

AFRICAN AGONY by John Argus

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Chapter One

Beth heard a low moan, but did not identify the source as herself. She was in one of the quiet times, a time of peace, where she hung unmoving, trying to breath, trying to inflate her lungs against the tightness squeezing down around her chest.

Then the buzzing began again, a soft electrical hum that she felt through every pore in her sweat soaked body. At first it was low and soothing, but it grew, and she began to feel a heat within her lower belly.

Little sparkles of sensation appeared here and there along her body, along her toes, her arms, her hip, but mainly along the surface of her breasts and between her tightly closed thighs.

It had been - a long time - since she had been able to see or hear, or make any noise, since she had been able to move her body, her legs, her arms, her hands.

There was terrible pressure on her arms and shoulders; the weight of her body, though she was not fully aware of it.

She was encased in leather, leather so tight her flesh groaned with the pressure squeezing against the soft skin. She could breath only in shallow puffs through the small tubes set into her nostrils, for the tightness of the leather around her chest was such that her very ribs ached.

The sides of her knees hurt from being jammed so firmly together, and cramps rippled through legs which had been locked straight and under tension for hours. She was hot, very, very hot, for the leather covered her from head to toe, but the heat which took what little awareness she still held was within her and not without.

The sparkles grew in power, and she could feel her nipples swelling as they tickled, then snapped at her breasts. There was a hardness within her belly, a hard warm, pulsing presence which set her bones to trembling. She could feel her vaginal muscles squeezing down around it repeatedly as it buzzed and hummed tirelessly.

Her muscles snapped and pulled, her body instinctively writhing, but without affect. Her arms were held too tightly above her head, her legs too tightly below her. Her joints ached from the pressure being exerted in both directions.

The sparkles became little shocks which made her gasp and moan, then greater shocks, jolts of electricity blasting into her breasts and arms and groin and toes. She cried out again and again, writhing within her small world, her muscles spasming, her body trembling.

She screamed soundlessly as the pain grew unbearable, then screamed again as a climax washed over her, the pleasure pouring through her nervous system, melding and swirling with the agony, becoming something that was both - and neither.

She couldn't think. Her mind bobbed and churned, bounced and twisted with the flow of sensations pouring through her, and when the sensations finally ebbed, the silent time came again, she slumped exhausted, numbed.

"So when are you gonna do it?" Sara asked with a suggestive leer.
Emily rolled her eyes and glared, and her girlfriend snickered lightly.
"Shhh. Someone'll hear."

"Oh like it's a big surprise," Sara said, sitting down next to her on the narrow bench. The sailing trip had been billed as nothing more than a little vacation during the winter break from college. To parents, it was described as a chance to get troublesome young adults out from underfoot and let them learn a thing or two about the world. To the "young adults" it was a chance to relax and enjoy life, to see sunny climes at their parents' expense.

Ostensibly, the yachting trip would offer examples of marine biology, the flora and fauna of the ocean, and the ancient archeological ruins to be found along the coast of Africa.

The brochure had piously demanded conservative, one-piece bathing attire for the girls, and promised high standards of supervision and chaperoning so that the young people would not go astray. Only two of the girls had actually brought conservative suits, however, and the bored teachers seemed to care little about who wore what or who slept with whom.

Sara wore a flimsy white one piece with a thong back. The top bulge tightly across her ample chest, and her long legs went on forever before meeting the tiny strips of fabric which curled around them. Her long chestnut hair spilled across her shoulders in front, falling almost to the ample cleavage revealed by a large teardrop shaped hole in the front of her suit.

"I want it to be on deck, under the stars," Emily whispered. "But I don't want one of the crew to stumble on us."

Emily was an intellectual, and a dreamer. She wore her blonde hair short, clipped off stylishly just below the collar. Her white bikini was brief, the sides cut high along her slender hips, the small half cups of her bra showing a smooth swell of breast.

"I can keep watch and distract anyone who comes near."

"I don't want you watching either!"

"Don't be silly. Why should I want to watch? I'm not a bloody virgin, you are."

"Shhh!"

Being a virgin embarrassed Emily, especially among the girls on the yacht, where such a predicament was equated with ignorance and prudishness. It irritated her, for it wasn't like she was a prude. Not really. She'd simply been waiting for the right opportunity, to have sex in a truly romantic setting. At night, on a yacht, beneath the stars, struck her as very much the right setting.

Better still, since none of the others on the trip really knew her there was no chance for bad gossip to get back to her friends and family. The sense of freedom that brought was quite bracing.

"As if everyone doesn't know."

"Everyone doesn't know, and won't if you'll kindly be quiet."

"So? Gonna do it?"

"Tonight then."

"About time."

A short, but quite bulky African man in a black suit walked slowly down the winding, stone stairwell which led to what had once been a prison for murderers, hesitated at the bottom, then reached up and touched a switch. The area was immediately flooded with bright light from bare bulbs hanging from the roof.

He walked slowly into the room, his pace measured, and stopped to regard a strange leather object, something akin to a cocoon, which hung from the ceiling.

The centre of the cocoon was shaped like the body of a woman, with a faceless black head at its top, a woman with her arms above her and legs held quite tightly together.

The leather stretched together at its top, where it hung from a chain, and at its bottom, where another chain, the tension in it quite visible, pulled downwards to the floor.

The man walked up to the leather cocoon and regarded it for a long moment, as if thinking. He examined the zipper running from the back of the "head" down its front towards the "feet". He moved to a nearby pillar and flipped a switch, then returned to regard the cocoon. He reached up behind the head, gripped the zipper firmly, and slowly pulled it downwards along the length to the bottom.

Beneath were tight leather laces. He tugged them loose, and the cocoon began to split open. Pale, glistening white flesh appeared. He gripped the front and forced it open, peeling it slowly back from the head of a woman who seemed to stand unconscious within.

Her skin was soaked in sweat, hair matted against her scalp. She breathed slowly, head lolling back as he pulled the cocoon further open, baring more of her sweat soaked body, her flesh flushed with heat.

He moved to a nearby pillar and threw a switch. With a low grinding sound the hook holding the cocoon aloft began to descend. He moved to the woman and reached to the top of the cocoon, slipping the leather sack free of the hook, then gently letting it down on the ground.

He knelt beside it, peeling the leather back and open to more fully expose the woman lying there. She moaned weakly, eyes still closed, then let out a soft whimper of pain as he exposed her legs, bending them slightly. He carefully unbuckled the straps which bound them tightly together at ankle, knee and thigh, then eased her thighs apart, exposing her closely shaven mons.

He quite matter of factly spread the lips of her sex with blunt fingers, then pushed his fingers up to grip the base of a thick cylinder wedged within. He tugged it slowly down, noting without interest that the metal glistened as wetly as her body as inch after inch was exposed to the overhead light.

A full foot slid out of her tight depths. He set it aside, then moved to her top, again removing the remnants of the cocoon, then unstrapping her arms. The insides of the leather were covered in circular metal pads the size of small coins, and he could see the light impressions they had left all across her pale skin, especially where the leather had squeezed particularly tightly, such as her breasts, and the sides of her hips.

She groaned again, and her eyelids flickered slightly. Her body shifted slowly on the floor, one of her legs slowly twisting a few inches.

The man slipped his arms under the now nude body of the young woman and lifted her up across his shoulder as he got to his feet. She dangled limply, her head hanging down as he carried her across the room, then began to ascend the stairs.

He moved slowly and carefully with his burden, reached the first level of cellars, then carried her along a wide, stone corridor to a room at its end. There he set her body down on a large metal table.

The woman was beginning to stir more now, her eyes fluttering as she looked out dazedly. He ignored her responses, removing his jacket, then rolling up his shirt before turning back to her.

The table had drainage channels along the sides where liquid was directed downwards. It also contained a pipe running upwards from the left top corner. A tap sprouted from one side of the pipe, and a three foot long flexible rubber tube from the other. The rubber tube had a lever at its metal end, and as he pointed the tube at the girl's shifting body and tugged on the lever a gush of water sprayed forth.

He adjusted the water temperature, keeping it warm as he ran the hose up and down the young woman's body. As it sprayed water over her face she sputtered weakly and mumbled a complaint. She half raised one hand to ward the spray off, then let it drop again.

He turned off the water and hung the hose from a clip, then picked up soft sponge and a bar of soap and began to soap her body. He appeared unaffected by how lush and unspoiled her flesh appeared, his hand running casually over large, rounded breasts, along slender thighs, then back and forth over her tender mons.

He rolled her as though she weighed nothing, muscles shifting beneath his own dark, gleaming skin then began to work on her back, scrubbing from shoulders downwards, soaping up her firm buttocks, then moving downwards to trim ankles and dainty feet.

She moaned in protest, trying to pull her legs free of his grip.

He ignored her, soaping up her feet until he was satisfied they were done, then moving to the head of the table.

He gripped her shoulders and slid her naked, soapy body upwards until her head slid over the edge of the table and hung above a small sink attached. He used a separate soap to soap up her hair, then scrubbed it thoroughly, easily warding off her weak attempts to bat him away.

He rinsed her hair off first, being thorough, then ran the hose along her body, sending the soap sluicing off into the drainage furrows running down the sides of the table. He rolled her over, then back again.

As he became certain no soap remained he began lowering the temperature of the water. Soon she began moving more energetically, sputtering and waving her hands at him to try and force the water back.

He persevered, the now icy water causing her smooth skin to pucker in goose bumps. She writhed weakly, coughing.

"Stop!" she cried. "Stop it! It's cooold!"

He pushed her back down, forcing her head over the edge of the table, then sprayed the water directly into her face and over her hair until her movements became even more frantic.

Then he turned off the water and helped her into a sitting position. He picked up a large, plush towel and wrapped it around her, then buffed her dry.

A moment later a tall, square faced black woman came in, and began to brush out and dry Beth's shoulder length red hair. Beth watched her dazedly, eyes blinking, trying to fit her scattered wits back together.

She had - she had come to Africa, come to work with an aid agency which was feeding the poverty stricken children of Mozambique. She had grown up with near wealth herself, never really knowing want. After university she had felt no great call to begin her career, and thought a few months in Africa helping people would do something to ease the guilt she sometimes felt at her own good fortune.

It had been exciting landing at the little airport, which, despite being at the capital, was ugly, dirty, and staffed by slovenly looking people. Then it had all gone wrong. For some reason police had taken her off the street the next day and she had been presented to -

"What..."

The woman glared at her and Beth quickly closed her mouth in fear. She watched in astonishment as a thick, stainless steel collar was placed around her throat and locked. Wrist and ankle restraints followed. As her shock mounted, a narrow, two foot long chain was clipped to the ankle restraints, then a longer one led from the centre ring in that chain to loop through her wrist restraints, pinning them together.

Beth endured it all in a state of dazed terror, not even embarrassed, really, at the big Black man standing silently back and observing.

Her skin still prickled all over from the electrical shocks she had endured for - for she knew not how long. She felt like she hadn't eaten in days, and her stomach rumbled ominously.

She had been brought before Umbwatha, who identified himself as the King of the Shankali. Mozambique was in chaos after years of civil war, and Umbwatha had seized a small area long the coast as his "kingdom", holding it through force of arms and bribes to the ever shifting members of what counted for a government.

Umbwatha had been educated in Europe, but not civilized by it. On the contrary he had learned two things from the Europeans: decadence, and hate.

As she had been stood before him he had casually reached out to fondle her breasts. Naturally she had slapped him as hard as she could, horribly embarrassed.

His dark eyes had bored into her, murderous with anger, and at his nod the policemen had torn off her clothes, grinning at her screams and struggles. A half dozen men in the room at the time had looked on, chuckling to each other at her expense as more and more of her pale white flesh was bared.

And then, her arms pinned behind her back, absolutely naked, she had been presented to Umbwatha, who had ran his hands roughly over her body as though he owned it. She had been so astounded, so mortified, she had not even reacted until she had been released and Umbwatha had taken her into his arms.

She had gone berserk, kicking, screaming and clawing at him until the policemen, or whatever they were, had come and dragged her away. They had taken her into a dimly lit room and there violated her with the metal tubes, encased her in the strange rubber suit, then hanged her from her wrists.

And then the electrical shocks had started, sometimes horribly painful, sometimes strangely pleasant. She could not speak, could not hear, could not see. All she could do

was hang absolutely still as her body writhed with cramps and pain, and feel the shocks rippling through her body.

The worst, of course, had been the - tube - which had been pushed up inside her very body! She still shuddered at the thought of the agony she had felt when powerful electrical shocks had been transmitted deep into her belly. Even now her throat ached from the screams which had echoed through the underground chamber.

The woman clipped a chain to the centre of her collar, and then handed it to the man. He tugged on it, and nodded, then pulled, leading her to the door. She followed helplessly, resigned to rape now, to humiliation, but now willing to do anything to avoid the terrible pain she had felt in that awful rubber cocoon.

She could not help blushing deeply as the occasional servant passed them in the hall, and a feeling of numbness began to settle over her. This was all simply too shocking, too incredible to be real. Surely it was all some terrible nightmare, and soon she would waken.

The hall ended in wide open doors. Two guards in green military uniforms framed them, and both smirked as the man led her through. She dropped her eyes, skin burning, trying to pretend she was alone as the sound of conversation grew around her

Yet she was not. As low as she dropped her chin she could not miss the sight of numerous pairs of feet and legs as the man led her past, and she moaned softly to herself as hands reached out to stroke her breasts or fondle buttocks as she passed.

"Going to Africa? You must be daft. The place is full of wars and pestilence. The governments are all corrupt and people live in miserable hovels."

"Really, Allison, you have to be more enlightened in your outlook on the world."

They were in a bright, sunny caf, and the two were sipping tea as they watched the pleasure boats go by on the Thames. Beth was relaxed in a pair of loose jeans and expensive leather shoes, sitting back in her chair with all the confidence of a young woman brought up through the best schools by parents who had long ago convinced her she could do anything she wanted in life.

Her long red hair parted in the middle of her forehead, sweeping out and down to frame a small, round face with bright green eyes, a tiny, turned up nose, and small, yet full lipped mouth. She was an attractive, desirable woman, and knew it. Just out of college, and with no particular need to immediately jump into the workplace.

"Nothing wrong with my outlook, thanks. I'll stay in civilized countries."

Beth sniffed disdainfully. "That's so Eurocentric. People are the same all over the world. We're no better than anyone else. You're more likely to be attacked here than you are in Africa or anywhere else in the third world. There they respect people more because they haven't focussed all their desires on materialism and consumer goods."

Beth was jolted back to the present as they halted, and a hand gripped her hair, forcing her head up and back.

Umbwatha sat on his throne, his eyes dark, his face a glower.

The throne was an eccentricity, a part of her thought, for he was not a king of any sort. Clearly no one was going to argue the point, however.

Umbwatha was a large, powerful, and brutal man who had a reputation for hair trigger violence at the least provocation. It was said he had killed a man when he was

barely into his teens, beating him to death with a pipe for making a joke about Umbwatha's nose. If so that had been the first of many such killings.

She had known what Mozambique was in chaos, of course, yet ignored it. She was British, after all, and immune to such things. She was there to help the children, and did not expect anyone, to pay her any attention.

"You feel more relax now, yes?" he rumbled. "You have your rest? You complain no more?"

She could not speak, and trembled as her scalp ached. She was aware of the tightness of the skin across her breasts as the man holding her hair forced her back to arch, aware of what appeared to be several dozen black men in the room watching, their eyes ravishing her.

"I can't wear this."

"Oh come on. Don't chicken out."

Beth shook her head, biting her lip as she examined herself in the mirror.

Thongs were in, and she had a number of pair, but not for a bathing suit.

"The guys will love it," Karin said, giggling.

"I'm sure they would, but... God, showing my backside like this! I just can't!"

"Lots of girls do, and you have a great backside."

"I do, don't I?" Beth said, a trifle smugly, as she looked at her bare bottom in the shop's changing room mirror.

"You'll get all the attention when we go to Miller's party."

The idea of all the guys looking at her and lusting after her was exciting, but something inside her just could not do it, could not wear a thong out in public and reveal her creamy white buttocks before so many eyes. The very idea made her blush.

"I ask you a question," he growled.

"N-N-No, sir," she said in a raspy voice, her mouth and throat dry.

"You not so good for me now, English girl?"

"I-I please," she gulped. "Please let me go... sir."

He smiled cruelly and shook his head. "You belong to me now, English girl. I am your master. You may call me Lord Umbwatha. Say this."

A sharp tug on her hair made her eyes tear with the pain.

"L-Lord Umbwatha!" she gasped.

"Good. You say this often. I like hear," he said, chuckling.

His black eyes went flat and he scowled. "You offend me again, you be dead. Slowly. Understand?"

"Y-Yes, Sir... L-Lord Umbwatha," she panted.

He snapped his finger and flicked his finger downwards towards his crotch, and the man released her hair, then forced her to her knees before him.

He drew his trousers aside, face smug, and she started at his revealed manhood, appalled. Surely he didn't - not in front of all these - She looked at him imploringly, then around at the leering faces of the men. "P-Please, Lord Umbwatha..." she whispered. "M-Might we go elsewhere for a..."

"Here. Now. Show my people how you bow to me, how you obey me, how the weakling English are taught to please their masters."

Her face burned with humiliation, and she fought the frantic instinct to leap to her feet and try to run. She could not run anywhere, however. She did not think they were even back at the capital. She had passed out several times, but remembered the feel of bumping and engine noises, as if she had been in a truck for quite some time before arriving.

"In three seconds you go back into the cocoon," he hissed under his breath.

She felt a spear of terror and lurched forward. She was too far, and had to drop to all fours and - crawl - to the foot of his throne. She was painfully aware of the dozens of eyes upon her, of the view she presented, but her fear kept her moving until she felt the soft cloth of his robe against her breasts.

She was between his legs, and grunted as he grasped her hair and pulled her mouth onto his manhood. She was falling into that numbness again, and welcomed it as she felt his cock immediately stir within her mouth.

His fingers turned, the knuckles of his hands pressing against the sides of her head.

"Please me," He sneered softly.

The pain cut through her numbness and she began to suck, then her eyes blinked to life and she stirred her tongue, licking at the underside of the head. Her lips began to rise and fall as his knuckles eased, and his cock grew harder and longer.

She could not quite bring her hands up far enough to touch him, for the chain locked them close to her middle. So she must use only her mouth, bobbing up and down before the assembled men, bent over, backside so lewdly displayed it shamed her to the core of her being.

She was not a particularly religious woman, but had never been very comfortable with nudity, particularly her own. She had matured early, and been a thirty-six D cup at twelve. Naturally this had drawn considerable attention and derision from her schoolmates, both boys and girls.

She had always tried to wear clothes which hid her voluptuous figure, heavy sweaters and bulky jackets. Now she was stripped naked to a room full of strange men, on her knees fellating another man. It was too shocking, too bizarre. She felt faint. Her head ached as if it would explode.

Hard knuckles digging into her skull roused her, and she bobbed energetically, sucking rhythmically, as Evan Forrest had taught her back behind her school when she had thought she was in love with him and did not wish to surrender her virginity.

She had surrendered it anyway, eventually, but was not in any way a terribly experienced girl with regard to sex.

Still, she knew what she must do, and steeled herself to it, slurping wetly as her lips compressed around his hard black cock, riding up and down its slippery, veined surface.

His hand cracked against her bare buttocks and she winced, but continued working as the others in the room laughed. She felt Umbwatha's big hand slip down beneath her to squeeze and fondle her breasts, felt his rough fingers rolling and plucking and pinching at her nipples. New shame assaulted her through her numbness, yet she continued to suck.

"Spread your legs apart more," he ordered.

The words made her chest tighten, and she realized her knees were pressed together as she knelt before him. His knuckles stroked gently against the side of her aching head and she complied, her knees inching apart, then shifting further as the knuckles pressed in harder.

Finally she knelt with knees wide, bottom raised, her sex nicely exposed to the lewd eyes of the men watching. The world was a haze around her, and she bobbed her lips up and down in disbelief that she could possibly be subjected to such levels of humiliation.

On top of the shock and horror and humiliation she was, of course, now quite dehydrated, and her thoughts kept shifting and tumbling and losing their way as her head rose and fell mechanically.

Umbwatha stood up, a hand gripping her hair to hold her in place. She hesitated, then resumed sucking as he began speaking to the men in a booming voice. She could not make out a word of what he said, but there were several cheers in response.

He tilted her head back, and his hands shifted on her head, gripping it from either side. His big thumbs pressed against her eyes and gave one push that made her cry out, then eased the pressure. "You obey," he said.

Then he jerked her face forward as he thrust down, and she had only a startled instant of realization before the head of his thick cock forced its way past the rear of her mouth and popped into her very throat.

Her eyes widened in new shock and horror, and she struggled weakly, feeling nausea and fear well up within her. He held her easily as his cock slid remorselessly down through her throat, filling it like a long cork in a tube. Her stomach rebelled, yet it was long empty, and his cock pushed deeper and deeper.

And then her face was pressed directly against his groin.

His hands shifted to the back of her head, holding her in place, and she was blinded by the fabric of his robe. Her chest burned and her mind swam as her hands jerked with growing desperation within their metal restraints. She tried to raise them to slap at him but could not.

The pressure inside her skull grew tremendous, so that she was hardly aware of him beginning to use her throat, thrusting in and out with strong, deep strokes. Her eyes blurred and she trembled and shook there before him, lights sparkling before her.

Then he tore himself free and threw her backwards. She landed heavily on the stone floor, dazed, coughing and choking and gulping in deep breaths of air, legs spread apart on the cold stone floor.

He stood back, hands on hips, as his men yelled and hooted, seemingly congratulating him. Then, as she half curled up on the floor, gasping for breath, he dropped to his knees.

His strong hands gripped her thigh and shoulder, twisting her easily onto her belly. Then a hand jammed between her thighs, clutching her mons, squeezing and lifting even as the other caught her by the hair.

She cried out in dazed pain and confusion as she was lifted to her hands and knees, then knelt in place, still gasping, still shaking. She had been on the edge of fainting, but now her mind seemed to be returning - though her head ached fiercely.

She felt his hands on her buttocks, felt them sliding roughly up her body, then under to fondle her breasts. She raised her eyes wearily to see the men looking on, and realized he was going to mount her right then and there.

She closed her eyes in helpless grief, overwhelmed by it all. She gasped softly as he thrust into her, then bit into her lip until she tasted blood as he jammed himself high into her sex, forcing himself fully into her unprepared body as his men cheered him on.

Tears filled her eyes as he clamped his big hands on her hips and began to grind himself into her. She could feel his hard thickness deep in her belly, deeper than any of the two men who had used her to that point in time.

Of course, they had not used her so cruelly, nor in such degradation. She had never been ridden like an animal before.

"Oh!" she sobbed.

He shifted his hands up her slender body and grasped her breasts tightly, twisting and squeezing them as he began to rut against her. And it was nothing else but rutting, for the hard, savage pumping he subjected her to could be called nothing else.

His hips slapped against her buttocks as his cock speared into her again and again. He did not alter his strokes, did not change his movements. He pumped hard and steadily with a deep, fast stroke that had her jerking forward from the strength of each thrust.

And the men laughed and cheered him, and taunted her, though she could not understand their language. Slowly, she stopped caring, or told herself she did. She looked out without seeing, simply knelt there jerking to his hard thrusts and pretending none of it was happening.

A great cheer stirred her mind, and she realized he had finished, had spent himself within her. She felt a soft shudder of revulsion but it was combined with relieve. He had finished. Surely he would let her go now, or at least send her away somewhere.

Umbwatha rose, and he and the other men chatted happily, with many gestures towards her. Then one of the men bowed and moved forward, kneeling behind her. Her heart fluttered, then sank as she felt his hands moving over her, then his cock press against her inner thigh.

He mounted her as brutally as his master had, and began to thrust just as hard, fast and cruelly. She dropped her head, whimpering, as he used her gleefully, slapping at her backside, and the sides of her breasts to cheers from the others.

He finished, and another took his place, pulling back on her hair as though it were the reins of a horse, slapping at her backside too, calling out something she did not recognize as he pounded himself into her pussy.

Another came, and another, and another. Throughout the day, for what felt hours.

She was thrown on her back and taken, legs pushed wide, then back high. Hard, muscled hips slammed down against her buttocks as she was speared deeply by hungry black cocks. One face blurred into another as her body jerked and jerked endlessly to the pounding of their thrusts.

Occasionally her mind rose from amid the shock gripping it, to find herself still surrounded by leering faces, her body still being crudely and brutally used. Now they began to take her two at a time. She had thought nothing could be worse than the savage gang rape but now fists gripped her hair roughly and painfully as cocks were forced into her throat.

Again and again her lungs cried for air, and again and again she lost consciousness, or came close to it, as the men took too long to pull their cocks back.

Now she was on her knees. Now she was on a chair, slumped, legs forced high and back above her. Now she was stretched back over a low table, head and shoulders hanging over one side, legs over the other.

On and on it went until every inch of body ached from the hard, bruising grips of the hungry, crude men who abused her. Her breasts were hot and swollen and aching. Her

nipples were twice their normal size, pinched and tugged and twisted until she sobbed at every touch. Her loins were raw, her pussy worse. Each new cock entering her body now rubbed like sandpaper across her sensitive flesh.

It all blurred for her, until finally they were finished with her. The man who had brought her grasped the chain attached to her collar and led her away, half dragging her through the jeering men, eyes glazed.

He led her down an endless hall and into a small stone room. There he removed her shackles and collar and then lifted her to her feet. A pipe protruded from the cracked stone of the wall. She thought it was a faucet of a sort, for it was shaped like one, if rather long on the spout. But he bent and turned the thing upwards, and she realized that instead of an opening the end was rounded.

He lifted her as though she were weightless, pressing her soft skin back against the cold wall, then lowered her. She felt the hard metal pipe pressing against her thigh, then her anal opening. She wriggled helplessly, but was too exhausted to fight it as her weight dropped her inexorably lower.

"Please," she whispered in a soft, dazed, gravelly voice. "Please."

It impaled her, and she cried out softly, tears trickling down her cheeks. Her insides ached and cramped and twisted.

Then her feet were on the floor, and he let go of her briefly.

There was a heavy, curved metal bracket on the wall next to her throat. He swung it over and it came in under her chin, curving in and pressing lightly against her the front and sides of her aching throat and then latching on the other side. He drew her hands straight out to her sides one at a time, and slipped them into similar metal shackles, snapping them closed around her pale white skin to pin her to the cold wall.

Then he left, slamming the heavy wooden door behind.

Beth stood weakly, whimpering, then sobbing, then bawling hysterically. The shocking humiliation and indignities visited upon her were too much, the pain, the cruelty finally broke through her haze and she screamed. Her wrists pulled wildly at the heavy metal shackles, but she could no more budge them than she could the collar pinning her throat.

Chapter Two

It was a quiet night, and as usual only a single crewman was on watch, slouched tiredly at the wheel trying to keep awake. He did not notice the forward hatch opening and Sara slipping out. She kept low, tired and annoyed at having been wakened by Emily - even if it had been her idea.

She was still dressed for sleep, in just a tank top and string bikini panties, but had put on her pajama bottoms before leaving their little cabin. She crawled forward about forty feet, until she could see the small bright spark of his cigarette, then sat back against the side of the cabin and turned to wave behind her.

Emily crept out, heading forward, and Sean came up behind. They moved behind the forward sail and disappeared from sight. Sara sat back, yawning, and wondering how long they would be. She doubted Sean would last long. He was almost as innocent as Emily. In fact, unless she was mistaken he was a virgin, as well.

She fought the urge to sneak up on them and watch. That was sick, and Emily would hate her if she spotted her. She would just wait here and watch the crewman and make sure he didn't, for whatever untimely reason, come forward.

She was nodding off when a sound brought her head up with a shock. She turned and looked towards the tiller, but the crewman hadn't stirred. She turned her head, and saw movements far too close. It wasn't Emily and Sean either. Instead she heard a giggle she recognized as being from Kristin, and she and Mike Hallister climbed up onto the deck and then slid to the deck in plain view.

Sara shrunk back into the shadow of the cabin, and watched, jaw dropping, as she realized that Kristin was completely naked as she lay back and spread her legs. Mike dropped his swim trunks a moment later, and she saw the moon reflected off his white behind as he slid atop her.

She watched his hands moving over Kristin's breasts, then his lips, and gulped in embarrassment mixed with wicked delight. Mike spread her legs then and she saw his head slide between them as Kristin's knees rose and spread. Then she heard the soft moans of pleasure coming from the blonde girl, and felt a soft throb of excitement between her own legs.

While not a virgin she was far from accustomed to the sight of people making love only feet away, and found herself becoming quite aroused by Kristin's writhing responses to Mike's tonguing.

She had had sex three times herself but no one had done that to her yet, and as she watched Kristin's back arch she determined that the next guy who wanted to do her was certainly going to make the effort.

Then Mike was atop her, lifting her legs up and back, and she could actually see his cock hanging between his legs, could actually watch as he inserted it into Kristin's body. She held her breath, watching, fingers digging into the palms of her hands - until Mike thrust downwards.

Her fingers stole down to her own groin, and a hand slipped into her pajama bottoms, then into her panties. She felt the liquid moisture oozing out of her sex, and her finger stroked up and down as she shuddered with excitement.

Mike began to give it to her then, and she was in awe as his backside rose and fell with furious motions. The boys who had done her had sort of lain atop her and ground themselves in. Yet Kristin's knees were back against her breasts and Mike was pounding down for all he was worth!

She could hardly breathe, her heart pounding. Her hand shoved deeper into her panties and she rubbed frantically, her other hand stealing up beneath her tank top and cupping one of her bare breasts.

She had almost climaxed when he seemed to falter, then halt. He collapsed atop Kristin's body, and her legs slowly fell apart and then down. They kissed, then he eased off her, pulled up his swim trunks casually, and disappeared back down the hatch.

Kristin lay spreadeagled, apparently basking in the afterglow of her sex, but then started suddenly, as if she'd heard something. She rolled into the shadow before the cabin, crouching, and a moment later Sara saw Eric crawling forward. He didn't seem to notice Kristin, and crawled down the hatch.

Kristin started forward, glaring at him, as if she suspected he had been peeping, then she turned her eyes suspiciously towards the bow.

Sara eased deeper into the shadow again, then whirled her head at a sound from the stern. She saw the man with the cigarette move towards the back hatch, then disappear. He had either gone to the bathroom or gone to the kitchen, she thought, as she debated heading that way and going down the rear hatch.

Then she heard another sound from the bow and turned to see Emily crawling forward.

Sara clenched her teeth. In a moment she would confront Emily, probably to taunt her, and then Emily would look towards Sara, and Kristin would have to know she had watched.

And that was exactly what happened. Kristin stood up suddenly, holding her nightie against her body. "And just where have you been?" she demanded in a loud hiss.

Emily started, then looked up, mouth wide.

"I know you were back there, you little slut!"

"What are you doing here?" Emily demanded.

"I asked you first. You were fucking Eric, weren't you?"

"Where's your clothes?" Emily demanded in a whisper.

"Never mind that! You knew damn well I had my eye on Eric!"

"You have your eye on every guy, you whore."

Sara started to ease further back, deciding to head for the back hatch, but a moment later the two of them were screaming and clawing at each other. She stared at them in disbelief, checked again to make sure the crewman wasn't in place, then hurried forward once again.

Just as Kristin kicked out at Emily, lost her balance, and fell over the side. As she fell she grabbed at Emily's nightie, pulling her with her.

Sara stopped in shock, then half turned to go back for help. She halted again, realizing they would all be in huge trouble if she did.

"Shit!"

She ran to the stern and picked up the safety rope lying there, throwing it over the side. Neither girl caught it, and it pulled away from them as the boat continued its leisurely journey.

She ran forward again, to where the rubber life raft was stored. It was not inflated, but it had its own CO2 canister for quick inflation, and a small motor. They had already used it several times while swimming. She dragged the rolled up boat to the edge, perched it on its side, then pulled the cord to inflate it.

There was a loud pop of escaping gas, then the boat rapidly inflated, falling over the side. She jumped into it, cursing both Kristin and Emily, but as she tried to start the little engine it fell off the back end of the raft!

She remembered then that the motor had to be secured with hard leather tie downs before being started, and moaned, slapping her head. She turned to see the boat now many yards away and disappearing fast, and stared at it in shocked realization.

Beth's legs were rubbery, and too much of her weight was now born by the pipe her tailbone rested on. She could not, of course, sleep. She wondered how long it had been since she had. She wondered if she ever would. She had not drank a thing in... too long, nor eaten. Her stomach burned and her throat ached.

Her mind flitted in and out of consciousness, with dreams of rescue interspersed with visions of terror. She had no idea how much time passed.

Then there was a metallic clanging at the door, which swung open. Her eyes rose, and then squinted at the sudden light.

It was Umbwatha, and fear crackled along her spine as he moved towards her.

He stood before her, then let his hands move over her body.

"Do you know why I hate the English?" he asked, his voice a soft rumbling growl.

She said nothing, was barely capable of speech.

"They are the most arrogant people in the world. People think Americans are arrogant, but they are a candle next to the bonfire of English arrogance. The poorest English ghetto dweller believes himself superior to any African king of president. After all, we are merely wogs to them."

He spat the word out, and then gripped her swollen nipples and pinched his nails in hard.

Pain tore into her and she whimpered and sobbed lightly.

He let go of her nipples and moved against the wall, where another pipe stood out. This one was a faucet, and he poured himself a cup of water and moved back to her.

She fancied she could almost smell the water.

He held it to her lips, then pulled back, and she whimpered.

"Please," she whispered, her voice ragged and harsh.

"Please, lord," he said.

"P-Please, Lord!"

He set the water down and drew out a tiny jar, unscrewing it. Inside, Beth could see some gooey substance, which he touched lightly with one finger. He drew the finger out, then pushed his knee between her thighs to spread her legs. His hand came down slowly and she felt the slick finger rubbing lightly along the top of her pussy, then down along the crease between her vaginal lips.

He wiped his finger off, then screwed the jar closed again as she stared at him imploringly. She wondered if begging served any point with him.

He picked up the cup again and dipped his fingers into the water, bringing them out dripping wet, then slipped them against her lips. She licked at them desperately, and he smiled and pulled them back.

Again he dipped them into the water, and again brought his fingers to her lips. He slipped them inside, and she licked at them frantically, sucking as he pushed them deep into her mouth. A slow heat seemed to be building up between her legs, but she paid it no attention at all.

He pulled his fingers free, then turned and set the cup aside. He undid the shackles from her wrists and throat then lifted her up off the metal pipe. She groaned with relief as she felt it come free, collapsing to her knees as he released her. She felt empty in back.

He prodded at her mouth with his bare foot, and she felt the wetness on his toes. She blinked, then licked. At the same time she unconsciously slid a hand down between her legs, rubbing softly against her pussy.

He did not speak. He wetted toes and fingers, letting her lick and suck on them for the moisture, then dipped his soft penis into the cup.

She did not hesitate, taking it into her mouth and sucking the liquid into her parched mouth and throat. She felt the heat between her legs spreading out, a slow, irresistible warmth that began to set her body and mind throbbing. Her hand moved between her legs again, rubbing harder against her pussy.

Still, she did not notice, concentrating on licking every drop of water off his manhood as he repeatedly dipped it into the cup, then let her suck the liquid free. He began to harden slowly, and somewhere in her mind she noted this as something good.

Her hand had not moved from between her legs, her fingers rubbing softly. She was rolling her hips now, grunting with the rising pleasure even as she sucked his cock dry once more.

He pulled back, then dropped water onto the floor, letting her bend and lick at it. She did, her hand still busy between her legs, her breathing becoming ragged.

She did not care or think about how undignified or degrading her actions were. Such thoughts did not enter her mind. She was parched, famished, and on the edge of delirium. The cool water was more delicious than anything she had ever imagined, mixed with dirt or grit or not. All she cared about was getting more of it.

As for the tingling pleasure which was rising up her spine, something within her noted it, and a part of her clung to that pleasure as a shield against the discomfort and pain, yet still, it lay in the background.

He pushed her back on her heels, spread her knees wide, and set her hands on her upper thighs. She resisted, whimpering, wanting her hand between her legs. He tugged on her hair until her back was straight and her head back, then moved around in front of her. He pointed at the water, cautioned her with the same finger, then slapped her face.

It was not a hard slap, but it startled her and half knocked her over. He shook his head, frowning, and repositioned her. He pointed at the water again, cautioned her with a motion which obviously meant "stay" and then slapped her face once again.

This time she was prepared, and did not move as her cheek stung. He smiled and nodded his head up and down rapidly. He picked up the cup, poured some into his palm, and held it before her.

At the same time he took her right hand and placed it between her legs, where her fingers began to rub instinctively as she slurped the water down. She moaned with the dual pleasures, childishly grateful.

He drew back, pulling her hand back from her pussy, and cautioned her again, then slapped her face, harder than before. It set her ears ringing and she fell to one side, pushing herself back weakly.

He shook his head sadly, then cautioned her again.

The next slap was even harder, and her head jerked hard to the side, but she somehow managed to keep her place, though she stumbled back a half step. She was

rewarded with another palmful of water and by having her hand placed between her legs once again.

He pulled her to her feet, and bent her over, placing her hands on her knees, then produced a long, thin switch. Again he cautioned her, then cracked it down across her backside.

It stung, but she had no difficulty holding her position, and was able to slurp water from his hand once again as she fingered her pussy.

The next blow was much harder, and she staggered as she cried out, her hand going behind her and rubbing her stinging backside.

He shook his head and frowned, and she tried to reposition herself once again. The switch snapped across her buttocks again, and again she cried out, trying to hold herself in place. She couldn't, as her left foot shifted forward.

A third blow followed, and this time she did not move, despite the pain, gasping and sobbing at the sharpness of the heat flaming her backside.

He smiled and patted her head, then let her lick water out of his palm once more. Her hand automatically slipped between her thighs, and this time two fingers thrust up deep into her soft, wet centre as her thumb stroked roughly across her clitty. She felt the pleasure flare and panted, groaning unhappily as he pulled her hand back and straightened her.

He had her hold her hair up at the top of her head with both hands. Then he produced a short stick, onto which were tied at least a dozen long strips of leather. Again he cautioned her, then he moved behind her, and swung it against her bare back.

She screamed and staggered forward against the wall, tears filling her eyes.

He shook his head.

Again, and again, and again he lashed her back, but she could not hold herself in place. Her back was on fire, and she was trembling and shaking with weakness and pain and misery as he lashed her back again. She sobbed brokenly, dropping to her knees. Another blow threw her to her face on the floor.

He dragged her to her feet again. He pulled her wrists together behind her back and strapped them together. Then he produced a narrow chain. Two sharp clips were at either end, and he closed them against her nipples quickly, ignoring her cries and squirming as they bit into the soft pink flesh.

He pulled on the chain, holding it high, forcing her to stay on her toes as he led her to the wall. There was a hook there, and he tugged the chain higher, stretching out her nipples and pulling her breasts up hard, then set it across the hook.

He slapped her behind and left her there squirming and whimpering.

The sun gleamed overhead, and Sara cursed it, wishing she had something to block it away from her eyes. Finally, she reached down and peeled her small grey tank top up over her face and held it there. The move exposed her breasts, but she hardly cared at that point.

"Nice tits," Kristin said tiredly.

Sara ignored her. She was getting almost as sick of Kristin's snottiness as she was of the sun.

"Leave off, Kristin," Emily said in a small, tired voice.

"God, at least she's got something to wear and she puts it over her bloody head."

Which made Sara feel slightly foolish, but only slightly.

She pulled the tank down and rolled over, then sat up, groaning as her body ached. She looked out at the endless waves as the little rubber raft bobbed up and down, then turned her eyes towards the other occupants.

Emily was slouched at the bow, legs drawn up beneath her little blue nightshirt. Her blonde hair was mussed, bangs spilling over her forehead almost to the top of her thin round glasses. Kristin sat against the inflated side of the boat, half draped across it, arms extended out to either side. Her long legs reached to the far side of the boat, knees bent slightly. She was entirely naked, and had no embarrassment about that, only fear of what the sun would do to her skin.

"It's too bad you two aren't at least bi. We could have an orgy. Take up some time," She said.

"Must you talk so incessantly about sex?" Emily snapped.

Kristin had tried several times to interest one or both of them in a little bisexual experimenting, but neither were the least bit interested.

"What would you like to talk about, little miss priss?" Kristin asked sarcastically.

"Emily's right. We're sick of hearing how sophisticated and experienced you are."

"More like a slut," Emily sniffed.

"I could show you a thing or two," Kristin smirked. "Or did Eric show you all about it last night? Did he pop your little cherry?"

"Fuck you, slut. You probably had yours popped in your mother's womb."

"Not quite," Kristin said with a leer. "But I did take it myself with a hairbrush handle years ago."

"We don't want to hear it!"

"I can't believe she wants to be a lawyer," Emily sighed, shaking her head.

"Lawyers run the world," Kristin said.

"Is that... look!"

Sara rose to her knees, pointing shakily at a small smudge of colour on the horizon. The other two girls rose, as well, staring desperately, waiting for the smudge to disappear.

"It's land!"

They leaned over the sides of the inflatable boat and began paddling frantically, their hands throwing up great, glistening splashes of water as they tried to urge the little boat closer to the smudge. The boat responded sluggishly, but the smudge began to slowly grow and spread out.

Sara slipped off the back, carefully holding tight to a rope which circled the boat, and began to kick with her legs as Emily and Kristin called directions. When she was too tired to kick any further Emily helped her aboard, then took her place, kicking out strongly with her small legs, propelling the boat closer and closer. Even Kristin took a turn, slipping into the salty water and using her long legs to good effect.

The three were exhausted by the time the boat finally scraped across the sand and they jumped gratefully out into knee deep water.

"Thank God!" Emily groaned.

Kristin staggered ashore and fell to her knees in the white sand. Emily and Sara dragged the boat up onto the beach then fell beside her, panting for breath.

Beth's face was haggard, and she could hardly speak for want of water. She was dehydrated, and her mind was fuzzy. She looked at the little tablespoon of water the black woman held longingly, urging the black man to hurry up and hit her.

She winced as the cane slashed across her buttocks, but felt a surge of delight at the blow. She took the tablespoon into her mouth and sucked the water off greedily as her fingers thrust into her waiting pussy.

The woman pulled the spoon back, dipped it in water again, and held it out once more. Beth stared at it, waiting, panting dryly.

Umbwatha took his time, and she raised her buttocks invitingly.

Crack!

She took the water into her mouth and gulped it down with a moan of pleasure.

Her buttocks burned with the blows she had already received, but she begged him mentally for more, wiggling her behind to encourage him.

Instead he man spoke to the woman, who put the spoon down and sat back on a low chair. She lifted her skirt high and spread her legs apart as she slouched low.

The woman was young and slender, her sex, like Beth's, shaved clean. She had large breasts, and an eager look on her face as Beth stared dully at her groin.

Umbwatha took what looked like a turkey baster, dipped it into the water, and sucked out several inches, then slowly inserted it into the woman's pink pussy opening and squeezed the bulb.

As woozy as she was Beth knew what they wanted, and there was not enough pride or dignity or self-respect in her to care. She waited for permission, then as Umbwatha patted the woman's sex she crawled forward and began to lick at it.

The water began to trickle out, and she lapped thirstily, her tongue whipping into the woman's pussy, her lips jammed against the woman's mons as she sucked and slurped at the liquid. Her hands squeezed her own breasts, then she thrust one between her legs, three fingers pushing up between the soft, swollen, aching lips of her sex.

Hard, measured blows cracked across her buttocks as she licked and pumped, but she ignored them. All she cared about was the water she could pull into her parched mouth and the lovely heat between her legs.

Umbwatha leaned forward, trickling water over the woman's open pussy.

Beth licked frantically, trying to stop the water from trickling down onto the floor. Her tongue followed the precious liquid as it trickled down between the woman's upraised buttocks, lapping at her anal opening.

It did not occur to her that her mind was being trained. She knew pain and thirst, and that strange, throbbing itch between her legs. Nothing more. Not her name, nor even who the people were who abused her.

"Where do you suppose we are?" Sara asked.

"Africa," Emily said with a shrug.

Sara glared at her. "Could you not be just a little more precise?"

"West coast of Africa," Emily said.

"Oh thanks much."

"Some egghead," Kristin sniffed.

"The captain didn't spend much time keeping me apprised as to his course or location," Emily snapped.

And none of them had really cared, Sara admitted to herself. It was a lovely little boat and all they'd cared about was the sun and sea.

"I suppose if we just keep walking along the beach we should come to something," Sara said pensively.

"We could walk along the beach for a hundred miles and not come to anything," Emily snapped.

"Do you have a better idea?"

They started walking, which proved to be far more tiring in the thick sand than any of the city girls had suspected. It wasn't very long before Kristin collapsed to her knees, panting and sweat covered.

"God, I can't go another step," she groaned. "I need some water!"

"Well there's no water here," Emily said, pitilessly. "If you want a drink you're going to have to keep moving."

"I caaaan't," Kristin whined.

Sara dropped to her knees as well, breathing heavily.

"If we do find someone what are we going to do?" she panted. "I mean, we're practically naked."

"I think you should be more worried about what we're going to do if we don't find someone," Emily said. "This is a big continent and we could be hundred of miles from the nearest village."

She started walking again, and after a moment Sara heaved a sigh, got to her feet, and started following. Kristin moaned and lay back, chest heaving, eyes closed for a brief moment. Then she too got to her feet and staggered slowly after them, falling further and further behind with each passing minute.

"You guys," she whined. "You guys wait uuuup."

And so it was that she was on her knees, catching her breath again some distance behind, when a half dozen screaming, laughing men rushed out of the bush at them.

Sara's head jerked in shock, and she felt a moment of tremendous relief. It disappeared almost instantly, however, as the first of the men tackled her heavily and fell atop her. Others dropped to their knees around her, all yelling and laughing in a language she could not understand, grabbing at her clothes and hair, and then tearing her t-shirt and panties away as she screamed in alarm and fear.

"No! Wait! What are you doing!?"

"Stop it!" Emily screamed. "Let go of me!"

The men were in military uniforms, and had weapons which they had dropped to the sand. Their faces were broad and very black, and their teeth were yellow as they gaped and laughed and leered sadistically at the two young girls.

Emily felt mortified as her breasts were crudely pawed and groped, and screamed as her legs were yanked apart, the first of the men, heavy and smelling badly, jumped between them. Strong hands dug into her wrists and forced them back and down.

She strained, panicking, screaming, and a hard, calloused hand cracked against the side of her face, knocking her glasses off and stunning her, then she arched her back in pain as a hardness speared brutally into her soft pussy, and rammed itself up into her body.

Beside her, Sara was also naked, kicking and writhing and screaming as the men lifted her between them and turned her onto her belly. In short order she was sobbing as a man rode her like an animal, thrusting his cock into her with desperate energy, her body jerking violently under the force of his rutting.

Emily's body strained weakly, then collapsed, spreadeagled there on the sand. The tendons in her thighs ached with the strain as her rapists forced her legs side apart, and

hands and fingers were constantly pinching and squeezing at her nipples and breasts as the man atop her thrust steadily into her.

The man thrust for what seemed an eternity before halting with a gasp and easing away. He was immediately replaced by another as she moaned in helpless misery. Another cock thrust into her aching pussy and began raping back and forth as the men continued to laugh and joke to each other from above.

His rough pants rasped against her thighs as he ground himself into her, and his eyes were hot and excited. Her body was pushed down heavily into the sand and she felt a desperate wish she would simply sink beneath it and disappear.

Instead the raping continued, with the man giving a final flurry of thrusts that made her whimper in pain, then being replaced by another, this one fatter, with a beard.

Kristin was huddled behind a thick green bush, watching in horror as black soldiers gathered around the two. She could hardly make out Emily for the men swarming over her, but she could see Sara there on all fours, her breasts hanging below her as one of the men thrust himself into her from behind.

Terrified, she crawled deeper into the bush, rolling through the bushes heedless of how twigs and leaves became plastered to her sweating skin. She crawled on all fours around and through more bushes and trees, until she could finally get to her feet and run through the forest away from the beach.

She stumbled across a game trail and began running faster, eyes wild as her bare feet threw up dirt and leaves behind her. She ran until she was exhausted, until her lungs were on fire and she could do nothing but stagger to a halt and then fall on her knees, gulping in desperate breaths of air.

She knelt for long minutes before finally getting to her weak, rubbery legs and staggering on, alone and naked and lost in Africa.

Chapter Three

Beth was in a small, dark corner of a stone room. She was on all fours, her legs bound to two foot-high steel posts which stuck up out of the floor. Her wrists to two more. Behind her was a much larger post, and a massive wooden tube carved like a penis protruded from that, stuffed deep into her aching pussy. Her lips were wrapped around another such object, but this one was hollow, with small, pin sized holes along the front few inches. It was so deep into her mouth she gagged if she moved even a little bit forward.

Umbwatha had used a sharp needle to pierce her nose between the nostrils, smiling thinly at her scream of pain, and now a large ring was placed there. A thin elastic cord was clipped to the ring, and attached to the post the front dildo protruded from. Thus if she moved backwards it would pull on her recently pierced nose rather painfully. The further back she pulled the more pain she would receive.

Her clitoris had also been pierced, and a similar elastic chain bound the ring piercing it to the rear post, with the same measurable limitations on her movement - although, of course, the pain was considerably worse.

Her nipples had been pierced, as well, and the rings through them were clipped to wires going straight down, pulling on her breasts. These were not elastic wires, but metal, and thus able to conduct electricity, which they did now, in small amounts.

Umbwatha had showed the mindless creature she had become, by painfully moving her body, how she might sate her frantic desire for water. And, as before, it was through pain.

The rear dildo was mounted on a spring of sorts, so that it could be pushed backwards into the post. The spring was strong, however, and required some pressure. With her legs bound apart the only way to bring pressure on it was thrusting her pussy backwards until the thick dildo actually pressed against her cervix, and then jamming it back further.

When this was done liquid was pumped through the dildo in her mouth, and seeped out through the pinholes so that she could suck on it, not unlike a babe suckling at its mother's breast.

Of course, it was not as simple as simply jamming herself back and holding in place. She had tried that, and the liquid quickly dried up. There was some sort of pump mechanism which required the spring be continuously pushed in and out. Thus she had to thrust her pussy back again and again, pulling painfully on her nose and clitoris each time. Only in this way would the water continue to flow - albeit in minute amounts.

The longer she did this the stronger the flow of water.

And, the longer she did this the stronger the flow of electricity through the wires attached to her nipples.

There was a strong leather belt around her middle, and a thick, padded collar around her throat. Both were linked by chain to an overhead beam. The purpose for this was so that should she faint she would be held in position.

This had already happened twice.

She did not know how much time had passed since she had been put in place, nor did she think about it. She did not know why she was being treated as she was, nor care. She did remember, however, the last time she had had a glass of water. It hovered at the back of her feverish dreams and fantasies like a mirage, ever out of reach.

There was little left in Beth Kingston, BA, English, Oxford, but the all-consuming desire for water. And after that, though to a greatly lesser degree: food.

Eyes glassy, she thrust herself back against the dildo again, feeling the pressure mount against her cervix. The ache, the pain, mounted, as well, and she moaned around the dildo in her mouth. Yet she thrust back harder still, slowly forcing the dildo backwards even as the pain in her nose made tears spill from her eyes.

She tasted water and sucked greedily, easing up on the pressure, pulling her pussy forward, sliding it an inch or so up the dildo as the spring pushed it back. Her clitoris burned as the wire pulled on it, but she sucked obliviously, thrusting her pussy back once again, grinding her cervix against the dildo before retreating.

Her body moved slowly and unsteadily, her backside thrusting back in an uneven rhythm. Her cervix ached horribly, and the soft buzzing of the electricity which had set her nipples tickling and her breasts buzzing was now growing hard and cold and cruel, making her flesh crackle and burn.

Still she moved, her backside thrusting, thrusting, thrusting, as the electricity rose and she sucked desperately at the water. The hair was rising on the back of her neck now and she was trembling and shaking from the force of the charge pulsing through her body. But she could not stop herself. Even as she began sobbing and screaming around the dildo she continued to hump backwards and suck the water down her aching throat.

Umbwatha watched, eyes cold, a sneer on his face, remembering the small humiliations he had experienced in England and determined to even the score. He would show the English bitch who was a savage and who wasn't. He would turn her into a mindless animal, and display her before his people as an example of how weak the whites were, how easily crushed were their spirits.

But there was more to it than that, of course, for Umbwatha, like many African men, was fascinated by White women. And so his torment of this one took on a sexual tone for he intended to have himself a pleasure slave the likes of which would make other men envious wherever they were. He would crush this English bitch's mind and turn her into a creature whose only satisfaction came with being deeply penetrated, with taking cocks in her every hole. When he was done with her there would be no need of chains to keep her in her place. She would crawl before he and his chief and beg for their seed.

The last of five men finished with Emily and rolled off, and her legs and wrists were finally released. She hadn't the strength to move, however, and lay there staring up into the sky, breathing heavily.

After a couple of minutes one of the men knelt beside her, and a large hand roughly rolled her onto her belly. Her wrists were pulled back together above her buttocks and rope cut into them as they were bound together.

Another rope was tied around her throat, and she gurgled, choking, as one of the men pulled on it, half lifting her to her feet before she was able to get her feet under her and support herself.

She saw that Sara was similarly bound, head hanging low, hair bedraggled and tangled, almost hiding her face. A rope was tied around her throat, and then attached to the one around Emily's neck. Then one of the men tied Emily's rope to his belt and the group, about ten soldiers, started forward down a path leading off the beach.

Emily staggered forward after them, pulled along by the rope tied to her neck. Sara stumbled along behind, both girls breathing heavily, flushed and sweating.

Whenever they slowed the man holding Emily's rope would yank on it to pull her along faster. After a while another of them, a short skinny man, cut a thin switch from a fallen branch and moved behind, cutting it across their buttocks to hurry them along.

They marched for over an hour before a group of ramshackle buildings came into view. Sara, raising her head wearily, saw it was a rundown town of sorts. The streets were unpaved, and the single floor buildings were a collection of what she could only think of as very poorly constructed, weatherworn garages and backyard sheds.

There were no cars in sight, except one old rusted hulk up on blocks with its wheels missing. The townsfolk made themselves scarce as the soldiers arrived, but they peeked out from doorways and windows. Sara felt her skin redden as those eyes focussed on her, male and female. There was no shock in them, nor sympathy, and she dropped her own eyes to the path below her bare feet as she continued to stumble along.

The soldiers led the two naked girls through the town and up the road to a large, much more richly constructed building on a small hill. It almost looked like a small manor house in the English countryside, and Sara hoped weakly that someone of some education might be found there who would punish the soldiers and set them free.

They were led around to the rear of the building and in through a narrow steel door, then down a flight of concrete stairs into a damp, dirty basement.

Emily was almost blinded with the shift from light to dark, and without her glasses. Her blue eyes blinked rapidly as she tried to adjust to the dim light, and she could make out little but shadows around her as the rope was cut from around her throat and her wrists.

Her initial relief lasted only until her hands were roughly bound together in front of her again. Then the rope was throw up over a cross beam overhead, and yanked down to lift her up to her toes, then into the air.

She cried out at the pressure cutting into her wrists, but the men ignored her, tying the rope off even as Sara was treated in a similar fashion. Then the men, after several laughing gropes and slaps, left them to themselves, going up the stairs and closing the door behind.

Only a single bare bulb lit the room as the two young women hung from their wrists. Both moaned and whimpered softly, trying somehow to adjust their positions to ease the ache to their wrists, arms and shoulders. They could not, of course.

"God!" Sara moaned. "Emily!? Emily? A-Are you all right?"

"No I'm not all right," Emily half sobbed.

"What are they going to do to us?"

Emily did not even attempt to answer. Her mind shied from the thought. She looked down the length of her body. It stretched downward, her toes wiggling uselessly no more than an inch or two above the cement floor.

Her hands were already numb, and the numbness spread downwards along her arms to her shoulders.

"H-how long are they going to leave us like this?" Sara moaned.

"I don't knooooow," Emily replied weakly.

"Do you think Kristin got away?"

"Away to where?"

"I don't know. She always seems to come out on the top side of everything."

"If we have to rely on Kristin for rescue we're really in poor bloody shape," Emily groaned.

They both laughed weakly, but halted abruptly at a heavy metallic sound. A door neither had seen opened at the far end of the basement, and three black men came out. Two were in green uniforms like the ones who had captured them. The third was a very large man with a pudgy face wearing a long, purple silk shirt and a little box shaped hat. He carried what looked like a swagger stick in one hand, and smiled broadly as he approached them.

"Parlez vous francais?" he asked, his voice a low rumble.

"We're English," Sara cried.

"More English girls!" he said with narrowed eyes.

He pushed the stick up under Emily's chin, forcing her head upward, glaring at her.

"You have passport and visa, yes?"

"We fell off our ship," Sara cried. "Our boat came ashore here."

He stared at them without expression. "I do not believe such foolish stories. You are with the SAS, are you not? Come to spy on me here in my private residence."

Sara gaped at him in disbelief.

"You must tell me the real reason you come to Shankali. You know no one may enter Shankali without permission. You must have very good reason, yes?"

"She told you we fell overboard," Emily protested. "We demand to speak to the British Embassy!"

His dark eyes swivelled to her and his brows furrowed, then the stick whipped back and down across Emily's face. She screamed as the stick sliced along her cheek and cut across the bridge of her nose between her eyes.

"You must show respect, yes? I am King Umbwatha. You do not know this, no? I am King of all the Shankali peoples.

Emily sobbed in pain while Sara looked on, stunned by the sudden violence.

Umbwatha stepped over to her, glowering, then looked down at her breasts. He prodded one with his stick, then slipped the stick beneath, lifting the breast up slightly.

"You are very well constructed," he observed. "You wear little clothing. You are of poor morals. All English girls are, and you come to seduce my soldiers."

"N-N-No," she gulped.

"I think yes."

"Please, w-we just... our boat just..."

He spoke to one of the other men, who hurried behind her, then gripped her long hair and yanked back hard. Sara screamed, her scalp stinging like a thousand small pins were being jammed into it. She did not even see Umbwatha take a half step back and then bring his arm down heavily, the stick slicing down onto her taut right breast.

She felt the impact, which was light, then the stinging pain a moment later. She screamed again.

"Stop! Please! No! Please don't hurt me!" she shrieked.

Umbwatha's eyes heated and he swung the stick again, cracking it down on the girl's left breast. He watched the soft flesh jiggle under the impact, and a thin red line appearing as he drew his arm back.

"You must speak respectfully to me," Umbwatha said, slashing the stick across her right breast again.

"We do not like your whoring ways here in Shankali. We punish those who violate our borders."

The stick whipped down again, snapping like an adder, cutting across Sara's soft breasts repeatedly as she sobbed piteously and begged him to stop.

"Stop it, you bastard!" Emily screamed.

Umbwatha turned his dark eyes on her.

"You do not insult the king of all Shankali," he said.

"You bloody black savage!"

"Savage? You think me a savage? I will show you how strong is the technology here in Shankali, English girl."

He barked an order at the other man, then turned, still smiling, and without warning began to rain blows across Sara's breasts, chest, and belly. The other men held her head back by the hair, arching her back as Sara howled and sobbed in pain and terror.

The other man lifted up what looked like a roll of chicken wire, thin wire fencing about a foot or so high. He grinned at Emily as he wrapped the wire tightly around her chest. The thin wire cut into the soft flesh of her breasts, pressing in deeply so the skin oozed out between the wires in little diamond shaped patterns.

He wrapped the wire all the way around her and used clips to hold it in place, then began circling her, laying another layer of the fence around her middle. He clipped it off and then rolled a heavy cart over beside her. On it was a large metal machine, and he took two heavy wires attached to the machine and used large clamps to hook them to the chicken wire.

Emily watched this anxiously, trying to shut out Sara's screams as she felt the wire wrapped around herself.

"Please I..."

The man reached in to cup her sex, squeezing it sharply enough to make her cry out.

Umbwatha finished with Sara then and came over. He plucked two thinner wires from the cart, both attached to thin wires, and snapped them slowly around her small pink nipples, taking his time and enjoying her squirming and soft cries.

"Don't, please," she gasped. "I'm sorry. I-I didn't mean to insult you, sir."

"Ah, now I am sir? You do not think I am an African heathen now, hmm? A bloody wog?"

He took a foot long metal pipe off the cart and pushed it against her pubic lips, grinning cruelly. She saw it was attached to another wire, and moaned in terror as he dropped it low and then jammed it against her pussy.

"Please," she sobbed. "Please don't hurt me!"

She gasped and grunted as the hard steel was forced cruelly up into her aching sheath, sobbing and crying out as Umbwatha jerked it from side to side within her lower belly, pumping it in and out while his angry eyes bored into her. There was no mercy in them, and she shuddered in terror as she felt the pipe twist around within her.

He thrust it up high then, and she arched her back against the pain as it cleaved through the soft flesh of her insides and rammed up past her cervix. Her entire body flared with pain and she gurgled dazedly, weeping as he hooked the wire from its base up over one of the wires around her middle to keep it in place. Another such pipe was jammed into her rectum, as Emily sobbed piteously, babbling and begging to be released.

Her ankles were bound together, and then locked down to a ring set in the floor, then Umbwatha sent current racing through the wire and into the chicken wire pressed tightly into her body.

She screamed, the sound inhuman, warbling uncontrollably as her body thrashed violently. The three men looked on silently, Umbwatha scowling angrily.

He turned to the cart and flicked a heavy switch which turned the power off from the chicken wire, then shifted the power to the pipe lodged up within her sex. Her screams, just beginning to subside, rose again. Her body thrashed wildly and violently within the chains, her eyes bulging.

"Stop it! Stop it!" Sara screamed, sobbing freely.

But they ignored her. Umbwatha played with the power, changing its intensity, shifting it from one location to another, setting Emily to thrashing and gurgling in mindless agony as Sara sobbed in misery and terror.

Umbwatha had a new toy, two new toys. And with three he needed take fewer precautions about breaking one. He was a busy man, and could not devote forever to his pleasures. These two he would break quickly, or kill them in the effort.

Kristin lay on the narrow path, gasping for breath, unable to move any further. She curled up in a ball, whimpering, wishing it would all go away and she would be back and home with mummy and daddy.

After a while she stumbled to her feet and carried on, walking naked through the thick rain forest, fighting off bugs and overhanging branches, feet stinging as she stepped on sharp rocks and sticks. She collapsed again, and again, before deciding she could go no further.

She rubbed her aching feet as she sat, then yelped at the sound of a lion's roar. She looked around her, wide-eyed, and shuffled backwards against a tall tree.

Again she heard a roar, and scrambled to her feet. She looked around in terror, then turned and regarded the tree. In desperation she leapt at it, clamping her thighs together around the hard, smooth trunk and then pulling herself several feet up its length. There she grabbed a branch and pulled herself further, grunting with effort as she swung up onto the branch and tried to sit astride.

She was tired, and kept slipping, and finally had to straddle the branch, despite the painful pressure this put on her pussy. She tried to sit backwards, which eased that, but that put pressure on her tailbone, and that soon ached fiercely.

She could not spend the night like this, she finally decided. She would simply have to find something else. She had not heard the lion in an hour, and hoped it would be safe.

It proved more difficult getting down than it had climbing. Once she was beneath the branch she had to clamp her arms and legs around the trunk and slide, and her breasts suffered from that, as she cried out in pain.

But then she was on the ground, and fear lent her some strength as she jogged along.

She was looking left and right as she hurried, and was taken by complete surprise when something suddenly snapped closed around her ankle and she was yanked off her feet. She screamed as she was whipped upwards a good forty feet into the air, then fell again, head first.

She bounced wildly for a minute, then hung still about ten feet about the forest floor. Her ankle was bound in a tight rope which led up to the top of a tall, thin tree, and she dangled helplessly upside down.

"Oh God!" she moaned.

She tried to bend up, and did manage to catch hold of the rope where it was wound tight around her ankle, but she could not untie it, and before very long at all she lost her strength and fell back, gasping for breath.

The blood rushed to her head, and soon it was aching. Before very long she became too exhausted to even raise her head or bend upwards, and hung dazedly by the ankle, moaning softly.

The rain forest darkened around her, and then went black, the overhead canopy shielding her from even the stars soft glow. She could make out nothing as she hung there, idly turning with the wind. Her ankle burned, and the rest of her ached.

Hours passed one after the other, but she hadn't even a watch to tell the time.

She did not notice the forest lightening. Her eyes were glazed as she hung there, and her mind was not functioning very well.

Movement did finally draw her eyes, and they blinked rapidly as something approached. Several somethings. She moaned towards them, feebly trying to lift her arms up to hold them away.

Finally, as they began to speak, she realized they were men. Her fear of rape had faded now, overshadowed by her fear of being eaten by lions or starving to death while hanging by her ankle.

The men eased her down and she lay on the forest floor, moaning, grasping at her head as they jabbered away at each other. One knelt and fingered her hair.

Kristin didn't care. Let them rape her. She was down.

One of the men seized her wrists and bound them together with a thick leather cord. Another did the same to her ankles, while the third moved off and chopped at a small tree with a large machete.

The third returned, and her arms and legs were lifted up as the small tree, no thicker than her arm, and denuded, now, of branches and greenery, was slipped through.

She groaned as the cords dug into her soft skin, but the men ignored her. The branch was lifted up onto the shoulders of two, and she was carried away, swaying slowly in time to their movements.

They did not appear to speak English, nor cared to attempt any communication with her. One of the natives moved ahead, the two carrying her followed. All she could see, hanging there, was her own legs, and the back of the man in front of her.

He was a native, not one of those uniformed types who had attacked Sara and Emily. He wore a grass skirt, and seemingly nothing else. She wondered if she were bound for some village of cannibals, perhaps for their cook pot.

After a while her chin fell to her chest, and she half dozed, exhausted. The natives ignored her, continuing along.

After a time her mind roused to an odd sensation, odd because, unlike every other she had received of late, this one was pleasurable. Her wrists and ankles ached, and she had lost touch with her feet and hands, but she could certainly feel her pussy, and that was thrumming nicely!

She was being carried along rather low to the ground, with her legs up high. Her buttocks were scant inches above the forest floor, and the sensation she was experiencing was that of the long forest grass stroking her bare pussy as the natives pulled her through it.

She had shaved her pussy hair off a year earlier because she had been told it would heighten the sensations she experience when being licked down there. She'd found that to be correct, in addition to the fact that being shaved made her feel sexy and daring.

But now, with her legs lifted as they were, the grass was stroking almost continuously across her pussy opening, and the sensation was quite - nice.

She almost laughed with the absurdity. Here she was bound hand and foot being carried along by savages, and her pussy was feeling quite happy indeed.

Kristin, of course, had never been a girl to ignore such sensations, which was, in part, why she had a reputation as a slut. Now as the heat spread slowly upwards through her belly she began to feel a twisted kind of sexual longing. She almost wished (and the almost was more a sop to her conscience than truth) the natives would put her down there and then and stuff their big cocks into her body.

It was natural for her to begin to think of how she could flirt with the natives, how she could use her body to get them to treat her better. She had already had considerable experience with the effect her lush young body had on men. The mere sight of her easing her school skirt up a few inches had made men twice and thrice her age sweat and lick their lips in excitement as far back as she could remember.

She had often gotten what she wanted that way, and so it was that she began to think about seducing the natives, about using her body to persuade them to release her. Having sex with them was not a fearful thing under such a train of thought. She had had sex with several unattractive older men for far less needful cause.

The soft caress of the grass was enough to arouse her, but not to bring her off. Kristin hated frustration! Yet that was what she felt, a long, helpless sexual frustration that had her pussy sopping even while she could do nothing to relieve herself. Her yells to the natives were ignored, and she could not grind her thighs together very well with her ankles bound overhead.

She was in a ragged state when the men finally carried her into their isolated village. Immediately they were surrounded by more natives, men, women, and children. Kristin blushed hotly, yet even so she felt the glow of sexual arousal brightening. She was something of an exhibitionist, after all.

A man had tied her up once. She had thought that more silly than kinky. But now she was beginning to feel a certain heat at being the helpless naked prisoner. What would they do to her, she wondered excitedly. Would all the men rape her? Would she be gang raped, a helpless blonde virgin... well, a helpless blonde British girl? By a gang of ratty savages deep in the African jungle?

She would never have admitted it to anyone, but now that the fear had left her she recalled the voracious hunger of the men who had gang raped Emily and Sara, and her insides throbbed as she imagined herself undergoing the same.

Where was the need to cling to inhibitions out here? It wasn't like these savages would ever go on to tell gossip about her to her peers or parents. No one would ever find out how slutty she behaved either.

The men carried her on, and she saw a cook pot hung much as she was, but over a fire. She swallowed her fear as they approached, for being burned and eaten was not one of her fantasies.

Thankfully they passed it by and she was carried into a large grass hut and set on the floor. The men withdrew the pole, then left her alone.

She looked after them, panting, wanting them to return and use her, but they did not. Instead, after a minute, a large, fat old woman came in and inspected her. Kristin cursed awkwardly as the woman fingered her pussy and squeezed one of her breasts, yanked open her mouth to inspect her teeth, then turned her over and poked a finger into her backside.

But there was really nothing she could do to resist, bound as she was.

The woman left, then returned with a wooden cup of some strange smelling liquid. She helped Kristin sit up but did not offer to untie her. Kristin sniffed the stuff suspiciously, but she had not drunk a thing since leaving the ship and was incredibly parched. She drank it down quickly, ignoring the overly sweet smell, gulping as the woman raised the cup higher and higher.

When she had consumed it all her throat, mouth, and even her stomach felt better, and she lay down without complaint as the woman moved away.

A short time later another woman entered. Kristin ignored her as the woman cut her ankles free, then her wrists. A soft languor had stolen upon her, and she lay back lazily as another woman entered with a large bucket of soapy water.

The two women began to scrub Kristin's body, cleaning it thoroughly, even plunging strong, rough fingers into her pussy and rectum. Kristin half wanted to complain, but couldn't seem to work up the energy to care.

The women left, and two more returned. These ones had small bowls containing a gleaming, slippery liquid. They began to massage her body with strong fingers, using the oil in a way that had the blonde girl moaning in a pleasure that was almost sexual - though it had nothing to do with sex.

The women left no part of her body free of the oil, sliding fingers deep into her pussy, and Kristin felt her skin begin to crackle softly, as if with soft, static electricity.

The woman lifted her hands above her head and bound them lightly together, then tied them to a peg hammered into the ground.

Her legs were bent, and cords wrapped around each just below the knee, then tied to more pegs set to either side of her.

Kristin could think of only one reason for such a position, and eagerly watched the flap over the door, waiting for a man to come in.

With each passing minute she felt more aroused. She moaned and panted, her legs shifting on the dirt floor as she wriggled her behind from side to side. Her pussy felt gaping, felt like a hot, churning volcano. She had never felt so aroused in her life, had never imagined one could feel so aroused!

Finally the flap shifted aside and a tall, handsome native man entered. He dropped immediately to his knees before the blonde girl, ignoring her desperate grinding hips as he shifted his skirt aside.

"Yes! Yes! Oh yes!" Kristin begged deliriously.

He thrust into her, and the world shattered. An orgasm she had never imagined possible blew through her mind and body, and she began to writhe and thrash in wild, helpless abandon.

The orgasm took her breath away. She wanted to scream, but could only do so in her mind. She had no breath to do more than gurgle mindlessly as the climax ripped up and down her spine in an endless blast of raw ecstasy.

She went limp, exhausted, but he continued to thrust into her. Although - she thought he had lost some of his hair somehow.

Another climax tore through her, and she thrashed against her bonds, grunting and moaning and sobbing.

It departed, and she collapsed, thinking the man ravishing her was younger than she had imagined.

It took some time before she realized, almost idly, that it was not the same man, that a stream of them had come and gone during her wild orgasmic eruptions. How many she could not say. They continued, and she seldom noticed when one man left and another took his place.

When her shattered mind was capable of operating at even a low level again she noticed the man... or men, were gone. Several women surrounded her, hands on her body. They were spreading her pubic lips apart.

Small leaves were pushed into her opening, then small nuts and berries, each shoved deep with the aid of a long, smooth wooden tube.

She wondered what they were doing.

Another wooden tube, a hollow one, was pushed into her, and the women carefully poured something very warm through it. Kristin could feel it trickling down into her very womb, and moaned weakly.

Then the largest woman lifted up a melon of some kind. It was green, almost a foot long, and as thick around as a cucumber, and much resembled one but for purple flowers growing along the ends.

The woman pressed it against her opening, and pushed. Kristin felt the pressure against her sex, but the thing was too thick. The Black woman began to apply more pressure in a patient, rhythmic manner, twisting the thing slightly. The oil, and the uncountable rapings she had recently undergone, eased its path, but pain still managed to fight its way up her body to Kristin's attention as her flesh became tighter and tauter and began to stretch and strain beyond where it had ever gone before.

The pain grew around her foggy mind, and she moaned and twisted, but the bonds held her tightly and the women worked patiently. She moaned in protest, but that was the extent of her abilities to communicate as the woman continued to push and twist and the others poured more oil into the effort.

Her pussy opening began to burn terribly, and her pelvis jerked and trembled weakly as she cried out now, the air puffing out of her open mouth as her glassy eyes looked up at the grass roof far above.

"Agggghnnnn!" she cried, as the woman finally forced the first few inches through the super tight opening of her pussy.

There was a congratulatory murmur from the other women as they looked down at Kristin's gaping opening, but the large woman only pursed her lips and leaned in.

Now her opening had to get no wider, and the woman was able to make some progress. Kristin felt the fat melon pushing upwards into her body, bloating out her pussy sleeve, which, being softer, could stretch further. Still there was a terrible ache from her pussy lips, and the heavy melon began to strain her pussy itself as it was jammed higher.

The woman was relentless, and the melon ploughed slowly up into her, shoving aside the soft, velvety flesh before it. Kristin's belly began to ache and she moaned and whimpered continuously, her head rolling from side to side. The melon felt very heavy within her body, and she felt her insides squeezed apart by it.

Finally she had the entire thing inside her, with just a small patch of the rounded tip pressing out between her slippery, aching pussy lips.

One of the women took a small feather brush and dipped it into another bowl, then wiped it up and down against Kristin's pussy opening.

Then they all left.

Kristin had never felt so stuffed full in her life. Her insides rippled with cramps, and she thought she would burst.

And yet did not really care. She began to feel aroused once again, and a distant part of her realized the fires within her had never really gone out. She moaned and rolled her hips, staring up at the flap through glazed eyes, hoping the man would come in and use her again.

No, it was many men, she recalled. Regardless, she wanted them back - desperately.

She rolled her hips more excitedly, lifting her bottom off the ground and slapping it back down. That jarred her, and jarred the melon, or whatever it was, inside her. A shockwave of pleasure rolled through her.

She did it again, and again, and again, feeling the heat rise, feeling her arousal deepen. Frantic, delirious, she drove herself into another monstrous orgasm, one that had her entire body thrashing, that had her muscles spasming insanely. Her pussy muscles squeezed down again and again as the climax tore into her nervous system, and she cried out weakly, eyes rolling back in her head.

Chapter Four

Beth wore a heavy African necklace with matching earrings, all golden and gaudy and heavy. Thick bracelets of gold circled her wrists and ankles but no chains linked them. She wore a narrow golden belt from which hung a narrow square of green silk, covering her mons.

With more liquid her dehydration and delirium had eased, and she could think once more after a fashion. She was fed, but not well, and what she devoured hungrily contained little protein.

She had been in Umbwatha's bed for several nights running now, and as much as she loathed him and hated it she was terrified by the fact that each night gave her more orgasms than the previous. Umbwatha was crude, rough, and even cruel in his use of her, and even so her body sang at his touch.

Perhaps, she thought, if she could keep her mind straight she would understand - something.

But her mind kept fogging out, and she always seemed to be hungry or thirsty.

She followed Umbwatha up the hall and into a large stone room. She remembered the room from when she had been brought up from the prison below and felt a thrumming in her belly, imagining herself being impaled or whipped.

There was a young white woman strapped to one of the large wooden tables, and Beth stopped in surprise for a moment before moving slowly forward.

She was a pretty girl, but quite young, a teenager, most like.

The girl was nude, and had a lovely body, with quite large breasts sitting high on her chest. They looked simply lovely as she lay on her back, two half circles of creamy white flesh topped by two surprisingly small, very pink nipples.

Beth felt fear and trepidation at the sight, for she was well aware that she could instantly take the girl's place at Umbwatha's slightest whim. And yet, even so she felt a surge of heat in her loins at the girl's soft body and helpless bondage. Leather straps held her immobile, wrists and arms stretched to the corners of the large work table, yet she writhed slowly, gasping softly as she sought to pull free.

Beth noted the thin red lines crossing the girl's breasts and inhaled sharply, realizing she had been struck there with a crop or switch. Again she felt a little shudder of helpless arousal, imagining her own breasts whipped or slapped. Why had Umbwatha not been so cruel to her?

She mentally berated herself, appalled at feeling such things before this poor young girl, especially when she turned frightened eyes on Umbwatha.

Umbwatha laid a hand on the girl's chest, just between her ribs, then let it slide slowly downwards, turning it until it was covering her pussy. The girl writhed more desperately, and cast her eyes at Beth.

"Let me go!" she begged, her voice hoarse.

Beth swallowed but said nothing.

Umbwatha eased his hand back up, then closed his fingers into a fist. Just at the centre of the girl's chest, above her belly, he pushed downwards and began to grind his knuckles into her diaphragm.

The girl cried out, shaking violently, thrashing against the straps. Beth watched the muscles moving in arms and legs as her cries rose into miserable sobs.

Umbwatha continued to grind his knuckles into her for several seconds, then relented and drew his hand back. The girl continued sobbing, then, unaccountably, began to hiccup.

Umbwatha slid his hand down her body again, fingers thrusting roughly into her pussy. He moved aside and returned with a pipe like device with a little switch and dial on one end. He turned it on and placed the other end against the girl's mons just below her slit.

"AaaagghhhH!"

The girl's shriek startled Beth, and she took a half step back as her body thrashed frenziedly.

Umbwatha moved the device to just above her slit, and again the girl howled and thrashed madly.

Umbwatha pushed the thing just inside, just between the folds of her labia, and again the girl screamed in agony.

Apparently contented, he turned the thing off, then made a motion to Beth. He then pointed at the girl's groin and made the small signal she had come to recognize as requiring her to perform sexually.

Beth blinked in surprise, but quickly obeyed, moving awkwardly to bend over the table, at first, before Umbwatha's hand cupped her groin and lifted her up.

She crawled between the girl's legs, not meeting her teary eyes, and settled her hands on the girl's inner thighs. She tongued her way slowly up the inside to her mons, then began to trace her tongue along the tight lips of her sex.

The girl did nothing but hiccup and sob as Beth's fingers gently eased her pussy lips aside and her tongue began to lap along the insides, working its way up towards her clitoris.

She let her hands gently caress the girl's hips and thighs as her tongue weaved and danced up and down her pussy opening, pumped lightly into her hole, and caressed her clitoris.

"Nooo," the girl was whimpering. "Don't."

Beth ignored her, sucking lightly on the little button, wrapping it with her lips and massaging it. She eased back and blew a stream of air across it, then licked with more intensity.

"P-please don't," the girl moaned.

Umbwatha snapped his fingers and she halted, at once, climbing down from the table. He leaned in and circled one of the girl's breasts with both hands, then squeezed in, plumping it up. He squeezed harder, and the white flesh began to redden. Then he twisted savagely and the girl screamed, her body writhing and thrashing once again.

He turned his hands, squeezing in the other direction to draw more shrieks. He released her breast, which was now dark red, and turned to the other, repeating himself.

Then he motioned to Beth again, pointing at the breasts.

Beth had no idea why, but quickly obeyed, climbing up this time and then gently licking, stroking and caressing the girl's-no-doubt very hot and sore breasts. They were, she thought, beautiful breasts, quite soft, the nipples, now that she had suckled on them for a bit, long and pointed.

She mouthed the centre of one breast, using the inside of her mouth to massage it as she sucked, sliding her lips around and around the sweet little nipples as her own nipples tightened and quivered against the girl's belly.

Another snap of the fingers and she pulled back.

Umbwatha unbound each ankle only to spread it much wider. As Beth watched with no small excitement he forced each leg, slowly and carefully, but relentlessly, up along the table until it was at a perfect ninety degree angle out from the teenager's hips.

The girl sobbed and screamed during this, and Beth wondered how long it would be before she could open or close her legs without pain. A distant biology class sent pictures of tendons and muscles spinning through her mind before a soft, throbbing excitement fogged them out.

Two neat, tight alligator clips were fastened to the girl's labia, then pulled aside by wires clipped to her toes. Her pink pussy now gaped and Beth could see the round hole leading down into her body.

Umbwatha moved to a counter and returned with a small rattan cane. It was almost flat, about an inch wide, and quite flexible. The moment she saw it Beth felt a swelling of her own breasts and a hunger to feel the sharp pain the cane would make. She found she was panting and her hand had strayed to her groin where her fingers rubbed slowly against her sex.

The girl shrieked as Umbwatha brought the cane down against her pink flesh, and goose bumps spread over Beth's body as she watched, transfixed, while Umbwatha began to patiently slap the cane down against her open puss.

After a minute of such treatment he gestured Beth forward, and again, without question, she climbed onto the table and began to tongue the girl's pussy. She noted the little clitoris was swollen now, and lapped softly against it even as the girl shuddered and sobbed.

For some time Umbwatha continued such treatment, first causing terrible pain to some area of the girl, most often her breasts and groin, and then having Beth lick and suck and stroke it.

When the girl was not being hurt she was being licked or caressed. Her eyes soon became wild from the brutal punishment, and her pleas desperate and pitiful. She no longer begged Beth to stop, however. Now she begged her not to stop. For the alternative to Beth's gentle caress was Umbwatha's harsh punishments.

Both excited Beth, though she was flooded with guilt by that excitement. She could not understand how she could be aroused by the torture of a defenceless young girl, nor by, in effect, sexually abusing her.

What on Earth was wrong with her!?

Umbwatha unbound the girl's ankles, and her legs jerked closer together, but remained wide open as Beth lay atop her. Her own legs were spread wide, as well, and a thick double-headed wooden cock of some twenty inches in length lay embedded within their pussies.

She was getting more aroused now as she slid her own body up and down against the soft flesh of the moaning girl. There were two tight clamps on the girl's toes to keep pain running through her system, but aside from them Umbwatha stepped back and did nothing but watch as Beth began to grind herself harder and more passionately against the young woman beneath her.

She thought she could actually feel the girl's swollen clitoris against her own as their pubic mounds grind together, their lips rubbing as they clutched the same thick cylinder within them.

Umbwatha left, then, and Beth was alone. She had no instructions to stop, however, nor, she admitted, ashamed of herself, did she want to. Her breasts felt delicious as they ground against the young girl's own big melons, and she let her lips, for the first time, slide onto the girl's own, her tongue slipping inside.

The girl hesitated, then kissed back for a long moment before her head turned weakly to pull free. Beth raised her lips, still grinding her pelvis slowly, loving the sensation of the girl's pussy against hers.

"W-w-why?" the girl whimpered.

Beth kissed her lightly on the lips, her answer coming without thought or emotion.

"Because he can. Because Umbwatha is Lord and King and God. We are his slaves and must obey."

She kissed her again, softly, and let her lips melt against her. The girl kissed back reluctantly, yet Beth could feel her hips grinding back, if only a little.

"Pretty girl," she cooed. "You're so soft, so pretty."

"I-I don't... I'm not..."

Beth silenced her with another kiss, her tongue slipping into the girl's mouth and meeting her own. Her buttocks rose as she clenched her pubic muscles around the dildo, drawing it out of the girl a little, then thrusting it back inside.

"We can play together," she whispered, "When they're not hurting us."

The girl looked at her in confusion, but Beth kissed her again, feeling an orgasm approach. She ground herself down faster and faster, panting for breath, moaning as the pleasure coursed through her system.

"Oh! Oh! Oh yes! Oh!" she gasped.

Sara simply could not believe what had happened to her, could not believe what WAS happening. Falling overboard nearly naked was one thing, but then being gang-raped had been a nightmare of pain and humiliation!

And things only went from bad to worse to still worse! Hung by her wrists, with that horrible man swinging his stick at her breasts. Her breasts! What kind of a man would hit a girl's breasts with a stick!?!?

And then he had half electrocuted poor Emily before his thugs had carried them off to - to she knew not where. She didn't know where Emily was at all. And she herself was on a big wood table tied naked with her legs and arms spread apart.

She expected more rape. And truth to tell she did not fear the idea as she once would have. After all, she had just this day been raped by at least four or five men. And while it had been horrible it had not been as bad as that awful Umbwatha person.

Why would he hit her breasts!?! She was completely bewildered by it. He was the king of some country she had never heard of? Why was he hurting her and Emily? They were obviously not spies or anything. They were just girls!

When Umbwatha returned she had been terrified, knowing the pain was to begin once again. There was a white woman, and at first she had hoped she could speak to the woman, communicate her innocence.

But Umbwatha had hurt her terribly! She had screamed her throat raw from the pain, and he showed not a dot of feeling, not a hint of anything, not anger, not pleasure, nothing.

In between the pain he had the white woman touching and kissing her. At first Sara was disgusted to have a woman licking and touching her privates and breasts, but compared to what the man was doing it was heavenly!

The woman was a pretty redhead, perhaps five or six years older than she. She seemed to have no embarrassment at doing whatever the man told her, but clearly was obedient to him and as much his prisoner as Sara. That gave Sara some hope. For perhaps it meant that after the man was done hurting her she too would be wearing jewellery and simply doing people's bidding.

If that meant she had to have sex with any men or women who wanted her she would welcome it! That was so much more wonderful than the awful pain she was being subjected to that she would have begged for it!

She did her best to try and show this by pretending to enjoy the woman's touch. In fact, that was not so very hard since she welcomed her harmless caresses and kisses. Better a week of the woman than another minute of the man.

And yet she felt shocked when her pussy, aching as it was, first began to respond to the woman's licking and touching. She felt especially awful to be doing it with Umbwatha looking on, those cold black eyes seeming to bore into her soul.

She was desperately relieved when he left the room, yet the woman continued to make lesbian love to her, and Sara was afraid to try to stop her. Stopping her always meant pain, after all.

And the truth was she had begun to grasp desperately at those soft, gentle human caresses. She was devastated by the brutality she was being subjected to, and longed for the touch of a caring, kind person.

That her pussy was starting to heat up by that was not something that really concerned her. She had never really thought about having sex with a girl before, but now that the woman was doing it to her it was not so very different from a boy, especially with the thick thing the woman had thrust into her.

She realized, with some small awe, that the woman was increasingly aroused by what she was doing, and she stared up as the woman launched into what appeared to be an immensely powerful orgasm. Sara felt somewhat embarrassed for the woman, embarrassed for herself to be watching, almost as a peeping tom, and strangely, a little satisfied that it was she who had made the woman come, or at least, her body.

The statue was made of wood, but the mask was carved ivory, as was the foot long, curved penis thrusting up from its middle. Despite her poor sight Emily recognized the mask as being that of the man who had tortured her, Umbwatha. The penis, she thought viciously, was probably ten times his own size.

There were two holes in the centre of the sitting Umbwatha figure's chest, both about the size of a small cup.

As the two men half dragged her towards it she saw the statue was only a front, and appeared hollow beyond that.

The statue was posed sitting nakedly, its legs together, and tilted upwards. The guards pulled her over so she was straddling them, then guided her loins towards the curving penis thrusting upwards. As soon as she realized this she struggled, but they only laughed, and she was too weak, too exhausted from the shocks she had received to offer up real resistance.

She moaned as she felt fingers at her sex, then felt the hardness of the ivory penis pushing into her. She grunted and gasped as they shoved her down, mortified, furious and fearful as the penis pushed coldly through the soft, tender depths of her body.

Only the other day she had been a virgin. Yet she had been raped several times today, and now was to be perversely abused by this disgusting statue.

She could not take something so long inside her! She couldn't!

Yet the men paid no heed to her shouts, ignored her begging and cursing. They pulled her legs apart and forced her ever lower. She wriggled and cried out in protest, but their hands tightened on her soft flesh and she felt the hardness of the rounded tube push

up against her soft, aching sex, push up harder and harder as they forced her down onto it.

The pain mounted, and she felt a terrible sense of helplessness as the chuckling men continued to push her downward, and the hard ivory cock forced its way up through her taut opening and into her pussy. She screamed, and screamed again as she felt herself impaled, felt the hard, cool bone thrusting deeper, jamming deep into her vitals.

And finally she did indeed have it all inside her, or almost all, as she sat straddling the statue's thighs.

The men pushed on her back and her breasts were squeezed against the two holes, then she felt a hand from the other side pulling them through so her chest could go flat against the chest of the statue.

She cried out as something sharp pinched each nipple, then when she tried to pull back she found they were caught and held by something - something which her frightened mind thought felt just like the alligator clips they had snapped to her nipples downstairs.

Her hands were strapped together behind the statue, and then the men left. She groaned weakly, her insides cramping and aching, her entire body still tingling from the after effects of the electric shocks they had sent through it.

She had been unconscious, but did not know for what length of time. She had awakened wet, smelling a little soapy, her wrists and ankles bound. Shortly afterwards the men had come for her.

Now she was alone again.

The door opened and Umbwatha entered.

Emily paled and jerked her eyes away.

"Is it not beautiful?" he asked, patting the statue. "You will learn to love me by loving him. Yes?"

Afraid to speak, she said nothing.

His hand moved down her soft back and she trembled fearfully, her eyes closing against the rage, terror and humiliation she felt as his fingers stroked her buttocks and prodded at her anus, then eased below to feel the penis thrusting into her body and trace the taut lips of her sex as they squeezed in around it.

He looked at her expressionlessly, pulling his hand back, then picked up what looked like a small jar from a corner table and opened it.

"I do not know how they make this," he said. "The tribesmen in this place produce this salve. It does wonderful things to a man's member, and to a woman's love hole. Only a small amount can drive you mad with desire."

He pushed a small stick into the thing and drew it out, still smiling, then he bent, pushing the stick down to where her body was joined to the statue. There was some space there, for by keeping her abdomen just a bit back from the body of the statue she could keep about an inch of ivory penis from penetrating her aching belly.

Umbwatha rubbed the end of the stick against the top of her pussy right there, where it was stretched taut around the penis, slathering a thick dollop of the greasy salve over her clitoris before pulling his hand back.

He then moved behind the statue. A moment later she felt the stick rubbed against her breasts and nipples.

Umbwatha came back around and looked coldly at her, then to her surprised rubbed the stick across her lips. She turned her head away, spitting, but could not wipe it free.

He almost smiled for an instant, and left the room.

Emily glared after him and rubbed her lips distastefully together. She could not lick them clean, that was certain, and they were starting to tingle.

So, in fact, where her breasts, especially her nipples, and her pussy.

She knew his boast was nonsense. There was no such salve. At least, she was almost certain there wasn't. In preparation for losing her virginity she had researched sex in numerous books and publications, and thought she knew all about it. Surely if there was a salve like that she would have heard it.

But her skin did feel very tingly where the stuff had been smeared, especially between her legs.

She squirmed on the small seat, and her movements tugged her nipples against the clamps holding them. She felt them sting and hissed in pain. Both her nipples were already extremely tender and sore and sensitive from having electricity pumped through them, and her breasts were not much better.

She remembered how embarrassed and excited she had been when Eric had pulled her nightie up and seen her breasts, how she had swooned when his fingers had dug into them and squeezed, and his lips had darted down to take one between them and suck hard.

She squirmed a little more, feeling hot and wondering what the temperature of the room was. Was she sweating?

She winced slightly as her movements ground her insides around the big ivory penis. It felt like it was rammed way up into her stomach! Who could have imagined she could have taken something that big inside her tiny little pussy?

Then again, she had taken many cocks in there now. She recalled the feel of the warm sand under her bare buttocks as the first of her rapists had pressed her down into the beach, his cock sliding inside her.

She closed her eyes, her wrists pulling feebly against the straps.

Her nipples tingled and burned, aching, stinging, and yet...

She pushed up with her feet, rising a few inches on the ivory penis, and her nipples strained against the clamps inside the statue.

"Bastard," she whispered.

She licked her lips, and her tongue began to tingle.

She raised up again, hissing in pleasure as her pussy slid up the ivory penis. It was so thick inside her. So big, so long, so...

"Uuuuummmmm," she groaned as she slid down once more.

It was too long, simply too long. It ached her insides as the head pushed against her up there.

She rose up once again, leaning in to ease the tension on her nipples. Yet still they pulled.

"UUuuuuhnnnnnngggghh," she groaned, sliding her pussy back down the long, curving penis.

It was easier that time. The penis felt slick.

She was breathing faster now, and sweating. She blinked her eyes rapidly, looking at the leering face in front of her.

"What am I doing?" she whispered.

She held still, but her body began to tremble. She could feel the heat building up, the arousal deepening. She felt appalled at the sensations, knowing they were being

forced upon her by whatever that salve was. She turned to look behind her, to be sure the room was empty.

"Oh God. God help me," she whimpered.

She felt on fire down there, and helplessly rolled her hips, twisting herself around on the hard penis. She shifted her abdomen in closer to the statue, and gasped as the penis slipped even deeper into her body.

"Oww!"

Something sharp stuck her!

She pulled back quickly, smarting and looking down. It looked like a small sliver right near the base of the ivory penis, at the top. It had stuck her right in her clitoris!

She raised herself up a little more, telling herself she was merely putting space between herself and that sharp little sliver. Yet her legs ached, and her body was being consumed by heat. She rose even higher, inch after inch of the gleaming ivory sliding out of her hot, tingling pussy opening. She pulled her chest out until her teeth clamped together from the pain, hoping that would ease the terrible need.

Her eyes were slivers, her body beaded with sweat. Her legs shook and she moaned in misery.

Then she slid down, down, down, moaning, gasping, shuddering with pleasure as the thick penis slid relentlessly up into her aching belly.

She halted just as she felt the sliver press against the soft flesh above her pussy opening. "Please," she whispered. "Give me strength."

She was panting heavily now and rolled her hips once again. Her breasts felt heavy and swollen and hot. She pulled at the clamps rhythmically, then rose up on the penis again. She gave a broken sob and began to ride the thing, slowly and carefully at first, moaning at the pain in her breasts.

"Owww!"

She hissed as her desperation to take just a little more of the penis inside her made her jam her clitty against the sliver.

She jerked back at once and began to ride it more carefully, which meant in shorter strokes.

God! It was so gooooood!

Her hips were in constant motion now, her legs spread, feet jammed against the base of the statue as she rode the penis up and down, up and down, up and down.

"Ow!"

That hurt!

She felt the pleasure rising, felt it engulfing her mind. Sweat was dripping down her forehead now. She could feel the dampness between her legs, on her buttocks, and between her breasts.

"OW!"

She jammed her clitoris against the sliver painfully hard that time. Yet she felt it give, felt it being forced back by her weight.

And that extra inch felt so marvellous up inside her!

"Ow!"

Her legs were aching as she rode the penis, and her nipples spat fire as she tore her body against them. She had to pull her buttocks up and back like a jockey riding a horse now, while her breasts were pinned inside the statue. Then, of course, she had to drop her buttocks low and slide her pussy down the curving ivory penis until -

"Ow!"

Her clitoris stung worse than her nipples but she couldn't stop herself.

"Ow! Ooohw! Oww! Ow! OW!"

She jammed her lips against the mask, grinding them against the mouth there, her tongue pushing through the small hole in the mask as her eyes became wild with feverish sexual need.

Something caught her tongue!

It felt like a mouse trap, and she screamed and pulled against it, giving up her riding as the pain tore at her pleasure and pushed it back. Her hands twisted in their bonds and she sobbed in pain, her tongue swollen and hurting.

She sat still, trembling, whimpering, her lips pressed against the mouth of the statue.

And then slowly she began to raise herself once more, began to ride that long, thick, curving penis. She made a choked cry of pain as she slid down hard against the sliver again, then again, then again, her breasts pulling against the clamps holding her nipples, her tongue pulling against the clamp snapped tightly around it.

The orgasm shattered her mind. She screamed the air out of her lungs in a vast, animalistic howl of ecstasy, riding the ivory penis madly, impaling herself on it with brutal speed, ignoring the terrible ache within her, the stinging pain from her swollen clitoris, and all the other pains flaring within her.

They tore at her as she road the wildfire pleasure of the orgasm, rode it until she collapsed against the statue, gasping for breath and dazed by the force of the sensations which had blasted through her.

Her pussy began to tingle again.

Chapter Five

The young village girl yawned and scratched herself.

"Mmmmm."

She looked at the strange, white woman again, then peered down at her love opening. She eased the cup closer and slid a finger between the flaps, spreading them to let the small bit of liquid pooled there pour more easily.

The elders had thought the woman with the golden hair would produce an especially good elixir. She had her doubts. Despite the woman's odd hair and skin she appeared the same on the insides as the village women.

Although - she had responded much more violently to the preparation than most of the village women. She had been twisting and writhing for hours now, and her pubic muscles had crushed the hollowed out Gwanzi melon and softened its skin, mixing the juices inside with the seed the men had deposited and the special herbs and spelled potions.

Even as she watched the woman's back arched slowly, the air hissing out of her open mouth. Her buttocks ground and twisted in the dirt, and her hands and feet jerked and twisted against her bonds.

She had been easing the cup down but now she raised it again, and sure enough the woman's spasming muscles squeezed out more of the precious liquid.

Almost, she envied the woman her pleasure. She had never been used to produce the elixir before, being a virgin, but she was acquainted with the process. By now the woman's insides had adjusted to the size of the melon, and her muscles had worn themselves out. The preparation had robbed her of much care or pain anyway.

But soon would come the second part of the elixir. The melon would swell up, the skin hardening, growing rough and spiky. Then, with no preparation to cushion her senses, the woman would have to expel the swollen melon, in effect, giving birth to an especially large child with thorns all over its body.

She certainly did not envy the golden woman THAT.

"But I caaan't! Please! Please! Please, Beth!!"

Beth shook her head firmly.

"It's no good. You have to. If you don't, not only will you not get fed - "

Sara's stomach grumbled painfully.

"But you'll wind up being whipped, or electrocuted, or worse. Do you want that?"

Sara shook her head miserably.

"Then you have no choice. Just pretend none of them are there but Lord Umbwatha. Pretend it's a school play or something."

"W-will they... touch me?"

"If Lord Umbwatha says they can. Would you rather have one of them fucking you or have him stick that shock thing up your puss again?"

Sara dropped her eyes and sighed.

"You don't know how lucky you are, Sara," Beth said with a scowl. "How would you like to go without water for days and days like I did? Until you think your skin will peel off? They might do that yet, you know, if they don't like your attitude."

"I know," the teenager said.

Beth reached out and cupped her breasts, then caught her nipples and rolled them in her fingers.

Sara raised up on her toes as Beth lifted her nipples, gasping softly.

"Besides, you know you'll like it."

"Ooooooo."

"You know you'll go wild when I lick your little pussy."

"But people will be waaatching," Sara moaned.

"That just makes it more fun," Beth breathed, pulling the girl's nude body against her own and cupping her behind.

They kissed, their tongues slipping together, and Sara trembled, her heart pounding, her breasts swelling with excitement.

Beth eased back then lifted the blue silk sheet and wrapped it around the girl's body, covering her from above the breasts to just above the knees. She tied the sheet off, then snapped the girl's wrist restraints together and put a leash to her collar.

"Now remember. Behave. Be respectful towards Lord Umbwatha and anyone else there."

"Why do you keep calling him that?" Sara asked sulkily.

"What? Who?"

"Lord Umbwatha. He's no lord."

"I just... uhm, just habit I guess," Beth said, blinking her eyes in confusion.

She adjusted her necklace and the little scrap of green silk dangling before her groin, then shook her head and tugged on the leash, leading the girl out of the room.

Beth was more or less used to the lustful eyes on her as she walked about Umbwatha's sprawling stone residence virtually naked, but she still felt her nipples stiffening at the looks directed their way.

Sara walked with her eyes down, blushing even though decently covered. Though Umbwatha and his men had seen her naked and abused her first day in Africa she had only been exposed to Beth and Umbwatha since then. Beth had told her there could be a dozen or more men in Umbwatha's "throne room", and she was to be completely naked before them while Beth performed sex acts on her.

And then, Beth had said, Umbwatha would probably rape her in front of them all!

After what had already happened to her she had no fear of giving her body to Umbwatha or anyone else, but the prospect of doing it in front of a crowd was terrifying.

They walked into a large, very ugly room. There was a kind of throne at one end, and a lot of heavy red and purple rugs facing it on three sides, all covered with cushions. She risked a quick glance and then squeaked, dropping her eyes at the sight of so many men gathered there.

Beth led her to a place just before the throne. There were two round golden posts set in the floor there, each about three feet high. Beth placed her between them, then unclipped her wrist restraints from each other and pulled her arms out to either side.

Her wrists were fastened to the two pillars, held out about two feet to either side of her hips. A moment later Beth undid the little knot holding the silk together and the material dropped to the floor.

Her face flamed and she dropped her eyes even further, staring at the cracks in the floor beneath her feet.

A man moved up and unfastened her collar as Umbwatha spoke to the others in a language she did not know. He prodded her chin, forcing it up, and she sent her eyes to the ceiling.

There was a chain dangling over her head. She stared at it for a moment and watched the man clip a second, much thinner chain to it, then pull it down past her ear. A moment later he pulled it up around her throat, and fastened it together behind her.

It was tight across her throat, but not enough to restrict her breathing. She saw almost immediately, however, that it was a kind of noose, that moving her neck to either side or downwards tightened the chain around her.

The man opened a jar, and again Sara cringed. It was bad enough being forced to do this in front of people. But while neither she nor Beth knew how the salve was made they had talked of it, and both knew their sexual desires would run rampant under its influence.

Sara winced as she felt the salve spread up between the lips of her sex, then watched the man's hand move to her breast, wiping it across her nipples. She felt nothing, immediately, but knew she soon would, and her heart was pounding with the fear of how much more degrading it would be to act like a whore in front of all these men.

The man moved back, and another man she did not know came up. He smirked at her, and spoke to the others, some of whom chuckled in response. He turned back to Sara and raised his hands to her breasts, lifting and squeezing them, then flicking his thumbs across the nipples.

Again he turned and spoke, and many laughed.

Sara looked down, or tried to, but the chain pulled up hard against the underside of her throat.

He stepped back, and Umbwatha motioned to Beth. She moved forward to stand before Sara, then smiled reassuringly at her and leaned in to press her lips down on Sara's.

Sara's eyes blinked and she trembled lightly as she felt the tingling begin between her legs. The murmur of continuous conversation from around her made Beth's actions feel almost surreal. She looked upwards, then down again, as though things might have changed. They had not.

Their breasts touched, then squeezed together as Beth leaned in closer. Sara felt her nipples warming, then tingling at the touch, and her head jerked from side to side, panicking.

"I... don't," she whimpered.

"Shh," Beth said.

Beth closed her mouth over Sara's to silence her, letting her tongue slide back and forth between their lips.

Sara's arms pulled weakly at the chains holding them, her body wriggling awkwardly.

Beth brought a hand up between her legs and cupped her pussy, then let her fingers sink between the puffy lips, stroking up and down.

"Oohh!" Sara gasped, arching her back.

Beth smiled and dropped her mouth to Sara's breast, her tongue sliding around and around her nipple. It was hard and erect now, and she closed her lips over it, sucking rhythmically as Sara squirmed and moaned and pulled repeatedly against the chains.

She let her fingers sink up to the knuckles in the girl's soft pussy, sliding them slowly in and out as she chewed lightly on the teenager's nipple.

"Noooo!" Sara moaned.

Beth pumped her fingers steadily, then eased downwards, mouthing both breasts before trailing her tongue down to Sara's pussy. She licked up and down the slit, then spread her pussy lips open and tongued her way around the hard little clitty.

Sara's head fell back and her mouth went slack. Her eyes slitted and she sagged weakly as a steaming heat seeped into her body. Her hips began to grind against Beth's face, and she forgot the men watching and laughing and gave herself to the pleasure.

She felt wild and hot and alive. All those eyes watching her, wanting her. African savages! Let them want her! Let them use her! Let them rape her! They all lusted after her! They had always lusted after her beautiful body and breasts and bottom!

"You should be more modest, Sara."

"Moth-er!"

"Your tops are too tight and too short."

"That's the style mother!"

She was about to go clubbing, and wore a tiny black mini slit up one side, and a short black halter which strained against her braless breasts.

"Not for a young girl your age."

"I'm not a child, mother," she sighed.

"You're not a woman yet either. You've no business giving men... thoughts."

"Thoughts?" she grinned.

"You know very well what I mean, young woman."

"Oh come on, mother, don't tell me you don't like it when men look at you like that."

Her mother shook her head impatiently. "I don't pander to it."

"When you were my age you were wearing supertight blue jeans and tube tops."

"Well..." Her mother hesitated.

"And all the men were staring at your bottom."

"And you think your tiny skirts are better?"

"Hey, if you've got it, flaunt it."

Were they all going to take her? They were! She was sure of it. The sex heat was ripping through her body and mind as Beth's tongue rolled across her clitoris. Sara's world spun around her, filled with leering male faces, all of them hungering for her nakedly

displayed body. Soon she would be down on all fours as Beth had been, being ridden like an animal!

Neither saw the man who moved up behind her, holding a coiled whip. Neither saw him let the long, gleaming leather drop to the floor, holding only the handle. Neither saw the leather slide backwards along the floor as the man drew his arm back.

He gazed at the smooth white flesh of the girl's back, then his hand snapped back and forward. The whip flew through the air, and then with a sharp snap cut across the centre of the girl's back.

Sara screamed in shocked pain, jerking violently against the chains holding her in place. She choked almost immediately, forced to hold her head back as the chain tightened.

Her back exploded with fire, and before she could even understand why or how the whip flew forward again, lashing across her back inches below the rising red welt the first blow had left.

"Ahhhhhhggghh!"

Her body twisted violently, but could not move aside as the whip curled back, then lashed out once again.

Two ugly red lines cut across her back at an angle, and the whip hissed in to cut across her back just below them.

The watching men murmured and licked their lips. Umbwatha smiled and sat back leisurely on his throne. Beth sat back on her heels, confused and uncertain of what to do.

One of the men handed her a long, thick dildo and nodded imperiously towards the screaming young woman. Beth swallowed fearfully, then turned it around and straightened her arms, bringing the rounded tip against Sara's pussy.

The whip cracked down again, lower now, then again, as Sara shrieked, her head whipping from side to side, her body writhing and shaking, hips twisting, back arching and jerking.

"Stop it! Nooo! Please! AhhhggghH!"

Beth jammed the dildo against her pussy and forced the first few inches inside, but Sara's twisting legs knocked it aside and it dropped to the floor.

Beth picked it up again, forcing the dildo back against the girl's pussy, then thrust it up hard.

Another blow landed, and another, and another as Beth clung grimly to the dildo, jamming it higher and higher, eager to obey her orders.

A signal from Umbwatha stopped the whipping, and after a moment the sobbing girl's movements eased. She stood shaking, tears spilling from her eyes, hands still held wide as Beth shoved the last of the dildo in through the taut lips of her pussy.

She leaned forward quickly, her tongue working on Sara's clitty. Sara's sobs slowly eased and her head fell back. She gurgled several times as rubbery legs tried to drop her lower, and her mind, shocked by the pain and fogged by the salve, tried to understand what was happening.

Her back was inflamed with tortured nerve endings, long, cruel welts marring the previous perfection of her untarnished skin. Her pussy was inflamed, as well, but with an entirely different kind of heat, a heat she could no more control than the pain in her back.

Her mouth opened in a long, warbling groan of anguish and helpless confusion, her eyes widening, bulging, as waves of pleasure and pain hit her in turn, over and over again.

Her hips began to roll and buck against Beth's face, and she grunted mindlessly, legs spreading, arms pulling feebly.

The whip flew again and cracked against her back with a terrible sound which brought her head whipping backwards and drove the breath from her lungs.

Another blow followed, and another, as she shuddered and danced and her body pulled against the chains.

Beth dug her fingers into the girl's buttocks for self protection, her arms pinning Sara's legs to keep from being kicked by the flailing, moaning girl.

A hand yanked her back and she fell, sprawling to the cold floor, laying there as Umbwatha moves up before Sara. The man with the whip halted, and Umbwatha examined the girl, circling her. Umbwatha rose and came closer, murmuring to the others as he fingered the welts on the trembling girl's back.

He motioned to the man with the whip, who followed the others around in front of Sara. Sara hardly noticed them, standing still, shaking, head back.

Beth watched from her knees, simultaneously appalled and aroused. She watched Umbwatha fondle Sara's breasts and joke to the others, and her own fingers stole unconsciously to her pussy, fingering her clitty as Umbwatha moved to one side and the man with the whip stepped back.

Beth thrust a finger up inside her pussy in anticipation, eyes wide as she waited. The whip swung forward and struck the dazed girl, lashing across her breasts with force enough to set them both bouncing wildly.

Sara did not scream so much as gurgle breathlessly. Her eyes seemed to focus on the man with the whip, then drop to her throbbing, burning breasts just as another blow hissed down atop them.

She flung back her head and screamed, then, writhing and flailing frantically.

Beth was riding her own fingers now, horribly aroused by the sight, urging the man on even as she recoiled in horror.

Another, and another and another blow followed, each targeted on one breast alone, setting it to bouncing and jumping from the force of the impact.

And then, oddly, Sara's wild, desperate movements seemed to ease. She stood almost still, feet flat on the floor, well apart, eyes glassy as the whip continued to cut across her breasts. She shuddered and her eyes closed, then her hips began to roll and jerk.

They moved slowly, at first, but with growing force and speed as her head began to fall back. Umbwatha shouted something, and the man with the whip twisted to one side, changing his direction, whipping more from the side now and upwards. The whip hissed down across Sara's lower abdomen, the tip cutting across her hip.

He pulled back, and swung again, and the tip lashed up precisely into the girl's dripping pussy.

It was as though she had been flung upwards, yet the chains held her down. She recoiled backwards, then forwards, her feet leaving her for a moment to let her hang from the chain.

She gargled and coughed as her feet found purchase, but another blow, as much by luck as aim, brought the tip of the whip down almost precisely against her clitoris.

Her eyes bulged and she flew backwards again, this time unable to control the muscles of her legs. She hung by the neck, eyes wide, gurgling and jerking spasmodically, slowly choking from lack of oxygen.

Umbwatha's followers laughed. Umbwatha himself had no expression, but after a moment moved forward to grip Sara's hair, yanking her upwards and holding her up until her legs could support her.

Umbwatha tilted the girl's head back, then kissed her roughly on the lips. He laughed to his followers, then ran a pudgy finger up and down between the girl's pussy lips.

After gasping and whimpering in pain for long seconds Sara began to respond, grunting and sighing through her tears, rolling her hips lewdly and riding his fingers.

One of the men hurried forward and removed the chain from around her neck, then unfastened her wrists. Umbwatha pushed her to her knees, then Beth saw a repeat of her own initiation, with him thrusting his engorged member down the whimpering girl's throat.

He pushed her onto all fours and mounted her, riding her to successive orgasms before pulling out and slapping her on the bottom.

More men began to use the young woman, lining up to thrust their eager cocks into her quivering, trembling body.

Beth had two climaxes herself while watching, crouched almost unnoticed in a corner. But then, Umbwatha directed her forward, and she had to control the dazed girl as she put on a lesbian display for the eager audience.

Fortunately, the salve continued to have its effect, and the now nearly insensible girl moaned and whined continuously in her pleasure. Beth manoeuvred her to suit the men's view, grinding her pussy against Sara's, turning to form a sixty-nine, then riding her with the double-headed dildo as the men laughed, joked, and threw food.

Both of them were dragged to one side, then and draped across a low rail, their hands bound to their legs. Umbwatha, then various other men took turns whipping their buttocks with crops and switches then, before gang raping them once again.

Finally, the two were led off and thrown together into a small cell.

Emily sagged weakly against the statue, her face dull and eyes closed. Her eyelids twitched repeatedly and her body trembled as she pulled in slow, rattling breaths through her open mouth.

She had never felt so exhausted in her life. Every muscle in her body ached, especially those in her legs and arms, used to pull her up and down on the stiff, ivory penis.

Her insides felt raw and bruised, the lips of her pussy swollen and tight around the penis still impaling her. Her inner thighs were sore and raw, and her nipples and breasts still burned with pain.

The muscle spasms which had wracked her body throughout orgasm after orgasm had drained her of every ounce of energy she might have possessed, and now it was all she could do to cling to consciousness.

And despite all that she winced repeatedly as her body tried to rise, tried to pull her aching pussy up along the ivory dildo just to feel the wanton pleasure as she dropped down atop it once again.

She had never suspected a person could actually feel pain from an orgasm, but the last few had certainly torn at her vitals. So powerful and so extended had they been that it had felt like muscles within her chest and abdomen were tearing at the force, and she had come close to fainting from being unable to breathe.

She did not notice the door opening, nor the two men coming back in and standing to either side of her. They spoke to each other, snickering, no doubt at her predicament, but she paid them no heed.

Her wrists were unchained, then an aching, tingling sensation erupted in her nipples as the sharp clamps were released. The two men grasped her from either side, then lifted her slowly up off the penis, which came free of her body with an audible slurping sound.

The men carried her up the hall and hung her from her wrists. Water was poured all over her sweating body, and soap quickly followed.

When she was reasonably clean, if damp, she was carried up the hall and dropped into a small cell, the door slamming shut behind her.

She lay there, slack jawed, staring at nothing, still twitching occasionally. Her legs slowly shifted apart until they splayed wide, then she gave a final shudder and fell asleep.

She woke, at some point. She had no way of knowing the time, or even the day. Her entire body ached. Yet the greatest ache was - .

"Ahhh!" she hissed, jerking her finger back from her sex.

And yet - .

Slowly, very carefully, she let her finger ease down her abdomen again, then lightly brush the swollen top of her pussy. the pain made her cringe but there was a terrible pleasure down there, as well. It felt like her clitoris was swollen to three times its normal size, and was even more sensitive.

Touching it, even brushing it lightly with the pad of her finger, was stung terribly. But the rolling waves of pleasure which flowed through her body were almost narcotic in their pleasure and attraction.

She lay on the cold stone floor, whimpering, her body trembling, a single finger stroking against her clitoris as a climax rose higher and higher and then collapsed upon her. She cried out weakly, her back arching, stiff nipples throbbing, then gave a final moan and fell unconscious once more.

Again she woke, somewhat more energized, though every bit as sore. She moaned weakly, and with some difficulty managed to sit up.

"Oowww!"

She adjusted her position so her weight was on her rear, her knees raised and pussy off the floor. Then she closed her eyes in humiliation as she recalled what she had done the other - was it the other day?

What kind of a salve had that been anyway? She had certainly never heard of such a thing before. Surely if it had existed most of the boys at school would have done their level best to have obtained it.

She got to her feet, shakily, grimacing at the pain in her legs. She tried the door but found it locked, and limped back to the corner to sit gingerly down once again.

Hours passed, or so it seemed. She tried exercising her legs a little, just to wear some of the stiffness out, but that proved to have little effect other than to cause her more pain.

A cautious exploration of her pussy found it was almost as sore and swollen as it had been, and almost as sensitive. She rubbed lightly at her clitty, finding the engorged little somewhat amazing. She had masturbated many times before but never felt it so - .

"Oohhhh," she whispered.

She leaned back further, then lay back on the floor, knees raised and spread. She rubbed lightly at her pussy and clit, shrugging off the pain as the pleasure beckoned her. Her nipples were still stiff, and almost as over sensitized as her clitty. Rubbing them accidentally with her arm had shown her that. Now her left hand was busily stroking and caressing them as her right busied itself between her thighs.

She felt sick at her behaviour, weak and degenerate. But she could not seem to resist the only comfort and pleasure she had felt since stupidly falling off the boat.

She had already climaxed once and was approaching a second when the door rattled as the bolts were thrown.

She was somewhat dazed at the time, and did not notice at first. Then she barely managed to get her hands back as the door was flung back and an older woman stood framed within it.

"Come," she said, or rather it was "Koom," but Emily thought she understood.

She got up weakly, and did not resist the woman putting a collar around her throat, fastening her wrist restraints together behind her back, then leading her by a leash.

She was embarrassed to be led in among a group of men dressed in suits and military uniforms. A very thin man with glasses gazed at her, frowned, then said something unhappily to a shorter, fat man. The latter responded in a bored voice, and the man spoke again. The fat man looked distastefully at her, then spoke.

"You girl. You have learned obey, yes?"

Emily nodded anxiously.

"You are whipped, you do not obey."

He turned and spoke to the tall, thin man again before turning back to her.

"A man to speak with you. Yes? He speak with you. You obey, yes? You speak that you are happy girl here. You speak that you love King Umbwatha and wish to leave not. Understand goodly?"

She nodded dully, her face flushed from their constant staring.

The thin man spoke to the woman in a high pitched voice, and the woman led Emily away, then further up the hall. She brought her up the stairs to a much nicer part of the building. Here were heavy rugs and rather garish gold wallpaper. She was taken into a small room with bed, dressers and sofa. There the collar and restraints were removed.

The woman put a pleated skirt and a white blouse on the bed and nodded to her.

"Dress you."

Emily obeyed gratefully, though the skirt was far too short for her comfort, and the blouse too thin to wear with nothing beneath. Still, they were something.

The woman turned her around and fronted at her visible nipples, then searched among cupboards and drew out a green blazer. This fit, after a fashion, but Emily did not welcome the pressure on her still erect, still hyper sensitive nipples.

A pair of socks followed, then a shiny pair of too small shoes.

No underwear were provided, however, but Emily still felt respectable for the first time in what felt ages. She considered running away, but immediately rejected it. Her aching legs were barely capable of walking, and would certainly not carry her far. In addition, she was terribly thirsty and hungry, her stomach rumbling ominously.

And she was in Africa, in the middle of practically nowhere, and if she understood properly, at the home of some government leader type who would certainly see she were hunted down once more if she escaped.

Who was the man who was going to see her? Perhaps she could make her plight known to him and he would be able to help in some way.

The fat man arrived, and nodded approvingly as he came up to her.

"Now is to remember. Speak nicely of King Umbwatha and to you will be good pleasure. Yes? Speak badly and sorry, sorry. Understanding?"

She nodded.

"I'm very hungry," she said.

"Eat after."

"My stomach is rumbling and I might be sick."

The man hesitated, then spoke to the woman, who nodded and left.

"Remember to speaking goodly," he said, glaring and poking her finger at her. "Not to be upsetting people are you!"

"Am I to be let go?" she asked anxiously

"Perhaps later, soon, as you obey. You know to obey, yes?"

She nodded.

"Where is Sara?"

He glared at her and wagged his finger in her face. "Never to minding. All girls are in good being. Do not inspect things you are not going with."

"What?"

"Speak of your own business," he warned.

"I want to know where Sara is."

That brought a slap across the face, and she quieted.

The woman returned with a cup of some thick hot broth, and she gulped it down ravenously as the two looked on. Then the woman led her up the hall and up another flight of stairs to a small, but plushly furnished office. She took a small vial from her pocket and opened it, then pushed her finger in and drew out a small greasy smear of something.

When her other hand lifted Emily's skirt the teenager suspected what it was.

"No!"

"Be not stupid!" the woman hissed. "Little bit only! Make you better feel!"

"No! I don't want that bloody stuff on me!"

The woman ignored her wishes, jamming her hand up between Emily's legs, and despite the girl's attempt to shove the hand aside, she ran a stiff finger along the tight slit between her swollen lips.

Emily jumped aside, scowling furiously and barely able to keep from cupping her sore pussy.

"Stupid girl!" the woman hissed.

"It hurts!"

The door opened and they both turned as the tall, thin man arrived in company with the fat one, and another man.

The other man was a distinguished looking white man with very grey hair, a long, gallic nose, dark, narrow eyes, and thin lips. He scowled at Emily as he entered, and spoke to the other two in their own language before taking a seat.

"Come. Sit," the fat man said genially, warning Emily with his eyes.

Emily moved closer, then awkwardly sat in the chair next to the man, holding her skirt down and trying to ignore the tingling starting up between her legs.

The woman left, and after a moment of conversation the two black men left, as well, though reluctantly.

The man regarded Emily with a jaundiced gaze for a long moment before speaking. "I am Jean Lacroix. Ju av lost jour glasses, but I believe ju arrr Emily McCormick, oui?" he said in a thick, French accent.

"Yes!" Emily exclaimed, eyes widening.

He nodded sourly.

"Are you here to bring us home?"

"Who eez us?"

"Sara and I. Kristin got away but she must be around here somewhere."

Lacroix treated her to another sour expression.

"I am here to protect de eenterests of de French government een Shankali," he said shortly. "De government uv King Umbwatha ees... friendly to France, and to our eenterests."

Emily looked at him in confusion.

"Ju have been well treated?"

"If you call being raped and hung up naked and electrocuted well treated!"

He sighed and rolled his eyes.

"Ju must understand that de Mozambiquans are a young nation, weethout de maturity or sophistecation enjoyed by many others."

Emily looked at him blankly.

"As such dey are more prone to acteeng on dere eempulse, on dere baser natures. Older nations look badly at dis but really, we deed de same when we were younger."

"I don't understand."

"No, I suppose not. I have told Keeng Umbwatha's people dat he ees acting extremely recklessly and dangerously in hees behaviour towards ju and jour, er, friends. I have done my best to make dem understand de consequences should news of dis become public. Jour own nation, for example, and dee United States are both unfriendly to Keeng Umbwatha's regime. A matter of socialist philosophies, I believe."

He smiled thinly.

"I believe I have made dem understand how much damage could be wrought by hees continuing to... to invite European girls into hees residence for er, recreation and entertainment. Hopefully, he weel be more circumspect een future."

"But what about us?"

He shrugged. "Unfortunately, neider de eenterests of France, nor de eenterests of Shankali would be served by news of jour unfortunate experiences here."

Emily squirmed awkwardly. The salve did seem weaker than what they had used before, but then again her pussy was far more sensitive to begin with. Without realizing it her legs were shifting apart, and the Lacroix's were shifting downwards at the long expanse of white thigh becoming visible.

"Are you saying you won't let us go?"

"I have no say een such things. I am merely a representative of de French government," he said distractedly.

"Are you going to tell the British government?"

He smiled thinly. "I am afraid that would not be in our... eenterests."

He hesitated as her legs shifted apart wide enough for him to see a flash of pubic hair beneath the too-short skirt. A small bulge began to grow in his trousers as he licked his lips.

"But... but you must know what they're doing to us? I mean, we're prisoners!"

"Unfortunate," he said.

"Please! Just tell my father! You can just send him a letter or..."

He shook his head.

"Just phone him! You don't have to tell him who you are or anything!"

"No, no. Thees eez eempossible," he said.

She leaned forward, easing forward on the chair in her desperation. In doing so she unwittingly pushed her short skirt higher still.

"Please! Please! I'll do anything! M-My father has money and he'll pay you."

"You have been... abused," he said somewhat slyly.

She blinked and nodded her head vigorously.

"Tell me how dey abused jou. Did dey... rape you?"

She nodded, flushing.

"How many of dem?"

"I don't know, maybe five or six on the beach. They tore our clothes off and raped us for what felt like hours!"

The bulge in the man's trousers grew more noticeable.

"And Keeng Umbwatha?"

"I.. I think he was the man who whipped Sara's breasts."

Lacroix inhaled sharply, the bulge in his trousers twitching.

"And jou?"

"He electrocuted me! He... he..." She looked down, embarrassed. "He put wires to my breasts and shocked me, and he... put a thing inside me to shock me too."

"I-I... you must show me," he said, nervously.

"But... but why?"

Lacroix seemed jittery. He got up and checked the door, then locked it before returning.

"I can not speak mere rumours. I must know myself or will not be believed."

"I-I don't know if there are any signs," Emily said warily.

"Lift your skirt just a little higher," he said, his fingers going to her skirt and easing it up.

Emily gazed down with some surprise, and felt a hot shiver run through her as she realized the Frenchman was staring at her naked sex.

"Eet seems... unharmed," Lacroix said in a slightly shaky voice.

His fingers trembled a little as they slipped along her inner thigh and then touched her pussy.

Emily winced and jerked back, and Lacroix drew his hand back.

"You must show me," he said.

"But I..."

He pushed her blazer back on either side and then undid her blouse. Emily let him, feeling confused and uncertain. Certainly she did not want to do anything to antagonize the only man who had any chance of getting her out, but his interest seemed odd.

He pulled her blouse open and gazed at her bare breasts with barely concealed excitement.

"Jour neeples are erect," he observed.

Emily's blush deepened.

"They put clips on them for hours and hours. They're... swollen and oh!"

His fingers grasped her aching nipples and rolled them lightly, then plucked at them. Pain and pleasure poured through Emily's system and she squirmed uncomfortably.

"Poor baby," he whispered. "Such lovely neeples are made for other things than cleeps."

He pushed her open blouse back over her shoulders, along with her blazer, then ran his hands down under her breasts, lifting and squeezing them together.

"Please I... please don't," Emily whispered.

He bent, lifting her breasts to him, and closed his mouth around her nipple. She moaned as he sucked wetly, his tongue whipping across the aching button of pink as he slurped and chewed on the surrounding flesh.

"Please," she moaned.

He was on his knees before her chair now, chewing and squeezing on her breasts. He licked his way down her body and for the first time in her life, with her pussy feeling raw and tender, she felt a man's soft tongue against her sex.

"OH! OH! Oh please! OH God! OHh! UHhgggnh!"

Lacroix's tongue lapped wetly up and down her sensitive slit, probing wetly within. He peeled her lips apart with his fingers, sending pain shooting through her groin. But the pain did not offset the wonderful sensations his tongue were forcing upon her.

"I...OH! Please I... D-Don't!"

He mashed his lips against her, his tongue pumping as he undid his trousers. His cock reared up hungrily, and he rubbed it against her thighs as he straightened.

"You weel stay here," he panted. "Jour body weel be used by deese... deese savages until jou are old or dead!"

Emily stared at him, panting and whimpering, then cried out, her back arching, head falling over the top of the chair back as he thrust into her. The pain tore at her, and she sobbed, hands batting feebly at him, but he thrust harder, yanking her towards him with his hands digging into her thighs.

Her raw, aching insides felt the intruding member thrusting upwards, and pain poured through her.

"Please," she whimpered.

He thrust again, pulling her legs towards him, sliding her body down so that she lay on her back on the chair, chin on her chest, legs up and wide.

"Jou are so tight!" he groaned.

He forced her legs back against her breasts, and she moaned anew, pain crackling through her nervous system. She felt like her insides were being torn out as his big cock sawed back and forth between her pussy lips.

Yet the pleasure was there, as well, and even through the pain it began to grow. She grunted weakly as his hips pummelled her buttocks, jamming her legs back against her chest. She grunted, staring up at him as he eagerly used her, and knew he had no intention of help her to freedom.

"Bastard," she breathed.

He leered at her and thrust harder.

Chapter Six

Kristin felt like she was soaking wet. It was just sweat, however, sweat which gleamed all along her body and matted her dirty blonde hair to her head and cheeks.

Her arms were bound out to either side to a thick pole, and had been for some time. But shortly, one of the older women had come by to feel her abdomen, then her ankles had been lifted up and pushed back, tied well apart to the same pole.

Her pussy gaped lewdly, wide enough to put her fist through, were it free. The green head of the swollen melon rested just inside, inching slowly downwards.

Kristin sobbed weakly, then cried out again as she felt the thing shift within her. The older women were making movements and gesticulating like they wanted her to bear down. But it was no baby within her. Her pubic bones had been forced apart far too quickly, and the pain of her swollen abdomen was a raw wound in her mind. The melon was rough and ragged and cut into the soft walls of her pussy every time it shifted and the sharp agony of that threatened to tear her mind apart.

One of the women leaned forward and massaged her abdomen, then pushed inwards on her lower belly. Kristin screamed as the melon shifted again, her voice echoing through the jungle around the small village.

She did not understand what was happening, or why. Most particular she did not understand why it was happening to HER. Bad things never happened to her!

She gulped in air, and tried to pray, then screamed as the melon shifted minutely again, the ragged skin scraping across her insides. She cursed the women around her, but they, of course paid it no heed. The only part of her they had any interest in was her sex, now wide enough to fit a milk jug through.

The pain was unbearable. She felt her insides ripping and tearing, and imagined great raw festering sores as the melon tore her apart. She tried not to look at her pussy, for it shocked her, yet even so it amazed and fascinated her, in a rather strange way. It was so wide!

The melon shifted again, and again, and again over the following hours, and her screams became sobs and groans and shuddering cries. When several inches of the thing protruded from her tightly gripping sex the large women who had inserted it grasped it firmly with both hands and began to tug.

This brought fresh screams, wild, desperate screams that rose higher and higher as the woman twisted and tugged on the melon.

The woman ignored her, focussing her attention on the melon. Kristin screamed until her throat was raw, the pain clawing at her brain.

And then, finally, the melon was free, and she collapsed.

The women held out the melon, babbling in a pleased fashion, then carried it away. Two remained. They cut Kristin down and lay her on the mat she had occupied before, bound her arms and legs down gently, then rubbed a thick balm over her fiery pussy.

They too left, and Kristin lay dazedly, her pussy still hot and aching. Eventually she fell asleep, and lay unmoving for long, long hours. When she awoke her pussy looked as good as new, though it still hurt. Her arms and legs and back felt cramped, however, from lack of movement.

She cursed the women as they returned, but took food and water from them. She cursed especially loudly at the one who fingered her pussy.

She was surprised, and somewhat relieved at how tightly her pussy lips gripped the woman's fingers. She had feared they had been torn permanently open.

The women undid her arms and legs, but would not let her leave the small hut. None appeared to speak English, and her anger and frustration grew at being mistreated by such primitives.

After two days cooped up in the hut she tried to escape by tearing through the back wall, but she was quickly caught and led back inside. Then she was lain back and bound down once again, legs and arms wide.

Hours later the same group of Black women who had seen to her on arrival brought in jars and bowls and began to rub a slick substance into her body. Her pubic lips were spread and small leaves and herbs were pushed into her.

She realized they intended to repeat their earlier actions and began tearing frantically at the bonds holding her. She cursed wildly and savagely as they completed their work, then spread the special salve across her pussy and over her breasts.

Surrendering, she fell back, sobbing hysterically, then self pityingly, then just whimpering weakly.

"I hate you," she moaned to the first man to arrive.

He ignored her words, kneeling, drawing out his erection, then entering her.

Minutes passed and her features softened, her eyes going glassy. "Soooooo goood," she whispered.

He rutted against her for long minutes before depositing his semen. Another replaced him, and another, and another, and she moaned and shuddered and trembled as climaxes wracked her body.

The girl felt honoured to be allowed to assist this time around. She watched, wide-eyed, as the village women surrounded the delirious white woman. Her legs were pried further apart, and she could see the creamy white substance beginning to trickle out.

The older women quickly pressed her swollen opening tight to keep the seed from escaping. The men of the village had foregone pleasure for days in order that their seed be pure, full and strong, and it would be terrible to waste it on the ground.

The Gwanzi melon was ready and pressed against her opening, and they began the slow, careful insertion.

Shouting outside surprised her. The making of the special, holy salve was a solemn affair, and her frown at such impiety was echoed by the older women around her.

Then soldiers burst into the hut. There was much shouting before they used their rifle butts to shove all the women out. Then they untied the golden haired woman and dragged her out.

She was lifted up into the back of a truck, then the soldiers with their guns climbed up behind her and drove away.

For Kristin, the only change in her circumstances appeared to be that the floor beneath her was considerably harder - and bouncier, than the previous one. More men slid atop her nude body and thrust themselves inside her, rutting furiously before being replaced.

She moaned and sighed and clung to them, grinding her pelvis and whimpering in delight as the sexual inferno continued to burn within her body.

The men in the truck, however, were driven by their lust, not the urge to produce sacred semen, and were more sophisticated, and consequently crueller than the natives.

Kristin was rolled onto her belly and lifted to all fours so that she could take their cocks into her mouths, something the natives would have considered a blasphemous waste of seed. The men eagerly pulled and yanked on her long, blonde hair as they forced her willing mouth down on their members. Other men reached forward from all sides to grasp and squeeze her breasts or buttocks, or simply to touch her pale skin or blonde hair.

The man behind her tried to restrain himself to make the experience last longer, but excited by the shapely body before him he could not, and spilled himself in her warm belly.

Another roughly yanked him back and replaced him as the truck bounced along the rugged track.

Her anus was violated - repeatedly, as the men, often fighting with each other, sought to spend themselves on the beautiful girl before they reached their barracks. Most were able to make use of her at least twice before the truck pulled up in front of the barracks.

Then the other soldiers lounging around caught sight of the girl being lifted down and began to gather around. Harsh whispers and curses from sergeants brought them all into the barracks before an officers could notice, and the writhing, moaning girl was placed atop a table.

Now the sergeants and corporals took precedence, and the rest could only look on as they rode the White girl for all they were worth.

Only when they were sated were the rest of the soldiers able to take their turns.

This was just wrong, Beth thought.

Sara's body was covered with a soothing ointment which took some of the sting out of the welts and bruises covering her. But her soft skin was still criss-crossed from shoulders to knees with angry red lines of various thicknesses and colour.

And yet the girl, as she lay back on one of the mats the two had been provided with, idly stroked her pussy and fingered her nipples again and again, often building herself up into a groaning, writhing orgasm.

The last time Beth had been so aroused she had joined in, fingering herself to a come, as well.

It was not the effect of the salve. She was sure of that. It was coming from within them. Often, she found her thoughts interrupted, turning to sex, to hard, rough, raw, savage sex. She would be puzzling out a way to convince their captors to release them, and suddenly she would imagine herself standing as Sara had, and being whipped. And rather than fear she would feel a deep arousal and excitement. She had even caught herself wondering how she could provoke them into whipping her!

She had always prided herself at being independent and strong-willed. It shocked her to find herself revelling in her own rape and torture. It shocked her even more to find herself becoming aroused at the same being done to the two young college girls.

And from her talk with Sara she knew the girl was no more a nymphomaniac than she. Something else had been done, perhaps in the way their beatings had been conducted. Their captors had meddled with their minds somehow.

The door was opened and another of the girls was thrust inside, the short, thin blonde. The girl sat down on Beth's pad, since Sara was spread out on her own, and looked unblinkingly at her friend.

"Emily, was it?"

The girl turned and nodded.

"I'm Beth."

"Hi."

She turned and watched Sara, who was building up to another come, her legs spread wide, knees drawn back, fingers plunging into her sex.

"They used some of that bloody salve on her?"

"Not recently. I think it's something else. I think they've messed with her mind."

"You mean like, brainwashing or something?"

Beth nodded. "I think so."

"They beat her some too," Emily said, scrunching up her face in sympathy.

"Yes." Beth repressed a shudder of envy at the memory.

"Did they, uhm, beat you as well?"

The girl looked down and shrugged.

"They used electrical shocks on me too, you know, though a different kind."

The girl nodded again, and Beth looked down to see the stiff nipples peeking out from behind her arms.

"Where've they been keeping you?"

"They had me in a room for a while with some kind of statue thing."

"I don't understand."

The girl shrugged again.

Sara was rolling her hips from side to side now, and suddenly pulled her fingers out of her pussy and let her knees fall to either side. While squeezing her wounded breast with one hand she abruptly slapped the other down against her pussy. The other two started at the sight and sound.

"Sara!" Beth exclaimed.

Sara moaned and slapped her pussy again, then again, this time thrusting her hips up to meet her open hand.

"Slap me, Emily," Sara panted. "Slap my pussy! Slap me p meeee!"

The blonde girl looked at her dispassionately, then punched her directly between the legs. Beth gasped, but Sara only arched her back and gurgled.

"Hhhh - gain," Sara gasped.

Emily punched her again, then again, sinking her knuckles into the soft, moist flesh as Sara writhed and trembled and fingered her clitoris.

"Y-You shouldn't," Beth gulped, though her own hips ground down instinctively.

"Why not?" the blonde girl demanded, turning to glare at her. "We're all going to die here anyway? Might as well get what pleasure we can while we can."

She turned and punched Sara's pussy again, then slapped one of her breasts for good measure.

"We're not going to die here. We'll escape, or someone will come looking for us or..."

"I was just with a Frenchman," Emily said. "Everyone thinks we drowned. There isn't even a search on for us. And he says he'll make sure nobody finds us."

"But why?"

Emily shrugged. "Something about trade with Shankali or something. That was before he stuck his prick into me."

Sara let out a long, shrill cry that rose and fell as she ground her hips up frantically. She arched her back so powerfully her head and buttocks and toes were all that touched the floor. Then she collapsed, gasping for breath.

"I wonder what it'd feel like to be whipped," Beth said dreamily. "To be tied there and just... whipped... like a slave girl or something."

Her fingers rubbed at her clitty and then she shook her head to clear it.

"We have to get out of here," she said, as if to herself.

"Good bleeding luck. Three naked white girls in the arse end of Africa who don't speak a word of the local language. How are we supposed to get anywhere?"

"Well, we just need a plan."

"A plan?" Emily rolled her eyes in disgust. "How did you get here anyway?"

"I volunteered to come here to help vaccinate children."

Emily stared at her in disbelief.

"Well... well it was like, doing a good deed, you know? I thought I'd spend a few months helping the locals and..."

"Who knows you're here?"

"A lot of people know I came down here, well, not here, but to the city, to Mezona. No one knows where I am now, I suppose."

"A bloody do gooder," Emily said, shaking her head in disgust.

"There's nothing wrong with wanting to help others less fortunate," Beth said stiffly.

"Who's bloody less fortunate than us?"

"Well... I mean, when I arrived I..."

"Oh rap up."

"But I..."

"We're not going to get out of here. We're just going to wind up bloody nymphomaniacs like Sara. You're probably just as bad as her from the looks of you."

"I don't know what you mean?" Beth said stiffly.

"Think I can't see how you're looking at her, how you're wriggling around and keep wanting to touch yourself?"

"I see your nipples are quite stiff," Beth said resentfully.

"I just came back from a session with that bloody Frenchman, and with some of that bloody salve they rubbed against my pussy I couldn't very well stop him. After him a half dozen others raped me. And you know what I did when they raped me?" she demanded fiercely.

Beth shook her head.

"I begged for more! I came and came and whined like a bitch in heat and begged them to do me harder and faster! That's what!"

"I-I'm sure it was just the salve..."

"Right, and what's your excuse? You've been here longer than I have, right? You don't even need the salve no more. Nor does she!"

They both looked at Sara, who lay still, eyes closed, legs spread wide.

"Maybe after they start whipping me I'll turn into a raving nympho too," Emily said.

"Look, that still doesn't mean we should just give up. We need to form a plan and - Don't! Stop that!"

"Stupid bleeding do-gooder bitch!" Emily snapped, jamming a hand between Beth's legs.

"Don't!"

"Think you can plan things and escape?" Emily sneered.

She shoved Beth back onto her back, holding her by the hair as her fingers forced their way up into her pussy, two, three, then four of them, thrusting, stabbing crudely as Beth gasped and wriggled and fought weakly - very weakly.

Beth felt a powerful flow of sexual heat into her body, and found her will to resist the younger, slighter girl melting away.

"Don't," she whispered.

Emily sneered down at her, thrusting harder, grinding her knuckles over her pussy lips. Then she caught her clitoris with her thumb and began to grind that down.

"Oh! Ohh! Unnggh!" Beth cried, legs wide, hips starting to grind desperately.

"Yeah. Right. You're going to escape, all right," Emily sneered. "You're a mindless slag like Sara."

Beth wanted to scratch her face out, to punch her, to force her to admit that she was lying. But all her body wanted was to bathe in the pleasure rolling through it.

She cried out as the blonde girl slapped one of her breasts. She brought her arms over her breasts for a moment even as her hips began to roll and buck. Then she pulled them away, dropping her hands behind her head.

Another slap followed, and another, and another as the girl smirked down at her and roughly brought her off. Beth bucked furiously for long, long seconds, until spots danced before her eyes, then collapsed limply, panting for breath.

Emily took her hands away and turned back to staring broodingly at the door.

It was a novelty to be able to rape the white girl. But none of the guards were hard up for sex. They had full use of the willing and unwilling village girls nearby, with no fear of retribution. Still, while the novelty lasted, they did not want to be deprived of her services by the officers, which they surely would, just as had happened when they had stumbled upon another pair of white girls earlier in the week.

The first day, they had used her, one after another, until she was unconscious, and each had spent himself at least once or twice. As there were just over one hundred guards the girl was not very pleasant to look upon afterwards. Most of her body, from face to thighs, was covered in dried or semi dried semen. Her hair was dirty and matted to her face, and she smelled of sweat.

Uncertain what to do about her a few enterprising sergeants had taken her out into the jungle and staked her out in an open area as thunder boomed overhead. There was some conversation about the possibility lions or hyenas might get her and eat her, but the possibility was greeted with no great worry. The men, bored with their duties, had killed almost every animal within miles of the President's 'palace' with their machineguns.

So she was staked out, spreadeagled in a field and left overnight. It rained that night. Not a soft, gentle sprinkle, but a downpour such as Africa is capable of, a downpour that woke the girl, who coughed and sputtered from the water she had swallowed.

She tried to move and found she could not, could only stare up at the darkness as the rain pelted her. She squinted against the rain, then turned her head to one side to see her wrist bound to a stake driven into the ground.

She hurt all over, but especially between the legs and inside. For long, long minutes, or perhaps hours she simply lay there, too sore and too weary to do anything as the rain continued to pour. Eventually, a movement of her foot caught her attention - mostly because she had been able to move it.

She pulled again and found she could move it a little more. It seemed the stake was coming free now as the ground was soaked and softened.

She began to pull at the stakes holding her arms down and found that they too could be moved - a little. Eventually she was able to pull one hand free, then the other, and sit up. After a short time she worked up the energy to crawl over beneath a tree, which shielded her from most of the rain.

Most of the past few days was foggy, but she knew what had happened to her in the village, and from the bruises, aches, and flashes of memory she was almost as certain what the soldiers had done to her. What she was far less certain of was how to avoid all of it happening again.

The rain stopped, after a time, and the jungle was quiet save for a few odd birds. She heard the sound of an engine not far off, and turned to look that way. Engines meant people, which she wanted no part of. On the other hand, she could hardly walk out of Africa, or swim, for that matter.

What she needed to do was get well away from HERE. All Africans couldn't be bloody sexual madmen. But that certainly appeared to be the case in the general vicinity.

She made her careful way through the jungle to the area where the engine sounds had come from and found herself on a road, a rough track that was little more than ruts, really. Lights broke the darkness to her left, and she headed that way.

There were a couple of military trucks with their lights on and engines running. One was backed against an ugly looking stone building as men gathered around it loading it with boxes and bags. She kept to the shadows, watching. She had no idea where the trucks were going, but almost anywhere was better than here.

It started to rain again and she crossed the rutted track, made her way to the back of the first truck and climbed, with some difficulty, up over the rear tailgate and fell inside.

Beth stood perfectly still, heels together, naked, as two women carefully strapped her ankles tightly together. Another thick strap was wound around her legs just below the knees, then a third just above and a fourth around her thighs. She wondered idly if they thought she was supergirl to break free of even one.

The women pulled her arms together behind her back and strapped them tightly at the wrists, then just below the elbows, forcing her elbows back together so that her shoulders ached and her arms burned.

They sat her down, then pulled over a glistening black suit of leather, fitting her feet into it, then tugging it upwards. The material was tight, and both women had to pull hard to get it up her thighs. They pulled her out of the chair then and almost lifted her up to get the leather up across her rounded hips.

There were no arm holes in the suit. They pulled it up around her shoulders then zipped it - with no small difficulty, up from her belly to her neck. Beth could hardly move a muscle now, and had to breath in shallow breaths because of how tightly it squeezed her chest.

A heavy leather hood was fitted over her head then, tugged down, and zipped together around her throat. It had no eye holes, and only a small round hole over her mouth. A moment later her mouth was forced open, forced wider and wider as something was pushed roughly inside.

A heavy strap held it in place, buckled around her head. Then she was lifted and set down.

Sara watched as Beth was lowered into a padded black box. The inside of the box was shaped like a woman's body, with heavy foam padding all around. Beth was lowered stiffly into the box, then the lid was closed and locked tightly. The box itself was lifted up and placed into an ordinary wooden box, which was nailed shut by two men.

She stopped watching, then, as the women began to strap her arms back behind her.

Chapter Seven

The early arrival of the rainy season sent Umbwatha back to the capital before the roads - such as they were - could be washed out. Beth, Sara, and Emily spent the journey in a soft haze, blind, deaf, and sheltered from the elements. Kristin bounced uncomfortably in the back of the open truck. After a while she began rooting through the sacks and boxes, looking for further shelter, and eventually found one of Umbwatha's thick robes to wrap herself in. It was far too large, all but swallowing her, but it was warm and comfortable as she lay in the corner.

After hours of bouncing the trucks turned onto an actual road, and picked up speed. A few hours before noon they arrived in the capital. There they slowed again by foot traffic, goats, bicycles, and other cars and trucks. Kristin chose what seemed a favourable moment to slip over the rear tailgate, then ran into a back alley.

As unaware of her departure as they had been of her presence, the two trucks continued blithely on until turning into the guarded compound. There they were unloaded, including the three special boxes, and put in place for the king's return.

The three girls were lifted out of their boxes and unstrapped, their leather suits removed. Then each fed and watered, and was carefully washed. Their hair was brushed out nicely, and sweet perfume applied discretely to their bodies.

Their pubic hair was shaved, and golden collars were placed around their throats. Matching bracelets were placed around their ankles, and loose, gauzy halters were tied with what looked like strands of silk across their breasts. Matching strips of material dangled from thin chain belts around their waists.

They were left to themselves for a time, then several of the women arrived to stand them up and link their wrist restraints to chains overhead. Their legs were spread wide and chained that way, then the salve all had had some experience with was spread generously all over their bodies.

They were left to their own devices for another short period, for the salve to take effect, then a small, wizened woman in a robe arrived, made a face at them, and produced a long feather. She slid the feather up and down Beth's shaven pussy opening, taunting and teasing her until the girl began to roll and buck her hips in anguished need.

She smirked at her, then turned to Sara, who responded much faster and with even more eagerness and lust. With that accomplished she began to tease Emily into a state of arousal, tickling her nipples and stroking the feather across her rapidly swelling clitoris.

All three girls were quick to heat up but much slower to cool down, and the woman ensured none did buy idly stroking the feather over swollen breasts and moist pussy openings. The three girls panted and groaned and begged for more, thrusting their groins out imploringly but the woman only smiled. While she used timely applications of the feather to keep each straining and moaning she made sure none was stimulated enough to approach climax.

Finally, the three were unchained, though their wrists were fastened behind their backs. Then unsmiling women led them to the President's bedroom, slapping their behinds whenever any tried to rub her thighs together.

It was cool and damp in the palace, but all three were sweating and trembling as they were finally placed in a row before Umbwatha, who smiled broadly as his eyes moved over them.

"So, my lovely English girls!" he boomed. "You are lusting for your king's member, yes? And who shall get it first?"

His teeth gleamed.

"On your knees," he ordered.

Beth and Sara dropped immediately to their knees. Emily was a second behind.

"Your bellies," he ordered.

Again Emily was a bit behind the other two.

"Now crawl to your Lord and master and show him how you love him," he cooed.

Sara started wriggling forward instantly, gasping and panting as her breasts ground down beneath. Beth followed, and Emily, after an instant's anger passed over her face, hurried to catch up.

Umbwatha stood back smiling as the three naked girls writhed forward on their bellies to gather at his feet, licking and slurping at his toes as they begged him for his favour.

He roughly pulled them to their knees - by the hair, then undid his robe and threw it free. His belly jiggled slightly as it came free, but his cock sprang up thick and hungry. He seized it and teased each of them, rubbing it across outstretched lips and flitting tongues, chuckling at their eagerness.

He gazed lazily down at them, his eyes seizing on Emily. The blonde girl was noticeably less eager than the others. He had not worked with her as much as he should have, he recalled, but put her aside to concentrate on the others. She was smaller, her breasts not so full. And though blonde, her hair was not long and pleasing like the others.

But the momentary anger which flitted across her features, even as she vied for his attention, made him smile at her impudence. Foolish little girl, he thought.

"You have not tasted your Lord and master's manhood," he said to her, "Except for my likeness." He laughed uproariously. "I am told you felled in love with his mighty tool."

Emily flushed, but did not resist as he pulled her ahead of the others and pushed his cock against her mouth. Despite her anger she opened her lips eagerly, sucking and slurping amateurishly as he stroked his fingers through her short hair.

He thrust forward unexpectedly and she choked as his cock drove into her throat. Her eyes widened and she struggled briefly as he sneered down at her.

"Too long for you?" he asked tauntingly. "You will not think so soon!"

He pulled back, then picked her up bodily and flung her into the large bed. He snapped up the other two and pulled them to their feet, then threw them into bed after her.

He jumped in amidst the three, laughing, and quickly spread Emily's slender legs apart, raising her hips up.

Beth took his cock, pumping and squeezing it greedily, then inserted it into Emily's narrow opening. Umbwatha practically fell atop her, slamming his thick cock home in a single cruel thrust that drew an instant's scream from the slight girl before she began to shudder and convulse in orgasmic pleasure.

Umbwatha seized her ankles and jammed them back against the pillow to either side of her head, then pounded away with savage gusto, his cock spearing deep into the thrashing, sobbing, shrieking girl's belly as the springs of the bed bounced them up and down.

When her convulsions eased he grabbed Sara by the hair, pulling her down atop the girl and thrusting into her, with almost the same results. His teeth pulled up into a terrible grimace as he rode her through a colossal orgasm, then turned on Beth.

Beth joyfully spread her legs and groaned in ecstasy as he drove himself into her. She wrapped her legs around him and tried to kiss him, eagerly humping up against his pounding cock. Climax after climax rippled through her body before Umbwatha finally came and poured his creamy white into her hungry belly.

The three were far from sated, of course. Umbwatha let them give him a tongue bath, then take turns slurping and sucking him back into hardness. Then he toyed with them, letting one, then another ride his cock, pushing each girl off when it looked like she was about to climax.

He attached leashes to their collars, then pulled all to their hands and knees and walked them across the floor and into an adjoining room. This was Umbwatha's personal torture chamber. Whips, canes, crops and flogs covered the walls. Shelves were piled high with leather and chain. Chains hung from the roof in many places, and the floor was dotted with holes.

There were a number of odd looking devices and frames scattered around. Umbwatha led them to a simple post, a few inches around and a few feet high. A thick post was carved into the shape of a cock, tilted at a sharp angle.

Umbwatha pulled all three to their feet and pressed them together, facing each other. He stretched their wrists overhead and locked them together to the same ring dangling from a chain there. Then he pulled Beth back against the dildo.

She had to bend forward at the waist, and because of the pull of the chain on her wrists was forced to rise onto her toes to back her pussy against the post. The post was quite thick, and covered with sharp rubber studs. But she eagerly squirmed her tight pussy down over it.

Umbwatha fetched two more posts, and it required no more than to stuff their base into the waiting holes in the floor, turn them at the proper angle, and lock them into place for the other two girls to be backed against one each.

With his hands on their hips Umbwatha helped lift each up and settle her pussy down onto the posts.

Now their arms were together overhead, their faces and breasts pressing together, their backsides pushed back and raised and legs spread.

None was given permission to move, but all were too aroused to care. Each began to slowly grind her pussy up and down on the thick dildo, ignoring the pain as it scraped through her tender pussy, gasping and moaning excitedly as the pleasure rose. They

began to kiss, their breasts grinding together, and Umbwatha smiled and plucked a riding crop off the wall.

He moved behind Emily, gazing at the small rounded backside as it rose and fell, watching the thick cock-like post sliding in and out of taut, glistening pussy lips. The girl seemed to slight to ride such a thing so quickly.

He swung the crop down hard, and she cried out as it slashed across her buttocks. Her movements were thrown off, but she almost immediately began to ride up and down once again. Another blow followed, and another, yet her movements only seemed to become more desperate.

He circled the writhing, bucking females, lashing Sara's backside, then Beth's, then Emily once again, swinging harder and harder until all four were red and criss-crossed with angry welts.

He put down the crop and seized a Cat O' Nine tails, then circled them again, lashing their backs freely as they screamed and sobbed and writhed helplessly.

Excited once again, he placed himself behind the smaller blonde girl and forced his manhood up into her rectum, seizing her hips and thrusting violently, grasping and squeezing her breasts, then those of the other girls as he bit down on the nape of her neck.

When he came within her he pulled back and began to flog them once again, cursing them as trollops and whores as he rained blows upon their backs.

Screams of pleasure and pain filled the room as the girls endured the agony and revelled in the ecstasy.

Umbwatha switched to a longer whip. It was thin and quite flexible, and though he was no expert with its use neither was he unskilled. He aimed at the little blonde first, the whip swinging forward, down and angled, slicing across her lower back, downwards over her right hip, the end wrapping around her and snapping in against her pussy.

Her scream made his cock pulse once again. He drew the whip back and swung again, cutting across her back so the tip sliced in under her armpit and snapped at her breast.

He moved back to the counter and found three thick dildos, returning to force each up into one of the girls' rectums. Then he resumed his whipping, angling the whip to wrap around and strike at breasts and pussies.

He was erect yet again, and considering which of the moaning, weeping, grunting, humping girls deserved his seed when the door crashed open and a score of struggling men burst through.

Several began to shout and scream, pointing at Umbwatha and the writhing girls, and the struggles slowly eased as all the men turned to regard them. Umbwatha yelled angrily, while one of the men in the crowd yelled back, gesticulating at the white girls.

After further shouting and screaming Umbwatha was dragged away by a dozen of the men, while the others trailed along after. The last few cast long, lingering looks at the girls, none of whom had paid them any attention, all of whom continued to writhe and thrust their pussies back onto the posts, kissing and moaning and gasping in helpless passion.

They were left as they were for several hours, by which time all were exhausted and barely able to stand. Two Black men unchained them then and lifted them off the dildos. They were carried to another room, and there bathed, their bodies succoured.

They were given clothing to wear, good food to eat, and as much water as they desired, but they were not told anything, nor permitted to leave their room.

With nothing else to do they occupied their time making love, almost uncaring of who might walk in upon them. A number of times someone did, and gawked in disbelief as the girls continued to writhe and moan as if alone.

Finally, when the last mark had faded from their bodies, they were handed over to the British Ambassador, and driven away in an embassy car.

"Umbwatha's been overthrown," he told them, looking at them with distaste. "Word got out about the er... perversions in his palace, and the government was able to seize on this and portray him as a depraved deviant unfit to rule his people."

"Can we go home then?" Beth asked anxiously.

He nodded. "I am to see that you leave Mozambique immediately. The government wants none with your er, questionable morality within their borders."

"What do you mean our questionable morality?" Emily demanded.

The man gave her an unpleasant look. "The government has been most disturbed with your... your activities since you were released."

"We were bored," Beth said defensively.

"I'm sure," he said with curled lip.

"Hey, do you think we wanted any of that?" Emily demanded. "We were kidnapped and raped and tortured!"

He smirked knowingly. "From your behaviour, the government is quite sure you were willing participants in the debauchery Umbwatha surrounded himself with."

"It was the salve!" Beth protested.

"What salve?" he asked impatiently.

"That salve. They smeared it on our privates and we just... it makes you crazy for sex!"

"There's no such thing," he said dismissively.

"But..."

"I'm not interested in ridiculous excuses for your misconduct," he snapped. "Now please be quiet. You're a disgrace to your country. The government is half convinced you were responsible for Umbwatha's disgusting habits, and half inclined to punish you as they will him."

Sara and Beth choked back their words and sat back meekly. Emily, on the other hand, glowered defiantly.

"You priggish old fart," she said. "You haven't any idea what happened. Who do you think you are talking to us like this? What are you anyway, but a third rate diplomat in a fifth rate posting at the end of nowhere?"

"Now see here!"

"And you're going bald. You think you can hide it by combing your hair over, you pathetic little man? Well you can't!"

She berated him for the remainder of the journey, until he, like the other two, sat back meekly, looking out the window and not speaking.

The three got out at the little airport Beth remembered, and were immediately placed on a small RAF plane, which took off for England.

"Would you like a little drink, girls?" the stewardess asked.

Emily looked up in surprised at the voice, her jaw dropping.

"Kristin?!"

Sara exclaimed in astonishment, as well, having virtually forgotten the blonde girl, and Kristin sat down smugly across from them.

"What happened to you?" Emily demanded.

"I got away is what," Kristin said. "An old man brought me to the yank embassy, I guess cause he figured anyone white was likely a yank or a frog and I didn't speak french."

"When did this happen?"

"Last week. I told the yanks about you and I guess they told some other people and made some kind of revolution. Cool, huh?"

"We should thank them," Sara said, blinking her wide eyes.

Kristin waved her hand dismissively. "They were pleased as punch. They wanted to get rid of Umbwatha cause he was so friendly with the frogs. They were glad to hear something they could use against him."

The plane landed, and the four of them returned to their families, but all were effected to one degree or another.

Kristin, who had never been shy about using her body to get what she wanted, became even more flagrant and notorious. She was expelled after being caught naked with five men in the men's locker room. She wound up posing for a mens' magazine, and then made a lot of money making pornographic videos in Hollywood.

Sara seemed to have no will to resist anyone's advances, nor desire to, and was passed from one boy to another before a thuggish ex-student coerced her into prostitution. Emily, having just graduated and begun working, passed her one day and brought her back to her flat - where she exercised the sadistic impulses she had only begun to scratch in Mozambique and made her willing and eager slave.

Beth went back to school to get her masters degree. She went to work for the government but was bored, and eventually began to work for an upscale call girl organization which catered to very wealthy men who liked to spank girls. She charged a thousand pounds a visit and made her first million within three years.

King Umbwatha escaped to Switzerland, then with the aid of a billion pounds he was alleged to have embezzled and stolen, bought a castle in France.

Rumours of lewd and depraved activities at the castle soon began to circulate about the surrounding villages.