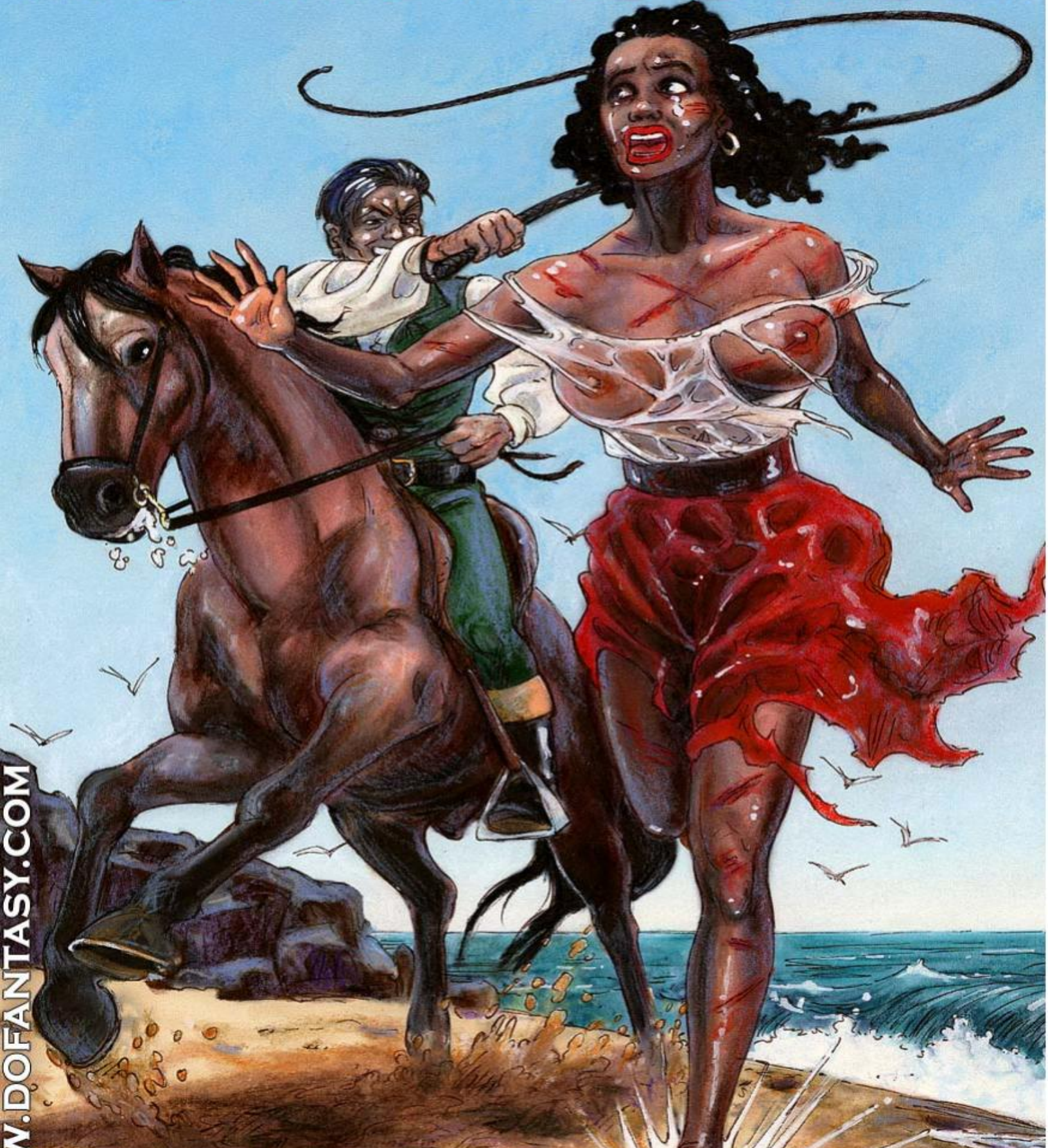


WOMAN AUCTION

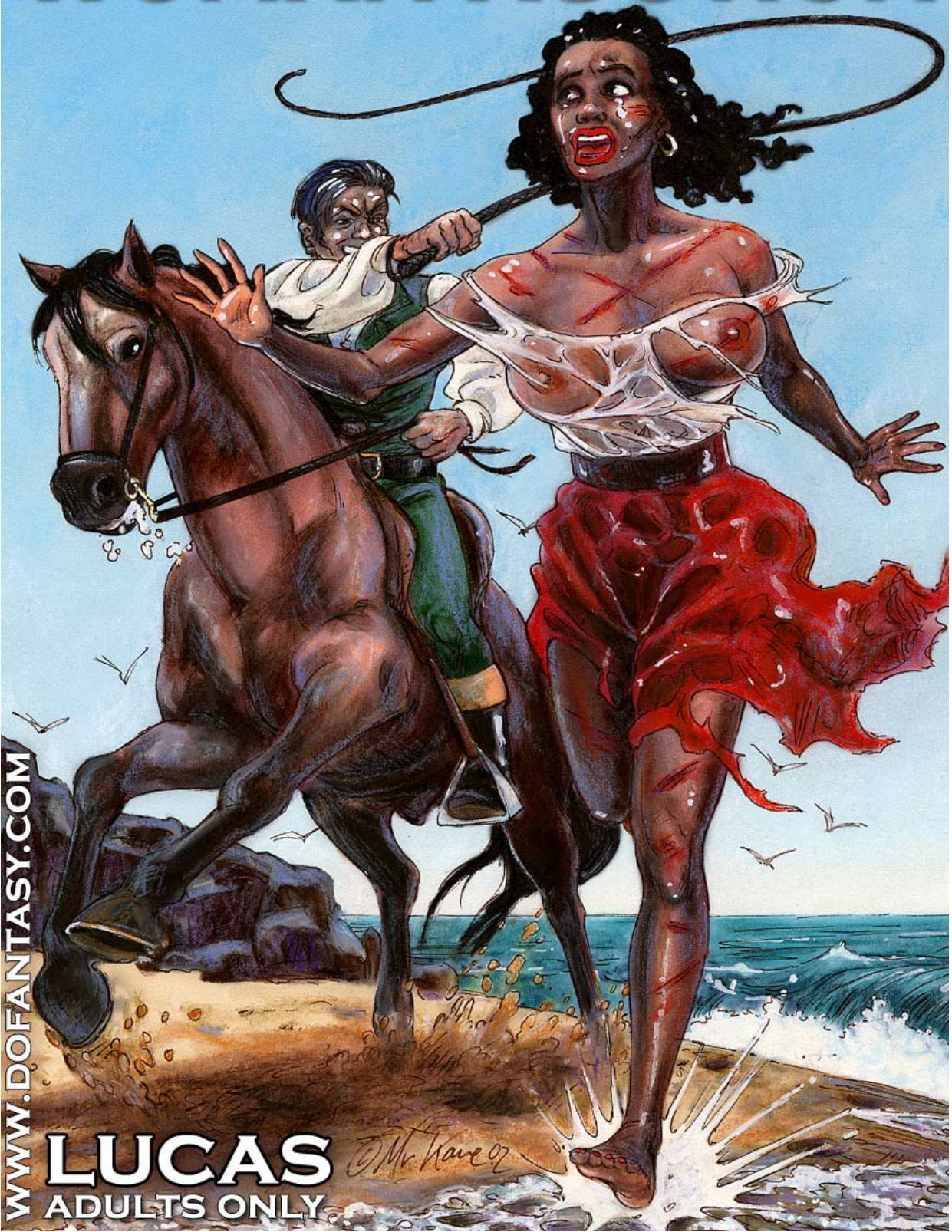


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WOMAN AUCTION LUCAS

Illustrated by Paul

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Chapter One

Out of the Packing Case

I'm a little bit older than the women I train and sell. Unfortunate creatures all of them! I have to teach them two things: obedience and the art of love.

I get part of the profits from in kind, between the strong thighs of my lovely young women. The vagina of a woman in chains, nicely presented, has a special taste and a special aroma. It brings out the worst in me. It hits me between the legs.

I just love these creatures. They serve me at home nicely bundled up, stuffed into wooden packing cases and tied up with rope, leather or rubber straps and lots of adhesive tape. It seems impossible for them to fit in such a small space, but the body of a young woman is incredibly ductile and flexible.

When I open one of the cases, the first thing I see is two big desperate eyes. A few seconds later, when they get used to the light, there's a brief flash of hope. Up to that moment, they've only seen brutal, violent men. First came the kidnapping, then some time in a lonely warehouse, and then packaging in the case. And in the middle of all this they've been used: rape, gratuitous humiliation, physical and mental torture, you name it, someone's probably done it to them...

Not really correct behaviour for professional men, I know, but difficult to stamp out. Men have trouble a lot of trouble with their big external genitals.

It's funny, but when the girls see me, they often think their troubles are over.

No way! In my line of business things begin and never end.

As you may have guessed, I am a woman. Let me introduce myself. My name is Brigitte Roissy. I own the "Desert Kashba", the most select whore-house in the world.

And I should add that I am a particularly nasty kind of sadist.

Nobody has ever accused me of treating my girls well.

When the delivery men pick up their cash and leave – it's all cash in the hand in this business – I am alone with the precious merchandise. They are all the same to me: some of them are commissioned, special individual orders placed by clients, some are slaves for brothels and others are simply beautiful women who happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. They'll go to the highest bidder. Yes, I'm talking auctions, women auctions.

A lot of my clients are women too. I score points here, being a woman and a lesbian.

Little Catherine is one of my latest acquisitions. I've noticed some changes in myself since I had her, which is unusual. It's normally the girls that change.

Maybe the girl just has class. Maybe I'm just fed up with pretty faces. I don't know.

Normally my "classes" are direct, professional, and give fast results. There's nothing like a whip. But this time I'm taking things slowly. I'm going to put more of myself into it, more of my fantasies...

Catherine does not know yet, but she is going to be a little experiment for me. I'm going to shape her and train her to be the kind of slave that her owner wants, but this time I'll do it without the

whip. Her owner, by the way, is the wife of the well-known Senator, Senator Dyle.

Catherine is very frightened at the moment. It's normal. She knows by now I'm not going to help her escape.

She doesn't know I'm looking at her though. She's standing up, in chains, in one of the corners of the small basement room, a kind of dungeon really, just modern with its concrete walls. She's looking thoughtful, not sure what's going on. She doesn't want to understand. She's wondering when she's going to be raped again I expect!

She imagines that rape is the only reason why men would kidnap a woman and put her in chains.

A sweet, unfortunate creature...

She's got chains on her wrists and ankles. set in the floor. She can move, but she can't leave the corner and she can't sit down. The belt and the rope make sure of that. She's got a wide belt around her waist and a rope tied to the front of it. The rope comes down between her legs, goes round and comes up the crack between her buttocks and then it goes up to a pulley on the ceiling.

She's tense. The rope is tense. It goes round the corner and into the most tender, adorable part of her body. It's the simplest way to control her. You just tense it until she's up on tiptoe, and you've got her attention!

I like it. It's symbolic. It represents the way sex is going to rule her life. And it's a way of making her aware all of the time of the femininity she has inside her. Very few women come in here knowing what it means to be a woman. They're not aware of the power they have inside them. When they've passed through my hands they have a better idea. Sex takes over.

When they come in they're sexual idiots. No idea at all...

When they've been here a few days, a lot of these girls get depressed, overcome by fear and panic. They become excessively docile. They lose the will to live. They lose their personality, their character. The aim of my classes is to wake up their feminine essence, to make them react and move about like delightful pleasure objects whose whole existence revolves around sex.

They have to discover themselves, to bury the frigidity that society has trained them in since they were children.

I do a good job.

I'm proud of my work.

But let's get back to my lovely little Cathy.

She looks delicious in her corner there, with the chains.

I'll make her adopt dozens of different postures today, all of them designed to break her spirit and shape her in accordance with the client's instructions. The Senator's wife is one of my best clients and I want to keep her happy.

It's not always easy. You have to be sure you understand what the client wants. That can change over the years, or even over a few weeks sometimes. Then you have to find the way to do it. It's not just the whip. It's an art form, with its own techniques and its own kind of delicacy.

Each creature is a world in herself, with her own psychology needing her own treatment. Mary may respond to the whip, Samantha to a well-tensed rope, Ingrid to claustrophobia... It depends. When I speak to them for the first time, I analyse them. Small details usually give them away – a nervous blinking, for example. I try to see what frightens them. I want to know what

makes them shudder. Then when I know, I give it to them, lots of it. If the victim is especially appealing in some way, like Catherine, I don't mind dedicating more time to her than is strictly necessary. A well-trained slave is like a good wine... You have to let her rest, not shake her about too much.

I've chosen a few postures for Catherine that will become diabolical torture in just a few minutes. Time and pain will help her understand what she has become, and what is expected of her.

Then we'll move on to sex. With me, of course. For most girls, a lesbian like me is the incarnation of something they find unnatural and completely repulsive. I have not concealed from her the fact that I am a lesbian, not even the first moment when I took her out of the packing case and I put my hand on her breast. She was horrified. Sometimes it's easy to find out what makes them shudder! It's having another woman's hand on their breast!

The first few days, a slave does not believe in her own condition. She has no idea what it means, to belong to another person. It's a remote concept, something from other ages or cultures. Something alien that cannot happen to her.

Getting the idea into their heads is not easy. It's not enough to give them a good flogging, however brutal it is, or to hang them up all day by the wrists. It has to be instilled gradually.

Poor Catherine is learning this little by little. She feels humiliated by being completely naked all the time. She feels the weight of the chains. But she still has the cheek to push my hand away when I slide it up her thighs!

She's sweet!

When I have a nice one like her, who reacts in such an absurd way, I tie her up. I present all the most intimate parts of her body, her whole body nicely tensed in the ropes with the bits I like most

completely exposed, pushing forwards to me, as if they were asking to be caressed...

I am a great believer in refinement. I like to take things slowly and enjoy them to the full. But for the first few days the gratification I obtain from this terrified, stubborn girl will be more physical than anything else. I'll concentrate on her vagina and wait until her own essence, her own femininity, comes to the surface and gives me greater pleasures. Continuous sexual abuse and the marks on her body will help convince her that she is a slave and I am her owner. A slave and her mistress. I love the sound of the words. Mistress and slave, mistress and slave, tongue and cunt, tongue and cunt...

Yes, she is my sexual slave. At least, she's mine for the moment, until I have to hand her over.

I look at her again.

I gagged her with a large red ball in her mouth that's forcing her jaws apart. They all hate the ball. It offends their sense of feminine dignity, but it's necessary. I can't stand the pathetic pleading and the attacks of panic they have in the first few days. I'm the one who does the talking. They listen and beg and plead and implore, but only with their eyes. Yes, their eyes talk to me when I torture them. Their eyes plead with me but they also insult me. I can see the rebellious spirit being broken, day by day, until it disappears altogether.

But Catherine is waiting for me now.

She's waiting for me, waiting in my chains.

Chapter Two

Meanwhile, in New York...

It was getting late and the lift was taking a long time. I was getting impatient. The phone call from her agent had interested her. She had been eighteen months without work. Now she had to face the interviews, the tests, the usual men trying it on, the usual long looks at her breasts and crutch, the usual hassle...

"Good morning. My name's Teresa Cortes. I have an appointment with Mr Shackle. Mr Max Shackle."

The receptionist consulted her diary, which was full of crossed-out appointments. "You're late. We were expecting you at nine-thirty." Her voice was hostile.

"I'm sorry. The taxi broke down."

"Go through there and wait," the woman said, without raising her head.

It was not what she had expected. The waiting room was full of people hoping to find work, which did nothing to lift her spirits. There were at least twenty girls, all expensively made up and dressed up, waiting for their turn to exhibit their charms.

Teresa sighed and looked around for a seat. No seat. She stood up leaning against the wall near the window that gave onto 46th Street and lit a cigarette nervously. She needed this job more than ever. Nearly a year ago now she was the girl in the Dolphine adverts. She thought she had made it, but the cosmetic company went bust a few months later. She was out of a job. Even worse, she never saw a cent for her work and then found that nobody else was interested in her. Her face was closely linked to the brand and advertisers

preferred not to take the risk. Teresa was twenty-six years old and her career was apparently over.

She gazed down into the street. Her hand was trembling. People looked like little toys seen from the fifty-third floor. It was cold and cloudy. The steam from the heating systems was coming up through the manhole covers. It all looked unreal.

New York ... New York.

What had gone wrong exactly? At sixteen she had left home, had worked as an extra in Hollywood for three years, had gone to Las Vegas as a waitress and then on to New York. Five years in advertising, five years of poverty, sexual harassment, just shit and shit on top of shit...

There were hundreds of rooms like this one, stuffed full of silly young girls who were prepared to do anything to get a contract. They would soon find out you don't get anywhere like that.

"Teresa Cortes, isn't it?"

She turned round and saw the smiling face of a blonde girl with big blue eyes. She was sixteen or seventeen.

"Hi," said Teresa, a little surprised. "Do we know each other?"

"I know you! I'm your number one fan! I went into modelling because of you! I just loved all your ads! I said 'Wow!' every time I saw your face! I said to myself, who knows? I can try. I may be famous like her one day!"

Teresa stretched her hand out. So much simple, honest enthusiasm shook her out of herself and produced that photogenic smile that had given her brief fame. Her quarter of an hour of fame, she thought sadly.

"My name's Melody," the girl said. "It's great to actually meet you!"

The two women got on well. Melody's parents had died in a car crash when she was just a child. She had been brought up by a loving aunt but had run away from home. She had been in New York for just two weeks. If she did not find work that day she would have to start the next day in Macdonald's. It was a pity, but she had to eat and she had no intention of going onto the streets in order to eat. Not yet, anyway...

"It's a problem being blonde," she said. "They only want blacks and Hispanics now. Latinos like you. Girls with personality, fire in their bodies, flashing eyes..." Melody smiled but looked sad.

Teresa tried to cheer her up.

She liked the girl.

"You're OK, Melody. You're very pretty and very intelligent. And blondes with sweet innocent faces are coming into fashion now. It'll be hard times for brunettes next month. You'll see! You'll be all right."

"What are you doing in the audition?" Melody asked. "I thought a top model didn't go to auditions. I thought you had agents and that kind of stuff..."

She was angelically innocent.

"Agents are the biggest bastards in the world. They just want your money and they want a bit of action with you too. The more you give them, the more they take and the less they help you.

Melody's smile faded.

"And having a well-known face isn't always a good thing. As you can see in my case," Teresa said. She fell silent and looked around the room. It was even more crowded now. The interviews were unusually long.

"Teresa Cortes!" called the hostile receptionist.

"Good luck!" said Melody, pinching her arm affectionately.

"Same to you. I mean it!" said Teresa, and she meant it. She would have preferred them to choose Melody rather than her.

She walked into an office that was full of smoke and looked seedy. There were half-empty glasses everywhere and cigarette ends piled up in all the ashtrays. The heating was up too high.

There were two men in the room. One was a tall, athletic black, quite good-looking. The other was much older, bald and had a big stomach that suggested he ate or drank too well. Probably both, thought Teresa.

No one invited her to sit down.

The two men introduced themselves as Max and Fabio Herrera. They studied her curriculum and her book of photos. They talked about her as if she was an object.

"The face is right."

"Deep, piercing blue eyes, it says here. Yes, that's true enough."

"Hair too long, but that's not a problem."

"Nice pair of boobs!"

"Does it say that too?"

"No, it doesn't need to."

"We'll check that one out later."

"Good height."

"Come over here, Teresa, said Max, a huge negro. "Do you want a glass of wine or something?"

"No thanks." She knew better than to trust them.

"Let's see your teeth." She opened her mouth. Her agent hadn't given her any details of the campaign but she did know there were \$10,000 on the table. A campaign for some toothpaste probably.

The man sat waiting. Teresa bent down. Max put his nicotine-stained fingers into her mouth.

"Give her a ten," he said. The other man wrote it down.

"Have you been out of work long?"

"No," she said, lying.

"So why...?"

"I need the work. You won't regret it if you give me the job."

Max's expression changed. He looked her up and down slowly. He was more interested now.

"Strip off. I need to know what you've got underneath."

"He's a pig," thought Teresa.

"Tell me what campaign it is first."

Max looked at her in surprise.

"Look here, love. In this office I give the orders. You've got a choice. You take all your clothes off or you get out of that door now."

Teresa swung round and took a step to the door. Then she thought how badly she needed the work.

It was the worst decision of her life...

Teresa had worked in Las Vegas for two years. Every day she had danced naked on stage. But it didn't seem to help her now. She felt very uncomfortable in front of Max and Herrera.

She took all her clothes off except her underwear and looked at the two men.

"Bra and panties off!"

She took her bra off first, repeating to herself "Ten thousand dollars, ten thousand dollars" as she did so. Then she quickly took her panties off and stood up straight, her arms swinging by her sides. She was aware that her cheeks were warm...

"Turn round!"

She clenched her fists. "Ten thousand dollars."

"Move your hair off your neck," said Fabio Herrera in a hoarse, unpleasant voice.

"Nice neck and back:"

"Neat little waist."

"Great butt. Firm thighs."

"Measurements?"

Teresa bit her lips. "Thirty-six, twenty-four, thirty-six."

"Would you like to check that out, Mr Herrera?"

"My pleasure," said the Argentinean. He picked up a tape measure that was on the desk.

"Lift your arms."

Ten thousand dollars, she thought, as the tape went round her back. She flinched. The tape was obviously just out of the fridge. She thought to herself, the bastards think of everything...

His hands brushed unnecessarily against her nipples. The cold tape measure touched them and she gasped again. Bastard, she thought, again, not for the last time...

What's wrong with men, she thought? Why do they like these kinky little games?

She felt herself blush as her nipples wrinkled and moved forwards, like blind slugs.

"Thirty-seven, twenty-five, thirty-seven. You've been eating too much, but it's all gone to the right places. It suits your hips and these boobs are really something..."

Teresa had noticed how he had spent a long time with his face next to her pubic hair, his cigarette hanging out of his mouth just in front of her...

"Height?" asked Max.

"Five foot seven and before you ask, I weigh a hundred and seventeen pounds, I'm twenty-six years old and I've been working as a model for five years." She was in a hurry to get some clothes on.

"We know who you are, Teresa" said Max. You're Dolphine's pretty face. You're the owner of the swinging boobs we all admired! It was a pity. You did a good job. You've got real talent. You swung your boobs like a real pro. Then the cookie just crumbled. Bad luck, that's all."

Teresa swung round to Max. She let her arms hang by her sides. There was no point in covering herself up with her arms. She preferred to keep her dignity.

"May I?" she asked, pointing to her clothes.

The two men were silent for a second. They had both been hit in the stomach by the magnificent sight of Teresa's lovely breasts. Neither of them could speak. Their jaws hung slack and their eyes glazed over.

Max reacted first. He caught hold of her arm. "I like you," he said. "There might be other campaigns we could use you in."

Teresa looked him in the eye. A few years ago, she might have bitten on the hook. Come into my room, take your clothes off, here is my bed... She had seen it all before. Pleasure before work. And then? No work.

"Are you going to give me an appointment now or do you have to check your diary first?"

Max let go of her arm. Yes, she'd seen it all before.

"I'll be honest with you, honey," he said. "You've got the looks for the job, but you're a bit long in the tooth and you've got a bad track record with Dolphine's. It's a question of image."

"I was born the day I was born and I worked where I worked. I'm sorry." She had already given up the job mentally. They could give it to someone else as far as she was concerned.

"What do you think, Mr Herrera?" asked Max.

"I say yes. Tell her what it involves."

"Mr Herrera is a client. He needs girls for a spot: a Vacation Club in the South Pacific. Your exotic face, your randy-hooker look, your breasts are in your favour. But I should tell you, it's only a short list for the moment."

"What's the deal?" she asked. She had no wish to be especially polite.

"Five thousand for two months."

"I was told ten."

"Five's enough for you. Mr Herrera won't pay a cent more."

Teresa swallowed. He was enjoying her humiliation, she could see.

"Location?"

"Not decided yet."

"Company?"

"You wouldn't know it. Japanese consortium Little yellow men like to see big white girls in their underwear catalogues. They thought of you for the bra section."

Teresa took a deep breath. It wasn't quite what she wanted, but it was work and it might open a few doors for her.

"OK. Give me a call. My number's in the book."

"Maybe we could talk about it over dinner tonight," Max insisted.

"No way, honey. I don't work late."

"Pity."

They showed her out by a different door. She would have liked to say goodbye to Melody. Maybe she'd give her a ring.

The two men looked at each other.

"It's very risky," said Max. "She's not just a pretty face, she's a famous pretty face, or she was. Someone's going to miss her. It's going to be in the papers."

"I said I want her. Her or nobody." Herrera wiped the sweat from his forehead. He seemed very agitated.

"You're not alone in this. We share the risks too."

"The money's mine and it's talking. It says Teresa or no one. You won't find another backer easily."

"Mr Herrera, we've interviewed dozens of girls. They're all lovely. They're all younger than her. Some of them have even got bigger boobs. And no one's going to miss most of them. They just took off from home!"

"I want her tits and I want her cunt and I'm going to have them. I want a female with character, someone who's been around a bit, someone who puts up a fight. I don't want snotty-nosed fifteen year olds with nose operations and big round tits full of silicone. This woman is something else. She turns me on. She's the most exciting woman I've ever seen naked..."

"OK," said Max. "The others won't like it, but if you insist I'll give her a contract tomorrow."

Chapter Three

Back in the hot sands of the desert...

It's been the worst night of her life. I'm pretty sure about that!

I left her on the floor, stripped right off, lying naked on the cold cement. Her hands and elbows were tied behind her back, tied tight together. I knew it hurt and I knew it would be real torture after a few hours.

Two ropes went around her breasts, one above and one below, framing them beautifully and squeezing them, pushing them forwards and filling her nipples with blood. Her nipples were the only part of her body that was touching the ground...

Now a rope hanging from the ceiling goes around her left ankle and keeps her hips off the ground. Another rope comes from a harness, a collection of straps around her head, and makes it impossible for her to put her head on the ground. It is a cruel rope. It goes down from the nape of her neck, down her back, in between her cheeks, round over her vagina, and up in front to a belt around her waist. It bites in between the lips of her vagina. In fact, her cunt takes the strain of holding her head up.

The harness also prevents her from spitting out the rubber penis that goes deep into her throat. Destiny has decided that she will be a woman's slave, not a man's, so the sooner she forgets male genitals and starts finding them repellent, a big turn-off, the better for her...

Another rope round her neck goes to a hook on the ground. It makes it impossible for her to turn over onto her back.

Her right leg can't help her very much either. I put some high heeled shoes on her for aesthetic reasons, tied her ankle to the back of her thigh with the calf squashed tight against the thigh. A piece of string around the high heel and her thigh keep the foot in line with the leg and prevent her from putting her knee on the ground.

A work of art, an aesthetic luxury...

When I got there in the morning my lovely Catherine had been eight long hours tied up in this position. Her whole body was shaking.

I check that all the ropes were in place still. Perfect.

The rope that goes over her vagina has done its job very well. All the area is red. It's a rough, hemp rope with bristly ends that stick out of it. The rope is damp with her lovely female essences.

I use my nail to hook out her lovely little clitoris, squashed under the rope. It's erect and raring to go, but Catherine hardly knows. I scratch it for a few minutes. At first she does not realise I am doing anything, but then she starts to twist around in her ropes.

My curiosity about her reactions is satisfied for the moment, and I take off her gag. Catherine lies on the floor at my mercy. An apparently lifeless body.

I let her recover.

She's come round now. I have her in front of me, waiting for her first lesson. I untie her partially and put her on the boxes. I just love this posture, especially the first time! I always use it with the girls I find really special. It lets me enjoy my victims to the full.

She's on tiptoe, with no shoes on, and completely naked.

Her feet are wide apart and her arms are pointing up, hanging from a pulley on the ceiling. She's tied by the thumbs, not the wrists.

The only thing that is holding her is a fine hemp string tied around her thumbs.

There are no other ropes!

She can move, but just a little. Mostly she stands still, trembling...

It's subtle. Nothing is obliging her to keep her legs open, you might say. She has freely chosen this position. Yes, more or less. But she has her reasons for not moving too much. Good reasons.

Catherine does not have her feet on the ground. They're on two small boxes. If she loses balance and comes off she'll hardly touch the ground with her toes and her thumbs will take all the weight of her body!

I walk round her again and again. She really is splendid. I want her. I want to give her all my passion, to wake up all her own sleeping female passion...

She's tallish, though not as tall as me. She's lovely, round and slim at the same time. I've put her in a posture that emphasises her round female forms: her slim waist, her long hips, a bit girlish, her buttocks, firm and tight, irresistible, her long legs so tense...

The posture is an object lesson in surrender and submission. It is not really the ropes that keep her motionless like this, I always like to think. It's her own decision. She has no option but to submit, to get used to her new life as a slave. All this is good practice for her. It's a good, painful start.

I stand in front of her. She looks at me. I wet my fingers on the tip of my tongue and I touch her. She looks away. I smile...

I didn't tell you, but I'm dressed up for the occasion. A tight leather corset, my breasts uncovered, yes, mine are big too, just floppier, free, high-heeled boots half way up my thighs, my vagina exposed, waiting...

My hair is tied back in a severe bun. I'm a Victorian figure. A Mistress, a dominatrix, straight out of the book, a figure from an old erotic encyclopaedia.

I'm a practising lesbian. A practising sadist too, and one of the worst...

I can see that Catherine, poor sweet little thing, is confused, panic-stricken.

I pull one of the stools back an inch or two. Every inch makes her more vulnerable. I can see it in her muscles, in her tendons, her expression...

It's marvellous! She hasn't touched me yet and I can feel myself about to catch fire between my legs. Just as well I'm damp...

I get down on my knees, between her legs. I know there's a tough struggle going on in her mind. But she won't close her legs!

Her vagina, her lovely little suffering open pussy, is close to my face now. I breathe deeply. I can smell her.

Pure bliss!

I stroke her stretched muscles with the tips of my fingers, very lightly. They are trembling. Her feet are over a yard apart...

I go down to her calves. They're shaking badly.

I go down to her straining feet.

I stroke the sole of her feet. Pure passion on my part, apparently just a tickle to her. The tension builds up. The first cramps are appearing. And it's all caused by a simple piece of string tying her thumbs together!

But of course there's a lot of experience behind these simple inventions. I sometimes wonder how many slaves like her I've broken in, turned into abject sexual slaves.

Dozens?

A hundred maybe?

I put my hands on her trembling thighs. She shudders.

I move my mouth near to her crutch. Delicious!

I kiss her. I brush my lips very, very lightly against her lips. Female lips on female lips, a damp mouth on a damp young pussy...

Her owner, Senator Dyle, wants her pubic hair shaved. She doesn't want any hair on her new slave apart from the blonde hair on her head. Just imagine the same kiss with no hair ... Mmmmm!
Tomorrow maybe...

Catherine is trembling. She shudders when I put my lips on her, shudders every time I brush her open sex lips, very, very lightly as I turn my head, left and right, left and right, running my mouth over her...

None of these girls expect this kind of sex. They all dream of men, Mr Right, Mr Perfect... Poor wet little cunts"! They don't know it, but they're better off with a woman. We go slower, we're softer, we know where to kiss and we do it for hours and hours...

Men are for perpetuating the species, nothing else. They're quick, selfish fucking-machines for producing females, that's all.

She's really very, very damp. She tastes lovely.

I try to picture what she is feeling. Pain, sex, confusion, repulsion, pleasure?

No. Not pleasure yet, but it'll come. The body has its own thoughts and you can't ignore someone who's licking your clit for ever. In the end it always gets through to them.

I stand up. I'm tall enough to look her straight in the eye.

I look at her...

Desperation...

I put my hand down and put my big finger between her lips.

I found her...

She closes her eyes...

I move it up and penetrate her with my finger. . I'm still pressing her with the hard ball of my hand. Men think they're the only ones with hard bits, but we women have plenty of them, and we know how to use them better too.

I put a second finger up inside her...

And another...

And another...

It hurts her. A lot. And there's a surprise for me.

She's a virgin!

It hurts, but she won't move her legs. The tips of her toes need the support of the two boxes support her weight. She has a little

freedom of movement. Not a lot, it is true, but a little...

Mmmm ... she's nice and tight!

And young!

Such a pity, poor girl, ending up here because she fell out with her family. They make it too easy really for the trappers. They sit in railway stations crying. The trappers only have to send a girl to buy them a coffee and offer them a room for the night...

Lucky for my lesbian client. Lucky for her husband too. He'll probably be happier than his wife with her new pet. And lucky for me too. I make a lot of money out of it. And I get a lot of pleasure too. There's infinite pleasure to be had in the training of a young slave like Catherine.

So what's in it for Catherine?

Not much. In this world some have to lose so that others can win.

She gets the short straw, the short end of the stick.

I move my fingers around and I scratch her.

She squeezes onto me! She's sweet!

I bite my lips and shake my hand about, still inside her dark, warm cavity.

Her legs, her feet, her fingers all grasp for support...

I pull my hand out quickly and hear a nice "plop" from her vagina.

I sniff my fingers. Mmmmm...

I envy my client. And Senator Dyle, of course.

Men are sexual idiots. They're immature. But I'm sure the Senator will

'Right. I want to see how you're built. See what the hell you have to sell. See if you're good enough to be my whore...' work out some quick, clumsy way of getting pleasure out of my lovely little Catherine.

I slip my tongue in between her lips, looking for that shy little clitoris of hers. The tension in her long, interminable thighs, grow. I walk around her. I stroke her. Why is she erect? Catherine is not a real lesbian. She's too young to know really.

Is she beginning to give way? Is it getting through to her? Is she starting to learn?

I kiss her, I take her between my lips, I lick harder...

She cannot remain indifferent to this licking, if I press my tongue down hard on her clit.

I take it between my tongue and my upper teeth and I press it against the teeth. Then I nearly close my teeth and I suck it in and push it out again with my tongue, so that it goes over the ridge of her teeth, suck and push, in and out...

She's beginning to twitch and push onto me! It had to happen.

I can sense the conflict in her. It's just a small reluctant push. Her cunt's saying, push me. Her head's saying What the hell's this woman doing with her head between my legs?

That's better. The cunt has its own needs. It gives a quick, harder push and I hear a soft groan coming through her nose.

So I pull away. It's only our second day together, and life's not all a bed of roses and a well-sucked clit, especially if you're a slave.

Down to business. I get the press. Two rough pieces of wood with a couple of big screws through them. I put them above and below her lovely big breasts and I screw them together. It's worse than the mammogram, I can tell you! I'm a woman and I can just imagine what she's going through.

I keep twisting, more than I should, more than is reasonable even to an experienced sadist like me!

She's crying. The tears fall onto my hands.

I carry on...

I press them until I squash them. I would like to pull them off...

But I remember what the Senator's wife is paying for this merchandise and I stop. Probably she's buying her to mutilate her herself...

I take off the harness that's tight round her head and I take out the rubber penis that's penetrating her throat.

Catherine still has her mouth wide open. She can't speak. I take advantage of this to put a big ball in her mouth, attached to straps that go behind her neck under her flowing hair. The straps are not really necessary because Catherine can't take it out herself. But I couldn't get it out without breaking her teeth.

I get the stick. This one is short and flexible. It hurts and it stings, but it doesn't leave too many marks...

I show it to her.

I wave it slowly left and right, just in front of her face.

She shakes her head, she pleads with me with her eyes, and she begs me with soft, strangled murmurs from her throat.

I'm going to beat her.

It's not a punishment for anything, just a way of teaching her obedience and control.

For her own good, you understand.

I put my arm round her waist and I press myself against her. I hit her unexpectedly on the calf.

"Now you know what it feels like," I say, releasing her.

She's shaking like a jelly. She's struggling not to lose balance.

I run the tip of the stick down her long legs.

She's still shaking her head in horror

I strike the other calf with the back of my hand.

I can see the wave of pain go through her body. I'm sure it's the first time she's felt the caress of a whip or a stick on her skin.

I carry on hitting her. Just a flick of the wrist is sufficient. She has to learn to control herself, to take the pain without shrieking or twisting about. She has to learn to hold her posture without the help of the ropes.

She has to be dignified in her suffering. She has to have style, to offer a good show to her torturer.

Apart from anything else, that's what turns me on most. Seeing her motionless, just shaking, offering her body to me, offering her most intimate parts to my rod.

I throw it to the ground and put my arms round her. It's too much for me. I run my hands down, one goes over her stomach and other goes behind her, down her lovely, dark, mysterious crack.

I stroke her already damp vagina with the palm and the ball of my right hand. I open her buttocks with my left. She grits her teeth. I press myself against her leg, wetting it. I know she can feel the damp, but I stop. It's still only our second day.

The virginity question occurs to me. The Senator's wife has given no instructions about this. It gets in the way of her training, so I put a thick vibrator about a foot long inside her, with new batteries. It'll last a good six hours...

This time Catherine loses balance. I have been a little brusque, I must confess. Fortunately I got to her in time and she didn't break her thumbs.

A tight rope round the waist and another one down between her legs keep the vibrator in her. I run my hands up and down her thighs, right to the vagina, then down again, up and down, up and down...

In two or three sessions she'll begin to respond to a woman's touch and begin to hate everything to do with men.

Just what the Senator's wife wanted...

Chapter Four

Kennedy Airport

It was a lovely surprise to meet her in the waiting room.

"Teresa!" the girl said happily.

"Melody!"

"It was all so quick! I hardly had time to pack"

"I told you you'd get the job!"

The two girls hugged each other excitedly. They were off to a Pacific island, to paradise...

I remembered our conversation," said Melody, suddenly looking sad. "The interview was horrible."

Teresa stroked her hair. "You mean Max and that Herrera?" she asked.

Melody shook her head. "No. I had an interview with Max and a man called Jaeger, Herr Jaeger."

"That's funny. Did you go in straight after me?"

"Yes. I was the next one in." She looked upset and angry. "They made me..."

"I know. Let it go. You got the job, that's the important thing."

"Yes. It's just that that Jaeger is a pig. The way he looked at me. Apparently he's going to be at the filming. He's the owner of the company."

Teresa was surprised but said nothing. She had understood it was Japanese company.

"Hi! My name's Krista." A tall, serious-looking woman introduces herself. She had an exotic top-model kind of beauty and a slight foreign accent.

"Are you going to the Vacation Club?" she asked with a big smile that revealed her immaculate expensively engineered teeth.

"Yes, great isn't it? I still can't believe it!"

"Neither can I. A week in the States!" Krista was excited. Her cold, distant look disappeared as soon as she spoke.

"You're not American, are you?" Teresa asked.

"I'm Russian. I wrote to an agency saying I would do whatever was necessary to get out of that hole. And I was lucky first time."

Krista was in fact from one of the Baltic states. She was a splendid figure of a woman with blonde hair, green eyes and features that vaguely suggested something oriental.

She had finished her engineering studies and her law studies and she spoke six languages, one of them Japanese. Max and Moshe Rabin, an Israeli with a sporty look, had interviewed her. Rabin had introduced himself as the owner of the "Vacations Club". Krista had been surprised by the insistence of his questions about an uncle of hers who had been in the army, and had asked her about the ethnic origin of her parents.

She had not understood what Uncle Igor had to do with an advertising spot or why he should be so interested in the fact that her parents were of German origin.

Nelly was the last to arrive. She wore jeans, trainers and a baggy shirt under her braces.

She was tall, graceful and black, with strikingly beautiful features. Teresa felt envious as soon as she saw her. The other two girls were pretty but they played in a different ball game. This near-black girl was something else. She had character, strength, sensuality...

Nelly had had an interview with a Mr White, a rich farmer from Georgia. The other two looked puzzled when they heard this, but shrugged their shoulders.

The flight was long and boring. None of the girls had ever flown first class before. The service and the leg-room surprised them. But there was not much else to get excited about.

The girls fell naturally into pairs, with Teresa and Melody on the one hand and Krista and Nelly on the other. It was an impressive sight: a Latina girl with a blonde and a Russian with a black girl...

They stopped in Sidney and there was a surprise waiting for them. Four bunches of roses were waiting at the foot of the steps. One from Mr Herrera for Teresa, another from Herr Jaeger for young Melody, one from Moshe Rabin for Krista and one from Mr White for Nelly.

It was all very strange. Teresa was even more surprised when she took a quick peek at the card that went with Krista's roses. It was quite long and written in strange characters. The young Russian woman did not seem to like the message.

The hotel, which was the most luxurious in Sidney, was near to the Circle Dock and the Opera House. It seemed like a dream to Teresa. It had a view over most of the port. What a pity, she thought, to spend so much money on just a few photos.

Max joined them in the morning and announced that they would all have dinner in an exclusive restaurant with all the owners of the Vacations Club.

"But we've got nothing to wear," Melody protested, as cheerful and innocent as always.

"Don't worry," said Max. "Right at this moment we're having everything you need delivered."

A magnificent vintage Rolls picked them up at seven.

The women looked gorgeous in the borrowed evening dresses. It was summer in Australia and the clothes were right for it. They were made of transparent silk, with no back. They did up at the neck with a thin strap and the V-neck was cut very deep. Teresa was dressed in red, Melody in black and Krista and Nelly in white.

The shoes were all the same, with old-fashioned high heels, open at the back.

Melody and Krista wore black fishnet stockings and Nelly wore white silk. Teresa's legs were uncovered. All of them except Krista wore their own bras. Krista wore none.

The restaurant proved be private rather than exclusive. There were no other customers and Max was nowhere to be seen.

The four owners met them at the door. Each greeted the girl he had interviewed in New York.

Chinese waiters served them a cocktail. They stood around drinking it.

"Are you coming to the shooting?" Melody asked Herr Jaeger, rather abruptly. She did not know what else to say.

"I may come along one day. Would you like me to come and see you pose?" the German asked in a loud voice. He seemed to have some problem with his throat.

"No, no, I mean I just need to concentrate when I work, but if you want to come and have a look, come alone, it's no problem," Melody stammered.

"Call me General when you speak to me. General Jaeger or Herr General."

A heavy silence fell on the group. His voice did indeed have a booming military edge to it. It cut the other conversations dead.

Mr Fabio Herrera turned out to be an army man too, with a strong inclination to stand too near Teresa. Teresa edged away from him discreetly. Herr Jaeger was well over six foot tall, while Melody was five foot three. On the short side for a model and definitely small when standing next to the General. The little girl brought out a certain protective instinct in the man.

"I don't know about you guys," she said, trying to break the ice, "but I'm hungry."

The chairs around the circular table were marked for each guest, in such a way that each of the models sat next to the man who had interviewed her.

"Your father was a Red?" Moshe asked Kristina.

"Yes, he belonged to the Military Council," the girl replied. She was not the slightest bit interested in her father or the idiot talking to her.

"What is your surname?"

"Oppenheimer. Krista Oppenheimer."

Moshe's eyes lit up. "It's a German surname. Arian, I would say."

Krista listened with some indifference. "Yes, I believe it is."

"I hate everything that smells of Communism and the Arian race," said Moshe suddenly.

Krista shrugged her shoulders. She was hardly listening. What difference did it make if she was Arian or not, or what that cretin hated or not?

Poor Krista. Little did she imagine...

"I didn't know," she said, looking away ... to Nelly and Mr White.

"No, I'm not from the South. I was born in Seattle," said Nelly.

"But your family must be from the South," Mr White insisted.

"I don't know. Why do you say that?" Nelly was beginning to grow tired of the stupid conversation.

"You're black. We brought you lot over from Africa to work the cotton fields. You could be a descendent of one of the slaves my great great grandfather used to fuck. With that coffee colour of yours, I wouldn't be surprised at all if we weren't relatives.

White laughed out loud, as if he had made a joke of some kind.

Nelly clenched her fists. "Or of your great great grandmother and the black that fucked her," she said angrily. The guy was an animal. He was rude. She was proud of her race and the colour of her skin. White bit his tongue, visibly offended, but he did not lose his good spirits.

"Yes, yes, all that happened a long time ago," he went on. "It's a pity, really, because now we've got tractors in the plantations instead of juicy negro cunts."

"Why don't you fuck the tractor, you idiot," said Nelly. White fell silent. Herr Jaeger was watching them.

"Problems with the little black girl?" he asked.

"Nothing I can't handle." He seemed annoyed at the interference.

Moshe spoke. "I've got a jet black mare at home. Pure Arab pedigree. They're the best. They've got class and style. You can't tire them out."

Nelly looked at him. If looks could kill...

"But our little friend here hasn't exactly got pure blood," said Jaeger. "These half-castes are often the worst of each race."

"Or the best," said Herrera.

"Isn't there any more champagne?" asked Teresa, trying to steer the conversation into more or less normal limits. But Nelly was nervous. She stood up angrily, threw the chair to the ground and punched the table. "Gentlemen!" she said, trying to control her breathing, "you are a bunch of filthy pigs!"

None of the men expected anything like this. Nelly, looking splendid in her white dress and high heels, stormed out, slamming the door. Teresa followed, with Krista fast on her heels, and finally Melody stood up and left, not wishing to be left alone with her hosts. She was still confused by the conversation with Herr Jaeger and had missed a lot of what had been said. She did not know what was going on.

Chapter Five

Phobias...

Catherine has been in the cage for three days now. She is a young, impetuous girl, free-spirited and energetic. There's a lot of them around these days. I envy them. It's not just their age and freshness. It's the way the world is made for them. They're so confident...

That's why she can't move.

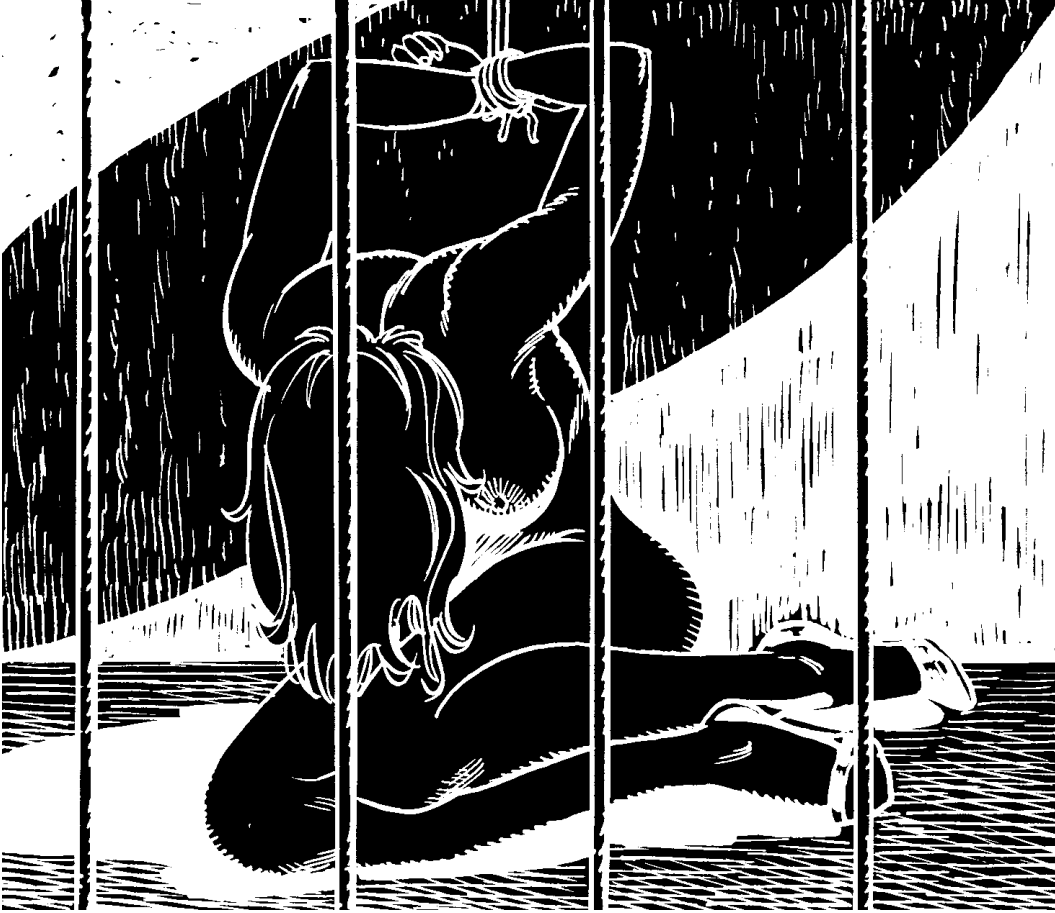
That's why I put her in the cage. She'll have trouble getting used to it...

Catherine is doubled up, the only way to get her in. The cage is even smaller than the box she came in. The cell is dark, pitch black. She's been in the dark for three days.

Her ankles are tied against her thighs. She's crouching down on her black high-heeled shoes, very high heeled...

She has a rope holding her arms behind her back and forcing them up. It makes it impossible for her to move or rest on the bars. She can only tremble. Her tired, straining thighs can only tremble. It another professional posture. Uncomfortable from the first moment. Torment after just a few minutes and hell after half an hour.

She's sealed off of course, with two big penises up her, one in front and another up her back passage. She's got another one in her mouth. You'd think nothing could come out, but it does, so I have to hose her down a couple of times a day. The cold water helps to wake her senses up. That's necessary because they switch off a bit under torture.



"What have you decided?"

"What have you decided?" I asked her, opening the door of her cage.

Three days is enough. Even a young body like hers, not used to pain, can switch off.

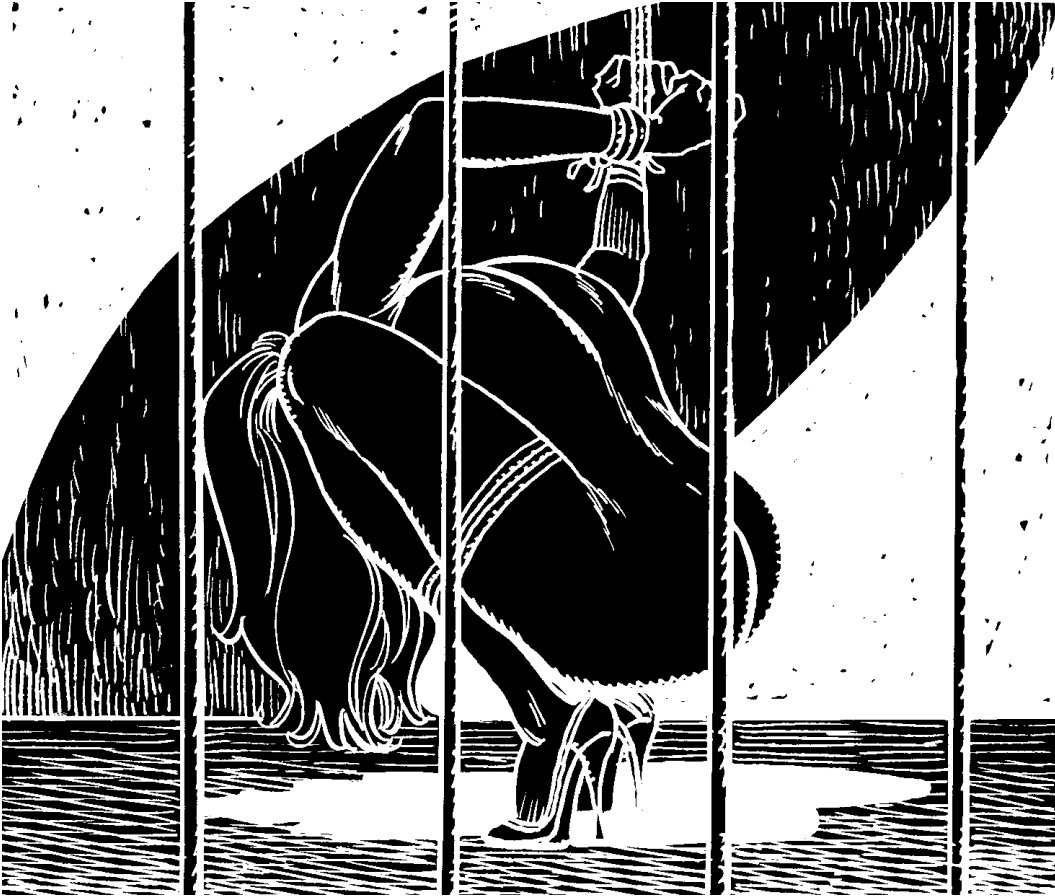
"What have you decided?" I ask her again. Still no answer.

I use the cutter on the rope around her legs. She falls straight to the ground, at least as far as her shoulders permit it. I hear a "crack" as her arms take all the weight of her body.

Her blonde hair falls in waves over her face.

A couple of touches with my "magic wand" are enough to bring her round. It's a useful tool. It gives off an electric discharge like a cattle prod. It forces the victim to pay attention without leaving a mark.

Her big blue eyes turn to me. Desperation. She cannot believe what is happening to her.



"I'm waiting for your reply."

"I'm waiting for your reply," I say.

She doesn't remember. She doesn't know what I'm talking about. Before putting her in the cage I explained to her very carefully what I wanted from her. She knows all about the caresses I expect from

her tongue and her lips. She seemed to go crazy when I told her, shaking her head from side to side like a dog just out of water.

Now her eyes are fixed on my vagina, my naked vagina...

She shakes her head again.

Too soon.

You can't believe how stubborn some women can be.

I don't like it. I am more than ready to receive her caresses. But there's nothing I can do about it. There's a time and a place for everything I turn the hose on her naked breasts...

Chapter Six

Meanwhile, others arrive in paradise...

The flight to Port Moresby was very uneventful.

The last stretch, which was to Coconut Grove, was different. The flight was in a small plane with a single propeller. It was horrendous. They flew from one storm to another, from one area of turbulence to another. The worst thing was the remains of a typhoon that was drifting around near the Philippines. It nearly shook the frail aircraft apart.

When they landed they were all airsick. Melody had actually been sick five or six times.

It was getting dark, but at last they arrived safely.

They were in Paradise. Their destination, their destiny...

A woman aged about forty introduced herself as Madame Whipper. Neither her name nor her general aspect caused a very favourable impression. She drove a 4X4. She was a tall, strong woman, with her hair cut like a boy and greased back. She looked like a woman who would stand for no nonsense. Despite the heat, she was wearing thick-looking trousers and jacket made of black leather.

They drove through a luxury resort, detached wooden huts with coconut palm roofs. The sun was low and the sky was turning a deep red.

"Is this where we're going to shoot?" asked Teresa. She couldn't see anybody.

"No. You'll be working on 'Little Island. You can see it in the distance." She pointed to a group of palm trees under a cloud, some miles off shore due west. "It's a real desert island. It's one of the last paradises. It'll look great in the spot."

"Well this place looks good enough to me," said Melody, already feeling better and overwhelmed by the beauty of the island.

"Wait until you see Little Island. You'll see what I mean."

"Are we going now?" asked Krista.

"No. We'll spend the night here. It's late and the reef is dangerous in the dark."

Each woman had a luxury cabin. They were jetlagged and hungry. Supper was served in their huts. They all stayed in except Teresa.

"Do you feel better now?" she asked.

Melody was frightened. "Oh, it's you. You frightened me."

The hut had no windows and the wind came in through the windows.

Melody was lying on the big bed in the centre of the room. She was naked under the mosquito net.

Teresa walked over to her. There was no moon and she could see where she could hardly see the bed. The smell and the nervous voice gave Teresa the idea that she had been masturbating.

"It's a lovely place," she said, slipping under the mosquito net. "Have you seen the stars? They're not the same as the ones we see."

Melody moved over slightly. She felt uncomfortable.

Teresa carried on talking. "When I was young I spent hours looking at them in my grandmother's farm. The Plough, Cassiopeia, the Pole Star. I like the Snake, between the two bears..."

Teresa put her arms around her, still talking...

"We're at the other end of the world. On our own. A long way from anywhere. Everything's a long way away, like the stars..."

Melody tried to move away, but Teresa held her tight. The girl had never been in bed with a man, let alone another woman...

Teresa kissed her. Melody tried to protest but could not. When their lips met again, the young blonde no longer wanted to move away....

Teresa's warm, welcoming, protective body was pressed tight against her. Her solid thigh was resting lightly against her vagina.

They kissed again. Both of them, this time. Melody was very excited and seemed to want to press herself against the older woman. Teresa calmed her down, whispering in her ear and stroking her hair. She moved her thigh away, just a little.

"We've got all night." She nibbled her ear. Melody gasped. She gave a quick grunt as Teresa's face, the face she had always admired on the adverts, went down between her legs.

Melody came almost immediately, grunting and jerking wildly...

"UGH ... OOOH! ... AAAAAAGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!"

It was quick but intense, and Melody shouted out in pure pleasure...

"It's all the fault of that whore of yours in the red dress!" shouted Herr Jaeger in the bar. He was very angry and very randy.

Herrera tried to calm him down. Let's face it, General, two women don't fuck each other just like that if one of them doesn't want to be fucked..."

White could not shut up. "I wanted a virgin. Do you understand, you old fascist? A blonde American doll, unused, do you understand? Well you can get fucked! I demand they be placed under arrest."

Mrs Whipper replied. "There's nothing we can do, not until we get to the Little Island. This island is not safe. There are other clients here..."

Melody's unrestrained grunting and groaning interrupted them again.

"The gringuita is a hot little piece," said Moshe. "She'll keep you busy I think."

"You shut up too. I'll have my hands full with your Soviet shit. And you can keep an eye on her yourself. She may give you a good kick up your arse. It was her lot that kicked you out of Moscow,"

Moshe said nothing. He hated General Jaeger and all Germans. He hated the Soviets and their lackeys even more. The expulsion was fresh in his memory. It had effected his generation profoundly.

He too was a General, retired. And he was a hater.

He hated everything blond and Scandinavian. It looked Arian to him.

"Gentlemen, calm down," said Madame Whipper. "We will follow the established plan. Step by step."

"What the fuck does it matter if we have them here or there? The clients on this island must fuck something!" He pointed to a splendid Philippine girl who was waiting on them. She was naked and in chains.

"That's enough! These sluts are out of bounds for you on this trip. You never know where you are with these Orientals. The slightest indiscretion and we fuck everything up. We stick to the plan. Anyway these girls are heavily into sex. They wouldn't be so much fun."

The four men, all of them army men, looked at each other in resignation.

"Kristna isn't American. She's a bloody communist. Just like all the others our friend Herrera got for himself in the dirty war," protested Moshe. "I want to have her now."

They started arguing again. Madame Whipper gestured to a waiter, who nodded.

Meanwhile, at the other end of the beach, Teresa and Melody lay in bed, their arms round each other. They both felt much better now.

Teresa had been raped eight times in her life. The first time she was only thirteen. She hated men. Her sex life was limited to sessions with other women she met when she was filming. She made love as a way of finding affection, human warmth, as much as sexual relief.

The experience had been new for Melody. Just an hour ago it would have been unthinkable, but not any more...

"Shall we do it again?" she asked.

"No," Teresa whispered. "I love you too much."

Melody cried softly. Teresa tied a scarf round her neck and walked onto the beach. She was crying too.

It was a lovely night. The sea was warm. She glanced back at the hut. She decided to have a quick dip in the sea under the stars. She was in Paradise. She had let herself go too, like Melody, in a way she hadn't done for many years. Melody was lovely. Tender, sensitive, passionate, overwhelming at times. Too lovely. If she started another relationship like that she would just be losing a lovely memory, turning it into another sour relationship.

She'd been there before...

She walked into the sea and felt it brush over her breasts and wash between her legs.

She stood there for a minute or two and then came out.

She felt like a walk along the beach. In the distance she could see a light. Maybe she could get something to drink. She was thirsty.

When she got near, she saw the dark outline a cabin that served as a bar. She stopped in her tracks when a horrible scream rang out.

Curiosity drove her to go round the back of the hut to listen.

"She was a present for my son, but he lost interest in her after a few weeks." The voice was unmistakable. It was Max, the black giant who had interviewed her.

She peeked through the shutters. There was a blonde, sitting naked on Mr Herrera's lap. She was very suntanned. Around her neck was a collar with a strap attached to it.

"Is she for sale?" asked Herrera. She'd go well with my little black. Nice contrast." He could not stop kissing her breasts. The girl

seemed half asleep, perhaps drugged. "How much do you want for her?"

Teresa looked on in astonishment. What was the collar for? Why was she on a lead like a dog?

She looked around the room for some clue. She could not believe what she was seeing. They must be shooting a spot. Or was it a joke of some kind? A sexual fantasy they were acting out? A kinky role-play? She could not see any cameras, and it all looked too serious to be a joke. The naked girl was certainly not laughing.

Teresa did not hear anything until it was too late..

THUUUUUUUUD!

Seconds later, none of the four models were awake. Three were sleeping peacefully in their beds. The fourth, an American black of Hispanic origin, lay unconscious at the feet of the guard who had discovered her spying on those inside the bar..

Chapter Seven

The first step

Catherine's a jewel, a treasure. She's responding beautifully to my lessons. If she has any doubts, I just threaten her, very explicitly, and as she knows they're not idle threats, she changes chip immediately. She's a clever girl.

The week she's been here has made her aware of things she never suspected about herself. A woman doesn't behave like she does with me just because of the torture. It comes from deep inside her.

First she covered all my body with saliva. I said all of it. Slowly. Not forgetting a single centimetre...

Then she stopped in certain places. Between my toes, behind my knees...

Lying on top of me, she kissed me on the mouth. At first she found it repugnant, but gradually she got used to it. Now I'm pretty sure she's beginning to like it. It's so intimate, so exciting to kiss another woman on the lips. And then on the breasts, especially on the nipples. Delicately at first, then more and more passionately, still slowly though, no need to hurry...

And now she's touching me lightly with her breasts and still licking as she works slowly over all my body until, last of all, she comes near where she should be...

And finally she reaches the top of my thighs, still licking...

I open my legs wide. Her tongue runs up and down my crutch. The slut is provoking me, trying my patience...

She doesn't know who she'd dealing with.

I turn round and present her my open buttocks.

I imagine what is going round in her head. The afternoon strung up by the thumbs, the days in the small cage...

A thrill of excitement runs through me. Her tongue is not working between right down in the crack where I want it... Yes, yes, she's going in...

I can't stand it, my vagina is dripping like an open tap! I'll get her to clean up my thighs later.

"Come on, love, get in there, further in..."

I surprise myself at the urgency in my voice. There's nothing you can do about, though. Sex is an urgent business. However much you fight it, however slowly you take it, it ends up urgent.

She's hesitating. I dig my knees into the mattress and lift my buttocks. I open them even more. I couldn't present my anus better if I tried.

Now, how can I explain it? Only a woman can understand what I feel.

"Get that tongue in!"

"OOOH!"

Her tongue is wise. It leaves my anus and slips down, licking me slowly, and moves around the lips of my vagina. She turns her head sideways and sucks on my lips and nibbles them. She's kissing me! She kisses me all around my vagina, lots of quick, passionate kisses like a man does the first few times with a new woman...

She gives one good firm lick all the way up, holding my lips apart, licking my clit. I gasp and twitch. It's taking over, it's getting through to me...

She's kissing, licking, sucking on my clit, nibbling it, licking it again, good strong firm strokes...

"AGH! ... UGH! ... OOOHAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

I come into her face, pressing myself against her, jerking my clit onto



"Get that tongue in!"

her tongue, shouting, she's found me, she's got me, it's coming over me again...

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

I don't know if that was the first time she gave a woman an orgasm. I hope so. A new, inexperienced girl is moving, exciting, delicate, frightened...

I lie on my back now and take her long blonde hair in my hands.

I direct her head, steering it to wherever I want...

I hold her mouth against my vagina and move it round and round, until the circle widens and takes in her chin and her nose, all her face rubbing into my juices, all her face rubbing against me...

We have all afternoon.

It's going to be a good one.

Chapter Eight

The first prey falls

When they got up in the morning, everyone except Melody was surprised to see Teresa had left. "She decided to go home last night," said Madame Whipper. "We took her to a hotel near the airport."

Melody said nothing about what had happened between herself and Teresa. She was sorry. She had looked upset when she left the hut. It had been an intense experience between them. But it wasn't such a big deal after all. She didn't understand why she had given up this job she needed so badly just because they had found comfort in each other's arms... She was sorry. She was sorry it had all happened.

She cheered up when she saw the boat. It was a lovely forty-metre boat, an old Chinese boat refurbished and converted into a luxury yacht. It was waiting for them anchored the other side of the reef where the water was deep enough for it. Only Max and Madame Whipper went with the three girls. None of the alleged owners of the club were on board. As far as the girls knew...

In the hull sat Colonel Fabio Herrera, surrounded by the supplies for Little island Sweat was running down his brow and he bit his lips nervously. Sex was a serious business. It needed military planning.

He held a piece of string in each hand. He seemed absorbed by what lay in front of him. It was Teresa Cortes. She was at the other end of the strings. Her eyes were wide open. She said nothing.

"From now on, I'll look after you." His voice was dark with lust and his tone was aggressive.

The girl closed her eyes when he spoke as if to shut him out, image and voice. She did not understand what was happening.

"Your problems are over. At least your financial problems. You'll still be a slut, a hot slut that puts it out for anyone, men or women, but at least you won't need money any more."

Teresa was shut in a kind of boiler-suit or mechanic's overall. It was made of black plastic fibre and it clung to her skin. Madame Whipper put it on her wet when she was still unconscious. It had dried and clung to her body like a coat of paint. Fortunately, the small of her back was uncovered, or she might have died from overheating.

Each curve of Teresa's body, each fold of her skin, stood out clearly to the delight of Mr Herrera, in reality, Colonel Herrera. He was trying to work out how to tighten the ropes, a practically impossible task.

The Colonel's voice rang in his victim's ears...

"From now on, I'll look after you..."

The Colonel's eyes ran over her twisted female forms, taking in the boots with their high, thin heels that opened with a discreet zip on the side, her fine black gloves that went up to her elbows. Teresa looked splendid in that posture...

"And we do expect obedience and discipline!" Teresa grunted as Herrera underlined the magic words obedience and discipline by pulling on the ropes. They led to two cruel clamps that were biting hard on Teresa's nipples. Her nipples and her head were the only part of her body that were sticking out of the kinky plastic overall that covered her body.

"That's right. I'll look after you. I'll teach you the meaning of the word obedience..."

Teresa tried to concentrate on his words. He was repetitive and obsessive, but she made an effort to listen to him. She had little choice. Her hip bones were practically the only part of her body that was touching the ground. Her ankles were crossed over each other and tied together. Her wrists were tied together up above her back, with her elbows above her head. A rope joined her hands and feet together, forcing the backbone into a cruel position. That was one of the ropes that Herrera was tightening.

"Obedience, my dear. Total, instant, blind, unthinking obedience. You obey me and you obey anyone I tell you to obey."

A bar passed between her knees, preventing her from joining them together and from falling on her side. A gag like a horse's bit held her mouth open and bit cruelly into the corners of her lips. Two strings like a horse's reins held her head right back. They were tied to a rope that went around her waist like a belt.

Herrera was bent on tensing these reins too and holding the head of "his" top model just at the right height.

"I've paid a fortune for you and you're going to give me all the pleasure I'm entitled to. You're going to get this body of yours working for me..."

There was a rope that came down from her waist and went in tight between her legs, up her crack and was tied tight to the same rope that went around her waist. Its function was to hold the two vibrators in place, humming away deep inside Teresa.

This was the first little present that Madame Whipper had given her when she tied her up in this complicated way, and the last thing Teresa had noticed when she woke up in the morning with a spinning head and an aching body.

"Nice juicy slut's body you've got!"

Herrera's voice was guttural, croaky with heavy urgent lust. He pulled at the ropes and pulled his prisoner a few centimetres nearer him. The clamp was the kind that dug in harder the more you pulled on it. It was reliable. It would never give way. The nipples would give way first...

Teresa's twisted face moved nearer to his open legs, just an inch or two from his flies. Ceremoniously, with a ritual obsessiveness, he took off his trousers and then his old-fashioned baggy white cotton underpants.

His big testicles and his erect member, which was very thick and had been circumcised, rested on the chair and touched the girl's forehead. She could not move her face away. A penetrating smell of unwashed member went into her nostrils...

"Have a good look at this dick. From now on it's going to be your God. Your reason for existing..."

Teresa closed her eyes. A sharp tug on her nipples, a stabbing pain, and she opened her eyes again, quickly. Herrera smiled happily.

"I see you are beginning to understand."

Herrera stroked the face he had admired so much. He stroked it with the viscous tip of his penis, the gland. Teresa's skin was also wet with sweat. It was hot in the hold and the fine material she was wrapped in was stopping her skin from breathing properly.

"I have a lot of experience with sluts like you. I am very familiar with you and with your dripping cunts. I know how to treat you..."

Herrera ran his eyes down the girl's twisted body, over her cramp-ridden thighs, her smooth shoulders, her magnificent breasts, her small waist and voluptuous buttocks set off nicely by the rope that

went in between them. Yes, he knew how to handle hot sluts like this, no doubt about it...

"I had another cockteaser like you once. Maybe you've heard of her, Claudia Moore..."

Teresa's eyes opened wide again, despite the proximity of the huge, threatening sexual organs. Yes, she had heard of Claudia Moore and of her sudden disappearance, like everyone else. So this pig who was torturing her in such an obscene way was responsible.! And now it was her turn! Oh, God!

"She got to be very friendly with what you're looking at now. She treated me very well... I think she even liked it..."

Having Teresa so close to his member was getting through to Herrera. Suddenly he let go of the ropes and took her thick hair in his hands and guided her face onto his genitals. Teresa bit on the gag and closed her eyes, which was all she could do. That and pray for the inevitable not to happen...

Useless...

A thick spurt of hot semen hit her full in the face. When she managed to open her eyes and look around, Herrera was not there any more.

All the girls were surprised at the sudden appearance of the South American on deck.

They had been even more surprised to see Beatriz Roissy for the first time just before they set sail. The lesbian trainer was completely naked, showing off her all-over suntan and her magnificent body balancing lightly on her uncomfortable high heels. A collar around her neck and a pair of gold earrings set off her nipples. She had shaved all her body hair from the neck down.

No explanation of her strange appearance was offered.

No one asked for one.

Mooring was easy enough. Little Island had a small, sheltered harbour. Unlike Coconut Grove, which was an atoll, the island was an eroded volcano. It was covered in thick wood, with numerous paths through it. As soon as the boat had unloaded passengers and cargo, it set sail.

Melody noticed in particular a large packing case covered in messages warning that its contents were fragile. "Tropical fishes. Handle with care."

The girls were installed in a brick hut. The rooms that looked considerably less luxurious than those on Coconut Grove. The place was disappointing. It did not seem idyllic at all.

A woman who introduced herself as Beatriz went to fetch Melody half an hour after they arrived. General Herr Jaeger was already getting impatient...

"Don't you feel a bit embarrassed walking around naked and with that on your nipples?" Melody asked ingenuously, pointing at the rings.

Beatrice just looked at her. She's dumb all right, this one. If only she knew...

Melody carried on. "Do you work here?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Beatrice after a moment's hesitation.

"It must be fantastic!"

"You'll see!" murmured Beatrice.

"BEATRICE!" A deafening shout rang out. It was Madame Whipper, wearing her usual black and with a whip hanging from her waist.

"Yes, Madame?" asked Beatrice, kneeling in front of her. Melody looked on in amazement.

"Mrs Sherman is asking about you. You know she doesn't like being kept waiting!"

Beatrice bit her lip nervously and looked suddenly serious. "Yes, Madame."

Melody was beginning to feel nervous. Beatrice stood up quickly and hurried off in the direction of luxurious low building about fifty yards away. The same building that Madame Whipper had taken Melody to.

They stopped at the door of a room marked simply One. "It's here," said Madame Whipper.

"Is it the make-up room?" asked Melody in a shaky voice.

"Come in!" the unmistakable metallic voice of Herr Jaeger rang out. Melody was pushed into the room and the door closed behind her.

She looked around in fright. The room was full of strange furniture with a sinister, macabre look to it. It was full too of the intimidating presence of Herr Jaeger...

Towards supper time, as the sun was going down, Krista and Nelly walked into the building to have dinner. They looked very impressive as they swung their way along the beach, barefoot and sensual in their scanty clothes, arms hanging loose and casual, top model style.

They passed two rooms on their way, marked simply One and Two.

They did not know it, but in One there was a young American girl with lovely blue eyes, hanging naked from the ceiling. She was hanging upside down.

In Two a strikingly beautiful black woman was thrashing about in her chains on a water bed.

In One a retired General called Jaeger stood holding a whip.

In Two another General, an Israeli, was about to have his fourth orgasm in two hours. He was a distinguished member of his country's military junta. He was also a man responsible for the death of hundreds of his fellow-citizens.

Chapter Nine

Returning favours

I am a fair woman. I am also a very pleased, grateful woman just at the moment. Catherine has given me twelve lovely orgasms and I must have another dozen more in me. I feel sorry for men. So proud, so aggressive, so macho, so stupid... You just squeeze their dicks a couple of times and they're shooting all over the room!

No use at all.

Catherine had no idea she was capable of this. None of my students suspect it until they've been through my hands.

I've tied her up and presented her in the most comfortable was. Comfortable for me, of course.

Only her face and her breasts are resting on the ground. Her back is arched upwards. Her ankles are tied to a bar above her head. She cannot bring her thighs together. It's impossible.

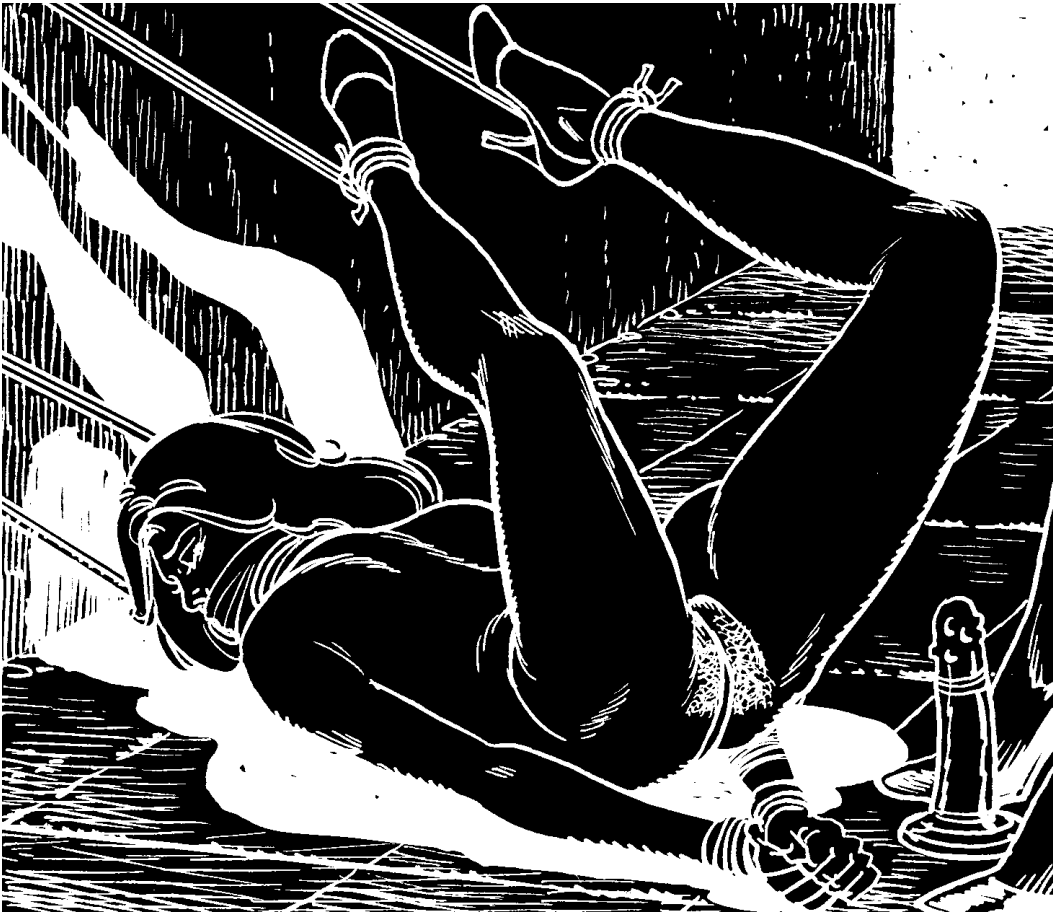
She's been hours returning the favour, giving me something back for all the work I've put in on her. She's exhausted, but I'm not. I'm down on my knees on a fluffed up cushion. I'm kissing her, I'm licking, I'm tasting... I told you the perfume of a naked woman, nicely presented to give me free access to her most intimate parts, drives me crazy.

And she can do nothing about it. She can't fight her body's natural response even if she wants to. Her limbs are trembling from the forced position she's in anyway. From time to time they tremble a bit more when she goes into another orgasm...

I'm happy. Very happy. I love my work.

She's enjoyed the orgasms up to now I think. It'll be different from now on.

The time has come to give her an irritating, annoying, non-stop vibrator instead of my soft lips and wet tongue. She has to learn that the male member is a big turn-off.



"I can promise you you're not going to enjoy this!"

"I can promise you you're not going to enjoy this!" I promise her.

I have to get on with her education. The Senator's wife will be here in a few days and she'll want to check up on her progress. Poor Catherine, she has no idea what's going on.

I can't wait to see her reaction when she finds out...

Chapter Ten

Dinner on the beach

The two girls were unpleasantly surprised to see Mr White and Moshe Rabin. There was no one else in the spacious dining room overlooking the beach. Some Oriental waiters, probably Chinese, waited at the table.

"Would you like something to drink?" the two barmen asked when they walked in.

Nelly answered for both of them. "No thank you. We'll just have supper and get some sleep. It's been a hard day." There were no hard feelings in her tone of voice.

The girls sat at the only table laid for dinner and chose the meal, aware of the obscene looks coming their way from the couple of idiots.

"I hate them both," said Nelly. "Especially that son of a bitch White."

She had not realised, but White had stood up and moved quietly behind her. Krista tried to warn her by flashing her eyes at her, but failed.

"I hope, my dear, that will accept my most profound apologies. I shall do my utmost to persuade you to change the first impression you have formed of me." He sat down without being invited to. Moshe came over and sat down next to Krista.

Nelly made a gesture as if she was going to stand up, but thought better of it. She was not going to be browbeaten, however. If the idiot wanted a fight he'd have one.

"What do you think of the place?" asked Moshe, staring hard at Krista's generously feminine forms.

"A load of trash," said the black model, "just like the company." She had not forgotten how White had humiliated her in Sydney. He had said it was a pity now there were tractors instead of juicy negro cunts.

White bit his lips.

"And what do you think?" Moshe asked.

Krista turned round and looked him straight in the eye.

"The same as her," she replied.

"Well, well," said White smiling. "What have we got here then? Two blue-blooded princesses come down in the world, eh? Still bad-tempered and very demanding, like in the good old days, eh? Ha! ha! ha!"

"Look here, honey", said Nelly, unconsciously clenching both fists and pressing them tight, "we're not Princesses and we're not paupers either. We're doing all right if that's what worries you. We're just sick and tired of talking to idiots!"

"And since when has a hooker like you been able to choose her company?" asked White. He spoke with a quiet confidence. He was sure he could win the battle and the war.

Krista intervened. She was clever and more practised in dealing with people. Her tactics were simple but appealing to the military minds at the table. She tried to divide and conquer.

"Mr White. You are vulgar and impertinent. I trust Mr Rabin does not approve of your manners."

The answer chilled her to the bone.

"He probably wouldn't in normal circumstances. But I'm talking to a black and a communist."

Krista replied immediately. "If I wanted to be rude I'd tell you about a capitalist pig and a disgusting Zionist." Her eyes flashed angrily.

Nobody expected Moshe's reaction. He grabbed the Russian girl by the hair, smashed a bottle of champagne against the stone table and held it to her throat.

"Listen carefully, you filthy slut. No one asked you to leave the gutter your whore of a mother dropped you in."

A terrible silence hung in the room.

"How ... how dare..." she said, trying to bluster her way out of the nasty situation. She stopped as he pulled back on her hair.

"Shut your big fucking mouth," he shouted, slapping her face. "I swear I'll make you eat every one of your words!"

He let her go and the two girls rushed out of the dining room, terrified.

"Madame Whipper won't like this," said White.

"I don't give a flying fuck what the bitch likes or doesn't like!" said Moshe.

Chapter Eleven

A session in front of the mirror

Removing the body hair from a new slave is one of my favourite pleasures. It's educational for them too.

Catherine has been stark naked ever since she arrived. Nakedness suits her condition as a slave. She owns nothing now, especially not her own intimacy. Her body is there to be enjoyed by her owners, the same as they will enjoy her personality and her will. Even her feelings...

Depilation increases the sour feeling of belonging to someone that all girls in Catherine's situation experience.

Her vagina will be visible to everyone who sees her. It will be exposed in all the crudest, most prosaic way.

She probably did not even know herself exactly what her pussy was like. Puberty had covered it with hair and concealed it. Not any more...

As always, she is displayed in the most convenient and stimulating way for me, and as always, it is the most humiliating and uncomfortable for her.

Catherine's high-heeled shoes, which are her only clothes, are resting on a sturdy wooden chair that's screwed to the floor. A couple of ropes tie her ankles up to the backs of her thighs and then to the arms of the chair. Her long, strong legs are thus beautifully open, wide... Her lovely kissable little pussy is the most striking part of her anatomy from where I stand. Her wrists are tied and lifted up and the cheeks of her lovely little bottom are no more than a foot off the chair. An optimal position.

She is crying.

"Do you like Big Mac?" I ask. Big Mac is an irritating, extremely intrusive vibrator. Catherine is looking at me, disconcerted. I show her Big Mac.

In fact she didn't even see it the previous day when I put it up her, but she is a clever little girl. She must have imagined it. She shakes her head desperately. She cannot do much else with her dirty panties in her mouth.

"I don't understand it. You were dripping like a wet mop," I say. The important thing is to humiliate her. It's educational. I dry her tears. And I see her looking at my naked vagina. I imagine the memories it must hold for her and it turns me on.

I stroke her as only a woman can, with my eyes staring deep into hers...

"Look at me!"

I can only see desperation. But she cannot remain indifferent to my fingers.

She's trembling...

I carry on...

I roll my fingers round and round over her clitoris, and then I wet my whole hand just inside her lips, rubbing it all over her lovely, suckable, evasive, secret little clit...

Then I hold the vibrator up for her to see.

It's a funny thing, a bit sort and jellyish but a bit solid too. It looks like



"Do you like Big Mac?"

a transparent pumpkin in colour. It has three rings round it, just below the tip, made of hard pig bristle. The material irritates the vagina. I hold it carefully by the base.

I stroke the inside of her firm thighs very lightly, right up the top., nearly touching her pussy. Catherine gives a huge jerk that nearly pulls the chair off the ground.

She's a sensitive girl all right!

I close my hand on her soft blonde thatch and I pull hard. Her panties, still gagging her, only serve to muffle the tremendous shriek that comes out. I carry on and on until I can't find any more hairs to pull out.

The tears are falling onto her heaving breasts. Her head is hitting the wall behind her all the time...

I carry on with the tweezers and the magnifying glass. Twenty minutes laborious work.

When I've finished she's as clean as a whistle, like a young girl, except that her lovely vagina has slipped down a little, trying to hide...

I stroke her. The skin is red.

I put the cream on. It stings at first, but it's soothing.

"You like it, eh?"

She doesn't answer, maybe she didn't even hear me.

The moment of truth has arrived.

I show her the vibrator. Disturbing, immense, over a foot of false penis with pig's bristle hair that multiplies the irritating effect of the material it's made of.

I hold it in front of her wet eyes. She makes an effort to focus on it. She looks beautifully worried. Saliva and tears run down her chin. I brush her open nostrils very lightly with the tip of the penis. Her eyes water immediately. I know that it hurts...

I sit down in front of her open thighs and I put a plug in her anus. The plug is in fact another penis, this time with a groove in the base. It's impossible to get it out without the help of the little piece of string provided for that purpose. You can't take too many precautions...

Catherine's reaction is totally hysterical. None of my pupils, and I've had hundreds, have liked this kind of penetration. And that, of course, is exactly why the owners love putting it in them!

In this case it's not a punishment, only a question of hygiene. In this position and bearing in mind what she's got coming to her, Catherine could lose control of her sphincter muscles and dirty the floor.

The first few moments with Big Mac are the most pleasant. The girl's skin and nerve ends are receptive. That is to say, the pain is the most terrible. Later the body reacts, blocks the brain, and I have to intervene to keep it switched on.

I drop my hand. Catherine is tense. She's pulling around in her bondage trying to avoid the inevitable.

The tip of the orange penis opens the partially open sex lips, very delicately ...

For a sadist like me, these seconds are pure Nirvana. There's nothing comparable to watching a woman suffering in this way,

especially if she is young and beautiful, and even more so if she is a kidnapped slave subjected to this sexual torture against her will...

I remove the replica and take her gag off. The shouting gets louder and louder, filling the dark dungeon.

I wait for her to calm down...

"Please ... Stop! ... Please!"

I can hardly make out what's she's saying, her voice is so faint.

It's time to give her some idea about her future. She'll get more out of the lessons if she understands.

"Listen, dear," I say, almost affectionately, "your old life is over. The old Catherine is dead. OK? The new Catherine is a slave..."

She looks at me, terrified. She can't believe her ears. She shakes her head wildly. "No NO! ... NOOO!!!"

"You were a commission job. A woman commissioned the kidnapping and she's paying for your education now."

I say nothing, looking at her face, checking her reaction. The words take some time to get through the pain.

"A ... a woman?" she asked, sobbing.

"Yes, a woman like me. A lesbian. Nasty one too, I can assure you. I have some experience of Mistresses and this one is bad." I kiss her on the lips, which makes me feel a lot better. I'm getting pretty touchy between the legs. I shall have to do something very soon.

"How ... how can a woman ... treat another woman ... like this?" she asks.

Her eyes are desperate.

"Don't be so dumb, please. No one enjoys a normal partner after the third or fourth meeting. A slave is different. She's someone you can dominate, control, do what you want with. That's more than just sex. It's whatever you want it to be, in whatever mood you happen to be in."

"But ... but why ... why are you so ... cruel?"

Poor little idiot...

"Because I like it, that's why!" I said, gritting my teeth and sinking the inhuman replica deep into her freshly depilated vagina.

I have colleagues in this business who don't like their victim's screams. They turn me on, especially coming from Catherine. She's a lovely mixture of delicacy and femininity, even when she's screaming.

I move my hand up and down slowly but firmly, scraping the twelve inches of hard gelatine, with its special irritating surface, over the tight walls of her vagina. I can feel how the hard pig's bristle is attacking the soft, tender flesh. I direct it onto the most sensitive areas, which are different in every woman, guided by the change in tone of her different screams.

I have been able to bring some of my pupils to orgasm with this treatment. But I've never managed to do it the first time. The first time they always lose consciousness, as Catherine has just done. What a pity, just as I was beginning to enjoy myself...

She'll wake up alone in the dark to find herself skewered on her new lover, all twelve inches of him.

Twelve inches of unbearable torture...

Chapter Twelve

Two slaves

Krista pulled the bolt across the door and dragged her bed over to it. Her hands were trembling.

In another room, Nelly lay on the bed and masturbated, trying to calm herself down.

And in a third room, Teresa felt Herrera's semen inside her for the first time, this time in her anus.

Melody was trying to guess where Herr Jaeger would beat her with the leather truncheon, to protect herself with her hands.

As soon as she went into the room, pushed by Madame Whipper, she put her foot into the noose, to the evident satisfaction of the general. He pulled on a lever, activating a trap. She hung from the ceiling by her right leg. The tips of her toes hardly touched the floor.

The General was a great strategist and he had it all planned. Before the girl could even shout, he stuck his own socks into her mouth. A length of sticky tape silenced her completely.

Before's Jaeger's eyes swung the dream of his life. He had been afraid he would die without seeing it come true. He blessed the day he had heard of White Inc and its dream factory ... and its nightmare factory.

Wearing his full-dress uniform, he now swung a whip and struck the floor near Melody. The girl's blonde hair was spread out on the ground. She looked terrified. Her fingers tried desperately to take some of the weight off her ankle. The General did not help much. He ripped her dress off, brutally.

Melody swung from the rope, her breasts exposed, swinging wildly...

Her back too was naked.

Jaeger looked at her. Where shall I begin? the meticulous German asked himself.

Melody was just beginning to come out of her first panic-stricken reaction. She was beginning to realise just how bad things were. She started kicking around with her free leg.

Herr Jaeger had anticipated this. He caught her ankle in another noose and pulled it to the back of her thigh. Then he pulled her panties off.

Melody's terrified eyes looked up at the General's shining boots.

His attention was somewhere else, on her vagina. His gloved hands were conducting an initial exploration...

"Virgin, eh?"

The first whiplash surprised her. It came down on her back. The second was in the small of her back and the third on her stomach. The pain was intense, unexpected, and she thought she was going to die. They were like three sudden electric shocks, three burns with a hot iron. Impossible to describe, and impossible to withstand the pain...

The General stood waiting for her to recover. He had changed the whip for another, slender truncheon made of hard rubber. He had paid good money for this girl and he would make the most of her. Under the terms of his contract he had unlimited access to her, but he did not want to spoil her so soon. That would be a terrible waste.

In the room next door things were much more romantic. Teresa had woken up some hours earlier on her back on a water bed. Four fine lengths of fine fishing line held her arms and legs spread-eagled to the four corners of the bed. She kept changing position, arching her back and pushing her stomach up, trying to relieve the tension.

The first thing she saw when she opened her eyes was disheartening. Herrera was looking down at her, a mad, hungry look in his eye. He was out of his mind with lust. His chin hung down slackly, a thin line of saliva had escaped from a corner of his mouth...

He was out of control. He'd lost it. He'd blown his mind. It was always the same with the new girls, but this time was worse than usual. For a start, he'd been away travelling, far from his "collection".

And this time it was Teresa.

She was special.

His lovely Claudia had blown his mind too the first time, but she was someone else's slave. She carried a brand and the humiliation and the suffering and the undesired sex he imposed on her were nothing new to her.

With Teresa it was different. She had just opened her eyes to what was to be her new life from now on. It was worth all he paid for her to see the expression on her face when she realised what had happened and where she was...

There she was, trembling, terrified, her arms and legs spread out to display her intimate parts, tense, her back arched, her thumbs straining... It was a feast for the sore eyes of a sadist like Herrera. Or for anyone else's...

Without saying a word he knelt down between the open thighs, in front of her big, well-presented vagina that seemed to be speaking to him, to be calling him, to be saying, come, come, I am waiting for you...

The weight of her body moved the water around and the fishing line dug into her tortured thumbs.

Herrera did not know where to start. He began by rolling on top of the exquisite flesh he had just acquired. He went berserk, groping, squeezing, kissing, licking, sucking, biting... He couldn't get enough of her.

Then he stood up and looked at his victim from different angles. She was incredible.

Her face was contorted by the ball that was gagging her. Her breasts were generous and firm, her nipples hard. He gazed in ecstasy at the soft skin on her flat, smooth stomach and the suggestion of the hip bones framing the pronounced valley of her pubis. Her cunt, he thought, her lovely little cunt, I need it...

He climbed back on her and penetrated her began to rape her, angrily like a wild beast, as brutally as he could. Unfortunately for Teresa, she did not faint...

Chapter Thirteen

A slave meets her mistress.

Two women are talking pleasantly, standing in a comfortable living room decorated with Oriental motifs.

One is tall, strong and distinguished. Her name is Brigitte Roissy. She runs the most exclusive brothel in the Middle East, with an iron hand.

The other is a blonde called Marjorie. She is perhaps a little older, but is rather similar in build, just a little less athletic. Marjorie is the power behind Senator Dyle, her husband. The Senator repays her for her support the way she appreciates most – by not objecting to her little whims. In fact, he encourages her at times and shares them when he can get down to his isolated ranch in Arizona.

There would be nothing unusual about this were it not for the third person at the meeting. She is gagged. A splendid, girl, who looks no older than about sixteen, blonde with big blue eyes, is sitting near the two women.

"I was pleasantly surprised when I saw her naked," says the American lady. "She's better than I imagined." The girl, whose name is Catherine, is wearing only fishnet stockings which come half way up her thigh, black high-heeled shoes, and her gag.

Apart from this, her body is only covered with the ropes that tie her legs together by the knees and ankles, the elbow-length gloves, a garter decorating her left thigh, and the ropes around her wrists and back...

The Senator's wife lifts the unfortunate girl's chin with her finger.



"I was pleasantly surprised when I saw her naked."

Catherine turns her head away and looks at the ground...

"Yes, she's lovely. It's the type of beauty that I like having between my legs. Thick lips, a small nose, high cheek-bones..."

She looks at the girl almost affectionately and then spits out: "Get your tongue out, you slut!"

The girl grits her teeth and carries on looking at the floor. Mrs Dyle slaps her so hard she knocks her off the chair.

"When I give a slave an order I demand instant obedience!" she says, kicking her in the stomach. "And now, get back on your chair!"

By a great effort, physical and mental, Catherine manages to sit back on the chair. She still cannot believe what is happening.

It is her own stepmother! The woman who married her father when she was just a child and her father was only Judge Dyle, not Senator Dyle. She was the one who had persuaded her father to put her in the horrible boarding school in Ireland. She had run away. How had she managed to track her down? What would her father say if he found out?

"Now I want you to show me your tongue," says the Senator's wife. Catherine opens her mouth and humiliates herself. Her ears are red and her fists tightly clenched behind her back. She is furious. She hates the silly bitch who is forcing her to degrade herself in this way.

Steel pincers force their way into her mouth.

"More! Get it out further!"

"As I said, the girl needs a few stretching sessions. It's a painful and tedious business but it's worth it. You can get an extra inch in a month," the slave dealer assures her.

She sounds like a washing machine saleswoman. "And the tongue gains in stamina and in texture."

"Lick, you bitch," the Senator's wife orders, stroking her stepdaughter's cheek with the back of her hand. Catherine does not react and receives a slap on the cheek from the back of the hand.

"I understand. Sounds nice to me, this tongue thing. Can she follow the lessons on the ranch?"

"Of course. The tongue is a muscle that can be developed like any other with exercise. Six hours a day are enough. We'll give her all she needs, the material and the instructions."

"Material?"

"Yes, there's not much, but it is necessary."

Catherine listens in astonishment to the conversation, her eyes open wide. She cannot understand so much depravity, especially when she herself is the object of the barbarous cruelty.

"There are two complementary techniques, one passive and one active. And it depends whether the slave's owner is a lady or a gentleman. You understand..."

The Senator's wife looks at Brigitte and smiles wryly...

"The technique consists in exercising the muscles of the base of the slave's tongue for several hours a day. There are many ways of doing it. One is to make her lick up kilos of talcum powder sprinkled over the floor of her cell. Another is to make her lick up some liquid or other in the bottom of glasses fixed to the ground. I'll give you a copy of the instructions. They're quite entertaining. It's a creative business for the client. You can probably think of your own ways of doing it!"

The Senator's wife listens attentively. Catherine is terrified...

"And the passive techniques?" Mrs Dyle asks impatiently.

"They're very simple too, a harness keeps her mouth open, pliers hold her tongue out, a chain hanging from it and a lead weight on the end. A few days are enough..."

Another slap in the face brings Catherine out of herself.

"Who gave you permission to hide your tongue?" Catherine puts her tongue out quickly and licks her stepmother's hand.

"If you're interested in the treatment," says the dealer, "there's only one small thing to clear up."

"What's that?"

"I understand that our beloved Catherine here will be your sexual slave from now on." Mrs Dyle nods. "But what about your husband?" asks Brigitte. "I mean, your husband might not find it entirely satisfactory if the girl's tongue has been educated only to serve her mistress... He might want something more specific for himself, especially at his age, or he might not approve at all..."

Mrs Dyle laughs out loud

"I'm sorry if I offended you..." says Brigitte hastily. "I just wanted to be clear in my own mind.!"

"No problem there at all, Brigitte. I'm sorry I forgot to tell you. My husband will come and pick her up in a couple of days.

He'll be surprised to find the girl is his own daughter, that's true, but when he sees what a delightful creature she's turned into, he'll drop his pants on the spot! I have no doubt at all that the sight of this girl stripped naked will have a dramatic effect on his testicles!"

Catherine nearly faints. Raped by her own father! A man well over sixty years old and her own father!

The truth is, the Senator and I share everything."

The Senator's wife fixes her gaze on her stepdaughter's well-presented breasts. "There are no secrets between us... You can go ahead and train her to serve her father too..."

Chapter Fourteen

A Jewish officer and his Arian slave

Moshe and White had very different ideas about the way a woman should be trapped and dominated. Moshe is an intellectual and White is a wild animal.

When they woke up in the morning Krista and Nelly found the agenda for the day on separate notes on their breakfast trays.

Krista had to be at set number three in just a few minutes' time, ready for the first photographic session. She should be wearing only the two small garments that were next to the note.

When Nelly read her note, she left the hut quickly to look for her companions. She did not like the sound of it, and she was even more worried when she could not find any of her companions. She had an attack of panic and ran and hid in the jungle. The note, signed by White, read simply "Be ready at ten outside the bar on the beach, naked and ready to obey."

Krista knocked on the door.

"Come in. Close the door behind you please," said Moshe. He was sitting in a wicker chair, dressed in an old Nazi uniform. Despite his age, he looked fit and athletic. "Come in, Krista. Sit down and make yourself at home."

After an uncomfortable silence, Krista sat on a high stool next to the bar. "Where's the set?" she asked. She was in a bad mood, still irritable from the previous night's conversation.

"The set is the beach," he said, gesturing to the whole length of the beach, "but first we have to talk about the script." He stood up

and went over to the model. "A glass of something?" he asked.

"No thanks. It's too early."

"I trust you have no objection," he said, pouring himself a whisky with water.

Krista did not reply. She did not like the man or the situation.

"You must be wondering what's going on here. It doesn't look like a conventional shooting."

"We were going to talk about the script. Why don't we start?" she said, cutting him off. She wanted to get out of the room as quickly as she could.

"I like you," whispered Moshe, moving over to her and resting his hands on the bar, next to hers. Krista did not move her hands. She turned her head to look at the door. She had not realised before, but it had no handle, just a lock with no key in it.

Moshe bent forwards and offered her his lips...

Krista, apparently cold and in control, pushed him away firmly with both hands.

"I'm sorry. It's a rule I have, a professional question. I keep my private life separate from my work."

Krista became a little more concerned when she saw the officer's erect member swelling in his loose, baggy trousers. She was used to the sight, as pretty women are, but she could not help feeling a little ill every time it happened.

"You'll have to get used to it." Moshe lifted her chin with the palm of his hand. She was very, very beautiful. "A fine specimen of your

race. And a Communist bitch. So blonde, so white, you would look good on one of my Arab thoroughbreds."

Krista pushed him away again, this time harder. "Unlock the door, please," she asked.

"Not only beautiful. Observant too..."

"Would you mind telling me what all this is about?" Krista asked, standing up and going over to the door. She looked disturbed.

"It's very silly. You will leave this room when I choose. You belong to me. I've paid a fortune for you and you are mine now."

"You're crazy! I'm not a prostitute and I don't want your money."

"You're not going to get my money. I've bought you. Not for a couple of quick hand-jobs either." Moshe lit up a cigarette. He clenched his fists.

"It's a longer-term job. What used to be called white slavery..."

A knot came into Krista's throat. The man was mad.

"You belong to me the same as my mares. You'll be meeting them one day, by the way. I can do whatever I like with you."

Krista looked nervously around. She had always thought that violence was unnecessary between people, even in very dramatic situations, but now she was beginning to wonder.

She was a cold, reflexive woman and physical aggression was anathema to her, but this was an emergency... What could she do? Break a bottle on his head and look for the key? And if she got out, what then?

"The sooner you accept the situation, the better," said Moshe, guessing her thoughts.

The army man waited a few seconds. Now that he had explained the salutation to her, she seemed to be his, more than before. He even found himself looking at her differently.

Krista stood barefoot, leaning back against the door with her hands behind her, wearing only the scanty golden bikini he had given her. She was extremely provocative. A Viking goddess fresh from the sea... He was burning with lust, a terrible urgent need to make her his, to break her will, to force her body into the postures that turned him on most...

He moved over to her and put his arms round her, seeing that she was confused...

Krista turned her face away. He nuzzled against her, looking for her ear with his tongue. "Come on, my lovely little Arian, give your Master a big kiss..."

That was too much for the girl. She brought her knee up into his military crutch, but Moshe was prepared for it. He dodged the knee, punched her in the stomach and hit her, not too hard, on the nape of the neck. The strong, muscular girl lay senseless on the floor.

The rest was easy.

He crossed one wrist over another and tied them both behind her back with her elbows tied tight together. He put a collar on her and chained it directly to the wall. It would make it impossible for her to move when she woke up.

The final touch was a huge red ball which he inserted into her mouth. It was the best way, he thought, to put an end to their stupid time-wasting dialogues.

Mares don't speak. They just obey...

Moshe lit up a cigarette and poured himself a shot of whisky. He waited patiently for Krista to come round. It was his third drink that morning.

The girl groaned and slowly came round. From time to time she opened her eyes wide. She seemed to have lost all her phlegm when she felt the ropes around her. Moshe was pleased to see she had recovered.

"Do you know why I chose you?" he asked, crouching down and taking a knife out of one of his pockets. The girl shrank back terrified, unable to take her eyes off the long slender blade. It was thin and razor-sharp. He put it between her breasts, just below her bra...

He gave a sharp cut upwards, and watched in satisfaction as two large, beautiful balls of flesh were suddenly released. They bounced, free of the bra, and settled into place with a delicate quiver. Good God! he thought. They were magnificent. Big and wobbly but they held themselves up well, and had generous nipples that were asking to be kissed.

They were too much. His hard-on ached and ached, taking over all his thoughts, driving him crazy with its urgency...

"And now let me see the lovely hind quarters God has given you," he said, and with practised skill he tied Krista's right ankle to the back of her thigh.

"I have one of the best stables in Israel. It's full of young Arab mares. An Arabian colt like you will be the envy of my country. You will be a muscular, exotic beauty, a different breed..."

Krista was so confused she hardly realised that she had both legs tied up, each with its ankle tied to the back of its thigh...

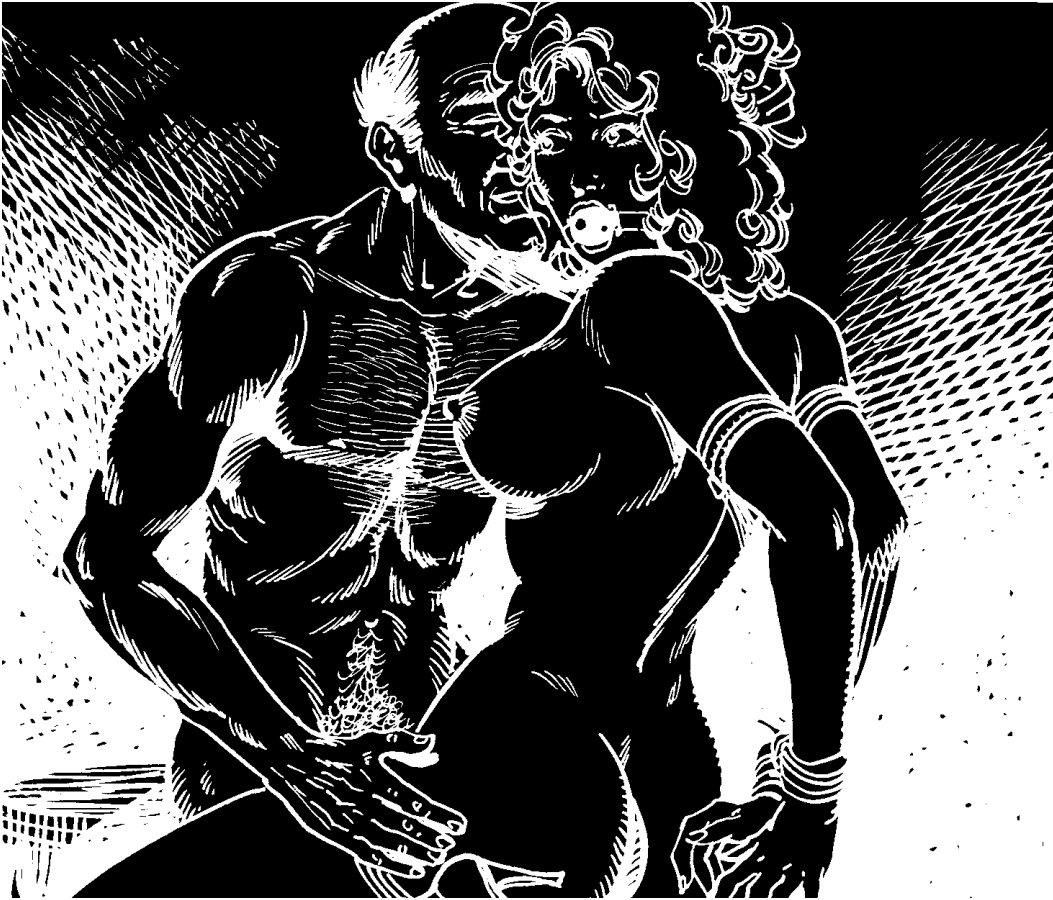


Moshe lowered the blade and ran its sharp point along the inside of her thighs. The girl had strong but feminine legs, long and sexy... The best legs he had ever seen. He slipped the blade under her panties and cut them off to reveal a well-looked after triangle of silky blonde hair. It blew the General's mind, already enfeebled by lust. He could not control himself any more. There were times when he liked to take things slowly, but this girl was too much for him.

With nervous fumbling fingers the General pulled his uniform off, while Krista looked on in terror. All her life she had been afraid of that moment. The possibility of being raped is always present in a woman's mind, especially the mind of a beautiful woman, and Krista was no exception.

With one hand pulling her hair and another cupped under her vagina, Moshe lifted her up like a rag doll. He sat on a stool and

placed her on



"Let's see what's so special about an Arian cunt."

top of him. Facing him.

Their genitals were in close contact. Krista could feel his testicles and his long, narrow penis. She could do nothing except move her head, and Moshe soon stopped that by pulling on her hair.

"Let's see what's so special about an Arian cunt."

Two iron hands fastened onto her beautiful and vulnerable breasts and lifted the girl just enough to skewer her. An iron-hard penis sank deep into her silky insides, causing her to give a desperate shout

that emerged as a muffled groan round the suffocating red ball in her mouth.

Moshe closed his eyes and bit his lips. He had never felt a pleasure like it. He had never been so excited with a woman. He just could not believe it.

When he opened his eyes they filled with the girl's fabulous breasts, offered so sublimely to him by the way her elbows were tied together behind her back, lifted high and floating...

They hardly gave way as he sank his fingers into them angrily.

Krista was the enemy. She was Arian, a Communist, and a woman...

Tears of pain ran down her cheeks, until recently the cheeks of a haughty, imperturbable Scandinavian woman.

"Come on, you wet slut. Squeeze me. Milk me," he whispered into her ear.

Krista obeyed even though she did not want to. Her posture, with her legs tied up, crouching on her rapist, made her tense her thighs to keep her balance. Her vagina was not indifferent to all this effort and soon began to make tentative twitches followed by more determined pushes onto his member, giving him the caresses he demanded despite herself...

Soon the General lost control completely, sinking his nails into the lovely white flesh of her breasts. The pain was unbearable. The penis that was invading her most intimate part was thrusting harder and harder, the General was grunting and groaning and jerking his head in all directions and finally

"AAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Krista felt something thick and burning flooding through her innards just at the moment when he shouted his orgasm out into the warm air, fell from the stool and took her with him...

Chapter Fifteen

A lesbian meets her slave

In one of the suites of the Desert Kashba there is an unusual scene unfolding. Two women are going to make love, although that is not so unusual. Nor is it so unusual that one of them, who is very young, is chained naked to the bed. We are in the Kashba and rape of all kinds is not so rare...

What is unusual is that a woman is about to rape her own daughter, even if the daughter is only so by marriage.

The girl is a real delight, a sight for sore eyes. A blonde beauty, with soft, taut skin, big blue eyes, splendidly rounded breasts and hips, and an angelical face that still shows signs of her recent adolescence. She is the stuff of dreams, the dreams of thousands of men, and some women, and however strange it may seem in this day and age, she is still a virgin in the conventional sense of the term. She has never known a man.

The "mother" is a tall woman, a mature woman, solidly built. Her features are a little crude. They speak of a certain hardness. Her look is cruel too. She is a self-made woman, used to getting what she wants without worrying how she does it.

She hates her stepdaughter, but it is a complex hatred, mixed with physical desire. She has no precise reason for hating her but she still hates her. She hates her for the world she represents, for her youth, her beauty, her life-style. She hates her for her easy-come, easy-go ways, and finally, and especially, she hates her for being the Senator's daughter.

She had felt a deep jealousy eating her liver ever since she found out about her existence.

But it is not all hatred and ill-feeling. She desires her too, perhaps more than she desires anyone in the world. She is very young, hardly out of adolescence, with a magnificent body and an incomparably beautiful, sensual face, an intelligent face, a face with character... And all this is hers, all hers.

What is going to happen now is even more peculiar. It is almost monstrous. The older woman takes off her dressing gown and holds up for the terrified girl to see a huge replica, made of iron, of a penis. It is attached to a harness that she is wearing around her waist, flopping heavily as if it were a real member...

"Well, my dear Catherine," says the woman resting one knee on the bed. "The time has come. Your mother is going to tell you a few things about life."

"No, please, nooo..."

The girl's protest comes out as a low murmur, as if she knew it was useless anyway...

Mrs Dyle got down to business straight away. She wasted no time on protocol or polite manners. She just got down between her stepdaughter's thighs and penetrated her as if she were a man. She did it less delicately than a man normally would, giving a brutal pelvic thrust that drove the huge imitation phallus deep into her stepdaughter.

A sudden twinge of pain ran through Catherine's body as she felt the cold metal go through her, tearing through her entrails. Her head jerked back as if on a spring. Her cry was terrible as she tried to respond to the



"The time has come. Your mother is going to teach you a few things about life."

pain by twisting and moving around, and the ropes bit into her ankles and thighs.

When the pain lets her, she becomes aware that a warm female body is lying on hers... A cry of despair escapes her. She has tried to hold it back too often, tried with all her strength. She did not want to let this vile woman see her tears, but she does...

The two bodies lie motionless. The rapist's buttocks are tense, held tight, waiting to push hard on the thick, cold metal into the young vagina. It is a deep penetration, deep and cruel. The iron

goes to where nothing has been before. The tense wall contracts in a squeezing movement that a lover's penis would find stimulating.

The pain runs through Catherine's body, to all corners of it, to all the nerve endings. The worst thing of all is the tremendous humiliation she feels at being raped by another woman, by her own mother.

The cold metal gets warmer and warmer...

Still pressing hard into the girl, Mrs Dyle pulls her hair and starts kissing her and licking her. She covers the beautiful face with sticky saliva and then spreads it with her tongue into the girl's ears.

Catherine jerks her head back as the tongue goes deep in the ear. Her head spins. She has not expected this. She shuts her eyes and groans "Nooo, noooooo Please ... Stop! Nooooooo!"

"Had enough?" the Senator's wife asks, smiling and lifting herself up on her forearms. Her fists are resting on her stepdaughter's breasts.

She bites her lips naughtily, enjoying every minute, and jerks the phallus home, unexpectedly. Catherine shouts. Again, and again, and again... "Hold onto your hat, dear," says her stepmother, "this is just the beginning".

The pain is sharp, as penetrating as the iron penis. The long nails go in again, the weight comes down on her... Each thrust is a hammer-blow, pure sexual torture. To the Senator's wife it is pure pleasure. The pleasure comes partly from the rubber stimulator which is placed, invisibly to the observer, on the inside of her harness. It is shaped like the inside of a vagina, which means that it fits in beautifully when the lips are pulled apart, and it has a special piece with small knobs which fits tight over the clitoris and stimulates it every time the wearer thrusts home with the penis. It is

bliss, and it soon has Mrs Dyle rubbing sideways for extra stimulation every time she pushes forwards.

It is all fun for her, and much less fun for Catherine. And the more exciting it is for the woman, the less exciting it is for Catherine because of the intense pain burning its way through her.

Her legs are tense, the ropes are biting relentlessly into her wrists and ankles... Every wince, every groan of pain, every shake of her head and quiver of her lovely breasts increases her stepmother's pleasure as she rapes her.

"Don't fight it, you silly little slut! ... I'm not like a man. I can keep this big dick up all the time I need." Her voice is deep, harsh with sexual desire, and punctuated by her own soft groans. She has been planning for a long time what she will do with this lovely young body, planning with all the sadistic details her depraved mind could imagine, and now she has the girl twisting and groaning, stuck on the end of an iron phallus, her dream has come true. Skin touches skin, breath mingles with breath, a woman is making love with a woman...

She leans forward again, presses her own heavy breasts onto the girl's and forces her tongue into her mouth. She kisses with real passion, she bites, she spits in her mouth... She runs her hands down to the lovely firm buttocks, feels them admiringly for a moment, testing the flesh, and then sinks her nails in. The metal rod shoots and out like the piston of an early steam engine.

"I'm going to carry on like this until you let yourself go, until you come like a train!"

Impossible, Catherine thinks, when the pain lets her think, it's impossible, can't she see I'm in agony?

She arches her back, trying to change positions to ease the pain. Her blood has stained the sheets but has also lubricated her and

helps the metal in and out. Her eyes are closed. The pain forces her to open them, only to shut them again immediately at the sight of the agitated breathing and the horrible cruel expression on her stepmother's face.

Time passes but the pain does not. Her stepmother is heading for her third orgasm. She is pumping as hard as ever, pressing her pubis onto the base of the metal, forcing the rubber onto her clitoris.

The stepmother smiles as she looks down into Catherine's beautiful face. Her stepdaughter has just given a short but significant moan, followed a few seconds later by a harder, more urgent groan, and a minute later by an even more urgent, primitive grunt. Yes, it is getting through to her finally...

"Come on, let yourself go! Ugh! Not every girl is lucky enough to come like a train the first time she goes to bed with her lover!"

Tears ran down Catherine's cheeks and mixed with her mother's saliva. A timid groan escaped irresistibly from her tortured throat. Her pelvis starts jerking faster and faster and Catherine twisted and shook in the ropes that held her. It was a new feeling for her, a strange but potent mix of pain and pleasure.

The Senator's wife looked down in total satisfaction. Her stepdaughter was going to come, no doubt about it! And the session had only just begun!

Chapter Sixteen

Meanwhile, in a swimming pool near the beach...

A little further down the beach from the spot where Krista had just been raped, Melody was faring no better. The young American girl, cowed by the monumental beating that Herr Jaeger had given her with his truncheon, agreed to put the stockings on. She also agreed to put on the garter and the sexy high-heeled shoes. She did not complain excessively either when he pulled her by the hair to the terrace next to the bar on the beach. She was a doll in his hands.

"Tie her to this tree!" he said to one of the waiters, who accepted the order as if it was the most natural thing in the world. "And bring me a slave and a long beer. I'm thirsty."

While the barman was tying up the shocked Melody, Herr Jaeger ran his eyes along the line of the distant horizon, past the placid lagoon with its turquoise water, to the swimming pool nearby. He saw Colonel Herrera standing in the cool water, no more than a yard deep at that end, with his Teresa.

Herrera was leaning back against the side of the pool and Teresa was facing away from him. She had little choice.

Melody hardly recognised her. The impressive Hispanic brunette had lost her natural energy. Her face had gone dead, it was a mask... Herrera held her against him and although it was not possible to see what was going on, everything indicated that he was taking her from the rear. He was naked, and Teresa wore only the tattered remains of a wet T-shirt that clung to her like a second skin.

Teresa's hands were tied together in front. A stick across the small of her back pulled her elbows back and pushed her breasts

forwards. Herrera's big hands were working nervously, excitedly, over her bottom and up to her breasts and back again...

For a second, Teresa's eyes met Melody's! It was a fleeting glance, but it was enough for the two girls, who had made love to each other a few hours earlier, to transmit all the horror and insecurity of their situation.

"You see what a good time that slut is having?" Herr Jaeger asked. Melody was gagged and could not reply, but her expression showed what she felt clearly enough.

"Calm down, pussy, calm down! You're jealous! I heard you last night tossing and turning in bed together. We all heard you. It was a truly shocking performance. You are a pair of degenerate young women. What you did was dirty, filthy, kissing and licking each other in all the wrong places like that! They were very private places!"

At that moment, Beatrice, the blonde girl who had accompanied Melody to the evil island, appeared with the General's drink. She exchanged a quick and significant glance with Melody. It said "Sorry, I couldn't warn you." She was barefoot and naked except for a white bow in her hair. She knelt down in front of Herr Jaeger and offered him the glass.

"Do you see that slut tied to a tree over there?" he asked, taking his glass. Beatrice nodded.

"She is a degenerate. The worst kind, a woman who offers her most intimate parts to another woman. A filthy lesbian! What is your opinion of this matter?"

Beatriz looked up nervously. She had learnt that most of these stupid questions were traps of some kind.

"Well, spit it out! What is your opinion?"

"It ... it's a shame," she said.

"A great shame and disgrace to all who know her! Especially considering what I paid for her. It's like buying a box of chocolates and getting home and finding they're made of human excrement instead of chocolate."

Beatriz agreed hastily: "Yes, sir!"

"Have you ever been with another woman, Beatrice?"

Beatriz thought of the interminable hours she had spent with her head between the thighs of the sadist who had trained her, Brigitte. She decided to say nothing about all that. "No, Sir!" she replied.

"Then you will no doubt be a different sort, one of those hot cunts that desire a good dick!" said the General in his curious mixture of pedantry and obscenity.

He undid his belt, unzipped his trousers and showed her his large erection.

"Y ... yes, Sir!"

"Then you are indeed in luck! Suck this to your heart's content! You will get me ready to take on your friend."

Beatriz knew how dangerous it was to refuse, so she agreed immediately. Her lip trembled slightly.

She moved forwards, still on her knees, until she was between his legs.

Herr Jaeger threw his head back, closed his eyes, and let out a deep sigh as Beatriz's young but expert lips closed gently around the swollen tip of his penis and began to move slowly, warm and wet, up and down it...

It was gentle, it was hardly noticeable even, but it was lovely in its delicacy...

Melody was nearly sick. She felt sorry for the poor girl, so beautiful and so sensitive, who was sucking that paranoiac monster, who was having to treat him as if he were her own boyfriend, her own freely chosen lover... It was vile.

"Open your eyes wide, you lesbian slut!" Jaeger said suddenly, his voice dark with lust. "It'll soon be your turn to get down on your knees in front of me. That's what I bought you for! To flog you and fuck your promiscuous little face, to stick my splendid Germanic dick in your soft-drink advertisement mouth!"

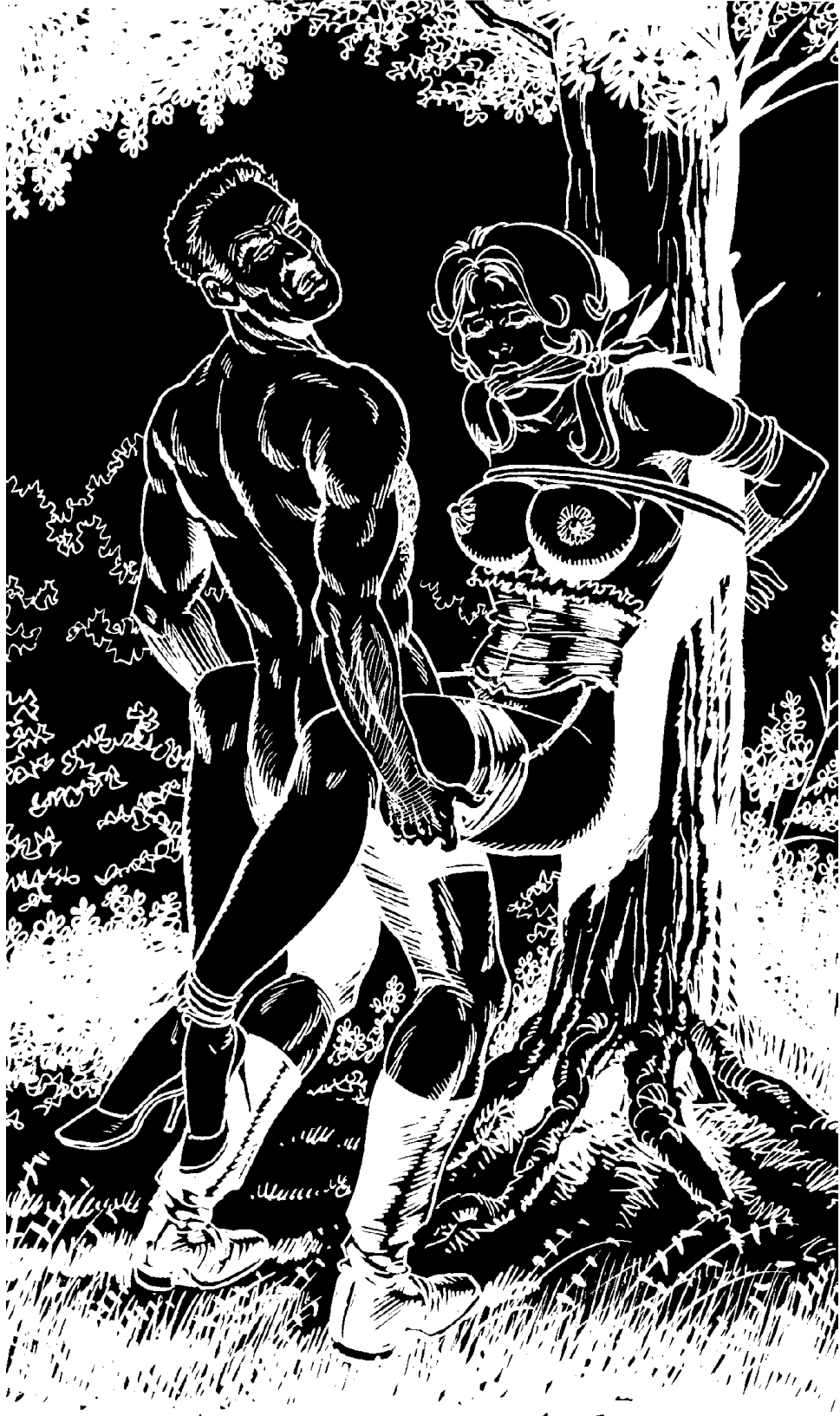
Some distance away, events in the swimming pool were no less brutal. Teresa seemed to have fainted and Herrera was holding her by the head and plunging it under the water in an attempt to bring her round.

From her position tied to the tree, Melody saw the South American's bloated stomach appear above the water and the tip of his penis floating, still erect. His body was loathsome. She doubted if the lowest-paid prostitute would have accepted him as a customer. That, no doubt, was why she and Teresa had been taken to the island. Krista and Nelly, she supposed, must be suffering similar torture and rape and indignity.

These men were not just into sex. They were something else. They were totally obsessed by sex of a violent kind. They were sick. They were bitter. They were psychopaths, incapable of putting themselves in the position of the victim, dangerous and violent men who would never be satisfied with an ordinary rape. They would always want more. They would always want to torture their victims, to inflict pain and suffering on their spectacular models' bodies in some primitive atavistic spitefulness, some strange revenge wreaked

on beautiful women and all that they represented. They had clearly chosen the girls because they were models, objects of desire, exciting public figures that just disappeared one day and became the private sexual slaves of any men who could afford them,

Cold, damp hands brought Beatriz back to the present. She looked up and found Herr Jaeger observing her with a cold smile and an erection that made her hair stand on end.



"Now you'll see what a real man is like!"

Kneeling at her feet, Beatriz tied her ankles together following precise instructions from Herr Jaeger.

"Now you'll see what a real man is like!" he said, kicking Beatriz away.

Herr Jaeger caught her thighs in both hands, lifted them and took up position between her legs with military precision. He did not even have to help his member in.

Slowly and steadily, Herr Jaeger inched his way up inside the girl, ripping through everything he found in his way.

Melody was totally unprepared for this. Her back was hurting on the rough tree trunk and her breasts were being crushed by the rope that went around the top of them. She bit hard onto the gag and tried to fight the pain caused by the first ever penetration by a man.

Nearby, Teresa was struggling to get away from the pig who was holding her head under the water. Melody thought how painful and vile this rape was, and how delicate Teresa had been with her the night before.

Beatriz saw that everyone was fully occupied and tiptoed away.

She heard Jaeger shouting out, but was not certain who he was addressing:

"I know the way to make you enjoy this, you perverted slut!"

Chapter Seventeen

The Hunt

Mr White led the hunting party and Max went with her to coordinate things. They had done this before. It was part of the fun. Millionaires with an interest in hunting and sex satisfied both needs at the same time by tracking the beautiful women that White Inc. placed in their rifle sights. All fantasies were licit: military campaigns, the capture of live specimens for private collections, even the shooting of individual trophies.

Everything they needed was in the catalogue, at a price. Professional trackers, guides of different kinds, packs of trained dogs, telescopic sights for rifles, bows and arrows, traps, horses for the romantically inclined, quads for the modern, helicopters for the impatient, it was all available. The victims all cost the same, whatever their final destiny. The hunter decided that for himself, like that ancient Caesars with the fate of the defeated gladiators. On the island the signal was given, as in Ancient Rome, by the thumb. A thumb up meant that the girl would be subjected to whatever rape and sexual torture the man chose. A thumb down, and it was all over.

Mr White wanted on this occasion to relive something he had heard his grandparents talking about: the capture of a beautiful black slave who had run off to avoid sexual harassment. He chose dogs, horses, lassoes and traps.

He would teach that stupid, proud black woman her place!

Nelly ran for hours ahead of the dogs. She could not see them through the jungle, but from time to time the wind brought their barking and it was getting nearer and nearer. Max, who had

organized hundreds of these abominable hunting parties, knew what he was doing. The best thing is to get the girl out of the woods and into open country. The victim sees the hunter in the distance, weapon in hand, getting nearer and nearer.

That is exactly what his dogs were doing with Nelly. She did not know, but the dogs were driving her out of the wood towards the beach.

The beach stood lonely and immense. The tide was out...

When he got to the edge of the wood, Mr White put his binoculars to his eyes and smiled. About four hundred yards away a splendid black gazelle was running panic-stricken along the beach next to the sea.

He spurred his horse on, took out the lasso and held the plaited leather whip.

Nelly looked back. She was dirty and sweaty. She was also terrified.

The dogs were no longer barking, but she heard a horse whinny. The soft swish of the waves broke the silence of the sunny day.

White rode up to within ten yards of his prey and trotted along behind her.

Nelly was running desperately, feet pounding hard on the wet sand, which seemed firm enough but was in fact tiring her very quickly. White was getting excited at the sight of her firm buttocks wobbling and jerking up and down.

He felt the blood pound through his veins and he could not take his eyes off what he could see through her ripped clothes: not just the bouncing buttocks but, from time to time, the lovely high breasts when the girl looked over her shoulder to see how near he was. It

was an old, ancestral thrill for White, as the black girl's panic fed his own sadism.

He urged the horse a little nearer. It was such a magnificent sight he wanted to be as close as possible!

The girl was still wearing the tattered remnants of the short white dress she had been wearing when she ran out of the hut that same morning. She was running barefoot and her legs were beautiful, her buttocks, half-visible and half-covered, were working hard, her thighs were muscular and her breasts had an exciting bounce and wobble...

White was impressed, as always, by what terror could do. Women ran and ran, and this one was running more than any he had ever seen. He gritted his teeth as he imagined how good she would be in bed. He would need all his strength when he got this one back!

He spurred on the horse and brought a terrible lash down onto the girl's back, tearing off half her dress. Nelly fell headlong onto the sand, but leapt up immediately and started running in the opposite direction. White followed her. The dress was hanging from her waist now. Her naked back was tempting, but he preferred to aim lower down...

Nelly screamed and put her hands on her buttocks as the whip came down onto both cheeks at the same time. The whip clung to her skin for a second before falling and taking with it the remains of her dress.

She kept on running. It crossed her mind that she might have a heart attack, but she did not mind. It would be a way out of this nightmare, she thought, and she ran faster.

It crossed White's mind too, that he might have a heart attack, as he fixed his eyes on the girl's bottom and bouncing breasts. He did not mind either... It was the best way to go.

He could not take his eyes off the struggling calves, the rounded athletic thighs, the jerking buttocks, the firm hips, the slim waist, the bounce and swing of the splendid high breasts...

Yes, she was a thoroughbred black filly that he would set to work as soon as he got her back. A black slave to realize all his fantasies. And those of his Brothers, of course. They would want to work on her too. They had all put money into this one and they would all want to derive some pleasure from her.

Nelly was not responding to the whip as he had supposed. She also managed to get the lasso off when he threw it over her. White had no choice. He brought the whip down furiously around her calves, let it twist round her ankles too and then pulled hard on it, tripping her up and bringing her down onto the sand. When Nelly tried to stand up, the lasso came over her again, trapping her arms against her sides just below the breasts. White leapt off his horse and threw himself onto her, knocking her onto the sand again. He tied her wrists behind her back and forced a gag between her teeth.

Nelly closed her eyes. It was all over for her.

White pulled her by the hair and held her against him, her buttocks pressing onto his member. He put a knife to her throat.



"Keep still, keep your big black tits still and keep your big pink cunt still. You belong to me now. It's all over!"

Nelly was breathing heavily through her nose, panting after the tremendous physical effort.

The man was right. It was all over.

And something terrible was about to begin.

She wanted to die.

Chapter Eighteen

A family meeting

Catherine looks splendid. Her stepmother has dressed her for the occasion! A tight breast-hugging T-short, in red silk with two thin straps over the shoulders, covers her naked body. Her nipples are clearly visible, pressing hard onto the cloth. Her ribs, her navel and her waist is uncovered. Tiny little panties, also in red silk, barely cover her vagina and do not cover her bottom at all. Two bows on each hip hold them up. White stockings come half-way up her thigh and shoes with heels five inches high make walking an accomplishment.

A thick red belt fits tight round her neck and keeps her chin lifted. A small chain, of the type used on dogs, hangs down from the collar between her breasts.

The Senator's wife puts the finishing touches to her stepdaughter. Red lips, a discreet touch under the eyes, eye-liner, perfume... And shining handcuffs that rattle each time she moves. Catherine's hands are cuffed together behind her back and tied by a thin strap to a narrow belt around her waist, just above her unprotected, taut little buttocks. A red ball in her mouth serves as a gag and prevents her from speaking. Her saliva dribbles down from the corners of her lips.

She is not crying. Her tears dried up some time ago.

Mrs Daley ties a pretty red ribbon into her hair, as if she was giving her a present. Then she writes a note and puts it in an envelope which she pins with a needle to Catherine's V-neck.

Finally and before she rings for a servant, she hangs a chain round her stepdaughter's neck with the key to the cuffs on it.

A black maid leads Catherine by the chain down a long corridor with rooms on each side. Two white boys of approximately her age walk past them.

"That's a nice hunk of woman!"

"Well-stacked, that's for sure! I'd pay a lot for a bit of that!"

"Pay? You? How are you going to do that?"

"I'd ask my father."

"Your father wouldn't let you look at her!"

"He'd look at her himself though. Look at the roll on that arse!"

"I bet she's on heat! I bet she's got a drooling pussy!"

The voices faded away. Catherine bit her lips nervously.

The maid stops at a door and rings a bell.

"Come in!" says a masculine voice.

Catherine is about to meet her father, Senator Dyle, for the first time in three years...

Chapter Nineteen

The hunt continues...

Nelly was still naked. She was walking behind Mr White's horse, her hands tied behind her back. The hunt had finished. Only two servants accompanied them.

Without stopping his horse, White pulled on the rope to bring his prey level with his right boot. Nelly hurried along on tiptoe trying to avoid being strangled.

"Now we'll look for a quiet corner and we'll have a little private party."

Nelly looked up. She flashed a look that spelt pure hatred.

"Keep walking, you big black slut! Walk ahead of me now. It's good to get your master good and horny." White let the rope go slack and cracked his whip on the buttocks of his newly captured slave.

Nelly stumbled but obeyed.

She was a splendid creature!

White felt the blood of his slave-owning family boil in his veins. How many blacks like this had his aristocratic family captured?

Nelly, with the thick hemp rope round her neck, walked on proudly, arrogantly, provocatively, her head high and her breasts lifted. Pride was all she had left. It was her own and it belonged to her ethnic group.

White understood this and he let her do it. He accepted the challenge because he was confident of his final victory. The higher she went, the greater would be her fall and his satisfaction! In the end he and his Brothers in the Lodge would break her will and reduce her to the level of a pet, a bedroom pet. That's how it always was. He was a great believer in tradition.

The Brothers would be somewhere around. He was impatient to get her back. The sight of the superb buttocks jerking and twitching along in front of him was giving him an aching hard-on that needed urgent release.

From time to time he brought his whip down on the prisoner's thighs and calves.

"Hurry up, you black cunt! Swing that black ass!" he shouted, to the delight of his servants, who stood in a group on the beach waiting for him, grinning... They were good boys, he thought, recruited from some of the hardest, most run-down criminal districts in the world.

Most of them had a price on their head somewhere, which guaranteed that they would never grass on the Organization.

The bizarre group walked along the burning sand. The walk itself was torture for Nelly. The rope was choking her and digging into her throat. Her legs were aching and the welts raised on her back by this mad sadist were stinging terribly with her sweat.

But the worst things was the constant whiplashes on her legs...

They kept her in an unbearable state of tension. She never knew when the whip would come down on her calves or thighs. He knew this and he varied the target.

Where was he taking her? What was he going to do to her?

She did not have to wait long to find out.

White pulled on the rope and brought her over to the horse. They had come to a clearing in the jungle with an old, long-abandoned cabin in the middle of it.

He caught her by the hair and lifted her face.



"Do you know what we do in the South to a runaway slave?"

"Do you know what we do in the South to a runaway slave?"

Nelly bravely held his gaze.

"I'll tell you. We cut the tendons of the ankles."

Her proud look faded as his words sunk in. She looked down and then looked at him again. No, he was not the joking type.

"And you know why we do that?" he asked, shaking her head around and making her go up even higher on tiptoe. "We do that so they can only crawl around on their knees."

Nelly looked on terrified as White took out a knife and signalled to the servants.

A few minutes later, Nelly was hanging from the wooden wall of the hut.

Her arms and her feet were both above her head. She was completely open and her vagina was defenceless. White had even taken the trouble to open her sex lips, which were sticking together. He was a perfectionist...

He strolled over to her, playing with the knife..

"What do you need feet for, now you're a sex slave?" he asked, grinning wryly. "Isn't it more correct if you go over to your master's bed on your knees?"

Nelly started twisting and turning in her chains. Her lovely legs made a fascinating "V" as White gazed down into it, right into her open vagina. He ran his hand over her, murmuring "pussy, nice pussy". He moved down all her leg to her ankles. He fingered the Achilles' tendons. "It's very simple. An incision just here," he said, sticking the point of the knife a fraction of an inch into her stretched ligaments. "Another in the other foot and that's it. You can turn the most stubborn slave in the world into the most faithful and submissive lap-dog, waiting to lick anything you put in front of her. What do you think of that?"

Nelly was so terrified she lost control of everything...

White stepped back angrily.

"How dare you!"

She had urinated on his smart new marine's uniform. Fortunately, two servants grabbed his arms before he was able to attack her with the knife...

"Easy, Mr White, easy now. You've just trapped her. You're not going to waste all that effort, are you?" said one of them.

White put away his knife. These imbeciles were right. He had the others to think of too. They had bought her between them and it would not be right...

"All right," he said, dropping his pants. "But nobody's going to stop me from skewering you on the end of this."

Nelly thought that she would rather be attacked with knife. At least it would have been quick. It would have been the end too, of all her present and future suffering.

She was raped for some hours, hung up just as she was, with her ankles and wrists supporting the weight of her body and the savage thrusts of the men who raped her. For hours her body was at the service of a whole group of psychopaths, who worked in turns. One of them raped her while another stimulated her nipples or sucked them at the same time, while the others looked on, some of them waiting for their turn and others recovering from theirs...

On several occasions Nelly lost consciousness, and this saved her for a brief time from so much horror and torture. But one of the men always filled a bucket with water and threw it over her, bringing her round.

The gang rape stopped only when it was clearly impossible to bring her round any more. Two servants got her down and hung her

from a stick, once again by the wrists and ankles.

They carried her back like the hunting trophy she was, back to the tropical "resort".

They shut her in a small cage at the foot of the bed of the man who had captured her.

Chapter Twenty

The family reunion has not finished either...

Senator Dyle gets up and goes over to the girl they have brought in. He is a little the worse for drink, as his breath indicates.

The girl looks fine to him. She's blonde, she's young, she's tied up and decorated the way he likes... All in red, including the shoes. The stockings are white, that's good...

He is puzzled by the red ball in her mouth. Why have they gagged her if precisely what he enjoys most is sticking his penis down their throats?

It's true what they say. You can't get the servants any more, he thinks.

He goes over to her and detects a perfume that he likes. This is getting better. The girl is getting nervous. She's been brought here against her will, that's clear enough. Perfect. He likes that too.

Just as he likes the nipples that show erect under her figure-hugging red silk shirt.

And the thick, sensual lips, made up bright red, pressing sexily onto the stupid ball...

And her big blue eyes, wide with terror and repugnance...

And her naked shoulders, covered only with the fine strap of her top.

And the slender waist with its belt...

And the hips, young and slim, with two little bows to protect other treasures...

And her long legs, trembling on her high heels...

"Well, well..." he murmurs to himself.

He takes his time, savouring the moment, walking around her to see her from different angles...

He lifts her hair, admires her back, the roundness of the small of her back, the roundness of her hips...

The girl is clenching her fists, pressing hard onto her nails, red nails of course...

The Senator crouches down. Her bottom is at eye-level. He examines her face, her nose, and finds it all perfect. The perfume again. Yes, it's his favourite.

He puts his hands on her strong thighs, on the naked space just above her stockings, and he unrolls them, right down to her straining ankles. He loves the swell of the thigh, the exquisite touch of the white silk.

He strokes her shoes...

It's getting through to him now. Sexual excitement, alcohol, his position crouching down, all make his head swim and he staggers lightly as he stands up.

He gets his balance again, and turns his "present" round, holding her shoulders, until her frightened blue eyes are looking into his, and her now tubular nipples are presented to his waiting fingers...

He strokes them, first with the tips of his fingers and then with the palms of his hands.

The girl is still very nervous. Is it her first time? He is even more interested now.

Only then does he notice the envelope fixed to the inside of her V-neck.

He opens it hurriedly. Who...?

For my dear husband on our Wedding Anniversary
For my dear husband on our Wedding Anniversary
For my dear husband on our Wedding Anniversary
For my dear husband on our Wedding Anniversary
For my dear husband on our Wedding Anniversary

The handwriting is unmistakable. It is his wife's!

He looks up and sees the red bow in the girl's hair and smiles.

"A present. You're my birthday present!" he says out loud.

Catherine closes her eyes. She hardly recognizes the father she remembers in this decrepit and presumably depraved old man. But she still hopes he will recognize her, his own daughter, and release her from this nightmare.

If only he would take the gag out of her mouth...

The Senator opens the envelope and takes out a small card, like a price tag...

Were you looking for her? Were you looking for her? Were you looking for her? Were you looking for her? Were you looking for her?

Your wife has found her and Your wife has found her and Your wife has found her and Your wife has found her and Your wife has found her and

Mme Roissy has trained her just for you. Mme Roissy has trained her just for you. Mme Roissy has trained her just for you. Mme Roissy

has trained her just for you. Mme Roissy has trained her just for you.

Love, Marjorie xxx Love, Marjorie xxx Love, Marjorie xxx Love,
Marjorie xxx Love, Marjorie xxx

At last, the old Senator understands... The lovely little girl in front of him is his first wife's child. The girl he sent to study in one of the best schools in Europe, the girl who ran away without leaving a trace, without even sending her father a note...

"Well, well, this is a little surprise. Look who we've got here! The prodigal daughter! The lost sheep returned to the fold. The daughter of that very expensive hooker, my first wife!"

Catherine's world falls apart. Once again, she is confronting that malevolent smile on her father's lips... Terrified, she steps back and keeps going until the wall stops her. Her father walks slowly forwards. His face is just a few inches in front of hers. He is breathing fast and smells horribly of drink.

An old man's hand, trembling slightly, slips under the strap of her top and pulls it off. Catherine presses herself against the wall.

Another hand, equally old and trembling, joins the first on her V-neck. A sharp pull and her young, firm breasts are wobbling for the first time, a sight for the sore and sickly eyes of the man who engendered them...

Catherine brings her knee up quickly, trying to defend herself from her father.

It is useless.

The old Senator doubles turns sideways and takes it on the thigh. Then he doubles her up with a punch in the stomach and leaps onto her as she goes down.

"You ungrateful bitch!" he shouts, "you'll pay for that! You'll pay for everything Marjorie and I did for you!"

Catherine, on the verge of an attack of hysteria, feels her father's mouth and teeth working on her breasts.

Her hair is pulled back by his surprisingly strong hands.

His thin, wrinkled lips and his ridiculous weedy moustache grope around for her own mouth, wide open around the huge red ball.

She cannot suppress a feeling of nausea...

This man is her own father, her own biological father! That was even worse than her stepmother!

"You're just like your mother, your real mother, she was a whore, a hooker, the worst, cheapest kind of woman there is... The only good thing about her was her great big tits"

Catherine winces as she hears the words. She had loved her mother, who had died some years previously. She had always been much closer to her than to her father.

"Yep, she had mighty good boobs, but I had to get rid of her just the same! Now you'll take her place and you'll warm my bed up for me..."

Catherine cannot not believe what she is hearing. She passes out...

When she comes round, the first thing she feels is an old man's breath, her father's breath, in her face. Then she feels his decrepit member in her vagina, and a terrible pain in her thumbs.

She is lying naked on the bed, lying painfully on her own hands, which are tied in the small of her back. Her arms are trapped under

Catherine is still unconscious. Her buttocks and the top of her thighs and her breasts are covered in red welts, raised lines of bruised skin...

She is gagged now by a pair of dirty underpants, not the red ball.

From her anus, high and well presented to her father, is a thin line of thick, sticky white liquid...

Finally, the silly old sod had managed it...

Chapter Twenty-one

The last night under the stars

A strange silence hung over Paradise. The wind had stopped a few minutes earlier and the air was motionless. Even the come and go of the waves had stopped, as if Nature herself needed a rest.

Max and Madame Whipper were having a drink in the lonely bar. Beatrice was with them, sitting naked on the ground with her legs pulled up and her thick blonde hair flowing over her master's thigh.

No one spoke. They too seemed aware of the silent calm of the night.

Max looked down at his slave. He was crazy about her suntanned skin and the graceful, youthful lines of her lovely body. He stroked her gently. Beatrice started trembling...

"You like this girl, don't you?" It was Madame Whipper who broke the silence.

"Yes. Very much." He was breaking his own rules here. Mixing work with pleasure was fine, but you don't get involved. She was just a slave. She could be sold to anyone, he knew that.

He gestured to the girl, indicating that she should sit up on her knees. Beatrice obeyed and he put his arm round her.

"She's very affectionate," he said.

"They all are when they've been here some time," said Madame Whipper.

"That's true. And this one still finds it difficult," Max said, leaning down to kiss her, pulling her face to his by the hair. Beatrice immediately began kissing him.

"To tell you the truth I don't know what to do. Herrera wanted to buy her and so did Jaeger. And a client is a client. They say she'd make a good pair with Teresa or Melody. But..."

Beatrice redoubled her kissing, giving him more of her small, pecking, continuous little kisses. Max shuddered with goose flesh. The girl was getting through to him. She seemed to have a straight line through, a direct connection with his aching member...

"It's a tough decision," said Madame Whipper, finishing the phrase for him.

"She's a good fucker, no doubt about that," he said. "She's almost affectionate when she's on the job. It's a long time since I felt like that with a woman." Beatrice's small hand moved slowly along the top of his trousers, working towards the middle, his fingers lightly hooked over the top, pressing onto him...

"Nothing surprising about it at all," said Whipper. "She's probably in love with you. After all, you're a good-looking gentleman. Well hung, too, I dare say."

Beatriz went red. She hated the man with all her soul, but yes, the silly old bag was right, she couldn't resist him.

Every time he took her, he forced her to have the biggest, wildest orgasms she had ever had... And there were worse men than him around. More or less anybody on the island, as far as she could see.

"Good thing, isn't it, to have a slave in love with you?" asked Max.

Beatriz's delicate fingers were running down the outside of the trousers, stroking and from time to time squeezing the black man's

erect penis. She was also licking his ear, discreetly.

"Careful, Max," said a rather jealous Madame Whipper. "You good-looking men are the same as all the others. You lose your head too easily with a new girl. If you're not careful, this little pussy cat will get the better of you. You'll see." She stood up and left, apparently offended.

Max turned to Beatriz, who kissed her fervently on the lips. The girl was like a feather in his arms. A delicious feather who seemed to be stealing his heart.

"You see?" he said, "you've made the old slut jealous. You should be careful. She's not a woman to play around with!"

Beatriz smiled, slipped out of his arms and slid slowly down, stroking him with her breasts until she was on her knees between his legs. She lowered his zip, very, very slowly, causing him to gasp and sit up. She loosened his belt and pulled his trousers open. She looked fondly at his enormous erection and pulled it out between his flies. She held her hands with the fingers straight and rolled it between her open palms, squeezing softly from time to time. Max closed his eyes. He was flying... Soon she would take him ... yes, yees, ... she had taken him in her warm, wet mouth. She let him go, blew softly on the tip of his penis, and began licking him all the way up...

No. He wouldn't sell her, at least not for the moment.

He opened his eyes again, when he felt her on top of him, her legs wide apart, squatting over him, taking him into her...

He loved the welcoming, velvety feel of the walls of her damp little cunt...

He looked down at her, deeply satisfied...

Her small hands grasped his shoulders. Her young breast rose and fell, rose and fell, quivering and wobbling, before his eyes. Her beautiful face was too much for him, with her tender, excited eyes, her lips half-open, her round hips pumping gently, in an expert, controlled squeezing rhythm...

Max looked up at the stars and breathed in the silence. It was one of life's good moments, he knew. You don't always get that lift, you don't always fly, whatever you do to women or women do to you. You have to be lucky. He gave a long, deep sigh as he breathed out...

No, he wouldn't sell her...

Not far from the bar, there was another kind of calm.

Moshe Rabin was sitting on his terrace looking at the stars reflected in the dark mirror of the lagoon.

He held a delicious cocktail of tropical fruits.

He too felt good inside. He was a different person from when he arrived on the island a few days earlier.

So was Krista.

The girl's sobs were the only sound to be heard in that quiet night. Stifled sobs, tired sobs, pitiful sobs... Moshe took her gag off. It was the third time he had whipped her in that particular position.

Krista was kneeling on the bed, her arms above her head tied to the ceiling by the wrists. Her look was absent, confused. Her hair was all over the place. Her lips were half-open, from confusion rather than sexual pleasure.

Two ropes around her thighs just above the knees were attached to rings set in the ground and pulled her legs wide apart, revealing her most intimate parts. Her cheek was wet and covered in semen, as were the insides of her thighs.

She had been in the same posture all day. Moshe got more and more excited every time he flogged her. Her whole body was covered in marks, all of it... Her arms, shoulders, back, breasts, stomach, waist, thighs, calves, even the soles of her feet...

The ritual was always the same. The army officer flogged her until he got an erection. Then he slipped between her legs and raped her from underneath. He seemed to take special pleasure in possessing her in that particular way. First he held his member in his hand, rubbing the tip around the open lips of her vagina, and then he slipped it in...

Later he flogged her harder than ever directly on her naked, unprotected breasts and he took off her gag and thrust his penis into her throat. Krista's jaws were so painful that she couldn't have bitten him even if she'd wanted to.

Now she was just waiting. Time was passing and she did not know what she was waiting for. But what else could she do, but wait? She was mentally absent, switched off, almost as if she was not part of the scene.

Her first hour with the sadist made her furious. It was a terrible anger, a primitive wrath that flowed through her bowels. Then as he tortured her she became more and more afraid of him and finally fear turned into panic. The man was a dangerous nutcase, a real head case, and she was in his hands. Later came exhaustion and a tremendous pain, together with a constant feeling of humiliation. She had no dignity left. She had nothing left but pain. That feeling left her switched off as if she was watching a film.

She did not even realize that Moshe had come back.

"How is my Valkyrie?" he asked, lifting her chin.

She did not reply, and two hard slaps in the face did nothing to bring her out of her stupor.

"Tut, tut. I hope you're not tired. You're not tired, are you?"

Krista slowly turned her head. He was smiling, and had an erection again!

"I'm afraid you've seen nothing yet. You're going to have a very hard time indeed in the stables!"

The stables?

Krista could not imagine what was waiting for her there. The man was weird at the best of times, rambling on about mares, thoroughbreds, and now stables. She had heard of bestiality. She knew uneducated peasant farmers were supposed to rape their farm animals sometimes. But she had no idea what he was talking about. Few people could have guessed...

"Do you know what I like about you?" he asked, shaking her head about by the hair.

""No, stop! ... Please! ... NOOOO!!!!!" she begged, in a feeble voice.

"Nice mane. You've got a mane that any jockey would be glad to hang onto..."

Moshe knelt down behind his victim and cut the rope that was holding



"How is my Valkyrie?"

her wrists so painfully above her head.

Before she had time to get the feeling back in her hands, he tied them up in the small of her back and the girl touched his member without wanting to.

"Now feel this..." he said, whispering in her ear, still pulling her hair and slipping her arm round her waist.

Krista could not help shouting out when she realised what Moshe was planning...

A terrible shriek rang out and disturbed the strange calm of the night, just at the moment Max and Beatrice went into orgasm together. But it was not a shout of pleasure and it was not Beatrice but Krista who shouted her pain up into the dark sky and the indifferent stars...

Nelly too would have screamed like a madwoman if she could. White, wearing the robes and ceremonial hood of the Brotherhood, made sure of that.

Nelly was gagged, with her hands and elbows tied together behind her back, and she was hanging by the hair from the ceiling. Only the tips of her toes were touching the ground and taking some of the weight off her hair.

But the posture was not her biggest problem...

Brother White had wanted to emphasize the feel and lift of her lovely breasts. First he had dressed her in a tight bra with thorns sticking out of it. Then he had tied thin string round the base of her breasts, lots of times... They looked like two balloons inflated to the

point where they would surely burst, spraying him in his fantasy with milk. The nipples seemed to him plugs that were holding the milk in.

Other ropes, equally taut, were digging into her vagina and other parts of her splendid black body.

But that was not all either...

Brother White put the final touches to the rope around her magnificent breasts and explained his plans.



"I'm going to pierce your nipples and put some little hanging jewellery in you. My ancestors used to do it to all the black sluts that ran away. Then they cut their tendons. They're both good solutions.

You'll be much more docile when I pull you along by the tits, you'll see."

Nelly's eyes were fixed on the red needle, glowing in the brazier. She was biting onto the gag with all her strength. Her whole body was trembling. The pain in the roots of her hair was awful.

Her breasts too were throbbing, apparently about to explode as her torturer had fantasized.

"Keep as still as possible. The less you move around, the better for you," Max warned her, picking up the hot needle with an oven glove to protect his fingers.

The hot needle made the girl shiver as if she was cold.

Suddenly a brutal hand rested against her left breast and pulled the skin taut, away from the nipple. Then a sharp pain shot through the base of her nipple.

She lost consciousness.

When she came round she was still tied up. She saw Brother White standing in front of her with an empty bucket of water in his hands. She looked down and saw two smoking needles piercing her nipples. There was no blood.

She lost consciousness again from the panic and the pain.

She did not hear the blows that were raining down not far from her, breaking the silence of the night...

Herr Jaeger was punishing Melody for her supposed "bad habits". He had her standing up in the centre of the hut with a noose around her neck.

She was naked. Her hands were tied behind her back so she could not protect herself from the ferocious attacks of the German officer.

Herr Jaeger was walking round her, holding his riding crop and hitting her from time to time. Every time he hit her she tried to dodge the blow and the noose tightened. She was not getting enough air...

He hit her to tame her, to break her in, to dominate her, he said. He also hit her to correct her pernicious behaviour, especially her unbridled lust and promiscuity.

He was sure, he said, that she would be a good student. He expected a lot of her, and this was the only way to be sure she would learn the lesson. It was, he said, hard but traditional and effective.

Melody was hardly listening. She was trying to work out how to protect



"Do you know where I'm going to flog you now?" the most sensitive and intimate parts of her body from the stinging blows of the riding crop.

She had very little room for manoeuvre, especially as her ankles were tied. The German appeared to take special interest in her buttocks and the top of her thighs, although he also hit her repeatedly around her hips, a result of her dodging blows that seemed intended for her vagina directly.

Herr Jaeger stopped in front of her and caught her nipples between his index finger and thumb.

"Do you know where I'm going to flog you now?" he asked, gazing into her tearful eyes.

Melody shook her head. She was aware that the man had not stopped hitting her since she had fallen into his hands, not even a second, except for the time he raped her on the terrace. She fully realised she was in the hands of a psychopath.

And now he was asking her if she knew where he was going to hit her!

"Here," he said, answering his own question. "It's an old fantasy of mine. It will be rather painful, I'm afraid. You're not going to like it. I hope you understand it is for your own good as well as mine..."

Melody closed her eyes, waiting for the worst. To her surprise, Jaeger did not flog her on the nipples. He just put his arms round her and pressed himself against her. The rope nearly choked her.

Then he went away and came back with a stool. It was very heavy and very low, no doubt intended as a foot rest of some kind.

"Your treatment will begin now!" he said, clenching his teeth.

Melody, half-choking and still on tiptoe, looked on in astonishment as he took out a huge black phallus in the shape of a penis and screwed it into a hole in the middle of the stool.

It was long and with a malicious curve in it. The gland or tip was like a monstrous mushroom.

"Now this is what we're going to do. I'm going to give the orders and you're going to get your tight little lesbian cunt down as often as necessary on this magnificent little lover."

Melody shook her head. She would not do it! That huge dildo would never fit in anyway, and she was not going to humiliate herself by going down on a stupid piece of wood!

Jaeger took no notice. He just placed the diabolical stool behind her ankles. Then he spat on the palm of his hand and rubbed it up the phallus.

"Right, let's start. This is a two-stroke piston. You provide the strokes. Now down you go on this lovely little invention."

He released a little rope and she started to go down. He pulled his right arm back...

SWIIIIIIIIISH!

SLAAAAAAAAAP!!!

"AAAAAAAAAGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Melody screamed as the riding crop bit hard on her pink nipples, turning them bright red and leaving a welt across both her breasts.

She obeyed immediately, bending at the knees as he let the rope go slack. He did it slowly. He did not want her to go down too

quickly on the rubber penis. He stopped for a moment when the tip of the penis was rubbing the lips of her vagina.

She felt it hard against her soft lips. It was hard as a policeman's truncheon.

"Slowly, my pretty little cunt..." he said. He did not want her down too quickly. He wanted to savour the moment, to enjoy it to the full.

His voice was harsh with suppressed sexual desire. The sight of the beautiful girl, squatting over the rubber penis with her sex lips open, her nipples erect now and sticking out like two tubes, was too much for him...

Melody had already taken a decision, fully convinced by the smarting pain across her breasts. She would obey him!

A low groan, stifled by the gag, persuaded Jaeger that the party was beginning.

She went down bravely onto the huge penis, helped by Jaeger who put all the weight of his body on her shoulders and helped her take in the last few inches.

Her beautiful young face was unrecognisable now behind the grimace of pain as she tried to shut out everything that was not the phallus inside her, impossible to ignore...

He walked round her a few times before carrying on.

"Now for the up-stroke. Up you go."

Her tense muscles strained and lifted her up. The monstrous replica appeared before the German's lust-filled eyes. It was damp from the girl's lubrication.

"Easy, now, easy. Slide your lovely little cunt up it. Good ... nice and easy! Just to the tip, don't come off it..."

Jaeger bent down to check that his fantasies were becoming reality. They were. The girl's sex lips were lightly touching the tip of the rubber penis. They stopped there, not letting go of the tip, waiting for more orders.

The only noise was the girl's distressed breathing as she struggled to get air in through her nostrils.

"First stroke again, ready? One..." Herr Jaeger called out the descent of the young vagina onto the rubber in a cold, clipped voice as if it was a physical exercise in a gymnasium.

"Very good. I believe you understand the exercise. Now you will stay down on the penis until I order you to move," he said, lighting up a cigarette. "Not a single movement. Not even a little squeeze of your pussy. Understand?"

Melody turned her head towards him. She saw him raise the painful riding crop and she nodded her head quickly. He stood behind her and took her gag out. She let out a long sigh and then took air in gratefully. What with the rope round her neck and the gag in her mouth, she had been near to suffocating.

Jaeger brought over a chair and sat in front of the girl. He thought how much he was enjoying torturing this lovely specimen...

As he watched tears came into her eyes. Her sensual lips were trembling. She was trying to speak but could not.

The stool was low and the position of her hands tied behind her back to a rope around her waist, obliged her to keep all the weight of her body on the stool. And of course it obliged to sink the curved replica of what must, she thought, have been an elephant's penis, right deep inside her. It filled her completely.

She was tense as a violin string. All her body was suffering.

"Do you like this penis?" the German asked, blowing the smoke into her face.

Melody did not even hear him. All her attention was concentrated on the horrid dildo.

He pulled on the rope, restricting her intake of air. "Do you like it?" he repeated.

"NO ... NOOO!!! ... PLEASE!!!" Melody gasped.

Jaeger let the rope go.

"No problem. We will wait..."

Melody did not understand. She was dizzy, and incapable of more than monosyllabic utterances.

Jaeger waited. His face was impassive. He poured himself a glass of wine and smoked a packet of cigarettes, enjoying the sight of his new and very expensive slave sitting on the hard rubber.

It was a good show. She was sitting about foot off the ground, her body high and her breasts pushed provocatively forward because of the rope, her ankles tortured by the high heels. She could only move one ankle about twelve inches from the other because they were tied together on a short rope.

And below her waist, there was another show. A fine triangle of yellow hair, nicely framed by her tensed thighs, gave way to a pair of thick sex lips which seemed to the General to be kissing the black truncheon as if they could not get enough of it.

The most exciting thing for him was the desperate trembling of the young body, and the soft, childlike expression on Melody's face

as she responded to the sexual torture by switching off, by shutting it out, by pretending not to be there...

Time passed and Jaeger suspected, rightly, that the girl was not entirely indifferent to the hard phallus in her vagina. From time to time he heard an involuntary groan and he had seen quick pushes of her pelvis onto the penis. Jaeger was pleased. Her young body was beginning to react...

He was in no hurry. No hurry at all. What could he be doing that he enjoyed more than this?

Jaeger sat watching the obscene torture for more than half an hour. He sat in silence, sipping his second glass. He was already a little the worse for alcohol, an accumulation of several days' excited drinking. He was slowly going crazy with his private little orgy of sex and violence.

He began the indecent interrogation again.

"Can you feel it?"

"Yessss!" Melody shouted, choking on the words...

"It is large and hard, would that be your opinion?"

Melody could hardly speak and she was incapable of controlling her voice. She managed a pathetic "Yessssss" and fell silent again.

"Would you say that you liked it?"

Melody did not reply for some seconds. She did not know what the correct answer was.

"Are you getting randy?"

The girl's eyes spoke for her. They were unusually wide and her nostrils were beginning to flare. Jaeger was looking for the best way

to humiliate her.

"Do you want to come?"

The girl's mouth opened and closed several times, like a fish's mouth out of water. She was trying to speak but could not.

Jaeger's bloodshot eyes were fixed on the scarcely visible sway of the girl's round hips. He sipped his wine and waited. As the minutes went by, the girl began to have small spasms of the muscles of her smooth, young stomach.

The thighs squeezed together at the top, pressing her sex lips onto the rubber and she began to lift herself up and down tentatively, slowly.

She was ashamed to be doing it, he could see. She looked furtively at him to see if he had noticed. She could see that he had. She wanted to stop. She knew she was humiliating herself by masturbating in front of him. She could feel herself going red in the cheeks...

"There is no need to answer with your pretty little mouth! You have other lips that are answering for you! You are a slut, a hot, randy, excited little slut! You cannot get enough of this absurd imitation of a man's penis!"

Melody turned bright red and stopped. Her ears were red and she had pink patches over here neck and above here breasts. But she had to carry on, and soon she was groaning softly again...

"Now up and down, up and down, twice! Quickly! Get that wet little pussy sliding up and down the rubber!"

Melody was lost in her own world now. She carried on squeezing her thighs together at the top.

A sharp slap on her already sore nipples brought her back to the present...

"Up and down twice I said!"

She pulled herself up and down twice and settled down on the phallus once again. Her face left the observer in no doubt that she was well on the way now... Her young woman's body could not resist the penis. Nature had overcome the pain, the posture, the humiliation...

"Five times, and quicker now!"

Jaeger had the impression he was conducting an obscene symphony. He loved it.

The girl kept count. She was sure Jaeger would be counting and would be only too pleased to have an excuse to hit her with his riding crop. She came down for the fifth time and froze, her thighs struggling to grip the unnaturally large tip of the truncheon.

"Keep still. Don't move. I don't want to see your wet lips move!" he said, placing the tip of his rod under her chin and lifting her face. "Look at me!"

He gazed into Melody's large blue eyes and saw the passion and the desperation she was suffering. She was panting with physical effort and desire. Her young breasts were rising and falling quickly. Her breath was whistling through her half-open lips. Her legs were trembling with the effort and the sexual tension that was building up, irresistibly...

"Now this time you go up and down very, very slowly and you look me in the eyes."

The girl obeyed although her body was urging her to take it at a gallop. She slid slowly up and down the rubber obscenity. It was all

unbelievable. Hardly two hours ago she had lost her virginity at the hands of that pig and here she was, wishing that the huge penis would come to life and push away inside her!

Herr Jaeger stared into his victim's eyes, drawing deep pleasure from the conflicting emotions that he saw the girl was feeling. He could read them all in her troubled face and innocent eyes.

A small gasp came from her childlike mouth each time her trembling vagina sank onto the hard, erect truncheon. She flashed an anxious look when he ordered her to lift her pelvis and hang in the air, with only the tip touching her vagina.

Jaeger stood up and circled round her. The spectacle was sublime from the back too. Her small and firm buttocks were pulsating, squeezing themselves onto the post that was skewering her.

One of her sudden convulsions took her clean off the phallus.

The rod came down immediately, onto her buttocks.

"How dare you!"

The black rubber was quickly sucked up again and Melody, with a soft, low groan, took up position again with her breasts high and the rubber tip held by her sex lips and the inside of her thighs pulsating, squeezing, pressing irresistibly, out of control...

She could feel the beginning of the tidal wave! She had a huge come coming...

"Patience, my dear. Patience..." said Jaeger observing the girl's nails digging into the palms of her hands.

"Now you will go up and down twice," he ordered after a long pause. "Twice and very quickly, and then you will stop at the top again and wait."

"No..." moaned Melody. She looked at her aggressor with the big eyes of a cornered rabbit.

"NOW!" shouted Jaeger as he hit her with the crop on the inside of her thighs.

"Down ... up..."

Down ... up..."

The truncheon, shining with Melody's vaginal secretion, appeared and disappeared between her fabulous legs.

"Down ... up..."

Down ... up..."

Herr Jaeger stopped to strike her another sharp blow on the thighs to make her stop.

"Good ... good!" he said, well pleased. The girl was out of her mind, waiting to finish...

"You are in a hurry, I think," he said.

"Yess, yes, ... please ... PLEASE!!! ... let me..." she said, her breath coming fast and hard now, her cheeks flushed, her sex lips moving as if they had a life of their own...

She knew she was being humiliated, degraded, but that was not the most important thing. The one really important, urgent thing was to have an orgasm.

Jaeger went over to the bar and poured himself another drink. He was sure his young slave would not dare to move.

"All right," he said after a time. "You can come, you wet slut!"

Her young hips needed no encouragement.

Immediately she started swaying and then jerking herself up and down the black penis, like the piston rod Jaeger had wanted to see...

She got faster and faster and completely forgot that the German was there, watching her masturbate, watching her have the first orgasm of her life in front of a man.

It would also be the first time in her short life that Melody had an orgasm without touching her clitoris.

A memorable occasion.

And it came quickly.

And it lasted a long time...

"UGH! ... OOOOH! ... NOOOOOOOOOO!!!

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

UGH! AAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

It lasted an eternity and it was marvellous. It washed over both of them, carrying with it Melody and the German sadist who sat masturbating as he watched it.

He had been saving himself until the end. He was so aroused by watching her masturbate that he shot his load after a couple of quick pumps...

It was a powerful feeling, uplifting, lovely, but it came to an end. The blonde American girl felt it lift her into darkness... When she recovered, her lovely blue eyes looked tired, her childlike face looked drained, and a bitter depression came over her. She felt disgusted by

what she had just done, she opened her eyes just at the moment a stream of hot spurts of semen caught her full in the face. Herr Jaeger's erect member was an inch or two away...

The hot, sticky liquid mixed with her tears and ran down her cheeks. It settled on her chin for a few seconds before dripping heavily onto her lovely breasts...

Melody, an adorable girl, sixteen years old, almost a child but already with a woman's body, bought and enslaved by Herr Jaeger, a German officer old enough to be her father, wept and wept...

She wept because she had humiliated herself by letting herself go in front of this pig.

She wept too because she had a rope round her neck, her hands tied behind her back and because she had a cork phallus a foot long inside her.

The man responsible for her suffering, an old Nazi who had taken refuge in South America, breathed in deeply and enjoyed the calm that came with his orgasm. The girl was exactly the slave he had been looking for...

And it was thanks to the silence of the night that Melody's sobs reached Teresa.

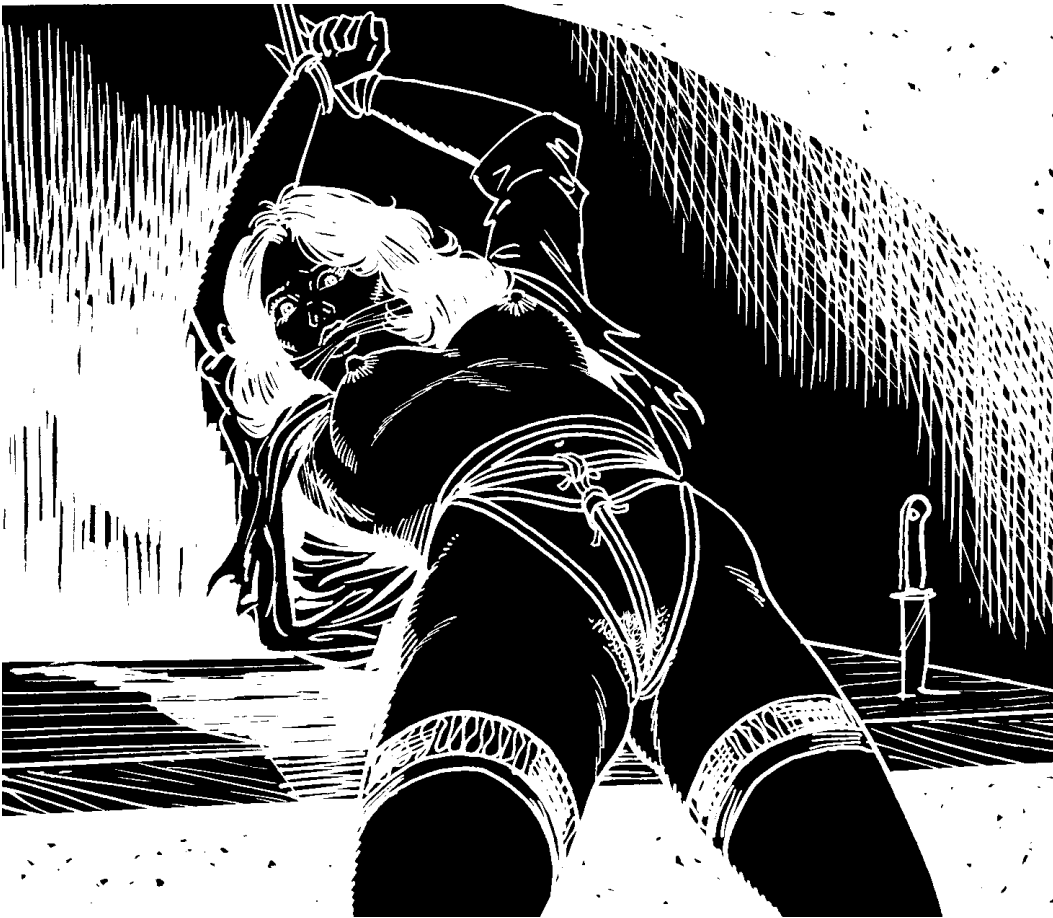
Colonel Fabio Herrera had left only a few minutes ago without offering any explanation and she was on her own now.

He had raped her again and again, and had left her lying on the back in the hut, with her back on a wooden table, her bottom on the edge of the table and her arms stretched out, tied to two table legs.

Her feet were tied to the other two table legs, which held them open and gave a splendid view of her sex lips, provocatively open, resting provocatively in the delicious curves of her arching body...

Herrera had made her dress up the way he liked most, with a short white dress that clung to her generous curves, with silk stockings, and high-heeled shoes...

And he had done it all just for the pleasure of tying her up and cutting her clothes to shreds with a knife. Well, actually it was not just for that reason. He took advantage of her defenceless posture to empty his huge genitals into Teresa and then he stuck a gross electric dildo with new batteries inside her, securing it with a couple of ropes attached to her waist.



"We'll play around a bit more when I come back..."

He said goodbye and kissed her.

"We'll play around a bit more when I come back..."

"I fancy a little role play. It will stimulate the mind. You will be a Communist guerrilla fighter and I will be the Officer in charge of your interrogation. You can begin by preparing your confession..."

It was still light when he left. She had not had dinner. It was now after midnight and the repulsive, dangerous pig had not come back yet.

Teresa still hoped that he would not come back. She was hungry but she preferred that to being interrogated and raped.

Her whole life had been a failure, a succession of unfortunate but not disastrous incidents. She was still young and beautiful and intelligent. She still had hope. Something would happen, she supposed. Things were never as bad as they seemed.

That bloody vibrator was annoying her though! It had already pushed away in her vagina, forcing her to have several orgasms, six she thought, although some of them were so long she did not really know if they were one or multiple. It was weaker now but it would get another orgasm, maybe the seventh (or was it the seventeenth?) out of her. It would come soon, she knew. She could not help it. The pig had tied her up in such a way that the tense ropes passed the thumping and vibrating directly to her clitoris. Her clitoris was between the two ropes and was getting all the vibrations as well as the pressure of the ropes, which varied every time she gave a quick, involuntary thrust of her vagina...

She wished that the batteries would run out, but they were not going to. She could feel it...

She tried to ignore the stubborn thumping of the vibrator by concentrating on something else, but she could find no satisfactory alternative. It was as if the memories of her previous life had faded and the only reality left for her was on the island, showing her breasts, showing her most intimate parts, waiting to have her anus or her vagina penetrated again and again and again...

She was alone but she could still see Fabio Herrera and she could remember his continuous acts of sexual abuse, all too clearly. His sadistic tortures, his filthy rapes, his revolting stomach-turning breath and the tremendous agony in her thumbs...

The swimming pool, where he nearly succeeded in drowning her...

And the sauna, worse than all the other tortures and rapes...

It was in one of those old-fashioned sauna chambers, where people sat with their heads outside and their bodies inside. Teresa was inside and he was outside. No one could see her. She was sitting naked on the officer's knees and his long penis was penetrating her. A leather hood tied around her neck covered her head completely and she was slowly suffocating. She could hardly move.

Herrera had tied her ankles to the legs of the chair and he had tied her hands behind her.

He slipped in between her arms so that she had to embrace him. Every time she dared to move, Herrera tortured her breasts, sticking his fingers deep into her defenceless flesh and sinking her even further down onto his erection. Sweat and claustrophobia made her head spin. The damp air, which was also extremely hot, seemed to be boiling her alive and there was hardly any air left inside the hood.

And his enormously long penis was always there, always erect...

But there was something else too. She was about to have her seventh orgasm when he pulled out and left, muttering about guerrillas. He had left her with a vibrator which would ensure she had the seventh orgasm. So now she sat there waiting for her it to come and also waiting for him to begin his stupid game, the game in which he would interrogate her as a guerrilla fighter.

"Are you ready to talk, you fucking slut?"

Herrera came back carrying cables and transformers. She started trembling. She could imagine what the game was...

"You're going to tell us who you open your legs for! We want the traitor's name. Who puts his dick in you? Who's giving you information about troop movements?"

At that precise moment her body went into a major tremble, then shook and jerked around. Her seventh orgasm had arrived, provoked by a combination of panic and a desire to switch off mentally before the swine switched on literally... She had escaped mentally into her seventh orgasm.

Unfortunately when she recovered, he was still waiting...

"You are a dirty, oversexed, big-titted slut! You are just a big wet dripping cunt!!! It is time to work and what do you do? You come! You have an orgasm! I am going to teach you a lesson!"

He tore nervously at the ropes around her waist and pulled the vibrator out from between her thighs. It was wet. The Colonel put his nose to it...

"Mmmmmmmmmhhh ... delicious!" he exclaimed, licking it as if it were an ice cream melting on its stick. "Is there any more where

that came from?" He knelt down between the model's open thighs and began to kiss her and bite her on her open lips...

Teresa gasped. Her vagina was already sore and sensitive from the different barbarous acts it had been subjected to. She was also exhausted from her enforced orgasms.

She gasped again as his scruffy, wiry beard rubbed itself over her clitoris. But there was worse to come: he pulled her lips apart and found her clitoris with his tongue. He licked it almost tenderly for some seconds, and then, just when she was getting used to the softness, just when she was least expecting it, he bit her extremely hard, directly on the clitoris.

She screamed.

The pain shot through her body...

It was too much for Herrera. He had this weakness. He could not torture a woman without raping her.

He was twisted and Teresa was his sort of girl: a born sufferer.

He would have plenty of time to play with his lovely little guerrilla fighter and his electric prod.

Chapter Twenty-two

Last few hours in Paradise

Everything was ready in the morning. The planning had been perfect. The campaign had been a complete success. The select group of army officers had all received what they travelled so far and paid so much money to get: fantasies, real flesh and blood fantasies, with real breasts and real open inviting sex lips...

Max and Madame Whipper had complied with their contractual obligations and had been paid for their services.

It was time to go home, each with his own.

No problem.

Max and Madame Whipper would now ensure that the operation was carried out discreetly and with a minimum of risk.

"Good morning, Mr White," said Max. At his feet was Nelly, a dog's lead around her neck, walking on all fours, gagged and with rings on her nipples. Her big brown breasts flopped forwards, as if asking to be sucked...

"Morning, Max. What do you think of my negress?"

Max grimaced. He was black like the girl, for one thing. Also, he did not like the excesses of sadism that his clients enjoyed. He understood rape and approved of it, and he advocated the use of a certain level of physical violence to teach obedience, but he disapproved of the gratuitous torture that all these pigs practised on their purchases.

"She's an excellent piece. I congratulate you," he said, looking down into the black girl's wide-open, desperate eyes.

"And she knows how to do quite a lot already. Look! She's pissing!"



"What do you think of my negress?"

A tear ran down Nelly's cheek, revealing how much she was suffering, how humiliated she felt. It was true. She had obeyed orders, had opened her legs, dropped her vagina down to near the ground and had let her urine go.

"Did you see that?" Brother White asked proudly.

Max was going to move on, but White held his arm. "Wait. She can do other things too! Watch! She can wag her tail!"

Max could see the repressed fury in the girl's expression. She was biting with all her strength onto the rubber ball in her mouth...

It was a quick flash of anger, repressed immediately. Then the girl bent forward, pressing her breasts onto the ground and lifted her buttocks as high as she could. She arched her back with an effort, pressing her cheek onto the ground, and lifted her bottom high and clear, showing her vagina and her anus at the same time. In response to a tug on the lead by Brother White, she began moving her bottom left and right...

"Cunt up!" Brother White shouted. He hit his bitch on the thighs, She could not get her bottom any higher, but she tried and he was satisfied.

"I congratulate you once more," said Max, "and now if you will excuse me..."

He walked off.

White stood staring at Nelly's buttocks, still raised provocatively high. His mind went back to the day he had ridden behind her along the beach and watched these same cheeks jogging and jolting in front of his horse...

He let go of his belt and put his hands to his belt...

"Open your black legs!"

The order rang in Max's ears as he walked into the bar.

He found Moshe Rabin having breakfast and saying goodbye to his Arian slave.

He had asked the organization to take her to his stables in the Middle East. He would not be seeing her for a couple of weeks.

"Look who's here," Moshe said, pointing to Max.

Krista glanced at the door. She still had a proud look to her. She was a tall, strong woman, with a strong character. She was still not tamed.

"Say thank you to this gentleman. If it had not been for him, we would never have met."

Krista said nothing. She was kneeling, naked, in front of Moshe. Her hands were tied together and her legs were tied at the ankles and thighs.

The Jewish officer caught her by the hair and forced her to drink a thick white liquid that half filled the glass.

"Take no notice of her, Max. She's a bit stubborn like all Scandinavians, but she'll learn..."

"I hope so", said Max with a forced smile.

"I would like you to come over and see for yourself in a few months' time," said Moshe. "I could show you round the installations I've had built for our Viking princess," he added, pulling sharply on the girl's hair to pull her head back.

He turned to the girl. "Come along now, a little bit more!" He held the glass to her lips. She took a small sip and shuddered.



"It's horse semen. She's got to get used to it."

"It's semen. Horse semen. I've brought it over specially from my stables. She's got to get used to it."

Max raised his eyebrows.

"I've just bought a new stud," Moshe explained, patting Krista on the buttocks as if she was a dog or a horse. "A splendid stallion. At least, he looks splendid. The trouble is, he won't do anything on the mares. I don't know why. He must have imprinted on one of the stable hands. There are always naked girls in the stables, being flogged or trained. Maybe he imprinted on one with a pair of big tits.

I don't know, but I thought our little friend here could show him hers and we might get a reaction. It always work for me! Ha! ha! ha!

Krista will have the job of getting him horny so he fertilizes his female companions in the stable. Usual thing, the feminine touch. Kiss, him, stroke him... I don't think anyone, man or stallion, could resist a felation with a big-titted mare like Krista..."

He held the glass near her lips again.

Max sighed. How the hell could anyone be so stupid as to use a beautiful woman like that with a horse?

He walked out of the bar quickly. He had had more than enough of this group of sadistic military pigs. He just wanted to get rid of them.

Fortunately the helicopters had arrived.

"See you again I hope, Max." It was Fabio Herrera speaking. He was wearing his officer's uniform. Teresa was with him, wearing a pink T-shirt without straps, and jeans. She was barefoot. They looked like father and daughter coming back from a holiday, if a monster like Herrera could be the father of such a beautiful girl.

Only the handcuffs that held her hands together behind her back revealed that Teresa was a prisoner. Technically, legally, that was her status. Colonel Fabio Herrera had gone in person to the islands to arrest the guerrilla fighter Teresa Cortes and bring her to trial in his country. They would get off the plane in Port Moresby in that role and as such they would be photographed for the newspapers. Later, when they reached the bunker that served as headquarters for Herrera and his military junta, Teresa would be his sexual slave once more...

Meanwhile, no one looking at the girl would suspect that her tight jeans concealed a large vibrator in action, keeping the girl in

constant tension.

"By the way, Max," said Herrera, leading Teresa by the arm. "Don't forget the unfortunate business of Valdes and Claudia Moore."

"Don't worry. It's all being taken care of," said Max.

"I'm sorry about that, Max, but I couldn't do anything for Valdes. It was election time in the States. Someone had to pick up the bill."

"I understand, Colonel. My men have taken charge of the girls, especially Claudia. Don't worry."

"Thank you. Claudia is well-known. It was risky."

"Yes. Get into the helicopter and forget about it all. Have a good trip. Enjoy!" Max pinched Teresa on the cheek.

"My time to say don't worry," said Herrera. "I'll keep her busy!"

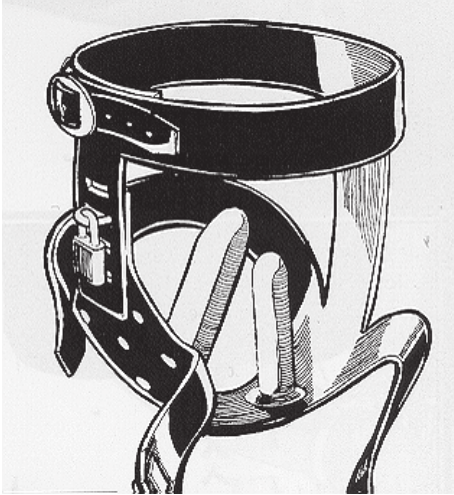
Herr Jaeger was the last one to say goodbye.

The Organization would be responsible for shipping Melody too, but he did not want to take any chances. He put an extremely uncomfortable chastity belt on her.



First he ordered his servants to empty her bowels and then he put the belt on himself. She would have to wear it for the three days of the trip.

The belt had thick



straps with buckles
and two huge plugs,
one to seal off her
vagina and the

other for her anus. This would
guarantee that her virtue would not be
attacked. A third plug in her mouth
would silence her.

Herr Jaeger was amazed at the
flexibility of his slave. He would never have thought she would fit in
such a small packing case.

"Are you sure you haven't broken any bones?" he asked ingenuously.

"Don't worry, Herr General. Women are round. These sluts curl up like snakes," the servant said, smiling. He handed him the keys to the belt.

Jaeger stood by the helicopter. "And little Beatriz?"

"Don't worry. I'll tell you when I decide to auction her," said Max, annoyed at the other man's insistence.

"I sincerely hope so. I shall look forward to hearing from you," replied Jaeger, who also seemed annoyed.

The doors closed. The engines started and the helicopters took off.

Teresa looked out of the window at the small island. Each second that passed it was getting smaller and smaller...

Herrera was sitting next to her, his hand on her right breast, stroking it softly. He looked at her breast and took out the nipple, which was erect. He already regretted putting the vibrator in her and letting her wear jeans...

Chapter Twenty-three

Life goes on...

Dirty Jake's is crowded, as always. It is a low drinking house in one of the most violent districts of the town. It is not far from the bus station, where the police never go, at least when they are on duty and in uniform.

On one of the tables, a magnificent woman is dancing naked. She is tall, slim, and has red hair and green eyes. A group of clients are pushing and shoving to get near her. It is the same every day, six times per night.

Rashidi, one of the thousands of taxi drivers who compete every day for the declining tourist trade, goes to the bar for the first time. He has heard a lot of stories about the place.

He recognises her immediately. Claudia Moore, the model. He took her to the best hotel in town about a year ago. The next day she disappeared.

The girl has just taken her bra off, to the hypnotic rhythm of the drums. She turns round slowly, arching her back and offering her lovely breasts to the excited crowd.

Two rings shine from her erect, tubular nipples. Ultraviolet light picks them out perfectly. The crowd stare in fascination. They can see all the wrinkles on her nipples and they are all longing to suck on them...

There are women in the crowd too, serious, grim-faced women who want to suck on them as much as the men do...

She's a lovely mover. Rashidi has never seen anything so sensual, so provocative, in his life. He has never seen anything like it, even in his most secret fantasies...

His jaw hangs slack as her firm breasts lift up and wobble, their silky skin shining in the light...

He looks at her white body, so malleable, so round in all the right places, so scantily clad in that tiny little skirt that hardly covers her most intimate parts.

When the last garment hits the floor Rashidi looks at the top of the long, round thighs. Yes, it was true. The girl had a shaven cunt and had been branded on the soft plump skin at the top of the thigh.

"What am I bid, ladies and gentlemen, for this magnificent piece? Take a good look at these breasts. Get your lips round those nipples and you will fly, gentlemen, and ladies, you will fly! Lick her honey pot and you will never want ordinary food and drink again. Ambrosia! Nectar! Yes, cunt nectar, vaginal juice, pussy pollen, honey from her thighs, the very food of the gods, the food of men's dreams, and indeed you ladies' too! There is happiness for all between her thighs, at a price of course. Do I hear a hundred and fifty US dollars? A hundred and fifty! Two hundred, the lady on my right..."

Rashidi looked in his purse. Shit! Forty dollars!

He elbows and pushes his way through the crowd to get nearer the white woman. Three angry-looking welts run down her back and three more cross each of her calves... And there's a ... she's got a ... it's impossible ... Yes! She's got another ring sticking out of her cunt! Good God!"

The drums beat faster and faster. The crowd falls silent for a moment when the spectators see her ring, and then an excited

murmur runs round the room.

A huge negro grabs her by the hair and forces her to her knees in front of the crowd.

The auction goes on...

She is the only white woman present. She is also the only sober person. And the only person who is totally naked, defenceless, thrusting her breasts up and out to excite the men even more...

"Two hundred and fifty dollars, do I hear three hundred? We're talking two hours here, ladies and gentlemen, two full hours with one of the most beautiful women in the world! Do I hear three?"

A fight breaks out between two men, one of whom has questioned the ability of the other to last two hours with the girl.

Bouncers push their way through the crowd and throw out the two men, who continue their dispute in the street outside, encouraged by the amused passers-by.

A collar is placed around the girl's neck and her hands are forced halfway up her back and tied together. He pulls her up by the hair and turns her round for everyone to see. He kicks at her ankles until she separates her legs. Then he makes her lean forward, swinging her breasts rhythmically, hypnotically...

"This is happiness!" the man says, holding her by the shoulders and giving her breasts a slow, swinging rhythm that mesmerizes the crowd.

Rashidi is at the front now, staring at the girl's treasures. Yes, he could easily believe happiness lay between those splendid, round thighs with their soft shining white flesh...

Two hundred and fifty dollars! Two months or more at the wheel of a taxi.

Finally, the girl is auctioned, or rather two hours of her life are auctioned. The buyer is a huge man, well over six foot tall and heavy, maybe two hundred pounds.

He's wearing a white shirt, a red tie and an old-fashioned suit. Even in the gloomy bar, he is hiding his face behind dark glasses made of cheap plastic. A ten-dollar Japanese watch is on his wrist.

The man is Mobuto, one of the Hutu chieftains, one of those responsible for channelling international aid to the refugee camps on the border.

He lifts Claudia as if she was a feather and throws her over his shoulder. He walks out.

Rashidi has a good look at the girl's face as she goes past. The green eyes that fascinated him in the rear mirror of his taxi are still green, through her tears...

A year is a long time, he thinks, a long time to cry...

Claudia was kidnapped by Jake, the big man who auctions her six times a night. Jake was forced to hand her over to his bosses and he lost track of her, until a few months ago.

The story was that no one wanted to buy her. She was a hot piece of property. Her disappearance had been in all the papers and on the television.

And she was branded.

So his masters handed her over to him to get rid of her.

But Jake had other plans for her. He hid her outside the town on the high plains inland, in one of the underground cellars he used when he kidnapped girls. He kept her in a hole no more than two square metres wide. She spent her time in total darkness, not knowing the time or even the day of the week. She only saw light when he visited her.

Then, dazzled by the light and panic-stricken, she had to crawl over to his feet and grope around for the buckle of his belt, drop his trousers and put her lips around the tip of his huge organ. They could not start their little "games" until she had swallowed all his semen, every last drop of it... And there were lots of drops in his large testicles.

Down below street level, in the intimacy provided by two square metres of stone dungeon, Jake felt



good. He was alone except

for the company of one of
the world's most famous
top models.

Down here, Jake ruled.

The girl had to wear the
clothes that he said, make
up the way he liked,
embrace him, kiss him. He
even danced with her at
times. And he subjected her
to his most violent sexual
fantasies. They always
ended the same way, with
a white woman raped and
used any way he fancied.

This brutal, bitter black

took it all out on the beautiful white girl, who was at his disposal,
defenceless, stripped naked and obliged to exhibit her most intimate
parts to him in any posture he chose.

Nobody knew it. Nobody even suspected it. Nobody remembered
him. The months had passed and the rumour had appeared in the

press that Claudia Moore had decided to disappear and live a different, anonymous life.

One day Jake brought some friends round. Six drunk blacks, horny as hell, raped her and groped her intimately for hours and hours. As they did not all fit in that small hole, two worked on hour and the other four watched and made suggestions.

It was a bear-pit, a circus...

Jake was pleased with the success of the evening orgy and decided to prostitute her. If he chose the right bar in the right district, no one would grass... He set up the club where Claudia worked as a "dancer". She was the only dancer and she did six shifts a night, each with its humiliating auction and each with its client.

Mobuto is one of Claudia's regulars, and not the one she fears most, either. At least he seems to be fond of her and visits her once a week if the auction goes well.

He's a self-made man, a little violent, a little aggressive, but there are worse people in the district than him.

He always wears his thick flannel suit even when the sun is at its hottest. He does not take it off even when he is abusing her...

He throws her to the floor as always, onto the old mattress. Mobuto is the second client tonight...

The place is depressing. It smells of sweat and sperm. There are stains everywhere, on the floor and the walls and above all on the mattress. There is no ventilation of any kind. A solitary light bulb is the only witness to the day's sordid events.

The walls are covered in newspaper cuttings of white women, naked or scantily clad. Claudia herself features in many of them.

There is a toilet in one corner. The chain does not flush. The dirty mattress is in the middle.

It smells of stale sex. The cockroaches walk about as if they own the place and sometimes intervene in the sexual acts. On several occasions clients had caught one and put it in her vagina.

A heavy chain and an open collar hang from a hook on the wall. They are seldom used, but from time to time a client asks for them. The girl seems fairly resigned to her fate...

The man looks her up and down. He likes what he sees: a redhead, a very beautiful redhead, with emerald green eyes and very white skin, writhing and twisting under him with her wrists tied and her arms forced half-way up her back.

All his.

All his for two hours...

The ritual begins. A pointed shoe goes into the girl's shaven vagina, the white woman opens her legs and brings her knees up, his pants open and a heavy male organ flops out crazily, gasping, eager for its two hundred and fifty US dollars' worth. Two drops of preorgasmic liquid hang from the tip... The auction is too much for many of the men who see it...

The giant does not take off his clothes or even his shoes. He lets himself down onto the piece of female flesh that he has rented. His almost two hundred pounds crush the woman of his dreams, crush the arms tied behind her...

A black, fleshy mouth, almost apelike in its thickness, looks for the lovely girl's sensual lips. It enjoys the feel of them, closing again and again on them, biting them, opening them... A wide, sticky tongue slips into her mouth and explores it like a trapped eel, urgently... Her

teeth part, the tongue goes in twists and turns its way back to her throat...

It is all brutal. The man pulls himself up and crushes her again and again, cruelly, deliberately, his knees find and open her rounded thighs, his beast's hands grip hard on her hair.. His mouth presses harder and harder.. A cheek, an ear, a throat, a shoulder, a breast, he sucks and nibbles and licks and bites them all...

Claudia opens her eyes and gazes into the distance, beyond the dirty wall that is her horizon. She tries to relax, to save her strength, to survive. It's like an operation without anaesthetics. Mobuto is the second man today and there are four more to come...

She gets the measure of this man. She knows how far in he goes, and it's further than anyone would think... She had never been with a negro before her kidnap. It is difficult to imagine.

They make her sick.

The man mounts her with all the ferocity he is capable of, but at least that is all he does. Others like the frills, make her act, humiliate her, torture her...

Mobuto just uses her. She prefers use to abuse.

Nausea again.

She cannot get used to it...

How many men have raped her in these few months?

Then, the usual change...

Mobuto stands up, panting, and turns her round by pulling her hair. At first it is a relief. Her arms are free of all that weight.

Then...

Mobuto's semen covers all his member. He contemplates the fantastic white buttocks of the woman he has hired...

He loves it!

He opens her thighs with his knees and then he opens the cheeks of her bottom with his hands.

There is the target ... white, small, closed, wrinkled...

He looks at Claudia, her bottom obediently lifted high, presenting herself to him...

He takes it as an invitation and cannot resist it.

In a few minutes he is ready again. He looks down at his eternal erection, and pushes the tip into the tiny little hole.

It seems impossible to get that huge tip in.

But they both know that it is possible. It happens once a week.

"AAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Claudia shouts out, sending the cockroaches scuttling away in fright.

The same pelvic thrusts every week.

The same scream as the penis goes in round the back...

Mobuto, a Hutu giant well over six feet tall, has skewered Claudia Moore right up to her cervix.

He'll hold her like that for some minutes, until the girl's bowels get used to it and stop moving around, caressing him... Then and only then will he start riding her, pumping away into her like a madman

until he shoots off all his pent-up lust deep into the white woman's firm, tight, much-desired buttocks...

Then he'll turn her round again and lie on top of her again. He still has an hour and he wants his money's worth from her...

Chapter Twenty-four

Meanwhile, it's dawn in Tokyo

A van pulls up in a dark alley. Children from a nearby school fills the alley with children at certain moments of the day, but few people venture down it at night. There is a hooded figure at the wheel. It is Hiro, chauffeur to the Honourable Yano Yamamoto.

His boss is abroad and curiosity has got the better of him.

If they find him, it will be the end of him.

He looks around nervously.

No one.

He stands in front of the mysterious warehouse. He has a key in his hand.

His hand is shaking and he fumbles as he tries to open the door.

He manages it finally and looks in. Pitch dark!

He gets out a torch and looks around.

There are piles of boxes everywhere. It looks abandoned.

Hiro always brought his President to this warehouse every night at ten o'clock, with scrupulous Eastern punctuality. The Honourable Yamamoto travelled in a luxury company limo. Hiro always came back at two in the morning to pick him up.

What the fuck did he do in this place for four hours?

Hiro can just make out two doors at the back. One is open and seems to be a broken toilet. The other is half-open and leads to a narrow staircase that goes down to the basement...

Hiro shivers with nerves, but his curiosity gets the better of him...

It's now or never...

Without knowing exactly why he is doing it, he puts his foot at the top of the staircase.

The air feels warmer there.

He walks down as quietly as he can and comes to another door.

He can hear his heart beating...

He tries the key to the main door and it works. It's probably a master key, he thinks, correctly.

He unlocks the door carefully and carries on down. It's very hot down here...

He comes to a small, comfortable room. It is well furnished: fitted carpet on the floor, a sofa, two armchairs, a round bed, a bar, cupboards...

It smells of women's perfume.

There's another door to the right.

He goes through it and into another room. There are chains hanging from the walls. Against one of the walls are iron railings, like the bars of a prison cell in a cowboy film.

He feels uneasy. He does not understand. Is it a joke of some kind? A terrorist hideout? A shrine for some perverse sect?

He plays his torch around the room looking for some clue as to what went on between these damp walls. He could not imagine his boss here.

No clues.

Hiro turns round. He realises he is trembling. He trips over something and falls headlong.

"Shit!" he says.

He picks himself and finds himself looking at a bolt on a trapdoor. He shines the torch and sees three more trapdoors, each with a bolt.

He slides the first one and shines his torch into a dark hole, like a small well, about a yard across, and about six feet deep.

He opens the second. It is identical to the first.

He opens the third, gapes in astonishment for a few seconds and then slams the door shut in fright.

Is he dreaming?

His heart is racing. Hiro closes his eyes and breathes deeply to calm himself down.

He plucks up his courage, picks up his torch and opens the trapdoor again.

The beam reveals two enormous, beautiful, frightened eyes, that close immediately, and dark skin...

A woman is looking up at him, almost a girl.

He feels an adrenaline punch in his stomach ... the girl is tied up and gagged!

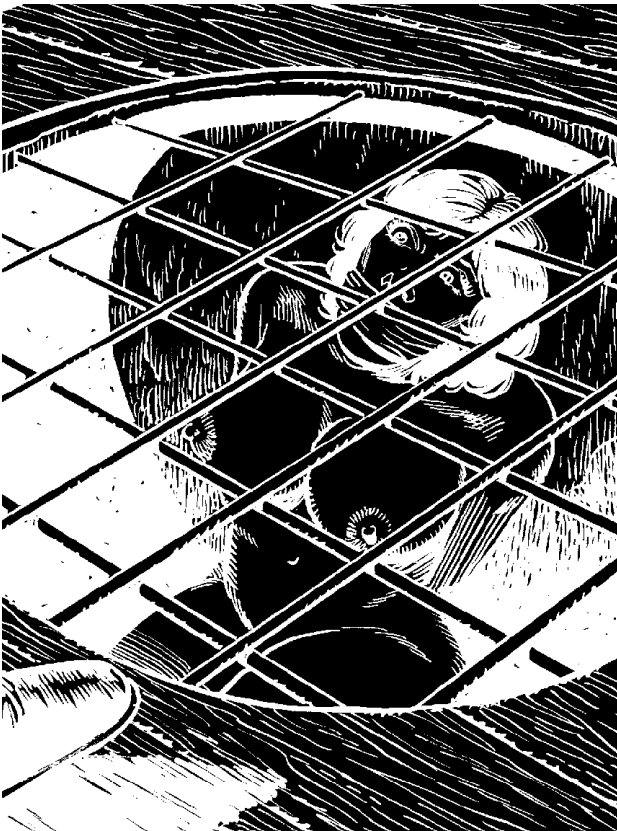
The Honourable Yamamoto's mind is racing. What do I do now? Do I call the police? Shall I blackmail the old guy? Shall I rape the girl and leave?

No one would know.

Calm down, Hiro, he says to himself, several times. He does not know what to do.

He remembers the other trapdoor.

He slides the bolt back and



shines his torch. He sees
another woman with large
shining eyes, also dazzled

by the light of his torch. He moves the beam down onto her breasts...

He realises he has an erection.

Still unsure what to do, he lies over the hole and tries to help the prisoner out. It is difficult because she is tied with thick ropes and cannot help.

He pulls her up by the hair and the belt that is tied tight above her breasts. He looks down in open-mouthed astonishment at her firm buttocks and he licks his lips, an unconscious gesture prompted by the girl's enormous breasts...

He goes back to the other hole and pulls the girl out in the same way.

The two girls lie face down on the floor, panic-stricken, their fast breathing lifting their lovely breasts...

They looked surprised. Obviously they were expecting someone else...

Hiro looks down at their bottoms. His erection is aching...

They are both beautiful and both very sexy, despite the state they're in. He runs his torch slowly down over their naked bodies. He prefers the black. She's more exotic, looks younger and he likes the panic in her eyes. Maybe it's the darker skin, but this one looks more frightened than the other and it makes him feel more powerful.

They must know, he thinks, I am not going to let them go. I have never had my hands on breasts like these...

He pulls one of the girls back to the hole where he found her. Then he closes the hatch.

"I don't know what's going on here, but it's not my problem," he mumbles to himself.

Jasmine, the young half-caste, is in a bad way, panic-stricken and near to passing out. Her elbows are tied behind her back and her hands are tied palm to palm. She has had no feeling in her arms for several hours. Her legs have also lost all feeling from the enforced crouching posture and the tight straps that go round her thighs and ankles.

Hiro looks at her... Her provocative breasts look lovely to him, especially with the rope pressing into them just above the nipples. He also likes the tight rope around her waist and he likes the strange device around her pubis. Something in the harness, with its intricate-looking belts and buckles, and its mysterious attachment that disappear inside her, turn him on.

Hiro shakes himself out of his fantasies. He checks the gag. A strong squeeze on a nipple is enough to show him that it works

perfectly. He has no idea what she has in her mouth but he can see it does its job perfectly.

He frees the girl's legs and pulls on the chain that is hanging from a thick collar round her neck and preventing her from lowering her chin.

"Come on, baby, your Daddy's going to take you to another hotel."

Jasmine tries to get up three times, but each time falls to her knees. He gets nervous and pulls on the chain.

Finally, she manages to stagger out of the basement for the first time in a year, a whole year of sexual slavery at the mercy of Yano Yamamoto.

Hiro pushes her along, and helps her down the stairs, playing his torch around to light up the staircase and the girl's legs and bottom, which is splendidly prominent and jolts attractively as she walks. "I made the right decision", he thinks as he pushes her along, his erection aching with every step, asking for attention, his semen begging for release...

"I've been very lucky," he says. "All the bad luck I've had all my life has changed. All my good luck has come today."

In the warehouse, near the door, he knocks her over and puts the ropes on her legs again. He pulls her out to the van, pulling nervously at her hair and at the chain, nearly strangling her in the process.

He drives off, looking in the rear mirror from time to time. He sees her small feet, and a leather strap around her deliciously brown calves. Jasmine groans again into Yamamoto's underpants that are silencing her very effectively.

It is all very clear to Hiro now. There's nothing wrong, he says to himself, in stealing from a thief. And anyway, how can the thief report it? "Somebody has stolen this woman I keep in a hole in the ground, Officer." No way.

Jasmine wakes up in a small room under an unknown roof, on a dirty mattress.

She is pulled up brutally onto her knees by the hair.

She is welcomed to her new room...

"Make yourself at home, dear..."



He pulls her hair back to see her face properly, and gazes hungrily at her splendid breasts. A strap just above them pulls them up so that, despite their size, the nipples point up provocatively, irresistibly.

He looks down at her thick bush of pubic hair. It gives him an erection...

Jasmine shuts her eyes as a naked body, heavy, white, leaps on her and a man's teeth sink into her nipples. She has to listen to a string of obscenities and threats, similar to those she has had to hear for the last year from the lips of the sadist Yamamoto.



"You've been hoping for something like this, you big drippy cunt, haven't you? You've been waiting to have a man's dick inside you,

haven't you? Tell the truth! You like it, don't you? You blacks can't get enough dick, can you? You're all the same I bet. Do you like that? D'you want me to press your clitoris? Do you want me to roll it round for you?"

Jasmine closes her eyes. Not again, Christ! Is everybody stark raving mad?

Hiro decides to take the gag off her to hear her better. "I'm taking it off, but you'd better behave yourself!" He takes his boss's dirty underpants out of the girl's mouth with evident repugnance.

Jasmine tries to speak but can only manage a groan.

Hiro turns her over and undoes the straps that are biting into her. Her arms fall lifeless to her side.

He moves on to her legs.

When he finishes, the girl finds herself free of all bondage for the first time in over a year. But Jasmine knows she is still a prisoner.

She does not know it, but she is not far away from her cell. Hiro took her up to the lift room at the top of one the garages belonging to Yamamoto. No one has been here for years. Not even the engines have survived.

"Well, talk to me. I want to hear you speak. I want to hear your voice. Is it as soft and warm as your little pussy?"

Jasmine hardly has the strength to speak. She can scarcely move her cracked lips.

"Tired?" Hiro asks.

No reply.

"You'll need some time to get over this, that's for sure."

She looks at him, not knowing why he has untied her. She would think he was her rescuer if he hadn't pulled her by the hair so much and looked at her breasts and pubic hair so often.

He takes a pair of pliers out of his pocket. He brought them in case he needed to force open any doors. He uses them now to destroy the chastity belt that protects the girl's most intimate parts.

The belt comes off. Jasmine tries to fight him off, but she is weak and can only tremble, which excites Hiro even more...

"You can't do much about it, can you? These fingers are going in, all the way..."

Jasmine throws her head back and arches her back, an instinctive reaction that presents her lovely breasts to the already excited man.

He pulls his fingers out and then pulls her knees apart, making room for himself between her open thighs.

She is getting the feeling back in her hands now and she tries to push him away. Hiro takes her wrists in one hand and holds them back over her head, a position he has always liked since he discovered that it brings on the woman's orgasm.

He puts his fingers in her vagina, testing the way to reassure himself, and then carefully puts his member in position and pushes it in...

"That's the way, you drippy little cunt! Just relax! Lie back and enjoy it! Ooooh, that's a good wet slurpy little pussy..."

He pushes hard into her, making her groan. "Move around a bit! It's like fucking a bag of potatoes!" he groans into her ear.

He kisses her again and again on the lips.

He licks her all over her face...

Jasmine bursts into tears.

Hiro looks at her, surprised. "Don't worry," he says reassuringly, "no one's going to leave you in a dark hole this time!"

Jasmine apparently derives no consolation from this promise. She starts wailing, a strange, catlike cry of despair as the man thrusts away inside her.

He takes one of his socks and puts it into her mouth. She chokes and struggles with all her remaining strength.

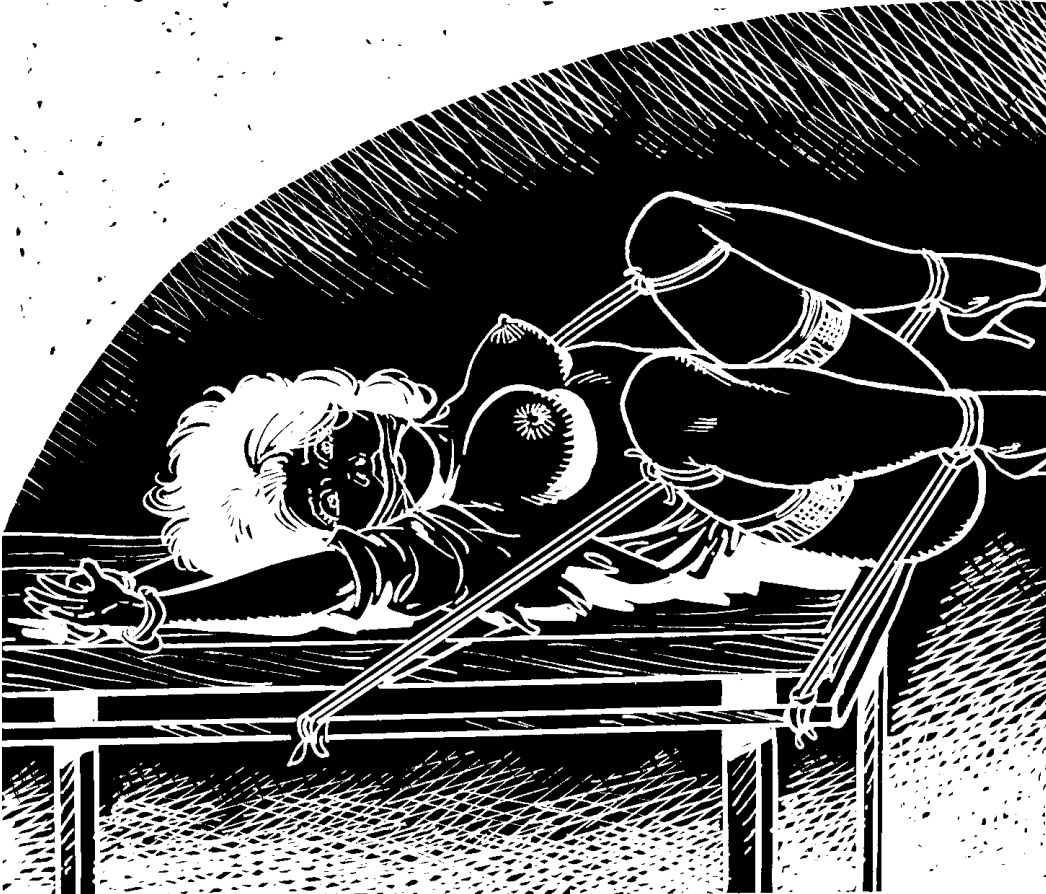
"What's the matter, dear?" he asks ironically. "You don't want another fuck, do you? You'll have to wait a bit. My bollocks are empty..."

He ties her wrists together below her breasts and lies on top of her again.

Jasmine tries to push the socks out with her tongue, but Hiro pushes them in with his thumb until she nearly swallows them...

She still has her legs free and she starts kicking.

"I warned you!" Hiro shouts. He seizes an ankle and sticks it to the back



of her thigh with insulating tape.

While he is busy with her legs, Jasmine manages to get the sock out of her mouth.

"Help!" she shouts, instinctively, and realises that no one is likely to hear her. But she carries on: "Help! ... Help me please! ... Get me out of here!"

No answer. She looks at Hiro and pleads with him. "Tell me what you want, please! Help me out of here! I'll do anything you want!"

Hiro smiles. "You will!" he says.

He sticks the sock back in her mouth, seals her lips with sticky tape and pulls her wrists over his head, forcing her to embrace him. He looks at her happily.

"What do I want?" he asks, penetrating her again. "I want you. That's what I want!"

He lifts her wrists over her head and presses her against the floor. He holds onto her wrists, and feels their reaction every time he pushes home.

He thinks about the future as he rapes her. He'll buy a newspaper and see if anyone is looking for her. It's not likely, but who knows? He can always take her back if things get hot.

Chances are no one will worry about the disappearance of a girl from the Third World in Tokyo, and then he'll look after her himself.

The girl will repay him with her young flesh, tender, open, provocative, waiting for him to come and see her every night, nicely exposed on a table, arms and legs tied back and well apart, waiting to be kissed on her lovely oily suckable little sex lips...

Chapter Twenty-five

On the other side of the continent, there's moonlight on the desert

Sheik Ben-Azir Al-Rachir, son of Sheik Mohamed Azir Al-Rachir,

self-declared direct descendent of the Prophet, made a few opportune donations to the international ecology magazine, Earth. One ecologist in particular, Sarah Goldstein, had used the magazine to raise a few embarrassing questions about the Sheik's activities, but that was a year or two ago. Sarah was now missing without trace.

The Sheik had taken the trouble to call one or two Senators and things had quietened down a lot.

In his new role as faithful ally of the United States of America, a role guaranteed by the regular supply of oil, the Sheik is once again feeling safe, relaxed, and able to dedicate his time and money to his own earthly, indeed earthy, physical needs...

In reality, Sarah Goldstein is not missing because the Sheik knows where she is. This twenty-five year old American woman of Jewish origin is now his sex slave, and has become an expert in all kinds of sexual activities, some of them probably more natural than others...

She is waiting at table in the reception that her Lord and Master has organized in honour of some American guests, Senator Dyle and his wife.

Sarah is very nervous. She has heard about the visit and has decided to take advantage of it to play any cards she can. Which, she is the first to admit, is not many...

Her Master the Sheik takes great pleasure in exhibiting her, scantily clad, in front of his guests. He forces her to serve them at table and on occasions has even made her serve them sexually.

This reception will be different, however. All the previous guests have been Arabs, most of them with little knowledge of English.

Halila, the aged crone who is responsible for decorating Sarah to her Master's tastes, is making final preparations for the evening.

Sarah is magnificent.

Golden sandals with high heels make her legs look more shapely, round off her calves and strain her strong, naked thighs.

Ben-Azir just adores her long legs, so slim and suntanned. He adores other things too, like her green eyes, which go well with her brown skin. Not all sexual slaves are as tanned as Sarah. The Sheik prefers to see his only blonde slave wearing the outdoor girl look. So she spends three hours a day in the desert sun, with no protection apart from the bars of her small cage. It's her siesta, he says, as he takes his own...

A tiny little tanga, gold as her luxurious blonde pubic hair, covers the partly shaven hair and is tied with a simple hook and eye covered by an imitation flower, a carnation. "You like flowers, I suppose, being an ecologist," he said to her the first time she had to wear it for him.

She nodded. She had learnt it was easier to nod than to stand up against her Master and have her breasts flogged, sometimes in front of all the domestic staff, almost a hundred people of both sexes...

Her buttocks, big and firm and high, were naked...

Her stomach was flat and athletic too, not a trace of fat.

Her breasts were superb. They were generous and uplifted. The first time he saw them the Sheik's head span. He gasped and had to sit down. With the passing of time he had become simply obsessed and fascinated by them. He particularly appreciated the way her nipples were so sensitive and tubular, sticking right out, asking to be sucked and sucked...

She looks like a goddess come out of the infinite sands of the desert.

Thick gold bracelets hang from her wrists. She cannot take them off. They are for ever, he told her, as one of his goldsmiths worked on them.

Halila puts tights on her and stands back to see the effect. She is not satisfied. She takes the tanga off and puts a small lacy apron on her. It is shaped like a big bikini bottom, but it is lacy like a nineteenth-century maid's apron. It goes around her waist and is tied with a bow. A second strap goes from the bottom of the triangle and disappears into the girl's deep crack between the cheeks of her bottom. Halila pulls it tight as she ties it to the strap around the girl's waist. It covers most of her pubic hair, but only just...

Next she attaches the tights to the apron with elastic straps.

Then the old hag Halila puts the final touches to Sarah's lips and nipples with the crimson that Ben-Azir is so fond of. Then she puts perfume on her, a dark heavy perfume with a smell like incense. Sarah hates it. Men seem to like it.

The old woman stands back, looks her up and down, and nods her approval. Sarah looks at her in astonishment. She has never served at a reception with her breasts uncovered.

Halila leaves and sends Bongo in. Bongo is a huge eunuch with a filthy temper and brutal manners. Even he stands and looks at Sarah for a long time, clearly impressed by her round but muscular forms

and her strong swelling thighs. In his fantasy he sees the thighs closing in on his face, holding him there. Bongo still feels sexual desire even though he has no testicles...

He comes out of his fantasy to find Sarah looking at him enquiringly.

He beckons her to follow him. Sarah does not speak Arabic. She only knows the words that the Sheik has taught her, mostly words for the more intimate parts of the body...

On the way, Bongo stops and gives her a glass of champagne.

They pass under a round arch and stop before another, larger arch, with a curtain hanging over it. Sarah can hear the noise of conversation the other side of the curtain. She hates to think what she will feel like when she walks into the room, the only woman, she is sure, with her breasts uncovered.

Bongo places the chain she hates so much on her ankles, just eighteen inches long.

Just long enough for her to walk in a series of short jolting steps that make her bottom jerk and her large breasts bounce the way the Sheik likes...

Bongo pulls the curtain back.

Sarah gasps.

There are more people than she expected.

Senator Dyle and his wife are there, with a group of other Westerners and perhaps twenty Arabs, mostly men but with four or five women among them.

No one has noticed her yet except Ben-Azir, who looks at her with that slight triumphant smile that she knows and hates, the winner's smile, the Master's smile, a smile that says I own you and I am proud of you, swing those breasts so everyone can see them...

Sarah takes a deep breath and steps decidedly into the room. She picks up her tray and goes over to the first group of guests. The Arabs take a glass and look at her breasts. She has the impression they were expecting to see her. She is painfully aware of her own semi-nakedness and puts a tentative hand up to protect her breasts, then remembers and pulls it down quickly. She knows where she will be flogged if she covers her breasts. She will be flogged with a leather flail with several straps on it, or she will be beaten with a bamboo cane!

The Westerners were apparently not expecting her. Some of them blush. Others stand and stare. The truth is, Sarah is a magnificent sight...

It takes just a few seconds for some of them to feel the beginnings of an erection. The Western men, especially uncomfortable in their trousers, begin to turn around and slip a hand into their pockets, releasing their straining members and putting them in a more vertical position...

The Sheik smiles. It is no news to him that external genitals can be a nuisance... He has always found his a considerable inconvenience. He has never been able to get enough women to satisfy his genitals.

Sarah walks round, offering the champagne, careful to hold the glasses just below her nipples. She doesn't want to be accused of covering them up...

She swings round and walks to the other group, aware that all eyes must surely be fixed on her buttocks. She can feel the sharp, piercing, hungry looks burning into her buttocks.

One of the Arabs whispers in the Sheik's ear, the Sheik nods and calls her over. "This gentleman has asked if he can see you walk without the chain. Tell Bongo to take it off."

Bongo removes the gold chain and Sarah returns to her job, this time taking longer steps. The guest looks and smiles. He wants to see the deep, dark crack in her bottom moving with the bigger swing of her buttocks. He looks and is satisfied. He nods at the Sheik and thanks him.



Sarah walks over to the Western

group which includes the Dyes. The Sheik follows her, his eyes fixed on her buttocks. The man is right, he says to himself, her crack looks interesting with the lace strap in it...

Sarah reaches the group with a slight hint of pink in her cheeks. Suddenly she realises she has forgotten to pick up a new tray of champagne glasses.

She knows the Senator. She knows him as a Texan oil millionaire, and also as a symphasizer of the ecological magazine.

She blushes suddenly when she realises that he recognizes her. She cannot forget that she is showing her breasts and some of her pubic hair, and all of her buttocks...

She is exquisitely embarrassed and looks down, writhing left and right in her confusion.

The Senator is less embarrassed. He runs his eyes appreciatively all over her body.

Mrs Dyle, a woman of her own age, looks on in evident amusement! How is this possible, Sarah asks herself? How can another woman enjoy her own discomfort so much?

Sarah lowers her eyes and with a mumbled "Excuse me," she goes to fetch another tray of drinks. She holds it a little higher than before, so that her nipples are just covered by the top of the glasses. She is even more embarrassed when her nipples respond to the touch of the cold glasses by wrinkling and then shooting out like two small thirsty animals trying to get a drink.

She turns a deeper red, aware that her Master has forbidden her to cover her nipples in his presence, and aware too that they have betrayed her by having their own little erection...

Mrs Dyle, the only person in the group who has not been bowled over by Sarah's near-naked presence, points ambiguously to a glass in front of Sarah's now tubular nipple.

Sarah swallows and glances down in confusion.

"Don ... Don Perignon, Mrs Dyle," she manages to say.

Mrs Dyle looks at her in a good imitation of surprise, of shock...

Sarah has fallen into the trap.

"Did you hear that, Ralph?" she asks. "This servant, this brazen hussy, has spoken to me, has used my name, as if she were my equal, and on top of that she has just given me a lesson on champagne. Does she really think I need to be told what a Dom Perignon is? Sarah looks down. If Ralph Dyle recognizes her from her days as a green activist, she will die of shame...

"I am most aggrieved, Mrs Dyle," says Ben-Azir, "Tagira has been in the harem for a year now but I'm afraid she's as clumsy as when she came."

Sarah bites her lips nervously. She can imagine some of the possible punishments awaiting her...

Dyle intervenes.

"My dear Sheik, you must forgive my Western ignorance, but I had no idea you had such delightful young creatures among your wives. Where on earth did you find her?"

The Sheik shakes his head. "Professional secret, Senator. A flower such as this does not bloom in every desert."

Mrs Dyle flashes a look of pure jealousy at her husband. He'll never learn, she thinks. The dirty old man is drooling over a naked whore, a hooker with big tits, in front of her!

The Sheik turns again to Dyle. "And she is not a wife, Senator. She is only a slave... She is here for my bodily pleasure only."

Dyle looks at Sarah with renewed interest. He thinks he can buy me, she says to herself, correctly deducing what Dyle was thinking.

"Slave..." the Senator repeats, half to himself.

"That's what the Sheik said, dear," says his wife. This slut, this gutter tart, this "thing" walking around showing everybody her naked bosom, is just a slave. I take it you know what a slave is for, dear?"

Of course I do, he thinks to himself. You've given me a few as presents yourself, you stupid cow!"

Mrs Dyle is fuming. Until a few minutes ago she was the centre of attraction, the only woman at the reception. Her breasts, although discreetly covered, had attracted a lot of admiring glances, and from the Arab group some long, hard stares that seemed to be stripping her naked, which she quite enjoyed...

She turns to the Sheik. "I wonder if our dear host would be gracious enough to let his slave explain to my husband exactly what her job is in the Palace?"

Ben-Azir looks at Sarah and smiles, waiting to see how she will tell her story. He can see that he is playing Mrs Dyle's little erotic game, but it amuses him to play it.

Sarah realizes that her hands are shaking. She breathes deeply to calm herself down, causing all eyes, male and female, to turn to the delicate wobble of her lovely breasts...

"Well?" asks Mrs Dyle.

"I ... I am a ... humble slave who attends her Master, Sheik Mohammed Ben-Azir."

"And in what way do you serve him exactly?"

"I serve him in all his needs," says Sarah, looking down at the shaking champagne glasses.

Dyle looks into her flashing green eyes. He sees them through an alcoholic mist, but for a moment her face looks familiar. It is just a moment, however. He has seen a lot of beautiful women showing them their breasts and he dismisses the thought.

"I congratulate you on your good taste, Sheik," he says.

The comment makes his wife even angrier. "Turn round, slave, and show us your bottom," she orders, taking a sip of her drink.

"She sounds Western," says Dyle, simply, "I even think I caught an American accent..."

"You are right, Mr Dyle. Tagira is American, like you," says Ben-Azir.

"And how did a pretty girl like you agree to be a slave?" the Senator asks.

Sarah does not reply. The man is a drunken idiot, she thinks. A stupid son of a bitch!

The Sheik looks at her affectionately. "I think I was very persuasive, wasn't I dear?" he asks Sarah.

To the astonishment of the guests, Sarah falls to her knees, puts her tray down, and begins kissing his feet. "You were, Master."

The guests hung on her every word, fascinated by this magnificent blonde with green eyes and high uplifted buttocks. They appreciate the way she forces her bottom even higher as she kisses the feet of the Master of the Palace. She is showing them her vagina and her anus at the same time...

"Ladies and Gentlemen, pray be seated at the table," says the Sheik. He kicks his slave away with a kick in the face.

Sara waits at table, trying to avoid indiscreet hands on her thighs, and after dinner she dances a belly dance to the delight of the guests. The real belly dance.

She dances on a table, her hips swaying slowly to the rhythm of suggestive Oriental themes, circling round a phallus made of polished obsidian stone that is set in the middle of the table.

At the end of the dance, Sarah Goldstein, unrecognisable to those who knew her in her former life, unties the bow that holds her apron up. It hangs in front of her, still held by the lacy strap in her crack. She pulls the strap out, revealing her blonde pubic hair and the soft swell of her mons veneris. Jaws drop. Tongues are passed over lips. The men's blood is boiling. Their hands are often in their pockets or pressed onto their robes, massaging themselves slowly...

Mrs Dyle is getting drunk and talkative.

"Hey, Sheik," she says suddenly. "Is the slut going to come or not?"

"She is going to come, dear lady. If not, she will be flogged on her most intimate part, directly on the honey pot, very severely."

Sarah is kneeling on the table, the stone phallus deep inside her. She uses a finger more and more frequently, directly on her clitoris. The stone is beginning to look shiny as she moves up and down on it.

She begins groaning and her head turns sharply to the right. She pushes harder and harder on her clitoris, and begins to grunt.

"UGGGGGGH! ... OOOOOH!"

She throws her head back, her lovely breasts flying around now, out of control, knocking against each other, and suddenly...

"AAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

She comes, arching her back and presenting her bouncing breasts to all the eager eyes.

She slumps forward, semi-conscious from her huge orgasm...

There is a long silence as she recovers. When she can, she pulls herself up and off the shining phallus. She comes off it with a vulgar SLUUUUUUURP that the male observers find deeply satisfying. Several of them are licking their licks again, imagining they are deep inside the girl's lovely sex lips...

"No need for a whipping this time, Sheik!" says the Senator, visibly sweating.

Sarah kneels, head down from exhaustion, trying to come round after her orgasm. Her head is still spinning, her eyes closed...

"I'm not so sure," says Mrs Dyle. "You men are easily deceived. As a woman, I can tell you she was faking!"

The Sheik looks at Mrs Dyle. He knows that Sarah was not faking, but if his guest wishes to see a flogging...

He claps his hands and Bongo comes running. "Take this slave to the Patio and prepare her for the whip."

Bongo bows and helps Sarah off the table, pulling her by the hair and one nipple.

In just a few minutes, the Patio was ready. A beautiful young American woman with suntanned skin and green eyes is waiting in the cold moonlight to be flogged. She listens to the refreshing sound

of the ornamental fountains and tries to concentrate on it, but in vain. She cannot help thinking about the flogging. She knows she is going to be flogged for one reason only: for the pleasure of the guests and of the man who calls himself her Master.

The slave known as Tagira stands waiting in the centre of the square, for all to see, with her arms tense and lifted above her head. She is tied by the wrists to the lintel of a door that leads nowhere. She is stark naked and carefully presented so as to offer a good target to the whip. Her legs are wide apart, chained to rings in the floor.

She is wearing golden sandals. Someone has pulled her hair back out of her eyes so she can see properly.

Standing behind her left arm is a young white woman, about the same age as her, carrying a whip of plaited leather.

The hand that holds the whip is visibly shaking.

Half a dozen Western men, surprised and excited, look on. The other group, rich businessmen, are more used to scenes like this, and they appear simply interested.

SWIIIIIIIIIIISH

SLAAAAAAAAAAP!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

The unhappy girl's back, buttocks and legs are soon marked with a criss-cross pattern of raised welts, each of them showing the clear pattern caused by the plaiting of different leather strips in the whip.

The girl stopped screaming some time ago, simply unable to scream any more.

The flogger is tired and breathing hard.

Sheik Ben-Azir decides to intervene.

"Mrs Dyle, perhaps you would like to carry on with the flogging?"

"You are right!" she replies. "Do you have a cat-o'-nine tails or a flail of some kind?"

The Sheik nods to Bongo who fetches a short flail, used for separating the wheat from the chaff at harvest time. It has six separate leather straps.

"A wise choice if I may say so," says the Sheik. "It will open nicely and catch her full on the breasts."

Mrs Dyle stands to the girl's right, fixes her eyes on her large, totally defenceless breasts, and pulls her arm right back.

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH

THWAAAAAAAAACK!!!

"AAAAAAGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

The girl writhes and twists as the six straps hit her generous breasts, causing them to shake and wobble and marking them with bright red lines.

"The next one," says Mrs Dyle, "will be on the slut's dripping cunt! Could your man open her lips? I have no wish to touch the tart, I can assure you!"

Bongo pulls the lips of Sarah's vagina apart at the top, where they have wrinkled and failed to open fully.

A low gasp is heard from all the men present. Unlike the Senator's wife, they do wish to touch the girl's vagina, and lick it too...

Mrs Dyle pulls her arm back. Sarah watches in terror. The arm hovers for a moment, and then falls. "I can't get a good swipe at her cunt like this, look!" says Mrs Dyle, forgetting her language for a moment.. "Look!" she says as the flail comes down horizontally across the top of Sarah's thighs, missing most of her vagina.

"Shall we tie her over a barrel for you? " asks the Sheik.

"Thank you, but no, a good riding crop will do if you've got one."

Mrs Dyle takes the offered riding crop, which is short, hard, and flexible.

She stands next to the poor girl and brings the riding crop down again and again on the now red lips and pink inner flesh of lovely, much-abused vagina.

SWIIIIISH!

SLAAAAAAAAAP!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHH

AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Again and again the crop comes down, hitting Sarah right on the open sex lips...

The observers lick their own lips and accompany each scream with shouts of encouragement and gasps... Some of the men, Western and Middle Eastern, are unable to resist the pressure of their aching erections. Hands go back into pockets and press discreetly onto robes...

The Sheik finally stops it all.

Mrs Dyle has to be pulled off.

She is foaming at the mouth and her eyes are unfocused.

Sarah is placed on the ground, semi-conscious, frozen by terror, for all the men to see and touch. They crouch down, examining her welts, fingering her bleeding sex lips, stroking her lovely, injured breasts...

Chapter Twenty-six

Dusk falls in Georgia...

Senator and Mrs Dyle, wearing formal evening dress, sit down in front of the stage, a rudimentary platform in the paddock next to the stables.

Night is falling and like every Sunday there is a show on. The guest performer is called Bronco. He is a former wrestler, none too successful, who is serving life for six cases of rape and murder.

Bronco avoided the electric chair thanks to his limited mental faculties.

He is a terrifying monster, a hulk of a man or beast, with huge brutal hands. His once firm muscles have collapsed into ripples of fat, and his already limited mental faculties have fallen prey to a whole series of phobias. His sinister skull, his low sloping ape's forehead, his shaven skin and his furtive, lustful eyes made him an obvious choice for the show. The Senator was looking forward to it immensely. He wanted to see all that flab in action...

He also wants to see if what he has heard is true: the beast is sexually insatiable... Bronco is as famous for his sexual potency as for his fights.

He had been known to bugger a horse for hours and hours, and he once lifted twenty kilos on his fifteen-inch penis.

Bronco stands in the middle of the stage, waiting...

He knows why he is there. The prison governor explained it to him carefully, and he understood. If he behaved himself in jail, he would

be allowed to play with that girl who looked so much like the ones he used to rape and strangle...

Bronco did a good job the first Sunday he performed and the Senator invited him to the next four sessions.

The stage was not the usual raised platform. On the contrary, it was a sunken pit whose original purpose was to exhibit cattle.

It was circular, about five or six yards across. The floor was sand and the walls were high.

Bronco was naked, sniffing the knickers that Catherine had worn for the last three days and that the Senator's wife had just brought him.

The fragrance of the knickers was getting through to him. He had an erection. Mrs Dyle had calculated correctly – this primitive beast could not resist her daughter's smell.

There is an excited, expectant murmur. Everyone is impatient, especially Bronco, the Senator and his wife.

And Catherine?

Catherine is waiting in a shallow cavity behind a metal grill, like a lion waiting to meet a gladiator.

She is shaking...

This is the fifth show. Bronco is the guest artist, and Catherine is the first guest victim. She has a horribly clear idea what her role is going to be.

The Senator lifts his hand and a servant lifts the gate.

Bronco clenches his finch, drools and sniffs the air.

Senator Dyle places his trembling hand on his genitals...

His wife bites her lips...

All eyes are on Catherine. Unlike Bronco, she is dressed. Out of respect for the script...

Catherine is wearing a dress of black lycra, several sizes too small for her. It clings to her like a second skin. Apart from the dress, she is totally naked.

No shoes, knickers or bra...

She is aware of this as she stands in her tight black dress.

The show has begun but no one is moving.

And the script? It's an improvisation.

And the title of the play? "Perverse Rodeo."

A servant decides to prod the actors into action, which he does literally with an electric cattle prod. Catherine shrieks, puts her hand to the back of her thigh, and steps forward.

The gate closes behind her.

Bronco picks up the whip and shakes it over her head. He has to move quickly before Catherine gets a wall behind her.

The Senator's wife stands up and applauds, although nothing has happened yet. The Senator looks at her in surprise.

The whip winds itself around the girl's arms and waist. She manages to pull her arms out.

Bronco smiles. She is his now.

There was never much doubt about that.

Like a fisherman with the catch of his life on a lightweight fishing line, Bronco tests the tension of the line. He is not really worried his line might break, because it won't. But the crowd want a show and he doesn't want to let them down.

He enjoys his job and he doesn't want to lose it.

Catherine grabs hold of the rope and gets a grip on the sand with her small feet.

The Senator is looking through his opera glasses, training them on the girl's tense thighs. Yes. she's as adorable as her mother...

This is not going to last long. An ex-wrestler weighing some two hundred pounds at one end of the whip is not going to have much trouble with a trembling girl at the other end.

Bronco starts to pull her in. He senses that the crowd want to see some action.

Catherine slips on the sand and falls. She gets up. Her naked feet are white with sandy dust, her hair is flying across her face, and she is holding on to the whip desperately.

Her father watches her through the binoculars. He does not want to miss a thing.

Bronco pulls her towards him and knocks her over. She falls on her face. The Senator and his wife stand up to get a better view.

Bronco crouches down and puts a knee on her back. Catherine groans as her crushed breast takes the weight of the two hundred pounds of fat and smelly flesh. She cannot breathe. She opens her mouth like a fish out of water, gasping for air...

Bronco presses her face into the sand and she breathes it in.

It's the kind of detail the Dyles appreciate.

As the girl spits and splutters, Bronco pulls her arms behind her back and ties her wrists to the rope around her waist. Her arms hurt and the rope feels about to split her apart.

The Senator watches in fascination as his daughter's legs kick uselessly into the sand-filled air. Sand and sweat glisten attractively on the suntanned skin as the improbable cowboy ties up his human steer...

Bronco gets up and steps back, letting the crowd see. They applaud.

Catherine tries to get up and finally manages it. She staggers around on her shapely legs in front of her father and stepmother.

She is weak and dirty, but there is still some fight in her eyes. Hatred too.

She looks them in the eye. "I swear I'll kill you both!" she mutters, too low for her parents to hear.

"She's a fighter, your daughter, I'll say that for her."

"Like her mother," says the Senator. His voice is gruff with rising lust. His mind is full of breasts and vaginas, well-presented, provocatively high, inviting him to come closer, to touch, to lick, to punish...

Bronco hits the girl's calves with the handle of the whip. She jumps back. He chases her, worrying her feet and legs and making her jump and show the bounce in her young breasts...

Catherine runs and runs, her wrists tied high up the small of her back, pushing her breasts forwards, her legs naked and the top of her dress slipping to reveal half a nipple...

The show has begun and the crowd are getting excited.

Bronco stops in the middle of the ring and she goes round him like a horse on a rope. After letting her circle him six times, presenting her body to the spectators from all different angles, he pulls her towards him.

Catherine looks for the first time at his enormously long penis and her shoulders sag. What's the point in running away? It's useless.

Bronco catches hold of her hair and pulls her back against the fence. He grabs hold of her dress with his other hand and rips it off, down to her waist, to reveal her large, firm breasts...

The breasts spring up as the dress is pulled off them, and wobble as they settle back into place, to the delight of the spectators.

There is a quiet gasp. Her nipples are sticking out like tubes! They are erect!

Catherine feels suddenly ashamed, embarrassed at her own nakedness, and she tries to escape.

His hand grabs her hair again. His fat, revolting body crushes her against the fence. His iron penis presses hard on her stomach and he gives a few tentative pushes with it...

She screams. He lifts her face and turns it so that her parents can see better...

The Senator, deeply satisfied at this Roman interpretation of his role, clenches his fist and gives the thumbs down. The loser in this combat will not be pardoned. She must take her punishment.

Bronco throws his head back and gives a bull-like primitive shout. He lifts his prey off the ground by the hair. Catherine kicks the air uselessly.

He crouches down and, still inside her, lifts her slim ankles in his long orang-utan's arms and pulls her legs up into the air...

Catherine screams as the hard member penetrates her. The Senator and his wife look on...

Catherine shouts and screams harder and harder, her blonde hair hitting the sand on either side of her head as she throws her head around. Her legs rest high in the air on his solid shoulders and his weight gives her no chance as he drives his huge member home again and again.

After a time he rests. He is motionless for a while, his member deep inside. He takes some of his weight off her and rests on his ape's arms, lifting his chest high. Suddenly he tenses his penis without thrusting, simply contracting the muscles. This causes her to sit up with a shout each time he does it. The spectators laugh.

It's a good show today. This guy is full of tricks, they say.

Catherine's whole body jerks every time he does it. She sits up, unable to avoid the muscular contraction caused by the movement of his huge penis.

When he starts pumping her again, she feels as if he is going to rip her insides out. She fears the worst. She knows he still hasn't pushed all his member in...

Catherine is banging the ground with everything now, head, buttocks, back of the neck...

The man is unstoppable, untireable, a beast, some mad machine out of control...

He does not touch her or kiss her or lick her or bite her. Nothing except rape and rape and rape, now incredibly fast, two or three thrusts each second...

Catherine's jaw is hanging loose now, saliva is running down her chin, and she wants to die, as much as she did that grey morning when Madame Roissy took her out of the box...

Between thrust and thrust, rape and rape, she hears her stepmother's strident voice arguing with her father.

"No, dear. You're quite wrong there. On Sunday we left them for an hour and a half. Nobody died, did they?"

Catherine does not know . She does not know anything. She has been raped senseless...

Chapter Twenty-seven

A long way south, at the same time...

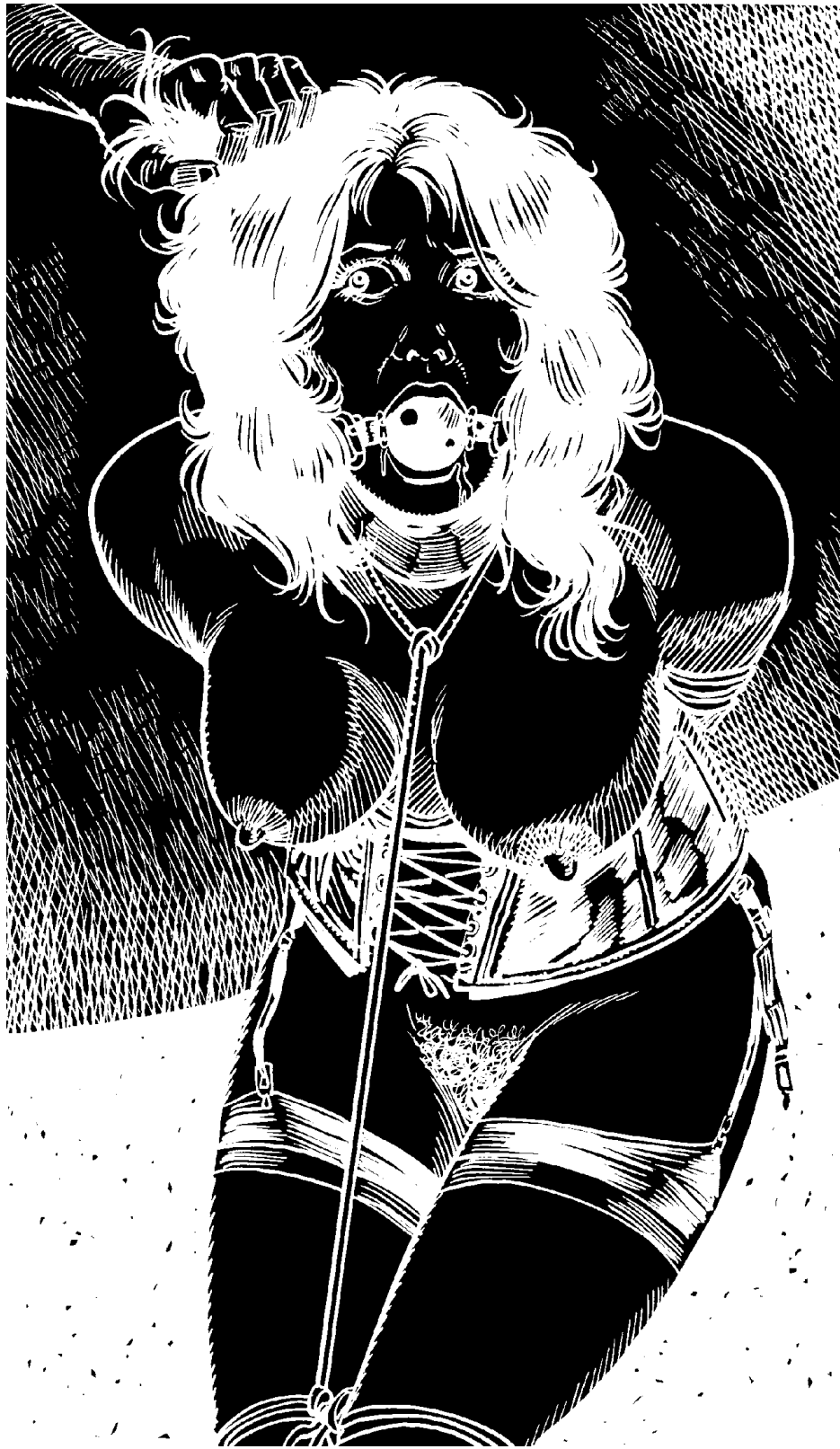
Herrera had warned her. She would soon meet someone very special, someone who had to give his or her approval to their relationship.

Now Teresa understood...

"So you are the famous Teresa?" asked Maria, a girl twenty-five years old who looked forty. An unexceptional girl, short and fat, with obviously dyed blonde hair.

Maria is engaged. She is going to marry Colonel Fabio Herrera.

Teresa nods. She is gagged with a large ball that holds her jaws apart. She has been waiting for Maria for several hours, standing, if that is the word for it...



"What do you think of my little purchase?"

She is tied up so that her back is bent forwards, causing her large breasts to hang down like bombs. Her legs are tied together and her knees are bent. She is wearing knee-length boots which have unusually high heels.

Herrera shows her off proudly to his fiancée. He pushes the hair out of Teresa's face. Maria sees a beautiful face and a pair of breasts such as she has always dreamed of having herself and which Nature had cruelly denied her.

"What do you think of my little purchase?" he asks.

Maria smiles weakly, but says nothing. She looks the girl carefully up and down, mildly pleased at the posture which reminds her of a bow of respect.

Whoever dressed her up like this? she wonders.

Teresa is wearing a tight corset like a cut-down music-hall basque. It leaves the huge breasts free to flop down.

She is wearing black stockings finished off with lace. They look lovely on her long legs.

She has boots to just below the knees and a red ball in her mouth, as red as her lipstick. A leather cervical collar prevents her from moving her chin and even trying to get rid of the ball.

Maria smiles into the girl's wide open, frightened eyes. Someone's done a good job with the clothes, no doubt about that, she thinks. The collar like a dog's collar, a leather sleeve that holds her arms straight behind her back, and operates as a simple straitjacket, and the high heels that make the poor girl struggle to keep her balance all the time. A difficult business with her legs tied to each other and a rope round her neck that prevents her from standing up. It keeps the girl busy, and she notes that it keeps her husband busy too,

looking at the enormous melonlike breasts that hang unprotected, soft, milky, provocative...

Maria knows the girl's been like this for several hours, waiting for her...

"Well?" Herrera asks. He turns to Maria, but she too has her eyes fixed on the generous swelling breasts, swinging and wobbling with the girl. She too has seen nothing like them...

"Yes, you're right dear. The slut looks pretty good."

"Maria and I are getting married next week," he explains to a disconcerted Teresa, who has a look on her face like that of a schoolboy who hands in unfinished homework. "I need her approval, you understand. She has to get to know you. Quite well, actually."

Maria stretches out a hand, Teresa supposes to shake hands with her, but the hand moves softly over her breasts, stroking them with two fingers...

It circles round her right nipple, moving slowly in, and begins to stroke it...

Maria licks her fingers and moves on to the other nipple. She wets it and blows on it, watching it wrinkle and stick provocatively out...

"She's very sensitive," she says, "look at that!" Her husband is already looking.

"Never seen anything like it," he says, slapping his slave on the buttocks. "Highly strung filly, raring to go. Cunt wet as hell probably!"

"They're all randy. They can't get enough of it!" she says, lifting Teresa's face by the chin to study her reaction to her comments.

"I'm going to leave you two alone for a bit. Give you a chance to get to know each other. If we're all going to live together it's a good opportunity for you to find out more about her," the General says to his wife.

Maria shows her husband to the door and puts the bolt across. She takes her rather common printed dress off and stands naked in front of Teresa.

"Let's get one thing clear. I don't give a fuck one way or another about your Colonel. You can keep him."

Teresa closes her eyes. Is the woman mad?

"Do you know why I put up with him?"

Teresa shakes her head.

"You don't?" Maria's nail scratches the soft aurora around the nipples...

"I'll tell you then. I'm going to marry him because we have one thing in common. It's important to have a hobby. I like women, and women are expensive. The guy's got money."

She lifts the girl's chin again and looks into her eyes.

Maria slaps her face hard, with the front and back of her hand, hard enough to bring tears to her eyes.

"Don't look at me like that, you big-titted cow! You're the only slut here, so drop that lady style!"

Teresa drops her gaze to the floor. She feels deeply humiliated, tied up and offering her breasts to this dreadful common woman.

"I like men too," Maria explains. "But I'm not keen on your Colonel." She thrust her fingers deep between Teresa's buttocks,

causing the girl to jump and nearly lose balance.

Her other hand continues the exploration, It is a strong, rough hand and it goes everywhere.

She leans forwards and whispers in Teresa's ear. "You've got a big pair here..." She sinks her nails into a breast.

"Mmmmmmmhhhhh...!" she murmurs, appreciatively.

The fingers dig in deeper, and the other hand moves up to the other breast.

Teresa grimaces as the woman squeezes her breasts.

"I'm going to tell you something. I'm beginning to like you. You turn me on! You're making me all drippy between the legs..."

"MMMMMMMMMMHHHHHHH!" Teresa shouts as the nails go in again.

Then quite suddenly the torture stops. To Teresa's surprise, Maria takes the gag out of her mouth. She unties all the ropes that bind her, leaving only the arm sleeve that pinions her arms straight behind her back.

Teresa tries to stand up, groaning from the pain. She looks down on the woman who has been abusing her. She is about a foot taller.

"It's time for you and me to talk woman to woman." She opens a drawer in a dressing-table.

"I understand you have been going to bed with my husband."

Teresa's head is already spinning. She has been raped over and over again, six times the previous night. She has been hours waiting for this woman, leaning forward, and it has been almost too much for her.

She doesn't need, she thinks, to listen to this rubbish.

Maria stands in front of her holding a bamboo cane. It is thin and whippy. Teresa looks in horror at the prominent ribs that stand out every inch or so along the length of the cane.

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIISH!

Maria strikes the air with it.

"I asked you a question!" she says, untruthfully. "Answer! Have you been going to bed with my future husband?"

"Yes, yes ... but ... I..."

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH!

Teresa trembles.

Silence falls.

"Yes, Madame ... Mistress!" she mumbles.

"How long have you known Fabio was my fiancé?"

"He told me yesterday Mistress."

"What time?"

"I don't know. Early. When he woke up. Mistress."

"And did he make love to you after he told you?"

"Yes Mistress."

Make love, Teresa thought. don't make me laugh. The man only knows how to torture and rape...

"How many times?"

"Three ... Mistress."

Teresa was bright red. She was not sure herself whether it was pure embarrassment or pure rage.

"And how many times did you come?"

"Twice ... Mistress."

"Twice!" shouted Maria, apparently shocked. "My Fabio came three times, and you, his whore, his slave, you only came twice!"

"Well ... the thing is ... my Master did it ... did it in a different way."

"And what does that mean? What is a different way?"

"He ... he ... he put it round... he did it ... from..."

"Come on, spit it out. A tart like you shouldn't be shy. Say it: My Master put it up my ass!"

"My Master put it up my ass," she said, her voice trembling-

"Now the truth is coming out. And what about the siesta?"

"Nothing happened, Mistress."

"You mean you didn't touch yourself thinking about him?"

"No, Mistress."

"No need to lie to me. I know you sluts! You spend all day with your fingers in your cunts making your clits sore!" Maria lifts the cane.

"No, I give my word, Mistress. I didn't touch myself."

"I don't believe you."

"My Master always puts a belt on me ... a chastity belt. And he chains me to the wall when he goes. I can't reach ... I can't touch myself."

Maria looks puzzled, apparently unable to think of a satisfactory reply.

"And what about the night then? What happened between you and my Fabio at night."

"He raped me. I mean ... we ... we made love six times, Mistress."

"Six times!" Maria exclaimed, putting her free hand to her head. "And how many times did you come?"

"Eight, Mistress. You can ask Herrera. He'll tell you the truth. Eight times."

Maria looked genuinely shocked and offended. "How dare you have so many orgasms, for your own pleasure, more orgasms than the man who keeps you and feeds you?"

"He likes it, Mistress. He makes me come again and again. I'm tired, I don't want to have any more and he makes me..."

"You're going to regret what you've just said. A slave doesn't know better than her owners. She just wobbles her big tits and opens her big pussy."

She sits on a sofa, still holding the cane.

"Come over here!" she orders.

Teresa walks over to the sofa, obeying the order.

Maria slowly raises the bamboo cane and touches the end of each nipple with it. This slave has had ten orgasms with her fiancé in one day...

"You will agree, no doubt, that I deserve some compensation," Maria says.

Teresa realises she is trembling. She says nothing.

The cane goes up.

"Yes ... yes, Mistress."

"Do you have any suggestions?" asked Maria, coyly.

She was playing cat and mouse with the unfortunate woman...

"I ... I ... I could make love with you ... Mistress," she managed to say. What else could she offer?

"You big slut!" shouted Maria, pretending to be shocked again. "First you betray me, you fuck my fiancé, and then you want me to be unfaithful to him too!"

Teresa bites her lips. She's trapped. What the hell does this silly old bag want?

"Your behaviour reveals a mean, humble nature. Unworthy of a servant in this house." Maria pauses and licks her lips. Her face has a tense, masklike quality.

"Come nearer. I will explain to you what we are going to do." She points to a table. "Put your foot on the edge of the table."

Teresa obeys, putting one foot on the table. This leaves her knee above waist height, leaving the other leg exposed, all the way from the tip of her boot to her naked vagina...

"This will be your punishment. You are sentenced to ten strokes of my riding crop," she says, stroking the soft flesh on the inside of her thigh. "That's one stroke for each time you betrayed me. You will take three on each leg. The other four will be on those big floppy cow's tits you're so proud of!"

Teresa gasped. She had learnt long ago that it was useless to protest. Herrera would never forget it. She was his slave and she knew how violent he could be.

"Stand with your legs wide apart. Move your feet! That's better!"

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH

"AAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

A terrible swish and a hard stinging blow on the soft flesh at the top of her thighs...

The pain was sharp, unbearable, diabolical, it shot through all her body...

The thin bamboo cane had found the most tender flesh, just below the crutch.

Teresa falls to the ground, twisting and writhing, and rubs one thigh against the other. She is howling as she has never howled in her life. Her leg is trembling. She cannot stop it...

Maria waits for the pain to sink in. "That's what you get for the first fuck. I hope it was worth it. I hope you still remember it, at least. It's a pity to be flogged for something you can't remember."

Teresa remembers all right. She remembers the first rape in the morning ... his foetid breath, his brutal hands, his aggressive erection, the blows, the penetration, the biting, his probing tongue...

Oh God!

"Stand up, you big cunt! You've got nine more to go!"

Teresa stands up with difficulty, her hands still tied behind her back...

"Stick those big udders out!"

Maria steps back and calculates the distance.

"Arch your back more!"

Teresa closes her eyes and grits her teeth, presenting an unmissable target. Maria swishes the air experimentally once and then pulls her right arm back all the way...

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!

"AAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

A long red welt crosses Teresa's superb breasts, right across the middle. Maria has hit her on both nipples at the same time.

Teresa falls to the ground again, rolling from side to side and pressing her breasts on the ground to try to ease the pain. She looks down when she can and is relieved to see that her nipples have not split.

Maria looks on in a state of ecstasy. She can't wait to see what state the girl will be in by the time she has received the tenth blow.

She thinks too of what Teresa will do to her after the flogging...

And she is impatient.

"Get your big tits up in the air again. We haven't got all day. Stand with your legs apart this time ... further apart ... that's better! Now lean back!"

Teresa leans back, thinking she is offering her breasts to the cane...

"Close your eyes!"

Teresa obeys, closing her eyes and gritting her teeth...

SWIIIIIIIIIIISH

THWAAAAACK!

"AAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHH!"

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!
AAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

The riding crop has gone down diagonally onto Teresa's open vagina, directly on her sex lips.

Teresa staggers but does not fall. She brings her legs together, risking more punishment for disobeying orders. She manages to relieve the pain a little by squeezing her thighs as if she was masturbating.

"Open your legs again, feet wide apart!"

Maria stands to one side of her, getting a magnificent view of her breasts, and grasps the two ends of the flexible riding crop as if it was a long piece of dental floss. Slowly, very slowly, she passes the whole length of the plaited leather up and down between Teresa's open lips.

Teresa winces and turns her head as it goes slowly over her clitoris. Her mouth opens and her cheeks flush...

Then Maria pulls hard on both ends as if she was going to lift her up.

Suddenly she begins a quick sawing movement..."I want it good and wet for the next one. It's going across both your buttocks. Keep your legs straight and bend at the waist. Down further! Head down, bottom up, like a duck! That's it. I want a good, high ass! Show me your little bum hole!"

It's going to be a long session and Teresa is going to be very, very sore when it's all over...

Chapter Twenty-eight

Not far away...

Melody has just woken up. She doesn't know where she is or how long she was unconscious...

Everything hurts: her head, her arms and legs, all her body. Especially her knees and her shoulders.

She is naked, except for some kinky stockings from a catalogue of erotic underwear and some shoes with very high heels. She is wearing the working uniform of the sex slave...

Only her knees are on the ground.

Her arms are held up in the air behind her. Her wrists are chained to a hook on the ceiling. Her feet are a good foot off the ground, pulled up by another chain. She can't move. She's confused and exhausted.

Her big blue eyes flick around the gloomy room, as if looking for clues. She's in a kind of medieval dungeon, a damp, sordid place. The walls are covered in chains and rings to hold her body in different postures while she is tortured. Instruments of torture stand in dark corners. There is dry blood spattered around the walls and floor.

It smells bad...

Melody tries to move and get some circulation back into her knotted muscles. The pain makes her groan and grimace. She has to give up.

She has something in her mouth, something bitter that is choking her. A particularly foul gag of some kind.

"Do your knees hurt, princess?"

Jaeger! Her own private nightmare!

She begs for mercy with her eyes...

With her gestures...

"Come on, Princess, don't look at me with those big cow's eyes. It won't help you. It never helped cows very much." He strokes her throat.

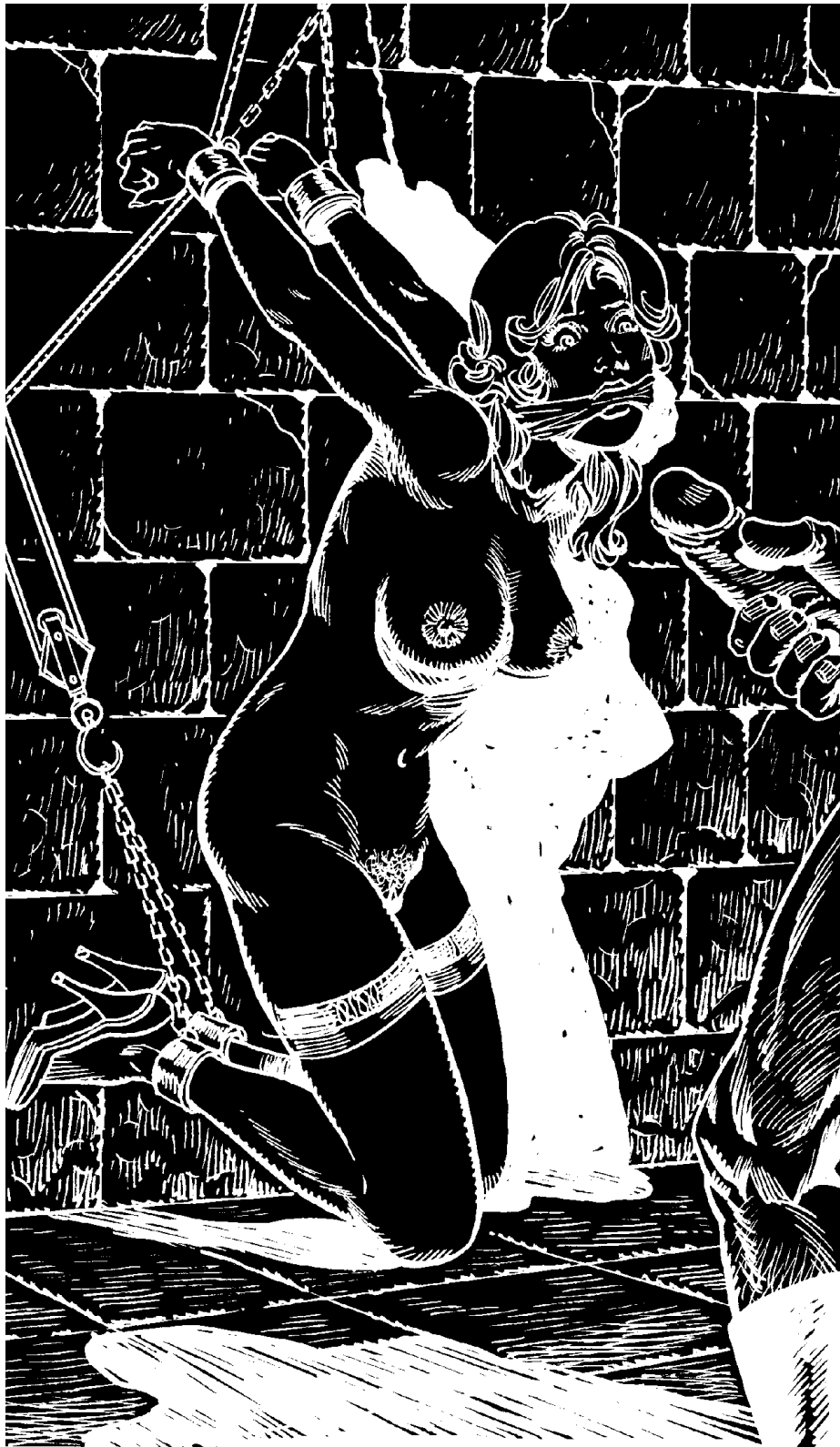
She watches in horror as he slowly lowers his zip and takes out his huge member.

Melody closes her eyes and holds her breath.

A foetid stink of sweat and old sperm turns her stomach over.

Herr Jaeger catches her by the hair and strokes her face. With his penis of course.

He does it slowly, but pressing his penis against her face as he does it, enjoying each inch of her lovely face, passing it over her eyes and nose, and stroking her lips very carefully. He even puts it in both her ears. He loves it.



"Do your knees hurt, princess?"

He bends down and follows her neck down to her big breasts hanging so nicely, flopping just for him...

He suddenly grabs her breasts and pushes them together, squeezing his penis between them. A wave of excitement comes over him...

A tear runs down her right cheek. She cannot take any more. She never liked physical pain and now she has no feeling in her knees.

Herr Jaeger takes off the scarf that goes over her mouth and then removes the other scarf that is in her mouth.

Melody now has her mouth free and tries to speak but nothing comprehensible comes out.

Jaeger is too far gone anyway to waste time with verbal games. It's not the moment for playing cat and mouse with his captive. It's the moment for sticking his big member in her and giving it a good ride...

He holds her head and puts his penis in her mouth. She can't close her jaws. She's gone stiff.

He hits her so hard as he pushes his in that her nose bleeds onto his testicles...

Melody reaches forwards and tries to be sick, but Jaeger holds her head steady in a vicelike grip.

He is into oral sex.

He grits his teeth and waits for the virgin throat to stop moving.

He pulls out a little. He has no desire to kill her.

Melody's lungs fill gratefully, sucking in air with a gasp. The rush of air excites Jaeger's wet penis. He sinks it in again, enjoying the

new contractions of her throat. He is choking her again...

Melody gradually gets the feeling back in her jaws.

Jaeger clenches his fists and twists her hair, hurting her...

"Come on, you big slut! Use your tongue!" he orders, pulling out slightly.

He smiles a twisted smile as the girl obeys, running her tongue over his member. He's flying, he knows this girl is too lovely, he can't hold back. He throws his head back and groans, and his eyes move nervously from her open lips to her big hanging breasts... He can't take much more. He's going...

Melody does all she can to help, in the hope that he will finish as soon as possible.

She has not done this before, but she understands that sudden palpitations and twinges in the sausage-like meat that fills her mouth indicate that something is happening.

Jaeger resists a few seconds longer, and then realizes it is useless. He can do this any time he likes, after all...

No point in dragging things out...

He lunges like a monkey, faster and faster, making her nose bleed again...

Melody is choking. She is also half-drowning. Jaeger's thick viscous semen has hit her throat and is pumping into her...

Her Master's thick salty semen runs down into her stomach.

"AAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Herr Jaeger has shot his load.

The old sadist is making the most of his purchase.

He looks down and likes what he sees. Melody is shuddering with repugnance. He would fuck her again in some other orifice, but his body just does not respond...

Suddenly angry, he pulls out and slaps her face. There is blood on his hand.

He walks out without a word. Melody sees him go as she looks through the hair that is hanging over her face. Her face is spattered with her own blood. She cannot weep enough to wash it clean...

Herr Jaeger has left her tied up, in the same position...

Chapter Twenty-nine

Dawn comes to the desert...

A slave's fate is never agreeable, but some of these unhappy girls are less unfortunate than others. There are even a few, very few, who manage to derive some limited comfort or pleasure from their plight.

Krista is one of them. She's a strong woman, hard and strong. She has seen many horrors in her short life and being raped by Moshe was just one more in a long series of hardships.

She once thought it would be possible to kill him if she was patient. She knew from experience that men lose concentration easily when they are near a naked woman.

She no longer thinks she will be able to kill him. He is too clever, takes too many precautions...

She does not know where she is. She only sees the high walls around the stables and the circular paddock. She feels she is in a hot country. Her skin, once so white, is dark brown. She knows too she is in a dry country that has a lot of insects...

She has none of the ingenuous plans to escape she had in Coconut Grove.

It is morning and Samo, the stable boy who looks after her, has just put her back in her box.

"The Master won't like it. There's not much here," he says, looking into a plastic bucket.

Krista looks at him. She is exhausted. She says nothing.

A mare, a pony, does not talk. And she's a mare now.

Samo plays a hose over her, washing away what is left of her night of love with "Moonlight", an Arab thoroughbred stallion with a splendid long mane and snow-white skin.

Samo places the bit in Krista's mouth. She opens her mouth obediently. He puts a harness over her head and ties her to the cart with her hands bound high in the small of her back. No one knows if the Master will come and ride her...

Krista is tired and frightened. She has spent the whole night masturbating her "lover" and has barely managed half an inch of sperm. She knows she will be punished...

"Bend down," says the stable boy, putting his hands on her buttocks. Krista is a foot taller than him, but she obeys and lets him tie the bridle to the ground. This forces her to keep her head low and her buttocks high.

Like every morning..

Samo stands between her and the wagon, gets up on a box, grabs her by the buttocks and penetrates the anus of his mare...

"No, Master isn't going to like it at all," he says as he rides her. "You know he likes a full bucket of this stud's semen."

Moshe Rabin wants to impregnate his mares with the stud's genes and Krista has the job of getting the genes... Filling the bucket is of course impossible. It's an excuse always available for punishing her.

She spends hours masturbating the stallion, and if Moshe comes to watch her, she has to lick and kiss the stallion's enormous member too...

Samo is still thrusting away at her bottom. Krista feels nothing. She is used to it...

It's the daily humiliation now...

Before he leaves, Samo ties the reins, very short, to the cart and leaves her standing with her head forced back by the bit in her mouth. It is hurting her in the corners of the lips.

The minutes pass and Krista prays that no one will come.

In vain...

Moshe has decided to inspect his blonde blue-eyed mare.

"Well, well, have you fallen out with Moonlight? Doesn't he love you any more?" Moshe asks, examining the bucket.

Krista's nights are hell. She spends them between the animal's legs, masturbating him with her bare hands. And then this pig comes and talks about love...

Moshe looks at her. He gets excited when he sees her tied to the cart. It's what she deserves, for two reasons, one she's an Arian, two she's a Communist.

"At sunset you will pay for this. You will receive twelve lashes, hung up by the ankles."

Krista starts trembling. The whip that is used in the stables is an ox whip, three yards of hard plaited leather. With a bit of luck, she thinks, it will be the end of me.

"We're going for a trot now."

Krista shakes her head, terrified.

It's always the same ritual.

Always the same torture...

Moshe fetches the little bells, to sharpen her reflexes and get her in the right frame of mind, as he told her once. They are attached to a safety pin.

Moshe gets hold of Krista's voluptuous left breast. He holds it firmly by the base. The blood builds up in the nipple and then he pierces it with the needle. A single drop of blood falls to the ground. A flood of tears comes into her eyes.

Then the other nipple...

"Move your tits around," he orders.

Krista bites the bit. How can she move?

Moshe flogs her on the front of the thighs with his whippy riding crop. It is not necessary for him to repeat the order. Krista moves her shoulders a little, pulling her breasts up and letting them fall. The bells ring...

Moshe sits in the wagon and releases the reins. Krista's head shoots falls forwards.

He picks up the whip and hits the bottom that makes him so randy every time he sees it.

"Trot!"

Krista whinnies and trots. It is her duty as a mare to whinny from time to time. The belt around her waist hurts. She pulls the wagon and the passenger.

Moshe fixes his eyes on the splendid hind quarters jerking in front of him. He wants her, he desires her physically, but he knows she is just a horse, a mare, and that she really belongs to his stud. He

could not possess her here in the stable, in front of the horse, but maybe in the paddock...

In any case the first thing is to tire her out...

"Crack! ... Crack!"

The lovely buttocks wobble, the legs go tense. Then he whips her on the legs too.

He loves her muscular thighs. Krista is a strong mare, with a lot of stamina, but she's a bit lazy.

You need to ride her on a short rein and teach her to respect you.

Crack! ... Crack!

They've been going for half an hour now and the filly's skin is soaked in sweat.

The driver is getting more and more excited...

"Giddy uuuup!" he calls, pulling cruelly on the reins.

Krista whinnies the way she's been taught and she stops, panting...

She has been working all night and she's exhausted.

Moshe gets out of the cart and stands up in front of the mare. He does not need to say anything...

He undoes his belt and pushes his trousers down. He has a huge erection, about to explode...

Krista knows the ritual. Since she has been his mare, Moshe has not raped her again. Her cunt turns him off, he says. It's horse cunt. Now her tongue is a different story...

She sticks her tongue out as best she can. With the help of her lips and her face she will give him what she wants...

Moshe won't make things easy for her. If she cannot deliver the goods, she will be suspended from the ceiling by the ankles, with her legs wide apart and her vagina wide open. She will receive double the twelve lashes he has already promised her. She will be flogged directly on the soft skin at the top of the thigh, and worse still, she will be flogged on her open vagina, on the soft flesh inside her sex lips...

Chapter Thirty

Night comes to Georgia...

The brotherhood is meeting in an old basement, a gloomy setting that has witnessed hundreds of vile, barbarous acts of sexual cruelty.

Some of the brothers are not wearing their habits, but they all have their penitents' hoods on. And they all have an electric cattle prod in their hands...

The room moves with the flickering torches set in the walls.

Tonight is a special night. Instead of the usual pickpocket or undesirable nigger, the strange community has caught a beautiful girl...

Black of course...

The girl is tall, slim and well-built, with firm breasts. She is a model.

Her name is Nelly.

Now she is not a model, because she is presenting her body, not clothes. She is more like an actress today, playing a role, that of a black slave.

They have just taken her out of the cage where they keep her.

She is standing up, her arms tied up above her head and her legs tied well apart. She has no clothes except the sexy shoes bought for her by the generous brotherhood.

All the brothers, especially Brother White, are enjoying her shouts and pleas. This girl was once a proud, aggressive black, sure of her rights as a citizen of the world...

Now she's just a prisoner, a terrified victim.

They have all had their turn with her.

Since she arrived, this black girl has become a receptacle for all the semen of the brotherhood. The thick elixir of life oozes out of her sex lips and runs down her thighs, drying on her dark skin.

It's early yet to get home and they all want a second turn before returning to their expensive, charming wives, most of them well into menopause. But they have to get their appetite back first...

That's where the cattle prods come in. Nelly is very familiar with them. They use them to make her dance.

They like watching her dance because it makes her big breasts rise and fall and settle into place...

Sometimes the Brothers tie her by the hair to a hook in the ceiling, or by the wrists or by one hand. Once they hung her up by the ankles with just her hands on the floor. Then, armed with whips, they flogged her ankles or his calves or her arms, and sometimes even her most intimate parts...

The question was to watch her dance.

Today it's the prods. And Nelly is still tied up from when they raped her. The "Council", as it was called, began late and everyone is in a hurry now.

White takes up position in front of Nelly and Lugan stands behind her.

White strokes her breast with the prod. Nelly steps back, and Lugan marks her on the buttocks. She pushes her pelvis forwards, offering her private parts to the oncoming men...

The dance begins.

Nelly twists and writhes in her ropes like a crushed snake. She shouts and screams. No one hears her, and it wouldn't matter much if they did. Everyone knows all about the Brotherhood, and almost everyone in the local community approves of it.

The cattle prod touches the inside of her thigh, her back, her armpits, her ribs, her calves... Each brother attacks his favourite parts, keen to live out his own particular fantasies.

They are pleased with their slave. She is young, extremely beautiful and has lots of stamina.



All black women are like that when they're young, the Brothers believe. Their muscles are strong and flexible, ideal for torture.

She was very expensive, but they bought her between the twelve of them. Brother Frank had to ask for a bank loan. White's bank was please to give him credit and he is paying for his slave in comfortable monthly instalments.

White is a natural leader. He has a brilliant idea.

"Hold her by the hair!"

He gets down between Nelly's wide open legs, moving very slowly to give the girl time to wonder what he's going to do.

"You're going to get something good and potent now that will put paid to your whore's randiness!" he says, gritting his teeth unpleasantly.

He touches the inside of her silky thighs with the cattle prod and sparks jump to her skin. He moves up and her thighs get the shock...

Brother White bites his lips and pushes the diabolical dildo up inside her.

Everyone, especially Nelly, can see what he's going to do...

Everyone except Nelly is trembling with excitement...

No one, except Nelly, suspects that this particular slave will not be able to stand it...

Chapter Thirty-one

Back in Paradise. The first stars are appearing...

The sun is setting and a man is lying on a quiet beach on a beautiful island in the South Pacific.

He is tall, robust and black. He is about fifty years old although he does not look it.

He lies on his back on the sand, naked as the day he was born.

Next to him is a fantastic white creature in her early twenties. She is blonde, with blue eyes and suntanned skin. Her name is Beatriz and she is naked too.

Max is responsible for everything that has happened in this story. Max is the man who made White Inc. and its "Dream Factory" possible.

Beatriz is one of these dreams. He had given her to his son, but the boy soon grew tired of her. So he kept her.

Max is very happy with Beatrix. Beatrix certainly does not want Max to sell her, considering the likely alternatives...

Our man stretches contentedly and gazes up at the first stars.

Venus is bright and reflected in the quiet waters of the lagoon. Orion, high in the sky at this latitude, can now be seen.

Max is very happy. He likes his job and he has more money than he can easily spend.

And he adores Beatrix.

And now more than ever. The girl has been attending to his erect, purplish member for the last hour. She does it well, alternating furious aggressive attacks with suggestive, hardly perceptible licking caresses. She knows this penis very well and knows how it works. She also knows that if she does her job well, Max will not sell her.

Every night there is a delicious, sensual challenge between them. Max wants to finish but Beatrix does not let him.

She keeps him on the edge of orgasm for hours and hours, sucking and kissing the tip of his member and testicles it is her job to serve as a slave.

She feels it tremble.

The tip erupts and the semen flows like lava up through the penis looking for the hole. Beatrix moves her lips away and her playful fingers press him. Max bites his lips, frustrated but happy.

Before he can protest, his slave's generous lips and eager tongue take him flying again...

There is no hurry...

The word does not exist in Paradise.

THE END

This book is the 3rd of the Slave Trilogy

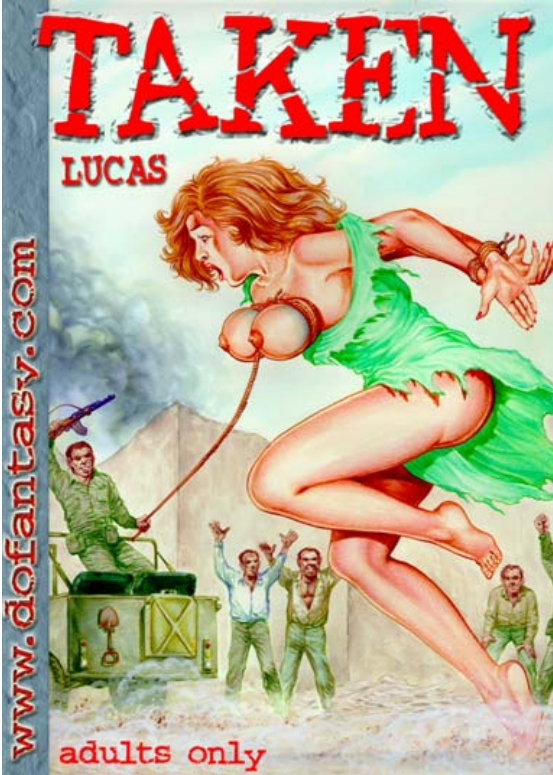
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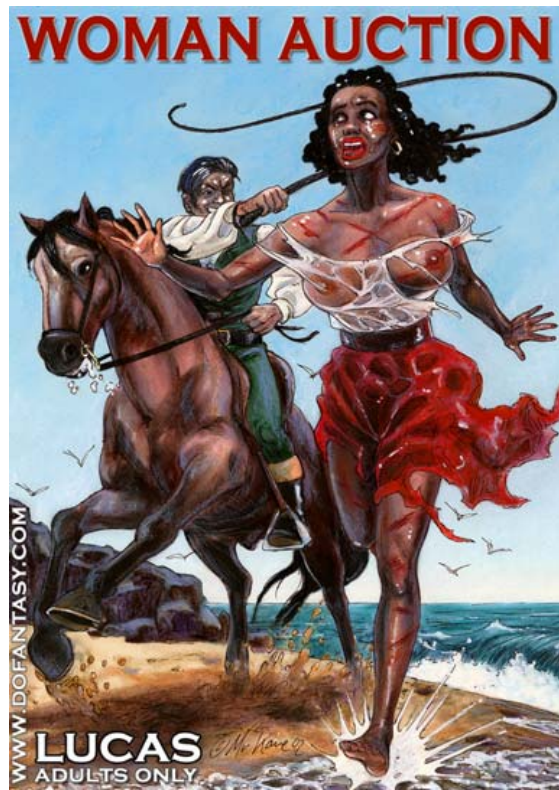
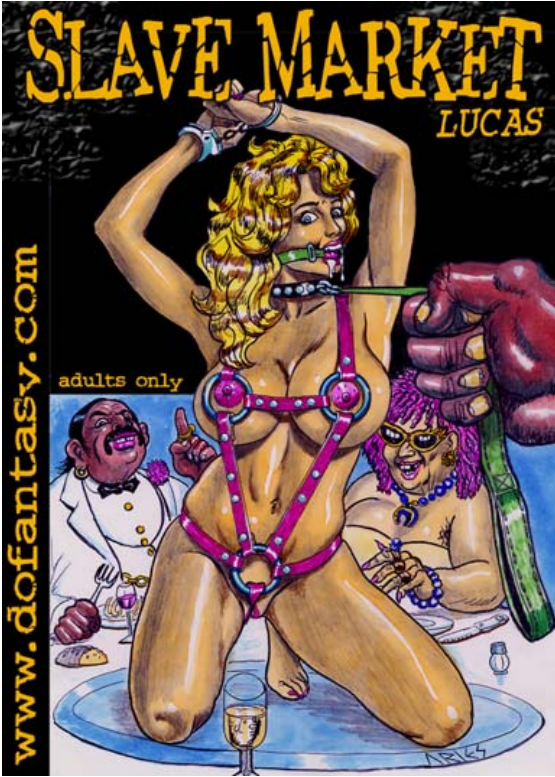
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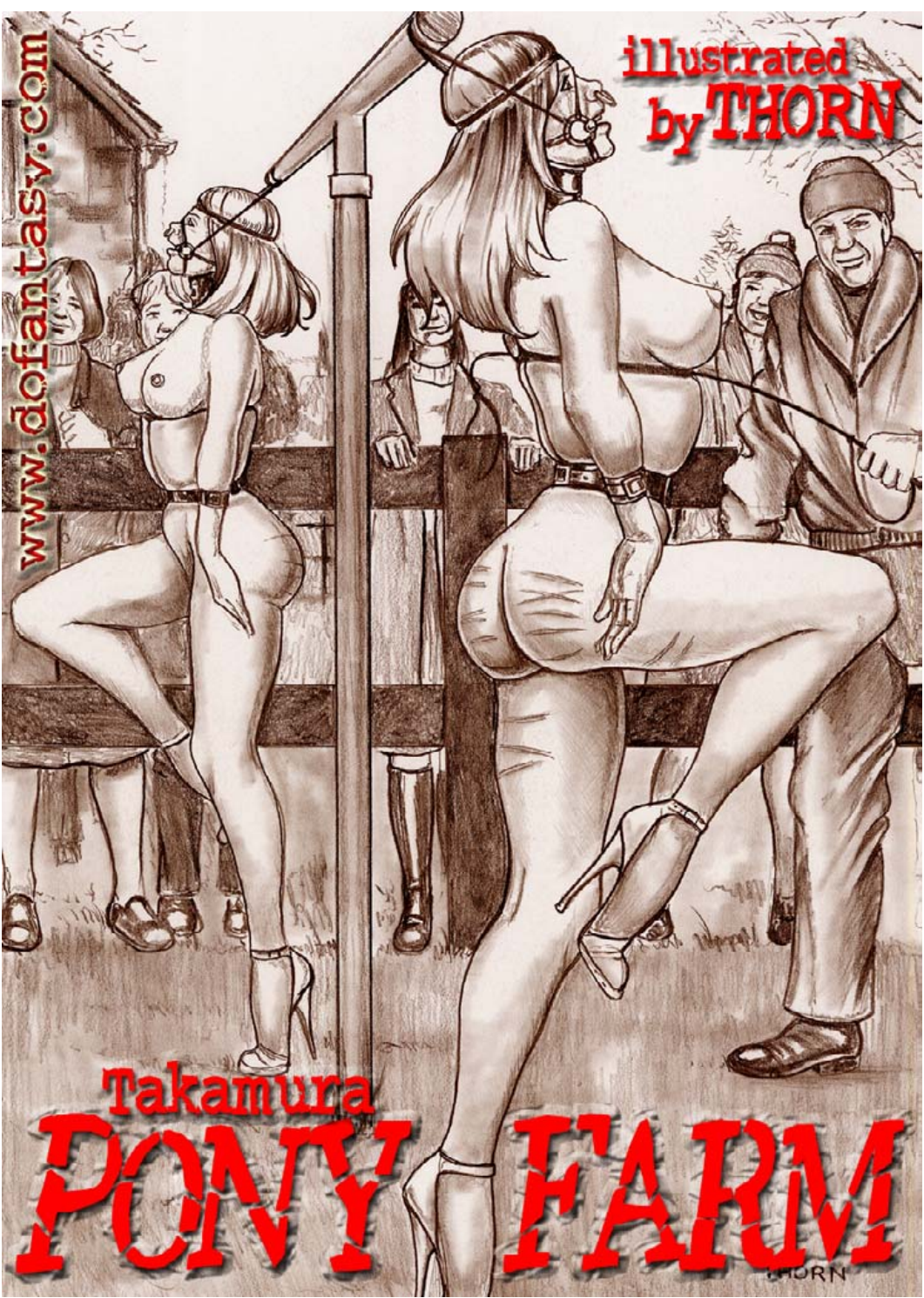


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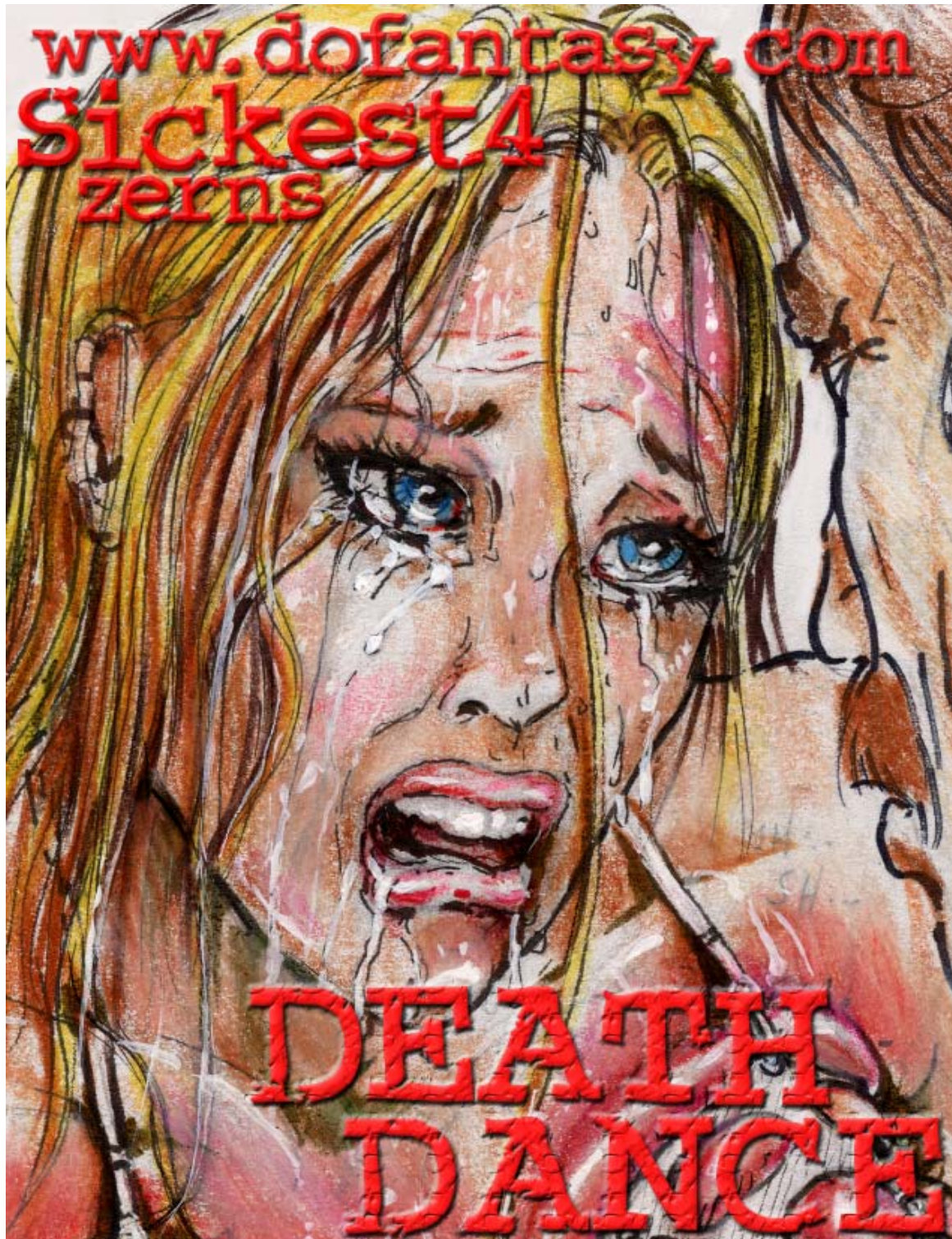
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