

Martinez threw a pail of water on Jamie's unconscious body, waking her with a sputtering groan. "Eet is not yet time for sleep, my lovely. I have only just begun my interrogation," he sneered.

Jamie looked back dully through swollen eyes, pain throbbing through her body from the numerous burns and blows she had received.

Major Fox still half stood, half sat on the edge of a table just behind the girl, her skirt was open and her hand down inside it, rubbing her pussy. Her eyes were wide and staring as she watched the brutality lavished on the helpless girl.

Martinez walked around behind Jamie, his hand reaching out and gently caressing her rounded buttocks.

"You have such a beautiful body, my dear," he sighed. "It will be such a shame if it must be torn and scarred.

He squeezed her buttocks hard, his fingers digging into the flesh.

He moved around in front of her again, pushing her chin up with his hand. "A body such as yours was made to give men pleasure, my little one. Tell me what I want to know and we will see to it that you fulfil that function with happiness."

I'll ship you to my cousin who owns a whorehouse, he thought.

"I... I... I don't... don't know anything," she groaned.

He sighed with regret and brought his fist into her belly, making her gasp with pain. "Perhaps you can remember if I help," he said.

His hand slid down to her pubic mound and cupped it gently. A single finger slid between her pussy lips, wriggling up inside her.

He pumped it slowly in and out, smiling greasily. "This is what you like, is it not?" He pulled his finger free and moved away, picking up something from a shelf. He came back and held it up to her. It was a foot long, and as thick as a very thick cock. Made all of steel, one end was rounded and the other had a small dial.

"This will help you remember, my little sweet one," he taunted. He twisted the dial slightly and a low buzzing came from the machine. He slid it down between Jamie's legs and touched it to her pussy. Prepared for pain, Jamie was surprised to feel only a mild tingling between her legs.

She held her breath, waiting for more, for a surge of pain, but still, there was only the tingle, not at all unpleasant. In fact, it felt rather... nice. Martinez rubbed the metal tool back and forth along her pussy slit as Jamie hung there, confused and hurting.

Then he pushed the rounded knob into her, just a little. She felt the thing's buzzing even more. It was very pleasant, and she couldn't help, even in her disoriented condition, wondering why he was doing something to her that didn't hurt.

Martinez pushed the thing deeper inside her, easing it up inside her belly, moving the buzz up into her abdomen. She sighed, blinking her eyes in mild relief as the pleasure mingled and diluted the pain coming from elsewhere on her body.

Then he grinned and flicked the switch. Suddenly the mild tingle up in her belly turned into a ferocious crackling pain. She shrieked at the top of her lungs, her guts writhing and churning as electricity ripped through them.

It was all Martinez could do to keep the thing inside her. Her body thrashed frantically, her legs kicking and spasming wildly. One of them knocked him away, unable to touch her body without getting shocked, he fell backwards.

The cattle prod slowly slid down the length of the flailing, jerking, howling girl's pussy tunnel, and fell buzzing onto the floor beneath her. Jamie continued to jerk and shake, her mouth grunting furiously in agonized pain. Slowly she settled down, finally hanging there, barely conscious, her body still twitching slightly.

Martinez picked up the implement and twisted the knob downwards,

grinning at the girl. "You see," he said, "I can give you pleasure or pain. Help me to give you pleasure. Tell me what I want to know."

He touched the thing to her pussy again, this time on low setting.

Jamie appeared not to notice. In a stupor, her mind was a ragged, twisted muscle of confusion and misery. He rubbed the device along her pussy, turning it up a notch. The buzzing became much more noticeable, sending more tingling into her body again.

Jamie groaned and her head pulled up and then fell back behind her. Martinez continued to rub the electric device up and down her slit, pushing it inside a few inches, then pulling it back out, concentrating it around her clitty.

The tingling in her pussy became more pronounced. Her legs began to twitch, to spasm slightly from reaction. Martinez noted the moistness of her cunt opening, and smiled to himself. He bent forward, sucking her abused right nipple into his mouth, and tonguing the ring.

His left hand descended to her pussy, pulling her pubic lips apart with his fingers. He slid the tube directly over her clit, sending the soft, humming tingle of desire shooting through her. She groaned again, a strange sound, combining pleasure and denial.

He felt her nipple stiffen in his mouth, and pulled his lips away, moving onto her right breast. His saliva eased the pain from the burned nubbin, and enticed it into hardness as well. Jamie was murmuring softly, desperately.

Bitch! Whore! Slut! Fox spread her legs wide and jammed her fingers deep into her pussy as she watched Martinez jerking the little blonde off with his electric dildo. Bet you just love that! Don't you, you cunt slut! Fucking little cocksucker!

She wished it was her there, so she could slam the thing up into the blonde's asshole! The fingers of her left hand closed into an angry fist as she pumped her pussy with her right. Cock loving little piece of fuck meat! she thought, intensely excited by the spectacle.

Jamie was groaning in something other than pain. Her hips were humping out against the electrified instrument as Martinez skilfully raised her excitement higher and higher.

"Fuck me! F... fuck me!" she whimpered.

"I did not hear you, leettle one."

"F... fuck m... me!" she whined.

"You want this inside you? Or maybe you want Martinez's big hard cock up your pussy hole?"

"NNNnghghaaaaaaa!" she groaned, throwing her head back. She nodded her head frantically, her teeth clenched tightly.

"All you have to do is tell me about the General's plan."

She closed her eyes, humping her loins toward the tube. Martinez jammed it hard against her clitty, making her cry out. "OH! OH! YES! OOOOoooo!..." He jerked it away swiftly, leaving her barren. She moaned in distress, rubbing her thighs together.

"Tell me about the plan and you will have a good hard rutting," Martinez promised.

"Oohhh... Noooo... I... I don't... know anythiiiiing!" she groaned.

"Then no rutting for you."

"P... Please," she begged, feeling a deep void in the centre of her lower belly. Martinez slapped her left breast hard, making it bounce to the side. She yelped in pain, her arousal dampening.

"You don't get notink for notink," Martinez said, regretfully.

He held the machine to the girl's pussy again, rubbing it up and down her pubic lips. She sighed and her head dropped backwards again. He rubbed it up and down, re-igniting the fire in her belly. She pulled her legs wide, trying to move them up around him, but he knocked them aside.

She pulled them apart again, opening herself up to him, her cunt rippling with an intense erotic craving, a desperate yearning desire for cock, for penetration, for hard driving hardness.

"Tell me about the plan," Martinez said, coolly.

"Ohhhhhh. Harder... Rub me haaaarrrderrrrrrr!"

"Tell me about the plan," he demanded.

"Don't... don't knowwwww."

He glared angrily.

"Fuck me... fuck... fuck me!" she gasped.

"You want a fucking, Beetch? I'll give you a fuckeeng!" He turned off the machine and tossed it on the shelf, then moved around behind her. Jamie moaned in denial as the wonderful buzzing hum stopped. Her chin dropped onto her chest.

Then Martinez pulled his hard cock out of his pants. He'd been hard since he saw this dirty little Yanqee slut, and intended to gain relief for himself, if not her. He pushed the fat cockhead against the girl's anus, and shoved forward, hard.

Jamie yelped, feeling her anus suddenly speared by a big hard object. She shook in her bonds, her mouth opening and closing as her flustered mind sought to come to grips with this new sensation. His cock moved higher and higher, setting her anus afire with pain.

Nina's eyes were dark with hate as she glared at Steve. Her mouth was covered with electrical tape, keeping her outraged curses down to a low murmur. Steve looked back just as coldly, but Charlie's eyes were alight with interest as they slid up and down her nubile body.

"You're going to tell me where the American Lieutenant is being kept," Steve said. She shook her head, sending another furious muttering series of curses through the tape. Steve's eyes narrowed. He swept the room with his gaze, fastening on to a nearly full bottle of tequila next to the bed.

"Get me that bottle," he said. Charlie regretfully tore his eyes off the naked girl and fetched it for him. "We'll see just how talkative you can get, Princess!" Steve said. He gripped the girl's hair and pulled her off the table, throwing her into the back of a chair and bending her far over it.

He took the long necked bottle and jammed it against her rectum. She squealed with outrage, kicking against the chair, but was helpless against his superior size and strength. He pushed the thin neck of the bottle firmly down into her hole and upended the bottle.

Inside, the alcohol bubbled it spilled down the tube into her body. Nina howled against the tape as her anus burned with fire. The tequila gurgled downward into her bowels, the level of tequila in the bottle slowly, slowly getting lower.

Nina felt her guts bloating up. She could feel the hot, burning liquid seeping into her pores, making her entire body glow with warmth. Her belly cramped, and her head spun, as the alcohol was quickly absorbed into her blood.

"Check the bathroom for a plug," Steve said. Charlie hurried into the dirty little room and returned with the small round piece of rubber. "Perfect," Steve smiled. The last of the liquid bubbled down the neck of the bottle and into Nina's ass and he pulled the thing free.

Tequila started to pour out of the girl's upended hole, but he quickly jammed the plug against it, forcing it into her. He picked up the electric tape and tore off a long strip, slapping it into the crevice between her cheeks and pulling it tight between her legs, over her anus and pussy, and up her abdomen and belly.

A second strip joined it, then a third and fourth. Nina's anal opening was locked as tight as a drum. Steve pulled her upright and whirled her around. He looked into her eyes, which were already dilating.

"We'll just give you a few minutes to get comfy." he smiled.

He put his hands around her waist and lifted her up, thumping her bottom down on the edge of the table. She moaned and wriggled her cheeks on the hard wood, her eyes darting from side to side.

Nina's mind was in turmoil. The alcohol was making the room spin, even through the dark haze it produced. She couldn't concentrate,

couldn't think straight. Her belly felt hot and fluttery, and she had a terrible cramp in her guts.

The cramp got worse and worse, sending pain shooting through her body. She moaned, trying to stand up, wanting to go to the bathroom. Steve held her still, then tore the tape from her mouth, replacing it with his hand before she could make any noise.

"All you have to do is tell us where the Lieutenant is," he said, in a reasonable tone. "Tell us where she is being held and we'll let you go to the bathroom."

She mumbled incomprehensibly as he pulled his fingers away.

"Tell us where the American woman is, you little commie slut!" he snarled, shaking her.

She looked at him uncomprehending, the level of alcohol in her bloodstream rising fast. He cursed and pulled out the big forty-four. Even through her muddled haze, she recognized it and pulled back in fear.

"You tell me where the American girl is or I'll shoot your fucking tits off!" he hissed.

"I... I... Se... Senor!" she whined. "I... they will... will hurt me!"

"I don't give a fuck what they'll do. I'll fucking kill you if you don't tell me!" he barked.

He ripped the electric tape downward from her belly, tearing out a huge chunk of pubic hair. She screamed in pain, and Charlie hurriedly covered her mouth.

Her pussy was exposed and Steve took the long barrel of the gun and pushed it into her all the way to the trigger guard. She looked down at it in terror. "Tell me where she is, you slut, or this'll be the last thing you feel up that little cunt of yours.

"Ho... hokay! Hokay! Doan... doan hurt me p... please!"

"Where?" he fucked the barrel in and out of her surprisingly tight little hole, feeling the tightness of her body sucking on the cold steel. She closed her eyes and let her head drop back and Steve cursed, thinking she might be losing consciousness from the alcohol.

"Ooooooh... my belly... my belly hurt me!" she whined.

"Tell me where the American is!" He jammed the barrel up her pussy again.

"She... she at the camp."

"Where's the fuckin' camp?"

"On... on south face of Rojas mountain, at the old mining camp," she gasped, twisting and writhing on the table.

"Se... senor! Senor!" she panted, looking up at him. "Put... put your organ in me! Put your c... cock in me." He looked down in surprise.

"The pain!" she moaned. "The pain is so goooooooodddd. Ohhhhh. Put your cock in me! Pleeeeeaaaaaaseee!" she begged.

"I don't believe this." Steve shook his head.

"Wow." Charlie grinned. "You gonna plug her?" he looked at the girl, shivering on the table, looking at him imploringly.

"No way."

"P... Pleeeeeeeeeeaaase!" she moaned.

"I'll do it then!" Charlie said eagerly, pushing him out of the way.

"We don't have time for this."

"It won't take long."

He looked at her pussy for a minute. "Course, bein' a whore, she might have somethin'."

"Leave her and let's go."

"I know. Alcohol is a disinfectant, ain't it?" he grinned, gleefully.

He turned her around onto her belly, bending her forward over the table. She moaned at the added pressure on her liquid filled gut. He tore the tape up then, ripping it off her, and removing most of her pubic hair. She yowled in pain, just as he fished around inside her anus for the plug and yanked it out.

Liquid started to seep out of her anus, but not for long. Charlie

replaced the rubber plug with one made of flesh, jamming his cock deep into her rectum with a single furious thrust.

Liquid spurted out from around his cock as his cockhead and shaft were engulfed in it's burning heat. He pulled his cock backwards, and then thrust forward again, making Nina scream with pleasure as the tequila sloshed back and forth inside her.

He fucked her furiously, oblivious to the warm liquid that spurted out around his dick every time he drove into her, aware only of the tightness of her slippery anal tunnel, and the intense arousal he was experiencing.

Tequila gushed out of her hole as he fucked harder. His hands pulled her thighs further apart and opened up her rectum even more. He plunged back and forth inside her, the dark liquid churning inside her and spewing out of her anus around his sliding, pistoning cock.

She moaned, grunting insensibly as her body burned with arousal. She banged her forehead on the table, jamming her bottom back to meet Charlie's spearing thrusts. Her entire belly exploded repeatedly as she came in a gut wrenching series of orgasm.

Even more pressure was placed on the tequila as her muscles spasmed and pushed it downward towards Charlie's stabbing cock. He felt like he was fucking her underwater as his cock ached with desire, then erupted in a shooting flood of cum that joined the tequila in her bowels and made a silvery, slimy stew.

Steve watched it without excitement, his eyes seeing Charlie's cock stab deep into the girl's backside, only made him wonder if Jamie was all right, or if she was also being so rudely sodomised.

Martinez clutched her belly, hugging her tight against him as his balls pressed up between her silky buttocks. His cock was buried up inside the quivering blonde girl's anus, throbbing and pulsing inside her as she moaned in despair.

He drew it down and out, the long, hard length of it emerging from the grip of her tight little hole and into the light of the dirty little cabin. Then he pushed forward, forcing it back up inside her. "You wanted to... to get... fucked," he panted. "You's gonna git fucked!"

He gripped her thighs, pulling them wide and back, spreading her buttocks apart as he began to pump in and out of her with a steady stroke. Major Fox looked on in glee, then stood up and slowly walked around in front of her former aide.

Jamie didn't notice her at first, which annoyed her. She gripped Jamie's hair and pulled her head back until the dazed girl was looking her in the face. "Hello, my dear," she said. "Are you enjoying yourself? I'm sure a dirty little cock loving slut like you must love getting a hard cock up her asshole."

Jamie blinked her eyes and looked away. The Major pulled her hair angrily, forcing her attention back on her. "Don't you recognize me, little darling? Or have you forgotten already?"

"M... ma... maj-or?" she gasped.

"That's right, little slut."

"H... how... how..."

"Because I told them where you'd be darling. I could see how much you liked men's cocks and I knew you'd find plenty of them here. I hope you're grateful."

She stroked Jamie's aching right breast as the girl stared up at her.

Martinez was fucking her with harder and harder strokes. Having loosened up her anus, he was using the full length of his cock to pound up and down the girl's tight little tube. He loved fucking girls in the asshole, especially snotty ones like this Yanquee.

He twisted his hips from side to side, jabbing the cock against her from different angles, rutting into her with a furious anger and desire. His cock slid in and out of her tight little hole, appearing and disappearing, then reappearing, as if by magic.

The hot, smelly skin of his crotch pressed tightly against Jamie's smooth white buttocks, rubbing from side to side and mashing the flesh. His hands roughly roamed her body, fondling her with debased excitement.

Jamie felt herself impaled on the man's hard purple cock. It embedded itself high in her lower belly, setting off steaming sensual energy in her nearby barren pussy hole. Her head nodded dazedly as her sex clenched and unclenched and her anus suffered the hard, brutal invasion of Martinez's prong.

His fingers, like steel claws, were tightly clenched around her thighs, up high, pulling them apart, as he began a steady stroking motion against her. His long tool slid in and out of her, rasping back and forth against her rubbery anal walls.

Despite her pain, Jamie's burning pussy began to absorb the sexual energy coming from her anus. Though not intended to, the ruthless sodomy was reigniting the fiery passion that Martinez had raised with his electric prod. Jamie trembled and shook, but more and more it was with pleasure, rather than pain.

Martinez did not notice, and even had he, he would have done nothing. He was enjoying her tight rectum too much to stop and remember that he was supposed to be punishing her. Fox noticed, though, with considerable disgust and anger. She stepped back to watch the blonde girl's eyes as they glazed over with bliss.

"Fuuuuck," Fox said with disgust. "You dirty little cock hole! This really is what you were made for. Isn't it? This is all you're good for you slutty little cunt-pad!"

She got even angrier as Jamie's excitement mounted and became more obvious. She shook her head in revulsion as the blonde revelled in the hard anal raping she was receiving.

"How could I ever have thought of you as strong enough to be with me?" she sneered.

She grabbed Jamie's right breast and squeezed hard, twisting it around to bring pain to the blonde. Yet the pain only added, piggy bagged onto the overload of sensations sweeping through Jamie's delirious brain.

Jamie was grunting like a pig, her anus well ridden by Martinez's fat cock. Martinez could hardly fail to note now that the girl he was supposedly ass raping, seemed to be enjoying her punishment. But he didn't care now. In fact, he took a perverse pride in it, in making the snotty Yankee girl cum even as he ripped up her anus.

He fucked harder, his cock a blurring piston as it drove in and out of the girl's ruptured anal opening. His hips slapped against her buttocks, setting the malleable flesh of her breasts bouncing and jiggling wildly. He only wished he had more hands so he could squeeze her titties as well.

Major Fox was taking care of that for him. Though not as he would. She slapped at Jamie's tits with her open hands, hitting each of them cruelly, throwing them up and down and from side to side. She pulled the belt off her skirt and doubled it up, using it to whip the two swollen sacks of sensitive mammary meat.

Her belt flew against them again and again, cracking down with agonizing force, leaving bruises and welts in their wake. Dark red lines of pain appeared on the milky white globes, as Jamie howled and screamed. Whether she was screaming in agony or pleasure, Fox couldn't tell, which made her even angrier.

She stopped for a moment, tired and sweating, her eyes glaring daggers at the shaking, shuddering blonde girl. Jamie's mouth gaped, her tongue hanging out. Her eyes were closed tightly and she trembled all over.

Yet the sounds coming from her were not those of one in pain.

"Yessssss... yessssss... ooooooo... oooooohhhhh... oohhhhhhh... " she wept. "Fuck... fuck..."

"You good for nothing whore!" Fox hissed.

"Nnnngghghg... Nnnnggghhh... more... mooooreee...."

"I'll give you more, you cunt!"

Fox's teeth gnashed. She looked around for something else to use on the spasming blonde, and her eyes fixed on the electric torture tool sitting on the shelf.

Jamie's body was a flaring nova of sexual energy. It was as if her entire body had become one large, raw sexual organ that was now pulsing and throbbing and exploding with ecstasy. A massive orgasm blasted through her system, numbing her to all else as it shook her slim frame. Long seconds passed where she could do nothing, think of nothing, where her body shivered and rocked to the pounding pleasure of the orgasm.

So high was it, that even when she passed the precipice and started back down to earth, her body shivered and rolled in wondrous pleasure.

Martinez felt his cock squeezed by the grip of a hard sucking vortex. It sucked his cock up into Jamie's belly, threatening to tear it physically from his crotch as the girl's body rocked and sizzled through an orgasmic inferno.

It was too much for his control. His cock exploded, blasting scorching hot, white wads of semen high and deep into the girl's clutching guts. Pulse after pulse raced through his cock as he emptied his seed into her body. His own orgasm reached its apex.

At that moment, an enraged Fox jammed the fat metal tube as deep into Jamie's body as it would go, shoving the end right up inside her, past her pussy lips. Her fingers could barely reach the dial as she twisted it as far over as it would go. She yelped with pain as the mere contact with the girl's flesh sent electricity crackling against her fingers.

She jumped back to watch as Martinez shrieked, his cock engulfed in the sudden powerful flash of electric juice and sending him flying back across the room, clutching his scorched cockknob.

Jamie let out an eerie howl of madness. Her own orgasm had barely subsided, yet still, she had been quickly climbing towards another glorious peak when the surge of power hit her belly. Her mind was shattered, split asunder into a million pieces.

It was as if a stick of dynamite had exploded in her belly. Her parts fragmented and burst asunder, each twisting and shaking and writhing in mindless abandon. Her body thrashed furiously, like a fish just out of water. Her legs flopped and kicked, shooting high into the air in all directions.

Her body twisted and quivered in a paroxysm of crackling contortions. Her body was being consumed from within, burned from a white hot volcano in her belly that sent hot lava gushing forth in all directions. Jamie's mind was blasted repeatedly by hurricane force gales of unstoppable, unsurvivable sensations.

The force of the mutated orgasm that had enveloped her was such that her body's own stores of energy were rapidly dwindling. Her nerve endings danced and shook and quivered, finally seared to numbness by the fury of the sensory storm.

Wild, delirious visions passed before Jamie's unseeing eyes, madness racing towards her as the orgasm kept on and on and on, its fire searing her body in its bath of unstoppable climaxes. One after another, the climaxes slashed across her body, like a whip tearing hunks of flesh from her, they hit her with bone jarring force.

Her pussy sucked and rippled and burned as if someone had stuffed a lit torch up inside. Her body was rocked by astounding rapture. Her spine crackled like a high tension line, rippling electricity shooting up and down the ultra sensitive structure.

What finally ended it was her inability to control her most basic bodily functions. For in the vortex of howling sensations, she simply could not even remember, nor could her convulsing body, to breath. The lack of oxygen gradually brought her sense to a blissful peace.

SEVEN

They left Nina tied up in the closet, a barely conscious smile of satisfaction on her lips. Steve was in a hurry to reach the mountain camp she had told them about and didn't want to stop to hide her any more securely. Besides, he reasoned, she wouldn't dare tell anyone that she had told them the location of the camp. The first thing the guerrillas would do would be to execute her as a traitor and weakling.

Leaving now would get them there just after dark, which was the best time for them if they wanted to have any hope of rescuing Jaime. He and Charlie had extensive training in night raids, and neither thought the scruffy, ragged, half trained guerrillas would give them much difficulty, especially at night.

Oh, there would be guards out of course, but, especially at night, most of the guerrillas would be gone from the camp on raids. Those remaining on guard would not have the sophisticated night vision gear or electronic detection equipment that they were trained to evade.

Compared to sneaking into a Russian nuclear weapons facility, which they had done only months before, entering the guerrilla compound would probably be a snap. They drove as close to the mountain as they dared, most of the driving being off the road for fear of land mines and ambushes. Then the two hiked through the jungle, carrying their equipment on their backs.

They moved very slowly until the dusk finally gave way to darkness. Then they were able to put on their night vision goggles and move faster, without fear of being spotted first by a guerrilla patrol. They easily evaded several such groups as they made their way up the hill.

In truth, they hardly needed the goggles. The guerrillas, confident of their strength so close to their base, were clumsy and careless. They talked and laughed amongst themselves, smoked foul smelling cigarettes, whose scent was carried on the wind, and used lights extravagantly. They also moved through the thick bush with all the grace of a herd of elephants.

Steve and Charlie were able to pull up in thick bush just outside the guerrilla's base without having even seen a guerrilla, let alone getting spotted themselves. They lay on their bellies, studying the layout of the camp and watching and listening for dogs and guards.

They waited for a half hour before a single guard strolled leisurely past them. His assault rifle was hanging across his back and his hands were occupied with eating something out of a bowl. He paid no attention whatsoever to his surroundings, in fact, he tripped over a rock and fell down, cursing loudly.

Charlie gave Steve a sour look and then shook his head and grinned. Still, they were professionals, and didn't intend to get caught off guard. They lay there waiting to see if anything new appeared.

It was another hour before a guard passed them again, this one was a different man, one with a thick black beard. He seemed more alert than the previous guard, though it would have been difficult not to. Still, he didn't show any particular interest in looking from side to side. His gaze was more on the ground in front of him.

Had they been in a more capable camp, Charlie and Steve might have worried that he was being careful not to trip any mines or other booby traps. What they figured here, was that the other guard had complained of having tripped and this one didn't want to skin his knees.

Neither had been able to spot any sign of sentries in the trees or any tower of any sort. If anyone but them was watching this side of the camp, they were being extremely professional and quiet about it.

"Security here is a fucking joke," Charlie whispered. Steve nodded tightly.

"Got any idea where they'd keep her?"

"I don't see any guarded buildings, such as they are," Steve whispered back.

"Maybe they'll torture her and we'll hear her screaming, like in the movies," Charlie suggested.

Steve glared at him and Charlie shrugged.

"We'll go in now," Steve said, rising to a crouch and moving quickly into the camp. Steve stayed put, covering him with his Uzi until his partner reached the cover of a thick bush outside a shack. Then an arm appeared from the bush, waving. Charlie rose and scurried across the open terrain until he too was in the bush.

Steve pointed at the shack and Charlie nodded. He turned his back and scanned the silent camp as Steve raised his head above the glassless window and peered in with his goggles. A moment later, he crouched down beside Charlie, shaking his head and pointing at the next shack.

Charlie went first this time, hurrying across until his back was against the shack. Steve followed, then covered his friend as Charlie checked inside through the window. He crouched down again, putting a finger to his lips and raising his eyebrows. Steve knew that meant there were people sleeping inside.

They moved from shack to shack, checking each of them out and finding no sign of Jamie, until Steve finally looked into one shack and spotted a man on the floor, his arms tied around a post. He knelt down and shook his head at Charlie, then nodded and pointed to the shack. This indicated that Jamie wasn't inside, but they were going in anyway.

It took only seconds to pick the lock and sneak inside, closing the cheap door behind. They hurried over to the man, who was wearing an American field uniform. He seemed to be asleep. Steve shook him and the man's eyes slowly opened. He gazed at them without seeming to see them, and Steve finally realized that it was so dark in the shack that he probably couldn't.

"We're with the Army," he whispered. "We'll cut you loose and take you out of here."

"Fucking A, man!" the man replied.

"Are you Private Hanlon?"

"Yeah, man."

"Where's Lieutenant Connel?"

Hanlon shook his head resignedly. "I don't fuckin' know man. They took her out of here and I never saw her again. That was hours ago. I don't think she's still alive."

"What the fuck do you mean she ain't alive?" Steve hissed.

"Aww man, you should have seen what they did to her, before they even took her away. They stripped her and raped her for most of the day. When they drug her in here, she looked half dead already. Then they took her out o' here a while ago and I could hear her screaming from across the compound. I don't know what they was doin' but it stopped hours ago."

"Which building was it coming from?" Steve demanded.

Charlie had been working on the ropes and managed to free Hanlon's hands. They helped him stand up and he pointed down the way they'd come. "It was from that direction, one of those shacks."

"We been to all those shacks. She ain't in any of them," Charlie sighed.

"Like I said, she's probably dead."

"She ain't dead until I see her dead," Steve snarled.

He gazed across the camp angrily, then turned back to Hanlon. "Who's the fucker in charge here?" he demanded.

"I dunno man. There's the leader, I think his name is Jesus or somethin'. But the guy who did the questioning, was a Cuban. I don't know his name."

"You know where his cabin is?"

"Naww. I was in here almost the whole time. His cabin is that way, though." he pointed in the direction of the shacks they had yet to

search.

"You'd know him if you saw him?"

Hanlon nodded.

"Okay, Hanlon. You're coming with us. We're gonna find this fuckin' Cuban and make him show us the girl, whether she's alive or dead. We ain't leaving her here unless we're sure she's dead."

"I'm with you man," Hanlon said.

Finding the Cuban was easier than they'd thought. His quarters were only three huts over. Hanlon recognized him sound asleep on his cot and crouched down beside the other two, nodding wildly.

Martinez was dreaming about Cuba conquering the United States and him being named governor of California. He had a vast harem of slutty Yankee girls for his pleasure and fucked a different one several times a day. He was dreaming about ass fucking a gorgeous movie star he'd seen in a magazine recently, when someone woke him up.

He was furious, and jerked up quickly with a snarl on his face, until he saw the round hole of a gun barrel in front of his nose. He opened his mouth and the long barrel was jammed past his teeth breaking one painfully. "One word and I'll blow your fucking head off, Commie!"

He shook his head, or at least, tried to. The gun in his mouth made movement difficult. "I'm gonna ask you just one question and you're gonna answer it. You got that?" the voice hissed. He tried to nod his head.

"Where is the American Lieutenant that was brought here?"

Martinez's heart sank. The gun slowly slid out of his mouth and he gazed at the darkened outlines of several men above him. "I... I don't know, Senor," he whined.

The gun drew back and then slammed forward against his nose, breaking it. A gloved hand silenced his cry of pain.

"I'll ask you once again, Pedro. Where is she?" the voice demanded.

"But... but Se... Senor, she is no longer here."

Steve's breath released slightly. At least she was not dead. "Where is she?" he repeated.

"The woman took her away an hour ago."

"What woman? Where?"

"The American woman."

"I know that, imbecile! Who took her away?"

"The American woman, the other American woman, the Major. She took the young one away."

Steve looked at Charlie, who shrugged.

"Where did she take her?"

"I... I'm not sure."

Another gun, this one with a silencer on the end jabbed his ear. "You want to live to see the dawn, asshole?" a voice asked.

"She said... she said she was taking her to Ferdisto port to sell to the brothel there."

"Shit! That fucking dyke bitch!" Steve snarled.

Just then a man hurried into the shack, slamming the door open.

He was coming to tell the Cuban that the American had escaped, Hanlon, that is. He got just inside when he saw the three forms over the bed. He gave a yell and turned around, running back through the doorway.

"That's torn it," Charlie said. He jumped to the doorway and sighted on the screaming man's back, firing a short burst that knocked the running man head over heels and left him dead in the dirt. The camp erupted in turmoil, men running half dressed, from the various huts and shacks, looking around for the source of the shooting.

Charlie was back in the Cuban's hut, with the door closed, so they didn't realize at first. The guerrillas ran all around the camp searching for the attackers, finding only the body of the man Charlie had shot. Meanwhile, Charlie and Steve watched out the rear window, waiting for the few nearby soldiers to run further away.

Martinez pulled an old revolver from under his pillow then. Hanlon,

who was supposed to be watching him, had his back turned and was looking over Steve's shoulder. Martinez's first shot tore open the back of Hanlon's head. The second and third slammed into his back with deadly, but ultimately pointless force.

Steve and Charlie turned in opposite directions and dived low. Charlie's Uzi opened up at once, sending a line of slugs ripping across the far wall, and then tearing through Martinez's belly, nearly cutting the man in half.

"Let's get the fuck out of here!" Steve shouted. He jumped through the back window, firing at the group of Guerrillas who had come close. Two of them died at once, while a third dove behind another shack.

Steve followed him, shooting a stream of bullets into the corner of the shack where he knew the man was crouching. There was a gargled cry and the man fell forward onto his face. The wood was too cheap and thin to protect him from the bullets.

"Go!" Steve shouted. He popped a fresh clip into the Uzi and began spraying the bullets towards the far side of the camp. Charlie raced across the clearing, holding his own Uzi out towards the guerrillas with one hand and spraying indiscriminately to keep their heads down.

He jumped head first into the bushes, rolled several times and popped a fresh clip into the Uzi, then Steve raced across the clearing and he fired short, three shot bursts towards the congregation of Guerrillas. Bullets zipped past overhead, and one thumped into the dirt inches from his elbow.

Steve reached the woods safely however, a tribute to poor marksmanship. The two of them half crawled, half ran away from the camp, angling off to confuse pursuers. The guerrillas immediately followed them, swarming through the bushes carelessly.

They stopped in a low gully, reloaded and waited. Seconds later a mob of guerrillas raced over a low hill and the two opened up, cutting down half a dozen in seconds. The others dove for cover as the two of them hurried along the gully, then climbed out and ran for it.

The pursuit slowed down considerably after that, and they had little difficulty dodging the patrols and making it to their jeep. Steve wasn't happy at this success, though Charlie let out a sigh of relief when he stepped on the gas and the jeep sped away.

"Great. Just great," Steve growled. "We get Hanlon killed and still have no real idea where Jamie is."

"She's in that port, what'd he call it? Ferdisto."

"Where in Ferdisto? Ferdisto is a town of about forty thousand people, man."

"No shit? Well, we just gotta find..."

"The Major?"

"I dunno. Think she'll come back to camp?"

"By then it'll probably be too late."

"Too late for what? So the girl get's dumped in a brothel. So what." Steve glared at him and Charlie through his hands in the air with frustration.

"Let's face it man, according to Hanlon they already done everything to her that can be done. Hell, a brothel would probably be a relief for her."

"I don't want a bunch of fat fucking scumbags to be jumping her bones for five bucks a pop!" Steve growled.

"Okay, okay. Neither do I. I'm just saying that at least she'll still be alive."

"Unlike that fucking Major when I get my hands on her."

At that moment, Jamie was trudging through the bush behind Major Fox. Martinez had been lying when he'd said she had left already. At the time the shooting had broken out, she was still in the camp, tied to the table in the same hut Martinez had sodomized her.

Fox had grabbed her at once, dragging the dazed girl out of the back of the hut and into the jungle. As the firing mounted, she'd thought

the camp under attack by some kind of commando force and had headed deeper into the jungle.

Jamie was still naked, her hands tied behind her back. Fox had tied a six foot rope around her throat and dragged her along behind her as she made her way through the dense undergrowth. Jamie's soft skin was scratched and scraped repeatedly by the brush and branches she passed through.

Having her hands behind her made it impossible to fend them off, something Fox was aware of. She took delight in pulling the helpless girl through the densest tangles of brush she could find. Jamie's body was soon covered in thin red scratches below the waist.

Her feet were soon aching and stinging from multiple bruising contacts with sharp stones and sticks, making it hard for her to walk.

Fox wouldn't slow down, and the rope around her neck forced Jamie forward.

Only when the shooting had disappeared in the distance, did Fox slow down somewhat. She gazed behind her at the panting, bleeding girl, her lip curling into a sneer. "What's the matter, little baby? Can't keep up?" she cackled.

She pulled the rope sharply, causing Jamie to fall forward onto her already bruised knees. "I'm going to have to leave you here for a little bit, slut, while I go and find a car," she sighed.

She looked around for a likely spot, then half dragged Jamie across the dark clearing to where a large tree had fallen.

She hauled the rope across the thick trunk, jerking Jamie along behind it until she was sprawled on her belly, the rough bark scraping her breasts and stomach. Her knees dug into the soft dirt beside the trunk as

She chortled gleefully as she dragged the blonde girl along the trunk, causing Jamie to moan and yelp at the pain caused by her soft flesh rubbing across the rough bark. Jamie gave a frightened yelp as her right foot left the ground and she almost fell.

Her foot kicked back and forth, finding purchase just as she was about to be strangled. The tree had fallen across a small, but deep little gully, where a stream passed. The gully was about three feet wide and three feet deep.

Jamie supported herself easily enough with a foot on either side, though her position was awkward as she lay belly down across the trunk. Fox walked up next to her and leaned with her elbows on the trunk. "Now listen little girl, as long as you stay quiet, you'll be fine. If you try to wiggle around, like maybe, to escape, you'll probably strangle on the rope here."

She patted Jamie's bottom and snickered nastily. "It shouldn't be long. Maybe I'll see you when I get back. On the other hand, if you're dead by then, I hope you end up somewhere with plenty of cocks."

She swatted her on the head and then walked away.

To say she was uncomfortable was an enormous understatement. The rope was cinched tightly around her throat, and her widely spread legs soon began to ache from their unnatural position. She was not fully across the trunk, so most of her remained was on her legs.

With her legs stretched as they were, there was no way for her to clamber up higher on the trunk and drape herself across it. In fact, both her feet were only inches from the gully, and any movement was extremely dangerous. The pressure of the rope was steady and unyielding and she had not the least doubt that the Major had tied it so she would strangle if she lost her footing.

Hours passed. She had no way of keeping time here in the dense undergrowth. Her legs ached with a terrible pain, especially high up in her thighs and groin. Bugs kept crawling over her and biting her, and once, a bat had flown right past her head, making her squeal with fright.

She could hardly move her head at all, let alone her body. So when she thought she heard a noise close to her, a kind of soft hissing

sound. She could only turn her head a little ways and look out of the corner of her eyes. What she saw made her wish she couldn't have even done that.

There was a snake on the tree trunk. She didn't know how long it had been there, but prayed fervently for it to leave. For long, long minutes, it stayed where it was, then it gradually started to move... towards her.

She watched it with bulging eyes, trying to identify it with the army training photos she'd been shown. It looked, she finally decided in horror, like a cobra! It's dark, she told herself. You can't be sure. The thing was long and thin and shined in the low light.

She hardly dared breath as it slid right up to her back. It was all she could do to prevent herself from screaming at the top of her lungs as the thing slid up onto her back, it's surprisingly smooth scales rubbing coldly across her skin.

She prayed fervently for the thing to crawl off the other side, but it was in vain. Snakes loved warm places, and this one had found one. Her body heat was far more attractive to him than anything else at that moment, for the night was growing chill.

It explored the warm thing it had found, sliding upwards to her hair, then going over her shoulder and sliding under her head, right under her throat in fact, and coming out the other side. It slid back over her other shoulder and back along her spine, sliding over her right buttock, and then winding around her upper thigh.

She closed her eyes in horror, feeling her skin itch and burn wherever the snake's skin made contact. It seemed to leave an oily trail behind it as it slid down he leg a little ways, then retreated. It sensed a change in heat a little above itself, a warmer place than where it now was.

It slid back upwards and across her buttocks, then poked it's head down between her legs to her pussy opening. Because of the long hours she had been standing with her legs spread wide, Jamie's pussy slit had opened slightly and from within came more heat than lay on the surface of her body.

Jamie couldn't help herself. When the snake's head pushed against her pussy she screamed. She clamped her mouth closed quickly, waiting for the fatal bite that would shoot poison into her body. The snake had stopped moving. It lay absolutely still, half wound around her upper leg, the rest on her back and buttocks.

She didn't move. Neither did the snake. Finally, it seemed to loose some of it's wariness. It moved towards her pussy again. Its head pushed against her pussy, seeing if there was room within. The elastic pubic lips obligingly allowed themselves to be pushed open.

More heat came to the snake's senses. It delighted in it and pushed harder against the opening, wriggling its body to push forward. It's head slid inside Jamie's pussy, then an inch of body, then a second, a third, a fourth, a fifth...

Jamie was gulping softly, her body rigid with terror. She couldn't dare move, not to even close her legs. Either she would be bitten or she'd strangle herself. She felt the thing half way up her pussy and its hard little body kept wriggling further, six inches... seven... eight... nine... ten... eleven.

Her pussy was spread wide by the powerful snake's body. It was wider than any cock she'd ever taken, even in her multiple rapes since her capture. Her pussy hurt from the pressure of the hard body inside it, but Jamie could do nothing about it.

She held still as the snake tried to work it's way in deeper. Finding it's forward way blocked, the snake tried to draw in more of it's body and force the walls of this tight, but wonderfully warm tunnel further apart. There was give in the rubbery walls and it coiled slightly in on itself, drawing in more of it's body.

Jamie felt the snake bunching up inside her belly. Her aching became more and more painful, turning into a terrible sharp pain that was

worse than any cramping she'd ever experienced. She was bulging inside herself as the snake tried to make room within her.

"Well, well, well. What have we here?" Major Fox said, standing slightly behind her.

"Major!! Oh Major! Quick! Do something! Oh Please! Please!" she wept.

"I dunno, slut, it looks like your cunt is finally filled like you wanted."

"Oh Please! Please! Please!" she begged in a ragged, hissing whisper.

"What do you suggest I do, pull it out by the tail. I bet that pisses him off enough to bite your juicy little cunt."

Jamie gritted her teeth. Fox was right. Fortunately the snake, having found the little burrow too tight for it's comfort, began to double back and slide back out of her. Fox jumped back as the snake's hissing tongue appeared from the opening.

"Yech. Ugly thing," she said.

Alert to her movement, it watched her carefully, hissing warningly as it slid out of Jamie's pussy and then dropped off her into the gully. Fox watched as it hurriedly slid away.

"All gone, baby. Too bad. Now your cunt's empty again," Fox grinned, slapping her behind.

She untied the rope and pulled Jamie back. The exhausted girl immediately collapsed, her legs too tired to support her.

"Move your skinny little ass!" Fox glared, nudging her with the toe of her boot.

"C... can't," Jamie whined.

"You move your ass, bitch," Fox ordered.

She brought her boot down on Jamie's left tit and put more and more weight upon it, then started twisting her foot from side to side as Jamie whimpered in pain.

"Move it or I'll cut your fuckin' tits off!" Fox ordered, jerking on the rope and hauling Jamie to her feet.

She pulled her after her more than a mile through the bush to where she'd parked a stolen jeep, then hurled her into the back, covered her with a tarp, and drove south, towards Ferdisto.

EIGHT

Major Fox drove for an hour before the dawn approached. She wasn't sure whether any kind of alert had been put out for her yet, and wasn't going to risk travelling during the day. She drove off the road a good mile before stopping the jeep.

"We'll get some sleep, little pussy, and get a start later in the day,"

She got out and hauled back the tarp, dragging Jamie out of the jeep after her. The little blonde staggered weakly as Fox, with the rope over her shoulder, hauled her across to a tree and tied the rope around a tall branch.

She left Jamie standing there and went back to the jeep, fetching out a sleeping roll and some other equipment. She brought them back and set up a little camp. She had a small stove which she fired up, and proceeded to make bacon and eggs.

She ate them down happily while Jamie stood by the tree, on her tiptoes to keep from strangling. Jamie looked at the food hungrily, the smell making her long empty belly rumble alarmingly. After Fox had finished eating, though, she dumped the remainder and turned off the stove.

She drew back the top of the sleeping roll and began getting undressed. Jamie was afraid, for a moment, that she was going to leave her standing like that. When Fox was naked, having folded her clothes carefully and placed them on a tree stump, she walked over to Jamie.

"I can never sleep without jerking off first, little pussy," she grinned. "But since you're here, I won't have to."

She unfastened the rope from the tree and led the wobbly, weak-kneed girl over to the sleeping bag. She sat down, then lay back, tugging Jamie down onto her knees between her legs. "Okay, little slut, lick me off," she sighed, bending her knees and spreading her legs wide.

Jamie sat on her heels, bent far forward as she tiredly began to tongue the Major's blonde fringed pussy hole. She was so hungry and exhausted she hardly knew what she was doing. Her tongue moved listlessly up and down the Major's slit, giving Fox a tongue bath but not really exciting her.

"Stupid bitch!" Fox snapped, slapping Jamie's face.

She tugged back on the rope to keep the girl from falling and then glared angrily. "I still have that little electric shock tube," she warned. "You do me right or I'll stuff it up your asshole and turn it up full, and leave you like that."

The memory of her mind blowing shock was very vivid in Jamie's mind. In fact, she didn't think she could ever forget as long as she lived. She applied her tongue vigorously to the Major's slit, swirling it in little circles around her pink clitty.

"Oooooohhh... That's the way, little pussy... Just like thaaaat... Lick me, slut girl!" Fox groaned.

Jamie's tongue dove deep into the slippery cunt box, scooping out wads of fuck-honey and slurping it down. Jamie became much more interested in sucking Fox now as she realized just how thirsty she was. She hadn't had anything to drink all night, and it had been some night. The pussy juice filling her mouth was the only liquid she'd ingested since the small cup of water Martinez had given her.

Somehow she'd been too exhausted, or in too much pain or fear to think about that before. She applied her tongue to the Major's sweet honeyed hole, slurping hungrily, suckling with all her strength as she wormed her tongue in the little hole. Fox groaned and clutched her tangled hair, pulling it sharply.

Jamie drank out the woman's pussy, then rode her tongue hard against the hard little clit, bringing a new cascade of pussy-water down the tube. She drank this as well, slurping the liquid into her desert dry mouth.

The Major began humping her buttocks up and down, rutting up against Jaime's dancing tongue. She grunted in pleasure, sending more liquids to Jamie's mouth. Then she came. Her hands pressed down hard on Jamie's head and her knees smashed together around her neck.

She writhed on the bag, turning completely over so she was riding atop Jamie's face, rubbing herself frantically against the tired, bedraggled young woman. She rode her face like it was a saddle, her buttocks rising and falling as she bounced with delight atop the pistoning tongue.

Then she relaxed, sinking forward, her hands on the ground, helping to support her. Most of her weight was on Jamie's face and the younger woman continued to slurp and lick at her pussy, cleaning it out thoroughly. Fox sighed and then rolled off.

"Time for rest, babycakes," she said. "For some of us, anyway."

Jamie spent another night on her feet, exhausted and slumping against the tree, this time held aloft by the expedient of tying a thin cord to a pony tail the Major wound at the top of her head.

The Major led Jaime into a small room through the back of a dilapidated building. She was wearing a worn cloak over her nudity, and Fox had cleaned her up somewhat. She had thrown a bucket of water over her and then washed her with the same carelessness she would have displayed while washing her car.

Now relatively clean, with her hair brushed, Jaime looked reasonably presentable. The torments she had so recently suffered were displayed in the multiple bruises, cuts and scrapes on her body, but the cloak hid most of that.

There were two men in the room. One was a tall, dignified looking man

who Fox called Miguel. The other was a much bigger guy with a thick beard. Fox only talked to Miguel, who looked at Jaime steadily.

Fox pulled the cloak away, leaving her naked. Jamie pulled her arms in front of her, still embarrassed at being looked at like this by strangers, no matter how many rapes she'd undergone. "Move your hands, little slut!" Fox snapped.

She pulled her arms away at once, closing her eyes briefly as the two men stared at her. The big man looked at her the way she'd come to expect, with lust and hunger. The other one, the one in the suit, however, looked at her more like she was a piece of meat he was considering buying, which in fact she was.

He walked around her examining her. She felt his hand slid across her hip and buttock, then, as he stood behind her, his hand slid between her thighs and two fingers thrust up into her pussy. She gasped and tried not to squirm as he probed her insides.

"Bend over," he said, rather casually.

Fox nodded, glaring, and Jaime hesitantly bent far forward, spreading her legs at his next request.

His fingers slid in and out of her pussy several times, then withdrew. He moved away from her and over to Fox.

"All right," he said. "The price you asked is steep, especially considering her condition."

"Bruises fade, and after that you have a bargain. A first class piece of cunt meat for sale. She's worth a lot more than you're paying and you know it."

"Perhaps. Only time will tell."

"She's a real cock eater. Believe me, she likes nothing better than a hot ride."

"Again, this is something I will soon find out."

He pulled out an envelope and handed it to Fox, who placed it inside her jacket without even checking its contents.

"Goodbye then. I hope you're happy with the merchandise."

"If I am not, you will know of it soon," Miguel said calmly.

Fox left, leaving Jamie behind with the two men. She gulped in fear as the older one came over to her.

"Do not fear, little one. You are worth a great deal of money to me, so you will not be harmed. This is Jose,"

He pointed to the man with the beard. "He will take you upstairs and have sex with you. You will do anything he tells you. Is that understood?"

Jaime nodded shakily.

"Good. After you have been trained somewhat further you will be worth even more. There is nothing men like more than a well-trained woman."

"T-trained?" Jamie asked, blinking her eyes.

"Trained."

The man smiled. It was not a pleasant sight.

There was a pounding at the door. Steve pulled out his magnum and glided towards it, then opened it a crack. It was Charlie, he pushed the door open and hurried inside. "I think I know where she is, man."

"Where?" Steve demanded.

"I talked to this guy at a fancy whorehouse. He said they just took delivery of a new girl for training, a blonde with big tits."

"That doesn't mean it's Jamie."

"He described her pretty well. He even promised she'd be a genuine blonde, not a dye job. How many genuine blonde's with big tits can be working in the local bordellos? Even the fancy ones?"

"Why couldn't he show you now?"

"He said they only just bought her and have just taken delivery. She has to be prepared."

"What the fuck does that mean?"

"I dunno. It's a real fancy place. They maybe want to clean her up a little. I mean, if she's been out getting gang banged in the jungle

the last couple of days she's gonna be kind of a mess."

"I don't like it."

"It's the only one we've heard of so far."

"Okay, but we don't wait until tonight. We go now."

"Dark would be better."

"I said now! I'm not waiting for anyone to sample the merchandise."

The bordello was in what used to be a hotel, a cheap hotel, in a seedy district. Both were wearing civvies as they walked up to the back door. Their long jackets concealed the Uzi's beneath. Steve rapped on the door, a big steel number.

There was no answer. He rapped again. The door opened and a big bearded man looked out on them, glaring fiercely. He had a gun stuck in his belt. "Si?" he growled.

Steve pulled out the Uzi and stuck it under his chin. "See?" he said.

"Si," the guy replied, backing slowly away.

Steve and Charlie followed, Steve's gun still under his chin. He reached forward and pulled the revolver from the guy's pants. Another guy came around the corner just then. Charlie raised his Uzi and the guy stopped like a deer caught in a car's headlights.

"I want to know where the blonde American girl is," Steve said, "the new one."

"No hable Hanglais," the big guy said, sullenly. Steve slammed the butt of the Uzi into the side of his head, knocking him cold. Charlie grabbed the other guy, who was trembling with fear and shoved him against the wall.

"Where is the new American girl?" he hissed.

"U... upstairs!" he squeaked. "Top floor... corner room!"

"You show us."

"But... but Senors..."

"Or else I'll shoot your dick off," Steve snarled, jamming the barrel of his Uzi into the guy's crotch.

The man looked down in terror, then back up. "I take you!" he gasped.

"Good." They shoved him forward and he turned left, walking to a steep, narrow wooden stairwell. He walked up, the other two following. They climbed three flights before coming out into a narrow hallway. A long, cheap green carpet ran from end to end. He pointed at the first doorway, his hand shaking fearfully.

Steve tried the door. It was locked. He looked at the little man, who shrugged helplessly. Steve pulled out his lock pick and set to work. It didn't take more than twenty seconds before the lock gave. He grabbed the little guy in a headlock and threw the door open, shoving him in and going after.

There was a man standing next to a bed. A tall, well dressed, dignified looking man. He turned in shock at their entrance, but seeing the guns, he did nothing.

There was a woman there at his feet. At first they thought she knelt on all fours, but as they moved inside they realized her wrists were strapped against her upper arms, her ankles high against her thighs so that she hobbled one elbows and knees alone.

She was hooded, with no eyeholes, her mouth forced wide by a pair of steel clamps strapped around her head. Two weights hung from her nipples, stretching them out a full two inches, and a tail, much like a horse tail, sprouted from her anus. The girl looked something like an animal as she knelt there, and Steve stared at her with a mixture of outrage and... and odd sense of lust.

"Senor," the man said warily. "She is no trained properly yet. Another week or so of this and..."

Steve shot him, the sound of the gun loud in the confined space.

"Shit! Now you've done it," Charlie hissed.

The other man took off, and Steve hurried in. He couldn't see the girl's face, but he'd know those breasts anywhere. He tried to rip the hood free only to find it locked in place, the straps immovable.

"Come on! We gotta move our asses!"

Steve bent and scooped the girl up over his shoulder, then followed Charlie as they ran back up the hallway.

Just as they rounded the corner, Steve jerked back, almost dropping Jaime behind him. A string of bullets lashed the opposite wall, and the echo of gunfire blasted around the room. Steve pointed the Uzi around the corner and fired off a full clip, then pulled back and reloaded.

Charlie pushed him away and Steve ran back up the other way, Jamie bouncing on his shoulder. He found a back stairs, and called for Charlie to follow, then trotted quickly down and booted a door open at the bottom. They were in an alley behind the building, and he jogged quickly to the car, Charlie following.

As soon as the engine caught, Steve shoved his man away and stomped on the gas. Charlie and Jaime were already inside. The car zoomed down the alleyway and around the corner, narrowly missing a Mercedes which screeched to a halt with an angry curse from the driver.

It was five days later that Jamie was finally released from base hospital and got back to her own quarters. She sat on the bed, patting it as if to reassure herself that she was really here. There was a knock on the door and she got up, opening it.

"Hi there." Steve grinned.

"Hi Steve. Come on in," she said.

She closed the door behind him and turned around to find him standing only a foot away.

"I still can't believe you came after me," Jamie said shyly.

"I can hardly believe it myself," he admitted. "I guess that one night affected me more than I thought then. Maybe it wasn't love at first sight," he grinned, folding his arms around her and drawing her against him, "But it sure was really really like at first sight."

She giggled and tilted her head back as he kissed her. The kiss, as first light and amused, continued, becoming hotter, more passionate. Jamie brought her arms up around his shoulders as her tongue and his writhed together. Steve's hands slid under her rounded buttocks and squeezed them, half lifting her off her feet.

She moaned in pleasure as he fondled her behind, her own hands going to his belt, opening it. She unzipped his pants and they dropped to the floor as Steve backed towards a chair and sat down. Jamie straddled him, sitting on his lap, as his mouth darted to her throat, suckling and kissing.

Her arms went behind her neck and undid the clip holding her top up and it collapsed, her round breasts springing loose. Steve instantly palmed both of them, his tongue still sliding up and down the nape of her neck. He squeezed her sweet breasts, then bent his mouth to one, sucking gently as the girl squirmed against him.

"Oh God, Steve, how I've dreamed of this!" she gasped, her head going back.

She arched her back, shoving her suddenly swollen breasts at his face. Steve sucked harder on her right nipple, his hands cupping both meaty orbs as he worked the little bud.

Jaime's hands pulled his cock loose from his underwear and began to stroke it lovingly. She pulled off her skirt, then tore her underwear off and positioned herself over him.

Slowly she sank downward, her pubic lips penetrated, pierced. The long, fat cock easily sliding into her waiting, well oiled pussy. Down she sank, inch by inch until the entire twelve inches was up inside her belly. She held still then, her arms and legs around Steve as he sucked her breasts.

She was content, happy and content, for the first time in days. She felt safe and warm and loved. The past, and her multiple rapes faded quickly in an upsurge of sexual awakening and arousal as she wiggled from side to side on the big male organ inside her.

She started to raise herself up, pulling her body up, sliding it up

along Steve's body until only the tip of his long cock was within her, then she sank back down, again sliding along his body, letting herself be impaled by the foot long monster cock.

She sighed in satisfaction and love, her hips sliding back and forth. "Ohhhhhh... Steeeevvvee!" she groaned.

"Me too, baby. Me too!" he gasped. His hands went to her bottom and pulled her even tighter against him, her breasts squashing flat against his chest as he worked a finger into her anus and began slowly humping against her.

A hand over her face woke Major Fox out of a deep sleep. She gasped in shock, squirming against hands that held her down. The light was switched on and she saw Hernandez standing calmly before her. Two men were on the bed with her. The hand was withdrawn from her mouth.

"What are you doing, Miguel?" she gasped. "We had a deal."

"True, my dear. Unfortunately, the girl I bought from you was taken from me in a most humiliating incident this afternoon."

"That isn't my fault!"

"Is it not? You did not tell me there would be problems with this girl. You lied to me, Miss Fox. I want my money back."

"I... I don't have it on me. I used it to pay for my fare on a boat heading for Australia."

"That is too bad. You will have to make it up in some... other way." He smiled.

"Now wait a damned minute...", she said, shaking her head in denial.

"Perhaps you are correct that no man has ever touched you." Miguel smiled. "But you will not be able to make that claim soon."

His men stripped Fox naked, holding her down on the bed, he legs apart. "I will be the first to see just how tight you are. The first," he said, pulling down his pants, "but very very far from the last. You will, I am certain, come to appreciate being ridden by a strong man... after a few weeks... or months."

He climbed onto the bed between her legs, holding his cock forward. Fox squirmed furiously, her mouth covered by a big hand and her limbs held down tightly. She felt the cock press against her pussy, then, for the first time ever, a hard male organ thrust upwards into her belly.

She screamed into the big hand, struggling helplessly as the hard prick dug deeper and deeper into her pussy tube. Only seldom did she ever use anything like dildos, preferring to have her sex licked by her female lovers. Except for small fingers, her hole was almost that of a virgin.

The fat male prong pushing forcefully into her was unlike anything she'd ever felt before. It drove upward into her belly, into he guts! She could do nothing to resist. Even clamping down on her pubic muscles did nothing to slow the invading organ.

She felt it climbing even higher, prying her sex wide and sliding ever further into her abdomen. At last it was crushed against the very back wall of her pussy hole, with Miguel atop her. She could have almost cried as she felt his hands on her breasts and his lips on her throat.

He started to hump against her, his thick warm cock moving back and forth inside her. The idea revolted her. A man's cock, his prick, was up inside her body! Inside her! She gnashed her teeth in rage as Miguel fucked downward, his cock sliding back and forth faster and faster.

He grunted with pleasure as he pumped, thrusting into her wide open crotch hole with a slow, deliberate stroke. Fox was spreadeagled, her arms above her, each held by one man, her legs also held by the same man on either side of her. Both watched with interest as their employer's prick humped into the blonde American woman.

Miguel fucked harder and harder, his cock stroking furiously in Fox's pussy tunnel. He threw his hips forward and gasped in pleasure as he came. Then, for the first time in her life, Fox felt steamy male seed

shooting up into her belly.

It did something to her. She stopped struggling, her arms and limbs going limp. What was there to struggle for now? She'd been used, rutted, fucked, just like every other woman in the world. She could feel the salty white jism squishing about in her tight pussy as Miguel withdrew.

He nodded to the man on her left, her turned her over, forcing her onto her hands and knees on the bed. The age old position, Fox thought, miserably. Straps bound her ankles up back against the sides of her thighs, then her wrists back against her upper arms. A thick, heavy hood was forced over her head, strapped tight around her throat, and locked in place, blinding her.

"You have much to learn, and to unlearn," she heard. "You will learn to please men, to flatter them. You think you are a tough woman, no doubt, but tough women can be broken, I assure you. Broken, and then remade. When I am done with you, Miss Fox, your only pleasure in life will be to please men."

Fox trembled and jerked violently, but hopelessly.

She squealed as her bottom was slapped, then she pair of clips bit into her nipples, and she was led forward, forced to crawl about the room like an awkward animal.

"It will take longer for you, but after a few weeks of this, you will be happy to wear silks and please the members of any man who comes near."

Fox whimpered in horror and denial, then cried out as her mouth was forced wide, and two steel clamps kept it in that position.

A cock pushed into her open mouth, sliding over her tongue, and she gagged in horror. Then another thrust into her pussy from behind.

"Much to learn," she heard. "But more than sufficient time to learn it. You are yet young, and have will profit me well."

The male cocks slid back and forth inside her body, and she was helpless to resist. She knew that there would be many, many more and moaned in denial as her body rocked back and forth.

--

Pursuant to the Berne Convention, this work is copyright with all rights reserved by its author unless explicitly indicated.

```
+-----+
| alt.sex.stories.moderated ----- send stories to: <story-submit@asstr.org> |
| FAQ: <http://assm.asstr.org/faq.html> Moderator: <story-admin@asstr.org> |
+-----+
|Archive: <http://assm.asstr.org> Hosted by Alt.Sex.Stories Text Repository |
|<http://www.asstr.org>, an entity supported entirely by donations. |
+-----+
```