

# “Desert Slave”

by  
Argus

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I'm in my final year at university<sup>7</sup>, where I'm studying archaeology. My life lately is filled with studies and lectures and research. Often, when I'm bored, I think back to the most shocking and memorable event of my life, which was my trip to Egypt to work on an archaeological dig two years ago.

I should point out that I have very, very fair skin, and thick, coppery red, shoulder length hair. The sun is not my friend, and I tend to peel and burn easily, so I have to use a lot of suntan lotion whenever I'm out in it for any length of time.

I still like to get a tan, but I have to do it a little at a time, a very little. That's a bit of a shame since I have such a good body. I'm not as fit as I'd like, mostly because I don't have the time to work out, but I do possess an hourglass 36-23-26 body. I'm tall, nearly six feet, and I think my legs are my best feature, being very nicely contoured, and, of course, very long.

Anyway, I was at a dig site, which involves hard manual labour all day long in the sweaty sun. I was exhausted and sleeping in a small tent alone. There was a sandstorm outside but I was snug in my sleeping bag. As always, because of the heat, I was sleeping nude.

Suddenly the tent was blown over by the force of the wind. I was squashed under it and tumbled along the ground as the wind caught the tent and pushed it along in front of it. I was having a hard time scrambling out of my bag because the wind was sliding the tent forward along the ground with ever increasing speed.

I was not tumbling end over end, thank God, so much as riding a toboggan or sled on a very bumpy blind ride. I eventually managed to get out of my bag and jerk open the flap. I tumbled out, which was a major mistake, because the tent blasted off without me and I was left naked to face the furious driving sand.

I was blown back by it, sputtering and coughing, choking on sand. I turned my back to the storm, crawling along the ground in search of shelter. I managed to drag myself to my feet and stagger along, my feet sinking deep in the soft sand as the wind whipped it against my back. I tumbled down a hill, which provided some shelter, then, crawled weakly along, trying to keep my face turned away from the sand and wind, I found a small rock and pushed my head and shoulders in behind it, out of the wind.

I dug my hips and legs down into the sand and they were quickly buried and safe. Sand continued to fly and I was buried to the shoulders soon, and had to keep moving my hands to keep the sand from burying my head too. Such storms seldom last long, but this one felt as if it had been going on forever. It finally died down and the night was calm once again. I rose and shook the sand off me, then looked around. I couldn't see much. There was no moon out that night. Still, I was sure I hadn't come far, and I was starting to get chilly in the night desert.

I climbed back up the hill, certain it was the right one even though there were two others right next to it. I headed back in the direction of the camp, rubbing myself to keep warm. My arms and hands were chilly, and so were my breasts. My nipples were very hard with cold and I crossed my arms across my boobs to keep them warm.

The rest of me was soon very chilly as I continued to walk. The only reason I was not freezing was because it was such hard work walking in the thick soft sand, my feet buried to the ankles on every other step.

Of course I was getting tired quickly, and I finally had to halt, after having fallen dozens of times. I knelt in the sand and scooped up more sand around me to cover my bare skin. Soon the sun began to rise, along with the temperature. Exhausted, I stood up, pushing the sand away, and headed up a nearby hill to search for the camp.

To my despair there was no sign of the camp - or anything. But then suddenly I saw movement off in one direction. I shouted and waved my arms to attract attention. I know I was naked, but I was more concerned about dying in the desert than preserving my modesty. The movement turned towards me and as it got closer I realize, with some fear, that it was not my colleagues from the dig but some native on a camel.

I watched him come closer with mixed feelings, then crouched low and sort of covered myself, or as much of myself as I could manage, with my arms and knees as he rode up to me. He stopped a few feet back, looking down at me.

"Uh, do you speak English?" I ask timidly.

He looked at me and said nothing.

"I don't suppose you have some kind of clothing? Something to put over myself?"

I tried to demonstrate what I wanted with my hands, showing my body without showing him anything. I know how the Arabs feel about female nudity.

He didn't move, just sat there looking down at me.

I couldn't tell much about him. He was wearing robes and the traditional headdress with a scarf or something wrapped around his face. He threw back the scarf then and I saw he was a very handsome man, perhaps in his late twenties or thirties. It's hard to tell age with nomads since the sun and heat age them prematurely.

Wordlessly, he held out his hand, indicating I should rise and take it. I don't want to because that meant exposing my naked body to his gaze. Again I motion at myself, and point at his robe. But he either didn't understand or pretended not to. He held out his arm impatiently and said something in Arabic, the tone sharp.

I stood up slowly, still trying to cover myself. My right arm was across my breasts and I cupped my groin with my left hand. He reached out imperiously and I knew he wanted me to give him my arm but I didn't want to expose myself. He bent over suddenly and grabbed my arm, then hauled me forward. I yelped and scrambled up the side of the camel as the Arab guy pulls me up behind him. The leather seat, and the camel itself, were both quite wide, which meant I had to spread my legs very far. My pussy cam down flat on the tough leather and I gasped and hissed at its sun baked heat.

I wriggled around on it, trying to keep my pussy up and expose as little of my buttocks as possible, wishing I hadn't kept my muff shaved as cleanly as was my habit. Then the camel started moving and I had to grab the man in front of me to keep from tumbling off. My pussy and bottom were very hot and uncomfortable, but I had to sit there as the camel moved along.

It got hotter and hotter and I started swaying from side to side like the camel. I'd been up all night and engaged in a lot of heavy labour. My eyes kept closing and I thought I would wear out... and then I did.

I almost fell off the camel but the Arab guy grabbed me at the last minute. I wasn't quite unconscious and I hung there by one wrist as he brought the camel to a stop. Then I fell and lost consciousness completely.

I woke up briefly as he handed me down to some Arab women. They carried me into a tent and gave me water. I drank it gratefully, but then lost consciousness again. I faded in and out for a while. When I woke up finally I was laying on a kind of bench or cot and several Arab women were massaging my body.

At least that's what I thought at first. Then I realized they were massaging some kind of oily stuff into my skin. None spoke English and I didn't understand them, but I knew I was kind of sunburned in a lot of places so decided that was the reason for the oil or lotion.

The thing was though, that as I came more and more awake I remembered, or perhaps just realized, that I was still entirely naked. What was more they weren't being at all shy with their hands. They were massaging the oil into my breasts and my inner thighs, and then as I squirmed in embarrassment and discomfort, they ran their oily fingers right over my bare pussy, rubbing it into my sex.

I tried to push their hands away and tell them that I would do it but of course they didn't understand they and me were all big women and a lot stronger than me. I mean, I was tall, but these were BIG women.

So I pretty much had to lie there still and let them rub and knead my body with this flowery smelling oil.

They chatted as they worked on me, but of course I didn't understand the language. They seemed in a good mood, and treated everything I did with a kind of amused tolerance, pushing my hands back and holding them gently whenever I interfered, for example.

Like when this one large woman, her fingers coated in this thick oily goo, pushed them against my pussy and then slowly pushed them right up into me. I grabbed at her wrist in shock but the others all laughed and chided me like a child and held my hands back as the women pushed her fingers way up inside me.

I gasped and tried to close my legs, but she was between them, and another woman pulled my left leg open and held it wide as the one between my legs pumped her fingers in and out of my sex. Her fingers massaged the side of my pussy tunnel, turning slowly around to massage all sides.

Hey, I wasn't a virgin, but this wasn't something my pussy was used to. She had big, work-roughened hands, and her fingers, even two of them, at first, were quite thick as they thrust into me. When she added a third finger I groaned. And then, to my disbelief, she slowly forced a fourth thick finger slowly through the now very taut folds of my sex lips.

One of the other women put her thumb and forefinger around my right nipple and squeezed it, then pulled upwards, pinching it and distending the shape of my breast. I again tried to grab at it, as the other women all chuckled in amusement, but they still held my hands easily. I was amazed, wondering if I'd fallen into a nest of lesbians. Yet that was impossible, given how the Arabs felt about women and sexuality, so I couldn't understand why they were subjecting me to these embarrassingly intimate touches.

The woman holding my nipple up said something and the others all laughed in amusement, even the one pumping her fingers inside my sex. She pulled them out then and to my intense embarrassment, added more goo and then slowly worked them into my anus as two other women held my legs up and back and wide apart.

I was getting angrier at these indignities, twisting and wriggling and straining against their hold, demanding in increasingly louder words, that they stop. They might not have understood the words, but I knew they had to understand my meaning. Yet they ignored my demands except to smile in a way, which was not cruel or derisive. That confused me even more.

After struggling against their hold for a couple of minutes it was obvious I wasn't going to break free so I relaxed, and let them do whatever they were going to. It was embarrassing and frustrating, and a little painful as the woman worked three fingers deep into my anus, but I counted myself a rational woman. You don't fight when you can't fight. Right?

They gave me more water, holding a wineskin against my lips. I quickly discovered it wasn't water, however it felt like some kind of very harsh wine, more like vinegar, really. It made my mouth buzz and burned my throat, then made my belly all fluttery. I pulled my head away but large, rough hands cupped my head and raised it, holding it in place as the wine skin was shoved against my closed mouth.

I refused to open it and there was gentle laughter, then a sharp pinch to my nipple. I clenched my teeth together. My nipple was pinched harder, and twisted so that I yelped behind my closed lips. Their voices became demanding, but were still the sort you hear directed at a disobedient child.

Then I felt fingers brushing back the moist, slick flesh of my clitoral hood and a sharp pinch was delivered to my clitoris. I was so shocked, and the pain so great - if brief, that my mouth opened as I cried out. That was enough, and the end of the wine skin was thrust between my teeth and held in place. Then my nose was pinched closed so that I had no choice but to swallow the liquid filling my mouth.

They finished with me only when I was coated, inside and out with the oily substance. Then they left me there on the bench and went out of the tent. I looked around for something to cover myself with but there simply wasn't anything. I tried to sit up, but then realized that I was still weak and more than a little dizzy.

A few minutes passed, and if anything, my head grew more confused, the inside of the tent swirling. Then several of the women returned, bearing a blanket or robe. They wrapped me in it, and then lifted me as though I weighed nothing, carrying me out of the tent. It was dark outside, and cool, thank God. But I wasn't outside long. They took me to another tent and laid me down on a brightly coloured blanket.

They removed the robe, despite my feeble attempts to keep it, and then left. I waited there, wondering what they were going to do next and wishing I spoke Arabic, and that my head would settle.

The tent flap opened and a man came through, the same man who had picked me up out in the desert. I sat up, but then fell back down again with a groan.

He was wearing a flowing robe when he stepped into the tent, but when I opened my eyes again after falling back on the blanket he was opening it and shrugging it off. Beneath it he was naked, his body muscular and glistening in the light from a crackling fire in the middle of the tent.

I gulped in surprise. He didn't seem at all threatening, at least, other than the obvious. Yes, it clearly looked as if he intended to use me sexually, but he was smiling broadly, happily, and not cruelly. He walked forward, and then dropped to his knees on the blanket I was laying on. I covered my breasts with my arm and my pussy with my hand, but he only smiled, gripped my wrists, and gently pulled them away, setting them on the blanket beside me.

I know I should have felt terrified, but I didn't. For some reason a languorous ease gripped my mind and body both. I felt as though I was watching him from a distance. I noted, and appreciated his strongly built body, but it didn't make any real impact.

He lay on his side right next to me and I turned to look at him. I felt a calm acceptance. Every muscle in my body and every brain cell in my mind felt a deep sense of peace and relaxation. He gently laid his hand on my belly, just laid it there for a moment, as if to absorb my heat.

His hand slid upwards, moving easily since both our bodies were coated in oil. It slid up onto my right breast, not squeezing it at all, just gliding along the contours of my body, appreciating the curves and softness. He fingered my nipple with the utmost gentleness, rolling it between his thumb and finger.

When his fingers moved back the nipple was rigid, as was the other one, though he had yet to touch it. His hand glided down my body, his fingers touching my ribs, then moving onto my belly and down between my legs. He cupped my pussy mound, and then rubbed it. His hand slid up and down, sliding right down between my slightly spread thighs to touch my buttocks.

I opened my legs, not without effort for I still felt very, very relaxed and weak. He sat up, his other hand now dropping onto my breast, stroking it slowly. He got to his knees and put a leg across me, then eased down onto me, sitting on my lower belly. I felt his heat and weight on me, but it wasn't at all uncomfortable.

His cock lay right along my belly. It was long, but not really very hard. He gripped it with his fingers and rubbed it from side to side on my stomach, then shifted forward a bit at a time, until his bottom was on my lower chest. His knees were on the ground beside me and he took some of his weight on his legs as he laid his cock in between my breasts.

His hands cupped my breasts from the sides, and then pressed them in against his cock. I saw his prick starting to lengthen and thicken. He began to put pressure on my breasts, his hands crushing them together around his rapidly hardening manhood.

He started to grind slowly, sliding his groin up and down on my body, sliding his cock in and out of my cleavage as he squashed my oiled breasts around it. I just lay there and didn't move, my arms at my sides.

He ground himself faster, his cock now very hard, and the little hole pointing right at me as I looked up at it. My breasts felt warm and as his fingers dug into them and squeezed them I felt them getting tight and taut and tense, felt pressure building up inside the tingling, sensitive flesh, heat and pressure and tension.

My nipples got almost painfully hard and my breasts were swollen with longing, but I didn't know for what. There was a terrible heat and pressure in them that needed release, but I didn't know what kind of release or how to accomplish it. My breasts were so swollen and hot that I whimpered a little from discomfort.

His big cock continued to slide back and forth in my cleavage, but that wasn't what I wanted. I tried to understand what I wanted, or rather, what my

body wanted, and realized that the true longing, the true need, was down between my legs.

And just then, just as if he realized it too, he let go of my breasts and moved backwards down my body. He knelt between my legs and held his cock in his hands, the head pointed at my pussy hole. I watched, my mind detached, uncaring, and calm.

I felt the head of his cock push in between my pussy lips, then slide through. My sex lips opened wide, gripping his shaft as it followed the head into my body. He pushed it slowly at first, but then he suddenly leaned forward and thrust hard. I let out a little cry and my head pulled back as my back arched.

A deep, powerful sense of lust and pleasure rocked my mind and I was suddenly aware of his cock jammed up high in my belly. His body slid forward on top of me and he stared down into my eyes as he began to fuck me. I still didn't move. I stared back up at him, my eyes kind of dazed but happy, as he pumped his cock inside with faster and deeper movements.

He lowered his mouth then and kissed me, his lips moving passionately over my own as he ground his loins down into me. His hands moved over my body, stroking, squeezing, stroking. He pulled his mouth up, then licked across my cheek and under my earlobe, and then bit down lightly.

He kept grinding up and down atop me, his cock sliding slow and easy up and down in my tight, moist sex. My legs spread wider and wider, seemingly of their own accord, and his prick slid even deeper into my body. His hands moved beneath me, pulling me tighter, sliding down to cup my bottom.

His fingers dug into my buttocks, half lifting my hips up to meet his thrusts. He jammed me up into him, grinding his pelvis against me, as his prick lay buried with my moist tight belly. His teeth nibbled at my throat and my cheeks and my shoulders as he grunted with the effort of crushing our bodies together

Our bodies were all oily and moved softly and sleekly against each other. His chest and belly rode up and down against mine, a hard, yet gentle caress. I felt my breasts mashed up against his muscular chest, and groaned as he rode over them, rolling and crushing them like a rolling pin over bread dough.

My legs jerked feebly on the blanket, drawing back, knees rising spastically. I felt his cock grow even thicker as it rutted into me, and he fucked even harder, desperately hard it seemed. He ground across me with furious need, all his weight on my slight body, crushing me below him as he jammed my ass up with both his hands.

I could hardly breath with his heavy chest crushing my own breasts down against my ribs, but I didn't really care. All I really cared about was the deep and spreading heat that was engulfing my body. It wasn't a crackling, burning heat, just a deep, soul-satisfying warmth that made me want to bask in it forever.

His hands were jerking my bottom up even harder, and he was actually lifting it and my bent legs, off the ground with each thrust. I didn't mind. I didn't mind the hard pounding of his hips against my soft inner thighs either, for that jarring, ramming feeling just felt... right, somehow.

Then he came inside me. I felt his juice, felt it like it was going through my hands, felt its heat and wetness as it spewed inside me. I thought, in my odd, light headed way, that I could feel each individual drop of semen as it sprayed out the tip of his cock and struck the bottom of my sex.

I felt a deep sense of happiness that he had cum inside me, as if all was right with the world. I wasn't thinking coherently about anything, really, but I was glad for him, and glad that I had accomplished his pleasure.

He slipped his hands out from under my buttocks and let it fall back to the blanket, then rose and walked to his robe. He shrugged it on then, ignoring me, and walked out of the tent. I just lay there unmoving, spread-eagled, still feeling the wonderful sense of peace and rightness.

Less than a minute passed, then the tent opened and he returned. It wasn't him, however. I knew this even before he took off his robe. But I didn't care. Only a small part of me even realized that it wasn't him.

He got on his knees between my legs, gripping them and lifting them up, then parting them. He shoved them so wide a part I felt the muscles and tendons in my thighs straining and aching. He gave me a hungry look, and then dove onto me. I grunted as he came down on my chest, but he soon took his weight off, bending and sucking on my nipples.

His mouth moved quickly, hungrily over my breasts, as did his hands. He kneaded them with stiff fingers, mashing and squeezing them all over as his mouth sucked on first one nipple then the other. It hurt just a bit, but I liked it anyway, and my nipples felt alive, felt like they would explode with pleasure when he sucked especially hard on them.

He entered me, his cock sliding in to the hilt. He let his weight down and began to fuck with hard, deep movements, grunting with the effort. He didn't kiss me, but he did bite and chew on the side of my throat as he threw his hips into my loins.

His cock was a trip hammer as it rode into me, and his hips, smaller, and bonier than the first man, smacked bruisingly hard against my thighs.

But I didn't care. I loved it anyway, and felt at one with the universe, my mind floating along on that wonderful sense of peace and happiness.

I hardly noticed when he was gone. I looked up and saw a man taking off his robe, and then getting down on the blanket with me, and smiled at him. He got on top of me and drove his cock into my body, then began to fuck.

The faces blurred in my mind, as man after man came into the tent and used me. The sense of pleasure and peace and languorous happiness grew greater so that I hardly knew what was going on anyway.

After a long time I was alone, my pussy rubbed raw by all the cocks that had used me, my breasts aching and bruised, cut here and there by teeth and sharp fingernails. I lay naked still, legs wide-open, arms above me, flat on the blanket as I lay in a haze.

The women came back. They carried something but I didn't notice or care at first. Two of them lifted my legs up and pushed them back against my body, exposing my groin and buttocks to a third, who knelt there. A fourth knelt at my head, stroking it.

I felt something pushing against my pussy, but that was hardly anything to disturb my serenity. But it began to hurt, sort of, a sharp, pinching feeling that grew by the second. It began to draw me out of that sea of tranquil warmth and I slowly raised my head to look down between my legs.

She was holding what looked to be a kind of sword, or dagger, except instead of a blade there was a long very thick round... thing. It was much thicker than any man's organ I'd ever seen, and the aching that I was feeling was the straining of my pussy lips as she tried to force the thick thing into me.

I tried to reach for her but the other woman tut tutted and held my hands back as the woman put more weight on the thing. I panted and whimpered in real pain, still trying to reach for whatever the thing was.

The thing wasn't metal or wood or plastic or anything like that. It was some kind of organic construct, something like, I don't know, a cucumber

wrapped in leaves and vines and sprinkled with cloves, peppers, parsley and other spices.

I cried out, as my pussy lips were finally forced open wide enough to accept the thing. They held me easily, patting my face and head as the woman grunted and pushed the thing deeper and deeper into my body. I wriggled and jerked and whined but they held me down as the whole thing was forced inside my pussy.

It was long and hit my cervix, but they kept pushing anyway, crushing the end, I guess, to get it entirely inside me. My pussy lips closed finally and they let me go, apparently satisfied. They got up and left the tent then and I patted ineffectually at my groin.

I tried to pry my pussy lips open and pull the thing out but my hands were very weak and both they and my opening were quite slick with the oil. I just couldn't do anything. I felt terribly stuffed in my lower belly, and ached there, but the pain was tolerable and easing rapidly. I lay back and kept my legs open to ease some of the pressure I felt in my groin, eyes fluttering weakly.

My guts felt cramped and hard by the thick thing inside me. It was very uncomfortable. But even so I began to settle back down into the warmth and peace.

After a short time, however, I started feeling something else from my pussy, something harder and hotter than before, a kind of burning, itching sensation that grew and grew and grew. Again I tried to get at it, to pry my pussy lips open and pull the thing out, but again I was too weak and uncoordinated.

The sensation grew more and more powerful and I whimpered and whined as my hands squeezed feebly at my pussy mound. My belly was on fire and I couldn't do anything to ease the heat. I rolled onto my side and curled up tight, squeezing my thighs together repeatedly. Then I rolled onto my belly, my hands on my groin as I whimpered.

The sensations grew heavier, waves of bizarre sensations rolling through my confused body and mind. I twisted and writhed and moaned helplessly, my body swirling with pain, pleasure, and heat. My nervous system appeared to be melting down, my muscles spasming and my limbs twitching and jerking. A powerful blast of - something, rolled through my body and I cried out, my back arching, my arms outstretched, as if reaching for the ceiling.

I fell back, gulping in air, panting for breath, moaning dazedly, whimpering. My groin was a raw, burning volcano.

Another massive blast of sensation hammered my mind and I bucked violently, arching my back, legs jerking up and back, heels drumming on the soft earth beneath me.

I went limp, chest heaving, and half rolling onto my side, my trembling hand lightly gripping my pussy, which felt as raw as if the skin were burned.

Another hammer blow of sensations, even more powerful, a cataclysmic blast of heat and pleasure. It stunned me, blowing out the top of my skull. I jerked violently, flipping onto my back, and then I began to shake and thrash in a maddened fit.

It was pleasure now, definitely pleasure - and pain. It was a hot, bubbling, steaming pleasure that clawed at my mind as convulsions wracked my body. The pain was a sideshow, stinging, throbbing, aching, but merely a tagalong as the pleasure rolled over me. I rode a wild, roller coaster of pleasure, soaring and spinning, diving and rising to twist and churn my mind and body.

My pussy squeezed and spasmed repeatedly around the thick mass of vegetable matter they had forced inside me. I could feel my pubic muscles

contracting again and again as my body writhed and thrashed in dazed, intoxicated passion.

I collapsed, my breath a dazed strain through gaping lips. Then, as I lay there, mind in pieces, there was another monumental explosion of sexual ecstasy. Like a dam blown free, the orgasmic power flooded through my system and tore away everything in its path. I screamed again and again, screamed until my throat was raw. I flopped and rolled and jerked and bounced in orgasmic release, drooling and choking and grunting.

I rolled over and over again, bouncing and shaking and writhing like a thing possessed. I dug my nails into my breasts and mashed them as tightly as I could repeatedly clamping my hands down on them as I shrieked in ecstasy. I put a hand on my pussy, then my other hand atop it, and then squeezed with all my might, howling like a banshee as power of the orgasm ripped through my body and burned along my nervous system.

Finally I blanked out completely. I woke as the old women came, my vision foggy, my mind still dazed, my body aching. The thing in my pussy was by then gone, crushed into oil by my spasming, squeezing pubic muscles. They held a beaker up to my pussy and let the contents drain down into it. They seemed quite pleased, chatting happily to each other as their fat fingers spread my strained pussy lips wider and they pushed the beaker in closer.

My upper body was lifted off the ground, raised so that every last bit of liquid would trickle down from my gaping sex into the beaker waiting between my legs. They held me there for long minutes, massaging my sex and lower belly, then working fingers up inside me and spreading my lips wider.

Then they lay me back and left. I was so exhausted by then I blanked out.

When I awoke I could hear many voices outside, voices of those working intently, doing something important. It was not the voices of chattering gossip, in other words. I sat up and grunted as I fell back. I choked a bit as something bit into my throat, and my hands rose to my neck to find it enveloped in a heavy metal collar. My fingers searched along the collar, looking for a way to pull it free, but found no catch. A chain was attached, the chain fastened to a bolt driven into the ground. I tried to pull at the chain, but the bolt held free.

My body was aching over every square inch. My muscles had spasmed so much that I felt as though I'd run a marathon. In fact, they had probably gotten more of a workout than they had during my long, overnight walk through the sand, or the hard work I had done the day before - had it just been a day before? How long had I been gone from camp, I wondered, and would they be searching for me?

My breasts were sore and bruised. My pussy was tender and sore. My muscles ached, but my mind was much clearer now, and I was angry. The events of the previous night - had it been the previous night - were foggy and strange, but I knew I had been used sexually by many men. I had been gang raped, if you want to put harsh words to it.

True, the rapes were coloured by the lack of trauma, the lack of fear at the time, and, admittedly, that incredible, impossible, shocking sexual pleasure which had battered my mind. But I was still indignant, furious, and frightened. I was chained by the neck like an animal! That did not indicate they planned to return me to the dig any time soon.

The tent opening was pulled aside and one of the heavy Arab women came in. Her entire body was covered in the chador, only her eyes showing above her facial scarf as she placed a rough made cup of water and a bowl of some kind of broth on the floor of the tent.

"Let me go!" I shouted at her, trying to sit up, forced to slide backwards to ease the pull of the chain. "Do you hear me? I demand you release me! Do you speak English?"

She smiled tolerantly and turned away. I reached for her, grabbing at her ankle, but she pulled it away and left.

I glared at the now closed opening, then at the food and water. I knew they had drugged me the previous night, and was wary of them doing it again. Yet my stomach rumbled emptily and my throat was parched. I sipped the water, and it seemed all right. I tested the broth more carefully. When my head did not begin to throb and float I decided it was worth the risk, and finished both food and water.

Then I waited.

I was not able to sit up. The chain was too short. So I lay on my side, covering myself as much as I could. It took very little time for that to grow too uncomfortable, however. It was my pussy, my groin, and my inner thighs. They were sore, bruised, the skin chaffed raw. I had to lay back and spread my legs, and hope I had some warning when someone, especially a man, came in.

I did get some when the opened. I closed my legs as another of the women - the fat old women, as I now thought of them - came through. She smiled at me, but it was a grim and determined smile. She said something in Arabic, which I did not; of course understand, then knelt beside my head. She unlocked the chain from the bolt driven into the ground and I sat up quickly.

She spoke again, and I tried to get up, only to be jerked back down. She spoke rapidly, her left hand on my head, in my hair, as her right pulled the chain like a, well, like a leash. She wanted me on my hands and knees, and in my weakened condition I could do little to fight her. When I was on my hands and knees she nodded happily and patted my head as though I were a pet.

She walked slowly towards the entrance to the tent, pulling on the chain. I started to rise, but she shoved my head back down. Her meaning was clear; I was to crawl. Indignant, I refused, reaching for the chain and yanking it. She yanked back and I managed to get to my feet. I was taller than her, but even if my body wasn't as weakened, as it was she was a tough old peasant woman used to hard physical labour every day. She forced me back down easily. We wrestled a little, with her insistently holding me down and my just as insistently trying to rise. Finally she snapped at me, obviously exasperated, and threw down the chain. She went to the door alone and I leapt to my feet to follow, pushing at the closed tent behind her.

There were dozens of tents, some partially disassembled. The entire village appeared to be in the process of moving, loading gear and tents onto the backs of camels. I jerked back in alarm, my western modesty not permitting me to dash out naked into the midst of so many people.

The old woman returned, with two others. They pushed me back from the opening and two of them grabbed me, turning and forcing to my knees, then pressing down my head and shoulders. I yelped at a sudden stinging pain to my bottom, and my head twisted to see the first woman holding a leather strap of some kind.

She snapped it down against my bottom again, and the force of her big arm muscles made the leather slice painfully across the soft flesh of my bottom. I squealed and twisted, but they held me easily in place as the woman brought the strap down onto my buttocks again and again and again, the pain rising, spreading, growing hotter and sharper as I thrashed and twisted ineffectually, my cries falling on deaf ears.

I cursed them furiously, then desperately, then despairingly. The woman continued to slash the strap across my burning buttocks, and I could do nothing to pull free of the hard, steely fingers digging into my shoulders, arms and hair. I began to cry, furious at myself for doing so, but unable to help myself, sobbing and moaning and then begging them to stop.

I stopped fighting, sobbing miserably as they held me, as the strap continued to lash my bottom.

They stopped at last, and spoke sternly to me. Then I felt a pull on my collar, another, and I gasped, forced to my knees - my hands and knees.

The tent flap was thrown aside and the woman pulled on the chain, forcing me forward. I crawled to the opening, and when I tried to rise, the strap was brought down sharply and stingingly across my back. I cried out in pain, but got the message. I crawled through the tent flap, crawled out into the middle of the village, naked and on all fours. Many eyes turned my way, curious eyes, amused eyes, dark, brooding eyes, the eyes of old men and young, of children and mothers feeding their babies.

The chain pulled me forward, around the tent, then out into the sands, away from the village. The old woman spoke as she led me along, though of course I couldn't understand it. We went up the side of a low dune, she walking, me crawling awkwardly on all fours, then down the other side, where a rank smell struck me, the smell of human waste.

It was there communal toilet, I guess, and the woman walked me up to it and pointed, then patted my head, then my back, and then lightly - my pussy. She spoke to me and I looked up through still teary eyes, sniffing. She patted my head and made a nodding motion with her own head.

I realized, with some shock, that she wanted me to go to the bathroom. I did need to go, in fact, and rather badly, but had resisted, seeing nowhere to relieve myself. I gazed at the sand in disgust, then up at her in dismay. She nodded encouragingly, rather as you would to your dog as you walked it. In exactly the same manner, in fact.

I shook my head, and she scowled, then took the strap out of the pocket of her robe and held it up, her meaning clear. I jerked back to the limit of the chain, feeling the pressure of my bladder, the need to go, and the fear of the strap. Shamed, humiliated, I shifted my knees as wide apart as I could, and, as she watched intently, began to urinate.

She patted my head as I did, and I cringed, my face burning with shame. Yet once begun I could not stop, and continued, emptying my bladder with agonizing slowness. It seemed to take forever. Then I was finally able to crawl away, my head down, unable to look up at her.

She bent and took my wrist, guiding my hand into the clean dirt beneath my belly, scooping up sand and pushing it up and back against my pussy.

Then she led me away, walking me, as a dog, back to the camp, back through the staring men, women and giggling, pointing children, and into the tent where I had been gang raped.

There was something new there, now. It was a rough made wooden cage, about three feet long and perhaps two feet or so high and wide. The end was open and she pushed me towards it. I resisted, but already my will to fight was low, and after slaps to my bottom and head I allowed her to guide me into the narrow cage. She closed the rear and locked it in place, then left me.

I stared out through the wooden bars of my cage, tears filling my eyes as I waited whatever would happen to me next.

After a short time two men came in. They gathered up the cage and carried it out, rather like a piece of furniture. They carried it across to a large camel and then raised it up on top, carefully strapping it in place as I stared around me. The sun burned down at me from above, and I narrowed my eyes against its brightness.

One of the men then threw a light, white sheet of sorts over the top of the cage, then tied it down. It covered the roof and most of the sides, leaving only a small gap near the bottom to let air flow. It kept the sun from me, but the heat was already making me sweat.

It was another half hour, perhaps, before the camel began to move. I swayed and rocked uncomfortably, trying to lay on my side in the narrow cage, my face near the small crack at the bottom of the sheet to catch what little air there was.

Hours passed.

I lay weakly, sweating, moaning, bruised and battered, on the bottom of the cage, pressed against the filthy hide of the camel below me as the caravan wound its way up and down dunes.

We travelled all day before they finally halted. I was lifted down from the camel and set on the sand, but left in place for at least another hour as people bustled about me, putting up tents, taking care of the animals, making dinner, and whatever other chores occupied these people's time.

They came for me at last, lifting the cage and carrying it into one of the tents. The sheet was removed, and the back open, and I was able to slowly crawl out to half fall in a heap on the ground.

The two men there pulled out my chain and locked it to a stake they had driven into the ground, and then left me there.

After a time, water and food were brought, and I ate them, my mind and spirit at a very low ebb.

One of the old women came, and I was led out on all fours, led out behind the tents, and then, kneeling, washed with rough soap and rougher hands which moved quickly and efficiently over my body and through my hair. I was allowed to urinate, then led crawling back to the tent and chained to the stake.

The old women gathered again, sitting and kneeling around me. I tried to fight, at first, but it was half-hearted. They spread me out and began to oil my body up, and then slide their fingers into my pussy and anus. I was forced to drink their foul brew once more, and my head became light.

The men came. One after another after another, using me, thrusting into my body. I cried out again and again, straining and twisting, bucking and thrashing in pleasure. It was emotionless pleasure, thoughtless, mindless pleasure, and the pleasure of an animal. But I didn't care. My mind was almost shut down. I was, in many respects, an animal.

On into the evening they used me, men spreading my legs and thrusting their cocks into my aching sex. Young men, old men, fat men, thin men. Some were almost trembling with excitement, their eyes bulging out of their heads, their hands racing over my body in eager exploration. Others were scowling, looks of distaste on their faces as they set about a disliked chore.

The last of them used me, and the women arrived. Again I tried to fight, but with even less determination. The thing was forced deep into my sex, and I was left alone to thrash and twist and cry out against the sensations, as they grew more and more powerful.

Days passed like this. During my sane periods, during the day, I tried to understand what they were doing, what their intent was. They were clearly

making something, some kind of elixir. Whether they thought it medicinal, or religious, or of some other use, I could not tell. Because of how they made it, mixing these strange herbs and vegetables in my semen filled vaginal canal, I thought it must be related to some sort of fertility charm or ritual. But that was just a guess.

The tribe did not move every day. When it didn't, I was kept inside the tent, chained to the stake. On these days those who were not intent on making elixirs visited me. These men showed a different type of behaviour. They were furtive, wary, cautious, constantly watching the tent flap and listening for sounds of anyone approaching.

They preferred to take me on my knees, these men, with my head, and theirs, towards the tent flap. They used me roughly and much more quickly than the men in the evening, and in some ways more cruelly, their groping hands rougher, more ready to slap at my head or pull at my hair.

They were also much less worried about wasting their precious seed. I was often taken anally, their hands over my mouth to hold my cries down as they roughly sodomised me. Other times they would pull at my hair and force their unwashed cocks into my mouth, their eyes glaring fiercely down at me, demanding I pleasure them with my tongue and lips.

I obeyed, not having the spirit to fight.

It was one of these men who would prove to be my salvation. After weeks with the tribe, this man, his face covered, slit the rear of the tent and pulled my chain from its post, then led me, crawling, out through the rear. He pulled at my hair to force me to stand, and my legs trembled, for I had not stood up at all in weeks.

We hurried out to a waiting camel and he boosted me up onto it and climbed behind me, then, hurrying, we trotted off to a nearby town. There he sold me to a plump, greasy looking man with a filthy beard, then hurried back to his camel and rode off. The man giggled and laughed to himself as he inspected my body, his fingers exploring my sex and anus.

He roughly bent me over a table and used me, thrusting deep into my sex and hammering his hips against my raised buttocks as his harsh breathing filled the small room.

He removed the chain from my collar, and then forced my arms behind my back. I gasped in pain as he used straps to bind them together at wrist and elbow. Then a gag was forced into my mouth and strapped in place. He covered me in one of the chadors the Arab women used, covering even my face, and led me out of the building.

He put me in a rickety truck, in the back with boxes of pots, pants, and other trade items, and then drove off. I bounced in the back of the truck for more than an hour. Only as the sunset did the truck pull into a village and park. I was taken out and put into a small, dirty, one room stone building. My arms remained bound, but my legs were spread, and he used me roughly and eagerly. Through the evening other men arrived, furtively looking about, handing him money, then using me as well, orally, anally, and vaginally.

For the next several days we drove on, stopping at two or three small towns each day, where men paid their money to use my body.

Finally, I got lucky. Sort of. The religious police raided one of his mini bordellos, and he was arrested. At first I was simply taken as a whore, a prostitute. I was dragged off in a cage and flung into a prison cell. As a presumed prostitute I was raped several times, then as my punishment, I was chained to a post in the middle of a large courtyard.

Naked, I was pressed against the post, my breasts squeezed against the rough wood as hundreds of men and women gathered around, shouting and jeering as a large, muscular man with a whip moved into place behind me. I cried out in terror, proclaiming my innocence, but my words were drowned out by the shouts and curses, and the big man flung his flog. The long thin thongs sliced across my back, spreading out, snapping like cats claws all across my aching flesh so that I screamed and jerked violently - to cheers from the crowd.

Another blow, and another, and another cut into my back, throwing me violently into the post. I screamed and sobbed in pain, begging for him to stop, but the flogging went on and on as the crowd shouted its approval, my skin whipped from shoulders to thighs.

They stopped only when I was hanging limply by the wrists, dazed and unable to speak or move. They dragged me back into the cell and threw me to the floor, where I was raped several more times. Finally, I was given a ragged robe to wear and driven to the border, expelled as an undesirable.

It took my body some weeks to recover fully. I don't know that my mind ever did. My view of myself, my pride, my confidence, have all altered enormously. I am less firm in my beliefs, and in stating them, and though embarrassing to admit, I am now very submissive sexually, and give myself to men I know will use me cruelly.

And I often dream of those nights of mind breaking pleasure, of those sensations of floating amidst the white noise ecstasy of pure pleasure.

**The End.**

**Thank you for buying and reading this title.**