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Spread For Danger

# GENERAL HO'S WHITE SLAVE

*A Sex-Adventure Thriller!*



FOR ADULTS ONLY

## **ONE**

**Wendy leaned forward over the rail and stared at the water flowing past. Actually they were the ones moving. The water wasn't going anywhere, she thought, just being shoved aside a little as the yacht slid through it.**

**There was little wind so the boat wasn't moving very fast. Wendy kept wandering on deck to see if the wind might have picked up a little. Her father refused to turn on the motor and she was eager to get ashore somewhere, anywhere. She was sick of this boat.**

**Oh, it had sounded great at first, cruising through the South Pacific on a hundred foot sloop, just basking in the sun and relaxing. But after weeks of it she was bored, bored, bored. She'd gotten enough sun to last her forever, and enough ocean to last her longer than that.**

**Besides which there really wasn't all that much interesting to see, even ashore. If they'd been cruising through the Mediterranean or maybe along the coast of Europe things would be different. What was there out here anyway?**

**Singapore was the only place that had looked half civilized. Ever place else was banana land. They'd just left Malaysia, a crummy looking place that wouldn't know what a good disco was if one dropped out of the sky. It, like all the other places, was filled with icky little brown and yellow people, almost none of whom could speak English.**

**They all seemed to live in crummy looking huts made of sticks or grass, or worse yet, made of cardboard or corrugated tin. The Philippines had been a dump that seemed to have the largest collection of prostitutes in the world.**

**To make matters worse, her sulking wasn't having much effect on her father. She'd thrown tantrums and pouted around the boat for days, all to no effect. She was still stuck here in the middle of nowhere with nothing to do.**

**She was seriously considering having an affair with one of the cruddy deckhands, and making sure they were discovered by her father, just so he'd get so pissed at her, he'd send her home for sure then. Not that he had any illusions about her virginity, she supposed, but doing it with a common sailor type would drive him crazy.**

**She'd been waving her ass around in front of him for the last couple of days, much to his annoyance, but so far wasn't willing to get drastic. She had taken to wearing a tiny thong bottom that was little better than a G-string, and a top that she'd found after boarding was a couple of sizes too small.**

**Now as she moved away from the rail and wandered down towards the back of the boat, she knew that every one of the men she passed stared at her with lust filled eyes. She could have any one of them if she desired it. So far she didn't. Like her father, the thought of her rolling around with some commoner type was rather nauseating to her.**

**Her tastes ran to the more sophisticated, even effete type of men. So much so that several times they'd turned out, much to her disgust, to be gay. She'd even tried to turn one around, thinking that any man, even a queer, would respond to her womanly arts and guile, and**

especially, to her body.

She had no illusions about her body's effect on men, not since she'd been twelve years old and had developed an hourglass figure almost overnight. Her body had only gotten better since then, in the care of her masseuse, her exercise coach, and her almost daily body waxes, nail jobs, and the indulgence of special and ultra-expensive body oils.

Now her skin and hair shone with health and beauty, was perfectly shaped and disciplined, and helped her get most anything she wanted in life. Her hair, thick, lustrous golden wave, flowed around her shoulders and over her breasts to her belly. It framed her small, exquisitely delicate face, with its pert, upturned nose, thick, sensuous lips, and wide, bright green eyes.

Her body would make a centerfold jealous, with wide rounded hips, a tiny waist, smooth belly and high, firm, round breasts. Her buttocks were flawless, and precisely sculpted, and her legs were long and smooth and tapered smoothly into trim ankles and tiny feet.

She had taken great and malicious delight in displaying herself around her father, knowing that he, like any man, could not avoid lecherous thoughts around her when she was half naked. She'd even tried to go around topless, but he'd put a quick stop to that, despite her arguments.

She was just waiting until she turned twenty-one, and got control of her trust fund, then she'd make sure she got into one of those mens magazines in her birthday suit. That'd show him, and everyone else of course. She had a great body, and didn't care who knew it.

When she'd been younger, she'd been a real whore, mostly so she could show off her body to her lovers and see the appreciation and lust in their eyes. She'd had scores of adult lovers when she'd been in her teens, most of them her teachers, people who worked for her father, servants, that sort of thing. She'd had few affairs with boys her own age, considering them immature.

That was still pretty much the case. Most of the men she went to bed with now were a decade or two older than her. They knew how to treat a woman's body, didn't squeeze and grasp her so she was left with bruises. She liked her sex slow and easy, like on a plush rug before a fireplace, with aged brandy or champagne, preferably with her on top.

She sighed and moved down the stairs into the narrow corridor that ran the length of the boat, or ship as her father insisted on calling it. She smiled coyly at one of the crewmen as she sashayed past him, feeling his eyes bore into her round bottom.

She reached her room, or cabin, going inside and closing the door behind her, then dropping flat on her back on the big bed and picking up the remote control unit. She turned on the TV and VCR and then turned up the sound of the music video.

There were hundreds, in fact, thousands of tapes on board, but she was bored with watching TV. Still, there wasn't much else to do. She

She slid her arms up behind her head and watched the musical, sniffing critically as the bimbo who was dancing to the music showed her cleavage. A tit job for sure, she thought. She moved forward and popped the tape out, then reached beneath her bed for another one, not one from her father's collection.

**It slid in smoothly and she lay back again on her bed watching. This tape was one of the ones she'd gotten Jimmie, one of the servants at the New York home, to buy for her.**

**The image stabilized and she watched a huge black man walk forward. Muscles rippled all over his frame, bulging out his arms and legs as he approached a young, small, pretty blonde girl. His cock was semi-erect, already incredibly thick, and long.**

**The girl looked up at him through wide blue eyes, blinking and looking fearful. She was wearing a schoolgirl's uniform, not unlike the one Wendy wore at the prep school she attended. The black man moved purposefully forward, his bald head gleaming in the camera lights.**

**He reached the girl and grabbed her hair, jerking her up against a wall. His hand came around her throat and held her tightly as his other hand casually stripped her. The girl sobbed and whined as he tore her clothes off, but didn't put up much of a fight.**

**Wendy watched cynically, though with some interest. She drew her legs up a little and spread them apart. She slid her hand down over her pussy and began to rub her clitty as she watched. The girl's breasts were revealed, huge and fat, with giant brown nipples that Wendy thought were really gross, especially compared to her own small pink ones.**

**The black man threw her back on a bed then climbed in on top of her. He knelt over her face, his cock swaying back and forth, brushing against her lips. He cuffed her hard, knocking her head to one side, then gripped her hair and drove his cock into her mouth.**

**Wendy fast forwarded a little, not really liking blowjobs. She stopped to watch with a sigh of appreciation when the black guy got the little blonde to swallow his entire cock. Wendy knew from personal experience how difficult that was, especially with a cock that long and thick.**

**The black guy face-fucked the blonde for long minutes as the cameras closed in, watching the seemingly unending length of black cock-meat as it slid relentlessly past her lips and down her throat, then reappeared, wet and glistening with her spit.**

**Wendy curved her finger and slipped it into her pussy, driving it down her tight pussy hole. She was rubbing and lightly squeezing her breasts with her other hand as she stroked her fingers over her clitty and fingered herself.**

**The black guy had enough mouth and pulled out, then picked up the little blonde's legs and shoved them way back against her chest, jamming down her ankles until they were actually pressed against the side of the blonde girl's head. Her puss was gaping wide and open for the camera's eye.**

**The slit, with its pink, wet flesh, lay revealed and vulnerable as the black guy jabbed his cock at it several times, finally catching and forcing the round helmeted cockhead into her.**

**Wendy watched with anticipation, rubbing herself harder and sliding two fingers in and out of her pussy. The black man simply threw his hips down and forward, skewering the little blonde, forcing his thick, long cock down into her with a single brutal thrust.**

**Wendy heard the girl's gasp and cry of pain and knew that was no act. You couldn't take a cock that size, that fast without pain. She rubbed**

harder at her clitty, grinding her hips in slow circles on the bed and humping upwards against her fingers.

The black man began to hammer his cock down into the little blonde without any restraint at all. He fucked her furiously, savagely ramming his muscular body down into her, rutting his cock in and out of her pink pussy-slit with unrestrained force and velocity.

Wendy had never been fucked like that and never really wanted to. She had fantasies about it though, as did every woman and girl. The fantasy about being brutally taken by some handsome, muscular beefcake type, just... USED for his pleasure, like a whore.

Her eyes were locked on the screen as the black man pounded down into the little blonde. She heard little grunts then that weren't coming from the screen and felt her awareness of the picture slipping as her body's reactions began to obscure her other senses.

Her body hummed with sexual energy. She felt her belly churning and tumbling and her crotch burning and steaming with need. Her breasts were hugely swollen, and shot fire into her chest every time she tweaked one of her hard little nipples.

She was bouncing her bottom up and down on the mattress now as the black guy really gave it to the little blonde. He was bouncing his whole huge, heavy body up and down on her folded, doubled up body. His cock was tearing in and out of her like a pile driver.

Wendy stuffed three finger into her own pussy, ramming them in and out as she imagined herself under a huge, savage black man, imagined him rutting down into her with his giant black cock, imagined him squeezing and kneading her tender breasts.

She moaned low in her throat, her fingers dripping wet as they jammed deep into her box. She could feel her arousal deepen, feel her excitement mount. Her body was afire with sensuous lust which was growing more and more intense.

On the screen, the black guy finished fucking the little blonde and the screen abruptly changed images. Now the blonde was bent over the black man's lap, his hand came down hard on her upturned buttocks, slapping with a loud crack and leaving a big red hand mark.

He began spanking her heavily as she sobbed and bawled and kicked her little legs up and down. Then he rolled her off and forced her onto her hands and knees, kneeling behind her. His hard cock thrust into her pussy and he began to fuck her like a dog.

Wendy never allowed her lovers to fuck her in that position, considering it demeaning, but now it increased her excitement as her pussy sent shockwaves of hot pulsating lust rippling through her shuddering body. Her fingers were sliding in and out of her sopping pussy-pit almost as fast as the black guy was fucking the blonde.

She felt the prelude to orgasm and rubbed harder still over her clitty, then grabbed her left breast in her hand and squeezed her fingers down hard, sending a hard biting blast of heat into her chest and belly. She came then, bouncing her hips up and down on the bed as wave after wave of sexual release rolled through her.

Her mouth opened in a soundless cry of ecstasy as her back arched, her chest jutting upwards, her bottom rising off the bed and her weight coming down on her shoulders. Then she fell back exhausted to the mattress, laying there spreadeagled, her chest rising and falling rapidly as she regained her breath.

**She puffed a breath off air up to knock the hair out of her face, then reached up with her hand and shoved and pulled the mass of tangled blonde hairs away. She lay there for a few minutes, then sat up, turning off the VCR and getting out of bed..**

**She wandered into the bathroom for a shower, thinking about how best to annoy her father at dinner that night.**

**Dinner on the High Finance was a formal affair, with her father and his two male guest wearing dinner jackets, and their wives wearing designer dresses that cost enough to have fed a small nation for a year.**

**Besides her father, there was his current wife, a sleek looking brunette with big breasts and a mindless stare. She wasn't much older than Wendy, much to the latter's disgust. Her name was Cindy, and she was her father's current showpiece.**

**The other two women were of similar ilk, one a long legged brunette with big breasts, the other a short redhead with big breasts. All three were clad in tight fitting, low cut dresses that revealed all their charms. Wendy considered all of them to be little better than whores.**

**She herself dressed much plainer. She wore a very simple short, white dress. It covered her chest demurely, but the hem descended no more than a half inch below her buttocks. It was incredibly tight, revealing every detail of her body's musculature, from her flat belly to her high breasts and round hips.**

**She wore no bra or underpants, since those would have showed through the material. She had the smug pleasure of seeing her father's two partners eye her with carefully discrete interest as she approached. She was, she knew, much better looking than the sluts they had brought with them.**

**"You're looking... lovely tonight, dear," Cindy said, frowning slightly.**

**"Why thank you, Mother dear," Wendy said, all wide eyed. Cindy's frown deepened.**

**"Don't get snotty, Wendy," her Dad said.**

**"Who? Me?"**

**"Oh, leave the poor child alone, Alfred." Mrs Young said, bobbing her twenty three year old head. "You're always arguing with her."**

**"Girl has no respect," her father grumbled.**

**"Aren't you about ready for college, dear?" Mrs. Young, asked, smiling sweetly.**

**"Aren't you?"**

**Mrs. Young glared. Her husband guffawed, slapping the table and throwing his arm around his "wife", hugging her tightly. "Young" was a good name for Becky Young, since she was a good thirty years younger than her husband. She drew in a deep breath, accentuating her large breasts.**

**"Don't be fresh, Wendy," her father snapped.**

**"Well excuse me. I was only asking a question," Wendy said.**

**The other woman, the little redhead, Holly, kept her mouth shut. She didn't want to get into any kind of conversation with Wendy, not after the girl had caught her sniffing a line of coke that afternoon. Her husband was a big time anti-drug campaigner who advocated locking up**

all drug users on a deserted island.

"Young people today simply have no respect," Holly's husband, Roger said.

"Is that why you married a child?" Wendy inquired acidly.

"Wendy!" her father snapped.

"Oh fuck off, Daddy," Wendy said. "I'm not going to act like the charming little girl for your friends and their whores."

Which was how she came to be in her room, while the others ate dinner. Like I care, she humphed to herself, munching on caviar and sipping straight champagne from the bottle. She was, she decided, going to jump ship at the next stop and use her credit cards to get her on an aeroplane home, even if she had to fly coach.

She stripped and put on the top of her black satin pyjamas, then sat on the bed to watch a movie. It was something about some bigshot business guy who was cheating on his taxes and got found out and sent to jail.

Wendy allowed herself the luxury of imagining her father going through that, though she wouldn't want that to happen for real as long as she needed to live off his money. Another two years, four months and eleven days, though and she'd be twenty-one and free.

The boat heeled over sharply and she fell forward on the mattress, spilling her glass all over the silk sheets. She pushed herself back with an angry curse, then slammed the glass down on the night table and rang the bell for a servant.

She cursed her father, the boat, the crew and the ocean with equal impartiality, staring sullenly at the door so she could give whoever showed up a real nasty tongue lashing.

Then the boat heeled far over in the other direction and she fell back with a startled squawk.

"What the fuck is going on?" she snarled, patting her hair back into place as she tried to stand up.

She hung onto the side of the bed to steady herself as she walked towards the door.

The boat heeled over again and she staggered across to the door, hanging onto the handle to keep from falling. She started to open it, then grimaced and looked back to the bed, where her robe lay. The tops of the pyjamas barely covered her naked rump and were thin and flappy in any kind of breeze.

There was shouting and yelling coming from above her, very loud shouting. Then there was a series of loud bangs and screams. She blinked in confusion, her instincts to go out and yell at somebody suddenly being overcome by the realization that something could be seriously wrong.

She jerked open the door and yelled at a crewman who was running past. The man stopped abruptly and turned to stare at her.

"What the fuck is going on?" She demanded, thinking as she did, that he didn't look at all like the perfectly groomed and manicured crew members she'd seen so far. In fact, he was an oriental and she couldn't remember there being any orientals on the crew.

Instead of answering her he lunged forward, throwing his arms around her and knocking her back through the doorway until the back of her legs hit the foot of her bed and she tumbled back into it. He fell

atop her, his hips between her spread legs as he gripped her hair and tried to kiss her.

She spat and cursed, outraged that he would dare touch her, trying to claw his face, and succeeding in leaving deep furrows down one cheek.

He yelled loudly, in some ignorant language and then punched her in the face. Wendy's head was knocked back to the mattress and her yelling stopped as she blinked up at him in pain and astonishment. No one had ever hit her before.

His lips mashed down bruisingly hard against hers and his hand squeezed her breasts through the thin top. He mumbled and hissed in whatever language he owned and ground down against her sex. Wendy was petrified and frozen, unable to react to something that was completely outside her range of experiences.

The man jerked his rough trousers down and brought out his cock, erect and angry looking. He grinned nastily at Wendy, and placed the head against her blonde fringed slit, then lunged forward, driving it into her body. He shoved his hips forward, forcing the cock deep into her soft, tender tunnel as his hands tore open her top and latched around her breasts.

Wendy was whimpering and staring at him in shock, not daring to move for fear of being struck again. The man's cock ploughed down deep into her sheath, filling her with it's male hardness as he humped furiously against her.

His lips came down on hers again, pressing roughly, hotly against her own. His tongue jammed into her mouth, whipping around inside her oral cavity as he lunged back and forth on top of her, pounding his cock in and out of her dry sex.

Wendy could vaguely hear screams and yells from far away, but paid them little heed as she lay there, wide eyed beneath her rapist. His hands were savagely squeezing and twisting her breast meat, bringing pain to her chest and more tears to her eyes.

She began to cry openly, sobbing and bawling as the man rutted into her. He cuffed her roughly, the back of his hand knocking her head aside. Then he gripped her hair, pulling it back as he held her face still and brutally crushed her lips with his.

His hips and belly rode back and forth against her inner thighs. Her legs were splayed wide and unmoving as he took her savagely. He lunged forward again and again, driving his cock into her with short, furiously fast strokes.

He smelled of fish and oil and his hands left a slimy trail of sweat wherever they touched. They fastened around her soft white buttocks then, squeezing tightly, digging into the smooth flesh as he grunted and groaned and mumbled in cruel pleasure above her.

His cock rutted into her like a mad dog, sliding back and forth between her taut pussy-lips as he rode her for his own satisfaction. She was a tool for his enjoyment, with as little importance as a dog. He used her body to jerk-off in, pounding furiously in his eagerness to come off.

The man groaned and stuffed his cock deep inside her, holding still as his eyes narrowed and his mouth gaped open. Wendy felt his cum spitting down into her belly as he came, his hands roughly squeezing her breasts and pulling her hair.

Then he bounced off her, as if suddenly in a terrific hurry. He

grabbed her by the hair and jerked her up after him, dragging her out of her room and down the corridor to the rear of the boat. Wendy yelped and whined and sniffled as she hurried after him.

She heard more of the explosions and realized now they must be gunshots. She couldn't understand that, couldn't see why anyone would be shooting guns on the High Finance.

The man threw her forward and she staggered into the arms of another Asian man. He glared fiercely at her and jerked her forward again. There were half a dozen others there, all of them throwing things off the stern of the boat into a smaller boat tied up to one side.

All of them crouched low, and Wendy realized why when a man gave a grunt and fell forward, a gaping, bloody hole in the back of his head. She stared at it in stunned horror, watching the blood bubble out.

Then someone shoved her forward and another man lowered her into the arms of a man standing in the boat below. He threw her across the deck where she fell onto her side by a pile of fur coats.

The other men began dropping over the edge of the High Finance, then, shooting behind them as they did. Another man gave scream and fell forward into the ocean, not surfacing. The boat's motor gave a growl and they moved rapidly away from the yacht.

Wendy watched its lights recede into the darkness with a growing horror and fear. She looked around her at the rough looking Asian men who were crouching below the sides of the boat, keeping low as the occasional bullet thumped into the rear.

She suddenly longed desperately for her boring little cabin on the yacht and began helplessly whimpering again as she thought about the terrible ordeal she would soon be going through. For she had no doubt whatsoever that these men would rape her, and then probably kill her, maybe throwing her into the sea to drown.

The lights of the yacht disappeared and the men began talking and then getting to their feet. They ignored her at first, pawing through the goods they'd stolen from the High Finance. There were loud arguments, apparently as they divvied things up.

Then they all turned and looked at Wendy, crouching in a corner, her torn pyjama top held tightly together by her white knuckled fists.

## **TWO**

The men began talking to each other in low voices, the tone snide and sneering as they looked at her. One of them reached down and dragged her up by the hair, ignoring her cries of pain and protest. He stood behind her, pinning her wrists tightly together high up behind her back, pulling her head back by the hair to thrust out her chest for the leering group of watchers.

The pyjama top came apart, gaping open to reveal all her charms for the men, who looked on admiringly, talking and chattering amongst themselves in their singsong voices. They were all incredibly ugly, Wendy thought, and smelled terrible, like they hadn't bathed in months.

The man behind her frog-marched her forward until they came up to a wooden crate of some kind. He shoved her belly-down across it, and kicked her legs apart. Wendy shuddered as she felt his hand slam down on her buttocks, gripping her bottom in a tight squeeze as the man said something to the others in a loud, jovial voice.

They all laughed. Then Wendy felt something press against her soft pubic lips, and roughly push up inside her. She whimpered louder, then bit her lip to keep quiet, afraid they'd hit her. She recognized fingers ramming in and out of her pussy. They were withdrawn, and then something thicker and softer pushed against her.

The man thrust forward, driving his cock into her pussy from behind. Wendy could do nothing but hug the crate as she felt his organ drive up into her belly. She stared down at the surface of the wooden crate, horrified and miserable with pain and humiliation.

The other men were all gathered around her as the man hammered his cock into her sex. His fat belly slapped against her buttocks, grinding her hips against the sharp edge of the crate, knocking her bare knees into the side. Wendy was petrified, unable to do anything but lay there and take the terrible abuse of her most private centre, whimpering as her pussy ached more and more deeply.

The man's cock was thick and long. It pounded in and out of her pussy with fearsome thrusts, ripping back and forth between her sensitive pubic-lips with agonizing speed. Her pussy burned and shot fiery stabbing pain signals up her spine as the man brutally raped her. The second rape of the night, she thought dazedly, but only the beginning. She was about to be gang raped. The words had often invoked dark arousal and excitement when she'd fantasied about them, or even when she'd heard about other girls who were victims.

She'd often read stories of girls who had been gang-raped, and fantasised about how lewd and nasty and wicked the event must have been, imagining herself at the center of a wild group of lust crazed men - all gorgeous and well-bathed, of course, all wildly admiring of her beauty and sensuality.

The reality was far different, as her body was pounded from behind again and again, the hard prick slicing in and out of her as the man's hips slammed powerfully against her bottom and a pack of wild Asian men howled and screamed in glee as she was raped right before them, all crowded in to cheer on her rapist..

She was getting splinters in her tender breasts as the man jerked her

body back and forth, ramming her thighs and hips into the sharp corners of the crate. His cock sawed back and forth inside her as he grunted and cursed and laughed.

Wendy moaned, her tear filled eyes closed as she hugged the crate. She felt the man jam his spike-like cock high into her belly, then grind his pubic bone from side to side against her sex, shoving hard against her as if he sought to force her body into the crate.

She cried out with pain then as her soft flesh was mashed against the hard wood of the crate. This brought a harsh snarl and an open hand cracking down against the side of her head, making her ears ring.

He slapped her bottom, then, the crack loud and sharp on the night air, rising even above her helpless cry of pain as the sharp sting burned into her. He pulled his cock out suddenly, apparently sated, then stepped away. At once, another man stepped into place behind the miserable teenager, and she felt another cock press against her tiny entrance.

Back on the High Finance things were just starting to sort themselves out. Half a dozen crewmen were dead, and several others wounded. None of the passengers were harmed, having been quickly moved into a forward storage area away from the pirates.

Captain Newman took the reports from his first mate, looking grimly around him and then shaking his head with resignation. He nodded and turned away, going over to Mr. Crane and pursing his lips anxiously.

"Sir, I'm afraid I have some very bad news," he said.

"What? Is my daughter all right?" Crane demanded.

"Sir, I'm afraid Miss Wendy is not in her cabin. She isn't anywhere on the ship."

"What?"

"Oh My God!" Cindy said, her hand covering her mouth.

"What are you..."

"I'm afraid one of the men saw a blonde woman being forced over the side into the pirates' boat, sir."

Crane's face darkened angrily.

"You're saying my daughter has been kidnapped by those scum!?"

"I'm afraid it very much looks like it, sir."

"Well turn around and go after them, Dammit!"

"That's pointless, sir. We don't know what direction they went and even if we did.." he shrugged helplessly.

"We aren't made for speed, sir. They'll easily outdistance us."

"I'm not going to just leave her with those... those..."

"Sir, all we can do is get ashore and contact the authorities. If they hadn't destroyed our radio.... but anyway, we don't know how many others there are out there. We should get ashore and get help."

"And meanwhile my daughter is in the hands of those fucking scumbags, who are doing God only knows what to her!!"

"It's all we can do, sir." The Captain shrugged.

Crane turned away and gazed furiously out to sea, as if he could find the fleeing pirates with his eyes alone, despite the dark and distance.

"I will hunt those little fuckers down," he said.

"No matter how long and how much it costs, I'm going to get them and see them all dead!"

Wendy's eyes were half closed, exhaustion lay heavy on her body. One after another the pirates had raped her against the crate, their hard male cocks slicing in and out of her soft, pink tunnel, their hands mauling her soft flesh. They seemed untiring as they pleased and amused themselves with her body, and she wondered dizzily if it would ever end.

Now she was on her knees on the deck. Even the poor covering of her torn top had been taken from her and she was completely nude. Her flesh gleamed in the moonlight as she bent forward over the Asian man's crotch, bobbing her mouth up and down on his cock.

Her wrists were tightly bound behind her with a strip of leather hide that was so tight she'd already lost all feeling in her hands.

She recalled the many times she'd engaged in light bondage games, the hot, steaming heat she'd felt when bound, and marvelled that now she was experiencing the real thing, yet felt nothing but cold terror, pain and humiliation.

Her breasts hung down heavily beneath her, bruised and aching from being squeezed, twisted, slapped and roughly fondled for so long.

Her round bottom stuck up vulnerably and as the man sitting in front of her squeezed her hanging left breast, another man knelt behind her and forced her legs apart. She moaned into the cock stuffing her mouth as she felt her raw, aching pussy penetrated yet again.

The man started fucking her with long casual strokes as the man in front slapped her head to remind her to work on him. She bobbed her head up and down, up and down, her lips pulled tightly around his cock shaft, her tongue working hard to bring him off as she sucked.

Anything less than energetic work earned her a hard slap in the face or on the head or breast. He gripped her thick tangled hair in both hands and jerked her roughly up and down on his cock, his cock-knob rapping hard against the back of her mouth each time, making her gag repeatedly.

The men were drunk and getting drunker as they sat and stood around guzzling the High Finance's expensive brandy and whisky. Their comments were loud and crude and obnoxious and Wendy was just as glad she couldn't understand them.

Cum spurted up into her mouth and she swallowed quickly, her tongue slipping all around the man's cock as she cleaned him off and gulped down his juice. The man sighed in satisfaction and let go of her head. He shoved her back and stood up.

The man behind her slid his hands under her chest and grabbed her breasts, hauling her upper body upright and back against him as he rutted mercilessly into her pussy-hole. Her breasts were painfully twisted, mashed and kneaded as he kissed her throat, biting and chewing at the nape of her neck.

Another man sat down in front of her and she was jerked forward again, swallowing another cock as the man behind her began to fuck into her in earnest. His cock sliced back and forth as his hands encircled her waist and drew her back against his forward thrusts.

It was all she could do to keep the cock in her mouth from sliding out. Then it did slide out and the man snarled and slapped her face hard, pulling her back down by the hair until his cock filled her mouth again.

Her jaw ached from overuse. She'd lost track of the number of cocks she'd had to suck on and hardly had any strength left in her jaw and tongue. Her back ached, her crotch and inner thighs were rubbed raw, her pussy was a burning wound and she had a blazing headache.

The man fucking her spent himself, dropping his load in her belly, then withdrew. Another man knelt behind her and another cock drove into her pink velvet tunnel. He humped furiously against her for almost two minutes before spewing his gunk into her sex.

The man Wendy was sucking pulled her off him and shoved her back onto a pile of thick ropes on the deck. He fell forward atop her, between her instinctively spread legs, and drove his hot, wet cock down into her pussy.

He grunted and growled as he rutted into her, lifting her legs and shoving them wide apart as he rutted into her hole. Her back and buttocks were being rubbed raw on the thick coarse rope as the man ground himself down into her.

Her arms ached, pinned beneath her by both their weights. He shoved her legs further back, pounding his loins into her greasy, cum filled pussy with renewed force. Wendy's mind was a blurred daze. Her jaw hung open as she looked up blearily into the crazed eyes of the fisherman atop her.

She saw no remorse, no regret, not a trace of sympathy in his lust filled eyes. If the man thought what he was doing was in any way wrong, no trace of that appeared on his face. He shoved down on her legs, bouncing her crotch up to meet his hard thrusting member.

She grunted as it drove into her again, the cock-head boring a deep tunnel through her elasticised pussy tunnel. In and out, in and out, in and out it pumped, his hips moving like a jackhammer as he stabbed into her again and again, her body shook and vibrated there, her buttocks jiggling, her groin burning.

She cried out, the sound an animal moan of mindless pain, as someone grasped a handful of her thick blonde hair and yanked her head off the carton. A man stood on the other side, sneering down at her, and as her glazed eyes looked upwards he thrust his cock into her open mouth, cursing at her and twisting her hair to force her to suck.

Yet she could not. Wendy was too dazed from too many blows, from too much shock and pain. The previously spoiled and cosseted young woman hadn't the strength to cope with such cruelties visited upon her, and so her mind retreated, leaving her body largely alone. A harsh slap did little than draw a grunt, and so the man thrust himself forward, the rounded head of his cock forced past the back of her throat and down her gullet.

Wendy's body heaved and writhed, but weakly, and instinctively protesting the blockage and discomfort in her throat. The man held her easily, thrusting the long length of his cock down her slender throat as the other pirates looked on and laughed in glee.

On and on it went, for the poor teenager, as the boat rolled through the waves and made its unsteady way back to land. As each man finished another took his place, and her mind slipped into numbness, distancing itself from the pain and humiliation being visited upon her.

And then something dark crept forth, something ancient, something amoral and animalistic, a creature of the distant past and her own darkest fantasies. And there, surrounded by leering, shouting,

laughing men, treated like an animal creature of sex, her body began to slowly warm to its own abuse.

Wendy's straining pussy skin grow warmer with the repeated fast stroking of the long thick yellow cock. A dark heat began to spread into her belly, then upwards through her body and out into her limbs.

Her body, previously stiff, shocked and cringing from her fear, was now largely free of her mind's control, of the concerns of pride and inhibitions which governed her. It began to respond to the stimuli being inflicted upon it, as it was designed to do in the dawn of man, when the female was a wild and feral creature to be subdued and ridden roughly to produce succeeding generations.

The warmth became heat, a heat that burned into her lower belly like a fiery white hot poker. She moaned dazedly, her body twisting from side to side. Her eyes fluttered as further confusion and twisted sensations of pleasure rippled through it. It was like a terrible yearning inside her lower belly, a yearning which more and more terrible.

The glazed eyed girl began to gasp and pant around the cock thrusting into her mouth, the sensations oozing through the pores and along the veins of her body, setting her trembling and shaking. She had no real idea what was happening, knew only that she was being further tormented from some unknown agency, in some unknown manner.

Her head dropped far back and she moaned long and low, a strange keen of mindless pleasure and exhaustion. Her eyes closed and her body jerked convulsively, even as the fisherman continued to pound their hard prongs into her.

Her body flared with heat, the sensuous energy ripping through her like an electrical charge. She grunted mindlessly, jaw slack as the pirate before her thrust himself cruelly back and forth through her open lips. She couldn't breath, couldn't see, couldn't think.

Her body was a bestial thing, a carnal instrument, a receptacle for hard driving cocks and hot, wet, salty white semen. She screamed soundlessly, a cry of ecstasy and protest, of wonder and confusion, her entire body shaking furiously from a blast wave of overheated sensory data.

She stiffened as much as she could with her body crushed beneath the men's round use, then her eyes rolled back in her head and she collapsed into a semi-conscious delirium.

It took more than a day for High Finance to reach a port. There the attack was reported to the local authorities, who sympathized and promised to try, but who were obviously overloaded and under-equipped to do anything.

Crane had no intention of relying on a bunch of third world bozos to get his daughter back. He went to the American consulate and, by way of political connections, managed to see the consul general.

He too offered sympathy, but no action.

"You have to understand, Mr. Crane," the consul general said. "These waters are infested with pirates. Most of them are fishermen who use piracy as a kind of second income. They're utterly ruthless and leave few witnesses behind. There are thousands and thousands of little boats out there and knowing which are pirates is damned near impossible."

**"They must have some kind of base."**

**"No. That's just it. They go out fishing from some nothing little village. Nobody knows what they do. They come back with fish. The things they steal are hidden or sold elsewhere before they even reach home. Unless they are actually caught with the loot, or in the process of robbing some boat, how can we tell they're pirates?"**

**"Somebody must know them!"**

**"I repeat, they aren't for the most part, organized. It's just a ship's crew, and they aren't going to talk, and if they do it's to some other villager who sure as hell isn't going to come in to us and rat on their friends."**

**"What about my daughter?" Crane demanded.**

**The Consul-general sighed and shook his head.**

**"The most we can do is try and put it out to the underworld here that you'll be willing to pay a big ransom for her return. But even that isn't going to be much good since the people who took her are probably headed for some tiny village somewhere on the coast. Hell, they might not even be from this country."**

**"You're saying I'm not going to get her back?"**

**"Mr. Crane, I'm sorry. The brutal facts are that most female captives are raped at sea and then tossed over the side. These people are heartless. Remember the big Vietnamese boat lift? Whole little boats loaded with dozens of people were attacked and sunk. Girls as young as eight or nine were raped and then had their throats cut."**

**Crane stared at him angrily and the man shrugged again.**

**"The only hope, and a very very faint hope it is, is if they're from Thailand and bring her back there."**

**"Why is that a hope?" Crane demanded.**

**"Well, as I said, it's pretty faint, but... well... Thailand has a very active trade in young females. The entire country is a sewer for sexual slavery. It's possible that your daughter, being white and thus very valuable, might be sold to some dealer there. They're much more organized and would probably be willing to part with her for enough money. The slave traders, that is. I could put word out there for you, for them to keep an eye open for a blonde girl."**

**Crane sat silently, shaking his head slowly in revulsion.**

**"I warn you, sir." The Consul said, "these female captives are not treated well. If she is sold there, it will probably be to a brothel."**

**"I don't believe this!" Crane snarled, jumping to his feet and staring furiously down at the man. "An American girl is forcibly taken off an American boat. You say she's going to be fucking well SOLD as some kind of sex slave. And there's nothing that can be done about it?!!"**

**The man held up his hands helplessly.**

**"What would you have us do, sir? If we knew where she was, we'd try very hard to get her back. We just have no way of knowing. The trade in slaves is too widespread and secretive."**

**"You said they have a slave market."**

**"Well, yes. Ostensibly the young people, and we're mostly talking about pre-teens and adolescent girls, are for work, not sex, but everyone knows differently. Your daughter wouldn't be at the open market though. Being white, they'd assume someone was looking for her and keep her sale more secretive."**

**"Well I have a great deal of faith in the American dollar, Mister, even if not much in the American government. I'll find her and I'll find the fuckers who took her if it costs me a hundred million dollars to do it!"**

**Crane stormed out of the office, slamming the door behind him. Official channels were not going to get him anywhere. He'd have to find someone who knew his way around this part of the world, someone utterly ruthless. He went back to his hotel and placed a long distance call to Washington, to a man who would know just where to find people like that.**

**They were at sea for three days. Wendy was constantly raped, slapped, kicked, fondled, manhandled and abused. The pirates also expected her to cook and clean for them. And made their displeasure known at her lack of culinary abilities.**

**But worse was when they were sated, and they had time on their hands, for they appeared to hate her, and took great delight in punishing her in order to satisfy that hatred. After the long night of rape Wendy was thrown into the bilge below decks, her ankles pulled back painfully so that her spine threatened to snap, bound tightly to her wrists. Six inches of filthy sludge rolled back and forth across her body as the little boat churned through the waves, and Wendy coughed and sputtered helplessly, her own tears often adding to the moisture.**

**She was dragged above decks when no other traffic was nearby, and her wrists untied, then retied in front of her.**

**Then she was thrown over the side by the laughing, snickering pirates, who watched in amusement as she was dragged through the waves behind the boat. The water buffeted her bruised body, as she twisted and turned like a fish on the end of the line, her head and shoulders barely above water - and then only before smashing into the next wave as the boat dragged her along.**

**She was dragged back aboard, gasping, heaving, coughing, dripping wet, and frozen, to be swarmed again by the lust-filled men. Their hands mauled her body and then their cocks drove into her pussy, mouth and anus. For two hours she was raped, then as their lust was satisfied one of the men gripped her still damp hair and bound it in a loose braid at the top of her head.**

**As the others looked on, he bound a strong cord to it, then said something which drew gales of laughter.**

**Wendy was shoved back against the ship's mast, her hands rebound behind her back - and then lifted.**

**The pain as her hair was pulled jarred her somewhat out of her numbness, just as the "swim" had, and she sobbed and cried out, begging them to stop as needles of pain dug into her scalp. The needles became spikes and daggers, and then she shrieked as the cord lifted her off her toes to dangle there in mid-air.**

**The man laughed and pointed, apparently much amused, but Wendy could feel only the agony in her scalp. The boat continued to plough through the waves, and she began to swing from side to side.**

**As she swung she was pulled higher, the pirates pulling on the stout cord to lift her several feet, then a dozen, then twenty feet into the air.**

**A nightmare of pain gripped her as she swung wildly, now far out over the water, now back over the boat and far over the other side. She spun in circles, gagging and coughing, and only its completely empty state prevented her belly from turning over.**

**She grunted in pain as her body slammed into the mast, the wind knocked out of her, then swung back out over the water again. Again she slammed into the mast, then swirled and twisted back out over the other side.**

**She had no conception or measure of time, barely conscious now, even of the pain tearing at her scalp. She was aware only vaguely of being lowered back to the deck, of the flood of relief as the pressure was removed from her hair. Then she was hoisted upwards once more, this time by one ankle.**

**And there she spent the night, swinging back and forth.**

**The next morning she was lowered to the deck to be gang raped once more, on all fours, an insensible animal barely alive. Then she was thrown into the bilge again to spend the daylight hours.**

**Buckets of cold sea water were thrown over her, but she barely noticed. Rough hands twisted and turned her, rough rags scrubbing the worst of the filth from her body. Slaps and cuffs and yanks on her hair raised the girl who had once been Wendy to her feet, and a rope around her throat was pulled tight as she was half dragged, half carried up onto the deck.**

**Mindless, the dripping white girl was led down the narrow plank and onto the narrow wooden dock. The naked girl caused no little interest as the men, arms laden with booty, moved through the almost entirely male assembly. She was numbed to feel anything so common as embarrassment as she was pulled through the men. Hands grabbed at her bottom and breasts as she passed but she barely noticed them.**

**She was not the only woman. Here and there were other females, mostly even younger than her. Most of them were also naked, or barely dressed. Not far away, a string of a half dozen pretty young Vietnamese girls were held together by ropes around their throats. They were all naked and had all been well raped before being brought here.**

**This place was not on any map, and indeed, did not exist except for short periods of time. It moved every few days, but its clientele always knew how to find it. For this was where their booty could be sold for cash.**

**For the most part the booty was cheap Asian goods and pretty Asian girls. Few of the pirates were daring enough to hit a western boat. A year back one boat had actually hit an ocean going freighter and robbed it though.**

**That was one of the few exceptions. Mostly they preyed on other fishermen and the helpless refugees dared the oceans and seas to escape tyranny or poverty. There weren't as many of the refugees as there once was, but there were still enough to turn a profit in the flourishing Thai flesh trade.**

**Wendy was hauled along behind the jovial men until they arrived at a small hut. There the leader of the pirates met with a well dressed, pot-bellied man and the two talked, both turning to look at her often, both gesturing in her direction.**

The pot-bellied man and the pirate were both gesticulating as they yelled at each other. Then the argument abruptly ceased and the pot-bellied man handed the pirate a small wad of bills. The pirate shoved Wendy forward and then turned with a grunt, walking away.

The rest of the pirates followed and the pot-bellied man pulled on the rope around Wendy's throat, jerking her into the hut. She fell down in the dirt and stayed there, her head bowed as she fought to keep her eyes from closing. She had had no sleep, of course, since her capture.

There were other girls in the hut. Three of them. They were Asians of some kind. She didn't know or care where from. She ignored them and they ignored her, each of them too wrapped up in misery and exhaustion.

They were there the rest of the afternoon. Wendy fell asleep almost immediately. When she was roughly shaken awake, she saw that two more girls were in the hut, both Asians in their mid-teens. All six of them were hauled to their feet and shoved and slapped until they left the hut.

The sun was starting to set as the six were led to the shore and put on a small fishing boat. They were shoved through a narrow hatch and down into the belly of the boat, then the top was slammed shut, leaving them in foul smelling, pitch black hold.

The boat left shore, rocking unstably in the waves as it groaned along. Time passed, though it had no meaning for the girls in the hold. Eventually they fell asleep, one by one.

The light woke them, that and the voices cursing and yelling at them. They roused and stumbled to their feet, moving quickly as their captors prodded them with sharp sticks. They climbed up the steep stairwell, not an easy task with their hands bound behind them.

The boat had docked. There were no lights as the girls were led up the gangway and onto the dock. There was a panel truck there and they were ushered inside. Then the doors were slammed and they were left in the darkness once again.

The truck bounced worse than the boat had, the roads hereabouts being in less than perfect condition. They rode for an hour before stopping. Then the doors were opened and they were led off and into a building.

None of them got a look at the outside as they hurried down a cold stone stairwell. At the bottom was another corridor, then a turn and a series of cell-like rooms. Each girl was thrust into a separate room, and bowls of rice and water were placed on the dirt floor.

Wendy stared dull-eyed at both, then bent forward, moaning and whimpering in pain, and began to slurp at the rice, licking it out with her tongue and gulping it down desperately. When it was all gone she licked at the bowl, then turned her attention to the water, lapping and slurping that up as well. When she had finished she lay back and fell almost instantly asleep.

Crane flew to Thailand the next morning, then checked into the Chez Bangkok and waited impatiently in his room for the man he'd been told would come and see him. According to the people he'd spoken to, Thailand had no lack of people willing to do anything for a buck. The place was a dumping ground for, among others, ex Vietnam war vets who couldn't or wouldn't go home.

There was a knock on the door and he nodded to Jasper, one of the servants, who moved to it and opened it. The man there was hardly the normal type of visitor to Alfred Crane's illustrious company, nevertheless, Jasper let him in.

Crane looked up at him appraisingly. The man was in his late forties. He was wearing a very poorly made sports jacket over faded, torn jeans. He was tall and thin, with too-long blonde hair and a day's growth of beard. His eyes though, were cold and intelligent as he instantly fixed them on Crane. He moved forward and sat down on the thick, plush chair facing Crane.

"You're Jefferson?" Crane asked.

"Yeah."

"You know what I want?"

"Somebody's got your kid and you want her back."

"Yes."

"Not gonna be easy."

"I'll pay whatever you ask."

Jefferson looked offended.

"You'll pay through the nose, but that ain't got nothin' to do with whether I find this kid alive or not. There's a whole hell of a lot of places she could be right now, including the bottom of the ocean, which, you'll excuse me for sayin' it, is the most likely by far."

"But if she's alive..."

"Then she's most likely in Thailand somewhere. There's a good market for white flesh here. Most of them are imported from overseas, whores for the most part, sold by their owners in the states or Australia, but nobody here is gonna quibble about how someone came to own a tight white gash."

"What?"

"Nobody gives a shit whether she's here willingly. There's more whores per-capita in Bangkok than anyplace in the world."

"My daughter is not a whore!" Crane steamed.

"She is now. If she's alive, she's alive as a whore. She ain't got no choice in the matter. I don't care if she's a convent school virgin, she's gonna be a whore now."

"A woman who is raped is not a whore!" Crane snapped.

"Raped? Shit..." Jefferson smiled tiredly and shook his head. "You don't know how things work here, do you? Listen up, Crane, to these people she's just a piece of merchandise. You know how they keep themselves stockpiled in girl meat here? They mostly buy it, though sometimes they steal it, usually when the girls are eight or younger. These kids are brought up as whores and are as much slaves as niggers in the old Louisiana plantation."

"Wendy was not brought up as a whore."

"Don't matter a damned. They take girls allatime. Sometimes it's just that some slaver will run across some particularly good looking girl. Sometimes some guy's enemy will grab his daughter and sell her. Then there's the Vietnamese. They're just grabbed off the boats and sold as is."

"Why is this allowed to continue?"

"Hell, this is a corrupt country, Crane. Besides which, girls just aren't considered very important over here. That's why their parents are willing to sell them for the equivalent of a few dollars."

**"The girls who are taken against their parents will... well, there's a very strict moral code here. If you're not a virgin, you might as well forget life, at least for an unmarried girl. All the slavers need to do is rape a girl.**

**"Once that's done, they can't return home because they're unclean. They'd never find a husband if they did. Nobody would marry them, and their parents would probably run them off or kill them. "**

**"That's ludicrous!"**

**"Yeah, I know. That's the way the rural folk and Vietnamese think though. As for the city girls, they're not much better off. The slavers put them through the mill for a few nights and then keep them chained up. That's what's gonna happen to your kid."**

**"What does "through the mill" mean?"**

**Jefferson shrugged.**

**"It means that they get gang-raped for a while until their spirit's broke. After that they'll do as they're told. If not, there are more painful measures."**

## **THREE**

Wendy wasn't allowed to sleep for long. Her captors didn't want her to be particularly alert as they began her training. She was hauled out of her cell after a few hours of exhausted sleep and then dragged down the hall to a small room where several small oriental women waited.

She looked around numbly as the man who'd brought her handed her over to the women. They were all about twenty and giggled as they looked at Wendy, chatting to each other in their high-pitched voices. They encircled her, cooing and clucking sympathetically as they unbound her hands at last.

The returning circulation caused her to sob with pain as she was led across the room to a large tank, not unlike a crude bathtub. It was filled with water and the girls pushed and pulled her until she stepped gingerly into it.

The water was warm and she sat down, grateful to have a chance to wash off some of the smell she'd gotten in the last few days. She sat down slowly, letting the water creep up over her hips and engulf her to the belly button, wincing as her many cuts stung.

The girls had been wearing small slip-like garments, but they stripped naked now, appearing not the least shy or worried about it, even in front of the man, who stood with his back against the door, watching interestedly.

One of them pulled Wendy's head back and then poured some soapy smelling liquid into it. The other two knelt on either side of the steel "tub" and began to pour more soapy stuff on her chest. Their small yellow hands began to rub away at her chest, smearing the soap around and around.

Wendy winced in pain as the soap made her many cuts sting even more. The girls continued to chat merrily to each other, now and then directing some comment or other at an uncomprehending Wendy. She didn't understand and didn't care. She was too content at getting a bath to care about anything else. She had always liked baths.

The girl behind her pressed her forward then, bending her far forward until her face was underwater and her soapy hair was rinsed clean. Then she was hauled back again for a second wash. Meanwhile the other two continued their giggling, pulled her feet high out of the tub and washed them and her legs almost to her crotch. They'd found some sponges and were using those to rinse the soap off. The girl behind her shoved her head forward again, and again her hair was rinsed out. Then they pulled at her arms until she stood up in the tub. They murmured and cooed until she spread her legs apart and then they began rubbing at her legs and inner thighs.

The girl behind her was scrubbing her back and going down to rub soap into her buttocks and in between her legs. Her little hand slid right underneath Wendy, her soapy fingers sliding in and out between Wendy's pussy lips.

Again she winced in pain, for her pussy was the rawest part of her, having been scoured raw by her multiple rapings. Yet she did not even think to resist. The absence of punishment was all she sought, and

obedience was the most direct route.

There was a low sort of table at the foot of the tub and when the girls had finished soaping her and rinsing her off, they chatted and cackled at her, pulling at her arms again until she leaned forward on her knees and bent herself across the table.

She was still in the tub and her bottom was sticking up in the air as the girls spread her legs apart. Then she felt something at her pussy. It felt like rubber or plastic.

She turned to watch incuriously as a long, thin tube was pushed gently into her pussy tunnel. She felt it slide deep up inside her. Once it would go no further, the girl turned a knob and she felt the flow of warm liquid as it moved into her pussy.

She held still, glad to be free of new pain, though confused about what was going on. She didn't like the hose in her pussy, but didn't put up any resistance. The girls easily held her down. The flow of liquid continued and grew greater, the liquid flooding down into her and then bubbling back out of her pussy around the hose. The girl slid the hose in and out a little, twisting it around inside her. Whatever the liquid was, was very slippery. Wendy could feel her pussy all slimy and oily from it. The girl behind her slid the hose back out of her and then knelt down in the tube behind her.

Wendy felt her fingers at her pussy, felt a finger wiggling easily into her pussy tunnel through a coating of oily, perhaps soapy liquid. The finger pumped in and out of her easily, not in a sexual manner at all, more in a purposeful way.

A second, then a third, then a fourth finger joined the first, the girl kneeling Wendy's legs further apart. One of the other girls that stood beside the tub knelt and pulled Wendy's right leg over so she was more open. Wendy grunted as she felt the pressure against her pussy lips increase. They were pulled further and further apart by something large seeking to enter her. She tried to jerk away but the two girls held her tightly, cooing and patting her head as the third pushed against her tight opening.

It was her hand, Wendy realized. She was trying to fit her whole hand into Wendy's pussy. Wendy accepted the knowledge without fear or alarm, or even the kind of wonder she might once have felt.

The little hand pushed harder, sliding through her pussy lips bit by bit until the widest part with her heel and thumb, slid through and then the hand narrowed, allowing the outraged, stretched out pussy lips to close slightly.

Wendy felt the girl's wrist inside her pussy entrance. Felt her pussy-lips gripping tightly around the small wrist as the girl's hand slid around in a slow circle inside her, twisting completely around, then back again. The girl twisted her hand back and forth inside Wendy, her fingers still bunched together in the tight sheath of her pussy tunnel.

Then she slid her fingers into her heel one by one until her hand was a tight little fist, a hard bony ball inside her, the knuckles digging indentations in the malleable pussy walls. The girl slid her hand in deeper then, shoving her fist deep into Wendy's belly as the other two held her down.

The girl's fist reached the deepest pit of Wendy's cunt-hole and her

knuckles were pressed tightly against Wendy's cervix. The girl began twisting her hand around then, twisting it fully around one way, then back the other, then the other way.

Wendy had the odd notion of the girl cleaning out an old coffee cup, shoving her hand inside and rubbing all around. The hand kept twisting back and forth, then finally stopped. Then it began to slide out - but only about six inches before sliding back in.

The girl gave her a sly leer then as she began to slowly work her fist in and out of Wendy's pussy as though she were matter-of-factly cleaning her out. Her fist slid back and forth, back and forth, making slow twisting motions as it moved.

Then the girl's other hand reached under Wendy's slit and began to rub against her clitty. THIS was not a casual thing. The little fingers deftly manipulated the confused, tired girl's clitoris as she pumped her fist in and out of the tightly stretched pussy.

Bereft of inhibitions and in the first comfort it had felt in days, Wendy's insides began to turn to mush. She closed her eyes slowly as the pleasure mounted in her belly and gave off soft whimpers of joy.

The girl expertly worked the fist in and out of Wendy now, her movements steady and slow, her fist sliding deeply into the blonde girl's pussy-tunnel, then sliding all the way out until her fist started to force the pussy-lips open further. Her fingers alternated between a deft caressing of Wendy's clit, grinding it between her knuckles or nails, and simply pressing the clit against her wrist and forearm as she pumped her hand back and forth. Wendy groaned into the table top as her entire belly grew warm and charged with excitement.

"Ahhhhhhh..." she gasped. "Oooooohhhh!"

Her breathing was coming in hurried pants and gasps.

"Uhhnnngg!! Ghhhhohhhddddd!" she panted.

She turned to look through bleary eyes as the girl thrust her fist deep, and saw she had almost her entire forearm up within Wendy's body. Wendy trembled, dark lust seeping through her tired mind, then turned her head about to see the man staring at her with cold eyes, as if evaluating his recent purchase.

The girl increased the force of her pumping motions, her fist pistoning back and forth in Wendy's small pussy tunnel, grinding and mashing her tender flesh and hammering against her cervix.

Her breath snorted out through her flared nostrils as her mouth opened wide and her eyes shut tightly. Instinctively, her body began to thrust her sex backwards, pushing back against the pumping fist. She began to jerk and shake and tremble madly, her body going into convulsions as the hard little fist inside her burned it's way into her belly.

"NNGHH! NNNG! UUUUUHH! UNGH! UNGH! UNGH! UNGH! UNGH!!!!" she grunted, her body straining furiously, her head lashing from side to side and then banging down against the table. Her loins thrust back feverishly as her clitty sparkled and spat like a live electrical wire.

Her vision clouded and her eyes rolled back in her head. She was aware of nothing outside herself, only the pounding of her heart, the roaring of her blood and beyond it the faint sound of the two Asian girls giggling in amusement as her body twisted and shook and trembled in the throes of orgiastic ecstasy.

Then she collapsed, her eyes small slits, her mouth drooling onto the

table top. The two girls were still giggling merrily. One of them patted her head as the other, the one behind her, slowly withdrew her hand from Wendy's pussy. Wendy groaned as the hand slowly pulled free. It was like giving birth as it spread her tortured pubic-lips even wider than they now were before slipping free.

Then her pussy and groin were washed off once more and she was allowed to sit back in the tub again. They washed her once more, then helped her stand shakily erect.

None of the three came past her shoulders but they were all far stronger than her, now anyway. She was as weak as a puppy as they helped her out of the tub and across to a chair. She thumped down on it as they dried her off and then began working on her hair.

One produced a blow-dryer and began to send hot air shooting through her long, soaking tresses as she brushed them out. Exhausted and bewildered, Wendy was glad for something familiar, visions of her time at the sleek beauty salons of Europe appearing from nowhere.

They manicured and pedicured her nails, which she was glad of since she hadn't had them done since leaving home, then spread sweet smelling oils on her body, making her sigh as she lay there barely awake.

Jackie Jefferson, or JJ as his friends knew him, moved easily through the streets of Bangkok. He'd spent a lifetime in Southeast Asia, starting with Vietnam, going through Cambodia and finishing up in Thailand. He'd met few men he liked and few women he didn't.

He was a strange man to be trying to free a female whore who was probably in the grip of one of the brothels. In fact, when he wasn't working, which was usual, he could normally be found in one of Bangkok's seamier bars or nightclubs, and had seldom gone a day without a sleek, thin, sexy young girl in his bed, most of them bought and paid for.

And why not? Whores were cheap in Thailand. As long as you know who and what to ask for, and didn't act like a damned tourist, you could usually get em' for a couple of bucks. White girls, of course, cost extra. Still, he knew more than a couple of guys who could supply them on demand.

First he recruited some help. He picked up Mickey Jorgenson and Danny Sims at the Ball-Buster bar, then he began making the rounds of his favourite brothels and whorehouses, looking for a new white girl for sale. He didn't figure it'd be too difficult. After all, the old man wanted her back. The people who had her wanted money. Shouldn't be too difficult to arrange a trade.

He carried his old Army colt under his left arm. He'd had to pay for it when he reported it stolen years ago, but hadn't wanted to part with it. He considered it a kind of talisman. After all, he'd killed over twenty-five gooks with it. That had been when he'd been a tunnel rat in 'nam.

Mickey Jorgenson was a knife man. He had a wicked switchblade in his pocket, two short throwing knives he kept up his sleeves, and a foot long army commando knife on the back of his belt. Mickey was nuts, in JJ's opinion, and in a lot of other people's minds too. In a way, that made him worth having around. Nobody wanted to fuck with him.

Danny Sims didn't carry any weapons, but then he didn't need any. He was another nut, as far as JJ was concerned, a real gung-ho Kung-Fu nut. He could bust heads with a single blow. Of course being seven feet tall helped in that regard. He was another intimidating looking soul.

When the three of them went around asking questions, few people wanted to get them mad. Answers were easy in coming, but not very helpful. Nobody had heard about a new white girl on the block. But then, the auction wasn't for a couple of days. After that, the new girl should appear in one of the higher class brothels.

Wendy's hands were tightly bound in front of her in large metal shackles. She shuffled along, the tallest, fairest skinned girl in along line of naked, cuffed, shuffling females. The girls were being herded slowly down a long narrow corridor. At the end, when she finally reached it, her hands were raised above her head. There was a bar there and hanging from the bar was a sharp hook, like a meat hook. The chain holding her wrists together was slid across the hook, even though it required the men there to lift her off her feet.

She grunted in pain as the metal cuffs dug into her flesh, but did not protest. Not only did she not speak their language, but she had learned how little use and how much pain came from protesting anything. She hung there unmoving, her lean, slender frame stretched out by gravity.

Her head was pushed forward between her arms and she had difficult looking in any direction but down. Then the man standing there pushed her forward. The hook slid along the bar and around a corner, then downward into a noise and smoke filled room.

The bar arched downward so she slid down it into the midst of a crowd of men. She didn't stop until her body thumped into the naked body of another girl in front of her. She blinked her eyes against the harsh, bright light that lit up her naked white body.

There were a lot of men moving around in front of and behind her but she could only make out forms as her eyes narrowed to slits. She was pushed along further, the bar moving deeper into the room and then curving around against a wall.

Now she hung unmoving, only a few inches away from the girl in front of her. One by one the girls were turned on their hook until they faced the men, who stared them up and down impartially and unemotionally. Some made notes in little books, others talked together, now and then motioning at one or another girl.

Another naked girl slid into place on her other side and was turned around, her dull eyes looking out at the crowd of men. A man moved closer to Wendy and pinched her jaws, forcing them open. He looked into her mouth as if he were inspecting a horse, then nodded and moved away.

There was a loud voice, one coming over a loudspeaker, it was constantly talking, talking fast. Wendy couldn't see where it came from at first. Slowly, she was moved along on the row of girls until she found herself hanging in an even brighter light, looking out on a row of yellow faces.

The man who was doing the talking was standing next to her now. He talked to the watchers, motioning constantly at Wendy. He slid his hand up and down her belly as he talked, then cupped her right breast,

squeezing it lightly. His hand slid between her legs and cupped her pussy.

Then men in the crowd began shouting back at him, short, one syllable words that Wendy knew must be bids. She was being auctioned off, she realized, astonished at the very thought finally piercing the veil of numbness which had lain across her mind for days.

Rape she'd thought about, what girl hadn't? Being sold at some kind of auction though, had never entered the dimmest reaches of her imagination.

"Look at all this fuckin' pussy," Sims grinned, shaking his head.

"Just keep your eyes open for the blonde bitch," JJ said.

"Yeah, yeah. It'd be hard to miss her," Sims replied.

"All white chicks look the same to me," Mickey said, his black skin glinting in the reflection from the overhead lights.

"There ain't gonna be many white girls here," JJ said.

"Whatever."

"Lookit that little bitch there," Sims said, pointing at a young teenage girl with huge breasts hanging from the rail.

"You always were a tit man," Mickey said.

"Fuckin' A, man."

"Look for a blonde while you're up there," JJ said.

"You makin' fun of my height again?" Sims growled.

"Yeah."

"Fuck you, man."

"And you too. Just keep your eyes open."

"I don't see her."

A new batch of girls started sliding down the rail then and the three of them watched carefully. All were orientals.

"I'm gettin' a boner," Sims said.

"Keep it in your pants for Christ's sake."

"You white boys," Mickey sighed, shaking his head.

"Shit, I oughto buy one of these." Sims grinned.

"For what? You can fuck any of em' you want for a couple of bucks."

"Yeah, that's true. Wouldn't want to disappoint the rest of them."

They stood around in the crowd for more than an hour, watching the stream of girl flesh moving past. Finally Wendy appeared. JJ spotted her first and nudged Sims, who turned his gaze away from the big breasted girl then being sold.

"Hey, man! That's fine stuff!" he sighed.

"Yeah, bring a nice price," Mickey agreed.

"Wouldn't mind buying that myself," Sims said.

"She's white, asshole. She'd cost a fortune."

"So? Imagine owning a white girl."

"I do, all the time," Mickey smirked.

"Fuck you, coon."

"Eat me, pin-dick."

"You two fuck-heads shut up," JJ glared.

They followed her progress around the room until she came up to the auctioneer.

"See here this young white girl," the man said, sliding his hand over her belly. "See her fine smooth skin? See how it shines? No blemishes at all. She was raised in a fine family overseas. She has no family in

**Asia and no known relatives... "**

**"Lying little fuck," JJ muttered.**

**"Almost a virgin, only fourteen years old with a clean, tight love-hole and good solid breasts," the man lied.**

**He tweaked her nipples then and stood away.**

**"What am I bid for her?"**

**Bids started coming from several areas of the floor, all from the richer merchants. JJ moved into position to top the highest bid. This, he thought to himself, could be the easiest money I ever made.**

**Then a tall, bald headed Thai man wearing a five thousand dollar suit pushed his way to the front of the crowd. He was surrounded by a dozen men in sunglasses, all of them with bulges under their armpits.**

**"Twenty-five thousand Baht," he said, his voice a low growl. Instantly all other bids stopped. The auctioneer didn't hesitate at all.**

**"Sold to... uh, this gentleman, for twenty-five thousand Baht," he said, his voice disappointed though eager.**

**"Oh piss," JJ said.**

**"Outbid him. That's only a thousand bucks," Sims said.**

**"Are you nuts, tall boy?" Mickey hissed.**

**"That's General Ho. We'd never get out of here alive if we outbid him."**

**JJ sighed. They watched as the girl was handed down to one of the General's aides. She was walked out among the crowd, one of the General's men on either side, holding an arm.**

**The three of them followed at a distance, watching as the girl was placed, still naked and cuffed, into the back of the General's limousine. Then the big black car slid out through the open garage door, followed by three others filled with bodyguards.**

**"So that was Ho," Sims said.**

**"He's got balls coming to Bangkok like this."**

**"And the little white girl's gonna feel em'." Mickey snickered.**

**"Fuck off, you moron," JJ snapped. "Shit! This would have been so fuckin' easy if he hadn't showed up."**

**"What we do now?"**

**"I dunno. I ain't goin' after that fucker unless we get more money, though."**

**"The Thai government's got a half million Baht reward on his head and he's still walking around," Mickey replied.**

**"The Thai government is a bunch of crooked assholes. I think we can take him."**

**"Maybe," Mickey said, dubiously. "Better not wait long. Once he gets back into the jungle he's got an army to protect him."**

**"I know. I know."**

**Wendy sat with her hands in her lap, looking down. The car moved smoothly and quietly along through the packed streets. It was all so incredible. It was as if this were some kind of everyday happening, as if this went on everywhere.**

**She gasped as her hair was pulled and her head jerked up and back. The big man beside her stared into her face, his own face a sneering mask of contempt. He held her fluffy blonde hair with his left hand, then slid his right up and down across her rounded breasts, then**

shoved it down between her legs and stabbed two fingers into her pussy.

She grunted and strained against him, her legs opening as his fist ground between her thighs. His fingers dug into her pussy flesh and thrust far up inside her, then wiggled around inside her belly for a moment before withdrawing. He let her hair go and sniffed in disdain.

Wendy sat there, looking down again. Her hair and pussy hurt but she didn't dare move to ease the pain. The car moved along for long minutes, then turned in at a driveway and went through a tall gate and in among trees and gardens before stopping before a large, comfortable house.

The man got out and slammed the door behind him. The car then drove around behind the house and the door opened again. A man bent and peered in, then motioned her out. She slid across and got out of the car, then was led indoors.

She moved along a deserted hallway, then stopped. The man touched something at the wall and a section of wall slid away, revealing a stairwell leading down. He inclined his head with a sharp jerk and she started down. The stairs were all stone and were cold on her bare feet as she padded down the dimly lit, narrow staircase.

After about fifty stairs they finally reached bottom. The man pushed her along an expensively furnished corridor. There were beautiful paintings and antique chairs lining the oak walls. He led her to a doorway, opened it, and shoved her inside.

The door closed behind her and she saw she was in a small cell.

The walls were stone, not fancy oak. There was a small cot with a thin blanket. There was a hole in the corner which smelled badly. There were rounded metal rings set into the walls at various places, at the head of the bed, up high on one wall, in the corner by the hole.

She sat down on the cot and stared at the wall.

"How much money do you want then?" Crane demanded.

"Look Crane, I ain't trying to hold you up. This guy is a big time drug lord. He's got thousands of soldiers in the jungle. We're gonna have to take a hell of a risk to get her away from him."

"I'll give you a million dollars."

JJ blinked in surprise.

"How much?"

"You heard me. A million dollars when my daughter is returned home."

"For that I'd steal Ho's own daughter."

"And I want you to find the bastards that attacked my ship and kill them."

"What for? Oh, well, all right. I can subcontract that if you don't mind."

"I don't give a shit who does it, I just want them dead."

"Shouldn't be too hard."

"How long will it take you to get my daughter back?"

"This week or never. Ho is supposed to be a real fuckin' sadist. If half what they say about him is right she won't live more than a week."

"I want this Ho fucker dead too."

"Whoa. That's gonna be hard. The Thai government's had a contract on

**his head for years."**

**"I'm not the fucking Thai government."**

**"Okay, okay. I'll see who I can find. There's a few Vietnam nuts still around. It'll cost you, though."**

**"I don't care about money. I want that fucker."**

**"You got it man."**

## **FOUR**

**Wendy sat on the cot for a while, then she lay down for another while. Everything was silent around her save for the sound of machinery far away. The hours passed and she fell into a tired fitful sleep.**

**She jerked upright suddenly, wondering what had woken her. Then she heard it again, a long terrible scream of agony. She shuddered at the sound of it, hugging herself as she listened in fear. There was another horrible scream, then another even louder, suddenly cut off in the middle.**

**Her eyes were wide as she stared at the door. Minutes passed, then there was the sound of a bolt turning. The door opened and a blank faced oriental man came in. He looked at her, then jerked his head towards the door. She looked back at him in terror and didn't move.**

**He frowned at her, then moved in further. He gripped her arm and hauled her to her feet, then shoved her towards the door. He half pushed, half pulled her along the corridor until they stopped at a set of double doors. He knocked but there was no answer so he pushed one of the doors open and shoved Wendy through.**

**The room was empty but for the two of them. Wendy gazed around her in growing fear as the man undid her handcuffs and then led her across to a counter. There were thick leather and steel bands on the counter. Each had a small metal ring sticking out from one side and a lock on the other.**

**He began to place them around Wendy's wrists and ankles, carefully locking each into place and then tugging on the ring to make sure they were set firmly. Wendy looked around the room at the various strangely shaped articles there. It looked like a medieval torture chamber, except for all the electronic devices. There were chains, handcuffs hanging from the ceiling, long tables with restraining devices, ropes and pulleys and whips. The entire wall held wide metal rings set at various places, and in the middle of the room was a metal table.**

**The table was about six feet long and three feet wide. It had restraining cuffs at the corners and several metal arms that moved and bent. There was a deep gutter set along the edges and red liquid lined the bottom.**

**Her wrists and ankles were now tightly encased in the leather bonds and the man led her to the other side of the room where all the rings lined the wall. He pushed her back up against the wall and spread her arms and legs wide. Her wrists were snapped into rings high above her head, and her ankles snapped into rings near the floor.**

**She was held in a straining X shape, unable to move even an inch. The man nodded, his expression dour, then moved across the room and went out, closing the door behind him. She stood there for long minutes, shivering in the air-conditioned cool, her back even colder against the stone.**

**Then the door opened again. Another man came in. She recognized him as the big man from the car. He wasn't wearing a suit now. He wore a leather, well, Wendy didn't know what the hell it was. It was like a G-string, all black and shiny.**

But it didn't cover his cock, instead his cock stuck out through the thing, pointing menacingly up at her. It seemed to be very tight as it hugged his shaft near his balls and she surmised that it helped keep his cock hard.

His fat belly jiggled as he walked over and stood before her. His eyes slid up and down her body and he nodded with a slight smile. She looked back up at him fearfully.

"American?" he said.

"You... you speak English?"

Her eyes widened in surprise at the familiar words.

"Oh yes. I speak English." He smiled.

"W-Will you... let me go?" she whispered.

He smirked. "You will be... free eventually."

"My father is rich. He'll give you a lot of money."

"I have more money than I can spend," he said.

"What are you going to do with me?"

He smiled again.

"Can't you guess?"

"You... you're going to rape me?"

"I am going to kill you," he said simply.

Her eyes widened in shock.

"Creatively of course, slowly, leisurely, painfully, until you beg for death, until that pretty white body of yours is a bloody ruin."

She gaped at him, unable to comprehend. At first she thought he must be joking, a cruel sort of joke, but still a joke, but the look in his eyes told her he was telling the truth.

"B... but why?" she whispered.

"Because it amuses me," he said as he smiled. "I get so few amusements these days."

His hand came up and he fondled her breast casually. "I will be slow. I think I shall save the worst for a while yet. It will destroy your beauty."

He smiled again, his smile that of a madman. "Still, there are many things I can do that will not detract from your loveliness."

He moved away then and went over to a counter. There he picked up a thick black metal rod about a foot and a half long. He moved back in front of her as Wendy stared at the thing in fear. It didn't look sharp, but it seemed to buzz somehow.

"You will sing for me, my dear," he said with a cruel smile.

Wendy's eyes were glued to the tip of the slim metal rod as the man moved it towards her goose-bump covered flesh. He pressed the end into her right armpit and she felt it's coldness against her skin.

She looked at him uncomprehendingly, then a flashing hot pain stabbed her in the armpit. It tore into her chest with horrible, overwhelming force, knocking her brain out of order with it's awful agony. She cried out in startled shock, then agony, her body torn and whipped by furious rippling pain.

"Louder my dear," the man said, pulling the rod away and then touching it to her right nipple. Her nipple screamed and burned, pain searing into her breast, then into her chest.

Her body writhed and thrashed there against the wall, her buttocks slapping and grinding against the cold stone, her head twisting and flailing from side to side. Her scream was a high, warbling howl as

her body erupted in convulsions that threatened to tear her apart.

He pulled the rod away and the pain almost instantly eased, then disappeared but for a hot burning in her nipple. Her body stopped its frantic thrashing and hung still, her chest rising and falling quickly as she panted and gasped for breath.

"Such a sweet voice," he sighed, then touched the rod to her left nipple.

Again pain slammed into her like she'd hit a brick wall. Her body shook violently as her voice gave cry to her agony. She shrieked and howled against the firestorm of pain whipping through her.

Her head slammed back against the wall over and over, almost knocking her senseless. Her vision coloured over and she felt her heart giving a lurch. Then the rod was pulled back and she hung there slackly again, staring down at the floor.

"Very nice. Very nice indeed... for a start. Let's see what else you can do."

She didn't even look at him, but then felt the rod push against her pussy. She had only enough time for her mind to cry out in denial before the pain shot into her. Again her body shook furiously, her limbs contorting against their bindings, her head jerking from side to side, and her bottom slamming back into the wall with terrible violence.

The pain ebbed and she hung still again. Her formerly cold body now glistened with sweat and her hair dangled around her face in a mass of sodden clumps. She felt the rod push against her pussy again, but it wasn't followed by the pain, not right away.

Instead it forced her pussy lips aside and pushed up into sheath. She felt it drive up into her and knew at once what was coming. She tried to brace herself but it was hopeless. Tears spilled from her eyes but she could not gain enough control of her tongue to beg.

The fat man forced it high into her belly, then her insides exploded.

She felt like her internal organs were all whipping around inside her, the pain was indescribable. She howled in agony, her body thrashing maniacally as the pain rippled up and down her spine. Her breathe caught in her lungs, almost stilling her shrieks, turning them into a long stuttering gurgle.

**"UUUUUUUNNGUUUUUUUUUNNGGHHH!"**

Her guts twisted and jerked and rolled in turmoil as the rod shot it's terrible pain into her belly. The fat man simply stood there, a twisted smile on his face as he watched her agony. Finally he pulled it out of her and she hung limp, barely conscious.

"Merely the start," he said. "Merely the slightest of starts for you my pretty one."

He put the rod down and bent forward, unfastening her ankle bands from the rings, then rising and undoing the ones on her wrists. She would have fallen, and indeed, did fall forward, but he bent and took her belly across his right shoulder, then rose and carried her like a sack of oats across the room.

He threw her down on a wide table. Her head banged painfully into the wood, sending stars to her eyes. Without hurry, he positioned her in the center of the table and spread her arms straight out to her sides. The ring on the leather cuffs clinked as they were locked into place.

Then he spread her legs wide, shoving her legs up and back, forcing

them out to either side of her torso as she groaned in pain. He shoved her legs straight out to either side, paralleling the edge of the table, then locked them into place there. Her thigh tendons strained and pulled tightly, sending terrible pain into her groin. She did nothing more than whimper however. The pain was almost nothing compared to the horror she'd just gone through with the metal rod and her body was still trembling and shaking from the after-effects.

He moved away, then came back holding something in his hands. She blinked through her sweaty hair and saw that he held a pair of pliers. He clicked them together as he smiled down at her. Then he pushed the open teeth down at her sex. She braced herself for the terrible biting pinch.

Instead though, the pliers closed around one, just one, of her tangled pussy hairs. He pulled back slowly, extending the hair to it's limit. She winced in pain as the pressure mounted until finally the hair was pulled loose.

The pliers descended again, seizing another hair, again pulling it taut until it too pulled loose. Wendy bit her lip as he did it again, then again, then again, each time pulling slowly on just one hair, stretching out both the hair and the pain until the hair finally tore loose.

She began to cry, her tears flowing down the sides of her face, her chest heaving through the deep, gut wrenching sobs of misery. Her sobs were interspersed by short sharp cries of denial and pain as each new hair was pulled and then jerked loose.

She had no idea how long it went on. He seemed to have infinite patience, and unending fascination for causing her pain. When he was finished, or bored, her entire crotch was a livid red mass of pain. Her pussy didn't look any different either. He'd probably only pulled out a hundred or so and there were plenty left for his future amusement.

Then he bent over the moaning girl. She looked up to see his mouth descending onto her still burning right nipple. His tongue came out, a long wide wet pink strip. He licked slowly across the center of her breast, right over the nipple.

He licked several times, then closed his lips over her nipple and suckled gently like a baby. His other hand came down around her left breast, squeezing and kneading the soft, pain filled flesh. He lay half atop her for long minutes, suckling, just suckling and running his tongue over her wounded right nipple.

He finally pulled back, then placed his cock against her sex and drove into her. He buried his cock-pole in her tight pussy-tunnel, then began to slowly fuck her.

He was in no hurry and did not seem particularly aroused. His cock slid back and forth inside her lower belly as his hands caressed the flesh of her belly and chest. He encircled her breasts with his fingers and squeezed the malleable meat together, plumping the twin mammaries up into little mushroom shaped balls of flesh. His cock moved in and out of her in slow but full strokes, using up every inch of pussy-tunnel and cock.

His face was calm and relaxed as he fucked her and Wendy lay therein pain and wondered what kind of a man he was and how she could get him to stop hurting her and just fuck her. It was amazing to her that she

was even thinking like that, not worried at all about him fucking her any way he wanted.

All she cared about was not being hurt anymore. If she'd been free and he'd wanted her to, she'd have shown him all the eagerness of a demented sex-starved nymphomaniac, anything to keep him happy just fucking her.

His cock pumped into her for a long time without him cumming. She wondered if the leather thing around the base had anything to do with that. Her pussy started to lubricate in response to the steady fucking, and her juices eased his passage and coated his prick.

"I am your master," he said. "Do you understand? You belong to me."

He slapped her face.

"Say, yes Master."

"Yes Master," she whispered.

His cock continued to slide easily in and out of her small pussy.

"You like me to fuck you, don't you?"

"Yes Master."

"Maybe I'll have all my men fuck you. Would you like that?"

"Yes master," she whimpered.

"You are a piece of dirt. You are a cheap American slut! Aren't you?"

"Yes master," she sobbed.

He pulled his cock free of her pussy then and stood back. It was still hard and bounced up and down as he backed away. He moved across the room to a shelf and pulled out a belt. It was long and wide. He doubled it and moved back to her.

She stared at the belt, anxiously.

He moved into place beside the table, looking down at her splayed legs and wide open crotch. "You must be punished then." He smiled.

He raised his right hand into the air and brought it down, the belt whirling through the air and cracking down against her cunt. She howled in pain, her loins bucking and jerking on the hard table. He raised it again and again brought it lashing down to strike directly against her soft pussy.

She shrieked and cried out in pain, her head lashing from side to side as she pulled mindlessly at the bindings holding her in place. Her legs sought desperately to close, jerking spastically, her muscles clenching and unclenching.

"Do you think this is pain?" he chortled. "Wait until you taste the crop and the whip, slut."

Again and again the belt lashed down against the center of her groin, cracking against her slit and pubic-lips with cruel, brutal force. By the time he stopped her pussy was nothing but a flaring, throbbing pain that burned relentlessly.

He put the belt down and then drove his cock between her tortured pussy-lips, filling her sex with it's rubbery hardness. He began to stroke again as he had before, his cock sliding in and out of her ravaged lips with slow easy movements.

Wendy felt his hard erection up high inside her belly as it pumped in and out. The fat man's fingers were roaming over her, squeezing and fondling her breasts, fingers digging deep furrows in her fleshy malleable meat.

His cock slid in and out of her parted pussy lips.

She groaned, the groan not different from the many that had proceeded it,

but signalling something new. Her body was heating up, igniting in sexual fervour as Ho continued to fuck down into her.

Her throbbing, pain-filled breasts began to swell with pleasure.

Her eyes, narrow slits, peered down the length of her body at her splayed legs and her vulnerable pussy opening. She watched his thick yellow cock driving in and out of her body, her eyes glued to her entrance as she watched herself being stabbed repeatedly by the man's hard erect organ.

Ho had no thoughts of giving her pleasure of course, but her body was built with this in mind, and her mind, was a dazed, bleary muddle, unable to constrain her body's natural reactions to the pleasure of Ho's sawing prick shaft.

Her pussy, a burning mass of tortured nerve endings, absorbed this new feeling, these new sensations, slowly, as if reluctant to open itself to what might be new pain. But her clitty, despite the beatings of the cruel belt, began to awake with the steady stroking of his high speed prick.

Ho was groaning with pleasure himself, and when the girls' groans increased, he recognized the tenor. At first he was angry, but then he felt proud that even through her pain, his mighty prong had aroused her. He sneered down at the naked teen, hammering his cock down into her wet, rubbery sex.

"Whore!" he hissed, throwing his hips forward cruelly. "Slut!" he shouted, pounding his hard yellow staff down her silky tube.

His hands enveloped her breasts, crushing the aching meat between his fingers. Soft pliable flesh oozed out between his fingers as he fucked harder into the body before him. He grunted in time as he changed the speed of his strokes.

He pulled back slowly, then held for but a moment, just the head of his sceptre inside her, then threw all his weight forward, driving his hardness deep into her belly with a terrible, brutal thrust that made her cry out in pain.

He drew back again and repeated the act, then again, and again, each time rocking the table with the force of his thrust, each time making her breasts bounce and jiggle as she grunted and groaned.

His excitement mounted and he began rutting into her with a flurry of desperate strokes. Then the girl moaned and began babbling deliriously. She jerked against the bindings, trying to push herself back at him. Her mouth opened wide and she arched her back as she jerked and convulsed in pleasure.

Ho drove his pole up into her with vicious power and felt his balls blowing, felt the wads of cum juice flying down his tube and shooting out the end and into her silky depths. He sighed in relief, yet narrowed his eyes as he leered down at her. His cock was still hard and he intended to continue until the girl gave out.

JJ looked up at the house on the hill doubtfully. "Is that it?" he asked.

"That's it."

"Right up there in the open like that?"

"Nobody is very curious in this neighbourhood," Raif said, wiping his nose.

**"How many men's he got?"**

**"Don't know for sure. I think between twenty and thirty."**

**"Alarms?"**

**"Don't know. But you can count on the best."**

**"We need more information."**

**"Nobody who works there is gonna talk."**

**"Not willingly."**

**He turned to the skinny little man and sighed. "Raif, we need to know where he'd keep prisoners, what kind of security setup he's got and how many people are there."**

**"Have to kill somebody then."**

**"So do it, just make sure it's clean."**

**"Shouldn't be too hard. All those people there, I can pick one off when they come out."**

**"Away from the walls."**

**"You think I'm an asshole?"**

**"Sorry. We're in a hurry too."**

**"Can't rush this. End of shift is in four hours. I'll grab one of the maids. They'll know the layout."**

**"No. Take one of the guards."**

**"Gonna be a bitch makin' him talk. These guys are really fanatics about loyalty."**

**"I got Jock Cooper and his magic bag of chemicals."**

**"Oh, wow. He's expensive now since he turned to private enterprise. You must be getting a bundle from the broad's old man."**

**"Enough."**

**"Okay, then, I'll get the guy and Jock can find out what he knows. But there ain't no guarantee the guy knows a damned thing. He could be a dumb soldier who walks the walls and never even gets inside."**

**"Then we'll take someone we know will have answers, one of the older guys in charge."**

**"You got it Keemo sabe."**

**"What do you think of the layout? Look hard to take?"**

**"Shit no. Long as I got enough guys and we don't haveta worry about the cops."**

**"I don't think the cops will be much of a problem. You can count on a lot of fire power from his guards though."**

**"They won't live long. I figure to go in at night with silenced rifles and night scopes, long as we got a lot of money to work with."**

**"They'll probably have night scopes too."**

**"They're fuckin gooks, man. My boys are pros, good old grade A special forces."**

**"Just so they're not too high to shoot straight."**

**"Don't worry. We'll get you in. You just worry about getting us all the fuck out of here afterwards. Even with silencers we're gonna make a fuck of a lot of noise when those bastards open up with their machine-guns."**

**"What do you think our chances are of taking them completely by surprise?"**

**"You mean just offin' them without them firing a shot? Not fuckin' much. These guys are pros. They won't be asleep or playing cards, and if they've got the best equipment, and you know old Ho will have the best, they won't be taken easily."**

**JJ sighed and then shrugged.**

**"Okay, but make sure that we can get in fast. I want to get in there and off the General before he knows we're there."**

**"I thought we were just after the girl."**

**"Why not take him while we're here. The guy's a sleazebag."**

**"True, and that half million reward is as good in our pockets as anybody else."**

**"Forget the reward. We'd never live to collect it. I got another source of money for his death and it's a lot more private. Now, what about those pirates?"**

**"Girl was sold by a guy named Chung Lee. He didn't want to talk but after Hofkins cut his left nut off he changed his mind. Says the girl came from a fishing boat out of Nan-saon village north of Who-lam."**

**"Find out which boat and who was on it."**

**"Way ahead of you man. Should know by tonight."**

**"Good. We'll hit it first as a kind of shake-down for the boys."**

**"Who you got besides me and the odd couple?"**

**"Mickey and Sims are damned good, Raif."**

**"Yeah, sure. But that village is tight, man. They ain't gonna sit back and let you off a dozen guys and do nothing."**

**"I got Joey Connor, Deve Walters and Jean Leveque. I'm workin' on a couple of others."**

**"How about we flame the whole fuckin' village then?"**

**"Alright by me. Just like back in the good old days, right?"**

**"Yeah, fucking A."**

**Wendy's body lay on the small cot in her cell, trembling. It glistened with sweat but was otherwise largely unmarked. It would have surprised an observer had he or she known how much pain was burning away at the panting girl.**

**After fucking her for a long time and spurting more of his cum into her body, the fat man had again begun pulling pussy hairs out one at a time.**

**When he'd tired of that he'd started playing with the cattle prod again, fucking her with it as she danced and shook frantically on the table, sliding it along her belly and along the insides of her thighs as its sharp sparkling tongue sent crackling electrical pain into her body. Then he'd ended the session by slowly closing his big hands around her throat. He'd squeezed down gently, just enough to cut off her breath as he stared into her eyes with enjoyment and curiosity. Her chest had burned and strained, her eyes had bulged out of her head and she had struggled desperately against her bindings.**

**Then her vision had clouded, turning red as she was deprived of oxygen and she had finally lost consciousness. He had woken her again with smelling salts, only to choke her into unconsciousness again. When she'd wakened, she'd found herself here on the cot.**

**She didn't move, could hardly move. Her muscles ached horribly, as though she'd been shovelling dirt or breaking rocks for hours on end. Her breasts and sex burned from the electric shocks that had passed through them. In fact, all along her inner thighs, along her belly, and under her armpits, the burning throbbed from the rod's touch.**

**As for the inside of her pussy, the feeling was like a constant, gnawing ache that would not go away. She lay there in a near stupor,**

unable to comprehend her fate. She had no doubt that the fat man intended to repeatedly torture her body until it was destroyed.

Every sound made her wince and shiver in fear, in case it was someone coming to take her back to the torture room. She had always thought of herself as strong willed, but knew she would do anything, anything to stop him from hurting her again.

She'd had nothing to eat in the longest time, and little enough to drink either. When the door opened her heart jumped into her throat, but all the man did was lay a tray of food and a cup of water on the floor. He closed the door again and she stared down at the food and water.

Despite her pain she rolled onto her side, then sat up and dropped to her knees on the floor. She crawled awkwardly forward, then fell on her belly with a grunt of exhaustion. She stared at the food, then began to crawl forward on her belly, wriggling from side to side until she could get her lips on it.

All her long schooled table manners evaporated as she wolfed the food down like a starving mongrel, the previously finicky gourmet reduced to a nearly mindless thing as she gorged herself on the food and then slurped down the water.

When everything was gone she sat back against the wall, her legs straight and spread as she stared at the doorway.

They drove a pair of old trucks down the rutted, hole filled dirt road, stopping a mile from the village and turning off into the jungle. JJ got out first, Sims, Mickey and Raif following. They were in the first truck. Joey, Deve, Jean and Mark Hunter were in the second.

All of them wore camouflage gear, including full head masks with bulging round night vision goggles. All were carrying special issue Israeli Uzis with long thick barrels that reduced their noise to either dull spits, or light coughing, depending on whether they were fired on single action or auto.

"I just hope this doesn't alert Ho." Raif whispered as they made their way through the jungle. "He doesn't know where the girl even came from, and wouldn't take any notice of a village getting shot up. He'll just think it was something to do with someone else's drug running."

"Let's fuckin' hope so."

"I wouldn't be doing it like this if I thought otherwise. Now shut the fuck up and watch where you're goin'."

They moved almost silently through the jungle, all of them veterans of a war where noise meant death. All of them well used to moving silently through the deep jungle. They easily avoided the amateurish traps set by the villagers and drew up just inside the foliage outside the village.

"I still say we burn the fuckin' place," Raif whispered.

"This is better. It'll scare the shit out of the survivors. They won't know what the fuck happened."

"We might miss one or two."

"We better fuckin' not. We got the whole layout right here."

He pointed at the oilskin paper he held before him. It was a drawing of the village and showed every structure there. A dozen of the

structures had X's on them, indicating that one of the pirates lived there.

JJ's plan was for them to get in, hit the pirates and get out without anyone knowing they were even there. When the villagers woke up in the morning and found a dozen dead, castrated men, they'd get the message. The message was, watch where you put your dick

. The idiots hadn't even been quiet. They'd bragged around the village about the white girl they'd taken and sold. The others would know why. That was important to JJ. He wanted them to know why.

He had been in Asia a long time. Round eyed girls had become almost a sacred thing to him. The idea of a bunch of slope bastards tearing one off a ship and raping her, then selling her outraged him. He was gonna show these fuckers not to touch white girls.

They separated and raced into the village, keeping low and using the cover of bushes, trees and shacks. There were about five hundred people living in the village, so the odds were at least a couple were awake somewhere. If it was in one of their target houses, that would be too bad.

He reached his first target and flattened himself against the wall, his head jerking quickly from side to side. Then he eased through the door and into the shack. There were several kids asleep on the floor. He moved gingerly past them and up to another doorway.

He slipped through a curtain and into a second room. There was a man and a woman asleep on a low mat. He kept his Uzi at his side, holding a thin, long barrelled 22 instead. He pressed the barrel against the man's chest and pulled the trigger.

Even he could barely hear the phht of sound as the bullet shot into the guy. His body jerked slightly and then was still, not breathing. The woman slept on. He slid the automatic back into it's holster, knelt and took out his knife.

He left the little hut less than a minute after entering it. He hurried across to his second target, and moved through the doorway there. This one only had one room. A naked man lay there, half buried by an enormously fat naked woman.

JJ knelt and placed the barrel against the man's head, then blew his brains out. The woman didn't stir. He squatted over them with his knife and removed his keepsake. Two minutes later he was back in the bushes, just ahead of Jean.

The others slipped back one at a time until they were all together again.

"Any problems?" he hissed.

Heads shook quickly.

"Everybody get his man or men?"

Heads nodded. He turned to Raif.

"Their boat?"

"All set. It'll blow just after dawn."

"Good. Let's go."

"Hey JJ," Mickey asked.

"Yeah?"

"What the fuck do we do with all these dicks?"

"Suck em," someone whispered, to snickers.

"Just keep em' till we're well away from the village. I don't want them finding them." "Okay, man."

## **FIVE**

Wendy began trembling violently as the man led her down the corridor. She was whimpering and trying to draw back but he pulled her along relentlessly. Again they stopped at the double doors as he knocked, again there was no answer. They went in.

He locked her wrist cuffs together, then fastened them to a chain above her head. She stood there, almost on her toes for almost two hours before the fat man arrived again. As before, he examined her closely, this time walking around her in slow circles.

His hand rubbed lightly over her buttocks, squeezing each one in turn. Then he slid a finger up into her anus as she stood there wide-eyed in terror. He pumped the digit in and out slowly for a minute, then withdrew it and walked around in front of her.

"How did you enjoy your night?"

She didn't answer and he frowned.

"I expect an answer when I ask a question, slut," he said. "Did you enjoy your night?"

"Y... yes... master," she gulped.

"Good. Are you glad to be here?"

"Yes Master."

"Good."

"Do you want me to torture you again?"

"...."

"Well?"

"No," she whimpered.

"What?"

"No Master." she whispered. Then she burst into tears. "Please don't hurt me!" she begged. "I'll do anything you want! I'll do anything!"

"Oh?"

"Please," she mewled.

"Well, we shall see if you will do anything. I have an excellent imagination, you know."

He reached up and unbound her hands, then stepped back, lifting a short, ugly looking whip.

"Kneel," he said.

She dropped quickly to her knees in front of him, staring into his erect cock. He pushed it against her lips and she swallowed it, taking it into her mouth and bobbing her head up and down the shaft. He stroked her head as she sucked him with desperate eagerness, his fingers sliding through her hair as his cock moved back and forth over her lips.

She felt the nasty, acidic taste of piss on her mouth as she worked quickly over his cock. She sucked hard, her tongue working furiously as she sought to bring him off. She dug her tongue into the little hole, then rasped it back and forth against the underside of his head.

She tilted her head back, knowing she'd have to do the ultimate, something she'd only done once before the pirates had captured her. She shoved her lips up until his cockhead hit the back of her mouth, then kept going. His cockhead punched into her throat and she slid her lips right to the base of his shaft, taking his cock-knob down into

her throat.

His cock was long and her neck short, so his cockhead actually slid right through her throat and into the opening of her chest. She almost strangled herself keeping in place. Her every urge was either to throw up or choke.

Instead she slowly worked her mouth and throat back down the length of his cockshaft until the head popped out of her throat once again. She sucked in a great gasp of air as her tongue worked quickly over his cockhead. Then she pushed forward, and took the thing into her throat again. It hurt, but far less than she would get if he resumed torturing her, she knew.

He stood there, not moving, letting her do all the work. She knew she must appear eager and moved her mouth relentlessly back and forth over his cock, heedless of the pain and discomfort.

Then he pulled her head back and pulled his cock free.

"Very nice," he sighed, looking down at her. "Now I want you to turn around and bend over. Reach behind you and pull your buttocks wide apart."

She did as he ordered, having to balance herself on her shoulders as she pulled her bottom open. She knew he meant to sodomize her and was happy to submit. Rape held little fear to her now.

He knelt behind her and she felt his cock pushing against her rectum. The pressure mounted and her anus was slowly forced open. His cock began to sink into her, bringing a tight burning pain to her rectum. Yet it was as nothing compared to the tortures and she did everything she'd heard she should to help him.

She tried to relax her muscles so he could enter her more easily, and raised her bottom a little so he had a better angle of entry. His cock slowly sank down her tight tunnel, boring a hole open for itself as it worked its way into her.

She felt her anus tighten around his penetrating cock, and tried to open herself, despite the pain. Then she clenched her anal muscles, trying to suck him down into her. It seemed to work a little. His cock moved deeper into her with less resistance. Then his balls were pressed against her buttocks and his cock was fully buried inside her. He slapped her hands away from her buttocks so he could squeeze and fondle them himself, then his hands were under her belly, lifting her up onto hands and knees.

She spread her legs a little further apart as he held still inside her, enjoying the feeling of her body around his cock. Slowly he began to pull back, sliding his hung of male flesh down her back tunnel several inches, then pushing it forward again.

He worked up to speed, forcing open her anus as his cock slowly pumped into her. He sped up further, and then further. Soon he was hammering his cock into her numbed rectum. His hips pounded against her buttocks, making her shake and jerk back and forth in time to his powerful thrusts.

She groaned in pain as his hips continued to beat a painful tattoo on her backside and his prick continued to rip in and out of her rectum. He forced her legs even further apart, until she could barely maintain her balance and he was pounding downward into her anus with his terrible thrusts.

He reamed out her ass with his hot, hard sword, pistoning it inside

her back tunnel with powerful, brutal lunging strokes that sent his cockhead smashing against the deepest parts of rectal channel, up high inside her guts.

It was like being punched in the belly over and over, only the punch was inside her guts not outside. She clenched her teeth against the pain as her guts churned and roiled and tumbled against his driving cock-tool. His hands slid onto her hips and started jerking her body back to meet his forward thrusts, increasing the punching power of his fat cock head even more.

Then his hands slipped under her belly. He sat back on his heels, pulling her up and back against him. His left hand gripped her hair, pulling her head up and back as his teeth bit into her throat. His right hand squeezed her right breast in a steel hard embrace that crushed her malleable flesh.

She sat back against his cock as he rutted it slowly in and out of her anus, his mouth sucking at the blood dribbling from her torn neck. His right hand moved down between her legs and he stabbed a finger up her pussy as he rutted into her. The finger was followed by a second. The two of them rubbed harshly in and out between her pussy-lips. His fat bouncing ass jiggled as he humped into her from behind, his crotch hair rasping like wire wool up into the tight, sweating cleavage between her rounded white buttocks.

His breathing became harsh pants as he fingered and skewered the blonde girl. His face fell forward and he bit down hard on her shoulder, making her cry out in pain and misery. His teeth bit cruelly into her, drawing blood which he sucked on fiercely.

His hand pushed in hard against her stomach, shoving her back against him, forcing her bottom back against his rutting organ. Her bottom and lower back were crushed against his fat, jiggling belly, shoved back into him as if he were a mattress or soft cushion.

His hot, sweating, bulbous belly encompassed and surrounded her, pressing into her bound hands and bottom and hips as she was forced back into it. His cock, hard and wet and pulsing with lust, drove high up into her guts, its pointed cock-head jabbing up into her belly like a hot iron spike.

The exhausted girl could hardly comprehend the wild and conflicting flood of powerful sensations assaulting her body and mind. Her head fell back against his chest, her mouth slack, her eyes half closed. Every lunge up into her anus shoved her lower body forward, arching her back and bouncing her head against his flabby, big breasted chest.

His pudgy fingers continued to rub back and forth across her clit, grounding and sawing against the little pink bud of flesh as they pumped her cunt tunnel. He bit her again and again, leaving bite marks all across her right shoulder. His left hand continued to squeeze and twist and knead her aching left breast, making it hot and throbbing with uncontrolled need.

Her breasts swelled, growing larger and larger, without any conscious knowledge from her teetering mind. He abandoned it, seizing a thick chunk of her long golden hair and forcing her head far back and twisting it towards him. His teeth bit into the side of her throat.

He bit her again, this time higher, then again, higher still, just on her cheek. Then his lips closed on hers, enveloping them and cutting off her panting breaths as his fat, sopping, drool covered

tongue pushed into her mouth and writhed around inside her oral cavity.

She mewled in bewilderment, her body shaking with weakness and pain and an odd array of hot, electrical sensations that bore no resemblance to those given her by his metal rod. Her rectum was well and truly reamed out now, giving little resistance as he humped harder up against her split buttocks.

His cock slid up and down its well worn tunnel as her anal mouth clung to his cockshaft on each entry and withdrawal. His mouth was almost eating at her mouth. He sucked and chewed and slurped, long drooling gobs of his spit forced into her mouth as he sucked and blew and bit down, leaving bite marks on her lips and tongue.

His fingers were shoving far up into her now moist pussy tunnel. They pushed through the oily pink pussy flesh as they pistoned in and out of her. Wendy could hardly breathe, her mouth covered by his like a blanket, her nose crushed against her by his fat face.

Then something hit her, a powerful jolt of enormous sensory passion. It slammed into her belly like a medicine ball, hurling her back into the fat man so she bounced against his big belly. Her eyes opened wide in baffled incomprehension.

Then her body gave a massive shudder and her back arched, throwing her chest out. She grunted like a pig, her mouth issuing a series of animal like noises in a high pitched, mindless tone as she shook with convulsions. Her head thrashed from side to side and her anus rammed itself back onto the fat man's cock-tool.

Her pulpy pussy meat was crushed in his fat fingers as he crammed them into her. A raging whirlwind of pulsing, flaring erotic sensations flayed her body and mind. A white mist covered her eyes, blinding her as her body shook and writhed against him.

Lightning-like jolts of pure sexual heat slammed into her again and again, each one throwing her back against him as they hit her in her belly, her pussy, her fat, bloated breasts. Her mind throbbed and felt ready to explode with the demented hurricane of twisted sensations assaulting her brain.

Through it she rode his cock and fingers like a mad deranged lunatic, her voice a quavering howl, her body a flailing array of flopping limbs and rutting undulating torso. She sobbed horribly, and screamed ecstatically, groaning through her pain as her pleasure seared into her.

Then her trembling stilled, other than the occasional twitch and shudder. Her head dropped forward, her eyes closed as her pummelled mind closed and blanked, leaving her body behind as she sought asylum in the serenity of unconsciousness.

Jock Cooper hummed as he worked. It both annoyed and unnerved JJ as he watched, leaning back against the wall. The Thai man, whose name they didn't even know yet, lay naked, strapped onto a table in a tiny two roomed garage a few miles south of the General's estate. His limbs were spread and bound and his mouth covered with tape. He looked up at Cooper, JJ and Mickey with hatred and fear.

Beside him, in plain sight, lay the "Doc's" kit, open so the man could see the shiny array of medical instruments. That was mostly for effect though. Cooper preferred drugs. They were much less messy for

one thing. He continued to hum as he sorted out his gear, then pulled out a hypodermic needle and plunged it into an upside down bottle of colourless liquid. He pulled back the plunger, sucking the drug into the hypo, then pulled the needle free and pushed the plunger back down, letting a little of the drug push through the tip to expel any air bubbles. The song he was humming, JJ abruptly realized, was "It's a smallworld."

Then he stabbed the needle into the Thai man's arm and pushed down on the plunger. Mickey turned away, easily capable of tearing off a man's head but squeamish about needles. Cooper pulled the needle free and went back to playing with his tools. He attached a couple of sensors to the man's chest and hooked them to a heart and pulse monitor. They started beeping. JJ fidgeted and looked at his watch.

"How long this gonna take, Doc?" he asked.

Cooper paused, as if to consider the question. He raised his head and turned to look at JJ. The light reflected off his round, rimless glasses.

"No way of knowing for sure," the man answered, his voice low and calm.

Then he returned to his work and his humming.

"Bet I could do it faster," Mickey hissed in JJ's ear.

"Could kill him before he answers too," Cooper said, not looking up. "Could get a pack of lies and get yourself killed too."

Mickey shrugged and rolled his eyes.

"Wonder if that fat asked bastard is screwing the girl right now," Mickey said.

"Who cares?" JJ shrugged.

"She was probably fucked a hundred times before she even got off that fishing boat. Old needle dick ain't gonna make her any less a virgin."

"Good thing he ain't got a dick like mine." Mickey grinned. "She'd be ruined for life."

"Bored for life, you mean."

"Up yours."

"Gentlemen," Cooper sighed, sitting down on a chair next to the table.

"You about ready, Doc?"

Cooper slapped the Thai man, and peered into his eyes, stopped humming and turned to them.

"Now remember. Nobody talks to him but me. I have your questions. If you want to know something more, write it down and give it to me. Multiple voices will confuse him."

JJ nodded.

Maybe they got lucky. Two hours later they had the location of some sort of secret underground complex of rooms where the General liked to play games with young girls, the number of guards on duty and on location at any given time, as well as their armament and patrol times, and the type and location of the alarm systems. That didn't make it a simple task. For one thing, the man revealed that all of Ho's bodyguards lived there at the estate, so even though only twenty-five were on duty at any given time, there could be another forty or fifty around there sleeping or in their quarters.

"I think we can forget a frontal assault." JJ sighed. "Less we get more men."

**Raif shrugged.**

**"Not that fuckin' many. We have enough to take them in a frontal we're gonna have a fucking war. They even got grenades and rocket launchers. There ain't no way the cops can ignore a battle on that scale."**

**"So what you wanna do?"**

**"We sneak in. That means we need the best alarm guy there is."**

**"There ain't nobody any fucking good at alarms in this town."**

**"I know. I do know a guy though. This guy could tip-toe into Fort Knox without getting caught."**

**"Where is he?"**

**"In the Philippines, working for the CIA."**

**"Good luck then."**

**"Naww, everybody's got his price. I think I can rent him for a couple of days."**

**"We got enough trouble getting involved with Ho. Now you wanna bring the creepy-crawlies into it. Are you nuts, man?"**

**"Vince is alright. Besides, if we make it profitable enough he'll keep his mouth shut."**

**"These profits are coming out of our pockets."**

**"I don't think so. I'll tell my customer we need to bring in an outside guy and charge him extra for it. What's a few thousand bucks to him?"**

**"How long's this gonna take? Ho ain't gonna hang around here for long. Even with his money the Thai government is bound to find out eventually. He's gotta get back to his base with his soldiers to protect him."**

**"I'll call him now."**

**"Shit. If we can just get that maniac Sims into the place he'll cut everyones throat while they sleep. Then you can do what you like."**

**"Yeah, but getting in is the problem."**

**"No, getting out is."**

**"Just think of all that money."**

**"I am. I am."**

**"You know, it ain't just Ho taking off for the deep jungle, that girl ain't gonna live long down there."**

**"I know. I'm hoping he takes his time with her. There ain't that many cute blondes for sale in Thailand, especially a looker like her."**

**"Man, I been asking around about him and what I hear ain't good. Rumours go he just rips em up when he's done with the girls. Guts em' and tears them apart. That place down there is supposed to be a bloody slaughterhouse."**

**"I know. Remember that Cabinet Minister's daughter last year?"**

**Mickey nodded, remembering the furore when the girl had been found impaled on the man's lawn a week after he'd called for the army to sweep through Ho's territory and kill the drug lords. The girl had been repeatedly raped and sodomized before being skinned alive.**

**"We should be able to hit him tomorrow night, unless Vince says he can't get here in time."**

**"We better. He's had her for thirty-six hours now. She might not survive another thirty-six." JJ nodded grimly.**

## **SIX**

Wendy was wakened by smelling salts. The fat man, the man she knew only as "Master", twisted her arm, forcing her to her feet, then led her over into a corner of the room and made her stand over a metal bar. The bar rose up from the floor, thick as a man's leg. At the top were two inch high round tubes, each about the thickness of a silver dollar. The fat man forced her to stand over the bar, legs spread, then forced her down onto the rounded tubes.

They pushed into her pussy and rectum, rudely forcing aside her tender flesh as they opened her up and dug inside. The steel tubes seemed to vibrate or hum with power and Wendy looked down anxiously as she stood there.

Then she felt the rounded tubes moving. They were turning round and round inside her. It was not terribly unpleasant or painful. They were warm and seemed oily as they turned. Then she realized that as they turned they were moving up deeper inside her body.

She quivered in fear and looked appealingly at the fat man, but he simply stood by a small panel of knobs on the wall, looking on with eager enjoyment. The tubes pushed higher and higher, screwing upwards into her body inch by inch by inch. The one in her anus seemed to reach bottom and she winced in pain as it bored against some hard inner surface. She pulled her legs together a little, raising herself higher, yet the thing merely continued to whirl around and climb higher inside her.

Again it pushed against something inside her, as the one in her pussy continued to climb. She gasped and panted, rising on the balls of her feet, then cried out in pain as she was almost raised from the floor by the pressure of what were now very long metal bars up high in her rectum.

It stopped climbing then, but continued to turn around and around. The other tube still rose higher and higher until she screamed in pain as it brought tremendous pressure against her cervix. The thing was drilling up into her and threatening to bore upwards into her stomach and chest.

Then it stopped turning and held still. Abruptly, it started to slide downwards. She sighed in relief as it pulled back down the length of her tunnel. But her relief was premature. It stopped moving, then pushed back up. As it pushed upward, the tube in her anus started to slide down.

The two tubes began to fuck her. One pushed up as the other pulled down. She looked down between her legs to watch, estimating then that both of them were almost a foot long, though she had no real way of telling since she couldn't even see anything but a bit of shiny metal from the one in her pussy as it slid upward into her pussy lips and then slid back down. Then she screamed and jumped up, she jerked aside, yelping with pain as her pussy and anus jerked against the tubes inside them. She howled and shrieked as hot, fiery pain burned its way into her belly. The metal rod inside her pussy was electrified and shot sparking jolting shocks into her as she jerked and cried and twisted helplessly.

**She wasn't even tied up, but was held in place by the pumping metal dildo things. For one was always high up inside her at any given time and she couldn't jump off while standing still. She couldn't get away, couldn't pull free from the terrible burning in her sex.**

**"Please!" she screamed. "I'll do anything you want!"**

**"Sing," he said with a smile.**

**The crackling electricity switched to her anus and she bucked her hips forward, crying out in agony as a bolt of purest pain dug into her anus. It felt like a hot animal chewing its way up into her guts, clawing and digging through her flesh.**

**She sobbed in agony and frustration as the pumping steel dildos moved faster within her. Their terrible shocking pains spat into her at variable intervals, sometimes both together. She could do nothing but stand there and let it happen as tears rolled down her cheeks and her body shuddered and trembled and shook against the electricity that poured through her.**

**Her bare feet slapped and jerked and twisted on the concrete floor as she howled in agony and misery. She was impaled on the two tubes as they bit her repeatedly, twin snakes up inside her, consuming her body.**

**The fat man left then, but she didn't notice it. She was left alone with the two fucking tubes as they pumped rapidly in and out of her holes and shot forth their fire. Her tears and cries went unheard as she jogged and jiggled and writhed like a butterfly on a pin.**

**She had no idea how much time passed. The passage of time was not something she could discern any longer, nor care about. Finally though, the pains stopped and the dildos both slid downward in her body and disappeared into the bigger tube. She fell forward, collapsing to her knees, then onto her belly on the floor.**

**Her body continued to quiver and twitch and tremble as her burned out nerve endings and tortured senses rippled with pain. She felt hands on her, felt her leather wrist cuffs and anklets removed, felt cold air on her skin there.**

**Then something hard and cold was clamped against them, but again it was only a feeling. She lay there on her belly, her head pressed against the stone as she panted and whimpered from an overload of terrible pain.**

**She heard a clanking, the sound of thick chains, but paid it no heed. Then something cold and hard slid around her throat. Her dulled eyes opened slightly as she tried to see down, but it was beneath her chin and she saw nothing. She closed her eyes again.**

**Her body was dragged across the floor, someone pulling on her hands as she whined in pain. Then she opened her eyes. She was pulled up to her feet and sat down on a straight backed chair. She turned her head and looked blearily up at a man, but didn't recognize him.**

**He pulled a leather harness from the table, thick double loops with a long strap. He placed the loops over her breasts, pulled the strap around her back, then started to tighten it. The leather was very hard and firm and the loops were too small for her large breasts.**

**Still he pulled tightly and she groaned as her soft flesh was forced harder and harder into the leather loops, squeezing forward slowly through the holes, forced through by the crushing pressure as the man tightened the strap hard around her back.**

He reached around then and gripped her right breast in his, pulling on it, forcing more and more of it through the loop. He pulled until her breast was completely through the loop, and the sides of the thing were flat against her chest. It squeezed painfully tight on the base of her breast and compressed the pliable meat into a hard round ball of flesh.

He pulled her other breast through also, tightening the device and fastening it behind her. Both her breasts were now bloated out like mushrooms, the surface tight and hard. It was painful and uncomfortable. She raised her right hand, then noticed the weight and shook her head in an effort to clear it as she looked down at her wrist.

There was a heavy steel shackle around her wrist. It was thick dull metal and several inches wide. Similar shackles were on her ankles and her other wrist. A thick chain, strong enough to pull a truck with, was attached to all four of them, going upward to the sides of her neck, where she assumed they were attached to the metal collar around her throat.

The man pulled on the chains, forcing her hands back behind her, where they were locked in place. Then he pushed her back against the chair's back. He pulled a long thin needle and a pair of pliers off the table and seized her right nipple with the pliers teeth.

She moaned in pain as he stretched her nipple upward, distorting and stretching it. He pushed the sharp needle against the side of her nipple, then quickly stabbed it in. She screamed as the sharp point of the needle pushed completely through her nipple and emerged on the other side.

The man grinned and slid the needle back and forth a few times before pulling it out. He put it down, then picked up a large gold ring the size of a quarter and pushed it through her nipple, locking it in place. He picked up the pliers and needle again and gripped her left nipple.

She whimpered in anticipation and pain, her nipple was crushed cruelly between the jagged teeth of the pliers, then stabbed hard by the needle, which pierced it and came out the other side. Another golden nipple, was fixed into place, then he pushed her head further back and his thick, hairy knuckles ground against her skin. She saw the needle and her eyes opened wide in terror. Then she felt a terrible pain at her nose and her eyes teared as she cried in pain.

The underside of her nose burned with agony as he forced the needle through the flesh between her two nostrils. He pulled the needle back and then fixed another, smaller gold ring in place. It hung down along her upper lip.

He pulled her from her chair then and lifted her up on the table like a sack of potatoes. He pushed her onto her back and spread her legs apart. Again his hands and the needle moved against her. Again she felt awful pain as the needle stabbed into the soft flesh of her sex.

The needle pierced the folds of her pussy lips. Another golden ring was placed through her lips. The man muttered to himself, sounding satisfied, then moved away. He walked across the room to the door and let himself out.

Wendy lay there on the table for long minutes, then finally sat up, panting raggedly. She couldn't touch herself since her hands were

still locked behind her. She looked down at her nipples and pussy, staring in shock at the rings there, bewildered and appalled by what had happened to her.

Then another man arrived. She recognized him as the man who had come to fetch her from her cell before. He beckoned to her and she slid awkwardly off the table and moved over beside him. He turned her around and unlocked her wrists so they fell to her sides, then gestured for her to follow him.

She obeyed, walking fearfully along behind him as they went down the corridor to the stairs and started to climb upward. It was difficult to move in the chains. She had to keep her hands down and move them in time to the motion of her feet, otherwise she fell.

She had to move in short, mincing steps, the chain was not long enough for anything else. Even this required that she bend forward so her wrists would be lower. It took a minute to reach the top of the stairs and then several more to traverse the length of the hall up there.

Her bare feet moved over expensive oriental carpets now. The walls were complexly carved and hung with paintings. She passed tall windows where sunlight poured in and looked eagerly out each time, only to see trees and grass and no sign of any human beings.

The man halted before a pair of enormous double doors. He pushed them open, revealing a large, opulently decorated room thick with bright and expensive furnishings. There were dozens of people inside, chatting together as they sipped wine.

Many turned to stare at the doorway as the man stepped aside and motioned Wendy forward. She coloured redly, her skin burning with suddenly refound shyness and shame at so many people staring at her nude form. All of them, men and women, were dressed in expensive suits and extravagant gowns, and stared at her in varying degrees of amusement and scorn.

Several of the women giggled, their eyes crinkling and their hands covering their mouths. The men laughed or grinned at the naked blonde girl, standing awkwardly there in chains, her flesh stark against the dark glistening mahogany walls.

Wendy blinked her eyes hopefully, for surely all of these people could not be as cold and cruel and mad as the fat man and the pirates who had kidnapped her, yet that hope began to quickly fade at the smirks and snickers which greeted her.

She dropped her eyes in shame, feeling like the grubby poor girl being mocked by the chic of society's upper crust. The doors closed behind her, pressing into her buttocks, and her hopeless eyes rose and scanned the assembled people helplessly, then dropped to the rug again.

"Come here," said a voice, a voice she knew was the fat man's. She looked up at once, and saw him across the room, wearing a military uniform thick with gold braid and medals. He glared at her and pointed to his feet. Her fear overcame her embarrassment and she shuffled forward.

The women's giggling intensified and several comments were passed back and forth between the people as she moved forward. She was glad she couldn't understand them. She kept her head bowed as she moved through them until the fat man ordered her to raise it.

**She stopped near him, intensely aware of all the eyes in the room boring into her.**

**"Kneel here," the fat man ordered.**

**She complied at once, glad to kneel since it offered slightly less exposure to the watching eyes.**

**"Press your forehead against the floor in front of me," the fat man demanded.**

**She closed her eyes in misery, knowing how she would look, especially from behind. But she had no choice. She bent forward until her face was pressed into the carpet.**

**"Spread your legs."**

**She did it, sniffing as she fought to hold back the tears. She could see only his thick, shiny leather boots in front of her head.**

**"My boots are dirty," he said in a conversational tone. "I want you to clean them with your tongue."**

**She raised her head, looking up the long length of his body to his frowning face looking back down. Then she looked at his boots and sighed inwardly, little, if any pride left to be crushed anyway.**

**She bent forward, on her hands and knees, and began to slide her tongue over his right boot, licking away at the leather surface as the people watched. One of the women giggled and clapped her hands in glee. The fat man raised his foot off the carpet and held it in mid-air, the heel pointed towards her.**

**She started licking the bottom of his boot, her tongue wiping off little bits and pieces of fluff from the rug and little gritty pieces of dirt. Then she felt hands on her buttocks, then between her legs, gripping her mound.**

**Fingers squeezed her pussy, then slid into her pussy briefly. She sensed and heard someone behind her, then felt what could only be a hard cock pushing against her pussy lips. It forced its way into her, driving deep into her sheath until the material of the man's shirt pressed into her upraised bottom.**

**The cock began to fuck her hard as her tongue continued to clean off the fat man's boots. He moved away finally and left her there on her hands and knees being fucked by somebody. She raised her head, turning to see the face of the man who fucked her.**

**It told her nothing. He grinned nastily as he saw her watching him and drove into her with even more force, thrusting hard as he pumped in and out of her sex. The other people gathered around, grins on their faces also, chatting with each other as they surrounded the pair. She turned away, looking down at the rug again, dazed. The man fucked into her for several minutes, then his cum bubbled down into her pussy-pit and he sighed with pleasure and pulled out. Wendy knelt there still, not knowing what was wanted off her unless she was ordered.**

**"Stand," the fat man said. She stood and turned around, her head bowed.**

**"See this woman," the fat man said. He pointed towards a young Asian woman wearing a long blue silk gown. She had a round pretty face and waist length hair.**

**"Take her clothes off her."**

**Wendy looked at him, then back to the woman, who looked smugly up at her.**

The blonde teenager moved forward until she stood in front of the woman, looking into her eyes. Then she reached out and began undoing the laces at the front of the gown.

There were a lot of laces, but she finally got the thing open, then pushed it back over her shoulders so it slid to the ground. The fat man stood behind her. He slapped her bottom hard, making her cry out in pain.

"Don't leave it on the floor, you slut. That's an expensive gown."

She quickly bent and as the woman lifted her feet, she picked it up and folded it, then placed it over a chair. Next she removed the woman's high heeled shoes, one at a time, kneeling as she unfastened them and then slipped them off over her toes. The woman was now clad in a lacy blue bra, thin blue string-bikini and garter belt with stockings. One by one, starting with the stockings, then the garters, then the bra, she undressed the woman, who stood, mostly unmoving and watched her.

She removed her bra, her eyes looking down at the small round breasts and brown nipples as she put the lacy thing on the chair. Then she slipped her fingers into the woman's panties and pulled them down, kneeling as the woman stepped out of them, then rising and putting them on the chair.

Now that she was as naked than Wendy, the blonde teen turned to look at the fat man. He smiled as he eyed her.

"Clean her like you did my boots," he said. "Give her a tongue bath, starting with her forehead and working your way down. Don't miss a square inch of her body or it's back to the basement for you."

Wendy's sexual experience with women was non existent, but it was much less terrible than most of what she'd been through. She bent forward and began to lick the giggling woman's forehead.

She licked all over her forehead, then down her nose between her eyes and up around the other side. She licked her cheeks and lips and along the sides of her face. She worked her way slowly down around the woman's shoulders and then down each arm to the hand.

She felt weird and humiliated, licking at the palm of the woman's hand, and in between her fingers. Then she moved up to her upper chest, licking away at it as she made her way down over her small breasts. The woman giggled again as she licked over her breasts and nipples, then down under her armpits and around behind her. The rest of the people were half watching, half talking. Some were ignoring the two. Wendy slowly licked her way down the woman's back and belly to her hips. Her tongue felt awfully dry by then but it didn't matter. She licked over the woman's buttocks.

The woman spread her legs as Wendy pushed her tongue and face in between her buttocks, licking down over her wrinkled anal opening and then underneath her. She crawled around in front of the woman and licked down into her pussy then. The woman's pussy was covered with juices that Wendy slurped in as she ran her tongue through her pussy lips.

Downward she went, along the thighs to the knees, then down to the ankles and finally to her feet, where she licked around and under and in between the toes. Finally the fat man pulled her up by the hair, at least to her knees.

Her face was level with the woman's pussy. "Pleasure her off now,"

the fat man commanded.

Wendy had been expecting the command and pushed her tired tongue into the woman's pussy, tasting her juices again. The sopping wetness of the woman's sex moistened her tongue again as she pushed it up into the opening in front of her. She rasped her tongue back and forth between the woman's lips as the people looked on in amusement. She gripped the woman's buttocks in her hands, trying to hold her tired body up so she could lick her to orgasm. Her tongue found the woman's clitty and worked back and forth across it.

The woman was sighing and moaning in pleasure. Her hips made little circles and humped out against Wendy's face. Her hands came down on Wendy's hair as she spread her legs further. Wendy pushed her tired tongue as deep into the woman's pussy tunnel as it would go, wiggling it around inside her.

Then the woman came, cum flooding down into Wendy's face as the oriental groaned in ecstasy and arched her back. She pulled hard on Wendy's head, rubbing herself against the blonde's face as she came off. Wendy gulped down the cum juices, elated in a dizzy kind of way, that she'd finally finished.

The woman staggered back and Wendy fell forward onto her hands, panting with exhaustion. Then there was a man behind her and a cock was thrust up into her belly. She whimpered tiredly as the man behind her fucked harshly into her tight pink pussy mouth.

His hands came down under her and cupped her tight round breasts. He squeezed tightly, his fingers digging into her fleshy hanging mounds. She whined in pain, her taut skin threatening to burst apart from the new pressure, like overfilled water balloons.

The man hammered his prong down her pussy, rutting in and out of her as he grunted and muttered excitedly. He fucked her like a dog, his cock hammering back and forth as his hips slapped her rounded buttocks.

He seized her shoulders in grips of steel, jerking her body back to meet his furious forward thrusts. His hips smashed into her buttocks, making them bounce, and sending a sharp SLAP! of sound throughout the room.

He groaned, driving his fuck-spike deep into the white girl's belly, then sending steamy wads of jism spurting up into her abdomen, coating her pink tunnel and cervix with its salty, warm tang.

The man pulled out and the fat man moved forward. He attached a leash, like for a dog, to her collar and began walking her around the room with it. Her knees hurt, but she struggled to keep up with him. She would do anything to keep from being sent back to the basement for more of his tortures.

"Bark like a dog," the fat man said.

"Whoof," she said, dejectedly. "Arf, arf, arf, arf."

Everyone laughed and giggled as he led her by them. Several reached out to pat her head, ruffling her hair as she barked and whined like the fat man wanted.

The fat man led her over to a couch where a man sat eyeing her with distaste. He pulled on her leash, forcing her to half climb up onto the couch, then the man sitting there unzipped his trousers and pulled out his cock. Wendy didn't need to hear the order as she moved her face into his crotch and took his cock between her lips. She slid her

lips up and down on the man's erection, sucking on it as her tongue ran around and around, rubbing especially against the underside near the head. The man put a hand on her head and pushed her downward, shoving her down so hard his cockhead popped into her throat.

It was much harder and more painful to take a cock down her throat like this because her head wasn't at a good angle and the cock pushed hard against the side of the tube as it entered. She wasn't given any choice though, as she hadn't been since that night, however long ago it had been when she'd been taken from her father's boat.

She slid her mouth and throat up and down the cock, groaning in pain and whimpering with desperation as her lungs burned with the need for oxygen. She almost passed out before the man allowed her head to rise enough for his cock to clear her air tube again. She sucked in great gasps of breath, her lungs still burning with pain.

She had to keep working on his cock though and her tongue kept circling and rasping and rubbing as he slid it in and out of her lips. Then he forced her head back down and his cock jammed into her throat once again.

She felt another cock against her sex and then it was thrust up into her pussy. She ignored it. There wasn't anything she could do anyway as it raped in and out of her pussy tunnel with brutal, rutting strokes. The cock in her mouth drew all her attention as she tried to bring it off before it choked her to death.

She bobbed her head rapidly, getting the hang of bobbing just far enough upward so his cock came free of her throat and she could breathe. If she took several quick breaths before taking it down her throat again, the man didn't force her head back. Whoever was fucking her was grunting with the effort and slamming his belly against her buttocks. His hands slid under her belly and jerked her back against him. His hands actually lifted her knees off the floor several times as he jerked her up and back against him.

The man sitting down pulled sharply on her hair, sending shooting pain through her system as he pulled her back from his cock. His prickhead came free of her lips and he held it in his hands, jerking on the shaft as it erupted in long white gobs of semen.

The semen shot up into her face, coating her forehead, eyelids and cheeks with its salty wet drool. The man fucking her from behind was grunting furiously as he rode her. Then he plunged his erection deep into her hole and shot out his own gobs of juice.

The fat man took her away, leading her on her hands and knees across the room to another chair. He sat down there and pulled her across his knees so her bottom pointed up and out towards the other people. Wendy had no idea what he was saying, which she didn't regret at all.

Laughter greeted several of his monologues as his hand slowly stroked across her buttocks. He parted them and slid fingers in and out of her pussy, then said something else that caused laughter. Abruptly he slapped his hand down hard on her bottom.

She cried out in surprise and pain as the loud echo of the crack filled the room. The fat man slapped her ass again, hard, making her sob with renewed pain. Though she could not see them, two dark, angry red hand prints were now starkly drawn across her soft white bottom.

The watching people applauded. Then the fat man began cracking his hand down repeatedly, spanking her with sharp, hard lashing blows that

made her wriggle and writhe in his grasp as her buttocks erupted in hot throbbing pain.

After a minute he stopped and invited others to come up and give her buttocks a few spanks. One by one each of the men and women came up and slapped her bottom several times, each one vying with the others to hit harder and make the now reddened cheeks bounce and jiggle.

Her buttocks burned, but she held herself as still as possible, wincing and gasping as she continued to tell herself that this humiliation was better than what waited her below.

She was pushed back onto the floor where once again a man knelt behind her and stabbed his erection into sex. When he was finished, another man took his place, then another, then another. She was fucked fore and aft, taking cock after cock down her throat until Ho grew bored of watching.

Two servants grasped her ankles, then, and lifted them into the air as they dragged her backwards along the floor. The chains were removed and her ankles lifted higher still, attached to new chains which were locked high onto two marble pillars.

Wendy whimpered and moaned as she stared dazedly at the upside down world, but could make little sense of what was happening. The crowd was gathering around her again as Ho moved into place, and for a moment she saw a long whip placed into his hands.

She closed her eyes and whimpered again.

Ho held a long flog. It was designed to hurt rather than harm, and contained a dozen metre long leather strips which would sting flesh instead of cutting it.

Of course, the flesh he was aiming at was unusually sensitive.

The whip flew overhead and the strips spread out somewhat. The main body of them struck her upraised sex squarely, however, and Wendy shrieked as her pussy burned. Each strip hit with stinging force, like a dozen bees plunging their needles into her tender flesh, whipping across the whole of her sex, groin and inner thighs.

The whip came down again, and again she howled, as the leather snapped at buttocks and thighs, but once again focused mainly on her sex. Again the whip descended, and again, each blow slow and measured, giving time for the audience to appreciate his artistry, to watch the girl writhe and thrash, to admire the play of muscles beneath her skin and the sound of the screams issuing forth from her wide open mouth.

Again the whip fell and again and again. Ho stood back, panting, then offered up the whip to his guests. One by one they took it, some doubtful, some uncertain, many gleeful, and brought the flog down against the girl's open sex.

Ho had her lowered finally, lowered until her upper torso lay on the floor. Her ankles continued to be held aloft, however, and it was to her feet he next turned his attentions. All he needed for this was a very thin and flexible crop.

For Ho knew that while the girl's sex was sensitive, her feet would be even more so, and the soles of those feet beckoned to him invitingly, pink and white and perfectly unmarred.

The crop sliced down across the center of her right heel and the girl's body leapt and twisted on the floor as she shrieked yet again. Ho turned and smiled to his guests, who applauded eagerly. The crop sliced down again, and again, as he put his artistry into play,

causing it to dance across her heels, then her soles, then the balls of her feet before slicing into the toes.

When he was finished the girl's screams were ragged croaks, her voice given out. He had her dropped to the floor, then attached a line to her nose ring. And, as his audience applauded once more, led her whimpering and sobbing out on her knees. It would be some time before the pain healed so that she could walk again, he knew, and it was unlikely she would live long enough.

In retrospect he should have been more careful. JJ and his friends had been asking around about a blonde white girl, and shortly afterwards the men who'd taken her had all been killed. Nobody was dumb enough to think that was a coincidence.

If he'd taken the care to see that the slaver who'd purchased the girl had been killed as well, nothing would have happened. However he'd lost track of the guy briefly. When the slaver heard of what had happened in the village, he'd naturally made inquiries.

It hadn't taken long for word to reach him that JJ had been asking around about where a white girl might be found. That gave the man two choices, run and hide and hope he was never found, or kill JJ. He'd chosen the latter.

Unfortunately for him, his timing was way off. He'd burst into JJ's little house, along with four of his men, all armed with submachine-guns, late at night. At the time, JJ had been in the basement, going over the plan for the attack on General Ho's place with Vince, Raif, Mickey, Sims, Joey, and Jean.

The gunmen had made a hell of a lot of noise upstairs but accomplished little other than waking the neighbours, which was why, when they finally came down into the basement, they'd walked into a hail of bullets. JJ himself, who'd only had his colt, had passed over the four guys in front and taken out the slaver, who'd been lurking behind.

The four gunmen had sprayed their machine-guns all around the darkened basement, but been rapidly cut down by the return fire from the crouching men spread around the room. The whole fight had probably taken no more than ten seconds.

When a dozen men started shooting at each other with machine-guns at three in the morning, it attracted the attentions of the police. There'd barely been time for JJ and the others to grab up the weapons, plans and other goods and get the hell out before the cops showed up.

Of course they now had an alert out for him, what with the five bodies found shot up in his basement. That made it a little difficult getting around and complicated things a lot. It had delayed them when they couldn't afford to be delayed. Worse it had made front page news.

Hopefully Ho wouldn't notice, or if he did, wouldn't put it together with any possible attack on himself. Their only possibility of surviving an attack was surprise, after all.

They'd managed to stay under cover through the next day, and now crouched at the base of Ho's walls, waiting for Vince to give them the okay to move in. JJ kept looking at his watch, then back down the hill, watching the road for traffic. Just their luck if a cop came by now, he thought.

Vince finally crab-walked back to him.

**"All right. The wires on the wall are down, but remember, nobody is to move from the wall once they're inside. There's a light beam fence ten yards away. I have to deactivate it after we're inside the wall.**

**"Okay, let's get the fuck off the sidewalk at least," JJ hissed. He turned and waved his arm at the others, then clicked the button of his radio three times. He jumped up and locked his hands together. Vince put a boot into them and then JJ heaved him up to the top of the wall, where he dropped over.**

**A rope was tossed back over and he, Raif, Mickey and Sims climbed up and over one by one, pulling the rope back over with them. They knelt behind some bushes as Vince slowly made his way forward, a set of goggles over his eyes to watch for the beams.**

**The others had goggles as well and followed him, stepping across the occasional, ankle high beam until they all stopped in front of the light fence. The fence was simply a series of metal poles around the perimeter of the estate. They were linked together by beams of infra red light that would send an alarm if anything substantial passed through.**

**It took Vince twenty-five minutes to disconnect just one pair of the metal poles from the circuit, allowing the five of them, plus the other five, who'd joined them, to move through. Ahead of them lay more beams, as well as trip wires and motion and sound detectors. It was going to be a slow journey up the hill.**

## **SEVEN**

**Wendy was hanging from her wrists. The chains had been removed, replaced by other chains that bound her hands high above her and stretched apart. Her toes were less than an inch from the floor, but that might as well have been a mile.**

**The General had finished showing her off, and now was free to markup her fine unblemished skin. He had been looking forward to it. First he made a careful selection from among his supply of whips, weighing each for the comfort before deciding to start with a comparatively short riding crop.**

**He stepped behind her now, anticipation of the first blow making his forehead gleam with perspiration. He raised the crop into the air, staring down at the white girl's perfect round bottom, then brought it slashing through the air. It cut down across the girl's right buttock, jerking her hips forward as the blonde screamed in pain. The crop left an angry looking red welt behind.**

**Ho thought it was beautiful indeed. He brought the crop down on her left buttock, making her shriek in pain and leaving another welt behind.**

**Both buttocks ached, sharp, stabbing pains beating into her from the tortured skin. Again he whipped the crop down, slashing it across both buttocks at once, throwing her forward as she howled in pain. Her legs kicked and flailed as she jerked and twisted in pain.**

**Ho was in ecstasy as he brought welt after welt to her previously unmarked flesh. To him, she was like a blank canvas, a canvas he was only now bringing colour to, only now turning her body into a work of art, his art.**

**Again he brought the crop down across those sweet, round buttocks, revelling in the meaty thwack that reverberated back down the length of the crop as the other end impacted against her buttocks and sliced into the flesh.**

**Now the welts were criss-crossing her pale skin, cutting the skin. Blood began to trickle down from her beaten ass cheeks. Ho put the crop down and selected another whip, this one longer and thinner. He turned back to the girl, now looking at her yet unmarked back. A smile appeared on his face.**

**He raised the whip, bringing his arm back, then with a careful snap of his wrist and elbow, he hurled it forward, bringing the it cracking down across the girl's back.**

**Wendy couldn't scream at first. The whip lashing across her back simply drove the breath out of her. It threw her forward against the chains holding her wrists and nothing but a horrified hiss of escaping air escaped her. Then she drew breath and howled in agony, her back afire with tortured and broken nerve endings. Ho brought the whip down again, raising another ugly welt on her back. His cock was pointing straight up into the air now as his bulging tool became more and more aroused by the sight of her body absorbing the terrible blows.**

**He brought the whip down again, then again and again and again, each time raising a new welt, a new furrow of broken flesh, each time throwing the blonde forward and ripping an agonized scream from her**

lungs.

He stopped as her screams became little more than grunts of pain. He put the whip down and then moved around in front of her, as if turning a new blank page in a book. He examined her clean white front and tried to think what to use on her. Her breasts still bulged out, white and pure, the skin tight across the swollen meat. He reached out and slid his finger through her right nipple ring, then tugged out on it, pulling the nipple out cruelly. She whimpered anew and he wondered that she had any tears left to shed.

He let go of the ring and then slapped her bulging breast instead, making her cry out in pain. He slapped it again, and then began to energetically slap each of her twin mounds with his hands. She howled and cried and screamed in pain, her breasts bouncing and jerking despite their firmness.

He moved over to the wall and pulled down a simple thin wooden cane, then went back to the blonde teenager and whipped the cane down across her right breast. She shrieked, an awful, animalistic cry of mindless torment which almost made him cum right there.

He gripped his cockshaft and pressed his cockhead into her belly, rubbing it back and forth. Almost at once, his cum spurted out onto her, some of it shooting up onto her reddened breasts. He grunted in pleasure as he came, watching the wads of semen shoot out onto the white girl's flesh with delight and fascination.

He sighed and drew away, hefting the cane again. He raised it and brought it swinging down onto her left breast, making the meat bounce and shake. He hit it hard, the force of his blow sending the thin cane slicing deep into her meat, cutting the breast in half as it rammed deep into her flesh. Then her resilient flesh bounced out again as he pulled the cane back. The girl kept screaming, though, a pure delight. He brought it down again, this time on her right breast. Again she howled and kicked and whined and sobbed. He brought it down on her left breast again, then her right, then her left, then her right.

He kept beating her poor breasts until they were covered in horrible dark welts and were a fiery red and purple. He moved over to a lever then and turned it, turning a pulley by the ceiling. The chains holding her wrists began to lower, and since she could no longer stand up, she was lowered slowly onto the floor.

He lowered the chains only until her breasts were level with his cock. Her legs were splayed out behind her as he locked the lever into position. She continued to whimper and cry as he reached for her darkened teats. Then he seized one in either hand and squeezed them tightly together around his cock, which had rapidly become erect as he'd punished them. Her meaty pillows felt hot in his hands as he crushed them around his prick and started to pump into them.

The blonde whimpered in pain as he fucked her breasts, but the sound only added more pleasure to his body. He fucked her breasts with long slow strokes as his finger bit and dug into her taut flesh. He squashed and squeezed and crushed her pain-filled breasts, delighted by her responses.

His cum bubbled out from his piss hole and shot into her cleavage as he grunted in satisfaction. He raised his cock at once and shot wads of salty white semen into her face, then watched them dribble down her cheeks. He staggered back with a sigh of pleasure, rubbing his cock

with his hand.

There was a phone call then. He frowned in anger. He didn't like phone calls when he was playing. He went over and picked it up, listened for a moment, then hung up and turned to look at her with a sigh of regret.

"I will be back soon, my sweet child," he said, "In the meantime, you may wait for me."

He unlocked her cuffs and pulled her back several feet. Then he locked her wrists behind her. He pulled several long thin chains from a drawer and attached them to her rings. Then he bent her back, way, way back until her head was looking behind her, almost upside down. He pulled the chain attached to her nose ring down and attached it to a chain on the wall behind her.

Then he pulled the chain attached to her pussy ring down between her legs and also attached it to the wall behind her, making her whimper with new pain as it pulled tightly on her pubic lips. She was forced to spread her legs wide to keep her balance and bend her body way back to keep her nose from being torn.

Ho pulled the two chains attached to her nipple rings straight up and tied them around a chain hanging from the ceiling. Both breasts were pulled horribly tight, the nipples stretched upward almost to the breaking point, almost to the point where her young flesh would tear.

He left her in the position as he went out the door and down the hallway, dressing and then going upstairs to meet with Sam Choy, one of his spies. He promised himself Choy's head if the errand that had disrupted his play was not very serious indeed.

This white girl was being wonderfully enjoyable. He couldn't remember when the last one had been as good, and he had yet to even harm her body beyond a few welts and cuts. He could hardly wait until his knife began to cut into her flesh.

He climbed up the stairway, frowning, as he always did at having to climb stairs. Still, it would be almost impossible to conceal an elevator, and he didn't want his little secret to be found out. He'd lost track of all the girls he'd had down there. No doubt one of the servants kept some track, if only to check any enquiries that might be made about missing girls.

Ho seldom bought girls at the slave market, unless he could be guaranteed that they were fresh. He didn't want some used whore for his pleasure. He wanted to take their pride and crush it beneath his boot heel. He wanted to torment girls who were as astonished by the treatment as they were by the pain.

He walked down the hall to one of his private meeting rooms and entered, glaring at Choy.

"This had better be important, Choy," he snapped.

"I would not have interrupted your, ahhh work if it weren't sir."

"Very well then. Speak. Tell me what is so important."

"It's about the girl, sir."

"What girl?"

"The American girl, the blonde you have down there in the basement."

"What about her?"

"It seems that the auctioneer lied somewhat, she is not without family after all."

"So? Most of the girls I bring here have families."

**"That is true, however her family are not poor peasant farmers, or shopkeepers. Her father is a wealthy man and he is here in Bangkok, looking for her."**

**"Let him look," Ho sniffed, pouring himself wine.**

**"He has hired someone to find her, a man named Jefferson."**

**"Again, so?"**

**Choy sighed and looked away.**

**"I looked into the matter of how the girl came to be at the sale. It seems that her father's yacht was attacked by pirates two weeks ago and she was taken from it after a brief gunfight. She was then sold to a slaver named Ming Rawr who brought her to Bangkok and sold her to the auction house."**

**A wealthy girl. That only made Ho's excitement deepen.**

**"Yes?"**

**"The men who took her, the fishermen who played pirates? They are all dead. Someone stole into their village the other night and killed them all in their sleep, after, or before castrating them. In some cases their wives woke in the morning to find their husband's dead at their sides. It was very professionally done. Also, the fishing boat exploded shortly after dawn."**

**"Pirates are scum anyway."**

**"The slaver Rawr was found dead last night in a basement in the east end, along with four of his bodyguards. And a bomb exploded at the auction building, creating little damage, but drawing the attentions of the police. Most of the dealers have been arrested."**

**"So you think this chain of calamities will come to me next? I am not worried," he said, dismissively. "I have an army to protect me."**

**"Not here in the city you don't."**

**"I have enough guards for now. I will have more brought in tomorrow."**

**"It would be better if you killed the girl and went back to the jungle."**

**"I do not run from ghosts, Choy!" Ho glared. "I will finish off the girl tonight. After that you may fetch me another, one of those young ones on Marchie street. I will deal quickly with her, then finish my business here in the city."**

**"Go back to the jungle. I will send you a harem of girls, sir."**

**"I have a harem of girls in the jungle," Ho said, indignantly. "Over a hundred girls between the ages of twelve and twenty, all of them spiritless and crushed. I need fresh meat and this is the best place to get it."**

**"Take the white girl back with you then."**

**"No. I will finish with her before morning. I want you to get me more white girls, though, and younger ones. That pig at the auction claimed she was fourteen, but I'm sure she's several years older. I want young flesh, Choy, virgin flesh!"**

**"That is not easy, sir. There are few white girls in Asia, except for the whores purchased in California and Melbourne."**

**"I want young and fresh girls. Send some people to Australia and the United States. There are millions of them walking around loose on the streets. It should not be difficult to pick up a few dozen."**

**"Not difficult at all," Choy sighed. "Getting them out of their countries is another matter."**

**"Bribe whoever you have to. The Americans will do anything for money."**

**Did you see that Reagan fool on television last year, saying how wonderful it was that the Japanese bought Hollywood? He sucks their toes as well for money as that whore downstairs does from fear. Buy me a few congressmen and have them arrange it. Hell, maybe they'll sell you their daughters."**

**He laughed uproariously, then stood up.**

**"I'm going back to work. I don't wish to be disturbed again Choy. Take care of this Jefferson person and make sure I am not annoyed here."**

**"Yes sir," Choy sighed.**

**"And find me some young flesh, Choy, a dozen or so girls just after they have ripened. They are so sweet then and their voices so loud and frightened."**

**He grinned cruelly and turned away to the door.**

**He stalked back down the hall, opened the secret panel and moved down the stairs again, contemplating the many ways he would bring the blonde to the peak of agony before she died. Minutes later he was naked again and looking down at the girl as she swayed and shook precariously, on the verge of falling any second and tearing her nipples off.**

**He looked down into her pussy and smiled thinly, then reached forth and gripped a chunk of her golden pussy hair and ripped it free. She screamed and trembled in place, but could not move. He tore out another chunk, and another, and another, throwing it up into the air like confetti as he giggled wildly.**

**It was well into the morning before they reached the side of the house. They'd been lucky, only having to kill one guard, and him only near the end. With a little luck, it would be too late before they noticed he was missing.**

**JJ watched as Raif worked on the door and Vince took care of the alarm. The rest of the group was crouched around them, some of them in the bushes, others flattened against the wall of the house. Then the door pushed open and Vince nodded at him.**

**He slipped through, Raif right behind him, and after them the rest of them. It was a huge place, and their first task was to wipe out the guards occupying the south wing. JJ was hoping they could be taken care of quietly. He had few qualms about shedding blood to keep them silent.**

**They hurried down the corridor to the south wing, then climbed to the second floor. The ten of them moved down the corridor and all stopped, each beside a different door. Then as one, they opened the doors and rushed in. No sound travelled to the corridor until they all emerged and closed the doors again.**

**They moved down the hall, stopping at new doors. Again they all hurried in, again there was silence until their return, again they moved on, this time climbing up to the third floor. They repeated this twice more, clearing the third floor. The fourth floor was empty, the occupants on duty at the time.**

**Now that there would be no back-up for those, they hurried back downstairs and broke into groups of two, moving carefully into the main body of the house and searching for more guards. JJ took Sims with him as they moved down to the guards room.**

**It was pitifully easy. They jerked open the door and ran in. One man was sitting down, his feet propped up on another chair as he sipped his coffee. Two others were monitoring television cameras. None of the three had time to reach their guns before JJ and Sims cut them down.**

**Now it wouldn't matter what alarms went off. All of them led here. There was no way Ho was going to have any alarms monitored by outside agencies, let alone by the police. He and Sims moved back into the hall, moving along towards the General's private wing, where the entrance to the underground chamber was supposed to be hidden.**

**Suddenly gunfire erupted from the east side of the house.**

**"Shit," JJ sighed.**

**"Bound to happen."**

**"Watch your back."**

**They continued down the hallway, then both dove back into doorways on opposite sides of the hall as a guard appeared and fired a full clip of bullets down the hall. The sound was astonishingly loud, making him wonder briefly how it could be that the police wouldn't be called.**

**Sims twisted around and brought his silenced Uzi up, spraying the hall. JJ crouched on his knees and peered around the corner. He aimed the Uzi carefully, waiting. When Sims fired his last bullet and paused to reload, the guard edged around the corner and began firing again. JJ's bullets cut him in half, throwing him back against the wall.**

**"Come on," he said.**

**They hurried down the hall, crossing between the big marble pillars that guarded the General's private quarters. There should be no guards here, just servants, but there were no certainties. The furniture was all antique, and probably worth a fortune. JJ considered burning the place down when they'd finished.**

**A loud bell started ringing somewhere, driving up the adrenalin in his blood. They made their way through the front of the wing to the back, near where the servants entrance was. Then someone put a bullet into the wall just above Sims's head. He dove behind a couch and JJ fired a burst towards the second floor balcony. A man dropped back, but he knew he hadn't hit him. He signalled to Sims, who nodded, rolled a couple of times, then crawled around to the other side of the couch and tilted the Uzi upwards. JJ ran forward, jumping across a chair and diving under a table.**

**The guy fired down at him, but only got off a couple of shots before Sims's bullets tore through him. The bullets whizzed past inches from JJ's head. The guy's gun fell over the edge of the balcony though, and the barrel slammed into his shoulder as it fell, making him growl in pain.**

**"You okay?" Sims called.**

**"Fucking wonderful!" he hissed back. "Let's find the fat old fucker before he gets away then."**

**"Fucking A."**

**They stood up and hurried to the back, then edged around the corner and moved down the hallway where the entrance to the basement was supposed to be. Sims kept guard as JJ carefully ran his hands along the walls, searching for a secret door. There was a click, and a panel slid back. He gave Sims the thumbs up sign, pulled his Uzi forward and stepped through.**

## **EIGHT**

Wendy screamed in agony, jerking spastically in her bonds as Ho looked on and grinned malevolently. She was hanging from her wrists, her legs chained tightly to the floor, well apart. She was spreadeagled in mid-air, helpless to do more than frenziedly hump her torso forward and back.

Her body was no longer unmarred, for Ho had lovingly caressed it with whips long and short, flogs, crops, paddles, canes, and straps to the point that the only white flesh remaining was on her face. Her flesh was criss-crossed with lines, welts and bruises from ankle to neck, and now he had tired of whips and began to explore more creative measures.

Ho had inserted two rubber bladders into her body, one in her pussy, the other up her anus. Both had slid into place without effort, going high into her abdomen. He had then fixed them in place by tying them to a belt around her waist.

Both bladders protruded from her nether holes, and he had attached a pair of long slim rubber hoses to them. The other ends of the hoses were hooked to an air compressor. As he had turned the knob on the compressor, the two tubes had begun to expand like balloons, which of course they were.

They were not cheap plastic of course, but heavy, thick rubber around a thin steel air tube. The had spread out inside her two inner tubes, shoving hard against their tight elastic walls, forcing them out and out, stretching her pussy and anal tubes to the tearing point.

To Wendy, the immense pain from having her pussy and anus pried open farther than they ever had before was accompanied by the near blinding pain inside her body as the tubes bulged out her vagina and rectum. She felt like she herself was being blown up and would soon explode, her stomach bursting like an overfilled balloon and sending her guts flying out all around her.

Never had she been so utterly full, so bulgingly, painfully plugged. Terrible cramps were ripping through her belly at the insistent pressure against her inner tubes, and sharp burning agony was shooting up her spine from her gaping pussy mouth and anus.

She screamed with each beat of her heart that seemed to send surging waves of agony through her body and into her brain. She howled and shrieked and sobbed hysterically as she threw herself back and forth in a demented, hopeless attempt to free herself from the pain.

Ho watched for some time, until her screams began to fade, and she simply hung there, moaning in terrible misery, occasionally crying out with a fresh surge of pain. Then he moved closer, holding a burning cigar in his hand.

He looked at her through slitted eyes, then pushed the lit end of the cigar against her right nipple. She screamed, jerking her body backwards, but she could only move slightly, and was unable to escape the continued burning of her tortured nipple.

The cigar sizzled against her flesh as she howled insanely. Ho laughed and pulled his cigar away, only to press it down against her left nipple. Again she shrieked in agony, her body shaking and

thrashing violently in its tight bondage. Ho then pushed the cigar hard into her right breast, grinding it out as if her breast was an ashtray. She screamed pitifully, sobbing in horror and misery. Ho merely smiled and moved away, going to a counter and lifting up a number of long, sharp needles.

He moved back to her with the needles, each of which was almost six inches long. His smile came again, a terrible thing to look at. Her breasts were still confined in the terrible leather halter that squeezed them painfully and made them bulge out.

He jabbed a needle into the side of Wendy's left breast, sinking it several inches into her flesh as she sobbed and screamed. He left it there, then pulled out another. This one too was forced into her right breast, making her howl in pain.

Ho was enjoying himself immensely. He loved the feeling of penetrating the girl's body with his sharp little needles. He pulled another free and stabbed it into her left breast, shoving it deep into the bulging breast meat.

He loved watching the sharp steel sink into the white meat, loved shoving it down, feeling the pressure against the needle and forcing it through. He stabbed her left nipple, shoving the needle right into the centre of the nipple as she sang to him. He lovingly forced another needle into her right nipple, shoving it several inches deep. Then began burying more of the needles into her breasts until he had none left and her twin orbs looked like pin-cushions. Each needle stuck out stiffly, a little red dot of blood surrounding it.

Ho went back and got more needles. He stabbed one into her thigh, shoving it deep into the meat as she screamed and shook. Another needle went into her hip, and a third into her left arm just above her shoulder. He moved around behind her and stabbed a needle into her right buttock, forcing it deep.

Stab after stab of searing, sharp pain shot into Wendy as she hung there hopelessly. She couldn't count the stabs, as needle after needle jabbed into her bottom and legs and arms and back. Ho finally ran out of needles and moved back, his breathing coming in excited pants as he beheld the girl.

She hung slackly, dozens of needles protruding from her body, little trickles of blood running down her beaten flesh from many of them. He giggled insanely, moving against her. He began to tweak the needles here and there, twisting them or jerking them from side to side.

He watched for long minutes, jerking off furiously. When his cum spurted up onto her flesh, he sighed and sat down. He rested for a moment, then rose and began jerking needles back out of her. Withdrawing them gave her almost as much pain as stabbing them in, so Ho took his time.

When he was finished, she looked awful. Each of the dozens of little needle holes had a small trickle of blood that very slowly dribbled down her body. In fact she was almost unharmed. The cigar had actually done worse damage. He intended to rectify her health though.

He wheeled over a little cart that held his medical instruments and smiled grimly. He lifted a razor sharp scalpel from the cart and watched the light glint off the blade, then turned towards Wendy.

Ho slowly pressed the tip of the sharp little blade against the top of her right breast, then slid it softly across her skin, leaving a

**thin line of blood running directly down the middle of her bulging breast.**

**JJ and Sims eased down the dark stairwell, alert for ambush at any moment. They left behind the sound of gunfire upstairs, unable to worry themselves with it at this point. They reached the bottom of the stairs and peered around the corner, finding themselves at the head of a long, wide corridor, lined with doors. It looked very elaborately decorated, not at all like a horrific torture chamber.**

**JJ jerked his head and Sims nodded, then raced out from the stairs and crouched by the first door, his Uzi pointed down the corridor.**

**JJ moved out and moved to the door across from him, also watching the corridor. Then he tried the door. It was unlocked. He turned the knob and shoved the door open, dropping back against the wall. No gunfire came out. He peered around and then moved into the room.**

**It was some kind of study, although a terribly perverse kind. Obscene paintings lined the walls and the statues and carvings were all of gigantic cocks or copulating couples. He turned to his right and saw what he first thought was some kind of mannequin.**

**It was of a beautiful Asian woman, or girl really, naked and finely detailed. It was far more detailed than any mannequin he'd heard of and he looked closer, then drew back in horror. What he was looking at was the dead body of a girl, who had been stuffed.**

**The pole that held it up went through her sex, an obscene addition to an obscene statue. He slipped back out of the room and closed the door, shaking his head a little and then motioning to Sims. Sims shoved open the door across from him while JJ covered the hallway.**

**He disappeared inside, then re-emerged a minute later, looking pale. JJ didn't ask what he'd seen and didn't want to know. Instead he motioned the man forward. Sims moved up to the next doorway and then JJ followed. He pushed open another door and raced in.**

**The entire room was devoted to the kind of stuffed bodies that he'd seen in the last one. In this room they were mixed with sleek statues of muscular naked men, all of them with Ho's face, but a body builder's body. The stuffed women and girls were in obscene positions with the statues of Ho joined together with them.**

**There were girls on their knees with the statue of Ho fucking them, it's cock the thickness of a baseball bat. There were girls sucking the huge cock of Ho statues. There were girls being fucked by two or three Hos at once. JJ backed away and went back to the hallway. His deal with Crane hadn't called for Ho to be castrated but he vowed he was going to do it anyway.**

**Sims checked the next room, then JJ kicked open the next. Bullets flew out into the hall and struck the door across from him. He dropped to his knees, then turned and quickly peeked around the corner. An oriental man crouched in the open, a pistol pointed directly at the door.**

**He was waiting for someone to peek in but his gun was centered higher and by the time he brought it down and fired, JJ had ducked back. He pushed the Uzi around the corner and sprayed it around towards where the guy had been. When he stopped Sims dove in, somersaulting as JJ moved around and centered his Uzi again.**

**The guy was dead though, his head blown out by at least two direct**

**hits. The room was empty except for him and they moved back into the hall again.**

**The cut Ho made was not deep. He was not going to cut into the actual meat of her breast. He intended to penetrate the layers of skin and then peel her skin back, revealing the breast naked, the bare meat open for his attentions.**

**Then, suddenly, gunfire erupted from close by. He frowned and then turned in surprise as the gunfire repeated. He thought immediately of Choy and his warning about an attack. His heart gave a skip and he dropped the scalpel and ran over to the door.**

**He opened it a crack and peeked out. The hallway was empty. Then suddenly a man, a white man in camouflage dress came out of one of the rooms, carrying a machine gun. A second man emerged then, dressed and armed in the same manner.**

**Ho shut the door, his chest rising and falling rapidly as fear gripped his flabby body. He ran across the room for a gun, then ran back to the door to make sure it was locked. He ran back across the room and picked up his gun, then held it in his sweating fist.**

**He ran back to the telephone and picked it up, trying to raise his guards upstairs. There was no answer. He kept twisting his head to the door and back to the girl. Then he dropped the phone and ran over to the girl. Hurriedly he pulled her down and half carried, half dragged her across the room to a corner doorway.**

**He whimpered slightly as his bulging eyes watched the door, anxiously waiting for the men to come through. Then he pulled the girl in through the doorway and shut and locked the door.**

**They were in a bathroom now. Ho backed into the tub, dragging the girl with him. The blood from the needle marks and his one cut of her breast was smearing across his own naked body and he cursed her, slapping the side of her head angrily. She grunted and whined but was too weak to pull free.**

**"Whore!" Ho cried, punching her in the side of the head. "Stinking slut! This is all your fault!" he sobbed.**

**He punched her again, this time in the side, bringing a grunt of pain from the nearly senseless blonde. The sound of breaking wood came from the outer room and Ho crouched back in the corner of the tub, holding his hand across the girl's lips. He stared wide-eyed at the door, begging the Gods to keep the foreign dogs away.**

**"No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no..." he gasped, trembling with fear.**

**Then there was a powerful crash against the door. It held briefly. A second crash sent it slamming back against the wall. He raised the pistol and fired all six shots out through the empty doorway. A face suddenly peeked around the corner.**

**He fired at it, but the gun only clicked emptily. The face reappeared, then the entire body. A huge white man came into the room, pointing his gun at Ho. Ho drew back in terror, holding the girl's body before him as a shield.**

**A second man moved into the room. Both of them looked at Ho with disgust and hatred. They came closer, unafraid of his obviously empty pistol.**

**"I have money!" he gasped. "I have much money. I have millions of dollars. I will give it to you if you do not harm me!"**

**They didn't answer. The big one grabbed the girl and jerked her effortlessly away, lifting her in his arms and carrying her out of the room. Ho stared at the other one, who looked at Ho through narrowed eyes, his lip curled in disgust.**

**"Millions of dollars!" Ho whispered. "And girls, I have hundreds of girls you can have. All ages, many young virgins!"**

**The man put his gun down and smiled at Ho and Ho smiled back tentatively. Then the man slid an enormous long knife from his belt and moved forward. Ho cringed back, sobbing in terror.**