

A Dark African Fever

By JJ Argus

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Smashwords edition

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This story is a work of fiction. All characters are over eighteen.

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Chapter One

Sophie Campbell was a good girl, and had always been a good girl. Her clothes were always perfectly pressed, ironed, cleaned and folded. Her teeth were always perfectly brushed, carefully flossed, and hygienically washed with mouthwash. Her marks, at school, were all straight As.

Sophie did not swear, at all, for any reason, and quite disapproved of the habit in others. She did not gossip, nor speak ill of others, even if she disapproved of their behavior. She gave to charity, and volunteered her time to help those less advantageous than herself.

And Sophie always obeyed the rules, the regulations, the laws, and the policies, of wherever she happened to be, whether she regarded them as sensible or not. Sophie had never gotten a traffic ticket. On the road, car after car would come up behind her, move around her, and then move back into the slow lane where she would be driving the exact speed limit.

If other people chose to disobey the posted speed that was their business. Sophie would do no such thing. She was, after all, was a good girl.

It surprised no one when, after graduating from the university of Georgia with a major in Health Promotion, she volunteered to travel to Africa for a stint with the Peace Corps. She would, while giving all due respect to local cultures, help educate Africans on health behavior, on the conditions, both living and working, which would adversely influence their health and prevent disease and disability.

Sophie was a good girl, and felt that her privileged upbringing required she give something back to the world, and its poor. But it would wrong to say she wasn't at least somewhat nervous about the thought of living and working in Africa.

The pristine, beautiful campus of the University of Georgia was precisely the world in which Sophie thrived. There was order, beauty, and well-mannered behavior. The lovely, manicured grounds and smoothly paved walkways were a pleasure to walk on and through. She was quite certain Africa, by comparison would be – chaotic.

Just dressing for the trip was an exercise in anxiety! She was destined for the western African country of Namibia, where the average daily temperature would be expected to be quite high, higher than Georgia, and in particular, the more moderate climate of Athens, where she lived.

What was worse, she would be without the air conditioning which was the norm in Athens. This would, of necessity, require a certain alteration of her normal wardrobe.

Sophie, after all, was a good girl. Sophie was gifted with a body which was considered generously endowed and attractive (by western cultural standards, she reminded herself). The attention her body had often garnered was distressing and distracting, bringing, as it often did, the unseemly and even rudely displayed interest of men, both young and old.

Sophie was a firm believer in the equality of women, and wanted to be considered and appreciated for her behavior and intelligence, not her body. She had therefore, almost since adolescence, taken up a choice of wardrobe designed to minimize male interest.

Her clothing tended towards dark colors, despite the weather, was never tight or form fitting, and exposed very little flesh. Her blouses and dresses were buttoned up to the neck, her hems long, her shoes without heels.

Even her lingerie was governed by her interest in not attracting unseemly male interest in that her bras were designed to flatten her breasts, rather than emphasize them, to minimize their appearance. That task was not an easy one given the size of her bust, but it did work, to some effect.

Sophie was a firm believer in a health mind with a healthy body, and exercised rigorously. However, given the warm weather and the need to wear minimal clothing she did so in the basement of her rented townhouse, where she could jog and run to her hearts content on her treadmill, without male eyes ogling her in her shorts and reinforced sports bra.

She had some experience with men, much of it distasteful. They only seemed after one thing! And she had been raised to not give it to them! Of course, she had weakened over the years. She had allowed some few of them to touch her in places people might consider highly inappropriate, and she had learned, in order to please them and yet deny them her ultimate sacrifice, how to satisfy them with her hands, and then with her mouth.

She wasn't entirely certain why she had been determined to remain a virgin. Part of it was a prudent desire to not get pregnant or catch anything unpleasant. Part of it was that as a very private person, the idea of baring her body to men was a daunting one. Part of it was that she resented the often poor manners of the men who wanted sex from her. And part of it was a fear of gaining a 'reputation' as fast.

Of course, she had instead garnered a reputation as a prude, which she hadn't really wanted either. That was when she'd learned to compromise by satisfying her dates without the need to disrobe. It made her far too self-conscious when men ogled her, and she could only imagine what they'd do if she was entirely without clothes!

Her walled-in community did have a swimming pool, and she did make use of it on occasion, but not to lay around basking in the sun (which was not good for your skin anyway) but to swim laps. On those occasions she wore a modest one-piece suit.

She would pack that suit, of course, but what to wear in darkest Africa, where she could be out and about all day in hot, humid weather? Even if she were of a mind to wear shorts, it did not seem to her, through viewing the pictures, that women wore shorts in Africa, and she wanted to be culturally sensitive.

Long robes seemed to be the order of the day, which she found gratifying, though it did make her doubtful about their comfort in the hot temperatures. She was not, after all, African. She had fair skin, with green eyes and long, mahogany hair, and was not overly fond of hot weather. The women in the pictures had little or no hair, she thought ruefully, while hers hung halfway down her back.

But sacrifice in the name of helping the less fortunate only made her feel better about herself.

Since it would not do to appropriate the clothing of the locals (culturally insensitive) she went shopping and purchased a number of summer dresses. These dresses were, of necessity, light both in color and in weight, the fabric thin and not normally very tight. The size of her bust would have made them so, but her minimizer bras solved that problem handily.

She did have another problem, a personal problem, and that was her birth control pills. Although Sophie didn't need them for the traditional usage, her doctor had put her on them years earlier as a means to regularize her monthly 'visits', and they worked quite well at that. Going to darkest Africa for months might make it impossible to fill her prescription.

With that in mind she'd gone to her doctor and gotten an implant. It was a tiny stick, smaller than a matchstick, which was placed under her skin on her arm and would steadily release a hormone for up to two years, thus continuing to stabilize her period. It would also act as a birth control device, of course, but that, she thought, was hardly necessary.

The plane ride was exciting, though of course, she had been to Europe several times. There was even a delightful stopover in Paris where she could practice her rudimentary French.

Landing in Windhoek was less of a delight. It was quite hot, and the airport was quite small, and the line to pass through customs seemed interminable. She was gratified at how modern the city was, at first, until she and several other volunteers were packed into a Land Rover which sped south out of the city.

By the time they pulled into the small, walled compound where they would be staying the night

she was tired, sweaty, and very short of temper after having been confined in the car, speeding over less than perfect roads for hours. But she did her best to seem cheerful, given the circumstances.

The compound was far from luxurious, and the residents were a mixture of Americans, and the Namibians who worked for and with them. She was given a tiny room with two cots, the other of which was occupied by someone not presently there.

She found herself seated at the end of a bench before a long, rough wooden table, with a slender young Namibian man on her left and a tall, older Namibian woman across the table.

“How are you finding our country, Miss Campbell?” the man asked solicitously.

“Oh, it's quite hot,” she said ruefully.

“You will get used to that in a short time,” the woman said. “I am Lashan,” she added, reaching across the table.

“Call me Sophie!” Sophie said happily, taking her hand and shaking it.

“I am Sisco,” the man said, inclining his head.

“Hi,” she said, taking his hand.

She noted how rough his hand was with some surprise, but then realized that this was simply a man who had spent his whole life working with his hands. It was a moment of epiphany and guilt for Sophie, who suddenly realized she had simply rarely met such men, even in the United States, let alone shaken their hands. Was she a snob?

These thoughts were disturbed by the fact Sisco was not letting go of her hand very quickly, and she began to feel a sense of apprehension before he finally released her with a strange smile.

“Where are you from, Sophie?” Lashan asked.

“I'm from Georgia,” she replied. “Athens. It's warm in Georgia, but not like this. Whew.”

“Your accent seems odd,” Lashan said.

“Oh, well, in Georgia we don't consider we have an accent, just that the northerners do,” she said with a laugh.

“So different Americans have different accents? That is quite interesting,” Lashan said.

“Oh yes, well, it's a big place, you know, so there are a lot of local accents, even some unique to certain cities, like Boston and New York.”

Dinner was served, and Lashan helped to identify the myriad of different types of foods for her, most of which Sophie had never heard of, much less tasted. Sisco remained largely silent, though Sophie would have been appalled to learn this was due to his not desiring her attention so he could continue to gaze down the front of her dress.

Sophie was not in the habit of wearing dresses which did not come up to her neck. While the flowery, blue summer dress she had on was modest, by most standards, the round neckline was wide, and the dress was not overly tight. As she leaned forward to eat and talk with Lashan, however, the weight of her breasts tended to pull the thin material forward opening a sizable opening for the tall man's eyes to investigate.

The nature of her bra, as well, which, rather than being two distinct cups to shape her breasts, was more of a halter, allowed his eyes unimpeded access to the full, cream colored top of her breasts, and Sisco found himself entranced by the sight.

There were few white women in Africa, fewer still outside the major tourist areas, and even fewer as young and attractive as Sophie Campbell. The sight of her breasts produced a powerful erection in the African man, and he found himself breathless at the view as he strove to control himself and the girl chatted on blithely unaware.

Such full, rounded breasts on young, slender girls were rare in Namibia, where diets were uncertain and the science of shape forming lingerie something of a novelty. Sisco kept his erection all through dinner, during which, his eyes spent considerable time inside Sophie's dress, then returned home to his wife, there to please her with his enthusiasm while his mind was filled with the full bodied American girl he had sat beside through dinner.

Sophie, happily unaware of his lewd interest, let Lashan show her around the small town. Though a main road was paved, the remainder was dirt, and the homes and buildings were simple, colorful and small, often roofed in tin. A few thousand people lived and worked there, and all stared as she walked by.

Sophie took numerous pictures, delighted in how quaint and simple the place was, and how much everyone smiled as they walked by. Her pleasure lasted through her return to the compound, up to her shower.

She had been much looking forward to the shower, despite the fact it would be, she was told, in lukewarm water. The water came from a tank on the roof, for there was no running water in town. Nonetheless, she felt sweaty enough to put up with any temperature, and lukewarm sounded just fine given how hot she'd been all day.

The shower room was tiny, made up of a concrete floor and walls but she didn't care. She luxuriated in the water as she stood beneath it, and only the desire to soap herself up caused her to step back. Once heavily soaped, she stepped back into the water with a groan of pleasure, letting it wash away the sweat, dirt and soap all together.

Her pleasure lasted up until she turned the water off and discovered that neither her towel nor her robe were still hanging on the hook behind the door. There was, in fact, nothing there at all.

Sophie gaped at the emptiness, and then her face flushed hotly, for she realized someone had snuck in, despite the locked door, and removed them while she stood naked in the shower! Had they seen her, peeked at her?! Was it a man!?

Her mind was awchirl with the possibility, but had to calm as she struggled to cope with her embarrassing predicament. For she was dripping wet and naked with no way to cover herself! And she was not about to try to dash back to her room naked! What if whoever had done it were waiting!?

She opened the door a crack and peered anxiously out, leaning forward so that everything below her neck was hidden by the door, but the small corridor seemed empty. She didn't want to call out and perhaps attract a crowd, nor was she immune to the possibility this was a practical joke being played on her, perhaps by one or more people.

Such a joke would be even more amusing to them, she was sure, if they could wait and catch her dashing naked down the corridor! It would be even worse if they were men! Men had been trying to see her naked for a long time now, and none had thus far succeeded!

Finally a middle aged, African woman appeared, not intent on walking by but evidently interested in a shower herself. She frowned in confusion at Sophie peering through the crack in the door.

“Uhm, hello!” Sophie gulped, blushing furiously. “Someone has taken my clothes!”

The woman looked at her with a frown.

“What?” she said.

“Someone... someone stole my clothes and towel while I was in the shower!” Sophie gulped!

“Hello,” the woman said in slow, heavily accented English.

Then she pushed the door forward, forcing the slender girl to scramble back with a squeak of embarrassment and surprise.

“You finish, yes?”

Sophie had moved back against the wall behind the door as it opened, trying to cover her breasts and groin with her arms and hands as her face burned.

“Yes, but... but my towel is gone and my clothes – .”

The woman scowled, but evidently noting the girl's dripping wet body, she looked around, said something under her breath and shook her head.

“I-If you could find me a robe or ..”

“You go now,” the woman said.

“But – !”

The woman shoved a towel at her. It was nothing like the big, plush, pink bath-towel she'd had on

the hook, but better resembled a small, rough tea towel. Then she gripped her arm and opened the door.

“Wait! Wait!” Sophie squealed desperately.

But she was pushed out into the corridor naked, the door closed behind her, and scrambled frantically to at least wrap the tea towel around her body! She succeeded, but only barely. The towel was not quite long enough to completely encircle her.

She managed to hold the top together under her left arm, but this left her hip and side bare. Moreover, the towel wasn't very thick. Even when only barely descending below her buttocks, the top would not entirely cover her breasts, though it did cover her nipples – just.

There was nothing for it but to rush down the corridor and back to her room as quickly as possible while covering herself as much as she could with the little towel! Her door was around the corner and at the far end, near the stairs, and she had barely made it to the door when two African men came up the stairs and stared at her in surprise!

She ducked her head, threw herself through the door and slammed it behind her, face burning as she felt a wave of relief pass over her.

“Uhm, hi?” the girl there said in surprise.

It was her roommate, who she had yet to meet, and Sophie felt a new wave of embarrassment as the blonde girl stared at her.

She quickly hurried to the other bunk, then grabbed at the sheet and yanked it free, sweeping it up and around herself in relief, as the girl stared at her as if she was crazy.

“I'm horribly sorry!” Sophie said, blushing, “But while I was in the shower, someone stole my robe and towel!”

“Didn't you lock the door? There's a ton of thievery in this country, you know,” the girl replied.

“Of course I did!”

“Well, I can loan you a towel and robe, though I don't know how well the robe will fit.”

The girl was short and small breasted.

“No, I'll just – .”

And that was when she realized her luggage was gone, all of it.

“What happened to my luggage!” she squealed.

“Oh was that yours? You must be Sophie. I'm Dawn.”

“Where is my luggage!?”

“Well, they picked it up, of course, to move it to Hinda. You were supposed to be leaving for Hinda tonight, along with a couple of other people. Didn't they tell you?”

Sophie shook her head, eyes wide.

The blonde girl shook her head and stood up.

“I'll go and see Morgan and find out what happened.”

“But what am I supposed to wear!?”

The girl pulled a towel out of her own luggage and tossed it to her.

“You can use my brush for your hair. I'll go and see if maybe the truck hasn't left yet with your luggage.”

She left and Sophie carefully locked the door before dropping the sheet. She toweled herself and her hair vigorously, then brushed out her long hair as best she could. She didn't want to put the now quite damp sheet around herself again, so pulled up the bottom sheet and used that.

Someone tried the door, then knocked, and she eased it open to find Dawn there along with an older white man.

“Miss Campbell? You were supposed to have left with the other girls for Hinda,” he said in consternation.

“Well nobody told me!” she exclaimed, “And someone stole my clothes!”

“Oh dear,” he said.

“Well, you don't need clothes to sleep,” Dawn said. “And I'm sure we can find you something for

the morning, just till they get you to Hinda on the next truck.”

*

Sophie was aware her objections would make people think she was quite odd. Given how the other American girls were dressed, she knew her complaints would draw little sympathy. Dawn and she took much the same size in shorts – if she was the kind of girl who wore shorts – but 'nearly' the same size wasn't 'the same size', and the form fitting shorts Dawn wore were quite tight on her.

The blouse, on the other hand, would have fit, for Dawn had borrowed it from another, larger girl, but the absence of any bra gave Sophie little alternative but to acquiesce with Dawn's suggestion of pulling the lower half of the blouse up to tie together below her breasts. It left her midriff bare, but did serve to support her full breasts.

A pair of sandals from one of the African women, and she was set for the ride out to Hinda, where, she thought, she would be reunited with her luggage!

She sat beside a gap-toothed, stringy looking old African man for the ride, and he leered at her the entire time! At first it embarrassed her, but that passed over time.

“Stop staring at me,” she ordered indignantly early on the trip.

“Not staring, only looking,” he replied.

“Well, stop looking at me!”

He looked at the road, but every few seconds he turned to look at her (mainly her breasts) anyway, ignoring her icy glare.

At first she was embarrassed, and did her best to cross her arms over her chest, but the ride was long and hot, and over time she stopped caring. He was just an old African man, anyway, and didn't know any better, she thought.

She brooded in much of the ride, determined to be mature and ignore the behavior of her loutish driver, even while upbraiding herself since, after all, he wasn't a modern man and couldn't really be expected to adhere to the sorts of behavior traits she knew from Georgia.

She was still relieved when the car finally slowed its bumpy journey along what at best could be called a barely marked trail, came out of the trees, and she saw the signs of civilization ahead. It was a village, a large one, she thought, but clearly one even more backward than the one she had left.

Here, instead of tin roofs over cinder-brick walls most of the buildings were made of wood, and not always cut wood. Often enough they were made of bamboo lashed together with string or wire or what looked like vines, with thatch or even grass roofs.

The car pulled to a stop in front of a larger building with a lean to car port of sorts, and she was relieved to spot a pair of white faces. One was a thin middle aged woman, while the other was much younger, with a scowling face.

She got out of the car with a groan of relief as she stood up, rubbing her back and happy to straighten her legs. The driver got out and went around to the rear, meeting up with several local men, as they unloaded a variety of packages and boxes.

“You must be Sophie,” the woman said.

“Yes,” she said in relief.

“I'm Maria. We expected you yesterday.”

“No one told me!”

“That's all right. Come along,” she said, leaving the other girl standing in place, looking quite sullen.

They walked away from the building and down a dirt path into the middle of the village, and Sophie stared around in some surprise as Maria spoke.

“This is a village of the Kavango,” she said. “They're one of Namibia's larger sub-cultures, with a delightful culture which is matriarchal in nature. We're here to explain to them proper scientific notions of hygiene and other things which impact their health and longevity. Such things as how diseases are spread, and the need to treat water, for example, and keep their toilets away from where they eat and

drink.”

They walked as she spoke, and while she listened, Sophie looked around with wide, startled eyes, for the Kavango were dressed quite a bit more comfortably than the people in the towns and cities. In many cases that meant little more than a loincloth for both men and women! The majority of the women were topless, often with long, pendulous breasts showing that bras were unknown here.

It was like walking into a National Geographic picture, she thought with wonder. Of course, the smell, which was abundant, had never come from a magazine, and she wrinkled her nose.

“Yes, we're still working on the necessity of properly siting toilets, and putting them downwind,” Maria said. “In fact, the whole idea of toilets is still relatively new here. That's especially so of outhouses, for the Kavango aren't, as you might have noticed, terribly body conscious.”

“I guess not!” Sophie said, staring around.

If she'd seen men back in Georgia dressed in tiny loincloths, some of which showed their bare bottoms, she'd have blushed furiously. But she felt no particular unease here. These were simply natives, after all, and some part of her mind excused them from behaving like Americans ought to.

Given the heat, and their need to be outdoors all the time, that there was no such thing as electricity, well, they were dressed quite sensibly.

Which reminded her.

“Oh, did my luggage get in all right?” she asked.

“I don't know. My stuff and Rebecca's came. I don't know if there was more. We can go and check the depot, well, what we're calling the depot.”

They turned and headed down another path. Sophie guessed there were fifty or sixty huts and small shacks in the village, and she felt the need to explain her outfit.

“They took it all while I was in the shower, leaving me nothing to wear!” she complained. “I had to borrow these from another girl, and they're much too small!”

Maria looked at her with a small smile. “They don't seem to be too bad,” she said. “Though your breasts are rather noticeable in that.”

Sophie flushed. “They didn't even leave a bra!”

Maria laughed. “Well, I should warn you that the Kavango are fascinated by white women's breasts.”

Sophie stared at her in surprise.

“You may have noticed that bras are unknown here. Gravity has a pronounced effect on breasts, especially larger ones, as the years go by, and the Kavango are fascinated by white people anyway. Seeing the breasts of white women... the shape of which is usually quite different from theirs, tends to create considerable interest.”

“Uhm,” Sophie said, taken aback.

It made sense, she supposed, but she wasn't used to people discussing her breasts! Hopefully, once she got into her proper bra and dress, they wouldn't be so... noticeable!

As it was, each breast stood out rather firmly against the thin fabric of the shirt drawn in tightly against them and tied together beneath. It was necessary for the shirt to be tight, though, to offer up the support she was used to. To make matters worse, it was quite hot, and she was perspiring, which made the thin beige top mold itself even more tightly against her warm, damp flesh.

“Ah, here we are,” Maria said, as they walked in under another, of what Sophie thought of as lean-tos. It was really little more than a shack, with a sort of overhead porch roof of thatch supported by poles and a nearby tree. A man there turned as Maria arrived, and smiled.

Sophie gulped and flushed slightly, for the man was quite powerfully built, much younger than most she had seen, and almost naked. It was one thing to see them from afar, and quite another to be standing in front of one with all that gleaming naked male flesh only two feet from her.

She did her best to keep her eyes resolutely on his face, however, as Maria spoke to him.

“Ah, Kabali, this is Sophie. She just arrived. Did her luggage come in last night?”

Kabali looked at her and Sophie flushed a bit deeper as his eyes raked her from top to bottom, pausing with evident appreciation over her chest.

“The boxes which came in which were not intended for the aid hut were put in the huts where you sleep, Mrs. Wright,” he said in a deep, yet soft voice. His accent was distinct, but his pronunciation seemed excellent.

“Sophie, this is Kabali. He went to school in South Africa, and is quite literate. He is helping us here to make the local people understand how much simple things can aid them in being healthier and having longer lives,” Maria said.

“Uhm, hello,” Sophie gulped.

“You are most welcome to our village....”

He hesitated and looked at Maria, who seemed confused for a moment, then brightened.

“Oh! Sophie is unmarried,” she said.

“Miss Sophie,” he said, taking her hand and squeezing it.

His hand, she noted, was not damp, like hers, and seemed as hard as gnarled oak, much like that of the driver.

“I hope your mother is well,” he said.

She blinked in surprise.

“Kavango greeting,” Maria said.

“Sh-she is, thank you,” Sophie said. “I hope yours is as well.”

“She is strong,” Kabali said, showing white teeth.

“Hang on. There's Shini. I'll ask her,” Maria said, hurrying off while waving at a woman passing by.

“You are very beautiful to be unmarried yet,” he said.

“Uhm, thank you,” Sophie said, blushing a bit. “My people marry later in life.”

He frowned. “You have large breasts and good hips. I am sure you can produce many fine sons now.”

Sophie blushed a little deeper, though she told herself, from his honest face, that he wasn't at all trying to be rude.

“You have wonderful hair, as well,” he said, surprising her further.

His big hand came up behind her and slid through her hair briefly.

“Yes, excellent hair for a man to hold. I learn this in South Africa.”

He beamed at her, his teeth white.

“I uhm, pardon me?” she gulped.

“This is how a man holds a woman as he mounts her,” he said.

Sophie stared at him, aghast, but then reminded herself he was merely an African tribesman and had no knowledge of western customs and sensibilities. Still, despite the open and honest face as he smiled at her, Sophie had a sudden mental picture of what he must be referring, and her face flushed hotly merely from realizing what he himself must be thinking.

And that was her on all fours with him mounting her from behind, and holding her hair at the time!

It was impossible to get angry at him, however. It was evident he wasn't trying to be disrespectful or leering, as she would have thought had he been American, but that such talk came as naturally to him as speaking about the weather did to her. She strongly suspected the rest of his tribe were the same way.

She was spared having to reply when Maria returned and took her hand.

“Come on. Hurry!” she said, heading back to where the car had dropped her off.

“What's going on?” she asked.

“I think they loaded your luggage into Rebecca's hut! She's very religious, and took one look around at how everyone was dressed and refused to stay!”

“But...”

It was already hot. The last thing Sophie wanted to do was hurry!

“She's going back in the car you came in, along with her luggage.”

Sophie gasped as she caught her meaning, and hurried ahead, but they were too late. The car was just disappearing into the trees, with no sign of Rebecca and her luggage, and, likely, her own luggage!

“You mean it's been sent back!?” she cried in horror.

“Let's check her hut.”

They trudged along the path to a small thatch hut and walked through into it to find the two cots there empty, with no sign of luggage.

“I think that if it really did arrive here, they sent it back, thinking it was part of her luggage,”

Maria said.

“But...!”

“I'll contact them. We do have a radio, and arrange for it to be brought back,” Maria sighed.

“Those will do for a few days.”

Sophie opened her mouth to protest, but didn't see any alternative herself. Maria was short and nearly flat chested. It was most unlikely anything she had would fit Sophie.

She would simply have to cope.

Chapter Two

Over the following hours, Sophie got used to having her breasts stared at. It wasn't easy, especially when it was men staring at them. For a girl who had done her best not to have her physical attributes noticed, she was now finding it extremely uncomfortable to have them so blatantly out in display.

Though she told herself that was still quite modest compared to most of the Kavango women, who unselfconsciously left their breasts entirely bare.

It wasn't just her tight top, however. Her shorts were squeezing her in an uncomfortable, and unfamiliar way. They were bad enough when standing, but when she squatted, sat, or bent, the shorts pulled in much more tightly.

Many of the women commented on her not being married, and seemed to think this was quite wasteful. The Kavango girls were generally married off around sixteen or so, after all. Sophie did her best to explain that her culture measured things differently.

"They aren't going to get it," Maria said in a somewhat jaundiced fashion. "To them, marriage is a biological thing, not to be left to chance by waiting for a young girl to find someone she loves. In fact, until very recently the way the Kavango tribes married girls off was to have them kidnapped by other tribes."

Sophie stared at her in astonishment.

"Oh, it's actually quite sensible. It prevents inbreeding in these small tribes, you see. The neighboring boy's family will scout out the talent in surrounding villages, see who's available, then kidnap her one night, bring her back to their village. There the adults will inspect her to make sure she's healthy and capable of child bearing, as far as they know, then she'll be tested for strength, and if she succeeds, the couple will be married."

"Test her for strength?"

"I'm not really sure what the tests consist of. For all I know, they give her a knife and send her off naked to hunt a wild boar."

"What if she fails the test? Does she get to go home?"

"Well, yes, but it would be a great disgrace for her and her family. And likely no other man would try to kidnap her after that so she'd remain single her whole life. Like I said, it's biology, not romance. Small groups like these living on the edge of survival for much of their existence, don't have time for our comfortable western notions like romance. If you remember your history, it's really only been the last century or two where girls chose their own mates even in our society. And that only happened because we got rich and comfortable and able to afford such luxuries."

Sophie realized that all made sense, but she was very much the romantic at heart, so disapproved, of course. Still, this was not her culture, and she told herself she needed to stop judging them on that basis. That included their habit of staring at her chest with eyes which clearly suggested they wanted to see what her bare breasts looked like!

But she could only blush for so long, and eventually lost much of her self-consciousness in the tight top! And the Kavango soon got used to her breasts, and stopped commenting and staring at them. What was hard to get used to was the heat! There was a stream which ran past the village, and was a popular site for the children. Women went there to wash clothes, as well, and everyone bathed there – though downstream, now that they'd been taught this was better for health.

Later in the day, the heat having practically fried her brain, despite all the water she'd drunk, Sophie's envy grew too great, and she asked Maria where she could bathe with a certain measure of privacy.

"It's not easy," the woman said ruefully. "The Kavango aren't very self-conscious about their bodies. Men and women bath downriver a bit, but aren't terribly shy about being seen by each other. In fact, the young, unmarried ones take it as an opportunity to show off."

"Where do you bathe?"

Maria smiled. "I've been here three months. I've gotten used to their ways. I just bath with them. No one is interested in an old woman like me anyway."

"Maybe I could go further downriver than they do."

"Well don't go too far, my dear. Modesty is one thing, safety quite another. There are lions and other dangerous predators out there. They keep clear of the village but..."

Sophie gulped and nodded.

She decided to wait until later, when the sun had set and most of the Kavango were preparing for dinner. The Kavango had no towels, since the sun dried their bodies very quickly, but she did borrow one from Maria and set out, her head turning anxiously, hoping no one spotted her.

She found the place where the Kavango bathed empty, hesitated, then moved a little ways downriver from there, and found a spot with relatively thick brush and some overhanging trees. She looked around nervously, then slipped into the water, sighing with relief at how cool it felt against her bare legs.

She looked around nervously, then looked at her clothes and snorted. She'd worn them all day. They were as sweaty and dirty as her. So she simply dunked herself in the water, clothes and all, groaning happily as the water closed over her head.

She stood up, congratulating herself on her ingenuity, and soaped herself up, including soaping up her shorts and top. She dunked herself again to rinse them out, then stood up again in her soaking clothes, feeling much cleaner. Not clean enough, though. She looked around again, still a bit nervous, then untied the blouse and undid the buttons which remained.

She felt wonderful removing it at last, and walked a little further along the shore to lay the blouse up along a bush. Then, looking around again, she undid her shorts and pulled them down and off. That felt even better! She laid them on the bush, too, then dunked herself in the water before rising to soap off her breasts and those parts of her body the shorts had covered.

She was wary, anxious, and wanted to finish quickly, and get dressed, but it was so glorious to be sliding naked through the cool water, she reveled in it for long seconds before rising again. She reached up, combed her hair back, then reached back to squeeze the water out of it as she walked back to the edge of the river.

As she reached up for her blouse, however, an enormous snake slid into view from within the bush! Sophie squealed and threw herself bodily backward into the water, arms sweeping wildly forward as she backed away. To her horror, the snake slid into the water, headed right for her, and she cried out again, flipping onto her belly and swimming furiously away.

The snake seemed in no great hurry, and she managed to reach the far side of the small river well ahead of it, scrambling onto the bank as she stared at the long, sinuous length of it making its way slowly across the river.

Then she heard voices, male voices!

She jerked her head around in horror. This side of the bank was relatively free of brush, giving her few places to hide. The voices were coming from the far bank, so she turned and darted away into the trees and tall grasses, looking desperately for a place to hide. She intended to remain only briefly, then return to the river as soon as the voices faded, but they didn't fade. Instead they came closer!

Heart thumping, an arm across her breasts to keep them from moving freely, she hurried further into the trees, desperately hoping the voices would turn in another direction. Her luck, as she saw it,

was poor, however, for the voices kept coming closer. No matter which way she turned, the voices followed!

And then one called out, more loudly. “Miss Sophie!?”

Her eyes widened and she felt a surge of shocked realization. They were looking for her! They'd missed her and were probably afraid she'd gotten lost and might be hurt! What was more they were probably tracking her! They were hunters, after all!

The idea of being found naked, however, was too embarrassing to even contemplate! She turned and headed in what she thought was the direction of the river, but the light was fading rapidly now. She hurried through the brush, hoping to outdistance them, then gave a helpless scream as something, a tree limb perhaps, tripped her up and sent her sprawling forward on her belly!

Her ankle burned hotly, and she clamped her lips tightly as she drew her leg in, squeezing her ankle and fighting off tears. Before she could even consider how to run with her ankle hurting as it was, a mostly naked Black man pushed through the woods to stop, looking down at her. Sophie looked up at him in horror, then jerked her eyes around as another man joined him.

She recognized the second man, at least. It was Kabali. Neither man stared at her with lust or excitement, or even what she might think of as satisfaction. Rather, they looked down at her with frowns of confusion, then looked at each other as if to say “What is this silly white girl doing?”

“Miss Sophie,” Kabali said, “It is not good to walk in the woods at this time of night. The animals are in movement now ahead of darkness, to drink and to feed. You should come back to the village.”

Sophie stared at him, stricken. She had drawn both knees up against her chest to hide behind, and her eyes were enormous as the two African men looked at her. Kabali turned to the other and said something in his own language, and the man nodded, turned, and headed off.

“Come,” Kabali said, looking somewhat more stern. “Is not safe here.”

“I-I h-hurt my ankle!” Sophie gulped.

He moved forward and she gasped as he dropped to his knee and reached for her leg. She needed both legs to hide behind!

“May I examine please?” he asked patiently.

Heart pounding, Sophie tried to rearrange her limbs so she could extend her ankle, and he took it in surprisingly gentle hands, seeming to almost caress her soft flesh as his fingers probed lightly.

“Is not broke,” he said. “Perhaps you stand?”

“I-I don't have any clothes!” Sophie gulped.

He looked at her as if she'd told him she didn't have an umbrella, and she realized he simply did not understand her modesty.

“Clothes by river.” he said.

Her attempt to persuade him to leave her and go back for her clothes was met by more confusion and the head shake she recognized as the universal sign men thought women were beyond strange.

“Too dangerous. Come,” he said, apparently deciding to take charge.

He stood up, taking her arm, and dragged her bodily to her feet. Sophie's face flamed wildly as her body was revealed nakedly to him, but almost immediately she was distracted by a pain in her ankle which would have collapsed her back to the ground were he not holding her arm.

“I carry,” he said.

He swept her into his arms as if she were a small child, then turned and began to walk back through the brush as Sophie tried frantically to cover as much of herself with her arms as she could. He seemed to understand she was trying to hide her body, but that only confused him more.

“Why you hide? You have big round breasts, very attractive,” he said.

Sophie cringed again!

“How many years have you, Miss Sophie?” he asked, puzzled.

“I'm twenty two,” she gulped.

“So many!?” he exclaimed in surprise. “I am but twenty years. I do not understand why you are

still like a small girl between your legs!”

Sophie wondered if it was possible for her face to actually catch fire from the inner heat!

She had no idea how to explain it to him, at first. Sophie was a fastidious young woman who always kept every part of her as clean and neat as possible. She was also quite practical. Having the hair on her legs removed by laser had struck her as eminently sensible, as opposed to constantly shaving or waxing over the course of her life.

The same went for the hair under her arms. It had been the Angela, the girl she had visited repeatedly to have this seen to, who had persuaded her to the same with her pubic hair. For lingerie was Sophie's one girlish failing. She loved pretty, sexy lingerie. She loved the beautiful lines of it. Thongs made sense in hot Georgia, for she certainly didn't want panty lines showing. And, well, with her pubic hair removed, she simply felt much... cleaner and neater down there.

But how to explain laser hair removal to an African tribesman...

“I was sick once and it all fell out!” she blurted.

“Ah,” he said, nodding, as if that made perfect sense.

“Your hair is very long and soft, though,” he said, turning his attention upward.

“I uh, it only affected body hair,” she gulped.

He nodded, pursing his lips thoughtfully, and she hoped he would turn his attention elsewhere. She was laying in his arms with one arm across her breasts, and the other down her body, hand over her groin, hiding the object under discussion.

It was embarrassing enough to be naked in his arms, her bare hip pressed against his belly, his arm under her bare legs, and his other arm under her back, with his hand on her side, fingers extending well onto her belly.

Rightfully, she should have put one arm up across his shoulder, but she would not take it away from hiding her body. Even as it was, she was only partially shielding her full breasts, and his eyes kept flicking down at the ground, passing her almost entirely naked body on the way.

It wasn't merely embarrassment she felt, however. Sophie had never felt a man's skin against her before, not like this. That she was naked, might not mean much to Kabali, but it certainly affected her! A strange dark image kept popping into her mind, an image born of his statement earlier in the day about her hair.

Her, on her hands and knees, as he mounted her, as he took her, like a bull, grasping her hair, riding her like a ... like an animal!

It was an image which tightened her chest and made her mind squirm wildly! She felt an uncharacteristic thrum of energy and heat in her lower belly, and, grasping her right breast with her left hand, she realized her nipple was tingling and erect.

That she was feeling aroused, of course, only made her more uncomfortable, more embarrassed, and more determined to hide her body from his male eyes as much as possible!

It was then that Kabali gave a yelp, and dropped her onto the ground, as he himself was yanked upward into the air by his ankle!

Sophie screamed as she tumbled to the ground, then gaped up at Kabali, who hung by a vine around one ankle, cursing and twisting around. She gulped and clamped her arms across her chest again, though he didn't seem to be watching her. She also blushed hotly, for hanging upside down had dropped his loincloth over his belly, revealing his sizable male organ!

Since it didn't seem likely he would be able to free himself, she forced herself to get to her feet, or one foot, at any rate, still trying to cover as much of her body as she could with her arms.

It was then that a huge shadow came up behind her, and as she turned she squealed again as someone grabbed her, someone big and black, yanked her up over his shoulder, and then turned and sprinted away, with Kabali yelling after them!

Sophie was astonished, at first. She was draped, belly-down, across a man's shoulder! She could feel his arm clamped tightly around her thighs, pinning her legs to his chest as he hurried through the

brush, and she had to fight to keep her face from banging against his bare back as she bounced and jerked in his grip.

Embarrassingly, her bare breasts pressed heavily against his back, pillowing out against his black skin as she bounced, until she managed to get her arms in to slap at his skin.

“Let me go! Stop it!” she screamed.

That drew her a sharp slap across her bare bottom, and she yelped in pain, newly aware of just how vulnerable she was there!

“Don't you touch me!”

Crack! His hand slapped against her bottom again, and again she yelped.

“Let me go this instant!”

She slapped at his back, then punched at it, but it was a very broad, very well-muscled back, and he didn't slow, but only slapped her bottom stingingly!

Undaunted, she continued to punch his lower back, and he suddenly stopped, hauling her up and forward. Sophie cried out again as she felt herself flung up and forward, then had but a short moment to glimpse his large, broad face before he swung her around and pushed her down against the dirt.

He grasped her arms and quickly drew them back together behind her back, then held them there with one enormous hand as he wrapped several loops of rope around her wrists and tied them together!

“Stop that! Don't you dare! You let me go right now!” she squealed.

Instead he stuffed what felt like a stone wrapped in leather into her mouth, then tied a leather lace across her mouth and around her head. In less than a minute she was back on his shoulder being carried along, this time gagged and with her wrists tied!

And her bare breasts pressed firmly against his soft back as he moved.

Sophie was horribly embarrassed, but fought not to panic as he carried her along. No longer able to use her mouth or wrists, she worked her brain instead. If this young man, and he was a young man, she had seen that much, was a member of another Kavango tribe, then he might be kidnapping her as his wife!

That meant he would be taking her to his village. There she would see the adults, and tell them she wanted no part of this heathen marriage rite! Of course, the thought of being carried naked into a village filled her with more trepidation and embarrassment! But she tried to console herself with the lack of modesty all the Kavango seemed to have.

He continued to move quickly through the brush, and she grunted and gasped and moaned, bouncing a little against his back, helpless, sweating, and dizzy from being upside down. She wondered how far his tribe was, and how long the trip was supposed to take!

And she wondered anxiously if he would really bring her to his tribe, or if he would take her somewhere on the trail and ravish her!

The image Kabali had put into her head rose again, of her on all fours, being taken like an animal! She shuddered in fear of it, though she felt a strong undercurrent of something else, something almost like a dark, eager curiosity at what it would be like to be taken thusly.

Finally, the man slowed as the darkness settled in. Now he chose his footing with care. She heard the sound of water, and he slid down a low hill, then the moon peaked through the greenery overhead and she saw the river as he walked into it.

Her eyes widened as the water rose up his legs, up to his hips, then up higher and higher, her hair getting wet as it rose up towards where her head hung upside down! Then the man pulled her up and forward and she squealed into the gag. The water was moving quickly, but he was able to walk as it only rose to mid chest. He set off downriver, holding a long thick tail of her hair wrapped around his fist!

He was effectively pulling her along on her back, by the hair, seeing to it her head stayed (mostly) above the water as he pushed his way through the water!

He walked through the water for perhaps ten minutes, then moved to shore, and shifted his grip on

her to her arms, then hauling her up over his shoulder again. Sophie grunted and moaned as she found her head upside down once again, her bare breasts, now dripping wet, rubbing against his equally wet flesh as he carried her along.

It was all very strange, like a dream, or a nightmare. The world was upside down for much of it, and she fought to cope with the wild emotions she felt. Oddly, she began to feel a warmth in her breasts, began to feel a sense of them swelling from the continued rubbing and pressure against his bare back, and finally, she blushed hotly, though no one could see it, as her nipples began to tingle more and more strongly, growing hard and tender.

That awful image, one she was becoming fixated with, continued to rise in her mind, and she felt herself growing strangely tense lower down, at the thought of this large man taking her in such a way.

Finally he stopped and set her down. She gasped as he lowered her gently to the ground, then set her against a large tree. He produced another long vine and tied her to the tree by simply wrapping it around her middle and around the tree, then he eased back on his knees and beamed at her happily.

He was a very... big man, she saw, staring with wide-eyes. Kabali was a good size, but this man was enormously thick through the chest, and wide across the shoulders. He had a large, square jawed face with very short hair. Like Kabali, he wore only a loincloth, and she averted her eyes fearfully, not wanting him to think she was offering him invitation!

“I am Ninda!” he said. “I am from Xinhu, where we travel. I have chosen you for my own because you are very beautiful!”

Sophie glared at him, face red, as he stared unabashedly at her, his eyes continually moving up and down from her face to her naked breasts.

“Tomorrow, the tribal elders will examine you and then put you to the test,” he said. “I am confident you will do well, and we will have many babies!”

Sophie felt her fear mostly draining away, replaced by frustration and anger. Stupid man! Could he not see she wasn't part of his stupid tribal thing!?

“Untie me!” she demanded, though of course, because of the gag, her words were unintelligible.

He sat down comfortably, cross-legged. “I am educated at the missionary school,” he said proudly. “Sister Sonia learns me to read and count!”

He sighed and leaned back on his arms. “Once, a girl came to visit. She was the daughter of father Moore. She was so beautiful,” he said, eyes dreamy. “She had pale skin like yours, and a pretty face.”

He pushed himself up and forward again, his face eager. “Your face is like hers!” he said. “Your skin is soft and clear, like flat water under moonlight.”

He reached forward and caressed her cheek and she blushed and tried to jerk her head away.

His eyes dropped to her breasts and she gulped anxiously. Then they dropped lower still.

Sophie had kept her legs crossed as much as possible, but he still noticed she had no pubic hair, and frowned.

“You must be much younger than I thought,” he said. “Your breasts say you are old enough to have children, but your sex is without hair. But I am sure it will grow as you get older. See?”

He lifted up his loincloth to reveal himself and Sophie gasped, blushing hotly to see him, thick and dangling heavily between large black testicles, nestled amidst a tangle of short black hair. Then, as if involuntarily, the thing twitched, and spasmed, and before her incredulous eyes, in mere seconds it had gone from flaccid to fully erect, thickening, hardening, and rising up to point eagerly at her face!

But then he dropped his loincloth again, clearing his throat.

“We can not do the good thing without permission from the tribal elders,” he said regretfully.

He turned away, and then took some things from a pack he had evidently been carrying. He made a fire – not through some ancient method of rubbing sticks together but with a match. He then took out a small metal pot, and some of what she supposed passed for food, and began to cook.

“You will like Gingu. It is very tasty and nourishing,” he said.

Sophie glared at him, but there was little else she could do. She was tied up, after all, and even if

she hadn't been, well, he was an enormous man – in more ways than one.

The sight of his manhood, so thick and eager, had left her almost breathless. Sophie was inexperienced, and more than slightly naïve, when it came to sex, but she wasn't ignorant. Still, the thought of that enormous... cock, pushing into her body filled her with a sense of incredulous denial.

How could it possibly fit into her body!? She knew, abstractly, that her body had the ability to... stretch, but even so, the thing was far too thick and long! Wasn't it!?

Again that image came to mind, of her on all fours, of him behind her, of his big... cock... pushing into her body, and she felt a sense of warmth spreading through her torso. Her nipples tingled and her sex thrummed with a sense of power and heat. What would that be like, she wondered, with both fear and excitement.

Fortunately, the loincloth sank back into place, and she felt considerably safer!

She yelped and twisted in place as something bit her. Ninda noticed and reached into his pack, then came out with a strange looking little leather bag.

“This will help you with the bugs,” he said. “They will not bother you once I put this on your skin.”

That sounded like an attractive proposition to Sophie! Until, of course, the practical aspect of his words struck her, which was when his hand, holding some kind of oily substance, alighted on her shoulder. His hand was gentle, but very firm as it slid up and down her arm and over her shoulder, over her face, which made her sputter and twist away, and then... and then down her body!

Sophie squealed as his hands slid over her chest, then down further, massaging the oil into her breasts! He was being fairly brisk about it, his hands not lingering overmuch, but the feel of his rough, warm male hands on her breasts made her body thrum wildly, her nipples hardening in an instant!

His hands moved up and down her back, giving her a moment to catch her breath, but then he grasped one of her feet and pulled it up and away from the other, big hands sliding over and around the foot and up the ankle, then past her knee and along her thigh!

Sophie blushed hotly, unable to cover her nakedness as his hand moved higher still. Her heart pounded and her blood raced, but thankfully, he stopped at her thigh, then dropped her leg and grasped the other instead. She had only a brief time to relax – slightly, however, for his hands again worked their way up her foot, ankle and leg, stroked along her hips on either side, then moved over her stomach and abdomen.

And then one hand slid straight down between her legs, and for the first time in her life Sophie felt a man's hand against her sex! It was a warm, slick hand, and it caressed her for only a few seconds, but she still felt a shock-wave ripple through her body!

Then he moved back, and she saw the front of his loincloth thrusting up again, indicating he had another erection. She flushed furiously, turning her head away and closing her thighs tightly as he turned back to the food.

He finished cooking and he came over to squat beside her. She glanced down and saw that his loincloth was no longer sticking out so sharply. He removed the leather strip he'd tied over her mouth and she was able to spit out the stone.

“You let me go this instant!”

“Here, eat.”

“I don't want to eat!”

She was, in fact, very hungry, but that was irrelevant.

“You can't just kidnap a girl like this!?”

Of course, they could, since they'd been doing it for a very long time, she thought. Sure enough, his face looked more confused than resentful.

“Look, Ninda, girls in my... tribe... don't marry people from other tribes.”

He frowned. “But then your babies will sicken!” he protested.

She sighed, gripped by a sense of the surreal as she sat there naked, tied to a tree, trying to explain

western customs to a half naked African tribesman.

“My tribe is very, very, very big,” she said.

“Eat,” he said, holding up some sort of mash.

“I don't want to eat!”

He shrugged and picked up the stone again.

“Wait! I'll eat!”

She didn't want to be gagged again! She had to convince him to let her go!

He held a small, wooden spoon out to her and she wrinkled her lips.

“I can feed myself better,” she said.

He pushed the spoon against her lips and she glared at him, but reluctantly let her lips open enough to admit it. She was prepared to spit it out, but was surprised that it actually tasted fairly good.

“Once we are married, my father will give me a cow!” he said enthusiastically. “And my uncles will give me chickens!”

“I don't – mphh!”

“Eat,” he said, pushing the spoon back into her mouth. “you are too skinny.”

He looked down at her breasts. “Though you have large breasts, and your bottom is appealing.”

She flushed hotly. “You shouldn't talk like that about a girl!”

He only looked confused, which frustrated Sophie further.

“Why? It is a compliment. Girls compliment me on my snake all the time,” he said, reaching down and raising his loincloth to reveal himself.

She flushed and jerked her eyes away.

“Once we are married I will get the tattoo and then I will show you what my older brothers and father taught me about its use. You will be most pleased, I think.”

“But I don't want to see it or... use it!”

He looked at her and frowned. “You are a female. You have never experienced its kiss. The older women know of the pleasure, but you are still a virgin. You will enjoy it and make loud noises of pleasure.”

Sophie's mind squirmed with embarrassment, and he had to reach up with one hand to turn her face back towards him in order to feed her. Of course, that meant he had to drop his loincloth again, for which she was most grateful.

“Once we are married you will get the tattoo and then you will know,” he said happily.

“I don't want a tattoo!”

“Of course you do! It is the way of the world!”

“It's not the way of MY world!”

“There is only one world, foolish girl. The elders and missionaries all agree.”

“I mean – .”

“Besides, it is not only the snake you will feel. You will feel the finger!”

Sophie stared at him and he nodded with confidence. “My brothers showed me how to make your wife scream with pleasure with just the happy finger.”

He held up his middle finger and beamed.

Sophie glowered, though her face heated. “I do not want nor need to scream in pleasure!” she snapped.

“It is one of the tests the elders give,” he said, pushing the spoon into her mouth again. “The test of the finger.”

“I don't want to take any test either!” she protested, after swallowing.

“Of course you do!” he said, pushing the spoon into her mouth again. “It is how you become a woman!”

“I'm already a woman, darn you!”

“If you are an unmarried virgin you cannot be a woman,” he said, as if speaking to someone

particularly simple.

The more she tried to protest, the more annoyed and frustrated Sophie became, though she continued to eat, and by the time the mash was finished she had made little progress on him. He got up and took the bowl and spoon down to the river to clean.

Sophie wriggled in her bonds, trying to break free. Her wrists seemed firmly tied together, but the vine around her belly was not nearly so tight. She slid downward, slumping in place, twisting and wriggling from side to side so that the rope slid up her body. It wedged against the underside of her breasts, however, and she had some difficulty sliding down past that.

Desperation leant her strength, however, and the fact her body was somewhat slick with the oil he had put on her helped as she got the vine over her breasts. She slid down further, until she was essentially laying with only her shoulders raised against the tree. Sliding down further she slipped her head under the vine and then got to her feet, eyes wide and desperate. She had to go back to the river, but that was where he was!

Instead she headed into the woods parallel to the river, picking her step carefully, moving slowly, waiting for her eyes to adjust to the darkness, away from the fire. As her night vision became clearer she moved a bit faster, but was still wary of tripping or running into anything since her wrists were still bound behind her!

Chapter Three

She didn't intend to go very far. She would parallel the river a bit, then turn towards it, and cross away from where Ninda had gone. She could even hear the water in the near distance, so wasn't afraid of getting lost. Once she was safely away, she thought, she'd find a way to get the rope off her wrists, and then return to the village.

That, at least, was the plan, such as it was.

When she came to a path which headed towards the river it seemed as if her luck was looking up at last. But then, Sophie had never heard of a game trail, nor considered what it was for or what used it. When she reached the river she found herself far from alone. A half dozen of what looked like large dogs looked up at her in the moonlight.

They had long faces, with dark jaws, very large jaws, in fact. She stopped dead, gasping, staring at them as they stared back. One of them began to growl, then. Two, which had been laying down, got to their feet, and they all began to move towards her, to slink towards her, she thought in sudden terror.

Their front legs were longer than their back legs, and they had spotted pelts, like tigers, but moved without any of a tiger's feline grace. Their necks were long and elongated, and they all had large mouths with lots of teeth!

"Go away!" she yelled.

Her words seemed to startle the beasts, but only momentarily, then they resumed their forward movement as she backed up carefully. Somehow she knew that the instant she fell they would all be on her!

"Get! Shoo!" she yelled

Her bare foot saw a rock and she flipped it up at one, which danced back, then resumed its forward movement!

The growls became louder, and she fought the urge to turn and run, knowing she couldn't possibly outrun them!

Then there was an enormous shout behind her and Ninda burst into view, screaming and waving a long stick. It caught one of the things next to the head and bowled it over, sending it tumbling down to the river. He swung the long stick at another, but the animals were already racing away.

"Fool girl!" he said.

Sophie was in something of a state of shock, her heart pounding and adrenaline flooding her system! She'd been sure she was about to be killed! And eaten!

She yelped as Ninda grabbed her by the hair and sat down, and her rubbery legs needed little persuasion to bend and drop her. She gasped in surprise as Ninda yanked her up across his lap, though, and then his big, open hand came down firmly across the soft surface of her buttocks with a resounding crack!

"Ow!"

Crack! Crack! Crack!

"Ow! Ow! Stop it! Ow! That hurts!" she squealed.

Ninda held her hair firmly as his hand slapped down repeatedly against her bottom, ignoring her squeals and protests.

"Hyenas are dangerous," he said sternly. "You can be killed!"

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Ow! I'm sorry! Ow! I didn't know!” she cried.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“You are very foolish girl!” he said.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Ow! Stop it! Ninda!”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

It was hard to be angry at him given how stupid she now felt for running off as she did. In retrospect, it was crazy to be trying to run around by herself in the jungle, let alone naked, let alone at night, let alone naked, at night, with her wrists tied behind her!

“You do not even carry spear or club!” he exclaimed.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Ow! That hurts! Stop!”

It was also hard to get angry at him given he had just saved her life! Saved her from being torn apart by hyenas! But her bottom was on fire now, and no matter how she wriggled and twisted, no matter how Sophie kicked her feet and begged him to stop, that big handle kept slapping down remorselessly on her bottom!

“How can it be your elders have never explained such things!?” he demanded.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Her skin seemed to throb with heat with every beat of her heart, and each blow brought a fresh explosion of stinging pain into her body! Still, it wasn't the pain which caused her to burst into tears. It was the frustration of it all, of everything, and the recent escape from horrible death which had her so overwrought!

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Ninda continued to spank her as she sobbed, but each blow was lighter than the last, and he soon stopped, muttering to himself. He rolled her over and then lifted her upper body into a sitting position.

“Do not cry, foolish girl. I will teach you the things you must know,” he said soothingly.

But Sophie had been on the verge of shock from her near death experience even before he started spanking her. No soothing words were going to stop her tears. And Ninda discovered he had a pronounced aversion to pretty girls crying unhappily and few ideas on how to stop it. Rocking her in his arms and crooning to her didn't work. Promising her he would built a lovely hut didn't work.

And then he remembered the finger of happiness. Strictly speaking, he wasn't supposed to use the finger of happiness until married, but many younger people did anyway, and it always seemed to please the girls. So as he held the sobbing girl in his arms his hand slid down and his finger found that special place girls had just at the top of their openings, and began to rub it.

Sophie didn't even notice – at first. She was still sobbing heavily in frustration and shock and unhappiness, too wrapped up in her own misery to care what he was doing. But then the sensations began to catch her attention, began to pull her mind, bit by bit, from the shock of her recent death and her sore bottom.

It certainly felt good. In fact, it felt very nice. But as her fluttering eyes began to blink back the tears and look down to see what he was doing, and her mind, stunned by her near-death experience and the pain of the spanking, began to focus, she felt a sudden surge of embarrassment and uncertainty.

The feel of his finger, still slick, against her clitoris was producing tactile sensations the likes of which Sophie had never experienced in her life. Not that she hadn't touched herself 'down there' before, of course. She wasn't a complete innocent. She had certainly masturbated. But never had her own fingers felt anything like the touch of his!

The sensations it was rousing in her were far more powerful, far more intense than anything she had ever experienced before! She felt her body trembling, felt the incredible pressure within her, a pressure of need and want and hunger, surging and growing as if it would push aside everything else in

the world!

Of course, he wasn't supposed to be touching her there! She ought to be snapping her thighs closed and upbraiding him for being so forward! But she was still sniffing, still catching her breath, her racing pulse still slowing from her experience with the hyenas – not to mention the stinging pain to her bottom.

Her mind was awlirl, and not exactly functioning at peak efficiency! And as her mind cleared, cleared enough to know he simply should not be touching her like that, the tactile sensations began to grow in strength, spreading a thrumming heat through her lower belly as she gasped and moaned involuntarily at the power of those sensations!

It had been a simply awful few hours, and nothing remotely pleasant had happened during any of it – until now. There was absolutely no denying the rush of heat and pleasure flooding through her system as his oiled finger stroked across her equally slick clitoris, and Sophie felt her chest tightening as a breathless sensation settled upon her.

“D-D-Don't!” she gurgled.

“Shhh,” he said. “Your nipples are very hard. This shows your body is happy.”

She gasped as he pulled back on her hair, forcing her back to arch. Then her mouth opened into a soundless O of shock as she felt his mouth close on the center of her right breast. She squeaked in astonishment as she felt his tongue against her hard nipple, as she felt his mouth beginning to suck rhythmically against the center of her breast!

Her hips began to twist and grind helplessly as his finger rubbed insistently at her clitoris, and now her breast felt hot and swollen, the nipple burning with a dark, wild, yet exciting flame as his tongue stroked and twirled around it! His teeth were ... chewing... softly against her flesh, on the edge of pain as his lips caressed her and he sucked with growing excitement!

Sophie felt the heat and sexual tension explode within her, rising to levels she had never felt in her life! Her thighs jerked apart, giving him easier access, and she gurgled dazedly, shocked by the intensity of the sexual hunger within her. Her body trembled and her legs jerked and spasmed on the ground as his mouth chewed harder on the center of her breast with a strength which should have hurt, and did hurt – but hurt in a shockingly exciting sort of way which left her shuddering!

His long, thick black finger slid down across her clitoris, then curled in and penetrated her, the tip circling and turning within the mouth of her sex, as the base of his finger continued to caress her clitoris.

Sophie squirmed and writhed in his grasp, gulping in air, whimpering and moaning, her already dazed mind flooded with sensations and emotions it was unable to handle. The orgasm, when it swelled up and exploded within her, shocked her as her hips bucked convulsively against his finger and she cried out in helpless, animal pleasure!

Her body felt as though a screaming storm of sensations had exploded within it! Nothing in the world mattered at that point in time but that incredible pleasure, and Sophie's wondering mind clung to it like a limpet, frantic for it to go on as long as possible! All thoughts, worries, concerns and inhibitions melted away in the scalding heat which had her body twisting and thrashing uncontrollably in his grasp, her muscles spasming as the sexual electricity crackled along her nervous system.

“There, you see. You feel much better now,” he said as she finally went limp.

Sophie moaned, her head fallen back, her mouth open as she gulped in air, sweat beaded on her skin as her insides continued to tremble weakly.

She groaned as he pulled her head up and forward, and as her mind returned she felt a sudden sense of embarrassment and even shame, but it was oddly muted, perhaps because of how casually he treated this entire thing, and perhaps because her mind was still distracted.

She could feel the hardness beneath her bare buttocks, and a sudden flush caught her cheeks as she understood he was very erect again, and only a thin leather loincloth was between it and her!

“You have very... soft skin,” he said, his eyes filled with something hungry.

Sophie flinched as his hand caressed her breasts, his fingers stroking across nipples which were still very stiff and sensitive.

“D-Don't!” she half whispered.

His big hand slid lower, caressing her belly and abdomen, then, as if consciously deciding to avoid it, veered away from her groin, to slide along her hip then down her leg.

He licked his lips nervously, and seemed to tremble a little, and Sophie was gripped by wild swings of emotion, between fear and excitement, between anxiety and anticipation. Was he going to... ?! Would he really... !? No! He couldn't! But what if he did!?

“My... snake is hungry,” he gulped.

He shifted her bottom aside a little and saw his big male organ spring up, pushing aside his loincloth. Her eyes grew wide in the moonlight as she stared at it, as she imagined it inside her! Again she felt that image come to her mind, of herself on all fours, and him mounting her like... like an animal!

But that was wrong! Not only was she saving her virginity but... but it would give him some hope that she might agree to marry him, and she had no intention of doing so!

But she stared at it anyway.

“He is very hungry, but I will not do the forbidden thing,” he growled, as if bracing himself.

“Wh-what is the forbidden thing?” Sophie gulped anxiously.

He looked at her in some surprise.

“You are sure of your age?”

“Yes!”

“He is like a ground snake,” Ninda said. “He longs to burrow, but not into the ground...”

His fingers slid down against her sex again and she squeaked as they ran up and down its tight length, caressing her swollen pubic lips.

“He wishes to burrow deep inside you,” he said, his finger dipping into the mouth of her sex.

Sophie felt a sense of panic that he would take her then, even though a part of her – a strong part of her – longed for that to happen.

“I-I can give him somewhere else to burrow!” she gasped.

He stared at her in surprise.

Sophie was a virgin but she wasn't entirely an innocent, after all. One could hardly be in modern day America at her age. And while she was very hesitant to grant any of her favors to the young men she occasionally dated, she had found oral sex as an excellent method of ... disarming them, so to speak, and dissolving the eagerness for her body which made her so often uncomfortable.

She wriggled out of his arms, her heart pounding, and looked at his long, thick black shaft in the moonlight, then licked her lips, looked at him, and then lowered her body. She folded herself over so that her breasts were squeezed against her legs as she stared at his shaft from up close, then, pulse racing, she moved her mouth forward and let her tongue lick slowly up its steely length.

She heard Ninda's sudden harsh intake of breath as she reached the top, then a gasp as she slid her lips around the broad, wide head and took it into her mouth. He shifted his position, spreading his legs frantically, and then she gasped as she felt his fingers in her hair yanking her forward.

She half fell forward, but then caught her legs under her, and almost by instinct drew him deeper into her mouth while raising her bottom and spreading her knees wide. Heat suffused her once again as her straining lips enveloped his rigid shaft and her tongue licked eagerly at the head.

She tried to pull back, but Ninda's grip on her hair was tight, and she needed to move, so she moved – forward, taking him deeper into her mouth, sucking as her tongue worked, feeling a wild sense of something like elation gripping her as her sexual heat began to rise once more.

Sophie's oral talents were fairly strong. The more efficiently she performed, after all, the more quickly her dates were 'disarmed'. Extraordinary efforts were not usually required, and so seldom delivered. But on this occasion, Sophie's own internal heat was more than a match for her normally

thoughtful, even clinical mind.

She pushed herself in as deep as she could, amazed, elated, pulsing with heat, and when Ninda unexpectedly jerked violently and then pulled on her hair, her eyes bulged as her lips slid down further – and further – and further still!

His thick, glistening black cock pushed straight into the back of her throat and then down its length, seeming like an endless length of slick, warm, pulsing meat as it drove down through her throat, down past her neck and into her very chest before her face was jammed up against his groin!

So startled was she, so amazed, that she didn't have time to gag. That too amazed her. She had learned how to perform oral sex through internet readings, and had attempted deep throating on a few occasions, but found it to be difficult, uncomfortable, and ultimately unnecessary.

But despite thickness of Ninda's black shaft she had him lodged deep within her, and her wildly aroused, spinning mind exulted in it! When he eased his grip on her hair, finally, she began to slide back up, and almost gagged there out of her quickly rising concern at her inability to breath.

He pulled free, though, and she gasped and coughed, gulping in air, slightly light-headed from lack of breath. Ninda was groaning and moaning words she didn't understand as she sucked on the head of his cock, but then his hand pulled eagerly at her hair, forcing her mouth downward again.

Sophie gulped in air again, then gagged weakly as her lips slid down his shaft and his cock pushed deep into her throat. She gurgled weakly as she felt his other hand roughly groping and squeezing her breast, then sliding up her back and over her buttocks before his fingers reached her sex and began to plunge in and out!

Her wrists pulled feebly against the rope binding them together, but they were held firmly in place as his thick fingers pushed into her sex. At first they moved slowly, as if cautious, dipping in and out, stroking and caressing her even as Sophie's head pounded and her chest began to burn from lack of oxygen.

But they eased deeper, and then deeper still, sliding in and out, each big as sausages, straining her virgin opening! They pulled back, and then she gasped as his hand jerked back on her hair as well, pulling her up and back, his thick shaft sliding out of her throat, and then fully free from her mouth.

“You are not a virgin!” he exclaimed indignantly!

Sophie was even more light-headed now, sweating and gasping for breath.

He shook her by the hair then cast her back onto the ground, rising onto his knees.

“You have lied to me!” he said, again sounding quite indignant.

He grasped her leg and yanked her back, then leaned in and gripped her other leg and flipped her onto her belly as if she were weightless. His big hands slid under her hips like fleshy shovels, jerking them up into the air.

Crack!

“Ohh!” she gasped as he slapped her bottom.

“You have been dishonest,” he said sternly.

Crack!

“You are a bad girl!”

Crack!

“Oh!” she gasped, still trembling and gulping in air.

Then she felt pressure against the mouth of her sex, pressure like none she had ever felt before! Her mind understood in a wild rush of endorphins, adrenaline, fear, alarm and – and delight. She wanted to scream at him to stop, but couldn't bring herself to speak!

What if he obeyed, after all!

She felt the mouth of her sex being forced in by the hard, sullen pressure of his thick organ, felt the dull ache growing as she gasped for breath, her chin against the dirt, her eyes on the water glistening in the moonlight as it rushed by.

The ache grew stronger, on the edge of pain, and she knew a frantic fear that he was simply too

large for her, but then the lips of her sex spread just that little bit further, and he began to push forward. She shuddered and gurgled, part of her panicking enough to twist and writhe, her wrists pulling against her bonds.

But he pushed forward remorselessly, and she felt herself becoming... full... thick... taut, as if the walls of her sex were strained to their limit by the long, black shaft sliding forward into her body!

“Oh! Oh! Oh God! Oh!” she whimpered.

Crack!

His hand slapped stingingly against her bottom, then he gripped her hips and pulled back even as his powerful hips pushed forward.

Sophie's eyes bulged as the ache grew into real pain! Her mouth opened as she yelped and moaned and cried out weakly, breathlessly, as his thick shaft drove even deeper into her trembling, writhing body!

“You will be my Opah!” he growled.

Some of the heat was leaving Sophie now as the pain grew, and she continued to moan and gasp and whimper as his mighty organ pushed deeper. He responded with stinging slaps to her bottom, and his anger that she had 'lied' to him.

The pain seemed to shift within her. The soft, taut walls of her sex adjusting to the strain as they were stretched to their limit, but now she felt a dull ache in her center, as if the head of his staff had reached the back wall of her opening, yet continued to press on!

“Oh! Oh! Please!” she gasped.

She wanted to say he was too big, but could barely form words!

Then he eased back, finally! She groaned in relief as she felt the thick shaft sliding back up the length of her tunnel, and then felt a growing amazement as it continued to slide back... and back... and back, aghast at how deep he must have gone!

But then he pushed into her once more, and she groaned in a different tone, as his long shaft slid down into her center of her belly again and that dull ache grew more intense.

“You are bad girl,” he said.

Crack!

“The elders will punish you your dishonesty.”

Crack!

Sophie yelped and moaned as he slid back again, but felt a sudden heady rush of something greater than excitement at the feel of his thick organ moving inside her. It slid almost out, then pushed deep again, and again she groaned at the renewed ache in the pit of her belly.

It was less now, however, and each time he moved back and pushed forward, it grew less. Or perhaps it was simply becoming pushed to the background of the rising tide of sensations now pulsing and throbbing within her.

I'm really doing it, she thought dazedly, filled with wonder. She saw herself in her mind's eye, as she was, face down, bottom raised, the big African man riding her like... like an animal! Her pulse raced and her heart pounded as he moved in and out, and a wild dark thrill began to fill her mind as a growing sexual hunger filled her body.

The intensity grew such that it outweighed all else. She felt as if a sexual fever filled her, and now she longed for him to thrust harder and faster!

As if reading her mind, he began to, and despite the increased ache in the pit of her stomach, she wanted still more!

His hips struck her bottom then, for the first time, and she felt a shock of wonder at the realization he had forced the entire length of his mighty shaft into her body! His hips struck her again, more forcefully, and then again, faster and faster as she gurgled breathlessly, filled with heat and wonder and as he rode her.

And then the final piece fell into places.

He wrapped her hair around his fist and jerked back on it.

His hips struck her buttocks as his big cock sheathed itself inside her trembling belly, and he reached down to fill his big hand with her breast, squeezing it roughly.

The orgasm screamed through her veins, exploding with even more power than the first, yet with far more depth. It filled her entire body, and she twisted and bucked violently as his hips slapped against her bottom with hard, solid cracks. Her scalp ached at the pull against her hair, and her breast throbbed powerfully.

She screamed into the night, screamed again and again, twisting and bucking as he rode her, abandoning all her inhibitions, all her cares and concerns, giving herself to the animal heat within her as he rode her like his bitch, as his big cock spiked into the center of her convulsing belly with a hard, pounding rhythm that send explosive waves of sensation through her reeling mind.

Sophie had masturbated to orgasms before... occasionally. The strength of this was so much beyond what she had ever experienced it blew her mind! She lost herself, gave herself to the churning violence of the orgasm, her body bucking and rocking and twisting and writhing as Ninda pounded against her, gurgling breathlessly, head pounding as the orgasm went on on, as if it would entirely consume her.

Chapter Four

Sophie was dazed and breathless – and sore – as he led her back through the trees to the campsite. She was still panting for breath, both from the wild, screaming power of the orgasm, and the incredible energy she had run through in the heat of the jungle. Chest heaving, sweating heavily, she didn't speak as he placed her back against the very tree he had positioned her earlier.

This time, however, he made her fold her legs under her rather than sit, and in addition to the vine around her middle he bound her ankles together behind the tree. And then to be triply sure she did not again escape, he drew her hair into two thick tails and pulled them back behind the tree on either side, tying them together.

Then he left her alone, going back to the river.

Sophie knelt, back against the rough tree, still trying to recover from the firestorm of sensations. Her mind was swirling wildly with both emotions and thoughts. On the one hand, she had given away her virginity, which was disgraceful. On the other hand, arguably it hadn't been her idea, and so she couldn't be blamed for it.

She had been tied up, after all! She had been... overpowered... by the giant African man!

Most of her mind was still wrapped up in the wonder, in the echoing remembrance of that incredible storm of pleasure, and marveling at it. Was sex always like that!? If so, she had been a fool to wait so long!

Ninda seemed to think she had lied to him, although she couldn't remember ever telling him she was a virgin. He had simply assumed an unmarried woman would be a virgin.

He returned to the campsite and tossed his meal bowl and spoon onto his pack, then came over to squat beside her, frowning. He had an object in his hands, which was shadowed against the fire behind him.

“You must be punished for violating the Jeduh on doing the forbidden thing,” he said sternly.

She saw now that he had a rock in his hand, a wet rock, as if taken from the riverbed. It was smooth from uncountable years of water flowing across it, long and narrow.

Ninda pushed a big hand under her and she squeaked, pushing herself upward even before he began to lift her. He then slid the rock into place under her and removed his hand.

“What are you – !?”

“Down girl,” he said with a frown, pushing on her shoulder.

She gasped as she slid down, her swollen, aching sex making contact with the smoothly rounded top of the rock.

“This will help you to learn our ways,” he said, turning away.

Sophie gaped at him, but was unable to look downward because of how her hair was bound behind the tree. She could only feel the narrow stone against the soft flesh of her groin. It was... uncomfortable. But on the other hand, the pressure against her still-very-sensitive sex had a dark, erotic tone to it.

The stone was relatively smooth, but not completely, of course, and there was a small bumpy area which dug into her with a little more force. She shifted her weight as she could, even lifting herself up from time to time. She couldn't hover above it, however, not for long, and must ease her throbbing sex back down soon.

Such was the sensitivity of her body, however, and the echoing strength of the pleasure the orgasm had given her, that the ache began to take on a new tone. The firm pressure against her sex, particularly the top of her sex, made a part of her squirm with something other than pain.

She looked at him by the fire, his back to her, and felt the muscles in her lower body beginning to twitch and pulse. She did not even intentionally begin to move against the rock, not at first. Her own body did that of its own accord. As it continued to shift weight against the hardness it felt a certain sense of a familiar ache, and began to move to welcome it.

Before long, however, she became aware of the pleasure as her clitoris was ground against the uneven surface of the stone. Her pulse began to pick up and her heart beat faster. Her breaths became more ragged as her hips ground her against the rock with growing hunger.

Yes, it hurt. But that mattered less and less as the pleasure mounted, as her excitement grew, as she slowly, reluctantly, embraced the heat rising within her body. It did not rise nearly as quickly as it had with Ninda, but it was a long, steady, determined rise which had her grinding slowly, gasping, wincing, moaning under her breath, until the pleasure and hunger had her fully in its grip.

She hovered there in a high state of hunger and pleasure, afraid to fall over the edge into orgasm, afraid of what he would say, of what it would do to her again, of what it meant that she had gotten so aroused by grinding herself against a rock of all things!

And then Ninda turned and she froze. He got up and walked back to her and squatted before her. She squeaked as she felt his hand between her legs.

“Ah,” he said. “It is as I thought. You will be a fine Opah.”

“I-I don't know wh-what that is!” she gasped.

He snorted and then jerked the rock out from under her and held it up.

She could see little until he lowered it.

“You see, the rock has dried, but not here,” he said, pointing at the surface which had been pressed against her.

She blushed hotly, but then his fingers were between her legs!

“Oh! Oh! D-don't!” she gurgled.

He snorted and drew his fingers back, then pushed the rock back in beneath her.

He stood up and pulled his loincloth aside, his stiff organ rising again, if not as steely hard as the last time she had seen it. He pushed himself into her mouth before she could react, and she moaned around it, rolling her eyes up at him.

After a dazed moment, she began to suck, began to lick at him, unable to move her head because of how her hair was tied to the tree.

But he could move...

She gurgled as he thrust himself deep into her mouth, as his hips began to move with a slow, fluid back and forth motion which drew his slick shaft back and forth across her lips and over her tongue. She trembled and moaned, her hips grinding convulsively against the rock as he pumped in and out, her mind filling with a wild rush of heat and arousal.

He pumped in and out as she sucked and licked, then pushed deep into her throat, driving his long shaft into her until his testicles were pressed against her chin and her face was jammed in against his abdomen.

“A fine opah,” he groaned.

He began to stroke in and out, then, in and out of her throat! It should have made her gag, and in fact, it did, a little, but as he pumped her hips were grinding harder, and the dark heat was rising up around her until with a sudden soundless scream she felt it fall upon her and she was thrown mind and body into another powerful orgasm!

Her head was pounding even before it started, from lack of oxygen, from the thick shaft plugging her throat. And perhaps because of that the sensations redoubled and howled through her like a hurricane, battering her mind to pieces as she trembled and shook in violent convulsions.

All the while he thrust in and out, faster and harder, using deep, powerful strokes so that, even as her orgasm began to fade, his thick shaft began to soften as he emptied himself in her throat. He withdrew and staggered back, leaving her nearly unconscious, gasping for breath, dazed and slack-jawed against the tree.

It was long minutes before she could bring herself to speak, and when she did, it was with a dull, aching croak.

“My throat hurts,” she moaned.

He rolled over on his pack-roll. “Such is the fate of the opah,” he said.

“I don't know... what... opah is,” she croaked.

He snorted. “Opah is a girl who is consumed with her hungers, and so must do the forbidden thing again and again, even though she has no husband. Because of her weakness, no man will take her as wife, and so she is wife to all, servicing the men of the tribe when their wives are not available.”

Sophie stared at him, her eyes slightly bloodshot, her hair bedraggled, stray tendrils plastered against her forehead and cheeks.

“I-I'm not a... a opah,” she croaked.

“You are,” he said confidently. “That is why you take such pleasure from your body, and why you did not wait for marriage to do the forbidden thing.”

She stared at him dazedly.

“I was a virgin,” she said.

“We were all virgins once,” he replied.

She tried to shake her head, and winced as her hair pulled at her.

“I was a virgin until you... had sex with me,” she said.

He sat up, glaring at her. “You tell untruths again! I tested you and there was no flower!”

She stared at him, wondering what he meant by that.

“Flower?”

“No flower in your love tunnel!”

She rolled her eyes and groaned weakly.

“Girls in Georgia ride horses,” she said weakly.

He stared at her, baffled.

“You do know what a horse is, don't you?” she demanded in irritation.

“It is like a zebra. The Arabs ride them far to the north.”

“If a girl rides a horse a lot... well... it sort of... uh... pounds her between the legs and her hymen, what you call a flower... can break on its own. Surely you people know you don't actually have to have a man put his... thing into her for her to lose that little bit of flesh!”

He seemed to bite his lower lip as he stared at her, his brow furrowed. He stood up and began to pace back and forth, muttering to himself in his own language, often turning to stare at her. Finally he stopped before her, looking quite anguished.

“This is a terrible thing I have done!” he said.

Sophie could not really find it within her to agree, but kept silent.

“I have done the forbidden thing with a virgin without being married!”

“Yes, you have,” she said without much sympathy.

Maybe she could get him to untie her and let her go now, she thought.

“If you untie me and take me back to the village I won't tell anyone,” she said.

He stared down at her, shaking his head. “But what man would ever marry you now that I have deflowered you!”

She almost said she would lie, but he seemed to place a high priority on truth.

“No, no. I must confess to the elders and be punished!” he exclaimed.

“You could do that after you brought me back to the other village.”

“No, no, you must be present for the judging!”

“Not really!”

“Yes! It is the law!”

“It's not my law!” she protested.

“There is only one law!” he said, looking affronted.

*

Ninda set a quick pace the next morning, so eager was he to confess to the elders and take his proper punishment.

Sophie was forced to hurry along behind him, wearing nothing but the sandals he'd captured her in. He didn't carry her, now, but instead tied a vine around her waist to pull her along. Her tiredness aside, Sophie, though she considered herself fit, was hardly in the same state of physical perfection as Ninda, and lagged behind, panting and sweating.

Ninda was clearly annoyed and frustrated at this, more used to the girls of his village, and how quickly they could move through the jungle. At first he seemed to think she was purposefully delaying him, which caused him to find a slim switch along the way and employ it against her backside by way of urging better speed from her.

Sophie yelped and complained, almost to the point of cursing him, but the switch certainly did lend her a certain energy, but only for a time. In the end, red bottom or not, she simply collapsed, and Ninda had to pick her up and carry her a ways before setting her back on her own feet again. They made frequent stops, as well, again, much to his frustration.

“I have never seen a girl so weak!” he exclaimed. “You would have weak sons!”

“Bite me!” she replied, angry, frustrated, sweaty, dirty and sore.

He looked baffled at that response.

Finally, they stumbled out of the jungle, Sophie panting and groaning as they finally hit a dirt trail through a grassy field and into the outskirts of a village of thatch huts. Her relief at reaching the end of their journey, however, was soon outweighed by the realization she was entirely naked, her arms still bound behind her, as Ninda pulled her eagerly in amongst the huts – and the staring villagers.

A mob of them gathered around them, and while her face was already flushed red from exhaustion, she felt it burn hotly as she stood in place, scores of eyes staring at her while Ninda spoke with several older villagers in his own language.

Their voices rose and there was a lot of gesticulating but the elders, if that was who they were, did not seem happy. Finally, an older woman stepped away from them, took the rope from Ninda, and tugged on it, pulling Sophie away. The crowd parted to let them through, and several other women followed as she was dragged through the village, then out the other side.

There was another river here, though a very modest one compared to last one she'd seen. It was less than knee deep, and the older woman dragged her out into it and then examined her. She chattered to the other three women, all older, and one of them reached out and pinched her bottom, making Sophie yelp and dance away.

Another slid her fingers through her long hair, while another put her hand under one of Sophie's breasts, lifting it as if weighing it.

“D-Don't!” she gasped, still breathless from the long journey.

They chattered to each other again, then she gasped as someone used her hair to force her down onto her knees in the river, then down all the way, pushing her face and head under until she was completely submerged. She yanked her back up, though, as Sophie sputtered and gasped for breath, and the other two women began to run their hands over her body.

They held some kind of paste in their hands, and spread it over her body, then used bunches of large, rough leaves to scrub at her before pushing her back beneath the water again to rinse her off.

One of them finally untied her wrists, which dropped apart as if unfamiliar with how to properly hang by her sides, after so long behind her. But then she was pushed roughly forward onto her hands and knees, her torso barely above the water as one of them gathered her hair in and began to work some

of the paste into it.

Sophie squealed and tried to twist away as fingers explored between her legs, but that only earned her a sharp slap to the bottom. Given her skin was soaking wet the crack of pain was quite sharp and she cried out as one of the women yelled at her, probably telling her to be still, she thought anxiously.

Her head was pushed under the water again, and the paste was rinsed out of it, then she was yanked up again, sputtering, coughing and gasping for breath.

“L-Let me go!” she begged, not at all sure they even spoke English.

If they did, they gave no sign. Once they decided she was clean enough she was led out of the water by the simple expedient of pulling on her hair. Since it was pulled straight forward, however, she was unable to get to her feet, but had to crawl through the water and up onto the bank, gasping and moaning weakly as the four women surrounded her.

They all knelt around her, and while one of them used a rough comb on her hair, the other three took a salve of sorts – perhaps the anti-bug salve, she thought anxiously – and began to carefully spread it over her body.

They seemed to have no reluctance whatever to touch her – anywhere! And also seemed to take note, as their slick hands slid back and forth across her back and over her shoulders, of something about her skin. Their surprised tone as they spoke to each other, as they caressed her, seemed to show they were either startled at how white her skin was, or how soft.

Sophie gasped as fingers slid down between her legs, stroking back and forth, and tried to jerk her legs together, but got another sharp slap on the bottom, along with a stern talking to in whatever language these people owned.

Their hands moved back and forth over her skin, gently, now, rubbing the salve into her back and down along her spine and over her buttocks, as well as in along her stomach and of course, over her chest. Their hands carefully worked the salve into her breasts as they hung below her, and back and forth along her sex and inner thighs.

Another woman showed up, and there was more animated chattering amongst them, then handed what looked like a thick strap to the oldest woman there. She wrapped it around the kneeling girl's throat and fastened it behind her neck, drawing her hair out from under it, then she tied the rope to it somehow and she and the other women rose.

Sophie started to sit up and back but the woman pulled at the rope and spoke sharply to her, tugging her forward.. Sophie gasped in surprise, then tried to pull back, but she pulled at it again, and she was forced to lurch forward.

Crack!

One of the women slapped her bottom, as the rope tugged again.

Crack!

Again her bottom was slapped, and the rope pulled her inexorably forward. Sophie didn't understand what was happening at first, but only when she continued to crawl forward did the slaps stop, and she found herself, more than slightly shocked, being forced to crawl along over the ground on all fours, the older woman holding the rope as if it were a leash!

It was shockingly undignified, and Sophie found herself gripped by an intense feeling of disbelief, even while having no choice but to continue to crawl forward – like an animal on a leash!

With her breasts wobbling below her, and her naked sex pointed at the world, Sophie had never felt more naked as she was led in amongst the villagers! She was dazed by the shock to her pride and dignity, speechless, as she was led towards a large hut and then pulled inside.

It was a spartan sort of hut. On three sides, were low benches created by splitting trees down the middle and smoothing down the flat sides. Perhaps eight or nine people, both men and women, sat on those benches, facing what looked like a square frame of thin poles in the middle.

The frame was about waist height, created by the expedient of pounding two poles into the ground and then lashing a third between them. Sophie was forced to her knees before this frame, and her arms

were grasped, her hands raised up and back to bind to the top corners of the frame.

Then Ninda knelt beside her, and made a tearful speech to the assembled elders, who scowled and muttered and shook their heads with disapproval, looking often at Sophie.

It was true she had been naked for the better part of a day now, but Sophie's mind still squirmed wildly to have her body exposed before so many eyes, especially the men! None of them seemed to be ... ogling her, or even casting her lecherous looks (the few times she furtively raised her eyes) but she was still horribly aware of her own nudity!

And it was hardly any comfort that the women were topless, too!

The floor of the hut was simple dirt, which was warm against her knees. The hut had an open doorway, but was still quite hot, as far as she was concerned. Her skin was already glistening from the salve which had been put on it, but now she sweated freely, gasping weakly in the still air.

She knelt with her legs together, to at least provide herself with that much modesty. There was certainly nothing she could do to hide her bare breasts from their eyes!

But she felt terribly hot, and eased her knees at least a little further apart, panting for air. None of the Africans in the hut seemed to be bothered by the heat, and none were sweating, but she supposed they were used to it.

One of the men asked Ninda a question, and he replied earnestly, in the midst of which he half turned, putting his hand on Sophie's breast and giving it a squeeze. Sophie's face burned hotter still. But then an older woman slid off her bench and knelt before her.

She tilted Sophie's chin up to stare at her, then slid the fingers of both hands through her hair as she spoke. She seemed puzzled, and when she dropped a hand between Sophie's legs and ran her fingers across her sex Sophie understood why, horribly embarrassed yet again!

She spoke sharply to Sophie, and slapped at her thighs, and reluctantly, Sophie shifted her knees wider apart, allowing the woman to slide her hand lower, to let her fingers move along the line of her sex as she turned and spoke to the others.

Sophie didn't know if she could bring herself to speak, so embarrassed was she! But if she could, she still didn't know what to say! Maybe it was better if they thought she had had some strange disease which would make her unfit as Ninda's wife!

The woman's long, thin fingers pushed into her body, and her discomfort redoubled, but they moved clinically, and she was reasonably sure the woman was searching for her cherry, though that had disappeared many years ago.

Some decision was apparently reached, and two of the men rose, as did Ninda. They led him out of the hut while the rest turned their frowning eyes on Sophie.

One of the men came back into the hut a minute later, carrying a large object. It looked rather like a rather large loaf of french bread, but from the way he moved it was quite heavy. Sophie gasped at a sudden pull to her hair, and arched up and back as the old woman pulled on it.

She felt and sensed movement before her, then gasped as her hair was released and she settled back down onto... whatever the thing was. She dropped her eyes to see that it was now directly underneath her, very hard and heavy, but covered in hide.

It was much narrower than she had thought at first site, or at least, narrower on top than on the bottom, no more than an inch wide at its rounded peak.

She heard a loud, sharp sound from outside the hut, then after a brief pause, another, then another. She turned her head as far around as she could and got a brief glimpse of a half naked man, Ninda, from the size, who seemed to be standing up with his arms raised. Then she saw some kind of belt or whip brought down against his back as the sound echoed again.

She gulped anxiously, turning her head back around and staring at the elders with wide-eyes. Were they going to whip her too!? But Ninda had said he wanted to return for his punishment. He hadn't said anything about her being punished!

She moaned weakly, panting for breath, sweating, heart pounding.

“D-Do any of you understand English?” she gulped.

As one, they all rose and walked out of the hut. Craning her head so far her neck ached, she could see their backs outside, as they apparently watched Ninda's punishment continuing.

She sagged, the ropes digging into her wrists as she looked around the hut. She dropped her eyes on the thing she was straddling. She was starting to feel somewhat sore with it pressing against her sex the way it was. She had no idea of the purpose, except that it appeared to be some variation of the rock Ninda had put under her the other night to punish her.

Was this her punishment? If so, she didn't especially mind. It was certainly better than what was happening to Ninda!

She wasn't sure what was under her, perhaps a rock. It was heavy, and she could feel that its surface was uneven beneath the layer of hide. As her discomfort mounted she tried to raise herself off it, which wasn't difficult. Keeping herself up was the issue. She couldn't stand, and couldn't sit. She could only kneel, but the thing was between her legs, and she didn't think it would be a good idea to even try to move it away.

She felt that sense of unreality again, marveling that she could be here naked, tied to poles in a native African village while they decided how to punish her! Surely people were looking for her by now!

She was hot all over, but growing especially hot between the legs, where her soft flesh was being pushed down against the narrow object underneath. She tried to take more of the weight further back, but that just made her tailbone ache, and more sharply.

Her continuous movement to ease her discomfort intermittently ground her soft, sensitive sex against the hard object underneath. Her sweat, and perhaps the salve applied to her body, had moistened the hide, which felt somewhat slick now. And it was impossible to not notice the tactile pleasure her body began to feel as her throbbing, aching sex brushed against the soft, slick hide.

It was not that Sophie exactly sought that pleasure, but it was at least a counterpoint to the aching and discomfort filling her body, a delicious distraction to ease the pain. The hide was thin and tight across whatever was underneath, and the narrow peak was bumpy, so that grinding herself forward even a little sent a rush of sensations through her groin and up her spine.

She craned her neck around to reassure herself the elders' backs were to her, and looked down again, a rising sexual tension spreading through her body. With it came a fresh wave of anxiety and uncertainty. It certainly wouldn't do to have the elders think she was engaged in self-abuse in the midst of what was clearly an important local ceremony!

But no one was there but her, and she was hot, aching and sweating like a pig. In fact, the sweltering heat was starting to daze her and drain her of energy. She was also extremely thirsty.

It was hard to feel sorry for herself, though, given she continued to hear the sound of the whip striking Ninda's back!

Her hips ground softly against the hide under her as she felt the sexual tension growing more powerful, felt a breathless sense of arousal seeping into her mind and, like a drug, filling her with a strange, wild sense of pleasure and need!

She ached between the legs, but with the arousal, that aching seemed far less important. She groaned as she rolled her hips, sliding her now swollen clitoris along the bumpy surface of the object below, and a series of sharp, delicious jolts of pleasure made her gasp and moan helplessly.

She slid her sex backward along the line of it, and moaned as another rush of pleasure took her, arching back and straining against the ropes binding her wrists.

Chapter Five

Sophie heard a sound, then and stiffened, rolling her head and her eyes to see, as a shadow moved into the hut and came around in front of her. It was one of the younger females, and she held in her hand a long ivory ... penis!

Sophie gaped at it, for it was carved into quite a realistic shape of the male organ, though rather large and thick – even more than Ninda! But then the woman tilted the head of the thing down towards her and liquid poured out through the small hole in the head.

It splashed over her head and face and trickled down along her shoulders and chest, and enough of it slid over her lips to realize it was water. She gasped and the woman pushed the thing closer, right up against her lips.

Gasping, moaning and overheated, Sophie opened her mouth gladly, allowing the woman to push the thing through. She swallowed convulsively as the liquid continued to pour into her mouth, gulping it down again and again. Yes, it was strange that they would give her water in this manner, but that was far less important than slaking her thirst!

The woman tilted the... container up and up, forcing Sophie to tilt her head further and further back. She was aware of movement around her as the other elders came through, and a part of her felt a new sense of embarrassment, but that too was less important than her desperate thirst.

The female elder tilted the hollow, ivory penis completely upside down, which had Sophie's head far back, looking up to the thatched roof as she continued to swallow. Then the woman pushed the ivory penis downward, and she gurgled weakly, then gagged as it pushed into her throat. It slid down, down down her throat until the woman held the base of the thing by the fingers just within her mouth.

Sophie gurgled helplessly, trembling. The water, of course, continued to pour out of the small hole in the head of the ivory penis and into her belly as the woman held it in place. Then she pulled it slowly up and up, finally letting it emerge from Sophie's mouth to pour its small trickle of water over her face and down the front of her body.

Sophie coughed repeatedly, slowly drawing her head up and forward once more as the elder moved aside. Sophie settled back onto the object underneath her and realized the elders were seated again, and Ninda was standing a little before her, turned halfway towards her.

Then she realized they weren't the same elders, that, in fact, they weren't elders at all. They were all men, and there wasn't a gray hair amongst them.

Ninda was naked, she saw, and her eyes went to his penis as he stood there, flushing once again as she licked her now moistened lips. At least they hadn't damaged his 'snake' she thought dazedly.

Her hips ground softly against the object she was straddling as the Africans conversed in their own language. Her eyes kept darting to Ninda's large organ as she became aware, once again, of the arousal filling her body and mind. She tried to stop herself from moving, but every time she did her body soon started up once again.

Just a little, a part of her thought. They weren't looking at her anyway. They wouldn't even notice. But every soft brush of her now very sore, very sensitive sex against the slick hide made her gasp softly at the rush of pleasure.

And then she noticed that Ninda's organ was starting to rise, starting to harden. She gulped, turning her head up and saw that he was looking down at her. She felt a jolt and dropped her eyes, but they quickly rose again, though not as high. She saw his organ was becoming harder and thicker, and felt

both her anxiety and sexual tension ratcheting rapidly upward.

Ninda moved to stand to her side, and reached a hand down to gently grasp the back of her head, then turn her to face him, to face his stiff organ, now pointed directly at her face!

Sophie's eyes rolled wildly and she felt herself trembling with anxiety and heat, and when he eased his hips forward she felt her lips parting, felt them widening. A shock-wave passed through her as he pushed into her mouth, and a wild animal lust seemed to explode behind her eyes.

She felt a sense of terrible embarrassment, knowing the others were looking on, and yet at the same time a kind of defiance, or even an excitement, as if a part of her was reveling in being watched, in putting on an outrageous display!

Ninda's shaft slid across her tongue, the thickness of his girth causing her lips to strain wide as they moved through. She moaned, her eyes rolling wildly, frantically, half panicking at doing something so shocking in front of viewers, half astonished and darkly aroused at her own wickedness!

She sucked on Ninda's cock, sucked and licked with a growing sense of hunger as her hips began to grind more rapidly against the object under her. A sexual fever swept over her, more powerful, more intense than the one she had felt the other night, enveloping her mind and body in a wild, gleaming sense of uninhibited sexual heat.

The Africans did not have the same sense of sexual morality as westerners did, she knew, and their casual nudity made her feel less shocked by the loss of her own long-held inhibitions.

Then Ninda drew himself and his organ back, and she gasped weakly, then cried out as the single woman in the hut knelt beside her and jerked on her hair, forcing her head up and back. A moment later she felt the touch of her soft finger against her clitoris, rubbing lightly, pressing down against the object under her.

Sophie gurgled helplessly, whimpering and moaning as her hips ground much more frantically against that object. Then the woman's hand in her hair pushed her head up and forward again, so that she faced the semi-circle of interested male faces. She drew her other hand back, leaving Sophie to do what Sophie would do.

Sophie whimpered and moaned, missing that touch, grinding her hips more desperately in order to draw more sensation into herself, in order to ride that intoxicating wave of pleasure. A part of her burned with shame as they watched her, but that part of her could not restrain the voracious hunger consuming her mind.

Sophie began to writhe and twist, her back arching, her hips grinding in and out, her head rolling as the powerful sensations tore through her exhausted body. And then the orgasm hit, a massive orgasm that howled through her overheated body and set every muscle snapping and crackling like live electrical wires.

She cried out, again and again, head thrown back, straining against the ropes around her wrists, grinding and riding and rubbing herself furiously against the object she straddled, convulsions wracking her body until with a final violent arching motion she collapsed, gasping for breath, dazed, sweating, jaw slack as her chin fell to her chest.

A thin trickle of cool water poured down on her head, and then began to trickle down her shoulders and back. She moaned, drawing her head up and back, and saw the girl with the hollow ivory penis again. Evidently she had refilled it.

Sophie groaned, but welcomed the cool liquid as it poured over her head and shoulders, over her breasts and belly. Two of the men moved in on either side of her and her wrists were untied from the framework. Sophie half collapsed at that, moaning weakly, but two more men slid forward onto their knees, and the four men gripped her gently, positioning the bedraggled girl on all fours between them.

Their hands began to move over her naked body, and at first Sophie thought it was something similar to the way the women had bathed her in the river, but she quickly sensed a difference. Yes, the men's hands were gentle, and yes, they seemed to move everywhere across her slick body, but there was a decided focus to their attentions as well.

She moaned as a hand gently caressed her sex, the big hand sliding back and forth against her aching, overheated opening. But the inner fingers were pushing in harder, sinking in between the lips of her sex to slide gently up and down across her pink inner flesh, the tips of those fingers rubbing insistently against her swollen clitoris.

The hands on her breasts were also doing more than caressing them, but were kneading and massaging them, fingers stroking, plucking and lightly pinching her stiff, aching nipples. Then a man knelt before her, and she didn't need to look up to recognize Ninda and his stiff organ.

She moaned, and he pushed forward into her mouth. She groaned around his thick shaft, sucking at it in a way which she almost found comforting. She moaned as she felt fingers penetrating her sex, felt them dipping in and out, then plunging deeper. More fingers rubbed back and forth across her wrinkled anal opening, and then they too pushed into her.

Her body began to fill with heat once again as the sensations caused by the men's skilled fingers began to send heady waves of dark heat through her body and mind. She gurgled weakly as Ninda pushed deeper into her mouth, then slid all the way down her throat. She couldn't breathe with him filling her throat, of course, but still, and despite how it ached, she felt oddly natural like this.

Ninda pulled slowly back and she coughed dazedly, gulping in air as more men surrounded her and more hands moved over her slick, slippery flesh.

Ninda lay down before her, and the hands on her body urged her forward. Panting, moaning, she crawled forward to straddle his body. Her mind was swimming as big hands guided her hips back and then down. She shuddered as she felt the thickness of Ninda's organ pushing against her, but she made no attempt to resist, sinking slowly down with a series of gasps, whimpers and moans.

She had never felt so wonderfully, achingly full in her life! Her buttocks ground against his thighs as she ground herself down, trying to take him even deeper inside her!

Or... was he inside her? For wasn't that his organ there before her? She moaned and opened her mouth as it pushed into her mouth, loving the feel as it slid along her tongue and she closed her lips around it. She sucked dazedly, drowning in sensations as she felt the start of movement under her, as the thick object filling her belly began to push in and pull back, push in and pull back.

A spiraling wall of sensation spilled through her mind and body, and she swayed helplessly, hardly able to move as she sucked on the thick black shaft filling her mouth.

She felt the finger in her bottom, but it was of virtually no importance to her, even when a second finger joined it. Hands grasped her wrists and pulled them up and out, wrapping her fingers around large, thick male organs, and she shuddered as finger plucked at her nipples and kneaded her breasts.

Then she took some slight notice of what felt like an even bigger finger pushing into her bottom, only it was a very big finger indeed, and felt oddly soft compared to fingers.

She was aware of the elders filing into the hut, watching, as her body began to twist and buck, as her mind was washed away by dark hunger and wild pleasure. She ached with the fullness inside her as she rode Ninda's thick shaft, and something else pushed in and out of her bottom.

A hand guided her head to the side, and the black cock before her slipped from her lips. Another pushed into her however, and she sucked and swallowed as it pumped slowly in and out. Then her head was guided to the other side, where there was yet another male organ awaiting her attention.,

She felt a strange cramping sensation deep inside as what at least a part of her knew had to be another male organ pushed deep into her belly. But there was also a fierce joy in how totally possessed she was by all that powerful male flesh, inside and out.

She was breathless and gasping, her mouth shifted from one cock to another as her body rocked to the driving thrusts of the two behind her. When the orgasm arrived her mouth was temporarily vacant, and the whipsaw blast of passion and pleasure caused her to buck violently and arch up and back as she cried out in dazed pleasure!

Her head thrashed wildly from side to side as she cried out again, and again, long, undulating wails of animal passion filling the hut as she was overcome by the savage strength of the pleasure exploding

within her.

Someone grasped her hair and drew her mouth forward as another long, black shaft was driven through her lips and then along her tongue. She moaned around it, then gasped and gagged as it pushed into her throat. She was rapidly becoming disoriented by the intensity of the sensations sweeping through her mind and body, hardly aware of who she was and what was happening!

She was sweating, exhausted, and light-headed from lack of breath as what felt like dozens of hands raced over her body, as hard hips slapped against her buttocks from behind and strong hands pulled at her hair from in front.

In the shadowy interior of the thatch hut, the conventions and inhibitions, the culture and standards and rules of behavior she had learned during her twenty some years of life dropped away and only the most raw, basic, animal needs took precedence.

She was horribly thirsty, and sweating like a pig. She was hot, and often breathless from having her throat plugged, and the skin of her body seemed to have taken on a whole new level of sensitivity, as she writhed under the touch, and stroke, and caress of so many fingers, as the slick, thick shafts of black flesh pushed in and out of her with eager force and power, and as she surrendered to it all and dropped any pretense of doing anything whatever to influence what was happening.

Her eyes were glassy as a thick shaft, dripping wet, white liquid, drew itself out of the straining lips of her mouth, her hair held in a thick clump above her head as her body rocked to the hard thrusts of the man beneath her and the one behind. Hands kneaded her breasts, while fingers plucked insistently and repeatedly at her aching nipples.

Another thick black organ pushed into her mouth, slid along her tongue, and then drove deep into her throat, and her glassy eyes stared dazedly at the black flesh an inch before them before rolling down to observe the base of the man's organ disappearing between her widespread lips.

Her body shuddered, twitched, and quivered, her hips jerked and rolled, sometimes due to her own muscular spasms, but more often to the steady plunging of the man squatting behind her, or the one underneath, his hips bucking up repeatedly to drive himself fully into her hot, tight, spasming belly.

The world seemed to spin around her, and then she was floating in mid-air, or so it seemed, as hands raised her up and held her aloft. She was peripherally aware of the form beneath her sliding out, and another sliding in to take its place. Then she was lowered once more, and another hard, hungry black shaft pushed into her belly, as hips began to rise and fall again beneath her.

She was aware of pain... and pleasure, rippling through her, sharp stings and duller throbbing aches, surging floods of pleasure interspersed with sudden wild, intense star-bursts that left her crying out, or trying to. The pleasure mounted again, taking possession of her body and mind, and she twisted and thrashed under the heady storm of sensations as another orgasm swept through her, then another, and then yet another.

It all melded together in her mind, like an immense dark rush of sights, scents emotions and sensations, beyond her ability to cope or deal with. And so she gave up trying, simply laying back and letting it all sweep through her and over her, knowing others were in control and would do whatever needed to be done.

She was not unconscious by any means. Her mind was simply functioning as a sponge, soaking it all in without response, save for the physical response her body made as convulsions tore through it and involuntary gurgles and cries of pleasure rose from her breathless mouth.

Sophie had never been drunk, but perhaps, a small part of her mind which still functioned, thought, perhaps this was what it was like. Could one be drunk on pleasure, drunk on shock and dark desire?

*

It was very bright, suddenly. That was... different. It caught at her attention, called out for her exhausted, sex sodden mind to notice. Her scalp ached, as well, but that was nothing new. The Africans had been pulling on her hair for ... some time.

She moaned, and her eyelids fluttered as she grunted dazedly. Her breasts were being very roughly

caressed, her swollen nipples burning. And... and her scalp ached.

She trembled weakly and moaned again, and she realized she was outside the hut. That one realization, which seemed to invite her to come back to reality, to full self-awareness, wakened her exhausted mind sufficient that she understood she was being dragged across the ground, the very sandy ground, by the hair.

She groaned as she felt her overheated skin being dragged across the sand, the dirt and stray pebbles. She thought, in the way of someone half-awake, that she should do something, and, realizing again that her scalp ached, she thought to raise her hands to grasp at it, but couldn't quite work up the energy or concern.

Her hands dragged along on the ground with the rest of her as someone strode forward, her hair wrapped around his fist. No, it was a her, she realized, as she was dragged into the river. She coughed and sputtered and her limbs began to thrash about until the hand on her hair pulled her head up and back out of the water.

The water was cool on her sweating, overheated skin, and on her parched throat as she gulped it down. But then her hair was yanked up more sharply and a hand slapped her face as the woman said something in a stern voice.

She was not to drink the water, she thought, though that thought was more a perception than any understanding of the language.

She was washed again as she knelt in the water, sitting back on her heels, swaying, and occasionally pulled up when she would have fallen over. Another woman was there, now, holding something long and black. Sophie's hair was pulled back, forcing her head to tilt back, and the black thing was pushed into her mouth.

Liquid trickled from it and she moaned, closing her lips almost instinctively, sucking on it as the liquid filled her mouth, and she swallowed, again and again. Her throat ached, but the thing did not push deeper as she sucked. She licked at it, as well, but that was more instinctive than anything else.

When it was withdrawn she was pushed under the water again to be rinsed off, then a rope placed around her neck as, with slaps to her bottom, she was driven out of the water, and made to crawl back to the village, still dazed and bedraggled, eyes blinking as she tried to understand what was happening.

She was so tired, though, that she really didn't care. All she wanted to do was to rest, to sleep. Stinging little slaps to the bottom kept her crawling as the rope tugged on her from in front, and she didn't care about the villagers and huts she passed, wanting only to close her eyes.

Into the hut, or another hut. It didn't matter. She was out of the sun, which was good. There was a wooden frame there, but not one she recognized nor understood nor cared about. Two thick bamboo poles were driven into the ground, angled towards each other, with a horizontal pole across them.

Sophie was made to crawl up to these, and there stopped. Her legs were spread to the sides, and lashed tightly at knee and thigh to the vertical poles, as her abdomen rested across the top. Two more posts were driven into the ground two feet ahead, with another vertical post across them, and Sophie's upper chest was laid down across the latter, her arms lashed to the vertical poles.

Her long hair was combed back by long, thin black fingers, separated into two lengths, each tied with cord and pulled back behind her to be tied to the first set of posts. This held her hair tightly back to ensure she faced forward, rather than dropping her head low. The pressure on her scalp was strong, but even, and the dull ache was bearable.

She felt a pinching sensation against her nipples, but could not look down to see what caused it. It felt as if something sharp was pressing into them from below. Then she felt a light brush of something much lower down, just at the top of the thing, aching line of her swollen sex.

And the women left her alone.

Sophie groaned dazedly, and rested.

After a fashion.

She was sore all over, had marched for some distance after no sleep, and then had spent a good

deal of time under enormous physical and emotional stress in the other hut.

She was uncomfortable, but alone, in the dimly lit interior of the hut, and it seemed cooler. For some time she rested in a semi-conscious state, and then her mind began to rise to full wakefulness, to full self-awareness.

She groaned and stirred, and flinched. She found herself unable to move, but this realization came upon her slowly enough not to cause any particular sense of panic. She had, after all, been bound and restrained for some time. Her scalp ached, and she realized, gradually, that her hair was tied back, though not why.

She was... confused. What was going on? What were they doing? Was she being punished, as Ninda had been punished? She remembered the sound of the sharp slap of the whip against his skin, but only distantly.

She remembered... a dark, wild rush of sights, sounds, sensations and emotions, remembered the feel of being penetrated and ridden, of being penetrated again... and again, of being overwhelmed by the black flesh surrounding her and pushing inside her. She remembered the wild, incredulous sense of disbelief – and the shocking, bone shaking intensity of the pleasure.

A storm of pleasure as thick black flesh moved within her, not merely within her mouth, nor even just within her sex, but... back there! She felt a shock run through her at that. And yet, she did not find herself filled with the guilt or shame she might have had she acquiesced to such a thing in Georgia, nor feel the anger or condemnation towards the Africans for doing such things.

They were not, after all, Christians, and had a different sense of morality, different customs and cultures. And she did not fear any particular condemnation from them either. They were a very natural people in terms of the body and its functions. They were a very natural people.

Hunger brought her more fully awake, not sexual hunger, but the hunger of a body which had expended considerable energy and needed refueling. Her mind further awakened, and she rolled her eyes to either side as she tested the strength of the hold on her hair. She could move her head back somewhat, but not forward.

The rest of her body could hardly even move that far.

A girl came into the hut, then, and sat down before her. She was about Sophie's age, she thought dully, and had a bowl in her hand. Sophie's mouth was open, jaw slack, and held in that way because of the pull on her scalp. Sophie started to say something, though she wasn't sure what to say, but the girl took something from the bowl, something hot and spicy, and shoved it into her open mouth.

It was clearly some kind of food, and the hunger in her rose precipitously, so that Sophie drew her tongue back, gulping the piece of what felt and smelled like meat down. Her throat ached a bit, but she didn't care about that, her focus now fixed on her hunger.

The girl placed another small piece of meat into her open mouth, then another, feeding her, and Sophie gulped each down hungrily. As she ate, her hunger faded, and she felt a sense of being tired but sated. Then the girl produced that ivory penis thing she remembered, and slid it into her mouth, tilting it at an angle so the water trickled out of the hole in the end.

Again she swallowed repeatedly, glad of the liquid. She was fairly she she was at least a little dehydrated from so much heat and sweating. Then the girl drew away and moved behind her. Sophie gasped as the cords bound to her hair were cut and her head fell precipitously forward, swinging down before she caught herself, her hair sweeping across the ground below.

The dull, steady ache against her scalp was gone, and she groaned in relief even as the girl cut the vines or rope or whatever was binding her thighs in place, then moved forward and cut the bonds around her arms. Then, before Sophie could think to say anything, or to inquire as to whether the girl spoke English, she was gone.

Leaving her, she realized, pretty much in the same position.

She wasn't starving any more, nor thirsty, which were certainly improvements. And the ache to her scalp was gone. But she was still tied in place, just not as tightly.

She could now look around, could turn her head backwards and down to examine the poles on which her kneeling body rested. Her ankles were still tied, as were her wrists, which meant she couldn't move aside. But without the cords to her head she could no longer keep her head up for long. Its own weight pulled it forward and down until it hung upside down, her eyes looking down the length of her body.

There were two very narrow stalks of bamboo under her breasts, she realized, not much wider than drinking straws. They were driven into the ground, and pushing directly against her nipples in a manner which had now become painful. But no, she realized, they were hollow. They were pushing into the flesh around her nipples, her areolas, while her nipples pushed down into the hollow space like corks into bottles.

Yet there was more to it than that. She felt something that was almost like suction, drawing her nipples down into the bamboo stalks, a steady suction, as if the earth itself pulled at her nipples. And there was something else pressed into her from underneath, further down, she realized, her eyes moving further down the length of her body.

It was another thin bamboo stalk, with what looked like small bundle of leaves atop it, pressed against her. The leaves were a few inches square, wrapped in string or cord, and some dark liquid oozed slowly out of the packet.

It did not feel painful against her body, however.

It did not escape her notice that she was in a very sexual position, the position she had imagined when she'd first been spoken to by Kabali, and which Ninda and (her mind quivered at the memory) a number of others had taken her so recently.

She was also helpless to defend against more of the same, should some ... some male decide to come in and kneel behind her, she thought with a rush of anxiety. Yet that anxiety was enveloped in a dark, breathless sense of something like anticipation, of fearful desire. She did not want any such thing to happen again!

And yet... a part of her did, that part of her mind which writhed with a dark, forbidden sense of lust and arousal. God! The things she had done! She could hardly believe it had all happened, that it hadn't been part of a nightmare – or a nightmarish fantasy! She could still feel their hands on her EVERYWHERE!

She could still feel that hot, dark heat suffocating her mind, baking her in a wanton sense of almost gleeful sexual abandon!

That was not the way a civilized woman was supposed to act or behave! These people were immoral! They were savages to do such things!

She pulled against the bonds as she began to feel a sense of righteous indignation, as she felt the need to do something, anything, to reassert her moral standards!

She needed to get herself free, put on some clothes, and put her foot down against any more such behavior!

Her body's movement, however, startled her. She was not surprised she was unable to pull free, of course. The sight of how thick the vines around her wrists and ankles were were convincing evidence of that before the attempt.

But her body's movement made her cry out at the stinging pain to her nipples, for they seemed to be tightly locked, somehow, into the top of the bamboo stalks. More powerful still, was the sensation which rose from between her legs as her body ground against the leaves pressing into the top of her sex.

It was a throbbing surge of sensation nearly took her breath away! She neither understood why, nor really cared. It was too good! She was able to move her upper legs now, which meant she could move her hips, at least a little, and did so now, grinding herself against those soft, moist leaves.

It felt so good! It felt soooooo good! She was caught up in the pleasure almost instantly, like an addict craving her fix, and those sensations swept up through her groin and into her belly, with an

echoing rush of pleasure sweeping up through her chest!

“Oh!” she gasped, eyes wide. “Oh! Oh! Oh God! Oh!”

The pleasure grew more intense the more she ground herself against the packet of leaves, and it drove her like a whip of pleasure, so that, heedless of her weariness, she ground herself frantically against it, not even caring at the sharp, stinging ache from her nipples as her body trembled and shook and moved.

She cried out as the orgasm rolled over her, her eyes wild as she jerked her head up and back. The pleasure consumed her! Yet it was an imperfect pleasure, with a hole in its center, a great absence which her churning mind missed desperately, yet did not understand.

She collapsed, panting for breath, groaning, eyes fluttering. Her head fell low again, and the blood rushed to it, making it pulse dazedly as she stared at the world upside down.

It grew darker in the hut, as the sounds of the village faded away behind her. Orgasm followed orgasm as she shook and heaved and twisted and sobbed in pleasure, only to fall still again, gasping, sweating, moaning.

The girl reappeared, and fed her again, gave her water in the same manner, then filled her mouth with a ball of sodden leaves wrapped in twine, tying a cord around her head to keep it in place.

She rested, she gasped, her body began to grind, and her head rose up and back as she cried out in muffled pleasure as orgasm after orgasm tore apart her mind.

She was not capable of raising her head by morning, as the light brightened in the small hut. She was exhausted, drained, yet her hips worked convulsively.

The girl was there again, but Sophie hardly noticed. The girl removed the leaves from her mouth and fed her. Sophie ate, and then drank, on instinct alone. The girl removed the small ball of leaves which pressed against the top of her sex, but replaced it with a fresh ball, and left her in place.

The village wakened behind her and she heard the sounds of voices, of movement, of hammering and the sound of animals. She paid it no heed. Occasionally she slept, though fitfully, and driven to it by exhaustion.

The persistent and wonderful thrill of pleasure against the front of her sex never left her. Sometimes it grew, and sometimes it diminished, depending on how her body moved, but it never disappeared. Her nipples continued to ache, but that was more easily ignorable.

She was untied, at last, a girl leading her by a rope around her neck, another following behind with a switch, snapping it across her bottom to encourage the dazed young woman to crawl through the sand and dirt and down a low hill to the fields. This was where the villagers brought their farm animals to evacuate their bowels so that they could use the manure to enrich their crops.

And the waste of humans was every bit as rich in nutrients for the earth.

After she had voided her bowels and urinated, she was led, crawling, eyes glazed, back to the river to be bathed. Then she was led back into the hut and tied again, a new pad placed against her sex, her nipples placed into the hollow tips of thin bamboo stalks driven into the earth.

Sophie had had no effective sleep in two days nor had her body had much in the way of physical rest during that time. Her mind came awake, but crusted with tiredness, far from her best. And the persistent sense of pleasure at her sex kept distracting it whenever she tried to consider her options.

It was also physically irresistible. Even if she had tried, she could not stop herself from grinding her sex against it, from reveling in the powerful orgasms which washed over her.

Dozens of them.

All day she remained in place, being fed and watered by the African girl, but no one else visited her, though she was now feeling a rising sense of need, a need for human contact, a need to be touched, to be touched in a very sexual way, a need filling her with a voracious hunger she did not understand.

She wanted to touch herself, but couldn't. Every few seconds her hands would jerk convulsively, as she instinctively tried to bring her fingers down between her legs to touch herself.

The light faded away and she was left in darkness, trembling, moaning into the ball of leaves

stuffed into her mouth, and screaming into the night in muffled pleasure as orgasm followed orgasm.

Chapter Six

She recognized the woman squatting in front of her, frowning. She just didn't quite remember how. "Well," the woman said. "This is most irregular."

Sophie stared at her, trying to understand what she was saying, and then realized she was speaking English. This was a shock to her mind, partly waking it from the stupor which had engulfed her for some time.

There were other Africans in the room, Sophie realized, as several began to speak rapidly, though not in English. Then someone's hand slid down beneath her, caressing her between the legs. Sophie cried out, her hips bucking wildly as her eyes filled with a wild, startled pleasure.

The woman said something stern and the fingers moved away

"This is not the sort of thing meant for white people," she said with a frown. "There has never been a white Opah here. And I do not believe you understand what this means."

Sophie was tied, but no longer tied to the bamboo poles, she realized. In fact, only her arms were lashed together, wrists bound to opposite elbows. She was kneeling facing the woman, who sat on a bench before her. The woman was strange in that she wore what Sophie recognized as 'regular' clothing, without bared breasts.

Sophie, of course, was still entirely naked.

"The Kavango believe," the woman said, "that certain women are inhabited by the spirit of the Crow. The Crow are something like a succubus in western mythology. That is, they were extremely sexual female demons who give men pleasure. Such females must be harnessed for good, and to help relieve the sexual tension of the male villagers."

"In return, the villagers ensure the Crow receives the pleasure it needs."

Sophie gasped as whoever was behind her jerked back on her hair, arching her back and forcing her chest up and out. The woman's hand reached out and moved softly across her right breast, and suddenly Sophie felt a shock of pleasure as it reached her hard nipple. She jerked her eyes down as her hair was released and the woman drew her hand back, and saw that her nipples were incredibly hard – and long.

"What they do to aid in that is use the bampha stalks against your nipples. The bampha stalks grow very rapidly. Their roots burrow down into the earth with amazing speed, while the stalks themselves open and close repeatedly. There is a sort of suctioning effect from the roots meant to draw insects into the opening, but instead, your nipples are there."

She reached out and caught one of Sophie's nipples between thumb and forefinger, rolling it gently, and Sophie moaned helplessly.

The oil of the bampha is rubbed and ground into the pores of your nipples, enormously increasing the sensitivity of the skin and underlying nerves, and also making the flesh more pliable so that the suction effect draws them further into the stalks."

She drew her hand away and dropped her gaze.

"The whila leaves have the same sort of effect, especially when covered in bampha oil and seetha. They rub them into the female, into the clitoris to be precise, to greatly increase the sensitivity. Soaking and rubbing into the flesh the oil is absorbed through the pores of the skin, and increases the sensitivity of the nerve endings."

Sophie recognized the woman now. Her name was Lashan. She had met her in the Peace Corps shack when she'd first arrived.

"The effect is temporary, unless the use is persistent," Lashan said. "If it is held against the flesh for days, it can become permanent. That is most especially so if the pores are wide open, because of the heat, and if the body is... stimulated properly..."

She reached out and gripped both Sophie's nipples, rolling them between her thumbs and forefingers, plucking them, pinching them, twisting them. Sophie shuddered and moaned, held tightly by hair and bound arms, she twisted and cried out at the sharp intensity of the stimulation. It ached and it burned and it felt ... glorious!

And it didn't matter if she rolled them gently or or pinched and twisted them. Sophie felt her heart pounding and pulse racing and knew a wildly growing heat which spread rapidly down her body. Her back arched again and again and when someone touched her between the legs she screamed as the orgasm took her.

"Yes, it is probably permanent now," Lashan said in annoyance. "And you seem to be more susceptible to it than most. This will be most embarrassing were it to come to light..."

*

Sophie was able to sleep, at long last. She had no idea how long she slept, but when she woke, she was far more herself again, though she still felt tired and sore. It was night time, and the village was quiet around her. There was a bright moon in the sky, however, allowing her to see around her, for she was no longer in a hut.

She was in a ... cage.

It was a cage with a dirt floor, but the thick bamboo poles had been driven deep, and lashed together overhead. It wasn't a large cage, either, though the poles were far enough apart that she could thrust her legs through them to lay flat if she chose. It was not high enough to stand, by any means, but she could kneel.

Around her were the quiet thatched huts of the villagers. She could hear the sound of animals off in the jungles and – she swatted at a bug and then another. She itched a number of places, now that she'd become aware of them, and realized she had been bathed, which must have removed the anti-bug salve which Ninda had first introduced her to.

There was a bowl in the corner of the cage with water in it, but beside it, she now noticed, was a clay jar. She sniffed at it and the smell was familiar. She opened it with relief, slid her fingers in, and pulled them out, greasy and slick, then began to rub the salve over her body.

She got as far as her breasts before becoming – distracted. As her hands slid down over them she felt a rush of sensation, and noticed her nipples were extremely hard – and sensitive. She gulped, abruptly reminded of the words of the woman – Lashan, who had spoken about the things the villagers had done.

Surely she was wrong! Yet there was no question her nipples were extremely hard, even though it was certainly not cold outside and even though she had not been ... aroused. In fact, even as the thoughts moved through her mind her fingers were rubbing them, as if unable to resist the bubbling heat and pleasure each touch sent surging through her nervous system.

She valiantly determined to ignore the sensations, though she was already breathless, and moved her hands lower, sliding them up and down her ribs and belly and then twisting around to rub the salve against her back. But already she could feel her body rousing, and not merely because of her tingling nipples.

Simply moving around as she was was rubbing her thighs together, however lightly, and while she had been consciously avoiding it, she now slid a hand down her belly, down her abdomen, and let out a soft gasp of pleasure as her slick fingers moved across her clitoris.

It too was swollen, and very, very sensitive! This was horrible! And yet, she struggled to move her hand away, gasping again and again as her finger rubbed delicately across her thrumming, throbbing

little button.

Breathless now, she forced her hands lower, rubbing the salve into her thighs and legs. The scent was actually pleasantly spicy, yet it seemed to work, for the insects fled, leaving her much to herself, alone in the cage in the center of the village.

Why was she in a cage, she wondered anxiously. Surely now that Lashan had found her she would be brought back to the Peace Corps building and... and her face colored, wondering what they must think of her, and what she could possibly say in return! Being found under such circumstances was disgraceful!

If Lashan told the Americans it would become a horrible, humiliating scandal! She would not be able to face them, any of them! She found herself wondering somewhat desperately if she could somehow get her things and fly home without seeing any of them.

She knelt, grasping the thick bamboo bars, pulling at them as she stared through them at the village, and she thought about what else Lashan had told her. Ninda had mentioned the term 'opah' to her, but she'd had no idea what that was, nor really cared.

It seemed now that the villagers considered her to be an opah and that this had something to do with some mystical female deity or demon which was, she gathered, sex crazed. Then she flushed as she recalled what else the woman had told her – about these girls being there for the sexual release of the male villagers!

The male villagers!?! All of them!?!

She gasped in horror at the thought, at the impropriety, the immorality of such things! Well, of course, they had their own culture, and she wouldn't judge them for it. Judging herself, however, was something else again! She had already engaged in the most shockingly wicked and immoral acts of sexual depravity!

The events of the past few days rushed through her head, as disjointed and confused as they were. Memories of men pawing at her, men rutting into her, men riding her and ... and... thrusting their thick black shafts into her body again and again!

And all of it infused with the seething dark heat she had felt at the time!

God! She was such a slut! She, Sophie Campbell! A slut! A horrible, awful slut! The only slight saving grace was that no one knew! Well, the African villagers knew, and Lashan, but no one with a proper western liberal cultural background knew.

She had to somehow get away and get back home before they found out! Suppose a Land Rover arrived and white men saw her like this! She'd be mortified! She pulled frantically at the poles to no avail, then lay back, gasping, staring up at the moon.

She gazed down the length of her body, which glowed pale in the moonlight, noting her stiff nipples. They seemed... longer than she remembered, even when erect. She cupped her breasts gently, then fingered the long nipples, rolling them ever so slightly, not wanting to arouse herself but... needing to find out how much she had changed.

Her fingers rubbed a little harder, and then harder still, the undeniable, irresistible pleasure making her chest fill with sexual energy. Reluctantly, helplessly, her hand crept down her body until her fingers pressed against her clitoris, and she cried out softly, helplessly, back arching.

It felt sooooo good!

She lost control of herself, then, her determination to resist melting away under the rushing heat of pleasure. She rubbed harder, faster, gasping, moaning, writhing there in the cage, her hips rolling up against her frantically rubbing fingers.

Her body was still slippery, slick, and two fingers pushed in between the tight lips of her sex, causing another rush of pleasure and excitement. She plunged them deep, twisting and rolling them as she stroked against her clitoris.

The orgasm sent her hips bucking violently and she cried out, trying her best to repress the sound, arching and bucking and sobbing as the pleasure rolled her mind over and over again, a seething,

churning flood of sensations pouring through her nervous system, through her body and sending her mind tumbling wildly.

She lay on her back, knees wide, trembling, chest heaving as she recovered from the explosive release, and did her best not to touch herself, not to succumb again. Why, she was out in the open, where anyone in the village could see her! Could watch her!

Of course, it was dark, and they were asleep, and none of the huts had windows. Looking anxiously around, she saw no faces at the doors. Then again, they had very black skin, these villagers.

And it seemed even the light breeze caressing her naked body made her nipples tingle and her sex burn. She tried to close her legs, but that aroused her, as well. Before long, turning her head from side to side to watch out for anyone coming, she began to touch herself again, and again, it took very little time before an explosive orgasm hammered her mind and sent her body twisting and writhing in pleasure.

After several more orgasms she was able to sleep, then wakened, and masturbated again. Only when the day dawned and people started coming out of their huts could she find the forbearance to stop touching herself.

Lashan was the first to arrive at the cage. She squatted before it, and Sophie blushed, hoping the woman had slept soundly.

“It would be most embarrassing to the Peace Corps if this was discovered,” she said.

Sophie flushed and nodded.

“Most embarrassing to you, too,” the woman noted.

Sophie nodded again.

“I have been considering how to keep this secret. I will tell Mister Adams, who is in charge, that you have found another Kavango village which is willing to allow us to teach them the proper concepts of nutrition, and health awareness. This will account for where you have been and why you are here. I will say I must stay as well to help translate. Very few of these villagers speak English.”

“But – !”

The woman held up a hand to silence her.

“If you wished to leave immediately you would need to explain yourself to Mister Adams and his panel, the people who brought you here. They paid to fly you over, after all, which is a not inconsiderable amount of money.”

“I’ll pay to fly home myself!”

“And you will explain this how?”

Sophie bit her lip helplessly.

“You will have to explain to them, and to your family when you get home why you left so quickly. What will you say?”

Sophie stared at her blankly.

“In fact, this is an opportunity, for the people of this village have resisted modern ways more than most. They would not permit us to come here previously. However, they have you now, and I have attempted to point out to them that your being brought here in the manner in which you were taken – a white, American woman – could bring the government here, and punishment.”

“The elders are willing to learn some modern ways in exchange for me not telling the government what they have done. But you will have to continue the role of the opah for several weeks.”

Sophie’s eyes and mouth opened wide.

“You cannot teach them for they do not speak your language.”

“But – !”

“You will not be able to wear clothing for a time now. Anything which comes in contact with your body will arouse you and inflame you. You will need to touch yourself often.”

Sophie’s face flushed.

“You will want them to use your body. If you leave here, you will still want your body used. Who

will you seek out since you have no mate? Will you go to bars and have relations with strange men who might be diseased? The villagers have little contact with the outside and so have no harmful diseases. They also have a different concept of morality and sex. Here is the best place for you right now, until this –,” She waved her hand vaguely “subsides.”

“Y-you said it was permanent!”

“Yes, but the strength of the change will wane over the coming weeks to the point where you will be able to control yourself much better. You will have the sexual hungers of an adolescent boy, but even adolescent boys have some self-control.”

She shrugged. “Of course, much of that self-control is forced on them by girls, and it is not likely any male will turn down your desire for sex. Still, you are an adult and will need to learn to control your hungers.”

Her eyes narrowed. “This will be very difficult, however. We learn from pain – and pleasure. Our instincts are honed by it. The more pleasure you get from sexual behavior the more you will wish to engage in sexual acts. The more you engage in sexual acts, the more pleasure you will gain. You must guard your mind that it not be lost and care about little but physical pleasure.”

She stood up. “The Kavango should help somewhat, for they believe the Opah must be punished for the way she seduces and bewitches men.”

Sophie gasped, reaching forward, grasping the bars. “P-Punished?!”

“Yes, it will hurt, but do not fear, for hurt is not harm. They will not harm you, for they consider that your body, that *you*, are innocent, and it is the spirit of the crow within you which is causing your behavior. Thus they wish to punish the crow but not you. Your body will not be harmed. Your body will be given no burns, no scars, no marks. But you will be given some pain. Bear it with strength. Children are punished, as well.”

She shrugged. “Perhaps it will deter your newly found lusts somewhat.

*

Sophie moaned helplessly, her sex aching fiercely. Yet even with that ache, she felt a rush of dark, almost thrilling pleasure!

It had soon become clear who was going to punish her, and it was the village women. She supposed she shouldn't be surprised at that.

They had placed a bamboo pole across a pair of posts, and lifted her up so that she straddled it. Her ankles had been raised up and back behind her, her heels pressed into the top of her buttocks. Her wrists were crossed up high between her shoulder blades, and bound there by ropes around her chest. Her ankles were bound to her elbows, which forced her back to arch sharply.

It was a narrow perch, and nothing prevented her from simply falling off one side or the other, nothing except for one rope which led overhead, to a tree branch. The Kavango had wanted to put her in full sun, but Lashan had pointed to her fair skin and warned it would be damaged if they did this, so Sophie was in shade.

The rope led down to the center of her chest, where it was wrapped twice around the base of each breast. It was this rope which held her in place, despite the uneven balance she had atop the narrow pole. Each time she swayed or started to roll to one side or the other, the tight pull on her breasts pulled her back to center.

Her breasts ached. They were swollen and hot, and yet... she had never seen her nipples so long and so hard! Sitting atop the narrow pole was causing more pain to her the longer she was in place, the soft flesh between her legs bearing all the weight of her body as it pushed down against the pole.

Yet while she could not see her sex, due to how much her back was bowed, she could feel how slick the bamboo felt against her, knew that in addition to sweat, her body was producing a great deal of lubrication between her legs due to the arousal she was feeling simply from having her swollen clitoris pressed against the wood so firmly.

She could move – slightly, and as before in the hut, her body's physical discomfort led to a nearly

continuous wriggling and writhing atop the pole as she sought to ease that discomfort. She could not lean back because of the taut grip of the rope around her breasts. It forced her body into a forward tilt, even as the pull from her ankles on her elbows forced her back to arch.

But every movement pulled against those ropes binding her swollen breasts. Her nipples felt so incredibly hard, under such intense pressure, she imagined them exploding outward! Yet they tingled fiercely, hotly, almost like she had a permanent case of pins and needles focused directly on her nipples!

Around her, the village women worked, some of them apparently making bread, others scraping hides, still others making small, beaded jewelry. They looked at her from time to time, none of them particularly friendly, and she understood, after a fashion, that they were angry at her, well, at the 'crawl' inside her, for being such a slut.

They wanted to make its stay in her body unpleasant. That it was making her unpleasant too did not seem to matter quite so much, assuming they thought about it! Perhaps they thought that as her body was possessed by the demon she felt no pain. Sophie didn't know. All she knew was that her sex hurt! A lot!

Yet, weirdly, even so, she felt herself enveloped in a strong feeling of sexual arousal and hunger! The pain held it at bay, but she was quite certain that had she not ached so much down there she'd have had orgasms already – right in front of all these women!

She wondered why the thought of that still embarrassed her after having gone through what she'd gone through, but it did.

Then one of the older women came over. She had wrinkled skin and her breasts sagged to her belly, but held her fingers and something in her hand. She frowned at Sophie, then held her fingers out towards her breast. At first, Sophie thought she was going to pinch her nipple, then she saw she had something caught in her fingers, an insect!

A large insect!

Sophie squealed as her eyes bulged out. The insect wasn't as large as she'd thought, but the woman was squeezing its middle so that its little jaw was spread wide. She now pressed that jaw in against one of Sophie's nipples, then let the thing go! The little jaws clamped down on her nipple and she shrieked, almost instinctively.

That drew the attention of the other women, who looked on as the old woman placed a second insect against her other nipple and let that clamp down too. There were chuckles amongst the other women, then, as the old woman moved away, leaving Sophie there straddling the pole with the two fat little bugs biting her nipples!

She stared at them in horror at first! Her nipples stung with the force of their tiny jaws squeezing down on them. Yet it was clear the bugs couldn't actually do much. Her nipples were almost as big as the bugs were!

But they kept trying!

Their jaws were stretched wide to envelope her swollen pink nipples, and they kept... chewing... in their own tiny way, which made the stinging sensation keep changing and shifting in a way she couldn't simply get used to, like the throbbing between her legs.

Her nipples ached! But even that could not push away the roiling cloud of sexual hunger surrounding her. In fact, after her initial shock at what the woman had done, that cloud began to darken, for her aching nipples tingled even more powerfully!

Sweating, panting, moaning, Sophie began to feel she was on the edge of climaxing, despite how humiliating that would be in the midst of all these busily working women! She fought desperately against that, but the greater the heat, the more her determination melted away.

And then she came. She had resisted as long as possible, yet that only made the release more explosive, more powerful, more intense. She trembled and shook violently as the orgasm took her, her body grinding feverishly against the pole, using the only leverage it had, the firm pull of the rope

around her breasts. She wailed and gurgled, her eyes rolling back in her head as the sweet flood of pleasure overwhelmed her senses and battered at her mind!

Her head rolled bonelessly up and down as she ground herself against the pole, and then fell back dazed, as she almost fell completely off, only her bound breasts keeping her in place.

Her head lolled as several of the women gathered around her, and she groaned as they pulled her upright, then began to untie her ankles from her elbows, unwrapping the ropes around her breasts at the same time.

She was dragged off the pole, but not moved far. They simply turned her around and bent her over at the waist, then, forced her head and shoulders to slide under the pole, at least as far as where her wrists were bound between her shoulder blades. They then tied them to the pole.

Sophie was thus forced to stand, bent over and held in position, with her bare bottom pointed at the group. Fingers pushed into her sex, and she groaned weakly as strong hands parted her thighs.

She felt herself penetrated, not by slippery fingers, but by something else. She groaned dazedly, her head hanging low, looking back between her legs to see the women holding a long, thin vegetable which looked something like a cucumber or zucchini. It as long and thick, widening towards the center, and narrower at the rounded ends.

She gasped dazedly as the women pushed the thing up her tight, burning, very well-lubricated sex, pushed it deep – achingly deep, pushed it until she moaned in denial, her head shaking weakly as she felt the ache deep within. But they kept pushing until the thickest part was deep within her, and the narrower part was all that remained.

And then they did it again.

“Oh! Oh please!” she gasped, as they pushed a second such vegetable into her back passage.

She had never thought to engage in sexual activities 'back there' but had nevertheless felt the deep, thrilling pleasure of the village mens black organs filling her during her time in the hut. Now the village women twisted and turned and pushed the thick vegetable deep into her back passage as well.

Then came the strapping.

Each of them took turns, delivering a half dozen hard, swift blows of the long strap across Sophie's bare buttocks! Each blow stung! And each blow made her bottom hotter and redder, and made the the skin more tender and sensitive!

She whimpered and moaned and gasped and wriggled against the ropes holding her as the women strapped her again and again, and as the heat burned hotter she felt a wave of frustration that led to tears spilling from her eyes well before it finally stopped.

But then it did, and her ankles were drawn so far apart she was raised onto the balls of her feet before they were tied to the opposite posts supporting the bamboo pole. And then left there in her misery and embarrassment, utterly exposed to their eyes in a way much more degrading than anything else she had felt so far!

Chapter Seven

Sophie was a very unhappy young woman, her bottom flaming as she was held in her awkward, bent-over position. It was so frustrating to be punished by these people, not for what she'd done, but because they thought they were punishing some sort of demon possessing her! And she couldn't even tell them otherwise for they didn't speak English!

Not that they would believe her anyway, she thought miserably. Ninda had probably given them the idea and he was one of the more educated among them!

Her nipples continued to burn and tingle. The strapping had distracted her from them, but even as she stood there, bent over, the little bugs were biting at her nipples! Her breasts hung below her, no longer bound, but full and round and throbbing as her nipples tingled and stung.

And the fullness in her belly began to make itself known to her senses, as well. But her body had come to know that sense of fullness, and associate it with only one thing – having big, male organs stuffed inside her! So while she ached, and while her bottom burned, Sophie felt herself sinking hopelessly and helplessly into that dark morass of sexual hunger and arousal once more.

She moaned as she saw movement behind her, saw a woman approaching. It was the older woman, the one who – !

“Oh no!” she cried.

But the woman ignored her, and a moment later Sophie felt the sudden sharp bite of something affixing its tiny jaws around her swollen clitoris!

It... stung! It... burned! But those little jaws kept gnawing on her, though her clitoris was bigger than it was, kept chewing, though the flesh, soft as it was, was far too thick and tough.

With her head hanging low, the blood had rushed to her head, making it throb and pulse, and Sophie moaned dazedly as sensations flooded her mind, different kinds of sensations, as if the tide was coming in but from different directions!

She felt the crackling sexual tension grow within her, grow until it took over her body, and then flooded into her mind with intoxicating power. Her bottom still stung, but she no longer cared. The thickness of those two vegetable stuffed into her body filled her to overflowing, and triggered some dark instinct of sexual desire that made her shudder and moan, made her hips grind helplessly up at the air.

Gnawing... chewing, biting.

The orgasm hammered into her with the force of an explosion this time, her skull feeling as though it were exploding at the incredible force of the tidal wave of pleasure which swept through her!

Oh my God, she thought! Oh! My! God! Ohmygod! Ohmygod! Ohmygod! Ohmygod!

She trembled and shook and rolled her hips violently up as the orgasm continued, tearing at her mind, causing convulsions in her body. Nothing mattered but the pleasure, and her dazed, desperate desire that it go on forever!

Sooooooooo gooooooooood!

But finally, it eased away, leaving her hanging in place, her muscles limp, gulping in air as she suddenly recalled the need to breath.

*

She was dazed and exhausted, and sore all over by the time the women bathed her, forcing her to

crawl to the river, and then back. They fed her, gave her water, and then brought her into a hut. She had no idea if it was the same hut as before, nor did she care.

There was another frame of bamboo inside the hut. It looked the same as the one outside, save for the fact the horizontal pole was much higher.

She groaned as her wrists were raised up high between her shoulder blades again, and rope tied around them, and then around her elbows. The rope was fed around her chest just below her breasts, then up and around them, with two loops drawing tight around the base of her breasts to squeeze them taut and make the nipples burn even more hungrily.

But at least there were no bugs on her now, she thought dazedly.

They bent and lifted her ankles, then, and she cried out as she found herself hanging from the high pole, from the ropes bound to her wrists and elbows, but also her breasts. Her legs were lifted up and spread wide, to the opposite posts holding the pole across their tops. Her ankles were actually higher than her shoulders at that point, and she was, as she had been before, very thoroughly, and embarrassingly spread open before them.

Another round ball of leaves wrapped in twine was shoved into her open mouth, filling it, and tied in place, and her moans became much more muffled.

She wondered what torment awaited her this time, but the women left her there like that. Her wrists ached somewhat, as did her arms, but her weight was spread now, between them, the rope circling her chest (and breasts) and her ankles, which were held up and wide.

And then the old woman came in, and Sophie moaned helplessly as the woman gave her a sardonic smirk and then placed another large jawed insect between her legs, causing it to bite down on her clitoris.

Sophie cried out, arching, gasping, trembling as the jaws bit into her soft flesh, and then the woman left.

And the men began to arrive.

Not immediately. The insect had long minutes to chew on her throbbing, burning clitoris before the first man came through the door of the hut. By then Sophie was gasping and writhing and moaning helplessly, awash in sexual hunger and heat, the dark pleasure coursing through her.

She had had intense orgasms during the day, wrapped in hunger, but when the head of the man's big, black organ pierced the swollen lips of her sex, and the long black shaft slid into her body, Sophie felt a stunning rush of excitement! It took very little time, as the eager young man thrust into her, before the first orgasm hit.

It was a monster! She screamed shrilly into the gag the village women had fashioned, screamed, howled and thrashed as the man stood before her, gripped her buttocks and rammed himself home again and again and again.

It was as if the orgasms she'd had earlier were merely the warmup. Now, with the man's organ.. his cock, she thought frantically, with his cock inside her, pumping, thrusting, his hot body against hers, his hands on her buttocks, his breath against her ear, she screamed as the orgasm rolled over her like a runaway freight train!

It almost knocked her out completely. She didn't even remember him finishing and leaving. She found herself there, dazed, hanging in place, head hanging, staring at her sex. And a stark, chilled part of her mind realized that she could not survive much of this.

Oh, her body would survive. She wasn't being 'harmed' after all.

But her mind... her mind could not survive such intense pleasure, not if it kept on and on and on! She would become little more than a crazed animal desperate for sex!

But surely, once the swelling subsided, once the nerve endings in her nipples and clitoris were less intensely sensitive, she would be able to ignore them, she thought, a trifle hopefully.

Then the next man came in, and four orgasms later, she was alone again, panting, drooling around the leaves, moaning, sweating, her insides roiling wildly.

The next man came, and she lost track of the orgasms, lost track of the world, fading into unconsciousness due to the intensity of the shattering orgasms.

They wakened her with cold clothes, and let her rest.

Then the next man came to sate himself on her, and her voice gave way, for however muffled her voice, she was screaming at the top of her lungs as three more orgasms paraded through her mind.

Then the next man came, and the next... and the next.

And Sophie came with them, over and over again.

The next day was much the same. Only the punishments changed. She was whipped, stood up, arms apart, bound in place, and whipped, repeatedly. The women used a long, thin whip which left her body criss-crossed in thin red lines of pain, but did not break the skin.

It had hurt, yes, at first, but such was the growing sense of voracious sexual hunger within her, that by the time they started slicing the long, thin whip across her breasts and down between her legs, the harsh sting was arousing her almost as much as it was hurting her.

They bent her over and shoved those thick, long cucumber-like melons up into her sex and bottom, then strapped a kind of big, leather bag to her back and made her crawl to, and into the river. They opened the top of the bag, and it filled with water, then closed it again as they led her out, pulling on the rope around her neck.

The bag was much heavier now. MUCH heavier! It was filled with water, and Sophie gasped and moaned as thin switches struck her bare bottom to encourage her to continue on. She crawled back up to the village with the big, leather bag of water on her back. It was emptied into a large wooden drum, and she was led back to the river for more.

After several such trips she was gasping and sweating and shaky, so they apparently decided to inspire her by placing those wide jawed insects on her nipples and clitoris again before leading her back to the river.

Sophie's movements made it impossible not to be constantly reminded of the weight and thickness and fullness of the cucumbers, or whatever they were, filling her belly. The lips of her sex strained wide around one, and now with the insect biting on her swollen clitoris she could only gasp and moan as a dark, shimmering waves of sexual hunger and desire spread through her body.

Her nipples throbbed and pulsed, and burned, to add to her state of flustered need, but the two young women leading and driving her along ensured she had no time to do anything about it, to even think, as they loaded her up with water, closed the bag, and made her crawl back once again.

That evening, bathed and clean, she was bound in the corner of the hut, arms behind her, ankles behind her neck, bound to a pole, as the men knelt and took her again and again, and she screamed herself through multiple orgasms until she had no voice.

She woke in the cage again the following morning, groggy, sore, and aroused. She masturbated before she was even fully awake, then did it again. Her cries were a soft, gurgling moan, for her voice was still incredibly hoarse, her throat aching. The pleasure tore through her in powerful waves, though, and it swept away all her cares and concerns.

The pair of orgasms eased the intensity of her need enough for her mind to function on something other than an animal level, though, and she knew that somehow, she had to get away. If this continued for long she'd become little more than a sexual animal, crawling on the end of a rope as though she were on a leash as naturally as a dog. Her mind would become like that of a drug addict, always desperate for the next high, and capable of thinking about little else.

But how? How would she explain to everyone at home!? They would think she was just a spoiled child who had run away when she discovered how rough the living was in Africa! Her peers would mock her! And if anyone inquired of the Peace Corps, the reputation of she and her family would be ruined!

But back at the other village, she had what she needed. She had her cards and her passport. With her debit and credit cards, she could accomplish almost anything, if she could force herself to do it, and

get help.

With an almost animal cunning, she bided her time. First, she was fed, and watered, then led, crawling, to the river. The women bathed her, then applied the salve which would keep the insects at bay.

As she was crawling back from the river, the two women with her walked behind, chatting to each other, and Sophie pretended to stumble. Her hands quickly loosened the loop around her neck – which was not particularly tight to begin with, and then she sprang upright, surprising the two women.

She wrapped the rope around them as they reached for her, and pushed one sideways. They were just above the river here, and the woman squawked as she fell six feet down into the water, dragging the other with her.

Sophie bolted!

She ran along the river, for she had come to understand it was the same river she had originally been bathing in. The river wound its way through the jungle, and while it was shallow near the village, she knew it had to get deeper and wider as it moved along.

Behind her, the women unwound themselves from the ropes, but had to move a hundred yards back before they could reach a low bank to climb out. By then Sophie was out of sight. They ran into the village instead to find the men, the hunters, to track her.

Sophie ran heedlessly along the bank of the river until she spotted a short, stumpy log half driven into the sand, then jumped in. She pushed the log out into the narrow river, and then threw herself after it. The river was deeper here, almost waist high, and flowing east, where she knew she had to go. She half floated, half swam along, fairly certain the men would lose track of her, thinking she had crossed over.

The river flowed faster and faster, much to her delight, and she gripped the log, and kicked her legs behind, helping move faster still. As the river grew faster still, she was able to pull herself up onto the log, to straddle it, and ride it like a bobbing seahorse.

Until a rope flew out of the woods and fell around her shoulders. Sophie gaped as the rope was yanked tight, and squealed as she was pulled off the back of the log, which swept on ahead of her.

The rope dragged her back through the rapidly rushing water as she sputtered and coughed and wriggled and tried to pull free, then a large black hand grasped her hair, pulling her up out of the water. Another hand grabbed her arm and heaved up onto the bank.

She twisted and writhed and was shaken strongly, then turned around to face the frowning face of ... Kabali! She gaped at him as he scowled and shook her again.

“Foolish girl!” he said, shaking her. “The water falls deeply. Do you not hear it!?” Sophie blinked water out of her eyes, not understanding, at first. The young man shook his head in something like exasperation, then, holding tightly to her arm, he led her away from the river, then downward along a game trail. There was a constant sound now that Sophie thought about it, not a roaring, but certainly a very loud splashing sound...

Kabali led her down the trail, and then reemerged by the river, only now she was looking up at a waterfall. The water fell about ten feet onto a rocky ledge, then fell another ten feet, then twenty feet more beyond that.

It would have been a very rough ride indeed!

He shook his head and led her further along the trail, still holding her arm, and Sophie wondered at her lack of embarrassment now, for she was, of course, completely nude. Then again, she had been seen nude by so many people over the past week she supposed she had gotten used to it.

Still, now that she was walking alongside him, he wearing his loincloth, and she naked, his proximity was beginning to have an ... effect.

“I was most angry at those Visha people for taking you away,” he said. “They are ignorant people, very backwards and superstitious.”

“Uhm, yes,” she gasped in a soft, hoarse voice.

“They still believe in demon spirits,” Kabali snorted. “They were not proper, educated people like us!”

He jumped down off a low ledge, then turned and grabbed her, lifting her down. That wound up with her pressed temporarily against him, however, and reminded her of just how big, and muscular and ... and male he was. She gulped, her nipples tingling hard from the brief contact, and glanced down at his loincloth.

“How can I thank you?” she said softly, anxiously.

“Your voice is very strange,” he said, frowning.

She flushed, certainly not willing to inform him she had screamed herself hoarse from orgasms! But the way he looked at her, the way his eyes dropped to her bare breasts and her tingling nipples, sent a hot rush of energy through her body. She knew she wanted him, and that image came to mind again, the one which had so strongly affected her from the moment he had put it there.

“Do you remember what you told me about what you learned in South Africa?” she asked hoarsely.

He looked at her blankly.

“You told me what men used womens hair for.”

“Ahh,” he said with a smile. “Yes! They are a very depraved people in South Africa. They have the sex for pleasure only, not for children.”

“And did you do that there?”

“Oh yes. Kavango men are like men in other places. It is the women who demand marriage.”

“And would you like to do it again?” she asked in a hoarse, breathless voice.

His eyes widened and he turned to look at her, his eyes racing up and down her body.

“I have never done the thing with a white person before!” he said excitedly.

Sophie felt a wild hunger swirling inside her, felt her chest tightening and her legs getting wobbly. She sank to her knees, suddenly, and then reached up and ran her hand over him through his loincloth. Kabali gasped, then lifted his clothe aside as he began to harden.

He hardened... very quickly. Sophie seized him, moaning, licking up and down the long, black length of him, rubbing his shaft and head across her lips and cheeks, then taking him into her mouth. He moaned, his fingers falling on her head as she began to bob eagerly up and down.

She did not take him into her throat. It was sore enough, and besides, she wanted him somewhere else, needed him somewhere else!

She pulled away, twisting free of his hands, spun and fell onto her hands and knees, then pushed her bottom up high as she spread her knees. She moaned as he eagerly knelt behind her, groaned as she felt the pressure of his hard head pushing against her, and then cried out – hoarsely, as he forced apart the lips of her sex and pushed himself deep into her belly.

“Oh God!” she gasped hoarsely. “Oh yes! Oh God! Fuck me!”

It was the first time she had ever sworn.

“Pull my hair!” she gasped frantically. “Pull my hair!”

Kabali needed no encouragement, he drove himself deep into the now trembling girl's body, groaning himself at the warm, moist heat clasped tightly around his shaft, and grabbed her thick dark hair and yanked back.

The noise she made was hoarse, but the feel as he buried every inch inside the female's body made him ecstatic. He began to thrust powerfully, without much technique, pounding his hips against her well-shaped bottom as he pulled repeatedly at her hair! His big hand reached down and filled itself with her breast as he delightedly squeezed it, digging his fingers into the soft flesh!

Sophie fell almost instantly into an intense thrill-ride of sexual pleasure and heat. She cried out, eyes wide, cried out again, gasping, sobbing, moaning, thrusting back at him as he jerked sharply on her hair, as her scalp burned, as his big, rough hand kneaded her breast. She gloried in the deep, powerful stroking of his mighty shaft inside her as she lowered herself to her elbows, then dropped to

the ground, breasts pillowing out beneath her as he continued to ride her.

Her head jerked back again and again, so hard sometimes that he lifted her upper body off the ground through the sharp force of his hunger. Sophie didn't care. She was beyond pain, wrapped in a wild dark fever of pleasure as her belly churned, her groin burned, and her mind spun through a dizzying storm of pleasure.

Her throat ached and burned as she tried to scream out her pleasure, as the orgasm swept her up in its embrace and buried her in an avalanche of raw, animal pleasure. She all-but collapsed, but the hard, steady pounding against her bottom, the hard, deep thrusts inside her, continued.

Her arms lay limp on the ground, but her head jerked up and back as Kabali continued to yank on her hair. Her body shuddered and shook the hard pounding of his hips against her buttocks, to the deep, powerful shaft hissing in and out of her tight, bubbling sex.

This time the orgasm hardly had time to fade before the heat surged up again, and then another intense rush of pleasure swept over her, and then another, and another, like a roller-coaster ride that had her mind racing at breakneck speeds along a wildly turning, twisting track, rising and falling again. And, as she had before she felt, in a small, sane corner of her mind, the fear she might go insane from such pleasure!

She wasn't in much shape to go on by the time he finished, but she recovered, with the help of some water poured over her and into her. However, it wasn't long before Kabali recovered too. He seemed to assume that now that he had been granted access to her body that access was unrestricted, and as his arousal reawakened he simply put her down onto her hands and knees and mounted her again.

Another long, pounding ride later, and Sophie was pulled dazedly to her feet. He had to hold her to keep from falling as he led her unsteadily on towards his village. By the time they'd reached it he was feeling aroused once more, and again put her on all fours to plunge deep into her burning, aching belly and ride her to another furious orgasm.

Pleased, he led her back into the village, and Sophie had little embarrassment left in her at her nudity. Her clothing had finally caught up to her, and was sitting in a hut, along with the things she'd left behind at the river. It felt very odd to be wearing clothes again, odd and uncomfortable and hot and sweaty.

Almost unnatural, in fact.

But while her nipples tingled wildly, the shield of fabric did seem to help her keep her mind together. A good meal, and lots of water helped, too. But with some return of sanity she also realized her plan to use her credit cards to get a plane out was more than slightly incomplete. Where was she to go? More to the point, she didn't pay her credit card bills. Her parents did. So if she flew off they'd know, and she'd have to explain herself.

A bus ride, on the other hand, was easily explained, and it wouldn't say on the ticket that she was taking it across the border into South Africa. Once there, she planned to get some sort of job to tide her over until she could return home without a lot of questions.

Getting a job without being a citizen, however, she realized, was an issue. Of course, that depended on the job.

Epilogue

Sophie had always loved dancing. She'd learned to tap dance as a child, then graduated into ballet. As a young girl she'd learned ballroom dancing, salsa, and then simply put together her own style from there.

She'd always loved dancing, but had never wanted to be the center of attention. She had always been an introverted girl, after all. But needs must win out, and besides, her personality had undergone a radical change over the summer.

Still, it made her blush each time she stepped out on stage, clad in her librarian outfit, cringing under all those eyes as the music began. Each time she removed an article of clothing her embarrassment deepened, but at the same time, her arousal grew.

It had been much more difficult when she'd started. The club then had been mostly white men. Now she worked at a club for high ranking members of the governing party, which was almost entirely Black. Somehow, it didn't embarrass her that much to be seen naked by Black men.

And as she revealed more and more of her pale flesh and she sensed their hungry eyes, her own hunger grew to envelope her, the now familiar fever heat taking hold as she spun around the pole, as she so lewdly and brazenly displayed her lovely young body, as she hung on the pole to arch her back and thrust her breasts out at them all!

Her nipples were hard. They were always hard, and they tingled as sexual energy coursed through her system. And as she turned and pressed herself against the bar, as she pushed her sex into it and ground herself up and down, moaning and gasping and panting for breath, her face a mask of pleasure, few realized it wasn't an act.

They applauded her, and threw money, and summoned the wandering attendants to ask for her after the dance.

For this club didn't have to worry about the police, not with the many government and party people in it. And African men had never thought much of the idea of a lap dance which only taunted and teased, and did not deliver.

After her dance, though, panting with more than weariness, Sophie visited the small, private booths, and gave them what they wanted, what she wanted. And that was not a lap dance.

She was in high demand, and commanded a high price, for her performances, both on stage, and in person, were filled with the kind of enthusiasm other girls usually lacked. Her oral skills were becoming infamous amongst those in the know. She could spend half an hour using her mouth, her tongue, her lips and her hands and face on a man's erection, keeping him throbbing powerfully the entire time, before climbing into his lap, sinking her hot, tight, hungry sex down the length of his shaft, and riding him to an explosive conclusion.

The money was... amazing. And everything was for sale, particularly if you know the party and government people. Late in the summer she was invited on a private plane and flew to Nigeria, a land filled with oil wealth and utterly corrupt men.

Her private performances paid much more than her public ones now, and provided her with the eager, lustful men she needed. But what had always been missing before, was provided to her now. For the sex got rougher and wilder here.

These were African men with little respect for women, and a both a deep hunger for and a resentment of western women.

The first man offered her a considerable sum to spank her. The very idea took her breath away, reminding her of that moment beside the river, when she had been spanked for the first time in her life.

Yes, it had hurt, but the wild, fierce thrill of heat took her mind away from the pain, and made her climaxes that much more intense when the man took her, roughly, pulling at her hair and slapping at her bottom again.

Sophie had found a new niche, one which paid even more, and brought her even more pleasure, though it meant some sacrifice on the part of her soft bottom.

The money poured in, but Sophie felt herself drowning in dark heat each time she gave herself to one of the men. She had become addicted to harsh, rough sex. It was almost all she thought about, and certainly all she wanted. The former prim, virginal girl had become, by summer's end, a virtual nymphomaniac, ever eager for the touch of a man's hand, and to have him sliding his throbbing cock into her body.

Her nipples were less sensitive by then, and her clitoris much less swollen, but her mind was caught in the hunger, addicted to the orgasms which her own excitement and heat fed. It was, she realized, something of a catch twenty two. Because the orgasms were so powerful, it had made her want sex more and more. And because she wanted sex so much, was so easily aroused, the orgasms were more powerful.

It troubled her that she was prostituting herself, but she could not bring herself to give up the hot, raw, even violent sex, and if she was going to engage in it, why not get paid at the same time?

Her family was pleased that she had been offered a job working for the Nigerian government helping its people with health care. They were impressed by the high salary, as well as the pictures she sent of her splendid office. She sent them postcards from all over Africa, as she traveled to different government conferences, and consulted with high ranking members of other governments.

And then she was hired by the United Nations in New York, and they took pride in how successful she had become.

In fact, Sophie had so much money by then, and so many important contacts throughout Africa that she started her own foreign aid agency, and was finally able to put her education to good use. She spent a considerable amount of time in Africa, of course, and usually with her aide and bodyguard Kabali, who had learned that pulling hair in just the right way was an excellent career path when combined with the flat of his hand across his employer's bottom.

And so Sophie's desire to help the world was fulfilled, if not in precisely the way she had imagined. She had an interesting, rewarding and challenging career, and still maintained an extraordinarily active sex life. Every day started and ended with her cries of pleasure, and the pounding heat of orgasm, and in between was the intellectual excitement she also craved.

She toyed with the idea of teaching other girls what she had learned, of perhaps recruiting likely candidates who would come to share her secret desires, perhaps by sending them to visit the Kavango. Perhaps, she thought, in addition to educating Africans about health care, she could educate some silly, ignorant young southern girls about the joys of unrestrained sexuality.

But that was an ambition she would hold back until some future point – when she wasn't having quite so much fun.

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Have praise, suggestions or complaints? writeargus@gmail.com

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