I don't know," he said, putting his hand on Raul's shoulder.

"You choose. I don't mind."

"I prefer the girl. I've never seen tits like that, never!"

Sara pressed her mother's hand. She was afraid they were about to be separated.

She shuddered at the thought of what this vile, primitive, Dogface would do to her.

They walked over to the table.

Raul caught Lucia by the wrist and Dogface took Sara. They sat them on their laps...

"And what do you think?" Raul asked Lucia, "which of us do you prefer?" He was playing with her nipple rings. They had not closed up and they bled at the slightest touch.

There was a long silence. The men groped and stroked their victims, gradually getting more excited.

On her first day here, Lucia had seen Dogface cut the testicles off the American boy and stick them in Laura's mouth. She did not want her daughter to fall into his hands. Raul was easier to control, within the limits possible.

"You're a filthy pig, Raul. And probably an impotent filthy pig. I prefer Oswaldo!" It was a desperate attempt to divide them. She did not expect much to come of it, but she had to try everything.

Sara remained silent. She was disconcerted by her mother.

Dogface's finger in her anus made her decide to tell the truth. She hated her uncle with all her soul, but this filthy pig was even more loathsome.

"We're waiting, big tits..."

Sara looked him in the eye with all the hatred in her body: "You're a dirty slob! A murderer! You're the scum of the earth!"

Raul laughed. He was enjoying the puzzled look on Dogface's stupid, ugly face. "I don't think this one wants to show you her big tits!"

Dogface looked hurt and angry. He put two more fingers into her anus, forcing them in painfully... "You're going to be sorry you said that!"

Sara started trembling.

"Take me," Lucia shouted, speaking to Dogface. "It's the right decision. I'm too hot for this impotent old man I need a real man, a real macho, and you need a real woman, not a little girl... We're the right team here."

Dogface smiled again. This time Raul did not.

Raul was thinking about something else. He had set a trap for her and she had fallen into it. There was no doubt about things now. Lucia hated him, he had seen it with his own eyes. The last small remaining hope of building a relationship with his slave had gone.

He was sad about it. Slaves did fall in love with their masters. He had seen it before, more than once. But this one would not. She was not a little girl, she was a mature woman who hated him and despised him and thought herself better than him.

Lucia had just made the wrong call.

The time had come to start work on her, exclusively.

"Keep the daughter, Oswaldo. This one stays with me.

"NOOOOOOOOO!"

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

The two women called out at the same time.

Talking time was over.

Dogface leapt up from the table, croaked a gruff thank you, and lifted Sara onto his shoulder like a sack of coca leaves.

He laughed and sank his teeth into her thigh. "First class meat, Raul..."

"Yep."

Raul too stood up, holding a struggling, kicking Lucia.

"It looks like you and me, Lucia. It's the way I always wanted it. It's the way it could have been. We could have worked something out maybe. You could have called some of the shots."

She stopped struggling and he let her go. She looked at him, trying to understand him. She saw for a moment a pathetic ageing man, fat and ugly, but also wounded inside. She did not understand what she saw until he spoke sadly.

"I loved you, Lucia."

She said nothing. She did not know what to say.

"It's time to start all over again," said Raul. "My way."

She saw something die in him. There was nothing she could do about it. She had no love to give him.

She knew he would punish her now but she could not stop him...

She felt strangely sad that love should go so wrong...

# Chapter Twenty-three

## The General takes Raquel home

**E**strella Ramírez, the General's daughter, was manicuring her nails in the large lounge, wrapped in an expensive dressing gown.

She was not in a good mood.

At her feet lay the torn pieces of the last letter from Ralph. He had loved her in Boston, she thought. Now he seemed to love his wife and family.

This time there were no tears on the torn-up pieces of letter.

But there was a storm building up...

He had finally admitted it. He had no intention of leaving his wife and children. And this time the whole tone of the letter was standoffish, insultingly so. He was, he said, tired of her constant phone calls, and so was his family. He said she should find someone else, settle down, or she'd have a breakdown. He said she should get professional help.

A police wagon pulled up outside.

Raquel, barefoot and still wearing her torn prison uniform, stepped out. Her hands were tied in front. She stumbled and fell, unable to walk properly with her feet hobbled.

The General pulled her up by the hair and led her to the house. She crawled up the steps...

He pushed her into the room.

Raquel scrambled in front of him, trying to avoid his shining boots.

"Look what Daddy's brought his lovely little daughter," he said.

Estrella looked up, blowing on her nails. She was in no mood for presents.



**Look what Daddy's brought his lovely little daughter...**

"What the fuck do I want that for, Daddy? Since when do I need one of your playthings?"

"I know you don't like them, love, but try to understand your father. I have to bring them. It's different for men. We carry our balls outside. They're always brushing on our trousers. Nothing we can do about it! External genitals, that's the problem!" He laughed as he always did when he explained his theory.

"Bullshit!" said his daughter. "Bullshit and bollocks! You're all the same, you men, you're just full of shit..."

The General was fond of his daughter. He saw the pieces of the letter and sensed that all was not well in her love life.

"Has the servant come yet?" he asked.

Her eyes flashed. "He's upstairs..."

"In your room?"

"Yes, but don't worry. He's not going anywhere."

Her father smiled. The boy was, he supposed, recovering from some sleeping tablets and probably tied and gagged to the bed.

Estrella looked at Raquel. "This is the girlfriend I suppose."

"That's what it says in the reports. It's a funny business though. I can't get to the bottom of it."

"It or her?" asked Estrella.

The General smiled. "For the moment, it."

Raquel listened, horrified...

Estrella stood up and went over to the gringa. She too lifted her by the hair. She knows the style, thought Raquel, that's bad....

Estrella looked at her. She was pretty, no doubt about that. Little kitten, helpless good looks, big appealing eyes... And she was blonde, which all men like and she had blue eyes which they all like too... And she had big tits... The typical slut that gets all the boys in a disco.

Her father had done his usual trick of tying the girl's arms in front of her, straight, so that her upper arms pressed her breasts together. Didn't he ever think of anything else?

OK, so she was pretty. But what use was it to her, Estrella asked herself? None at all, not in this house anyway. It just meant that her decrepit old father and his revolting dog would be on top of her all the time.

"How is the gringuita in bed?" she asked.

Her father did not reply. He never knew quite where he was with his daughter. If she was feeling randy, she accepted his little hobby and even played with some of the male prisoners herself. She had even played with his women, on occasions. The trouble was, if she wasn't feeling randy, she always seemed to disapprove of him.

The General was not especially surprised by his daughter's changing moods.

He had always considered women a bit of a mystery. Internal genitals, he said, are damned difficult things! Like a tank, slow to get going, need time to warm up, but unstoppable once they're moving...

Raquel sat on the floor, aware that she was unwillingly showing a lot of breast, and stared hard at the Colombian girl. This girl, this

plain, unattractive girl, was going to go to bed with her Gary, she supposed... This little Indian pig...

Estrella returned the hostile look, but her father saw something else in her eyes too. "She's pretty, eh?. You like her, I can you see you do..."

Estrella turned away but did not deny it.

"Her name is Raquel. She's here to serve you too..."

Estrella looked Raquel up and down, making her feel uncomfortable.

"Thanks," she said. "But I'm a bit off the whole thing at the moment..."

"No hurry," said her father, "whenever you fancy her, just have her."

Internal genitals, he thought, looking affectionately at his daughter.

# Chapter Twenty-four

## Dogface and Sara

**W**hen he got to his hut, Dogface threw Sara to the ground. The girl stood up and turned to face him. She was prepared to resist him.

"If it's a fight you want, or a fuck, I'm your man."

She jumped at him trying to kick him in the genitals. He caught her leg, lifted it, and she fell to the ground. He laughed as she fell clumsily onto her back, her legs waving in the air...

She stood up again.

Each time she attacked, she ended up on the ground or at the other side of the hut, and Dogface took off some more of her clothes.

When he was naked, he caught her by the ankles and picked her up like a rag doll.

Like a man peeling an apple, he stripped her of her stockings and suspenders. When he had finished he opened his hand and let her fall...

She lay there, tired and bruised. He dragged her to the centre of the room. She made a final effort and kicked him on the shin. When she tried it a second time he caught her ankle and he took off her shoes as she lay on the floor kicking.

She glared up at him. He saw the hatred in her eyes and it excited him. He liked breaking these girls in, training them... It was more fun that way.

He walked over to her and she edged backwards, down on all fours, until she was trapped in a corner. Dogface took her face in his large brutish hands and held it in front of his member. She looked at it, horrified. Physically, Dogface was a kind of monster, a freak of nature,



**I'll choke you with my dick if you don't suck better,**

**you big slut!**

an apeman. His member was disproportionately large...

He slapped her twice. It was so hard she nearly passed out.

He took advantage of this to put a collar on her. It was tight and choked her.

He 'held her head...

She opened her mouth wide and pushed his penis in, right in...

She held on to his thighs, sitting back on her heels.

"I'll choke you with my dick if you don't suck better, you big slut!"

Sara tried to relax. She had done this before. She tried to breathe through the nose, but it was impossible because of the collar.

When she was about to pass out, the man withdrew. He held the huge tip in front of her face. She shuddered. One of the holes in the end was moving, gasping for air. She shuddered when she saw it. It's like a fish out of water, it's like me, she thought...

He put his penis in again, until her chin pressed against his monumental testicles. Her face was squashed against his thick, smelly bush.

Sara took a decision. She made a huge effort and she bit him with all her strength.

The man laughed.

She bit again, sinking her teeth as hard as she could. He loved it.

The thug pulled her over to the bed, still in her mouth, and dragged her onto the bed, on her back.

Sara was too weak to do anything about it.

He squatted over her, his huge hands manipulating her head, pushing it and pulling it as if he was fucking some large tropical fruit.

It was brutal and cruel. It was as if he wanted to crush her skull.

When he finally shot into her throat, Sara was unconscious and her nose bleeding...

Dogface did not even realise. He wanted another orgasm and he was going to have one. He thrust and thrust, a primitive sex-crazed genetic mutant, indifferent to everything except his own pleasure.

Sara had never been so close to death...

# Chapter Twenty-five

## The General's daughter rides a gringo

**G**ary lay naked on a strange bed in a strange bedroom. He could not see it because of the blindfold, but it smelt like a woman's room.

Prison guards had brought him here. They had given no explanation of any kind . They had made him strip off and had tied him to the bed with his legs wide apart.

Then they had blindfolded him.

For a time he had shouted. He knew there was someone in the house, but in the end he gave up. He didn't have much voice left.

Now he lay there, straining his ears. Someone was coming, wearing high heels apparently.

"Who is it? Who are you?" he asked. "Why am I here? Where am I?"

There was no reply.

He smelt a woman's perfume, a heavy tropical scent like a flower..

He flinched as a small, damp hand closed on his penis, squeezed it briefly and then stroked it.

Another hand was cupped under his testicles, moving them around, pressing them lightly.

In a few seconds, he had an erection.

He flinched as a wet tongue ran over his testicles, the tip of it flicking them lightly. He gave a low moan as he felt a long, firm stroke of the tongue start at the bottom of his member and slowly move all the way up it. He felt a woman's lips go around it, warm and wet.

There was nothing he could do. He was powerless to stop this woman.

She blew on his wet testicles, causing them to move around in their wrinkled bag.

Slowly she started pumping his penis, pushing and pulling, harder and harder.

If she didn't stop, he'd come, he'd shoot off all over the bed!

She did not stop. She carried on and on and on.

He found himself jerking with her, he wanted her to carry on, he murmured a low "Nooooooooo" and began to moan louder.

As he got nearer, she held his penis down near his stomach, and when he shot off his semen went over his stomach and chest.

"That was too quick," a woman's voice said. "And you've been a naughty little boy. You shot off all over yourself.

He felt someone wipe him clean with a tissue and then put something on him. It felt like a ring on the base of his penis. It did not hurt especially, but the woman put something on his balls that did. He did not know what it was, but it seemed to be a strap with a buckle. She tightened it.

"Now you've calmed down a bit, we'll have a little talk."

His head turned towards the voice. It was a young woman. She spoke with a warm Spanish accent.

He felt her move up and supposed that she was squatting over him. He heard her moving very near his face, and he caught a distinct, pungent aroma of woman., of vagina.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Too many questions. Open your mouth."

He hesitated for a moment and opened it.

"Kiss me," she said.

He felt her pubic hair brush lightly against his lips. She was moving her vagina over them very gently, left and right...

He responded almost instinctively, kissing her mons veneris in a quick series of little kisses. Then he kissed her more heavily in the middle, opened his mouth a little and put out a tentative, exploring tongue.

"Lick me, gringo... Like you do with your friend Raquel..."

Gary pulled his head back. Raquel!



**Time to ride you, my little stud! Now you're going to**

**give me all the orgasms I want.**

A savage pull on his private parts reminded him he had a job to do. He grunted from the pain and lifted his head again, looking for the crack with the tip of his tongue...

Several minutes went by. He heard very little from the girl, and his tongue and jaws ached.

He speeded up, rubbing his lips and cheeks and chin all over her moist lips, frantically trying to get a response...

His face was wet with vaginal secretion, but she hardly made any noises at all, just an occasional, stifled moan...

He heard a noise of some garment. He could not know it, but it was her satin nightdress, the only thing she was wearing. She had pulled it completely off her right breast.

"Time to ride you, my little stud! Now you're going to give me all the orgasms I want. And be careful. Don't come until I give you permission!"

She pulled on the strap around his genitals to hurt underline her words.

He felt a hand on the base of his penis.

There was an immediate erection, and the rings made it very painful...

He writhed a little as the girl lowered her vagina, warm and moist, onto the tip of his penis. Gradually she brought her crutch down onto him and her soft, velvety vagina took him in...

An unknown, unseen female body began to rotate, snakelike, on his erect penis...

"Who ... who are you?" he managed to ask.

Her sharp nails went dug his chest, and she carried on...

"Who are you?"

She slapped him across the face and pulled his testicles tight. He decided not to ask any more questions.

"Penises don't talk. You're a penis. Just a penis."

Her body stroked him more and more insistently now and she changed rhythm, pumping herself energetically up and down on him.

He tensed the muscles of his member inside her, causing it to lift, turning her soft moaning into a more urgent groaning and then grunting and loud uncontrolled shouts and then...

"OOOH! ... AAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

she came, jerking and twitching all over him.

Then she fell silent as she slumped forward over him, resting...

The first orgasm.

Later she had the second, noisier than the first and much less inhibited...

And the third...

And the fourth...

And the fifth...

# Chapter Twenty-six

## Sara wakes up

It took some time for Sara to come round. It was night and she was outside. She saw Oswaldo's hut in the moonlight.

For a moment she did not recognise it, or know where she was.

Then she remembered.

Her throat hurt, her stomach and head were going round and round, and she smelt semen everywhere.

She remembered the horrendous rape, the first sexual contact with her new owner, her new master, a bloodthirsty ape called Dogface.

Her shoulders ached. She was suspended by the wrists on his veranda.

She looked down at her bruised body. The moon was full and she saw it clearly. Her legs were open, her ankles held apart on each end of a stick a yard long.

She was naked.

Only the tips of her toes were in contact with the ground.

The sound of some wild animal woke up the birds. She looked around panic-stricken but could see nothing.

She tried to speak. She was gagged.

She would never get used to being a sexual slave, she knew. These men were dangerous. She had to escape. How? Which way could she go if she escaped? She did not know the jungle.

Her only hope, she thought, was her stepmother Brenda. Maybe she had become suspicious and gone to the police.

The thought gave her some hope.

# Chapter Twenty-seven

## The General needs some help

**A**t that moment Raquel was locked up in her room, listening to Max barking on the other side of the door.

She heard Estrella shouting out two floors above her.

It was unmistakable, the uncontrolled, uninhibited groaning of a woman seeking full sexual pleasure.

Tears came into her eyes. That girl, that snake, was with Gary...

Raquel herself was with the General, or to be precise, under the General. She was not shouting with pleasure.

Her wrists were handcuffed to one of the legs of the bed.

She looked up and saw his rolling eyes and the dribble escaping from his lips. It fell on her face.

She felt nothing except disgust.

Ramirez was impotent as far as she could see.

What did he want her for?

Maybe he just wanted to try, to see if he could get it up. He made her kiss her on the mouth and lick and suck his ears. She obeyed, but there was no sign of an erection.

Only muttered threats in her ear...

"I'll put a hot iron up your arse if you don't do better than this..."

"I'll set Max on you. He'll bite your nipples off..."

"I'll shut you in with him until he finishes you off..."

"I'll cut your boyfriend's bollocks off..."

The General stood up, aroused but apparently unable to do too much about it. He took the riding crop from his belt and hit the girl twice,



**I'll put a hot iron up your arse**

**if you don't do better than this...** once on each thigh...

"That's for starters!"

Max jumped up onto her. He was hysterical, licking and licking her face and breasts with his rough, fat tongue.

Raquel shouted. She tried to push him away, turning over, but the dog knew what he wanted. He was trained.

Max managed to slip round the back of her and bit her on the back of the neck. Some primitive reflex made Raquel freeze. The dog took advantage of it, sniffed around and found what he was looking for.

She had always been afraid of anal sex, but on the occasion she had no choice.

And with a dog, she thought, shuddering...

General Ramirez sat back in his armchair, chuckling to himself. Later he fell silent and concentrated on the more serious business of masturbating.

This was what he wanted to see, a young gringa, a blonde with blue eyes, offering her bottom to Max...

This girl was worth her weight in gold.

He would keep her.

# Chapter Twenty-eight

## Sara tells Dogface she's been naughty

**D**ay had come and the rising sun would soon burn off the last of the mist.

Dogface woke up and looked out of the open door.

Yes, she was still there, hanging by the wrists.

He got up impatiently.

He still had an erection, the useless relic of some dream or another. It flopped absurdly up and down as he walked to the cooker.

He put the light on and put water on. Then he went to say good morning to his slave.

Sara was unconscious. The ropes had dug into her wrist and there was blood down her arms.

He fetched a bucket of water and threw it over her.

She came round and felt the pain again.

Another day of torture and agony was beginning.

Fortunately the ropes had given a little bit and she could rest her feet on the ground better.

"Good morning, slave!" Dogface said, "You're in luck. I woke up with a good hard-on this morning!" He showed it to her.

Sara closed her eyes...

Dogface made himself a coffee and put the rest of the boiling water in a transparent plastic bottle.

"Hygiene first thing in the morning is very important."

Sara shook her head. She had once been tortured by that with Raul and she knew what it was...

Whistling happily, the guard put the bottle on the same hook as the girl, hanging in front of her eyes. It was upside down now, with a tube coming from it like a saline solution next to a hospital bed.

He knelt behind his slave and put the tube right up inside her anus.

He stood up and adjusted a valve, letting the water through drop by drop.

She took a deep breath and bit onto her gag.

The water came down the tube, penetrated her, and burnt her inside.

She watched as the level slowly dropped. The pain was unbearable.

When all the water had gone, the guard took away the tube and the bottle and put the tight collar round her neck. She tried to swallow but it was difficult.

He took a whip from a nail on the wall and showed it to her.

He walked round behind her and lifted his thick arm.





"NOOOOO! ... PLEEEEEEEEEASE!!!"

"A big-titted slut likes you needs a lot of exercise. And so do your tits! The first time I saw you, all I saw was your great big fucking flopping cockteasers! They were wobbling around trying to get out. You might as well have flopped them in front of us! Well now I can see them properly, I want to enjoy the show!"



"You're gonna come now, good and hard!"

"I'LL COME!!!" Sara screamed. "I'll come! Don't hit me, please! I'll come!"

She moved her legs a little further apart, shut her eyes and concentrated on her clitoris, pressing it again and again onto his thumb...

He put the fingers of his other hand in, feeling her moisture, feeling her push herself to orgasm...

"AAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

She arched her back, jerked furiously from the hips, pushed her breasts out, groaned and slumped forward.

She was exhausted, but she had managed to have an orgasm.

He dropped the whip and took her breasts in his hands.

"You gave yourself a good ride there! That's a good start to the day."

He disappeared and came back with a sack. He poured its contents onto the floor of the veranda: sticks, phalluses, vibrators, a bundle of birch twigs, various belts and leather straps and harnesses for lifting the breasts, bamboo canes, a long plastic ruler, different lengths of string and rope, and assorted items of plastic and leather ladies' underwear.

He selected a black plastic bra with large holes in each cup and he put it on her. Her breasts pushed and squeezed their way through the hole, huge but well lifted, with their nipples pointing up, asking to be punished, he thought as he licked his lips.

Next he selected a length of extremely coarse rope, bristles sticking out if it in all directions, and he pulled it tight between two hands

She thought he was going to strangle her! He wasn't. He made her open her legs as wide as she could and then he passed the rope between the lips of her open vagina.

"You think you're class, but you're a slut like all woman, as soon as you get something working on your clit. You're all the same, sluts, whores... Just look at the way you push your cunt onto this rope," he said, passing it up and down over her clitoris like a piece of dental floss, rubbing it, irritating it, making it sore...

He worked with the rope and his fingers until she had another orgasm, and then he untied her.

He left her black plastic bra on and he told her to put her hands behind her behind her head.

He made her arch her back and push her breasts up...

And he went over to the pile of material on the floor.

He picked up a bamboo cane and a bundle of birch.

"Now this is what you say: I've been a naughty girl and I deserve to be punished."

Sara hesitated and then repeated, in a low trembling voice.

"I've been naughty. Punish me!"

"On my breasts."

"On my breasts."

Dogface dropped the bamboo and started hitting her on the breasts with the birch twigs. He hit her all over the breasts, sometimes above the nipples, sometimes directly on them, and sometimes he pulled the breast up by the nipple ring to expose the soft, shiny flesh under the nipples ("Like the bottom of my bollocks," he said).

Each time she had to say "Punish me!"

If not, he did it twice as much, and harder.

Sara screamed each time the birch came down, which was very often.

Dogface seemed to be in another world, hitting angrily, almost unaware of the woman behind the magnificent, firm, uplifted, bruised and bleeding breasts...

He stopped when Sara fainted.

He lifted her into the hut and lay her on the ground.

When she came to the first thing she saw was this half-man, half-ape, crouching over her, licking and slurping, his tongue inside her vagina.

Her head spun with all the noises and all the cruelty of this strange jungle world, where people just disappeared, or were used as slaves in the coca plantations or as sexual slaves.

# Chapter Twenty-nine

## Two women in the jungle

**L**ike her daughter, Lucia did what she could to survive in this cruel society, where all normal human relationships seemed to have gone wrong.

Her first night alone with Raul, without Sara now, Lucia was awake all night, chained to the foot of Raul's bed.

Dogface's hut was close to Raul's and she could hear Sara shouting and sobbing. It went on all night.

Raul did not bother her. He was too drunk.

During the few moments of silence, Raul's snoring had not let her rest.

Dawn brought heavy rain, falling onto the corrugated iron roof.

When it stopped, she heard the terrible sound of a whip on human flesh, on her daughter's flesh, and she thought she would go mad...

Raul woke up mid-morning with a splitting headache. He got up and left the hut without speaking to her.

He came back with Dogface, carrying something she did not recognise.

"On your feet, you big cunt!"

He kicked her in the ribs. She got up with difficulty, stiff from the floor...

Before she knew what was going on, they had fitted her with the most obscene and cruel chastity belt.

Two big phalluses came off it and penetrated her anus and vagina.

It even had a padlock.

Raul handed the key to Dogface. "I'll leave her in your care. I know I can trust you."

"She'll be in good hands," he said, smiling.

Lucia was in too much pain to pay much attention to the conversation. Her eyes were filled with tears. It was the first time anyone or anything had been in her anus.

"Keep her working all day, dawn to dusk," said Raul. "When I come back I want to see her looking fitter and with a bit of colour in her cheeks. She looks ill."

Raul was going to Cali, to a meeting between two cartels. They were both under pressure from the military and there was talk of uniting against a common enemy.

But it could be a trap too...

The apeman took Lucia, naked and handcuffed, through the muddy streets of the workers' camp. Dozens of workers and guards, of both sexes, were making their way with them to La Fortaleza to get into a lorry and set off for the work camps.

Dogface pushed her into one of the simple shelters used by the guards.

Sara was there, bending forward, with her hands tied to her ankles. She was completely naked except for a pair of dirty high-heeled shoes. Raul's old-fashioned little fetishes again...

The girl's body was covered in bruises, from the shoulders down to the ankles, in the front and at the back... Her eyes were closed. She was swaying slowly, trying to keep awake or perhaps trying not to lose her balance...

Two pieces of elastic tied the nipple rings to a big ring set in the ground. Sara's magnificent body was trembling all over. She could not straighten her legs without pulling on her nipples. Her thighs and calves were showing the strain...

The apeman forced Lucia down on her knees, very close to her daughter's tortured buttocks. He took his shirt off and pulled his trousers down. His brutish erection was there as usual, waiting...

"I've been looking after your little girl for you," he said. "I cleaned her lovely little bumhole out. She feels all the better for it, don't you?" he asked, slapping Sara on the bottom.

"Please..." she moaned.



**I cleaned her lovely little bumhole out.**

**She feels all the better for it...**

"Please what? Please fuck my arsehole?"

Lucia looked down at her chastity belt.

She at least was safe from the sex-crazed beast.

"AAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

She looked up. The beast had just sunk a foot of penis into Sara's rectum.

Lucia sobbed as she watched him rape her anus, jabbing and poking his member deep inside her...

Sara tried desperately to keep her balance, which only served to move her rectum around and squeeze Dogface's member.

The man, if that is what he was, had his eyes closed. He was off in some strange world where men are monkeys and fuck whatever and whenever they want.

He looked at Lucia, grinning...

He had an orgasm, rested briefly, fondling Sara's swinging breasts, and just carried on when he was ready.

Horns sounded, requesting their presence on the lorries, and interrupted Dogface. He looked unhappy, but pulled out. He would have carried on all morning, but work was work... He'd take Sara with him.

He pushed them up onto one of the lorries. The two women sat on the floor, naked, opposite a line of men. It was clear that the men had not been with a woman for some years. Even the most educated of them found it impossible to take their eyes off the their breasts.

Lucia glanced at her daughter. The apeman's semen had oozed out and was running slowly and stickily down onto one of her thighs.

When they got to the work camp, Lucia looked around. There were other women there, but she was the only one naked... She took a deep breath and walked towards them.

Dogface caught hold of her arm.

"Wrong way! You work with the men!"

Lucia looked at him in horror. "Naked," said Dogface, "start tit-and-cunt naked. Your owner says you've got to work hard. That means you work with the men. And he says you're too pale. That means you work with your tits in the air!"

It was hell. Whenever the guards were somewhere else, men came over to talk to her and look at her. And whenever Dogface was somewhere else, the guards came over and bothered her. They put their hands all over her. Fortunately the chastity belt stopped them.

She hauled tree trunks, moved rocks and carried water, all in the blazing sun.

In the middle of the morning Dogface came over to her.

"I forgot. These things have batteries." He switched on the two phalluses, and they hummed and buzzed inside her, giving her no peace.

With each step she took, each movement, the intrusive vibrating rubber pushed into her and made her jumpy. It irritated her, tortured her, and as time went by the one in her vagina began to get through to her, exciting her...

It was a kaleidoscope of pain and pleasure, with everything spinning round in the hot sun.

It was torture by intimate, undesired sensations, all of them irresistibly produced by absurd devices inserted into her anus and vagina.

The worst thing was when she bent down. The phallus round the back seemed about to rip her open.

Dogface had put her in a part of the work camp near his tent. She could see and hear him working on her daughter. It was repugnant, there were no words for it...

He had hardly stopped raping her since they got there...

Some of the guards looked on smiling and making little comments among themselves. Others peeped from time to time, furtively, urgently, disturbed by it all, wanting to see more. One or two masturbated without too much shame.

Sara twisted around under the apeman, her eyes wide open, fixed at some infinite point...

After two or three hours, Lucia could not stand the vibrators any more. The one round the back, in particular, had churned her bowels to water...

She went to Dogface's tent. He was sitting down resting. Sara, naked as always, was washing his dirty feet in a bowl. Even the water in the bowl smelt bad, stagnant water...

"What are you doing here, showing your cunt like that?" he asked, smiling.

Lucia ignored the comment. "I need the key," she said quietly.

Sara had her back to the entrance. She lifted her head when she heard her mother's voice, but did not dare turn round.

"You want the key!" he said, laughing. "She wants the key!" he roared out, attracting the attention of two guards.

They went over to the tent, and were soon joined by a group of about ten men.

"And which of these men is the lucky one? Which of these gentlemen gets to put his dick in you?"

Lucia dropped her head. Sara wanted to cry.

"I don't feel very well. I need to go to the toilet," said Lucia.

"She needs to go to the toilet. The problem is, where's the toilet?"

He picked up his whip and flicked it round her legs, just above the ankles. He pulled it and she fell to the ground.

The guards laughed.

"This is the key," he said to Sara, "taking it from around his neck. Take the belt off her, just here, outside the tent."

Sara took the key. She led her mother outside. Lucia was doubled up.

She took the key and opened the padlock. Carefully, she separated the central strap that went between her mother's legs. She glanced up. All the men had fallen silent and were staring at the strap.

She pulled it slowly, pulling the rubber vibrators out carefully. The rubber in the vagina came out first, shining and wet.

A low murmur came from the watching men... They had never imagined that she had that thing inside her.

Sara was more careful with the other one...

There was a collective gasp of surprise as the second one appeared, from in her anus...

Sara steadies her mother as she leaned forward.

She moved round, blocking the view of her mother's bottom, trying to give her a little privacy.

Dogface picked up the whip. "Don't spoil the fun, you big-titted whore! Turn round and show the men your funbags."

Embarrassed, Sara turned round to face the group of men.

Lucia felt her bowels about to empty. She crouched down...

"On your feet! Keep those legs good and straight. Bend over and show them your lovely little asshole, Lucia!"

Lucia made a tremendous effort and straightened up.

"Hold her cheeks back!" he said to Sara. These gentlemen want to see how a real posh lady has a crap!"

Sara put one hand on each buttock and pulled them apart. Her mother's anus, already dirty from where the rubber phallus had come out, was clearly visible...

At that moment there was a "plop" and Lucia emptied her bowels onto the ground and onto the back of her legs.

The men fell silent. No one left.

Sara closed her eyes.

"Good stuff, Lucia! Good and rich," said Dogface. "That's what the jungle needs, a lady's crap! Ha! Ha! ha!"

Lucia began sobbing quietly.

Sara joined her more openly.

They were both educated, independent women, competent and able to move around comfortably in middle-class society. Nothing in their education or upbringing had prepared them for this.

Lucia felt deeply miserable. Even the smell of her own diarrhoea was part of her humiliation. At that moment, she hated herself.

Sara took the bowl of water, threw it away, and fetched some more. Nobody stopped her, not even Dogface.

She cleaned her mother's bottom as best she could with old rags.

Lucia fell to her knees like a dog, sobbing and crying...

Sara kissed her.

The men drifted away, silent.

"Bury it. Cats, dogs, bitches, they all bury it, Lucia. Use your feet and your hands like the bitch you are and bury it!"

Lucia dug into the red clay, pulling it out by the handful. Sara got some big leaves and together they pushed the liquid excrement into the hole and buried it.

Lucia had sunk into a depression. The humiliation had been too much. She had lost her self-esteem and with it the will to resist. She just wanted to die.

Sara clenched her fists. She knew what her mother was going through. But she took it differently. She swore that she would kill Dogface. He was only just human. He was not quite an ape either. He was a monster, a cruel, depraved monster.

Dogface stood up slowly and walked across to the two women.

Lucia was still down on all fours, sobbing more gently now...

He took her face between his hands. She was so beautiful when she cried...

He stood up. "That was my water in the bowl. You took it. It's yours. Drink it! Every drop of it!"

Sara confronted him. "Leave her alone!" she shouted.

Dogface laughed. "You've got spunk!" he said. It was true. Sara was a brave girl. He was almost two metres tall and he was heavy, all muscle. "I could snap your neck like a twig. Or I could just snap my fingers and any one of these guards would take you for a little walk in the jungle. One-way trip."

He smiled. He was getting to enjoy fooling around with this high-class cunt. It was just the same as any other cunt! More fun, maybe...

"Maybe you're right," he said. Maybe the lady's got a delicate stomach. Wouldn't be right for her to drink it."

He took the revolver from his belt and held it to Lucia's left breast.

He looked at Sara. "You drink it."

Sara did not really believe he would shoot her mother. Raul would be angry. But you never knew. These people were violent, unpredictable...

She picked up the bowl and closed her eyes.

She started to drink...

Dogface stopped her, knocking the rest of the filthy water over her breasts.

"That's enough. Don't want you getting too ill, do we? Might spoil the fun."

Sara took her mother by the arm and led her to a nearby pool. No one stopped them. Everyone looked at them.

The following days passed in a nightmare routine of rape and abuse.

Lucia worked from dawn to dusk, naked, with the men.

Sara was raped and tortured all day by Dogface.

Her screams and his orgasms became part of the routine and filled her mother with despair...

"She's got spunk all right!" Dogface said to the other men. "She's got it dripping out of her!"

At night Lucia was taken to the tent and put in a cage.

She spent most of the night watching and hearing a sex-crazed psychotic abusing her daughter.

Lucia no longer valued her own life. But she feared for her daughter's.

# Chapter Thirty

## Two clean women

**O**ne day, two weeks after Raul's departure, Dogface took Lucia to the patio of La Fortaleza.

In one of the cages, to Lucia's surprise, was Agent Grant, Laura!

She had supposed the girl was dead.

Laura was wearing a straitjacket. She was naked from the waist down.

She looked surprisingly well. She was clean, her hair was washed, her face made up and her toenails painted...

"She's a busy girl," said Dogface. "She's the whore for the whole plantation. Just what they needed. We haven't had any fresh cunt here for a long time. The whores just won't come any more. One came out a few months ago and she didn't get past an army checkpoint. The soldiers took her. We haven't seen her since."

Sara looked puzzled, not knowing what to say.

The straitjacket is so they won't muck about with her too much...

I keep her boobs for myself."

Lucia saw that the floor of the cage was covered in stains. Sperm.

"I'm thinking of doing the same with your daughter," he said, pushing her towards the drain in the middle of the yard. "I'm going to get the rest of your shit off you."

He tied her wrists up to the top of a post.

He got down and took the chastity belt off and out of her. He was some time looking at the phallus that had been in her anus, fascinated by the excrement and the smell.

He turned the water on and hosed her down, playing it over her whole body. He washed everything with detergent: her hair, her vagina, her anus, her legs...

To Lucia's horror, he put the end of the hose into her anus. "It's better with boiling water, but if the pressure's good enough, it'll do."

Lucia thought he was going to wash her insides out...

When she was clean inside and out, she looked a different woman. Two weeks of fresh air had left her all her skin, brown. Her green eyes sparkled out of the suntan. Physical work had suited her. Her buttocks were firmer and her thighs looked solid. Many plantation workers went to bed at night and dreamt they had her thighs wrapped around their faces...

She looked tired and stressed. Her movements were slow, as if she was sleepwalking, but this too gave her a sensual air...

She was disturbingly beautiful...

Dogface untied her and picked her up. He walked to Raul's cabin.

He tied and gagged her and put her in the hole, the same hole that her daughter had dug out with her own hands...

She sat on the floor under the metal grille, looking up.

Waiting, she supposed, to be raped.

# Chapter Thirty-one

## Estrella enjoys the ride

**E**strella, General Ramirez's daughter, had forgotten all about her married lover. She had more immediate concerns. She wanted to see how many orgasms she could get out of this gringo's firm, pale dick.

Raquel, a prisoner in the same house, was not so happy.

She had become a pet, the General's pet. He was not apparently an animal lover. He made her go about the house on all fours, on her hands and knees, like a dog. The General had dressed her like a dog too...

A complicated but effective harness on her head acted as a gag. Her lovely blue eyes shone out of a network of tensed straps.

An inflatable muzzle filled her mouth.

A tight leather corset was torturing her waists and her breasts, squashing them painfully...

A collar and chain pressed on her neck, making it difficult for her to breathe.

A short strap from the harness and the corset pulled her head back.

Two other straps tied her wrists to her knees and obliged her to crawl around with very short steps.

The handcuffs were on her ankles, forcing her to hold her foot in the tiptoe position.

But this was not all...

There was a cat-o-nine-tails in her anus, a leather flail made of a single piece of leather cut into nine strips. It had a wooden handle and the handle had been pushed up into her rectum, leaving the straps hanging down like a dog's tail.

She had to wag it when her owners told her to, or when they fed her.

She was the Ramirez's new bitch.

She ate from a dog dish with her name on it.

She urinated and defecated in the garden, covering it with earth afterwards...

She slept on a blanket in Max's kennel.

She ran to fetch sticks that they threw for her.

And now, dressed up like a dog and tied to the bed, she had to watch her boyfriend being raped once again.

Before she got to work on Gary, Estrella took Raquel's muzzle off and made her lick her vagina. She was not a lesbian, but she did enjoy humiliating an attractive American blonde...

And she was beginning to enjoy the little kisses and the big licks that the gringa was giving her.

"Give me a good wet lick," she said, closing her eyes and raising her head, "you don't want your Gary to find me cold and dry, do you?"

Raquel made an effort to overcome her distaste. She licked, but found nothing either cold or dry - the Colombian girl had had five orgasms already that afternoon.

Unexpectedly, Estrella started jerking her vagina onto Raquel's face. Her thighs tightened suddenly around Raquel's head, and she had her sixth orgasm.

Estrella sighed and sank. She was exhausted.

She needed to rest.

She was sorry she had wasted an orgasm on the gringa's tongue.

She had been with Gary for several days now and knew exactly what to do to him.

She could see when he was coming and stop him just at the right moment. The pair of rings on his genitals were very effective.

She took advantage of her little break to experiment with something she had ordered from a Japanese piercing magazine.

She pierced the base of his penis, avoiding the artery, which would have killed him. She then screwed in a little rubber piece like a thimble, rubber with bristles on it.

She climbed straight back on top of him. He was still blindfold and did not know what was happening. He only felt things...

"OOOOOOHHH!!!" she said as her clitoris found the rubber bristles. "Now that's what I call ... ugh! ... stimulating ... ooh!" She smiled at Raquel. "I'll put ... aagh! ... a few more studs in! ... Uuugh! ... One every inch of the ... ooh! ...way up his ... aaaagh! ... big, gringo dick ... ugh! ... ugh! ... ugh!"

She was working fast on the rubber, stimulating her clitoris.. She had never done anything like that before.

Her young buttocks were going up and down like a piston...

Thump... Thump... Thump...

His erect member appeared and disappeared, shining...

It lost none of its firmness. That was impossible now with the ring on...

Raquel looked on in astonishment. She had never seen a sexual act before, and this one was especially disturbing... Her Mistress, as she had to call her, was on top of the man she loved, having sex in front of her, again and again!

She felt everything: love, hatred, lust, jealousy, panic...

Her breathing was fast and troubled. She took several deep breaths, and Estrella saw it. She saw it because she was looking at her white breasts, which heaved and then settled down. Estrella closed her eyes and thumped on, riding her involuntary stud with renewed enthusiasm...

Thump... Thump... Thump...

Raquel was convinced that Gary was enjoying being raped.

The couple had another orgasm, this time together...

"OOH! ... UGH! ... AAAAAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!"

"UUUGH! ... UUUUUUUUUUUUUUGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Estrella looked triumphantly at Raquel: "I'll speak to Daddy. He can do a piercing job on your friend Max!"

Raquel closed her eyes.

Max was barking on the other side of the door. She could picture that strangely human face, the face of an old, fat eunuch, with fallen cheeks.

She could picture his dribble hanging from his dewlaps.

She could feel his fast, excited tongue.

# Chapter thirty two

## The time had come, Lucia knew.

The time to surrender herself to Raul. An unconditional surrender.

She was still in the foul-smelling hole, in Raul's hut, next to his bed...

He smiled down at her.

"Do you know how many times I've jerked off thinking about you?"

He bent down to take her gag off through the grille.

"I don't know ... Raul, ... I'm sorry, believe me. I was a child. I was only thirteen..."

"I'll tell you how many times. Three, four, five or six times a day, every day for twenty years. It's a lot of spilt semen. I don't know if a big slut like you deserves so much spunk."

He looked down at her. Her breasts were so big, so kissable, so suckable. He stood there confused, as Dogface had been looking down at Sara, overcome by feelings deeply rooted in his loveless childhood.

He too, had never recovered from that strange day when the breasts were put away, inexplicably. One moment they were there, reassuring and brimming with milk, and his mother encouraged him

to take as much as he could, suck, suck, suck on, son, it will make you big and strong, suck, suck it will help you sleep...

And then one day they were put away, tucked for ever into a huge, shapeless bra. Welcome to the world, Raul Mezquita. You get your breasts where you can, but it's not easy, Raul Mezquita...

Women hide them, or they make you pay for them, or they put on a sexy bra and press their arms against their breasts to make them look bigger and firmer and rounder and they lift them up until you get a big aching hard-on that drives you out of your mind, but they don't rip their blouses open and say "Here you are, Raul Mezquita. Suck, suck, suck on Raul, it will make you big and strong, suck, suck, it will help you sleep..."

Raul Mezquita unthinkingly opened and closed his mouth.

He gazed down in satisfaction of a kind.

But it was not complete. He needed to see her vagina, urgently.

His eyes moved hungrily, almost reluctantly down from her breasts to her crutch. He could only see the superb swell of her thighs, stronger and more muscular than ever now after the work camp. He could not see her vagina, hidden by the thighs pressed tight together.

Raul Mezquita gazed down at the always-mysterious entrance and exit, so intricate, so carefully covered by Nature herself in the lips he longed to suck. And so carefully covered by women too. So many vaginas in so many delicate pairs of knickers, hidden but hidden provocatively...

Raul had never understood the reason for all this concealment.

What was the point of it?

If you could put your dick in a woman's hand and get her to pull it for you, you did. That was obvious. He had never understood their game. He had thought about it a lot because he hardly ever thought about anything else, and he had talked about it to the other men sometimes.

They didn't understand it either, but it didn't seem to worry them. It was natural, they said. Men chased women because they were men. Males chased females, all animals did it, they said, it was the way things were. And the females were always like that, difficult, stubborn, moving away. But if you were lucky they didn't move too far away. You just had to catch the moment when their cunts were wet. "It's the law of the jungle," Dogface said once, with a big grin. "Dicks chase cunts. Don't eat your liver about it!"

But Raul did eat his liver about it. In his own obscure, primitive way, he knew that he was missing something. It was the same as the breasts, if you thought about it, he said to himself, staring at her crutch. Cunts were there at the beginning. They weren't such a big deal. Every man had seen one. Even he, Raul Mezquita, had come down one, had stuck his big ape's head out and taken his first breath.

And then, quicker than the breasts even, cunts just weren't there any



## Do you know how many times

**I've jerked off thinking about you?** more. If you were a kid and you wanted to feel one you had to get your hands down a girl's pants at school, and that was not easy. Sometimes you were lucky and you got a quick feel playing doctors. Like the "Doc", he thought and smiled faintly. It hadn't done the "Doc" any harm, playing doctors. He'd been up more cunts than the lot of them probably...

He realized Lucia was looking at him, puzzled, expectant...

He took his clothes off. He would show her everything. She would show him everything too, whether she wanted to or not. This time he would make her want to show him everything. Law of the jungle too. If a man could find a way of persuading a beautiful woman, a woman he perhaps even loved, if he could persuade her to hold up her breasts for him and rub her cunt over his face, he would.

"I saw your daughter when I got back. She's not looking too good. Dogface has given her a bad time."

He stood above her, wearing only underpants and boots.

"I met your stepmother, Brenda, in Bogotá too," he said. "She offered me a lot of money for Sara."

Her eyes opened wide. There was a ray of hope... Brenda had a lot of money, drug money from her dealings with Raul. It was logical that they should meet to discuss their deals.

"It seems she loves her very much. It was a very attractive offer..."

He took off his underpants.

"Raul," she said suddenly, looking up at him, "don't leave Sara with Dogface, please."

"The fact is, she was a present. It wouldn't look good now for me to ask for her back."

"I ... I have money, Raul."

He burst out laughing.

"What the fuck do I need money for? It's the one thing I've got."

"I ... I could make you happy." She tried a different angle. It was probably true he had all the money he needed. She had certainly never seen him work much, unless it was to rape her and her daughter all day.

Raul sat down on the grille. A strong smell came up from the hole, which he didn't seem to mind.

"I know you like me. I know how to make a man happy."

She looked up at him, her large green eyes open wide, begging him to say yes...

She tried to ignore his fat buttocks and his testicles hanging through the bars.

"I can take whatever I need from you. I can make you give it to me."

Lucia lifted her head a few inches and kissed his testicles softly. He shuddered, with pleasure...

"You can't imagine the things I can do to you if you let me. There are things that cannot be taken, only given..."

Raul fell silent.

Lucia wet her lips and tried to kiss him between his dirty buttocks. She put her tongue in.

"OK," he said. "I'll give you the chance to show me you're not just an ungrateful whore. If you really want to be my slave, I'll give you a try. We start tonight. When I've seen what you can do, I'll make a decision about Sara."

She looked at him, worried.

"Sara won't last much longer."

"Then you'd better hurry up and persuade me..."

He lifted the grille to let her out and lay down on the bed.

Lucia's hands and feet were still tied. She had to crawl out of the hole as best she could and drag herself across the floor to the bed.

"Aren't you going to untie me?" she asked, giving him a torrid look.

"Sure. But only your feet. I won't be so happy if I see you with your arms free..."

Lucia smiled. The pig was not going to make it easy for her.

"One thing you can do is treat me with more respect," he said. "From now on you call me Sr Mezquita. You won't say "you" either. We'll do it properly. You'll say 'Would Sr Mezquita like me to put my cunt on his face?' That sounds classy. OK?"

"As Sr Mezquita wishes."

"For a start you can take my boots off and lick my feet."

He put his hands behind his head and lay back, while Lucia worked on him with her teeth, lips, feet, everything except her

hands, trying to take his boots off.

It was not just the effort in itself he enjoyed, it was the sight of her lovely body, her magnificent breasts, her rippling, swelling thighs, the softer swell of her dark pubic hair, all moving, rolling around, all perfect, all for him...

Lucia did not know what dark crimes women were guilty of in this man's dark mind. She only knew that she was being punished for them. It was not all her fault, she was sure of that.

He loved her brown skin, shining with sweat now, so terse, so refined...

She took his dirty underpants off, with her teeth and lips, and then the real work began, kissing and licking and working him up until his mind was exploding and then riding him, taking him to the heights but not quite letting him get there.

Two hours later, when Raul pushed her off, they were both shining with sweat and saliva.

He looked at her for a moment.

"Not bad for a start. Your tongue muscles need a bit of strengthening though. You get tired too soon."

Lucia smiled. That was all he could say after two hours' work, two hours' intimate stimulation by the woman he said he had loved for twenty years? Her head sank.

"Your slave ... His slave ... thanks Sr Mezquita."

She bent over his member. He was excited again and could finish at any moment...

"Slow down, slave!" he said. She noticed how the word "slave" filled his mouth.

She squatted over him. Her magnificent, swelling breasts ran lightly over his face, his chest, his stomach, his penis...

She ran her thighs over him too, gradually working her way up to the top...

To her horror, she discovered that she was damp. She did not understand how her body could betray her like that when she was caressing such a repulsive, misshapen, brutish oaf as Raul...

She began to rub herself against his fat hairy legs.

Raul was in ecstasy. For the first time in his life, a beautiful woman was making love to him. It was not rape, he told himself, not really. Lucia was doing it because she wanted to.

He was not used to this treatment. He had not given any orders. He had not touched her. She was doing it all.

"Is Sr Mezquita pleased with his humble slave?" she asked, whispering in his ear and nibbling it...

Unexpectedly, Raul pulled her hair and slapped her with all his might. So hard that he hurt his hand...

"A slave doesn't speak unless she's spoken to! Carry on," he ordered.

This time he let her touch his penis. She rubbed her face over his genitals before taking them in her mouth. She licked and kissed and sucked with what looked like authentic passion. Everything was covered in her saliva – Lucia's face, his immense testicles and his monstrous penis.

Raul closed his eyes and tried to control himself. He couldn't let himself go too soon, it wouldn't look right.

She stood up, waving her hips and rubbing her nipples against his hairy chest. She rode him, squatting over him with her legs wide open.

She still had her hands tied behind her back, but she managed to use her vagina to find the tip of his penis.

She sucked it in.

"Aaghhhh..."

Lucia could not help groaning either as she let herself sink down onto his foot-long member. She pushed herself up and down urgently, as if she could not get enough stimulus...

It was beginning, finally, to get through to her. She found herself caught in the urgency of the moment.

She was thirty-two and knew her body well. It was going into orgasm, perhaps a series of orgasms, and there was nothing she could do except let it go...

The overgrown penis was pumping away deep inside her and she could not resist it.

Raul saw what was happening. He saw her biting her lip, heard her groan, her murmur softly, "No, nooo ... no ... ugh!"

She had never looked so beautiful.

And he had never seen such a voluptuous, erotic woman. All her body was his! But all her body was hers, too, he saw, at the service of a powerful orgasm that was starting now.

Lucia opened her eyes wide, threw her head back and took a deep breath of air. He waited, pumping away. She was lost in her own world, he saw, enviously.

She gave a sudden shout.

"OOOOOOOOOOHHHH!"

and carried on pushing, out of control, faster and faster.

What was she enjoying so much? Being his slave? Having his big dick up her?

And why his and not someone else's?

Was it all for herself, none of it for him?

He could not follow the line of thought. His hips were going into their own rhythm too, taking him up there with her. Her vagina was squeezing spasmodically onto his member. He flexed his penis, making it go tense for a second. She shouted out, in pain or pleasure. He flexed it again several times. Each time her body went rigid, she arched her back and her full breasts came up and bounced down for him to see.

Raul did what he could to fight his own orgasm. He did not want this act to finish, ever.

He wanted Lucia to come on top of him forever.

He had never seen anything so animal, so perfect.

Lucia's body went into the strange, fast vibrations of multiple orgasms.

"OOOH! ... UGH! ... AAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHH!!!"

"AAAAGGGGGGGHH!!!"



"Go back to the hole," he ordered. He seemed tense.

She obeyed. She climbed down into the stinking hole.

He smiled to see it. He realized for the first time that he would never, ever, find real happiness with this woman or any other.

He would go on as long as he lived chasing prick with dick, looking at breasts and vaginas, flogging tits...

He buried the remains of his love.

His pleasure, his only real, lasting pleasure, lay somewhere else. It lay in the possession, the total, permanent possession of his slave.

It lay in the imposition of his will, the domination of a woman by all the means at his disposal.

It lay in the constant, humiliating punishment he inflicted on her breasts and vagina.

It was all he could hope for. The law of the jungle.

Raul was, he realized, just that: a man of the jungle, trying to preserve his fragile, threatened world.

He sighed.

The meetings in Bogotá had not gone well. The different groups, large and small, had not been able to coordinate their forces. The army was sending more men into the jungle and took more interest in looking for the plantations than in the past.

Raul himself had driven past a new army outpost only two hours' drive from the plantation. The soldiers had stopped him, twirling their guns in the air like children. They were all drunk. They had asked him his name. Jorge Bermudez, he said, showing his false ID card."

"Gracias, Sr Bermudez. Next time you go to Bogotá, can you bring us a few boxes of beer cans?"

"My pleasure," he said, with a friendly wave. "It's hot work here in the jungle."

The army had never been so near before. There had been an unwritten rule: you don't follow the paths too deep into coca territory. This had suited the soldiers well enough. Their main interest, after all, was in staying alive. And it had always been possible, if necessary, to slip some US dollars into someone's hand. The patrols never showed much enthusiasm after that.

This time, too, he had been in luck. He had asked how many men were stationed there and if they would accept a little present to make things more comfortable in the jungle? Yes, they would. He handed over a thousand dollars to each man and promised beer cans on his next trip.

He had been lucky. But he knew it would not always be that way.

Hard times, Raul Mezquita.

He got off the bed, put the grille back over the hole, and emptied his bladder onto the woman's magnificent swelling breasts.

It made him feel a little better.

Not much better, but a little...

In his own house on his own plantation, in his own part of the jungle, Raul Mezquita was still King.

He would have to go deeper into the jungle.

He would have to move around more often, maybe buy a light aircraft that could land on grass airstrips like the cartels.

He would take Lucia with him.

Dogface could keep Sara for the moment.

Later, deeper in the jungle, he would think about it. Maybe he would get rid of Dogface and take Sara too. He smiled as he pictured the other man lying on the floor, blood running from his head. Bad luck, Dogface, law of the jungle!

He looked down at Lucia. She was sobbing. Carry on, he thought, letting the last, late drops of urine fall onto her cheeks.

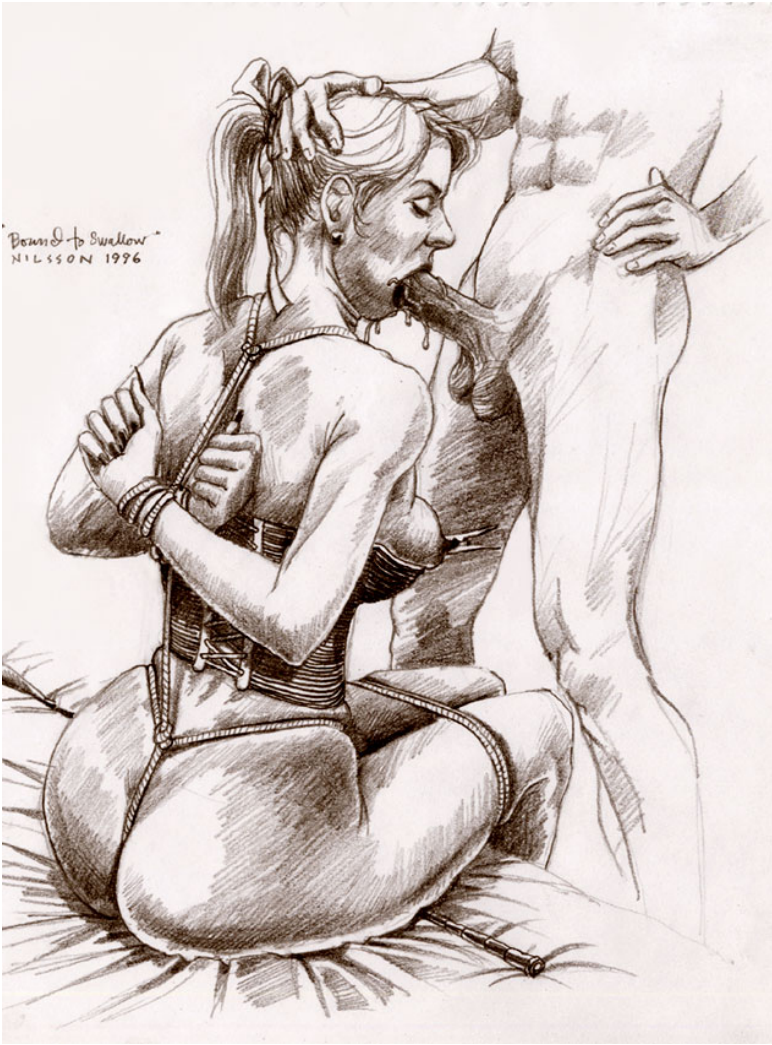
You thought you were too good for me.

"You're not good enough to drink my piss," he said, this time out loud.

Lucia shuddered as the drops fell...

Soon she was sobbing deeply and bitterly in her filthy hole.

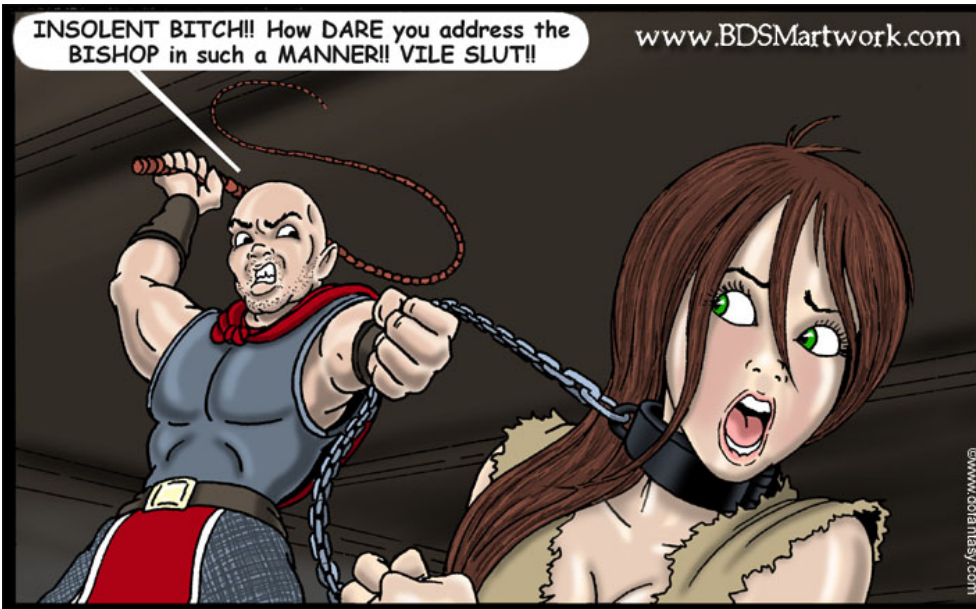
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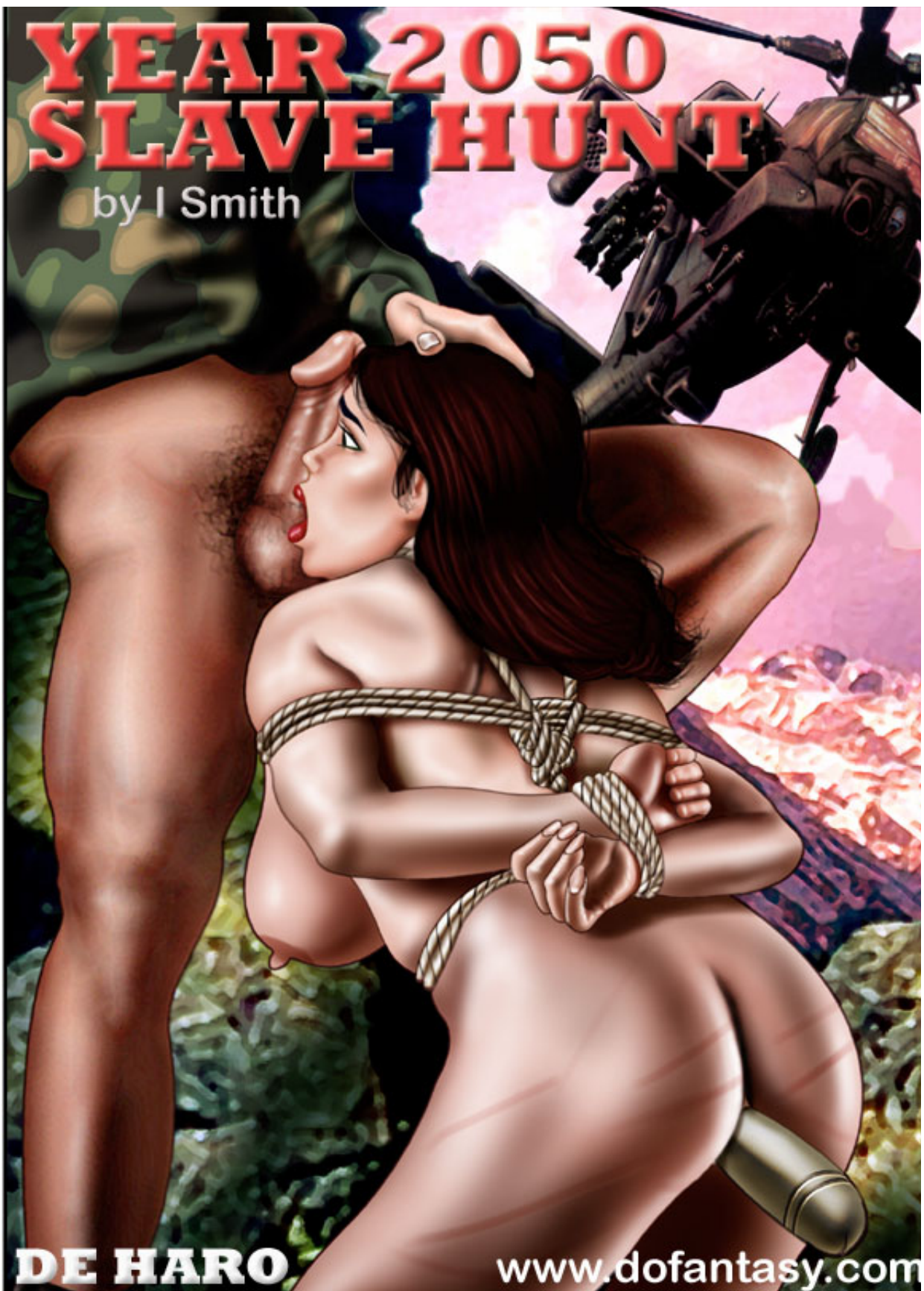
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