

ARABIAN HONEYMOON

by

Allan Aldiss

Book One – The degradation of Heidi and Greg

Little did a young American couple, Greg and his beautiful bride Heidi, imagine what would happen when a young Frenchman, Pierre, offered to arrange for them to spend their honeymoon in a romantically remote Arab sheikdom - and promised that no one would know where they had gone.

But it was not to her young husband that Heidi was destined to lose her virginity. Nor was she intended for the Ruler's Harem. Instead they were both going to be broken in to take the leading roles in something worse: the Arabs Revenge.

This story is dedicated to the real Greg and Heidi, who commissioned it and whose fantasies provided Allan Aldiss with the outline plot - and much of the detail.

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PROLOGUE – A TERRIFYING ARRIVAL

When they arrived at the terminal building in the small Sheikhdom of Murat, Heidi and Greg saw numerous notices in Arabic. There did not seem to be anything in English or any other European language. Evidently the country in which they had arrived had few Western visitors.

How romantic and unspoilt it all seemed, thought Heidi, looking out through a window at a typical desert scene: sand, camels, turbaned men in Arab dress and, in the distance, bare, craggy mountains. How right Pierre had been, this was just the sort of remote place in which she had always dreamed of spending her honeymoon. It was so much more exciting than the awful crowded tourist hotel in Cyprus booked for them by the travel agent back in Atlanta.

However, they still did not know just where they were, for Pierre had teasingly refused to tell them, saying that how much more romantic it would be to arrive to spend their honeymoon in a mysterious and unknown place. But don't worry, he had reassured them, he would be there to look after them.

'And,' he had added, 'if you don't know where you're going, then you'll be safe from being pestered by telephone calls from your friends and relations - the last thing you want on your honeymoon.'

How right he was. But now, Greg felt it was time to ask him where they were. But before he could do so, Pierre turned away and went up to a senior-looking Arab official and said something, pointing to Greg and Heidi. The official nodded and left. Oh good, Greg thought, we're going to be whisked through customs and immigration.

Pierre quickly excused himself, saying that he urgently wanted to see about transport to their hotel. It was the last they saw of him.

After silently waiting for their luggage for what seemed a long time, they were beckoned by the uniformed official into a separate room. At last, they told each other, Pierre must have arranged VIP treatment for us. But in the room, they saw to their astonishment that their luggage was lying open on a bench with the contents strewn every where. Evidently the locks had been forced and the luggage thoroughly searched.

To one side of the cases was a table on which were several piles of transparent plastic bags some containing some sort of white powder and others containing coloured pills.

'You try bring in drugs,' said the now angry official in broken English. He pointed at the pile of plastic bags. 'Those we find in your luggage,'

'Nonsense,' cried Greg. 'That's nothing to do with us. There must be some mistake.'

'No mistake,' answered the official grimly.

'What!' Greg shouted. 'That's just not true!'

'You speak with American accent. If you American, why you travel under Palestinian passport?'

'Because...' began Greg, then his voice trailed off. How could he explain it all? Oh why had Pierre disappeared? It was he who had said that, because the Americans were not very popular with some Arabs, it might be better to travel to this out-of-the-way state using Arab passports - something which he had provided and which had made it all seem so much more exciting to Heidi. He had even told the Greg to wear unobtrusive jeans and a sleeveless shirt.

'Because,' cut in the senior official, 'you think easier to smuggle in drugs if you thought to be Arab - and false Palestinian passport easy to obtain.'

'No it's not like that at all...' cried Heidi in her distinctive American accent from under her burkah. But she was cut short by the senior official.

'So, you American, too? Then take off burkah,' he ordered.

Heidi looked around in vain for Pierre, remembered he wasn't there and then hesitantly obeyed. There were gasps from the officials as she revealed herself as a blond. The hotel manager had introduced them to the handsome and articulate Pierre and his beautiful dark haired girl friend, with whom they had a drink on the terrace of the hotel. Drinks with this delightful pair had led on to dinner together, with Greg and Heidi plying the other couple with questions. Heidi had thought how lucky they were to have met Pierre as he was clearly an expert on Middle Eastern culture. It was wonderful when he said he could help them see some really interesting parts of the region.

Heidi had confessed her dismay at finding herself in a modern tourist resort and Pierre had told them about a remote Arab sheikhdom nearby, only a few hours away by plane. He had described it as a secret and romantic Arabian fantasyland - perfect for a romantic honeymoon and had gone on to suggest they accompany him in a couple of days' time when he was due to go there on a business trip. He said he could take them to places no tourists ever saw. It would be the "experience of a lifetime".

He did not tell the name of the sheikhdom, saying that it would be more of a surprise if they did not know just where they going - and more exciting.

He had talked of taking them to the desert, of remote oases and ancient castles, of camping out under the stars, of camel racing, of dhows smuggling in gold and girls, of old slave-markets, of bustling souks selling Persian carpets and silver bracelets, of veiling ring and thought what it was now like to be a married woman - even though she had not yet allowed Greg to take her precious virginity. She had saved that so carefully until after she was married.

Her friends had teased her about her old-fashioned attitude, but she had been adamant.

She had been strictly brought-up in Atlanta as a proper Southern Belle. She had allowed petting before they were married, even serious petting, but no sex - except for a little oral fun and games. It made her feel great - and to look forward to her marriage all the more.

Her great friend, Laura, had enjoyed several relationships with men, but nevertheless advised her to make Greg hold back until they were in especially romantic surroundings. Wait, her friend had advised her, until she found herself somewhere isolated and yet stimulating. Make giving yourself to your husband something very special that you'll remember, he said to her. 'You think we not stop Arab lady. Well, you both under arrest for smuggling drugs. Very serious offence here in Murat. Here that carry death sentence: death by stoning. Take long time.'

The death sentence! Heidi and Greg's faces went white but before they could say a word of protest, the official had turned to his underlings.

'Take them away!' he ordered.

Greg and Heidi were handcuffed and thick felt hoods were dropped over their heads. They could not see anything. They felt themselves being led outside, for the heat was stifling. then they were pushed into what appeared to be the back of a van. They heard the door being slammed shut and locked. There was a jerk as the van moved off down what seemed to be a rough road, one that seemed to go on for ever.

'What's happening to us?' Greg heard Heidi's muffled voice.

'I don't know, darling,' he replied. 'There must be some mistake. Doubtless Pierre will sort it all out.'

'I do hope so,' answered Heidi, thinking how little they really knew about Pierre. He had seemed to provide the answer to her desire to desire to spend her honeymoon in a remote and romantic place -and travelling under assumed names with false passports to an unknown destination had all sounded so exciting.

But, she now realised, it also meant there was no proper record of them having left Cyprus, and none of their friends or relations had any idea they were here. Oh my God!

PART I – AN UNUSUAL START TO A HONEYMOON

I – THE INNOCENTS AT PLAY

Two days earlier, just back from the beach, Heidi had been lying back in a relaxing and cooling bath. She fingered her wedding ring and thought what it was now like to be a married woman - even though she had not yet allowed Greg to take her precious virginity. She had saved that so carefully until after she was married.

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Laura had added that, as she was due to meet Heidi for a photo shoot in Cyprus a few weeks after the honeymoon, she might join them there a week or so earlier. It would be a chance to get to know Greg a little better, as she had only met him briefly and now he was to be married to her best friend.

These were suggestions with which that Heidi had enthusiastically agreed. Moreover, she thought, Laura might be able to come to them in Arabia later. Then, in a few weeks' time, they could all fly back to Cyprus together to do the photo shoot - meanwhile having had a wonderful time exploring this wild and remote part of the world.

Arabia! Lying in her scented bath Heidi relived her favourite fantasy of what it would be like to be a prize possession in the harem of a Sultan; to be used at the whim of a powerful and demanding man; and to perhaps even to be displayed as the main entertainment at a banquet given for his friends.

Ever since she had seen an old movie depicting harem girls, Heidi had fantasised about being a slavegirl in Arabia and especially about being a helpless plaything in the harem of a handsome young Sheikh.

This never failed to excite her and soon she was encouraging mini orgasms as she tickled her beauty bud and imagined Greg as her sultan taking her virginity and claiming her as his forever.

Now Pierre had even told her that he could arrange for her to visit a real live harem. How exciting!

She had been looking forward to showing off her new young husband to Laura in some romantic spot before the photo shoot.

Undoubtedly, with her friend's physical charms and her attractiveness to men, there would be no problem in finding a rich handsome young foreigner to escort her so she wouldn't feel like the "third wheel." She always managed to have some panting young man following her around waiting to get his hands on her rather large cleavage.

However, neither of them had ever thought that they might be meeting somewhere in wildest Arabia. How exciting it was going to be for Laura, too.

Although Heidi was still a virgin, she was not totally inexperienced. Indeed, very daringly for a Southern Belle, she had even briefly dated a black man; a Defensive Lineman for the University team for which she had been a cheerleader. Once she had even "given him head" as her girl friends called it and had been quite amazed at his size.

But when her parents had found out about her black friend she was threatened with the loss of her college money and so she had decided to cool her relationship.

However, when she told him this, he had angrily taken her over his knee, pulled down her panties and spanked her on her bare bottom in front of several of his black friends - and had then shown them the signs of her wet arousal.

'The natural arousal of a white woman at the idea of being beaten by a black man'. A proud boast.

It was true and there was nothing she could do to stop it. How many times she had secretly fantasised about being a slave girl being punished by a black overseer? She had been desperately embarrassed at the time, but from then on she had found herself frequently masturbating at the memory of the event.

She had been reminded of that humiliating memory earlier that very day when their friend Pierre had joined them on the beach, accompanied by a strange, fat, black man. His face had been somehow frightening and expressionless. Pierre had spoken to him in Arabic as he introduced him to Heidi, explaining that the man was an important business associate of his who was briefly visiting Cyprus and who spoke no English.

But apparent lack of a common tongue had not stopped the man from looking at Heidi, clad just in her bikini thong. He had looked her up and down very carefully and then nodded approvingly to Pierre as he did so. What cheek, she had thought, as she blushed under his inquisitive and appreciative gaze.

Although she wouldn't do this at home, she was not inhibited about going topless on the beaches in Cyprus, since so many other women were. But this man made her feel uncomfortable as she saw him looking directly at her nipples as if he was assessing them in

some way - in an almost detached and professional way, as if the sight of her almost naked body left him personally cold. Just who was he, she wondered.

Then the fat black man, his face still a mask, had surprisingly turned his attention to Greg, again nodding to Pierre, who then said he had to take his associate to the airport. He had led the man away, leaving Greg and Heidi mystified as to why Pierre had wanted his friend to see them.

He had, she felt, in some strange way made her feel almost as helpless and slave-like as she was in her fantasies.

However, back in their hotel she was in charge again and determined to make Greg wait just a bit longer. She was finding it rather stimulating, especially as Greg seemed to find it rather exciting being kept frustrated. Perhaps in the days of yore, she told herself, even slavegirls had been allowed their own pageboys or young attendants.

She was enjoying being in the driving seat with an adoring, if frustrated, young husband at her beck and call. She knew he wouldn't wait much longer, so she thought she better have a little fun while she could.

'Greg!' she called out. 'Bring me my towel!'

There was a pause and then Greg knocked on the bathroom door, a big Turkish towel in his hand. He was still wearing his tight swimming briefs and she noticed the front of them swell as she stood up in the bath, naked. Eagerly he reached out for her.

'Not now, Greg' Heidi wagged an admonishing finger to her young husband. 'We'll get to that soon enough.'

She dried herself in front of him - deliberately teasing him - sure of the power of her beautiful body. She herself also began to feel aroused. She decided on a little game to tease him more.

She pushed him back, stepped out of the bath and picked up a scarf. She tied it over his eyes and checked that he could see nothing. then she fastened his hands behind his back with another scarf. She smiled as she saw how the bulge in his swimming briefs swelled even more as he felt her naked body brush his own.

What a beautiful and wonderfully exciting woman he had married, he was thinking. How lucky he was, even though she was keeping him waiting for his conjugal rights.

'Kneel down, Greg!' she whispered, gripping his hair and pushing him down.

Blindfolded and helpless, with his hand tied behind him, he did so. He felt her bending down over him.

'Kneel up!' she ordered.

Moments later, he felt something soft being rubbed up and down against his cheeks and then replaced with something equally soft.

'Suck!' Heidi ordered, thrusting one of her small hard nipples into his mouth. Oh the excitement as she felt his tongue, first on one nipple and then on the other.

She let him go on, silently, for several minutes and then straightened up and opened her legs. Again she gripped his hair and rubbed the curly blonde locks of her pubic hair against his face. She heard him groan with excitement. She parted her beauty lips with one hand and guided his head with the other.

'Lick!' she ordered.

She felt his tongue on her throbbing beauty bud and cried out with delight. She let him continue for what seemed an age - an age of pure bliss.

Then she reached out and pulled down his swimming briefs. His manhood sprung into erection, thrusting out in front of him. It might be smaller than that of the black football player, but the sight still made her catch her breath.

His tongue was driving her crazy. Could she really hold out until they got to this mysterious sheikhdom in Arabia? Could he? Desperately frustrated as he was, might he take her before they went? He was a strong young man, could she really continue to hold him in check by her mere words and erotic tease?

She wondered if she dared to release his hands and let him give himself relief as he brought her to her delicious climax. Would he spoil it all by taking virginity now?

'Darling,' she whispered, 'if I let you play with yourself, will you promise not to touch me with your hands?'

'Yes, yes,' came a hoarse reply.

Still holding his mouth to her moist beauty lips, she reached behind him and, with a jerk, untied the bow that was holding his wrists.

'Careful!' she warned. 'Remember you can touch yourself, but not me!'

With another hoarse cry, he began to masturbate.

Then, satisfied that she had him under control, she took off his blindfold. He was now looking up at her adoringly as he licked her beauty bud and aroused himself. Oh the thrill as she looked down at him. Moments later there was a cry as she reached her first climax.

'Go on!' she cried, feeling the approach of yet another climax.

She heard give another cry and then felt the jet of his seed splashing on her legs. It was enough to bring on another, this time shattering, climax.

There was a long silence as they both caught their breath, both gloriously sweaty and naked. It was a good start to what was clearly going to be the perfect honeymoon - in Arabia.

2 – UNDER ARREST - ARAB STYLE

The van stopped. Still handcuffed and hooded, they heard voices speaking in what sounded like Arabic and then came the noise of the door being unlocked and opened. They were pulled out and marched across to what seemed like a building and down some stairs. It was cooler now.

There was the sound of iron gates being opened, closed and locked behind them and they were marched down what seemed to be a passage. Again there was the sound of iron gates being opened. They were thrust through them.

Heidi felt one of her handcuffs being unlocked. Eagerly she waited for the other to be unlocked as well. But instead she heard more voices speaking in Arabic. One seemed surprisingly high pitched. Then she felt herself being pushed back against some bars. The handcuff was replaced and she realised that she was now held helpless, cuffed to the bars.

But that was not all, for the hands then felt their way up under the back of her hood. Then they forced something hard into her mouth. She felt a strap tightening behind her neck, holding whatever it was in her mouth. She tried to speak and then to cry out, but only little grunts came from beneath her hood - grunts that were greeted with laughter.

Greg could hear something being done to his young bride, but still hooded and handcuffed, helpless with his hands fastened behind his back, he was utterly helpless.

'What are they doing to you, Heidi?' he called out anxiously. All he heard in reply was muffled grunting.

He heard footsteps approaching, then he too felt one of his handcuffs being temporarily unlocked as he was pushed back against some bars. Then he also felt the handcuff being locked round his wrist again and found that he was fastened to the bars behind him.

But, as with Heidi, that was not all. Hands felt their way up under the back of his hood and then forced something hard into his mouth. He also felt a strap being tightened behind his

neck, holding his mouth wide open. He found that he was firmly gagged and only able to make little grunting noises that were greeted with laughter.

'We now have good look at lovely lady's body.' Greg heard a high pitched voice say. My God, he thought, was his wife being stripped by these unknown men? Desperately, but in vain, he struggled to get free and rescue her.

The helpless Heidi felt a hand on her neck. She blushed furiously under her hood as the buttons down the front of her dress were unfastened and it was then slipped back over her shoulders, disclosing her pretty lightweight, lace trimmed bra - a bra with which she had loved to tease her eager and randy young husband before their marriage and during their honeymoon, making him promise to look but not touch.

She heard the snip of scissors and her both her bra and her dress fell away, leaving her standing there in her loose French satin panties, her firm breasts now exposed. Horror overcame fear as she wondered who was looking at her and why this was happening.

'Very nice,' came the high pitched voice again and she felt her breasts being lifted and weighed as if being assessed. Her slim waist was also felt and her strong arms and slender neck.

'Yes, very nice,' came the same voice, speaking in broken English. 'Yes, you do very well.'

Her panties were slipped down to her feet, they were removed and her ankles strapped wide apart to the bars, making her feel more helpless than ever. She was naked before these awful men.

'Oh,' said the voice. 'We must remove this blonde hair before His Highness see you - and make you safe for him.'

What did he mean, Heidi wondered? What Highness was apparently coming to see her - naked? What did he mean by making her safe? She gave a little shiver of apprehension. Where was Pierre, for Heaven's sake?

Something slippery and creamy was being rubbed into the lovely curly blonde hair of her mound - glimpses of which she used to tease her young husband, telling him that one day... perhaps soon... she might let him enjoy her... but only if he was very good.

Appalled, she tried to kick but with her ankles fastened she was quite unable to do so.

'Thrust belly forward!' came the order. She felt a hand in the small of her back, pushing her hips forward in a shameful way.

'Bend knees!'

Almost overcome with embarrassment, she felt the hand rubbing the cream down over her exposed beauty lips and even up between them and behind over her rear entrance. It was awful! No man's hand had ever touched her there - not even, so far, her handsome young husband. She heard male laughter - and that of the distinctive high-pitched voice. Oh the shame!

She began to feel a burning sensation where the cream had been applied. Had it been a depilatory cream, she wondered? This was terrible! She had heard that Middle Eastern men liked their women devoid of hair, but never had she thought it might be done to her. My God! She began to move her hips uneasily. The laughter increased. Oh, even more shame-making!

She heard the voices going away, apparently going to Greg, leaving her writhing and moaning as the depilatory cream slowly did its work.

A minute later she heard muffled moaning. Greg! At the airport she had seen a felt hood being dropped over his head - like that over her own. My God, she thought, surely he hadn't been stripped naked, too? The moaning sounds were just like hers. Goodness, had the same burning cream been rubbed into his pubic hair as well?

Before she could consider the matter further, she heard the voices coming back towards her. Something was drawn over her mound and down over her beauty lips. Were the mixture of the depilating cream and the remains of her pubic hair being taken off, leaving her bare and smooth? Oh how shame-making and apparently being done by a man.

Moments later she felt her intimacies being sponged and dried and then powdered. She felt a hand checking that all was now smooth. There were no words to describe Heidi's sense of horror and humiliation.

3 – IN THE DUNGEONS OF THE SHEIKH

Her hood was lifted up over her head. For a moment she was blinded by the light, then she saw a mirror facing her. She looked into it and saw a woman whose head was covered in a white chador staring back at her: an Arab-looking woman who was gagged with a ball gag fastened behind her neck. Then she looked down at her intimacies. Yes, she was now as smooth and hairless as a baby girl!

Her naked body was fastened by handcuffs to the bars of a cage-like cell. It had bars on the front and sides. Through them she saw Greg in the next door cell. He was still hooded and fastened like her to the bars of his cell. There was a pile of straw on the floor of the cages, apparently for sleeping on and in the corner of each cell was a simple Turkish toilet for wastes.

But it was the sight, right in front of her in her cage, of the fat black man Pierre had briefly introduced to her on the beach in Cyprus, which really caught her attention. He was

wearing a red fez hat, red Turkish pantaloons and a red brocade waistcoat. Tucked into a scarlet silken cummerbund was the handle of a coiled-up short black whip.

How extraordinary, she thought. Who was he? What had he been doing with Pierre in Cyprus only two days before? Had he and Pierre been arranging this whole ghastly trip? Had they been conniving together? Why had Pierre tricked her and Greg into coming here? Why?

She looked round and was startled to see a video camera pointing at her from high up in the corner. A little red light glowed. My God, she thought, I'm being filmed - naked and degraded! What for?

All these questions were driven from her mind as she saw the fat black man was holding a wooden spatula and a bowl containing a mixture of a white cream and the remains of her pubic hair. She blushed again at the thought of what this horrible man had just done to her.

Beyond him and out in the corridor were three more black men. They were very tall, well-built, dressed in a uniform of shiny, well-polished black boots, red tunic and fez and white trousers, like tightly fitting jodhpurs, which scarcely hid the swell of their large genitals.

She saw that they were waving stiff black whips, some six foot long. What, she wondered, what they were doing with these whips here? She scarcely knew which was more alarming: the stiff black whips or the black men carrying them.

She was even more alarmed when saw that they were grinning to each other and pointing at her. They must have been the men who helped to strip her naked, Heidi realised. She blushed even deeper with shame and lowered her eyes.

The men left and Heidi turned back to the still hooded, but otherwise naked, Greg standing facing her, fastened like her to the bars on the far side of the adjoining cell. What struck her was the absence of any pubic hair on his tall slim body. Again just like her. It made him look like a boy. She longed to call out to him, but her gag prevented her from saying a word.

The black man in the Turkish pantaloons now ran his hand down over her body in a knowing way. He admired her skin especially since, although the rest of her body was well tanned, the bra and bottom half of her bikini had left her firm breasts and mound beautifully white, as she had only had a brief chance to be topless on the beach in Cyprus two days before. It was a very erotic effect, as the tan ran very close to the edge of the areolas surrounding her nipples. It was obvious that Heidi was a girl who liked to use her near naked perfect body to tease men.

The fat black man in Heidi's cage stood back and looked at her. Yes, he would make sure this erotic tan effect still remained when she was put to work. He cracked the whip that he had drawn out from his cummerbund.

'You! Christian slut! You stand up straight!' he insultingly ordered in the strange high-pitched voice that she had heard earlier.

Helpless, with hands chained to the bars behind her and scared stiff, Heidi hastily stood up straight.

There was another frightening crack of the black man's whip followed by the order: 'You! Slut! Thrust belly forward and bend knees!'

Heidi was too frightened not to obey, just as she had been when she was depilated. As she did so, she saw the black man reach forward. She looked down to see what he was doing.

'You! Head up!' came the order. 'Look straight ahead! You not look down.'

Feeling very apprehensive Heidi raised her head and looked straight ahead. Totally humiliated, she felt his fingers parting her beauty lips - her precious beauty lips! She reflexively wanted to close her knees, but the vision of the whip she had seen kept her from doing so.

Even worse, she felt him probing up inside her - until he came up against her still intact hymen - the precious hymen that she had planned to give to her husband here in this remote and, according to Pierre, apparently romantic sheikhdom.

'Very nice!' said the black man. He was smiling contentedly. 'But I think we make another preparation - in case His Highness decides let Black Guards have their reward.'

Heidi wondered what on earth he was talking about. She felt him reach further between her legs and begin to rub her rear entrance with grease. She gasped as something hard was squeezed up inside her. God, how it hurt!

She tried to expel it but her sphincter muscles seemed to grip, holding it embarrassingly in place. She was aware of its size and the way it seemed to be opening her up.

'That help stretch you and make you nice and ready for Black Guards,' murmured the man. 'But we must also make sure virginity kept safe kept for His Highness.'

Heidi gasped. What did he mean? She gasped again as the man fitted a triangular shaped chain-mail pouch over her beauty lips and mound with two light securing chains that ran between her legs and up over her buttocks, clear of what ever it was that had been pushed up inside her. These two chains went over her hips to meet two other light chains, which had come round from the top of the pouch over her now hairless mound and which were pulled back to meet in the small of her back.

'This purity belt, keep you virgin for His Highness,' said the black man. There was a click as he locked them together with a padlock, pulling the chain-mail tight over her

intimacies. 'And when you want pass solid wastes, you hold chains to side of rear orifice - but after rear plunger taken out.'

How embarrassing having all this explained by the strange black man and having him fit the horrible plunger and the belt onto her! He seemed to know so much about women's bodies. Could he be a eunuch, she wondered? A black eunuch in charge of a harem? In this day and age? Had he really been checking on her virginity for his Master, the man he referred to mysteriously as "His Highness"? But who was he?

The black man went out into the corridor and wheeled back into Heidi's cell a surgical trolley containing several bottles and trays of strange-looking shiny instruments.

'Keep head up!' he again warned. 'You look straight ahead and not look down.'

The black man seemed to have some sort of medical training, for although Heidi did not dare to look down she felt some sort of cold liquid being rubbed onto her right thigh. There was a hospital-like smell. Was it some sort of anaesthetising liquid? My God, thought Heidi, what is he going to do to me?

Out of the corner of her eye she saw the man pick up a surgical knife.

'Oh my God!' she screamed from beneath her muzzle. Desperately she tried to cringe away.

'You keep quite still,' he ordered, 'or you get hurt - and you get whip. Now keep quite still. And don't dare look down.'

Heidi obeyed. She was trying hard to keep her eyes fixed on the wall facing her. She felt a little stinging sensation in her thigh and then she saw the man use some tweezers to pick up a small coloured pill from one the trays. He appeared to be placing it into the little cut that he just made in her skin. At least, she thought, he wasn't using his fingers. Modern hygiene had reached Murat.

Moments later she saw him pick up a surgical needle and thread, like those used for putting in stitches. She felt a little prick and moments the black man was cutting off the ends of the thread.

What's happening, she wondered anxiously? She did not realise that a small contraception implant was being put into her thigh to make sure that she did not conceive. The man said nothing to her in explanation. This was his business, not hers.

He threw a long white cloak over Heidi's shoulders. Oh how wonderful, she thought, to have her nudity at least partly covered. If only her hands were free so that she could clasp it to her body.

And where was Pierre? Had he really tricked them into coming here? But where was here? Pierre had jokingly kept its name a secret and had warned them not to speak to any of their fellow passengers. At the airport all the signs had been in Arabic.

Far worse, she realised, except for Pierre and his girlfriend, no one, but no one either in Cyprus or back in America would know where they were.

With a start she also remembered that Pierre knew about Laura coming to Cyprus. Would he contact her and trick her into coming here, too? What a mess she had got herself into, never mind her husband, and possibly her best friend too.

Leaving Heidi gagged and with her mind in turmoil, the fat man turned and left the cell, locking the barred door behind him, going into the adjoining cage-like cell of Greg, pushing the trolley of surgical instruments in front of him. Now what? wondered Heidi in alarm.

Her eyes were on stalks as she watched him go up to the still hooded Greg. She was even more alarmed when she saw him pick up Greg's flaccid manhood and rub the same anaesthetising liquid onto his foreskin. The man picked up an instrument shaped like a punch for making small holes. With her heart in her mouth she saw him squeeze the arms of the tool. There was muffled scream from Greg. The man put down the punch and picked up something large and shiny. She saw it was a ring - a big ring.

He passed the end through a little hole in Greg's foreskin, then, picking up a large pair of pliers, he squeezed the metal ring firmly shut.

The man stood back to admire his work. Yes, dangling from the tip of Greg's manhood, was a large silver ring.

Oh how awful, Heidi thought. Greg had been infibulated - and they had not even consummated their marriage. She remembered hearing stories of randy black slaves in the days of slavery in the Southern States being infibulated to prevent them from upsetting their Masters' slave breeding programmes. Oh no!

But there was more to come.

The black man again rubbed the anaesthetising liquid onto Greg - this time onto his testicles. He picked up the punch again and squeezed it through the skin. Again there was muffled scream from Greg. At least, Heidi thought, he did not know what was being done to him.

The black man picked up a much smaller metal ring and passed it through the hole he had just made. He used pliers to squeeze the ring shut.

Now, as well as the larger ring hanging from Greg's manhood, there was a smaller one hanging down from his testicles.

But the black man still had not finished. Heidi's eyes were wide open as he picked up a third silver ring, again a small one, and threaded it through the other two before squeezing it shut. He stood back as if to check the efficacy of what he had just done.

Appalled, Heidi saw that, provided her young husband's manhood was not aroused, the rings would not pull on it, but they would ensure that it was permanently held down between his legs. He would have to spend a penny squatting like a woman. However, more importantly, she saw that there was now no way that he could have an erection. Even to be slightly aroused would be painful - until the pain made the manhood flaccid again.

Apparently satisfied with his work, the black man lifted off Greg's felt hood, under which he, too, was gagged. Heidi saw him blink and then look down in horror and embarrassment at what had been done to him. It was so much worse in front of his watching gagged wife.

With a smile, the man left Greg's cage, pushing with his trolley. He watched them both silently from the corridor outside.

Heidi and Greg silently looked at each other in horror through the bars of their cages. The sight of Heidi, naked except for her chador, had its inevitable effect on Greg, particularly in view of the way she had kept him frustrated. His manhood began to swell, but it was firmly and painfully held down.

Little cries came from behind the gag and the man seemed much pleased to see that the tumescence slowly disappeared.

Yes, he decided, he could now go and report to his Master that the honeymoon couple awaited his inspection. Moreover, the young husband had been rendered helpless in the same way that, for hundreds of years, the Ruler's ancestors had treated their despised, captured, Christian, male slaves.

Although Greg and Heidi did not yet know it, they would soon learn that they were in the dungeons under the palace of the Ruler of Murat. Like many ancient palaces in Arabia it contained dungeons in which rebels or rivals could be incarcerated or tortured to divulge all that they knew.

They would also learn that the frightening, fat black man with the funny voice was Oumfata, the Sheikh's chief black eunuch and hence a man of considerable importance. It was he who had contacted Pierre about a possible new requirement for the Sheikh - having been put in touch with him by a fellow chief black eunuch in one of Murat's neighbouring states. Apparently Pierre had tricked several English or European women into disappearing without trace into the harem of his Master - and without the Master ever being implicated in their disappearance.

As for the black giants, they were Dinkas from the Ruler's own elite Black Guards. The black whips that they carried were thick bullwhips made of rhinoceros hide, specially

imported from Africa, with the horn used for the handles of daggers. These whips, if applied too hard to the delicate skin of a white woman, could easily kill her.

PART II – ENTER THE TERRIFYING SHEIK

4 – INTERROGATED!

Minutes later, Heidi and Greg watched as an imposing black-bearded, tall figure was ushered into the corridor by the now fawning chief black eunuch.

Heidi thought that with his hook nose and almost white skin, he looked just like the photographs she had seen of powerful Arab Sheikhs. He had a ruthless look about him and did not appear to be a man who would accept fools easily. Was he the mysterious "Highness" in whose power they now apparently were?

He was wearing an immaculate long white starched cotton robe over which was a thin transparent black cloak edged in gold lace. On his head he wore the typical white Arab head-dress, round which went a golden cord or igaal that signified his royal position. He was both imposing and dignified.

It was his shrewd eyes that caught her attention and she shivered with fear and embarrassment at being chained half naked and gagged in front of such a fearsome looking man - a man who, though she did not realise it at the time, did not hesitate to use women, to whatever extent he wished, for either his own pleasure or for the entertainment of important visitors.

She remembered her fantasies; although they had often been about an all-powerful Sultan, they had also been about a handsome young romantic Sheikh who would whisk her away on a white Arabian horse to live in his private harem as his lover. This Sheikh, however, was quite a different image: large, powerful and overwhelmingly intimidating, with cold penetrating black eyes which showed no evidence of any kindness.

Oumfata then entered her cage. She tried to shrink away as he went up to her and slowly drew back her long cape to display her naked body to the penetrating stare of the black bearded man. She felt like a helpless slave-girl being displayed in a slave market. Oh, how humiliating!

She blushed as she saw the Arab slowly look her up and down, his gaze stopping on her chain-mail purity belt and on her bare breasts, his face expressionless. He pointed at the belt locked over her now hairless intimacies and, turning to Oumfata, nodded his satisfaction.

He turned to Greg, looked carefully at his now harmless manhood and again nodded in apparent satisfaction, giving a cruel laugh before making an imperious gesture to Oumfata who flung open the large double doors through which the three black giants had earlier exited.

As she glanced through the bars, Heidi saw a well-lit room with walls covered with strange-looking instruments and whips. Torches burning on the wall gave the room an eerie glow. My God, she thought, it was like a medieval torture room.

But it had modern features, for she saw another video camera had been set up pointing to a curious wooden apparatus in the middle of the room. It looked rather like old-fashioned stocks. Round it were standing the three black giants, stripped to the waist. Their muscular and well-oiled torsos gleamed in the torchlight.

She trembled as she saw that they were still carrying those long black bullwhips. She could not help noticing, once again, how their evidently virile genitals were outlined by their tight trousers. Was it to protect her from their evident carnal lusts that she had been put into the strange purity belt?

Oumfata then came into her cell, unfastened her ankles and handcuffs from the bars, leaving her hands still handcuffed behind her back. Holding his whip menacingly in one hand, he gripped her by the neck with the other. He pushed her head down and forced her forward out of the cell, into the corridor and through the large door into the adjoining torture room. He handed her over to the three giant Black Guards.

Greg was horrified to see his lovely new wife being treated like this. For God's sake, what were they going to do to her? He could just see into the torture room where he saw the three black giants seize her. As two of them held her arms, the other one ripped the cape from off her shoulders, her making her breasts bounce.

Greg cringed inwardly with acute embarrassment for her as she was again exposed before them, completely naked apart from her chain-mail belt. They dragged her over to stand in front of the table. First they forced her legs wide apart with one black man holding each ankle as they chained her ankles to the legs of the table, unlocked her handcuffs and pulled her hands forward. She was now bent over at the waist with her full bare breasts hanging down below her.

A hinged plank with a semicircular cut-out was dropped down over her wrists and neck, forcing her head out and her chin up. Were it not for the chain-mail of the chastity belt, her beauty lips would have well displayed from behind.

She was looking, as best she could, sideways at Greg with a terrified look on her face. Her tanned body was starting to shimmer with the gleam of sweat from the heat of the room and fear of what was to come.

Greg remembered the sinister words of the official: "death sentence". My God, was the apparatus a form of guillotine? Was he about to witness the execution of his wife before they had even consummated their marriage?

As if to give further credence to his fears, the bearded Arab went into the room, followed by Oumfata and went slowly up to Heidi. He gripped her by her silken honey-coloured hair, yanking her head upwards.

'You filthy drug smuggler!' he shouted in fluent English with an Arab accent and then slapped her across the face. He nodded to the black eunuch who removed her gag.

'I'm not a drug smuggler,' Heidi screamed. 'It's not true!'

By way of reply, the Sheikh slapped her again. 'We'll soon get truth out of you,' he cried angrily, then turned and nodded to the Black Guards.

Greg saw that the three muscular giants were all playing with their long thick black bullwhips. One of them came round behind Heidi and raised his bullwhip high in the air. Greg thought his wife was going to be flogged to death. He remembered reading about such things in Arabia.

'Please don't hurt me!' he heard Heidi cry out. The look on her face was one of abject terror. But, despite everything, she felt herself becoming moist with arousal at the thought of being beaten and exposed.

Greg was desperately trying to free himself and to cry out in protest. But, wriggle as he might, the chains holding him to the bars were too strong and there was no shifting the ball-gag in his mouth.

The Sheikh looked up and smiled as he saw the handsome young husband's vain wriggling. A good sign for later on, he thought.

Greg saw him turn to the fat black man and say something in Arabic. The eunuch stepped forward and, with a tiny key, unlocked the padlock in the small of Heidi's back. The bottom of the protecting triangle of chain mail slipped down - exposing her hairless beauty lips and the end of the plunger pushed up her rear entrance.

The fat eunuch felt down between Heidi's legs and held her buttocks apart. Heidi blushed with shame as she felt him part her virgin beauty lips to display them better to the Sheikh.

Heidi tried to wriggle away from his touch, but the stocks held her too tightly. Horrified she felt herself becoming yet more aroused. She felt the probing black hands part her beauty lips. She heard him cry out something in a triumphant voice when he found her juices. Oh the disgrace - and in front of these awful men.

Greg saw the Sheikh gesture to one of the black giants, who stepped forward and partially closed one of the double doors. As he did so he grinned triumphantly at Greg.

He could now hear but not see properly what was going on in the torture chamber. There was a long pause before he heard a swishing noise followed by a splattering one as if one of the men had brought his bullwhip cane down across Heidi's nicely proffered bottom.

He must have done, as she screamed. They really were flogging her - and there was nothing he could do about it.

There was a silence and Greg just got a glance of another of the Black Guards stepping forward and raising his bullwhip. He shivered with impotent rage. Sure enough, moments later, he heard another swishing noise, another splattering noise and another scream from Heidi. He was being made to listen to his beautiful wife being flogged by these grinning black men.

There was another pause. Was the third guard now getting ready? There was yet another swishing noise, the thud of the bullwhip hitting his wife's bottom and another heart-rending scream.

Heidi was now sobbing with both pain and the humiliation of being flogged by these black men in the hearing of her husband - the young man who, like most other American girls nowadays, she had made accept her equal status in their marriage. How could she ever now assert herself with him after he had seen her being punished like a naughty schoolgirl?

But this was not to be a mild schoolgirl punishment, for the Sheikh had smilingly nodded again to his grinning Black Guards. They were all expert floggers, especially of women - and indeed had to be, for a bullwhip inexpertly handled could kill or at least permanently mark a valuable piece of property. They knew how to inflict pain, to make a lot of noise and to terrify a woman without causing any real harm, especially to a delicate white female body.

Three more well-separated screams echoed round the room, each followed a loud crack which sounded like a gunshot.

'You confess you tried to smuggle hard drugs into my country?' hissed the Sheikh.

'But you don't understand, we didn't...' sobbed Heidi.

'Ha!' the Sheikh grunted and again nodded again to the Black Guards.

Appalled, Greg heard another three loud gunshot-like cracks and three long wailing screams before he saw the Sheikh and the black eunuch coming back to his barred cell. The eunuch removed Greg's gag.

'Please stop flogging her,' were Greg's first words.

'Filthy Western drug smuggler,' was the Sheikh's contemptuous reply. Yes, he was privately thinking, he was going to enjoy taking this girl's virginity. What a fool her husband must be to agree not to take it until Pierre had brought them both here to Murat - a typical weak-kneed Westerner.

After being properly broken-in, he'd soon have this pretty pair begging to act out the Arab's Revenge for the titillation of his influential guests from the Ruling Families of his oil-rich neighbours - and hence make them all the more likely to give financial grants to Murat.

It had been a highly successful policy for these guests were finding it increasingly difficult to arrange in their own better known sheikhdoms, without causing scandal, certain discreet services that the Ruler of Murat could provide. Back in their own countries they had to be more circumspect, but here in remote Murat, away from the eyes of the world, they felt they could really relax and enjoy beautiful women in any way that appealed to them.

In return they were only too keen to divert funds, discreetly, to their poorer neighbour.

The Sheikh turned and gestured to the Black Guards in the torture chamber. There were three more swishing noises, three more splattering noises of a bullwhip hitting bare flesh and three more screams - and then another six. The flogging just went on and on - punctuated by repeated cries to stop from Greg. Heidi was sobbing uncontrollably and begging for mercy.

'You realise punishment here for drug smuggling is death?' said the Sheikh to Greg. 'Death by stoning - in public. A slow and painful death for you both -and one that is preceded by a good flogging - also in public.'

'No! No!' cried Greg. 'Don't you understand? We know nothing about the drugs supposed to have been found in our luggage. We demand to see the American consul!'

'There are no American Consuls here,' grunted the Ruler. 'You just die as a warning to my people.'

'But you can't do that to us. We're American citizens and we're innocent.'

'Ha!' said the Sheikh contemptuously. 'You travel here with Arab passports. I know nothing about any Americans.'

'We're innocent. Can't you understand that, you stupid fool?'

'You dare call me a fool! Your wife gets more punishment - another three strokes.' The Sheikh turned and held up three fingers of one hand towards the torture chamber.

Greg shivered as he heard more swishing, more splattering noises and more screams from Heidi.

'Stop!' he cried. 'Please stop beating her. Can I explain?'

But the full three strokes were slowly and methodically administered. Finally they stopped.

'You are not innocent,' said the Sheikh decisively and with feigned anger. 'Your wife will get another flogging tomorrow and then you will both be executed - unless you both sign a confession and humbly beg for mercy. Maybe I will then commute sentence of death to one of servitude - to me.'

He paused and looked at the tempting sight of Heidi still bent over in the stocks. Her glistening skin was completely wet with rivulets of sweat running down her naked thighs. The pain of the whippings caused her to clench her now red striped buttocks.

It was a movement that drew the Sheikh's attention to her stretched rear entrance, squeezed open by the plunger. He looked at the three Black Guards. They had done well in terrifying the girl and her husband without causing serious harm. The swell in their tight white trousers witnessed their frustration at being so near such a delicious morsel. But they all knew that she was a virgin and that it was worth more than their lives to take it.

The Sheikh smiled cruelly. There was more than one way to skin a cat - or to reward a Black Guard.

'Oumfata!' he called out in an authoritative tone of voice, 'provided you make sure that the girl's virginity is not touched, you can let these men have their customary reward for flogging a woman.'

With that he turned to leave the dungeon.

Oumfata smiled. The girl's rear entrance had been slightly stretched by now and would in any case have to be further stretched. So why not make a start now - and with three human plungers, just as the Sheikh had permitted?

He carefully withdrew the plunger and felt the puckered little entrance as Heidi squirmed. Yes it was now easier. He greased it and then nodded to one of Black Guards, who had already slipped down his white uniform breaches. He placed his large erect manhood on the edge of her rear entrance and gripped Heidi by the waist as he thrust forward.

'No! No! Not there!' Greg heard Heidi scream. It was the first time she had been sodomised. There was another scream as she was penetrated by the huge black manhood where no man had ever previously gone. It was something she had vaguely heard about being inflicted on a woman, but it had sounded so repulsive that she had never taken it seriously.

Soon the Black Guard's huge phallus was thrusting in and out, whilst Heidi was screaming with pain and disgust. It was too huge for any pleasure.

Such was the man's excitement at actually being allowed to sodomise a beautiful blonde white woman that he climaxed almost immediately.

But if Heidi thought that her tribulation was over she was in for a shock. Two more large penises had to be satisfied before Oumfata released her. The next two were more

experienced with white women and were able to make their reward last much longer. In fact the last one, which was the largest of all, had to re-lubricate his massive member twice during his turn, before finally feeling his large testicles contract and blast his seed into her bowels.

Listening to what was going on Greg realised only too well what was happening. His lovely precious wife was being sodomised by three huge black men and in his hearing - and as before there was nothing, absolutely nothing, he could do about it.

Heidi was carried back to her cell. Greg saw one of the large blacks re-enter the room with the near naked blonde thrown over his shoulder, her hands cuffed behind her. When he put her down she staggered with pain, sobbing and clutching her well thrashed buttocks and her well reamed backside. Her purity belt was locked back in place.

Her hair was wet with perspiration and her body still slick with sweat. The large raised welts on her backside went from her upper thighs to the small of her back. She was placed on the floor of her cell.

As if to drive home his feeling of utter helplessness, Greg now saw evidence of semen oozing from her bottom and down her legs. Disgust and horror almost made him vomit.

Bread was thrown through the bars of both cells and bowls of water placed on the ground. Heidi's handcuffs were removed and her cloak was tossed back to her. Gratefully she pulled it round her.

Oumfata removed Greg's handcuffs and allowed him to wash before handing him a short white tunic.

'This your slave tunic,' he said.

As he rubbed his freed wrists, Greg wondered what the black man meant until he realised that that the tunic was indeed like the short simple ones worn by slaves in ancient Rome. A slave tunic! He felt degraded, a feeling that was accentuated when he saw, embroidered on the breast of both Heidi's cloak and his own tunic, was an Arab crest of a crescent moon and a star, presumably the crest of the Sheikh.

The black eunuch pointed to the pile of straw each cell. 'Those your beds,' he laughed cruelly and left them.

They looked at each other. Greg ran to the side of his cell and put his arms through the bars. Heidi staggered towards him and fell sobbing into his embrace. They held each other through the bars separating them.

'Oh, darling,' cried Greg. 'What have those black swine done to you?'

'They flogged me,' sobbed Heidi. 'And then they... me.' She could not bring herself to say the word. 'I just couldn't stand all that again - ever. Even now the pain is awful.'

She wasn't sure which was worse: the pain from her thrashed bottom or that from her violated rear entrance. It all seemed beyond belief.

She looked down at his carefully infibulated manhood. 'And what have them done to you, my darling. Does it hurt?

'No, but why has it been done?' whispered Greg.

'Oh darling,' murmured Heidi, 'it's all so awful. Do you think that Pierre tricked us into coming here?'

'Yes, it looks like it.'

'Oh, that swine of a Frenchman! And to make it worse, no one, not even Laura, knows we're here. Oh Greg, I'm so frightened. I don't want to die under the whip or by being stoned to death.'

'Nor do I,' said Greg fervently.

'I'm still young,' added Heidi. 'Even if we have done nothing wrong, it would be better to confess and beg for mercy.'

'Yes,' agreed Greg. 'We have no choice. But could you agree to servitude to that horribly cruel Sheikh?'

'Anything, absolutely anything, would be better than death, darling' said Heidi. My God, she was thinking, serve the Sheikh? Become his slave-girl? Were her fantasies coming true - but in a terrifying way?

Late that evening more water and some sort of local bread was brought to Heidi and Greg.

Oumfata arrived later, his whip in his hand. He was accompanied by a giant Black Guard carrying one of the dreaded black bullwhips.

'These your confessions,' said Oumfata, thrusting some papers and a pen at Heidi and Greg through the bars of their cells. 'You both read them well. Tomorrow I come back. If not signed...'

He pointed at the grinning Black Guard who was swishing his long black bullwhip in a menacing way. He, in turn, pointed to Heidi who, with a look of horror, cringed back in her cell, still holding the papers. Clearly the black brute could hardly wait to start flogging and sodomising her again.

'If not,' the eunuch continued, turning to Greg, 'your wife she get another flogging - this time twice as many strokes and twice a day... and Black Guards enjoy her backside again until you both sign confessions. You want see wife being sodomised?'

Without another word he left, leaving the black guard in charge, walking up and down in front of the bars of their cells, still swishing his bullwhip. Greg could see his manhood was aroused at the sight of his wife.

Not only was Heidi terrified at what had just been said, she was also desperately embarrassed at the memory of being stark naked and depilated in front of this Black Guard. Nervously she wrapped the cloak tightly round her, but the bulge in the front of his smart tight white jodhpurs showed how arousing he still found her. My God, did he have the key to her cell? Did he have the key to her chain-mail purity belt? Might he... might he...

'Is your confession the same as mine?' she heard Greg ask.

She looked vaguely at the papers, too upset to concentrate on them. 'Here, you take them,' she said handing them to him through the bars.

Greg glanced through them. They seemed identical - a long piece of Arabic writing and a short partial and amateurish translation in English:

"I hereby confess of my own free will that I tried to smuggle narcotic drugs into this Sheikdom, the punishment for which, in accordance with Sharia Law, is death by stoning... However I understand that His Highness the Sheikh has out of his mercy commuted this punishment into one of life imprisonment with hard labour... I therefore accept instead to be his indentured servant, to serve him in anyway he decides and to be punished if I ever disobey him."

Greg and Heidi talked for some time, but then despairingly they signed the papers and handed them to the Black Guard who, grinning silently, took them away, leaving them locked into their cage-like cells.

Oumfata must have been pleased that they had signed the confessions, for a few minutes later a young black girl arrived. She gestured to Heidi to come and stand at the front of her cage and then to turn round. The girl reached through the bars and rubbed a soothing ointment onto the marks on Heidi's back and bottom, greatly easing the pain. She indicated that Heidi should bend forward and she rubbed the ointment over her rear entrance - also much easing the pain there.

When she awoke the next day, Heidi found, to her surprise, that she had largely recovered from the physical effects of both her thrashing and sodomising. She realised that the Black Guards must have had orders to make a lot of noise with their bullwhips but to jerk them back just as they hit her skin - otherwise all those strokes would have half killed her - as they could also have done with their massive manhoods.

The physical pain might now be much less, but the mental and physiological effects would, she realised, remain with her for a long time. Certainly her thrashing had been a salutary lesson in what the Black Guards might have done to her - and might do in future.

The horror stayed with her, to the point that when later that morning Oumfata reappeared, accompanied by the three terrifying giant Black Guards who had thrashed her the day before, she was reduced to a highly nervous silence. Greg, too, stayed very quiet.

Oumfata carried two metal collars with Arabic writing engraved on them. Without a word he beckoned them both over to the front bars of their cages and locked the collars round their necks.

'Good,' he said, 'you both sign confessions and accept entering His Highness's service. Collars show you now His Highness's indentured servants... you both now just like slaves.'

Heidi and Greg hesitantly fingered their collars. They were, they felt, so denigrating - making them feel their new slave-like, status. In the film she had seen, Heidi had been very impressed at the way the slave-girls had hated the humiliation of having to wear collars to show that they were mere slaves and to show to whom they belonged - now she had to wear one, too.

But that was not all for Oumfata locked a pair of leather manacles round their wrists. They were linked by short length of simple black iron chain which clinked with their every movement. 'Slave manacles,' he explained curtly. 'Make slaves feel helpless.'

Velcro fastenings on the shoulders of Greg's tunic enabled him to continue to wear it, despite the manacles.

Oumfata stood back and admired his handiwork. He turned to Greg.

'Boy!' he said in a harsh tone of voice. Greg bristled.

'Yes,' said Oumfata, 'that what white men often call black servants. Now here, that what black men will call you... but you call them Sir.'

Oh how degrading, Greg thought. And what would Heidi, brought up as a Southern Belle, think hearing her husband accepting being called "Boy" by black men?

'So, boy,' went on the black eunuch, 'you ready to beg His Highness take your wife's virginity?'

'What?' cried Greg, appalled, his manacles shaking.

'You both now Master's indentured servants. You have no rights. You just have status of animals.'

He turned to Greg. 'You just an indentured servant and she... ' He pointed to Heidi. 'She no longer belong to you. You no longer proper man. You just infibulated slave. She belong Master now and, boy, Master want hear you beg him take her virginity.'

'No, please!' cried Greg. Was there to be no end to this degradation?

Oumfata said something in Arabic to the black giants. They entered Greg's cell and grabbed him, dragged him out of his cell and into the adjoining torture chamber.

Watching the scene through the bars of her cell, Heidi was shocked to see that within moments he was bent over, his tunic was pulled up and he was strapped down onto the stocks - just as she had been the day before. She saw the Black Guards raise their bullwhips... there was a series of swishing noises, the noise of whips striking bare flesh and then screams of pain from Greg. But the thrashing went on and on.

Finally he was dragged back to his cell, overcome with pain and shame at being beaten in front of his wife - and by black men.

'Boy!' called out Oumfata contemptuously. 'You now ready to beg your Master to take your former wife's virginity?'

Greg hesitated for a moment. He was thinking, what sort of a man was he to be made to beg an Arab Sheikh to abuse his still virgin wife?

Seeing his hesitation, Oumfata unlocked Heidi's cage and said something to the guards. 'May be you think again after she flogged like you,' he said to Greg. 'Or perhaps you want her given to these brutes again?'

'No, not that again,' shouted Greg.

'You call me, Sir or you get another flogging.'

'Yes, Sir!'

'Right, boy, you'll beg your Master to take her virginity?'

'Yes... I'll... do what ever you want if they don't touch her.'

'Sir!'

'Yes Sir, please Sir.'

Oumfata now silently fastened a lead to Heidi's collar. 'I take you to be prepared for your Master.'

'Oh no,' gasped Heidi trying in vain to pull away.

Oumfata held her lead tightly. 'Oh yes!' he said and led her away, her manacles clinking under her cape, which she held tightly to her. Nervously she looked over her shoulder at Greg, still locked in his cell. When would she see him again? What was going to happen to her?

6 – HEIDI IS PREPARED FOR HER MASTER

Heidi lay on her belly on a marble slab in the Turkish baths in the harem wing of the Ruler's palace.

Her chador and the chain-mail purity belt had been removed. She was gagged with a muzzle strapped over her mouth. Her manacled hands were fastened above her head to a ring set in the marble and her ankles were similarly chained wide apart to the corners of the slab. A small black leather pillow had been placed under her hips, causing her buttocks to rise up enticingly in the air.

She was, of course, completely naked and, watched by Oumfata, two burly Negresses were rubbing more soothing oils over the entire length of her beautiful body, especially into the fast disappearing marks on her bottom. They were also using henna to paint an intricate pattern on the backs of her hands.

They had already completed and perfected the depilation that had been carried out in the prison cell and her skin was now perfectly smooth from her mound all the way back to the skin around her rear entrance. Like the Negress who had come to Heidi's cage the day before, they had also worked their soothing oils into the puckered opening to help it recover. Heidi was humiliated and embarrassed as the women worked on her intimacies in such a detailed manner, but also felt a certain sensual pleasure.

Oumfata was watching approvingly, his whip in his hand. Once he had earlier used it to make Heidi keep still while the depilation was being checked, as she then lay on her back. She now bore a light red weal across her breasts as well as the fading marks of her thrashing on her bottom, but like them it should fade within the hour.

There was a loud knock on the door. Oumfata smiled as if he were expecting someone and opened the door. Heidi looked up and saw one of the large Black Guards thrust Greg,

wearing just his slave tunic, into the room. Like her, he was gagged with a muzzle over his mouth and he too was manacled. Evidently he had been made to step over his manacles, for his hands were now held helplessly behind his back.

Greg was shocked at the sight of his naked wife stretched out on her belly on the black marble slab. Her body was glistening with oil and she made a highly erotic sight. He found that he could not stop his manhood painfully, but in vain, struggling to come into erection.

'Infidel Husband come help make wife ready for Master,' jeered Oumfata, pointing at the prone Heidi. He turned to the Negresses. 'Turn her over,' he said in Arabic.

Greg's eyes opened wide in astonishment as his wife was turned over onto her back and chained down again, spread-eagled on the marble slab. He gasped as he saw that her beautiful nipples, which normally were fairly prominent, had been pierced by big slender gold rings, which held them out even more than usual. They were joined by a light golden chain that gently kept the breasts close together. In the centre of the chain was a larger link.

Leaving the now well-dominated Greg standing there, watching in horror, Oumfata went over to the helpless Heidi. He checked that she was indeed helplessly stretched out on her back. The leather pillow was replaced under her hips, raising and exposing her mound and intimacies.

He leaned over her beauty lips and parted them, his black hands contrasting vividly with the girl's white skin and pink lips. He rubbed her beauty bud with his fingers until she was moaning and the bud was firm before binding it with cotton thread so that it became erect. Satisfied, he rubbed the temporarily anaesthetising liquid over it.

'Girl! You keep quite still,' he ordered. He picked up a needle and carefully pierced her beauty bud. There was a cry from Heidi.

He held another slender gold ring that matched those that pierced her nipples. Greg watched helplessly as the big black eunuch carefully threaded the ring through his wife's beauty bud. My God, he thought overcome with shame, he's infibulated her clitoris to make that more prominent, too. Now my wife has pierced nipples and clitoris - all for the pleasure of another man!

But looking down, satisfied, at his work, Oumfata knew that the ring would do more than merely keep her clitoris on show. It would also serve to keep her almost permanently aroused.

He picked up a small slender brass slave's nose-ring. It was like the solid-looking nose-rings like those used on pigs or bulls but, so as not to disfigure a girl, the two ends of the ring that went through the nostrils were only the thickness of needles. They were slotted to fit into each other and were still open.

Oumfata rubbed a little of the anaesthetising liquid on Heidi's nostrils and with the needle he pierced her septum. Again she gave a little cry. The eunuch carefully passed the

needle-like ends of the ring through her nostrils and pressed them together. There was a click as the ends slotted into each other.

It would take a strong file to remove the ring, which was now permanently hanging from the girl's nose, resting on the top of her well-formed full upper lip. It gave her mouth a sensuous and inviting look. It also served to indicate clearly her status as a slave-girl.

Oumfata looked down at and grunted with satisfaction. There was nothing like a brass nose ring to make a woman, especially a white one, realise that she was now just a helpless slave and to put ideas of escape out of her mind. Removing such a ring was a difficult process and a white woman would be ashamed to be seen wearing one by other white people.

What had they done to her? Heidi was wondering anxiously.

Oumfata turned to Greg who was still watching in helpless horror. 'Boy! You understand your role? You make wife ready for Master. Or must you and girl have another flogging from Black Guards?'

Greg shook his head desperately. 'No, please, don't beat her again!' he tried to scream from under his muzzle.

'Very well,' said Oumfata, 'now step back over manacles so you can use your hands.' He handed the young man a jar of henna and a little paint brush. 'You first watch girl attendants, then do as they do. In future your job always to prepare wife for use by Sheikh or his guests - so you might as well start today.'

Nervously Greg took the henna in his manacled hands, appalled by what Oumfata had just said. Used by the Sheikh or his guests? He longed to ask the black eunuch just what he meant, but, of course, being muzzled he could not say a word.

Instead he had to watch as one of the Negresses painted an Arabic symbol on one side of Heidi's smooth mound. She stopped and looked up and Greg understood he was to mimic it on the opposite side. Thankfully, due to his background in graphic design, he was able to copy it nearly perfectly, though it was the first time he had painted on a woman's depilated mound.

The black eunuch, standing behind Greg, whip in hand, nodded approvingly. The Negress murmured and continued painting beautiful curving symbols all the way down over Heidi's beauty lips, ending with swirls around her rear entrance, with Greg following suit. She highlighted Heidi's newly pierced right nipple with red henna, leaving Greg to do the same to her left one.

The closeness to her lovely naked body, the body that for days he had only been allowed to look at, but not touch, had its inevitable effect. Now at last he was touching it and he felt his manhood trying to stiffen. It pulled in vain against its infibulating chains before the pain made its tumescence begin to subside - but even then only partly.

As he tried to concentrate on his work he could not help thinking how shame-making it all was: here he was, a young husband, collared and manacled like a slave, having to paint his wife's body to make her look even more enticing than she already was. And all for the benefit of another man, an Arab Sheikh, whose slave she, too, now was.

But any feeling of revolt was driven out of his mind by the sight of Oumfata's whip - and the memory of his terrible and humiliating flogging by the Black Guards.

After several minutes Oumfata pushed his hands aside to look at his work. 'All right,' he grunted and handed him a pot of oil. 'Now, boy, you make her intimacies nice and slippery for the Master's manhood.'

Swallowing his pride, dipping his fingers into the pot, Greg bent down and started to rub the oil along his bride's beauty lips. As he did so, little moans came from behind Heidi's muzzle. Oumfata then also bent down and parted the lips. 'Oil up inside her too,' he ordered and warned: 'But you be careful. If virgin hymen harmed, you stoned to death.'

Nervously Greg did as he was told, rubbing the oil between her beauty lips and under the ring through her beauty bud, so that Heidi would not be able to resist the Sheikh's aroused manhood. Once again, he felt the shame of having to prepare his virgin bride for another man and a much more powerful, older and richer man at that - and an Arab.

'Now, boy, you make wife aroused for her Master,' ordered Oumfata handing Greg a long feather. 'You tickle beauty bud. You use feather to make her eager for Master's manhood.'

Soon Greg could feel the moaning Heidi becoming aroused. Oh, the further shame of having to arouse his wife for another man.

Again Heidi's evident arousal had its inevitable effect on the virile young man's chained back manhood. Constantly it was painfully seeking erection under his short tunic and he was doubled up with pain. He had to try and push the thought of her body to the back of his mind and think of something else.

But that was not all for, to further attract and arouse the Sheikh, he was made to paint her beauty lips scarlet and outline them with an oval of black kohl - a process which he had repeat with her now projecting pierced nipples.

Meanwhile, lying there helpless and muzzled on the marble slab, Heidi was only too aware that she was being prepared, and aroused, by her young husband for another man - and on her honeymoon, too.

Greg had to stand back and watch as the Negresses rouged and powdered Heidi's face. The pupils of her eyes were greatly enlarged with belladonna and her eyelids painted blue and again outlined with kohl. Finally her long blonde was brushed until it shone.

Oumfata released her from the marble slab and gestured to her to stand and look at herself in a long mirror. She gasped as she saw, looking back at her, a blonde Eastern houri - or rather an Eastern slave-girl with a humiliating brass ring hanging from her nose.

She gasped again as she saw the glittering rings through her painted and outlined nipples and the chain that linked them. She saw how Greg had to paint her mound with henna, but far worse was the ring that was projecting out between her legs, keeping her beauty bud erect.

All these, she realised, together with her long blonde hair, her shiny collar and her manacled wrists and finally her gleaming tanned skin with white tan-lines would make her an irresistible sight in the eyes of an Arab.

Greg was handed a lovely silken diaphanous black caftan to put on her. Oumfata briefly unfastened her manacles to allow him to pass her arms and prettily painted hands down into the large sleeves. Greg could not help noticing how her tanned body glistened erotically under the black silk. Oh how he wished he was the lucky man who was going to enjoy it.

It was a wish that was further highlighted when he saw how the caftan was open down in the front to display her breasts and split up the back to further display her beautiful long legs. She was looking lovely and quite irresistible - but for his Master, not for him.

A bell rang. 'His Highness now ready,' explained Oumfata. He checked the manacles that joined Heidi's wrists. 'Christian girls always manacled in bed of His Highness,' he added.

He snapped a lead onto the big ring in the centre of the chain linking Heidi's breasts and handed the other end to Greg. 'Boy, you lead your bride in to be deflowered by your Master,' he said. 'Great honour for her - and for you. So just you remember, any sign of reluctance or objection and you both get another thrashing. Understand?'

Dumbly Greg nodded. What else he could he do? He would give anything for a way out of this ghastly situation, but the alternative to complete co-operation was too awful, especially for his precious Heidi. No matter what she was about to endure sexually it would not be as severe as another thrashing with the bullwhip and being sodomised again by the Black Guards.

He looked at his lovely young bride. What an erotic picture she made, helpless in her collar and manacles, with her painted nipples and beauty lips showing through the transparent caftan. He felt his manhood stir again, but immediately the pain from his infibulating ring made him put such thoughts aside. Heidi was not intended to be an arousing sight for him, but for their Master.

Oumfata led the way down a long corridor with Greg following, leading his wife by the nipples. He took care not to tug too hard on the rings but it was enough to make Heidi follow eagerly. They entered a large anteroom outside the royal chamber. Oumfata stopped the procession and, beckoning to the still manacled Greg, unfastened his muzzle.

'What you say to His Highness, boy?'

Greg paused for a moment. He felt so ashamed.

'Well? You want another thrashing? Go on, say it!'

'Master... ' Greg began hesitantly, trying to remember the words he had been made to learn by heart. 'Master, your humble American indentured servant begs you to do him the great honour of accepting the virginity of his bride - something he is not worthy to enjoy himself.'

Heidi heard the words with mixed feelings. On the one hand they marked the end of her long planned guarding of her virginity for her handsome husband - and on the other they also seemed, perhaps, to mark the beginning of the realisation of her fantasies.

Oumfata then turned to the still muzzled Heidi. 'And, girl, when your muzzle removed, in presence of His Highness, you beg him on your knees, as I taught you, to spare you and not take virginity which you keeping for young husband. If you not beg humbly and respectfully, you sent back to Black Guards for another thrashing.'

His grim face cracked into a cruel smile. 'You never know. Maybe, if you beg nicely, he agree - or maybe he angry and have you thrown back to Black Guards as another just reward for whipping you so well - and this time they not confined to your backside.'

Heidi gave a little shiver at these words. It was bad enough to be forcibly taken by her Master, but to be thrown like a dog to those odious huge black men was even worse - much worse.

Oumfata smiled to himself as he saw the effect that his words had on the girl. In reality the words would, he knew, infuriate the touchy Sheikh. But in any case, what whole man could really resist such a lovely blonde and helpless creature if she were offered to him? And the joke was that the more she begged to be spared, the more irresistible she would be making herself.

She was even lovely enough to make Oumfata regret his own lost masculinity, although it had resulted in a life of ease and of power over white and Arab women - something undreamed of back in his simple African village.

'Understand, girl?' he said to Heidi.

She nodded. She knew she would do anything to avoid having another flogging from those awful Black Guards.

The black eunuch then cracked his whip alarmingly and, with Greg humiliatingly leading Heidi by her nipples, he gestured them to an arabesque doorway.

7 – AN INVESTMENT IS INSPECTED

Surrounded by his ministers and advisors, the Ruler of Murat was sitting cross legged at his majlis, listening to petitions and settling disputes in the time-honoured way. But he was finding it difficult to concentrate, for his mind was on his forthcoming deflowering of the beautiful young American girl.

He could not help licking his lips in eager anticipation. It was not every day that a young Christian would be forced to offer him his virgin bride for his pleasure. Moreover, even when in the old days a young Crusader couple was captured, the bride was virtually never a virgin, the marriage having by then been consummated.

Yes, Pierre had certainly done very well and, after a little breaking-in at the Black Guards' desert barracks, the couple would make a fine additional attraction in his special brothel for important visitors. They would be an attraction which would make his richer neighbours only too anxious to accept his hospitality - and to show their appreciation in the form of substantial financial grants.

Finally the last petition was presented and decided on and the last dispute settled. The Ministers left, leaving only two of his closest financial advisers. They both knew the key role that that the secret brothel for important visitors played in the finances of the sheikhdom.

As well as them, half a dozen well-armed Black Guards remained in the sumptuous majlis building that adjoined the Sheikh's palace. This magnificent building had been paid for by one of the much richer neighbouring sheikhdoms. This, it was rumoured in the bazaar, was after its young Crown Prince had paid a visit to Murat and had been very well entertained in the visitors' brothel that, it was also rumoured, was discreetly attached to the guest wing of the palace.

There was a knock on the door and Oumfata, entered. As the Sheikh's chief black eunuch and right hand man, he had access to his Highness at all times.

Following him was Greg in his short slave tunic. He was leading Heidi on a dog lead attached to the chain linking her nipples. Her athletic body was visible underneath the transparent black silk of the caftan. With the caftan open at the top to allow the nipple chain to be used to lead her, her painted nipples were also well displayed.

Oumfata bowed to the Sheikh and his advisers and pushed Greg forward, who fell to his knees before the omnipotent Ruler of Murat. As he did so, Heidi dropped onto all fours alongside him.

They made a degrading and humble sight, the Sheikh thought, as he looked contemptuously down at them. Two arrogant Americans kneeling humilatingly at his feet,

manacled and collared like a captured Crusader couple in the days of yore, when Saladin had led his ancestors in driving the cursed infidels out of what they impertinently called their Holy Land.

He smiled as the young man, looking tremblingly up at him, made his demeaning request. How lovely the young wife looked. Her muzzle made her look all the more erotic and slave-like. And how extraordinary that she really was still a virgin!

Together they made a stimulating sight of American degradation, a sight that his neighbouring Rulers, dependent as they were on the mighty dollar that paid for their oil sales, would have marvelled jealously at. It was indeed something that they would hardly have dared to organise - much as they might have enjoyed doing so. But they would indeed be eager to come to Murat and enjoy the spectacle there.

As the young man's agitated voice reached its peak and subsided into silence, Oumfata reached down and, gripping Heidi by her hair, pulled her to her feet. He unbuttoned the bottom of her caftan and drew it back to display her smooth and decorated mound and painted beauty lips. There was an eager anticipatory grunt from the Sheik and admiring murmurs from his advisers.

Standing there with her body exposed to the Sheikh, her Master, was overwhelmingly embarrassing. Even worse was to be displayed like this in front of the other two men as well, with her painted nipples and mound revealed - and also to the watching Black Guards.

Greg's humiliation was made worse when he saw that the men were pointing to her gold wedding ring and laughing as they pointed back at him. Anger surged through him. But so, too, did the memory of the terrible bullwhip.

Oumfata unfastened Heidi's muzzle.

'Go on, girl!' he whispered, discreetly tapping her buttocks with his whip, the sign for her to kneel before her Master.

Heidi again dropped to her knees and looked up at the Sheikh. Hastily she parted her knees, wide apart, with her manacled hands clasped behind her neck - in the slave-girl's position of respect that Oumfata had taught her.

She had been horrified to hear Greg's words and yet somehow thrilled as she remembered her long-standing fantasy of being a slave-girl in Arabia. She felt herself becoming aroused and moist between her legs.

'Master,' she said, in a trembling voice, 'please spare your humble servant. Please let me keep my precious virginity to give to my husband. Please, Master, I beg you, humbly on my knees. I beg you to spare me this fate.'

The Sheikh turned to his two advisers. 'Well what do you think?' he asked in Arabic.

'Your Highness, they'll make a fine pair in your special Guest House brothel,' said one of them.

'And,' said his colleague, 'they'll undoubtedly make a considerable impression on your guests.'

'But they're not cheap,' said the Sheikh.

'Don't worry, Your Highness, they'll make a good investment.'

'I agree,' said the Sheikh, with a cruel smile, 'and I am making arrangements accordingly. But first I'm sure you will understand that I intend to ignore the girl's entreaties and instead accept the young man's invitation to take his wife's virginity... and, by the Holy Prophet, may he rest in Paradise for ever, if she won't accept her fate willingly, she'll have to accept it unwillingly.'

The two advisers exchanged looks and smiled. What it was to have a virile and decisive Ruler!

The Sheikh turned to Oumfata and lowered his voice. 'Take the girl with her husband to my bedroom. Chain her up properly for my pleasure - and make sure her husband's cage is placed where he can see her properly.'

8 – HEIDI'S SHAME

Half an hour later, an impatient Sheikh entered his bedroom. To one side of the bed was a small kennel like cage - evidently used by him for keeping a girl handy whilst he was dozing. A metal cover had been closed across the front bars of the cage, leaving only a narrow strip through which the occupant could peer.

A pair of eyes was indeed now peering through the strip. But they were not the eyes of a dark-eyed houri, but the anxious blue ones of a kneeling, naked Greg. He was muzzled to make sure that his cries of protest and horror, as he watched the forthcoming scene, did not disturb the Sheikh. His hands were fastened behind his back to keep him still. He was naked, his infibulated manhood still held down between his legs.

But it was the sight of the now naked Heidi that really caught the Sheikh's eye. She was spread-eagled helplessly across the bed with her ankles chained wide apart to a bar hanging above it. Her legs were held quite still, pulled back with her knees bent, so that her beautifully painted and outlined beauty lips were well displayed on the edge of the bed. To ensure that the rest of her body remained still, her manacled wrists were chained above her head to the sides of the bed.

Her beauty lips were glistening with arousal. They had become engorged and had opened up, separating like the petals of an awakened flower. Oumfata was stroking them with a long ostrich feather to keep them in that state and making her writhe and moan aloud with reluctant excitement.

She raised her head slightly and looked in horror between her well-spread legs at the approaching Sheikh.

'No!' she cried out, 'not in front of my husband.'

Her words made the Sheikh smile with eager anticipation. She saw him snap his fingers. Two young Arab girls ran into the room in response to the command. They were wearing pale blue gauze harem pantaloons and skimpy blue velvet bolero tops embroidered in green with the Sheikh's crest. They began to help him out of his robes. One of them knelt down and rubbed her bare breasts against his slowly erecting manhood before taking it into her mouth, whilst the other squeezed his nipples.

Greg was trying not to watch, but could not help doing so. He was crestfallen as he saw the Sheikh's muscular body.

Now fully aroused, the Sheikh waved aside the two girls. Jealously, Greg could not take his eyes off the big and firmly erect manhood bobbing up and down as the Ruler approached the helpless Heidi.

With his own manhood held down helpless and limp, the sight of the Sheikh's proud, firm, manhood was shame-making. 'Not only do I lose her to another man,' he thought, 'but to a much more masculine and powerful man at that.' Another glimpse of her wedding ring, the one he had given to her, made him feel even more humiliated. But, on the contrary, sight of the ring, the Christian symbol of marriage, aroused the Sheikh more than ever.

Her head still raised, Heidi's eyes, too, were fixed on the Sheikh's manhood. Her fantasies had never been quite like this. Instead this seemed to be a highly orchestrated event set up to humiliate Greg and to burn into her mind that she was now nothing but a slave for the sexual use and enjoyment of her owner.

Now that he was standing at the foot of the bed, his manhood was now just above her beauty lips. She looked again between her outstretched legs, seeing its large dark bulbous head and thick veiny shaft just as it touched the skin on her mound.

She flinched in horror but the Sheikh merely laughed cruelly. He grasped his manhood by the base and began to slap it against her naked mound, making a loud splattering sound. Heidi could feel the hardness of it as he did so.

'Look at this, boy!' he called out to the cage. 'Watch a real man take your wife for the first time. It's something that, as my indentured servant, a mere slave, you'll never be allowed to do.'

Greg cringed in shame at these words and yet, peering through the slit at the front of his cage, he couldn't take his eyes off the erotic and arousing scene unfolding in front of him. Even worse he could feel his chained-back manhood trying to come into erection at the sight of his wife's shame.

Slowly the Sheikh began to run the fat head of his member up and down Heidi's oiled and wet beauty lips, making her moan in involuntary arousal. He reached forward to grip her waist.

Again she raised her head and with her eyes wide, she watched in horror as he slowly slid the wide head of his manhood between her beauty lips, allowing her to get the full sensation of its size as it was about to enter her. She dropped her head and lay back, now unable to control the movement of her hips as her body betrayed her.

The Sheikh felt her hymen resisting his entry. He stopped to savour the moment, enjoying the feeling of power that swept through him. Looking down at this incredible beauty, now his slave, he could feel his manhood was as hard as steel.

'No! No!' Greg heard his wife cry out.

'Oh yes, girl!' came the answering voice of the cruel Sheikh. 'Oh yes!'

With a powerful thrust, he ripped through her hymen. Heidi gave a cry as for the first time she felt a real live manhood fully penetrate her. He thrust forward again. There was a scream from Heidi and a cry of delight from the Sheikh.

Greg knew that his wife had lost her virginity to the man who was now her Master - and his, too. But what made it all even more shame-making was that he had had to helplessly watch it all.

Greg had to continue to watch as the Sheikh took his pleasure, thrusting slowly in and out of his wife. Greg was transfixed as he saw the large manhood sliding in and out of his wife, glistening with the wetness of her arousal.

Although the Sheikh was not interested in giving pleasure to Heidi, his movements were having their effect on her and, despite herself, she was giving little hoarse cries in a mixture of shame and delight. She could feel her virgin blood trickling down over her thighs.

How awful, she thought, but equally how ashamed she felt, for she was actually being excited by this terrifying man who had taken her virginity in front of her young husband, for whom she had been so carefully saving it.

The Sheikh was in no hurry as he continued to pleasure himself with Heidi's tightness, sometimes thrusting slowly in and out, sometimes faster, sometimes looking over at Greg and laughing out loud.

He began to thrust down into Heidi. Oumfata gestured to one of the Arab girls who knelt down behind the Sheikh, parted his buttocks and thrust her tongue forward. This had an instant effect on the Sheikh who, with a cry, exploded and slammed hard into Heidi.

To her utter horror she found herself exploding into a climax far more profound than any she had when masturbating or even being sucked by Greg.

Moments later the Sheikh withdrew and the Arab girls started to wash his now flaccid manhood.

But the taking of a Christian bride in front of her husband was not over. Oumfata went over to the kennelled and naked Greg and led him out, leaving his hands still tied behind his back. He snapped a lead onto the collar and, with his whip, gestured him forward, awkwardly on his knees, towards the still helpless figure of Heidi.

'You taste seed of His Highness,' he ordered, cracking his whip before unfastening Greg's muzzle and thrusting his face forward so that his mouth was touching his wife's glistening beauty lips.

'No! Not that!' cried Greg.

By way of answer, Oumfata brought his whip down across Greg's back.

'You Christian unbeliever, you do as you're told. Suck out your Master's seed! Suck where you'll never be allowed to come. And, boy, you use tongue to clean wife's virgin blood.'

Again the whip came down across the young man's back.

'You want to be sent to be flogged again by Black Guards?' screamed Oumfata.

With a gasp of despair, Greg began to suck his wife's beauty lips, watched by the now smiling Sheikh. A real enactment, he was thinking, of the ancient revenge imposed on a captured Crusader couple, one that would be very popular with his guests- once the girl had been properly broken in.

A bitter taste filled Greg's mouth. His Master's seed! A feeling of disgust and shame overwhelmed him.

That night Heidi and Greg, she naked under a simple caftan and he just wearing his slave tunic, silently tried to hold each other's manacled hands through the bars separating them. Neither could look each other in the eye.

Heidi was thinking how stupid she had been to delay letting Greg take her virginity, only to have it instead taken against her will by a horrible Arab, now her Master - and in front

of Greg. She heard a metallic tinkling from below his short slave tunic: the infibulating rings that seemed to have effectively emasculated him. So much for her romantic honeymoon!

Greg was overwhelmed with embarrassment. He longed to hold Heidi's lovely breasts, but he dared not do anything that might result in his manhood becoming aroused - the pain was just too great. And never, ever, would he get over the shame of having to peer through the slit in the cage and watch the Sheikh jeeringly taking his wife's virginity in front of him.

PART III - BROKEN-IN!

9 – THE BARRACKS OF THE BLACK GUARDS

It was the next day and Heidi and Greg, on all fours, were squeezed into adjoining small locked cages in the back of a lorry. Except for their collars and manacles, they were naked under their simple clothing: she in a simple cotton caftan and he in his tunic. The canvas rear curtains of the lorry had been tied together and they could see nothing. It was very hot.

'Where are we being taken?' whispered a frightened Heidi. She had imagined that her taking by the Sheikh would be followed by being incarcerated in his harem, especially as the Sheikh had pointed to her and given Oumfata some instructions in Arabic.

Greg, too, had thought that she was destined to disappear into the Sheikh's harem, with himself being put to work on his estate. Instead, that morning they had both been marched down into a courtyard and thrust into two little cages, which had then been lifted up by grinning burly Black Guards and placed in the lorry.

'I don't know,' he whispered back as the lorry appeared to leave a tarred road and began to bump its way down a rutted track. 'Perhaps we're being taken out into the desert, for some reason.'

'My God,' cried Heidi, 'do you think we're going to be killed - to get rid of us?'

Greg kept silent.

After what seemed like an eternity, the truck stopped. The flap at the back of the truck was unfastened and several burly black men climbed up, lifted the cages and handed them down onto a trolley.

From the bars of their cages, Greg and Heidi had the impression of being in the sandy courtyard of a Beau-geste style fort with high walls and ramparts.

Smartly uniformed, giant Dinka Black Guards surrounded the cages, grinning and pointing. Amongst them they recognised the three who had flogged them in the prison and had sodomised Heidi. Greg was astonished at the sheer physical size of these men, not to mention the fact that they all had huge bulging muscles.

A burly Sergeant with three stripes on his arm appeared to be in charge. With his left hand he was holding the end of a military swagger stick that was tucked under his arm.

Heidi blushed with embarrassment at the sight of men who had previously thrust their large manhoods up inside her bottom - a place she had never even thought to allow Greg to use.

The trolley carrying the cages was pushed across the courtyard with about forty black guards looking on with lustful gazes. Greg was overwhelmed with jealousy and rage as the men leered and, pointing at his wife, called out comments which he could not understand.

With the Sergeant ordering several of the men to accompany them, the trolley was rolled through a stout door that was strengthened with iron bars. Oh, not another prison, gasped Heidi to herself. Moments later her fears were confirmed as they were pulled out of their little cages and surrounded by eight guards.

The Sergeant clipped a chain to their collars and they were pulled through an open heavy barred doorway into a large room which was sweltering hot from the desert sun overhead and lit only by high barred windows. The Sergeant locked the barred door behind them. Clearly there was no escape.

They then began their trek down a long hallway and a stone staircase, the Sergeant in front and the guards behind. At first all they could hear was the pad of their footsteps and their own rapid breathing as it was looking more and more frightening by the moment.

As they descended, Heidi could make out other sounds. First a moaning sound, then a louder moan, finally a different voice which was definitely a scream. A cry came out of the darkness: 'No please no!' It was a distinctly feminine wail in strongly accented English. Following it was a loud thudding noise, which caused Heidi to flinch as she recognised the sound of a bullwhip on naked flesh.

The guards laughed when they heard it. More screams and more sounds of a beating reached Greg and Heidi's ears as they walked onward with the sounds getting louder. As they rounded a corner they could see into a cell where two large black men were standing at either end of the cell with long bullwhips in their hands.

A naked brunette with an Eastern European air about her was suspended from the ceiling with arms and legs stretched wide apart and toes barely touching the ground. She was stretched taut as every muscle stood out on her legs, arms and even her abdomen. She was extremely beautiful.

Greg noticed that her nipples had rings similar to Heidi and that her pubic area was also bare and smooth. It was decorated with henna just as Heidi's had been, except that she had another strange-looking, colourful, Arabic design above her mound. Surely she had not been branded there?

The woman was completely drenched in perspiration and, shockingly, she was literally covered front and back with bright red whip marks, though none of them had cut into the flesh - an obvious testimony to the skill of the men wielding the whips. No area seemed to have been spared for her breasts, belly, thighs, back, buttocks and even inner thighs all bore the marks of the whip.

The woman was gasping and hoarse as she begged for mercy and yet, just as Heidi and Greg were passing the cell, she received another powerful stroke of the whip across her beauty lips. Her scream was piercing and was followed by the laughter of the guards.

'You listen, girl,' said the Sergeant to Heidi. 'If you not learn well here you pay the price like her.'

Heidi gulped and the Sergeant looked at her horrified expression. Clearly, as he had intended, it had been a sight that she would not quickly forget. He led the way into a large room lit with light from barred windows set very high near the ceiling.

In the room was a large bare cage with a cobbled floor and, in the corner, a simple palliase, filled with straw. A partition separated this cage from another smaller one, which was more comfortable looking with a rubber floor and a large couch. Low down in the partition separating the two cages was a small grille.

There were numerous iron rings on the floors of both cages and on the walls and barred sides. In the larger cage was a pair of hanging bars some two feet long and on either end were straps. Each of the bars hung from a chain that went over a pulley secured to the roof of the cage. By tightening or slackening the chains, each of the bars could be separately raised or lowered.

Having nervously eyed these cages, Heidi saw that the Sergeant had been joined by another muscular and ugly-looking Black Guard with a tattoo on his arm. His head was shaved and he a scarred face. He was naked to the waist and his well-oiled and muscular torso glistened like that of a black wrestler.

She saw that he, too, was carrying a long thick, rhinoceros hide, bullwhip - like the ones with which she had been thrashed in the dungeons of the Sheikh. It struck even more fear into her heart and mind.

As the Sergeant watched, he tucked the bullwhip under his arm, like the Sergeant's swagger stick, and snapped leads onto their collars before pulling the hesitant Heidi and Greg into the larger of the two cages and up to the hanging bars. Remembering what they had just seen, they were terrified. The remaining guards who had accompanied them were also standing watching closely, so resistance was obviously useless. Clearly their only option was to co-operate, do what they were told.

The sergeant walked up to Heidi and, looking her directly in the eye, began to unbutton the front of her caftan. Heidi blushed and looked down with embarrassment, but she did not dare move. Out of the corner of her eye she saw Greg was clenching his jaw.

'Well, well, let's see what the little blonde American slut looks like naked,' he said as he parted the caftan, undid the Velcro fastening on her shoulders and let it fall to the floor. Approving murmurs and comments came from the other watching guards.

Heidi was indeed a truly gorgeous specimen of a woman with full breasts for such a lean body. The Sergeant looked down at a list of precise measurements taken by Oumfata and which had accompanied Heidi to the fort

'Breasts 34C in English inches,' he read out, 'waist 22, hips 34, height 5 feet 2 inches, weight 7 stone 12 pounds.'

Other critical measurements normally taken of a slave-girl were also listed: areola 1 inch in diameter with nipple projection of a quarter of an inch. This, Oumfata had written, was a bit short for where she was destined. However, her breast weight at 400 grams each was satisfactory. The depth of her beauty lips was half inch for the outer ones and three quarters of an inch for the inner ones - which would probably be trimmed back a bit.

Oumfata also listed her internal measurements and requested that they be stretched.

Greg was trembling with inner rage and jealousy as the Black Guards laughed as his naked wife's intimate measurements were read out, but he too did not dare to move or say a word.

'You! Boy! Strip naked, like your slut of a wife!'

Nervously Greg did as he was told. The Sergeant made them stand with their backs to the wall and ordered them to raise their manacled wrists over their heads. The tattooed Black Guard snapped one of the straps on the end of a bar onto one of their wrists. Their ankles were strapped wide apart to rings set low on the wall.

The chains were now pulled up taut, just like those of the Eastern European woman they had seen being whipped. As Greg looked over at Heidi, despite the fact he believed they were about to receive the same treatment as the brunette, he was struck at the erotic sight of his naked wife suspended naked and stretched out for all in the room to see. It was a sight that he had to try and put out of his mind as his manhood painfully struggled to come into erection. The guards all laughed at him.

Heidi and Greg were now held suspended in the air with their toes just touching the floor and most of their weight on their wrists. Quite apart from the fear of what was to happen to them, both were acutely conscious of their stark nakedness and the contrast between their own pale bodies and the coal black skin and smart uniforms of the men leering at them.

'This Traka, he physical training instructor,' said the Sergeant, pointing to the tattooed black giant. He tapped Heidi on her bottom with his swagger stick and told her: 'Girl! He train you well for where you going.'

Trained for where I'm going? The words raced round her brain. What did he mean?

'Yes,' went on the Sergeant, 'he going to be your special trainer. You Americans always boasting about having personal trainers. Well, you got one now.'

Rolling with laughter, the Sergeant repeated aloud the words "personal trainer".

Traka stepped up to Heidi and ran a large rough hand over her flat belly and then, as she sucked in a gasp of air, ran his fingers down along her beauty lips. He could feel she was already a little wet.

'Ha!' he said. 'Slut!'

That word had always been offensive to Heidi but oddly now with this brute rubbing his rough fingers over her pierced clitoris and along her lips, she had to resist the urge to thrust herself forward into his hand. Perhaps she was indeed a slut.

10 – A CHASTITY BELT AND THE BRAINWASHING OF GREG

The Sergeant was now carrying a strange looking, rubber-lined, chromium-plated belt. He turned to Heidi.

'Slut! This chastity belt. Sheikh order you be put into it,' he explained. 'He not want you have any pleasure with husband now - not even with fingers.'

He showed the naked suspended Heidi how the metal belt would go round her waist and fasten in the front. The rubber lining would stop it from chafing. At the back of the belt was a hinge from which another curved piece of shiny metal hung down. This, he explained, would be pulled up between her legs to be locked over her navel onto the junction of the parts of the belt that went round her waist.

The Sergeant pointed out to the embarrassed Heidi how the part between her legs widened over her rear entrance, with an oval-shaped hole and pointed to the Turkish style toilet in the corner.

'You drop wastes through hole in belt squatting over toilet,' he said to an even more embarrassed Heidi.

He turned to Greg. 'Boy, you wash back of belt every time girl she drop wastes. You responsible that shiny back kept spotless,' he instructed the blushing Greg. 'Traka inspect it every morning before he take off belt for wife's training period. One spot of dirt and you get thrashing.'

'Yes, Sir,' replied Greg hastily, but he was privately thinking: 'God, how degrading!'

'Soon I leave belt with you at night to polish and clean all over, whilst your wife is pleasing me in my bed.'

If Greg had thought that being told he was to clean the belt was degrading enough, now to learn that this dreadful Negro Sergeant was going to use her for his own pleasure whilst he polished it was far worse.

The Sergeant then pointed to the front of the belt, which was wider, with a rubber-lined slit on the inside.

'Lips forced tightly together through slit when belt put on pulled up,' he said. 'Both lips held pressed together, with clitoris completely hidden under them.' He pointed to a grille over the slit on the outside. 'That stop you from touching lips, never mind clitoris,' he said to a blushing and speechless Heidi. He turned to Greg again and added: 'and stop you touching her, too. She only for us black men whilst she here for training - not for husband.'

Greg was appalled by these last remarks. Heidi is reserved for these black men? Oh my God!

Heidi was also concerned by the second mention of training. Training for what?

The Sergeant showed her how liquid wastes could still slip out between her compressed lips through the little holes of the covering grille. He then put the belt round her waist and, pulling the hanging part up between her legs, locked it firmly into place with the small padlock hanging humiliatingly down over her belly.

Heidi longed to raise her knee and hit the horrible smug-looking Sergeant where it would hurt him most, but with her ankles chained there was nothing she could do. She could feel the back of the belt pressing against her rear entrance and her beauty lips being held helpless and compressed together by the front.

The Sergeant reached down to check that the belt fitted properly.

'Yes,' he said, tapping the grille with his swagger stick, 'you not masturbate now and you not make love to husband. Belt make you feel like real slave-girl; white slave girl sent here by Sheikh to be broken-in by his Black Guards.'

Heidi bit her lips to control her horrified outburst and a tear rolled down her cheek. The Sergeant tapped the young white man on his chest with his swagger stick.

'Well, boy, what's it like seeing pretty wife locked up in chastity belt and kept for use by black men?'

Desperately humiliated, Greg could say nothing. It was bad enough being called "boy".

'Well, boy, I tell you what you feel. You feel great honour for you for black trainer to use wife. That not so? You just indentured servant. You now not allowed use of wife.' He pointed to the little grille low down in the wall. 'Great honour for you, get down on knees and watch black men use and train wife. You watch and see how black men's bigger cocks penetrate a slut whilst your puny shaft held down useless and helpless.'

Oh my God, thought Greg. Oh my God!

'I want to hear you say so - or I tell Traka use his bullwhip on wife right now, with her strung up.' Here was a sudden noise like a pistol shot as Traka cracked his bullwhip. 'Well?'

'Yes, Sir,' cried Greg, his eyes on the whip, 'it's a... great honour... for me... that my wife has been put into the chastity belt.'

'For what reason, boy, she put into it?' insisted the Sergeant. There was another terrifying crack of the bull whip.

'To stop her... masturbating,' cried the blushing Greg.

'And what else?'

Greg paused for a moment. It was too awful to have to say it. But the Sergeant was relentless.

'To stop me making love to her,' he said unhappily.

'And?'

There was another crack of the whip. This time it was just inches away from Heidi's breasts. She jerked and cringed in horror, causing her full breasts to jiggle enticingly in front of the men.

'And it will be a great honour for me,' the words came tumbling out in rush, as almost in a sob, Greg forced himself to say them, 'to kneel down and look through the grille to watch my wife being used by black men.'

'And what will you see, boy?' shouted the Sergeant.

'I'll see how real men use a... a... '

'A what?' barked the Sergeant.

'A... slut,' cried Greg. There, he had actually done it - he had used the word slut to describe his own wife. Greg couldn't believe the level of degradation he had been brought down to.

'And being penetrated by what?' again shouted the Sergeant.

Greg's voice almost broke as he said the degrading words: 'By a black man's bigger black... cock.'

'Whilst your... ?'

Greg could hardly bring himself to say it - especially not in front of Heidi. But the sight of the bullwhip again made him do so.

'While my puny... '

'Your puny what?' interrupted the Sergeant angrily.

'My puny shaft... '

'Yes?'

'Is held down helpless.'

'Helpless and... ?'

'Helpless and useless.'

'That better! Now you say it all again.'

Heidi listened in horror as Greg was made to repeat it all over and over again until he was word perfect - and until the words were burned into his brain. They were words that he would have to repeat over and over during the days that followed.

Following this the sergeant checked the little implant that had been inserted into Heidi's thigh.

'Good,' he said. 'That keep you from getting pregnant. Without it you surely get pregnant here.'

Greg was horrified at this. Any question he had about what they intended for Heidi was now quite clear.

Finally, well satisfied, the Sergeant pocketed the key to Heidi's chastity belt and left the room, leaving Traka, his bullwhip in his hand, with his two trembling charges.

11 – HEIDI IS BRAINWASHED, TOO

Heidi eyed the grim faced Traka. His huge manhood was clearly visible in his tight uniform trousers as it reached almost halfway down one thigh. Evidently the sight of a helpless naked blonde woman was having its effect.

Had the Sergeant kept the key, she wondered, to make sure that this very virile-looking Traka could not have his way with her, unauthorised?

It was a thought that was driven from her mind by the big Black Guard shouting loudly at her: 'Yes, I Traka. I your personal trainer. You understand?'

Nervously she nodded.

'You not just nod head, you call me, Sir,' he said angrily. 'I your Master here - your black Master! You say: "Yes Sir" and very respectfully, too, or you get bullwhip - like this!'

With that he raised his whip and brought it down across Heidi's belly. She screamed, though it was more from fright than pain.

'Well? You want harder strokes?' he said. Heidi turned her head and saw he had raised the terrifying whip ready for another stroke. After her flogging, she knew that these Black Guards could be ruthless when it came to beating a white woman.

'No, Sir,' she gasped. 'I mean, yes Sir. I understand, Sir. You're my black Master here, Sir.'

Traka looked at Greg. 'And, boy, you say it, too - or I give your wife ten strokes of bullwhip.'

'Say it, Greg, for God's sake say it. I couldn't stand another beating.'

'You're my... black Master... too,' Greg hesitantly called out, feeling thoroughly ashamed.

'Yes,' Traka shouted, 'and you both now kneel down on all fours and put forehead to floor and raise buttocks for whip every time I come to see you, or when any black man speak to you. You both just white scum now. You learn obey black men.'

He released the chains that kept the bars up high.

'Now, lesson Number One! You both learn to put on show of getting down on knees before black man. Your clients like see that. '

Clients? What did he mean, both Heidi and Greg were asking themselves. But seeing him, out of the corners of their eyes, raise the bullwhip menacingly, they both hastily did as they were ordered, kneeling on all fours and lowering their foreheads to the floor.

Traka slowly walked round them, bullwhip in hand. 'Buttocks up, ready for whip,' he ordered.

He smiled as he saw they were both trembling. Yes, he thought, I'm going to enjoy breaking in and training this pair to perform before the Sheikh's guests.

Heidi was horribly aware that kneeling down like this, with her bottom raised and her legs chained apart, only her chastity belt prevented her beauty lips being on display from behind to this terrifying black man. She could feel the cool breeze on her bare bottom. She was also aware of Traka's gaze on the belt. Above all she was horribly aware that, under her chastity belt, the ring through her clitoris was still keeping her aroused, as was being controlled by this black man.

Memories of the black footballer at her University flooded back. She could feel herself now becoming even more wet - just as she remembered vividly that she had done then. The thought - and the feeling - filled her with horror and revulsion at her own body and mind.

Traka sniffed like a dog, smelling her arousal. 'Head up! Look straight ahead, white slut,' he ordered.

Heidi looked up at the wall in front of her fearfully. How awful to be called a "white slut" by an ignorant black man. Even worse, she blushed as she felt her intimacies becoming wetter with arousal under her belt. She realised that, even wearing the belt, this awful giant black man, probably from a primitive part of the African bush, was smelling her arousal, like a dog smelling a bitch on heat.

To her lasting embarrassment, she felt his hand on the grille over her beauty lips, testing it for signs of wetness. Oh the shame! Oh the excitement!

'So white slut gets hot at thought of being ordered about by black man? Good! That Lesson Number Two - you always get wet in presence of black man or you get whip. And you also know black man's cock is bigger, stronger and more exciting than white man's, like your husband's.'

Cock! She wasn't used to such crude terms and it was offensive for this man to use such words to her. But Traka had not finished with the humiliation.

'That makes you even more wet -yes?'

Oh my God, thought Heidi. How did he know?

He cracked his whip. 'Well?'

'Yes sir.'

'Yes, Sir what, you slut?'

Just as earlier Greg could hardly bring himself to say something that denigrated him in front of Heidi, so Heidi in turn could hardly find the words that humiliated her in front of Greg.

Traka raised his bullwhip again.

'The presence of a black man makes me wet with arousal, Sir!' screamed Heidi. There, she thought, somehow she had said the humiliating but true words.

But Traka had not finished. Yes, he smiled to himself, he really was breaking this beautiful married white woman into saying that she preferred black manhoods.

'Because?' he said menacingly.

Heidi hesitated, but the threat of getting the whip across her breasts was just too much.

'Because, I know... '

'Yes?' came the menacing voice.

'That that a black man's... '

'Yes? Go on, little slut. Say it!'

'C... cock... ' she blushed as she said it.

'Yes?' persisted her personal trainer, raising his whip.

The words finally came out in a rush. 'Is bigger, stronger and more exciting than a white man's, like my husband's.'

'Yes. That better. And now you say it all again - fervently like you really believe it.'

Heidi gasped. Just as Greg was being brainwashed by the Sergeant into thinking that it was an honour for a black man's manhood to penetrate his wife, so she was going to be brainwashed into preferring black manhoods.

But she did say it again - and had to repeat it several times until she too was word perfect with the words burned indelibly into her brain. They, like the catechism that Greg had to learn by heart, were words that she would be made to repeat constantly.

Traka sneered. 'So what your husband going to think about that?'

He turned to Greg. 'Well, boy, how does it feel for a white scum like you to see your wife getting hot pants for black man?'

Greg was too ashamed to say a word.

Traka unfastened Heidi's collar chain from the ring on the front of her collar, turned her around, still on her knees, and refastened it to a ring on the back.

'Kneel up! Back straight! Thrust out breasts!' he ordered. Fearfully, Heidi complied, offering her lovely firm bare breasts to the giant man's probing rough hands.

He kneaded them and pulled on the rings through her nipples. He noted the quick response as they quickly became erect in his fingers. Yes, these lovely white firm breasts are very arousing and the tan marks of her bikini top made them all the more so. He was going to love sucking on these hard nipples.

'Now Lesson Number Three! You learn to put on show of sucking black man.'

Oh my God, thought Heidi, but she knew that the threat of the bullwhip would cause her to do anything. But what did he mean by "putting on a show"? For whom, she wondered nervously.

Leaving Greg still kneeling on all fours, the huge Dinka giant pulled the chain connected to Heidi's bar. She was held kneeling up on the floor of the cage with her hands up above her head.

She was appalled as she saw Traka unbutton his white uniform trousers. His big manhood sprang out, fully erect, towards her mouth. Its giant size matched the rest of his body.

'Suck, slut, suck!' he ordered, again raising his whip. Although revolted, Heidi somehow managed to get her mouth over the giant head of the manhood and began to suck. As it was unencumbered by a foreskin, the firm head almost filled her entire mouth. It was much larger than Greg's.

The act immediately brought back the memory of how she had done this to the black footballer back at the university and, although he had been large, much larger than Greg, this Black Guard was even bigger. Now she felt this awful black man, her "personal trainer", gripping her by the hair - just as the footballer had done.

Traka looked down at the blonde creature pleasuring him and began to thrust in and out of this lovely white slut's mouth. 'I think you sucked black man before,' he laughed.

He looked at Greg, kneeling at Heidi's side. 'And you too, boy, you useless infibulated husband, you stay down on knees before black man. Unless you want see wife get beating with bullwhip, you look straight ahead as your wife sucks me good. You hear but not look. Ha! Hear how good she suck black man.'

Greg obediently looked straight ahead. He could see out of the corner of his eye what she was being made to do, but he did not dare to turn his head for a proper look. However, he could hear a slurping noise as his wife sucked the manhood.

Little did he realise that far worse was in store - for them both.

'You suck properly, white bitch!' Traka was shouting, waving his bullwhip over Heidi's naked body. 'And you swivel tongue around to give me more pleasure. Later we have it pierced for more effect.'

He gave her a sharp tap on her back with the bullwhip.

'Jiggle tongue properly!'

Desperately Heidi tried to do so. The black manhood was so big that that there seemed little room left in her mouth.

'Yes, that better,' she was relieved to hear. But she shivered with repulsion at the next words. 'And soon you swallow every drop of black man's sperm. You understand? I soon make you have taste for black man's sperm. You soon beg for more.'

Have a taste for it, thought Heidi, revolted, never!

She heard more voices and looked up. Several other virile-looking young Black Guards had come in the room and joined the others and all were looking on eagerly. As they did so, they were laughing and pointing at her as she busily sucked their companion. Desperately ashamed she tried to wriggle away, but Traka held her tight by the hair.

'White slut learning well,' he called out to his friends.

As they moved on, there were cries of: 'Give it to her, Traka! That's the way to treat a white slave slut!' and worst of all, as Heidi was sucking, she heard another group, saying, 'Save some for us, Traka!'

'No worry', Traka replied, 'you get your turn soon.'

Greg cringed at these last words and Heidi muffled a protest. But, overcome by fear of the whip, she did not break the seal of her lips around Traka's thick manhood.

Traka tucked his whip under his arm and held her to him with both hands. Holding her to him with one hand, he ran the other over her naked breasts.

Heidi felt the huge manhood swell. Suddenly there was a powerful jet of something horrible and slimy into her mouth. It tasted bitter. Disgusted, she tried in vain to turn her head and spit it out.

'Take it! Take it!' she heard him cry hoarsely. 'Remember you swallow every drop.'

The grip on her hair tightened. Her mouth was full.

'Swallow it all!' she heard Traka shout with glee.

Trying not to retch, she did so. It was so disgusting. But she felt ashamed when she heard Traka cry out to Greg: 'You look at pretty wife, swallowing black semen -and you cannot, you dare not, do anything about it.'

Traka look down at the now sobbing Heidi. Yes, she was now well broken-in. Her further training could begin.

12 – BROTHER AND SISTER

It was evening, Heidi and Greg were still in the cage, still manacled but they were no longer chained to the wall. Heidi was again dressed in her caftan and Greg in his slave tunic.

Traka threw a single blanket onto the straw palliasse lying in the corner of the cage, saying: 'You both sleep together, but infibulation ring and chastity belt make sure you not play with each other. Slaves and indentured servants not allowed pleasure, not even if married,' he laughed.

'Now Lesson Four. Manacled husband and wife learn to behave like brother and sister. Clients also much enjoy watching that.'

Again, the word clients, they thought. How odd.

Traka went on, 'They like see married Christian couple kept helpless.'

How humiliating, they thought. But it was driven out of their minds by the next order.

'Both lie down on straw!'

Hesitantly, Greg and Heidi did so.

'Now face each other... Now put hands behind necks... Now lean forward... Now kiss!'

He waved his bullwhip threateningly over the huddled couple. 'I said kiss. You do it properly - or get whip.'

Terrified, Heidi and Greg pressed against each other and kissed. Greg could feel Heidi's breasts pressing against him. He gave a little cry of pain as his manhood began to respond to the nearness of her body. Heidi was aware of Greg's helplessly held-down manhood pressing against her chastity belt under which she could feel her own arousal.

'Now I want see nipples touching,' was the next order. Hastily they pulled down their clothes and adjusted their positions. He reached down and tapped both of them on their bottoms. 'No, you both hold breasts and rub nipples against each other.'

Nervously they both lifted up their manacled hands from behind their necks. Heidi held her big firm breasts and an embarrassed Greg held his much smaller ones.

'Now rub them! And kiss!'

It was a strange and frustrating feeling for them both - and an erotic one for anyone watching.

There was a pause.

'Tomorrow we practice these four lessons. Any mistakes and you both get bullwhip! So you think about them all night.' He laughed to himself.

'So good night and remember you both now like little boy and girl, brother and sister - not grown up married couple.'

With those words he left the room - and the cage.

That night Heidi and Greg huddled together for warmth under the blanket and explored what had been done to each other's bodies.

They soon found that Traka's words were only too true. As they had found earlier, when Traka made them practice Lesson Number Four, they could kiss and embrace, but no more.

Greg's reaction to the nearness of his wife, erotically locked up in a chastity belt, was harmless and rather painful, as it had been during the lesson. Certainly there was no question of his manhood becoming erect.

Meanwhile Heidi, already aroused under her belt by the ring through her beauty bud, could feel herself frustratingly becoming further aroused by the nearness of the handsome and normally virile Greg - just as she had been during the lesson.

But both she and Greg were quite unable to touch her beauty lips. Both remained utterly frustrated - as was intended.

'Why?' they both asked each other.

PART IV - BLACK MANHOODS

13 – LEARNING SLAVE MASSAGE

The following morning Greg was kneeling down on all fours in the big cage, peering through the little grille in the partition. It was a humiliating position but he simply could not resist trying to see what was being done to his precious Heidi in the little cage next door.

Earlier, in the big cage, Traka had made them both rehearse the four lessons they had learnt the previous day, standing over them with his bullwhip.

Terrified, they knelt humbly before him with their heads to the floor: Lesson One. Lesson Two, Heidi had had to confirm her arousal - humiliatingly brought on by the mere presence of a black man. Next, Lesson Three, still kneeling down, she had to suck him humbly and dutifully, carefully using her tongue to prolong the pleasure she was giving.

Finally Lesson Four and they had to lie down and face each other naked and aroused by their close proximity but unable to do anything about it - thanks to Heidi's chastity belt and Greg's infibulation rings. He ordered all four lessons to be repeated.

The Sergeant re-appeared. He handed the key to Heidi's chastity belt to Traka who unlocked it and took it off.

'You not need this now,' the Sergeant had said with a grim smile. 'And you step over manacles, so hands behind back. We want you nice and helpless.'

Heidi did as she was told, too scared to do otherwise. Traka had then attached a leash to her collar and led her out of the big cage and into the smaller one, leaving Greg alone in the big one.

'Lesson Five,' Greg heard Traka announce with a crack of his bullwhip. 'You learn how to massage a black manhood when up inside you, like all good slave-girls. But first we get you stretched to accommodate size'

Greg saw that Heidi was now lying on her back on the large couch, above which hung a bar. She was held quite helpless, with her well-separated ankles held up, wide apart, strapped to the bar, as were her manacled wrists. Her hairless beauty lips were degradingly exposed on the edge of the couch.

Next Traka walked back into Greg's cage, attached a lead to his collar and pulled him into the smaller cage with Heidi. He handed Greg a steel pole, about four feet long with a rubber phallus shaped end on it. Greg noted other poles lying on a side table with graduated sizes of phalluses on the ends.

'Wife needs stretching for black men and you need get her ready,' barked Traka. He went over to Heidi and started oiling her beauty lips.

'Take wife with phallus,' he ordered, raising his bullwhip.

Greg hesitantly placed the tip of the pole on Heidi's beauty lips. As she gasped, he slowly began to push the rubber phallus up inside her.

'Oh,' cried Heidi, 'stop! It's too big. Stop, please!'

'Just getting started,' said Traka. 'We have to work you up to black Dinka size or we tear you and damage valuable property. Work it in and out, boy.'

Ashamed, Greg dutifully began to take his wife with the rubber phallus, knowing he was preparing her for this monster of a man. However, what soon bothered him was that Heidi was starting to move her hips up and down slowly. Being taken by this big dildo in front of Traka was obviously turning her on.

'Good boy. Now the next one,' and Traka handed him the next largest size.

Again Greg slid the phallus slowly into his wife. Soon Heidi was moaning with apparent pleasure as she moved up and down on it. Greg could see the wetness shining on the phallus as it slid in and out of his wife.

After slowly working up to the largest size, which seemed huge to Greg, Traka ordered him to stop. He was then led back into the cage and the door was locked. However, he simply could not help but go back to the grille to see what was going to happen next.

Standing between her legs was the now naked figure of Traka, his well-oiled and muscular black arms and torso and his naked tight buttocks gleaming. He looked a fine specimen of a typical Dinka giant: nearly seven feet tall and weighing over 16 stone.

But it was not so much Traka's body that caught Greg's attention as he peered through the little grille, but rather his massive and erect black manhood proudly standing out from his hips. It was even bigger than the last rubber phallus and Traka was rubbing it up and down his wife's now glistening and puffy beauty lips.

How humiliating it all was, thought Greg, helplessly. He did not even dare call out a protest for fear that it would result in the application of the black man's terrifying bullwhip to his own skin - or, perhaps even worse, to Heidi's.

Heidi herself was biting her lips with suppressed fear and trepidation and with shame at the way her body had betrayed her by becoming so wet with desire, as she had been taken by the phallus in front of Traka. Now the huge real black manhood was being rubbed up and down on her thickening lips, making her hips involuntarily start a subtle rocking motion.

The Sergeant, still dressed, was watching approvingly.

'Now you listen, girl,' Greg heard Traka say in a harsh tone of voice, 'you not here in cage to get pleasure, you here to be stretched to take big black men and I also teach you to give men pleasure by massaging manhoods with internal muscles. You not just lie there; you learn massage of manhoods with muscles. Understand?'

Heidi was too shocked to say a word.

'Understand?' shouted Traka.

'Yes.'

'Yes what, slut?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'Good, slut. Now we start. When I penetrate you, I want feel you squeeze me good, then let go. You understand? Squeeze - then let go. Squeeze - let go. You do it over and over again- so you learn to give pleasure to manhood with muscles only. You think of nothing else but that. If I not feel you doing properly, you get whip.' Understand?'

Terrified by the sight of the naked Black Guard and even more by the sheer size of his manhood and by the sight of the bullwhip held in his free hand, Heidi stammered: 'Yes, Sir.'

Heidi had seen a fair number of manhoods as she used to keep her boyfriends happy in college by sucking them off. Although the Sheikh's phallus had been bigger than most of the college boys, it had not been nearly as large as this huge black one that was about to be thrust up into her. It would kill her! How could she possibly accommodate it?

She remembered how it had hurt being sodomised by these giants. She found herself actually hoping that the stretching with the rubber phalluses had done its intended purpose well.

Laughing cruelly, Traka then pointed down to the little grille in the wall, through which she could just see Greg's horrified eyes. Heidi gave a gasp as she heard Traka say: 'Husband watching big black man take his wife.'

Traka put down with his bullwhip and, gripping Heidi's hips, he slowly began to push past her wet inner lips. Greg was amazed as he saw Heidi's beauty lips turn from a vertical slit into a large circular shape as they were deformed by the massive black shaft. Heidi was taken by surprise and gasped as the sensation was not only somewhat painful but also intensely pleasurable.

Traka now began to thrust his manhood in and out between Heidi's well moistened beauty lips. A little cry of protest gave way to low moans and Greg heard his wife reacting to

the black giant. He was dismayed that his wife could actually respond to this monster of a man. The sight through the grille, however, was powerfully erotic. Traka was so big - and she was normally so small.

Slowly Traka thrust in and out, in and out, until his manhood was well established inside her.

'Now start gripping with muscles,' he ordered.

Heidi was feeling as if her belly had been blown up by the huge object inside her, but she desperately tried to grip it with her muscles.

'Yes, that better,' muttered Traka. 'Now relax muscles. Yes, but keep them relaxed... Now grip again... relax... tighten up again... come on, make it tighter, you bitch. Now relax... good. Now you do it yourself without any order from me... Yes! That good!... Keep it going... And remember, you not get pleasure. If you climax without order, you get bullwhip.'

Despite her revulsion, feeling the large manhood inside her had inevitably begun its arousal. However, these terrifying words calmed her desire - but not that of Traka. The excitement of making a young white married woman perform like this to his orders and the sight of her naked body, combined with the hot tight tunnel into which he was sliding, was bringing him to a climax - too soon.

'Stop!' he ordered. 'And keep muscles still. Stop moving, bitch!'

Being ordered to keep quite still whilst feeling the big manhood firm and strong in her channel was frustrating for Heidi. But Traka made her keep still for over a minute with his giant member lodged inside her. The sensation was maddeningly intense.

As she looked down between her legs over her full breasts, she saw her nipples were rock hard and standing out, causing her rings to lie at an angle to the skin of her breasts. Her nipples were so hard they felt as if they were about to pop off.

She turned her head and saw her poor husband looking at her through the grille. She couldn't help giving herself away, for her breasts were rising and falling with her rapid breathing, giving away her extreme emotions.

She knew she must look the very image of sexual excitement and she could even feel her wetness running down over her rear entrance and it was made worse by knowing that this would be visible from Greg's angle as well. Ashamed as she was, she still couldn't help it. This giant was truly training her to love being taken by big blacks.

Greg was transfixed by the sight and yet so humiliated as he watched his wife's response.

Traka made her resume her muscle exercise - gripping and relaxing.

Heidi felt the manhood inside her jerk, then several more times. She felt a jet of semen rush up into her and then more giving her a sensation of even more fullness. She could feel the semen running out from around Traka's manhood and down over her buttocks. She was still trying to hold her orgasm back for fear of the whip.

'Okay, little white slave. That was good. Now we give husband something to remember. You come now! Come properly on Traka's black manhood.'

With the release given her, Heidi let all her sensations come to the surface. She felt intense contractions around Traka's still firm shaft as she exploded in ecstasy, bucking and moaning on the couch. 'Yes, yes, yes,' she cried. 'Take me! Take me! Take me with that big black cock. I love it, I love it.'

Traka was laughing and looking directly at Greg as Heidi convulsed uncontrollably in an orgasm in front of her husband. As she came down to earth she realised that this was the second time she had done this in front of Greg and she turned red with shame and embarrassment as Traka withdrew.

Traka calmly unchained her from the couch and clipped a lead onto her collar to lead her into the other cage. Greg noticed Traka's still half erect black manhood, swinging between his thighs, shiny with his wife's juices.

'Very good, for a start,' said the Sergeant coming over to the other cage, congratulating Traka in Arabic. 'Have her also repeatedly satisfy some of your colleagues, front and back, and then I'll check her out myself.'

'Right, Sergeant,' grinned Traka, placing Heidi back in her chastity belt and pushing her back into the big cage. Neither she nor Greg could bear to look each other in the eye.

Deprived of any calendars, Heidi and Greg were already losing count of the passing days. But it was early next morning that Traka placed a black rubber phallus on a small pole into a locking device in the floor of their cell. It stood up off the floor about two feet and Greg could see that the height was adjustable.

This time Traka was carrying a whip with a dozen small leather straps attached to the end of a handle. He walked over to the sleeping Heidi and woke her up with a stroke across her buttocks. Scared, Heidi immediately assumed the position of respect, kneeling up with thighs wide apart, hands behind her neck, looking straight ahead.

Traka grabbed her by the hair, dragged her over to the pole and unlocked her chastity belt.

'Slide onto pole!' he ordered.

Embarrassed in front of her husband Heidi did as she was ordered. Greg watched as the thick shaft slowly disappeared into his wife's vagina. Heidi was now kneeling over the shaft with her legs spread and her hands still behind her neck.

'Keep looking straight ahead,' Traka warned.

He passed a chain around her waist and ran it to the floor with just enough play allow her to rise up and down on the pole, but not enough to get off. He also placed a ball gag in her mouth for the first time.

'This for practice, girl. Device inside you able to sense squeeze of muscles. If you not squeeze tight enough or often enough you get shock.'

Heidi was horrified, as was Greg and she began gripping the pole in earnest. Soon she would learn quite well the exact firmness and frequency she was to massage the pole as the electric shocks would train her to do so. Traka walked out of the cell. When Heidi began to tire, there was an intense jolt up inside her. Heidi screamed through her gag but redoubled her efforts.

Greg actually found himself over near his wife, encouraging her to keep squeezing the pole. 'C'mon baby. You can do it. Keep squeezing. Squeeze hard.'

How appallingly ingenious, he was thinking. The black guards had not only begun training his wife to enjoy this but they had forced him into a position of an active participant, encouraging his wife to learn the exercises she would use for the pleasure of other men. Half an hour later a laughing Traka walked back and took a tired and sweating Heidi off the pole.

'Good girl, now you rest and get cleaned up. We'll have another party this evening.'

14 – ABUSED BY THE GUARDS.

Later that night Heidi had been taken out of the big cage by two Black Guards who took her to a bath. Here, to her intense embarrassment, they washed and cleaned her and oiled her orifices. Although they amused themselves with her body as they did so, Heidi had thought it strange that they didn't try to penetrate her.

She found herself back in the cage with Greg who looked unkempt and miserable. Once again Traka came to the front of the large cage and undressed.

'Oh no,' thought Greg, 'not again.'

Heidi, on the other hand, felt a sudden tingle in her loins at the sight of the massive virile black man. She couldn't believe her body was already betraying her like this. His well-oiled body gleamed and his long manhood hung down in front of him. Once again he held his rhinoceros hide bullwhip.

He was joined by several other naked Black Guards including the ones who had massaged her earlier in the bath. Now Heidi knew why they had not seemed so eager to penetrate her. They were going to get a crack at her now. They, too, had oiled their muscular bodies which were now gleaming - and which were as equally well endowed as Traka's.

It was a sight that made Heidi shrink back in terror to the far wall of the cage, yet she still couldn't deny the stirrings beginning in her groin.

'Down!' Traka ordered.

Remembering Lesson Number One, Heidi dropped hastily to kneel respectfully on all fours. As always when alone with Greg in their cage, her chastity belt was locked over her beauty lips, its restraining padlock hanging down erotically.

Grinning to his friends, Traka tucked his bullwhip under his arm. Ignoring the kneeling Greg, he silently beckoned her forward. At the same time, with his free hand, he was playing with his manhood which was quickly coming into erection, urged on by the sight of the beautiful naked white woman with her lovely soft honey-coloured hair crawling obediently towards him.

The other giant Dinkas were following Traka's example, their manhoods also needing little encouragement. Indeed, as if mesmerised by the sight of so many now half erect big, long, black phalluses, or perhaps terrified by the sight of the fearsome bullwhip, Heidi found herself crawling across the cage towards her trainer.

'Kneel up!' Traka ordered and reaching down through the bars, he snapped a leash onto her collar. Having been entrusted with the key to Heidi's chastity belt, he was able to unlock it and let it fall away to the ground.

'Clean it whilst we train your wife,' Traka ordered Greg, 'and, boy, you make sure it spotless.'

'Yes, Sir. Of course, Sir,' Greg answered. Oh the shame!

He picked up some straw from the pile that formed their bed and crawled across to where the belt now lay. The other Black Guards watched and jeered as he carefully began to clean and polish it with the straw, paying particular attention to the oval shaped ring that had gone over Heidi's rear entrance. He knew that he risked a flogging if Traka later found one spot of dirt on the belt.

After unlocking the door to the cage, Traka led Heidi, slowly crawling, out of the big cage. He locked the cage behind her and led her by her lead into the adjoining smaller cage one, leaving a shamed and appalled Greg alone in the big cage, cleaning the chastity belt that prevented him from enjoying his wife. Not for the first time, he felt utterly degraded.

With a sickening heart and still kneeling on all fours himself, Greg saw the other grinning and chattering guards crowding round his crawling wife, following her into the next door cage. He knew what was coming.

Moments later Greg heard Heidi's voice as if uttering a little cry of protest. He could not stop himself from putting down the chastity belt and quickly crawling across to the wall of the cage to get a view through the little grille of what was going on.

He crouched down and saw that Heidi was lying on her back on the large couch. This time, however, with so many other black men to help hold her down, Traka had dispensed with having her arms and legs tied to the bar over the couch. Instead a cushion had been placed under her hips and her legs were being held apart by two men. Each had his massive hand around one of Heidi's slim ankles as they opened her wide. In total Greg counted ten men surrounding his wife.

Two of the naked men at the head of the couch were holding her down, their erect manhoods alternately pushing into her mouth to be sucked and licked.

Another man was thrusting his big manhood between her well exposed smooth beauty lips and still others were either crowded around her sides, massaging her breasts, feeling her mound, or just waiting in line behind the guy who was thrusting in and out of her.

'Grip... and relax... grip... and relax,' Traka was ordering as he walked around, orchestrating this event.

Shamefaced, Heidi realised that her time with the rubber phalluses mounted on the pole had already improved her ability to grip these large manhoods. She wondered if Traka was in effect also using his friends' large organs to exercise, for real, her previously little used muscles. Was he making her perfect her technique and thus enable her to give more pleasure? But, she asked herself, to whom?

However, she had little time for such thoughts as Traka ordered the other men to change round and take a turn in penetrating her and making her suck their manhoods or lick their testicles.

It was a horrible experience on one hand, made all the worse by the size and length of the manhoods of these giant Negroes with their huge hanging testicles and pungent odour. And yet, on the other hand, she again began to have the sensations she was trying hard to suppress. Remembering the catechism she had been made to learn, their very size made them rather exciting. She really did now start to believe that these large men, who were now taking their pleasure with her, were sexually superior to her husband.

Traka allowed Heidi to climax with multiple orgasms. Later he would not allow her this privilege, but he felt that for the time being it was important for the successful brainwashing of this couple - including that of the husband, who could hear Heidi's screams of ecstasy, which were becoming hoarse as the sexual performance wore on.

Later Greg was dragged into the smaller cell where a wet semen-covered yet beautiful tanned, blonde was lying exhausted on the couch, no longer needing any restraints. Indeed she had learned to spread her legs willingly for the men enjoying her body.

Some of the men had come inside her beauty lips and others in her mouth, with her swallowing all their semen and yet others, as Greg had seen from behind the grille, had pulled out of her mouth and directed jets across her breasts, abdomen and face.

Greg could not help feeling what a powerfully erotic sight it was, as he walked into the smaller cage to see his blonde wife's body still gleaming under the light of the torches, flaming on the wall. Her chest was still heaving, making her breasts move excitingly. Under the threat of the whip he was forced to clean every inch of his beautiful wife's naked skin, including her slippery wet beauty lips, whilst the guards looked on and laughed.

When they were both returned to their cell, Traka replaced the chastity belt, but before he did so he made Heidi bend over and pull her buttocks apart. Holding her by the waist he pushed a large greased plunger into her rear entrance. It felt huge and uncomfortable, especially when he pulled the back of the chastity belt down over it, locking it in place. Later in the night he returned and replaced it with an even larger one.

'This get you ready for tomorrow,' Traka laughed and walked out. Heidi shuddered at what he meant. She had a pretty good idea, as had Greg.

15 – MORE SHAME FOR HEIDI

The next day Traka came earlier than usual to the cage. Gripping Heidi by the hair, he silently poured a little castor oil down her throat. After that he unlocked her chastity belt, pulled out the plunger and left her, still without uttering a word.

The dose did not take long to act, leaving Heidi cleaned out behind and ready, although she did not know it, for the next stage in her training.

Later she was taken away again to be fed, washed, made up and have her hair brushed until it shone. Embarrassingly, Traka also came back to check, by placing a rough finger up her now well-oiled rear entrance, that she really was as clean as a whistle.

Satisfied, he ordered an even larger plunger to be inserted. Like the others it had a flat base and below the long length that went up inside her was a narrow ring that was only two

inches in diameter. This ring was gripped by her sphincter muscles and which thus held the plunger in place - together with the pressure on the flat base from the chastity belt.

Heidi was then returned to the large cage.

Several hours later, Traka returned with his friends. Again the same scene took place similar to the day before and again Greg was left peering anxiously through the little grille. But this time there was to be a difference: Heidi's rear entrance was also going to be used.

She found herself being placed down on the couch, on her tummy. Each of her manacled hands were strapped behind her to an ankle, making her pull her legs wide apart, as if humbly offering her rear entrance, now invitingly placed on the edge of the couch.

Traka pulled out her plunger, leaving her spotless and stretched rear entrance well displayed. Her head was tied to a ring at the head of the couch, keeping her head down and the manacle chain joining her wrists was pushed harmlessly out of the way on the small of her back. Her long golden hair hung down over the side of the couch.

Heidi's eyes were wide as she tried to look back to see what was being done to her and by whom. To the excited guards she was the very epitome of frightened and desirable white womanhood. Back in their primitive native villages white women were talked about with awe, but here they were being invited to sodomise a very pretty young one - and a blonde into the bargain. Wonderful!

Her rear entrance was again well greased and a leather pillow put up under her hips, lifting her buttocks enticingly into the air. Greg looked through the grille and saw his wife with her bottom thrust upwards towards the grinning and chattering men.

Heidi had been well known in her model shoots and subsequent publications for her curvaceous bottom and it was now having quite an effect on the men around her. Many of their manhoods were already erect and bobbing up and down as they moved, each one waiting for a chance to plunge between the lovely buttocks of his wife. Greg realised with horror that her bottom was about to be well used.

Each Black Guard then stepped up behind her and took his turn at forcing his large black manhood past her sphincter. Greg heard her cry out as each new man entered her and began thrusting. Grunts of discomfort turned to moans and groans. It was almost more than he could bear.

But there was no let-up for Heidi as Traka made her learn to use her muscles there to give increased pleasure there, just as she had been previously forced to learn how to use them in another nearby orifice.

'Grip... Relax... Grip... Relax,' came the same orders as before. This time the orders were periodically marked by a loud and encouraging "thwack" as Traka brought the twelve strap slave whip, the one Greg had seen the day before, down across Heidi's buttocks - adding to the marks of her flogging in the Sheikh's dungeon which had now virtually faded.

Whenever she let up on her rear muscles, the man reaming her rear entrance would nod to Traka and he would bring the whip down hard across her bottom, or even her shoulders, making her frantically renew her squeezing of the long manhood stretching up inside her. The sight of her wriggling white cheeks contrasted beautifully with her tanned back and thighs.

However, it was soon time for a little more advanced training.

Already aroused, despite herself, by the large manhoods of these naked black giants, Heidi was made to kneel over one of them. She was facing his head as he lay under her, his back on the couch, his large firm manhood standing up proudly. With her manacled wrists in front of her, the other guards lifted her up and, whilst Traka held her parted her beauty lips open, gently lowered her down.

Heidi gave a little cry as she felt the man stretch and fill her completely. It was horrible feeling and yet one that was most exciting. Would a white man's smaller manhood, such as Greg's, ever give her such an amazing feeling, she wondered?

Traka made her move up and down to his orders. To her shame, she felt herself becoming more and more aroused.

Meanwhile another black guard, standing at the head of the couch, had thrust his manhood into her mouth. She gripped it with both hands and found herself sucking it eagerly, just as she had started to do the night before.

But there was more in store. Her neck was gripped from behind and she was thrust down.

'Don't you dare lose manhood up inside you,' warned Traka menacingly. 'Grip, girl, grip!'

As Heidi did so, she felt another manhood pressing on her now exposed rear entrance. Oh no! Not there too! But her neck was held down, keeping her buttocks raised and her rear entrance invitingly displayed.

Greg heard her scream as another penetrated her rear entrance as well.

'Grip!' ordered Traka, standing by her side, his slave whip in his hand. Heidi realised that it was the same muscles that were being exercised in gripping both manhoods.

'Relax... Grip... Relax... Grip!'

She felt a sharp tap from the whip on her shoulders. Desperately she went on alternatively gripping and relaxing and as she did so could feel the two men driving deeper and deeper up inside her.

'And at same time you also suck and relax big cock in your mouth,' came Traka's harsh words, again accompanied by a sharp tap of the slave whip. Soon she found herself alternatively sucking and relaxing her mouth in time with her more intimate muscles.

She felt a complete whore as, moments later, three men erupted into her.

'You white woman,' jeered Traka, 'servicing three black men in front of husband.' He looked over at Greg who was still sheepishly peering through the grille.

It was a performance that was to be constantly repeated over the coming days.

16 – A REGULAR TRAINING ROUTINE

A regular training programme was now established.

Each morning Traka would enter the cell and have Heidi perform her lessons. Her chastity belt would be unlocked and she would be taken out and exercised in the yard of the prison whilst Greg, having first cleaned her belt, was made to labour and do menial tasks all around the fort compound or out in desert surrounding it.

Heidi found the exercising to be gruelling and even more intense than her training as a fitness model. However, the Sergeant was under strict orders to maintain Heidi in peak condition as Oumfata felt that the visitors to the special brothel would especially appreciate such a fit young white woman.

Naked, she would be taken out into the courtyard with a lead attached to the big ring in the centre of the light chain connecting her nipple rings. As before, this chain still looped between her firm breasts, hanging down in a gentle arc between them.

The lead would then be fastened to the end of a revolving arm normally used for keeping horses fit. It extended about 30 feet from a central platform on which Traka would stand, a long lunging whip in his hand, making Heidi run round the horse exercising circle until she was exhausted and sweating profusely.

The men would gather round sometimes just to watch her full firm breasts bounce enticingly as she ran round and round and to appreciate her well rounded bottom. She was in better shape than ever.

At other times she would be led proudly around the courtyard on her lead by whoever was in charge of her at that particular moment - such as when, with Traka's permission, she was about to be taken by one of the other Black Guards to perform in his private quarters.

On most days, when the sun was off its peak, she would also be tied down in the courtyard under the still hot sun, covered with tanning oil after being put into a tiny bikini to retain the whiteness of her breasts, her bottom and her bare mound - all which contrasted so vividly with her tanned body when she was naked. The Sheikh had felt it would be interesting for his guests to see a true American "beach bunny" as a one of the whores in his special brothel.

After her exercise and tanning session she would be taken to the preparation room where she would be given special food, massaged with oil and prepared for whatever her training was to be for the day.

Some days were quite awful with Traka deciding she should be trained in ways to increase her pain threshold. She did not know why he treated her so cruelly, when she was trying so hard to please him now with her body - and especially when they were together, out of sight from her husband. Indeed, she had been amazed at her own behaviour during some of the private sessions with Traka.

There were hateful days when he decided to torture her. She might find herself hanging from the ceiling with a bullwhip snaking around her breasts or strapped to a wooden rack, stretched to the limit, whilst drops of hot oil fell onto her naked body.

Traka said he was getting her ready for something. She hated to admit it but it actually turned her on in a strange way. She couldn't imagine what he had in mind. In fact, there seemed no end to his imagination. The days of torture were intended to make her accept her training by himself and his colleagues and even long to be taken to his room for a night of riding on his massive member or of feeling this giant black man thrusting into her and out again.

Traka was also strictly limiting her orgasms and she was rarely allowed to climax, but when she did it was even more earth-shattering than ever. Traka usually reserved it for when they were in front of her husband, something which affected her deeply. But she was quite unable to stop herself.

Sometimes she and Greg would, humiliatingly, see each other in the courtyard or they would pass in a hallway or he would go by a room she was in. Invariably, when Greg saw his wife, she was being led naked by a black man on her nipple leash. Sometimes, as they passed by, other Black Guards would taunt Greg about how good his wife was sexually. It was all so degrading for him.

One night Greg had to take some food to Traka's quarters. He had thought Heidi was still in the preparation room being massaged. However, when the guard at Traka's quarters opened the door and he went in, he was told to put the food by the bed. As he walked over to the bed in the dim light he realised Traka was on top of a woman, taking her with powerful thrusts of his muscular buttocks.

He wasn't sure who it was at first as there were other women in the fort, also being broken in. As he drew near he was overcome as he noticed Heidi's distinctive long blonde hair streaming out onto the pillow and he saw her tanned legs wrapped around Traka's

buttocks. Traka's body was so massive that he completely covered the petite Heidi. Until Greg was closer all he could see was Traka's massive back with his buttocks clearly pounding his giant manhood into his wife, while his large hands cupped her bottom.

When he set the food on the bedside table, Traka did not even look up as he continued to pound the woman beneath him. Greg looked down full into Heidi's eyes and as she looked back at him he noticed the pitiful look on her face. Their eyes locked for a moment as the pounding continued. Although momentarily Heidi looked lovingly at Greg over Traka's giant shoulder, he also saw that she was looking disparagingly at his helpless and infibulated manhood.

Her mouth was slightly open and she was breathing quite heavily and moaning with each thrust. Greg could see her silently moving her lips as if saying: 'I'm sorry'. He realised that what she was sorry about was the fact that she now loved spreading her legs for the big Black Guard who was her trainer. She just couldn't help it.

As Traka's hips pulled back, Greg could just make out the long and thick manhood gleaming in the dim light with Heidi's own wetness. Moments later it would plunge back into her again and he could see she was holding her legs as wide as she could to give Traka full access to her beauty lips. Her little hands were even pulling Traka harder into her.

Greg could see she loved the dominating way Traka treated her. It was a defining moment as both Greg and Heidi fully realised that she now craved the larger manhoods of the black Dinka giants. Greg humbly left the room, tortured by her moans as he shut the door and heard Traka yell loudly as he began to jet his sperm into his wife.

Whilst Heidi was obviously being kept busy for the rest of the night, Greg was left alone in the cage with his thoughts, carefully polishing her chastity belt, tears of frustration and rage oozing from his eyes.

17 – CHECKED BY THE SERGEANT

The next evening, Heidi again saw Traka's finger beckoning her forward to the bars of her cage. Now what, she wondered? At least there was no sign of the other Black Guards. They had put her through her paces that morning, leaving her exhausted.

'I take you to Sergeant,' Traka grinned, snapping a lead onto her nipple chain and unlocking the cage door to let her crawl out.

'Back, boy, back,' he ordered Greg who, horrified at seeing his wife being taken out of the cage again to satisfy another black man, had come forward to protest. The sight of Heidi lying under Traka the previous night had made a profound impact on him.

Traka unlocked Heidi's chastity belt and, as usual, threw it to Greg. 'You remember what Sergeant say about you cleaning belt well whilst he enjoy your wife - he see one spot of dirt when he bring wife back and you get flogging with bullwhip.'

He turned back to Heidi. 'And you get flogging if Sergeant not fully pleased with your performance. You show him how well you now learned massage hard black shaft up inside you.'

'Oh no!' cried Heidi.

'Oh yes!' answered Traka making the crawling Heidi lower her head to the floor and raise her buttocks so that he could more easily oil her beauty lips - and her rear entrance.

Satisfied, he gave her lead a tug and led her away, still crawling at his feet.

Greg was busy cleaning the belt. At least it was something to do as he wondered what was happening to Heidi upstairs in the Sergeant's comfortable bedroom which was just above the cages.

He would never have guessed that, in fact, the Sergeant was kneeling over Heidi, facing her feet and forcing her head back, as she lay fastened down on his bed. He was holding his manhood in one hand and was thrusting it down into Heidi's throat.

'Take it, white woman, take it,' the Sergeant muttered.

Heidi nearly choked as she felt it going down.

The Sergeant was lying back on the bed, his powerful phallus erect at the sight of the lovely white woman kneeling over him, facing his feet, hands on the bedclothes. Her beautifully rounded bottom was facing him, beauty lips glistening with oil.

'Take me inside you,' he ordered.

Remembering her training, Heidi reached down and took the firm manhood in her hand. She raised herself slightly up on her knees and lowered herself down onto it. As always she could not help giving a gasp as she felt the big member stretching and filling her.

Slowly, as she had been taught, she gently began to rise and lower herself. She knew her task was to spin out the pleasure she was giving and so, instead, she began keeping quite still and just gripping and relaxing - as she had been made to practice. Was she doing it properly, she wondered anxiously, the threat of a flogging still uppermost in her mind.

As was intended, it was a threat that drove out any idea of getting pleasure herself. She was being trained to give pleasure - not receive it.

'Excellent!' she was eventually relieved to hear the Dinka Sergeant say.

Slowly she went on alternatively rising and falling - and then keeping quite still whilst her internal muscles took over the task of giving pleasure.

'Turn round,' ordered the Sergeant. Heidi was now kneeling facing her ravisher. 'Come forward and bend over.'

Her face was now inches away from the grinning man's cheeks. She could also feel his manhood, wet from her juices, probing at her rear entrance.

'Oh no!' she cried out.

'Oh yes,' came the cruel reply. 'You must show what you have learned there, too. Now take it.'

Heidi reached back and pulled her cheeks apart, rising up a little bit to place correctly the tip of the phallus against her now well stretched rear entrance. The Sergeant reached down to hold his manhood firm and, with a cry of pain, Heidi pressed down.

'Ah! Ah!' she called out. If the feeling of being stretched and filled had been strong earlier on, it was now even stronger.

Once again she had to go through the routine of rising and lowering herself whilst the big man thrust ever deeper. Once again, she had to alternate this with gripping and relaxing and so spin out the pleasure for the Sergeant.

Finally, with a hoarse cry, he let his sperm jet up into Heidi, who almost forgot herself and nearly let herself be carried away to join in his rapture.

'Good!' a humiliated Greg heard the satiated Sergeant say to Traka as he handed back the lead of the crawling Heidi. He was speaking in English to make sure that the frightened Heidi understood. 'A few more days of training with your colleagues and we can start her final preparations. I would however, like her to spend her remaining nights here in my bed.'

'Yes sir' said Traka. 'We will prepare her for you each evening.'

'Excellent!' exclaimed the Sergeant.

Heidi cringed at the thought, for the Sergeant was the ugliest and meanest and most powerfully built of all the Dinka guards. She also knew that he was the most demanding and that servicing him would not be easy.

PART V - FINAL PREPARATIONS

18 – NIPPLE STRETCHING

One day, after the Sergeant had used her all night, Traka took her into the smaller cage. The Sergeant was with him and as usual she felt highly embarrassed at being in the presence of the man who had so ruthlessly and recently taken and sodomised her.

She saw the Sergeant point to her breasts and say something in Arabic to Traka. Traka nodded and then he, too, pointed to her firm and yet surprisingly full young breasts. Now what, she wondered anxiously.

The answer came shortly afterwards, when Traka came back to the cage, holding two strange small metal devices.

Once again, her grinning trainer beckoned her forward to the bars of the cage. Ignoring Greg, he made her step over her manacles so that her hands were held behind her back. He clipped the ring on the front of her collar to a bar of the cage. She was now held helpless, tight up against the bars, with her breasts thrust out between them.

Traka turned his attention to her nipple rings. Using wire cutters, he cut them in two and removed them. Heidi kept perfectly still. She dare not move as she was afraid he might cut her nipples. He then replaced them with small horizontal gold barbells, which he carefully pushed through the holes.

He picked up what looked like a round golden ring about an inch in diameter. Two parallel prongs stuck out from it. Each was at least half an inch long with little notches in the ends. Traka carefully placed the rings over the barbells so that they circled and pressed against her pink areolas.

He then pulled at the barbells, tugging her nipples and stretching them, until the barbells rested in the notches in the prongs sticking up from the rings. The sheer tension of her taut skin held the little barbells securely in the notches. The effect of this was to stretch Heidi's nipples painfully.

With her hands secured behind her back there was nothing she could do, as she watched her previously bud-like nipples become increasingly erect and elongated - nearly half an inch long.

Traka nodded approvingly and then turned and left the room, leaving her standing there fastened to the bars, unable to move. She tried to shake the new nipple rings off her breasts but in vain, for the method with which they had been applied kept the circular base pressing too strongly against her skin. There was nothing she could do but wait for Traka's return. Meanwhile her nipples were held elongated by these clever devices.

He kept her, or rather her nipples, waiting for a good hour, and when he returned he removed the circular bases, but left the gold barbells in place. Heidi saw that her tender nipples remained very prominent.

It was a process repeated twice a day for several days in the intervals of her continual training with the other Black Guards. As she was getting used to it, Traka would leave them on longer and longer, until finally she was at times left with the stretching rings in place for hours at a time.

Clearly, the other Black Guards were delighted to see and feel her much extended nipples. They enjoyed seeing her walk around with the rings in place, something which held her nipples jutting out in an almost animal way. However, when they used her for their pleasure, they would frequently remove the circular bases so that their thick lips could get a better grip on her longer nipples.

19 – BRANDED!

Heidi was led out of the big cage and into the hallway. She had been returned from the Sergeant's room earlier that morning and was still tired from her long night. Greg watched her through the bars of the cage. He saw her leave through a large metal door.

The last thing he saw before Traka half closed the door were Heidi's bare white buttocks and a flash from the ring through her clitoris which he could see from behind since it hung down into the space between the top of her legs.

But far worse, he had a glimpse of another huge black man in the far side of the room, naked except for a leather apron, like that of blacksmith. He was moving several irons, like branding irons, in a red-hot brazier.

My God, thought Greg, they're going to brand her! My lovely wife is going to be branded as the Sheikh's property like some camel or horse. Indeed, although he did not know it, the same blacksmith who was used by the Sheikh to brand his livestock was also used to brand the girls of the special brothel. He had specially come to the Black Guard's barracks out in the desert to brand the new American girl.

Unseen by Greg, Traka fastened the naked Heidi to a branding rack alongside the brazier. She was trembling with fear as she was made to stand with her back to the curved metal bars. It had a wide inverted "U" frame with both ends secured to the floor and which rose up to form a semicircular arch. There were leather cuffs on the floor on either end.

Heidi's feet were fastened to the cuffs at one end of the rack with her legs a good metre apart. Her body was then stretched over the metal frame, causing her to do the equivalent of a backward bend. This was an exercise she had done many times as part of her gymnastic training, but never had she thought that it might be used for a purpose like this.

Heidi was petrified as her arms were pulled back and her wrists clamped into the cuffs close to the floor at the other end of the curved branding frame. Her gorgeous body now formed a perfect arc, her head hanging helplessly down so that she was unable to see what was happening. But she knew that her smooth hairless mound and intimacies were well displayed to the men in the room.

The blacksmith came over to her. Heidi flinched as he ran his hand over the gleaming skin of her lower belly. She was trembling with fear and this evidently made the blacksmith say something in Arabic to the Sergeant who in turn gave an order to Traka.

Women being branded were often blindfolded so that they would not know just when the red-hot irons were going to be pressed to their skin and would not therefore cringe back at the critical moment. However, the Sheikh felt that the psychological shock would be greater and the memory all the more vivid in a woman's mind, if she was to be shown the red-hot iron close to her face just before it was applied to her naked skin.

But this required special precautions being taken to make sure than she kept still so that the scar was clear and neat. Accordingly straps were placed across Heidi's thighs and belly and pulled tight. She was unable to move a muscle.

The blacksmith made two little chalk marks on his intended sites. He carefully chose them with a practised eye as the exact location of a brand was just as important as the mark itself and could mean various things. Harem slaves for the personal use of a master were frequently branded on the belly, although various sites were chosen by different harems, some Masters preferring the buttocks, or even the breasts. Slaves thus marked provided their Masters with a constant and erotic reminder of their status.

However the blacksmith had been told by Oumfata that this American girl was to be branded on her mound just above the ring through her clitoris. This would enable her brand to be hidden at times under a bikini - for he intended to use her former reputation as a well known bikini model in some of the shows he planned to put on for the Sheik's guests.

He could, for instance, have her meet and flirt with them at the pool, where she might be recognised as a model by some men familiar with western culture, only to be ordered to strip off her bikini to reveal the brand that identified her as the property of the Sheikh - and available for use by his guests.

It was an ingenious plan, but one that depended for its efficacy on the absence of any hair on Heidi's smooth mound. This would not be a problem for as well as the traditional Arab methods of removing women's body hair, Oumfata also used the latest, virtually permanent, laser techniques.

Heidi looked sideways at the brazier in sheer fright. She saw the blacksmith lift one branding iron out and examine it, as if to check that it was hot enough. Satisfied, he held it right up to Heidi's face for her to see and feel the heat.

'No! No!' she screamed, her eyes bulging with fear.

The branding iron was gleaming red-hot and at the end were two crossed pieces of iron about three inches long and two inches wide in the form of two crossed scimitars - part of the Sheikh's crest.

'No! For God's sake, no!' she screamed.

Unable to see what was happening, but hearing his wife's cry, Greg shook the bars of the cage in impotent rage.

'What are you doing to her?' he cried out. 'Leave her alone!'

But the blacksmith ignored both their cries. In any case he was used to the Sheikh's women crying out when they realised they were going to be branded. Instead he accurately pressed the branding iron to the lower of the two marks he had made on her smooth white skin.

There was a loud hissing noise followed by a long scream.

Greg suddenly smelt burning flesh as smoke rose up around the branding iron. Heidi was now screaming her head off, making Greg renew his shaking the strong bars of his cage.

'In the name of Allah the most merciful and of His holy prophet, may his name be blessed forever,' the blacksmith intoned as he kept the iron pressed to Heidi's skin. Experience had taught him that the time taken to intone this left a very satisfactory brand.

He lifted the iron off Heidi's skin and thrust it into a bucket of water. Steam rose up from the water as the iron cooled down.

Ignoring the sobbing Heidi, he turned back to look at the brand. Yes, it seemed a good clear one. He picked up a portion of green coloured pigment and shook it into the fresh brand. After it had healed the brand mark would now be a bright green - just like the Sheikh's crest.

He picked up another branding iron. At its tip was a small star an inch in diameter, also gleaming red-hot. He looked at it carefully. Heidi screamed yet again as he shoved it in front of her face with a cruel smile.

'No, no more!' she cried, making Greg again shake the bars of the cage.

The blacksmith carefully pressed this second branding iron onto the higher mark on Heidi's bare mound.

Again there were more screams, more smell of burning flesh and more smoke. Again he kept it there whilst he repeated the incantation and then thrust it, too, into the bucket of water.

On the girl's mound was a perfect example of the Sheikh's brand, two crossed scimitars with a star immediately above it. He shook red pigment into this fresh brand. It would make a nice contrast with the one below.

A few minutes later a tottering, naked Heidi was taken back out into the corridor and put into the smaller cage.

There, watched by a horrified Greg through the grille in the wall, she was chained down on the couch on her back so as not to spoil the brand as it healed. Her manacled hands were even fastened to the head of the couch to prevent her from getting at it.

'You see now His Highness's nice brand on wife's hairless mound' Traka jeered at the peering Greg. 'She never forget branding. Make her feel she now belong Sheikh - not you.'

The next day the Sergeant came to see how the brand marks were getting on. He looked down at Heidi and stroked his chin. They were looking very satisfactory though the girl could do with being kept on her back for another day or two before being released and her chastity belt locked back in place.

This was, he decided, a good time for the next stage of the girl's preparation - something that Oumfata had insisted on being done before she was returned to him.

'Oumfata want her tongue ringed,' he explained to Traka, as he went to the head of the couch and blindfolded Heidi. She felt her head being held tight by Traka. The Sergeant ordered her to open her mouth and stick out her tongue. Wonderingly she did as she was told. She felt the end being gripped as if by a clamp and something cold rubbed along it. There was a little prick. She tried to pull her tongue away, but it was firmly held.

It was gradually feeling swollen, just as her gums did after being given an anaesthetising injection by a dentist. The Sergeant slowly stroke her head reassuringly, as if he were patting a dog. 'Good girl,' she heard him say. Was he waiting for the injection to take effect? But what was he going to do? She longed to ask or to pull her head away but with her tongue clamped and her head held tight she was unable to do either.

Finally she felt something being done expertly to the tip of her now desensitized tongue. Whatever the Sergeant was doing, he had evidently done before.

Her tongue was released and Traka let go of her head. She could feel something strange. Her blindfold was removed. The Sergeant held up a mirror and grinned.

'Look!' he said proudly.

Heidi saw that a little golden stud had been fastened to the tip of her tongue. Another stud kept it in place from underneath, like the barbells through her nipples.

'Now you give extra pleasure when you suck or lick a man,' explained the Sergeant with a smile.

20 – HELPLESS!

One day, perhaps a month after they had been taken to the fort, Heidi and Greg were surprised, when the Sergeant arrived for his now regular morning inspection, to see that not only was he accompanied as usual by Traka but also by Oumfata.

'Strip' ordered Traka, with the inevitable crack of his bullwhip.

Hastily blushing Heidi unbuttoned her caftan and undid the Velcro fastenings on her shoulders so that she could slip it down over her manacles. Greg did the same with his short tunic. They were both now naked except for Heidi's chastity belt.

Oumfata nodded approvingly at the sight of their slim, fit, bodies. Evidently they had been kept well exercised - as well as being broken-in and trained. The Sergeant and his assistant had done a good job.

'Up against the bars!' ordered Traka, again with a crack of his bullwhip. They both ran to the bars of the cage and pressed their bodies against them.

Oumfata was pleased to see that Greg's infibulation rings were still in place and working effectively as he lined up against his half-naked wife. He was also very pleased to see how Heidi's nipples were much extended and ran his hands over them as she thrust her breasts through the bars.

Traka reached down and lifted up the small padlock that hung in front of Heidi's chastity belt. He inserted and turned the key. The chastity belt fell away, disclosing to the delighted Oumfata not only her smooth and hairless mound and beauty lips but also the now prominent and neat brand of the Sheikh.

Although shamed at being made to display herself like this, Heidi could feel herself becoming moist and aroused by it. Her face was reddening with frustrated sexual passion.

As he watched Greg and Heidi's joint dismay, Oumfata was thinking how this would later make an erotic little preliminary display in the Sheikh's private brothel: the re-enactment of a captured and infibulated young Christian husband and his wife, reserved for the use of the Arab Sheikh whose tribesmen had captured them.

Speaking in Arabic, the Sergeant reported to Oumfata how Heidi had been utterly ashamed not only because of her branding and nipple stretching but more because of the way

she had been taught to behave like a true slut: taught to suck eagerly and to spread her legs wide for all the large manhoods in the fort.

Oumfata nodded approvingly as the Sergeant described how she had been seen on numerous occasions by her own husband having powerful orgasms while impaled on the shafts of many different Black Guards - often in more than one place simultaneously and screaming and moaning in obvious uncontrolled sexual ecstasy.

In fact she had received the sperm of every single one of the forty or so guards in the fort, either up her rear entrance or between her beauty lips - or both. She had been filled to overflowing in both orifices and even covered head to toe with what seemed to be unlimited amounts of the men's semen.

She had clearly been horrified, after being taken by a group of Black Guards, at the way the men would massage her slim body with the sperm they had jetted into and over her. It was even worse when Greg was made to do it for them.

Kneeling in front of a line of naked Black Guards, she had been made to suck them all with Traka standing behind her, his bullwhip raised, to make sure that she did properly. Helped by the barbell in her tongue she had learned to make them climax in rapid succession. Even though half ashamed, she had begun to take pride in her performance for it showed that the men found her newly taught techniques very effective.

Traka had said to her in the beginning he would create a taste in her for the manhoods of black men and he had done it well. He trained her every day in the smaller cage to kneel before him. He would then remove her chastity belt and make her spread her knees as wide as she possibly could as a sign of respect.

She had to arch her back, with her hands behind her neck, her open beauty lips displayed degradingly to him, and start shamefully undulating her hips. Satisfied that she was properly aroused, he would then make her suck him, swallowing his bitter tasting sperm

To have to do all this, knowing that Greg would be watching through the grille was especially shameful. At times Traka had further humiliated her and Greg by making her whine and beg Traka to let her ride his big black manhood.

Finally the Sergeant described how Traka had treated her as a complete slut. After her daily training was over, he would order her out of the big cage she shared with Greg and had made her spend the last twenty or so nights with one or more of his fellow Black Guards. This might be degrading for her, but it was also humiliating for Greg as he wondered what his wife was being made to do upstairs.

Heidi's eyes grew wide open as she saw Oumfata turn to leave and then clap Traka on the back as he replaced the chastity belt and handed the key to Oumfata. Oh my God, she thought, now what's going to happen next?

But to keep up the psychological pressure on the American couple, nothing immediately happened. Instead, laughing amongst themselves, the three watchers left, leaving Heidi and Greg alone.

They were too ashamed to discuss how they had been treated. 'Oh how shame-making,' they both murmured.

21 – OFF! - BUT WHERE TO?

Later that morning Oumfata returned with Traka and the Sergeant. He signed what seemed to be a form of receipt and handed it to the Sergeant who then handed him a videotape.

'Good record on video of girl's training,' he explained.

Oumfata nodded appreciatively and turned to Heidi. 'Girl!' he said, 'you kneel and thank kind trainer and Sergeant for teaching you to perform so well. You now eagerly suck and spread legs.'

Heidi blushed

'Go on! Thank Traka and Sergeant for training you.'

What, thought Heidi? Thank these swine of Dinkas for having treated her like a performing animal and making her do things she never dreamed she would do? Never!

But then saw that Traka was, as usual, holding his bullwhip and her courage failed her. She bowed her head as she knelt before them.

'Thank you, Sir, she said hesitantly to each one, 'for teaching me so much.'

Traka smiled and then handed Heidi and Greg little white tunics to put on. They were both embroidered with the Sheikh's crest.

'Remember what happened here, little slut,' said Traka as he gripped Heidi's long nipples and squeezed hard, pulling her up onto her toes as he had frequently done during their training sessions. As usual, Heidi started to feel a tingle inside her beauty lips and her muscles began to spasm.

'If you not pleasing where you going, you be sent back here or we come visit you,' he said sternly, pinching her nipples hard.

'Or, maybe we may come visit anyway,' said the Sergeant laughing.

Traka starting laughing, too. 'What you think, you hot little slut? I bet you like visit from Traka and Sergeant? Ha! Ha!'

Traka let her down off her toes by releasing her nipples and they were led out into the open courtyard of the square where the truck that had brought them was waiting. The flaps at the back were pulled back to reveal a small cage into which they were pushed.

The flaps were strapped down, blocking their view. They heard the engine being started and the high pitched voice of Oumfata evidently saying good-by to the Sergeant and his guards. The lorry rolled forward.

Throughout their terrible training period in the barracks, both Heidi and Greg had found themselves repeatedly thinking back to their previously carefree lives as students and innocent young lovers back in the States, of their freedom to come and go as they liked, of their walks hand in hand down the leafy boulevards, of happy-go-lucky evening car rides, of huge T-bone steaks and of their friends and parents - and in Heidi's case, of her great friend Laura.

Now they were trying to put aside these thoughts.

'Where are we being taken?' Greg and Heidi simultaneously asked each other. They would have been appalled if they had known.

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Continued in Book Two - Pleasure Slaves