

# **IN DARKEST EGYPT**

**By ARGUS**

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## Chapter One

“It’s amazing how closely you resemble each other,” said Achim with an admiring smile.

Keri shrugged. She was well used to it. “We’re only two years apart,” she said. “But people have often thought we were twins.”

“That’s why I dyed my hair red,” said Rory.

“She’s an inch shorter, too.”

Rory stuck her tongue out at her older sister.

“So what do you think of Cairo?” he asked.

“It’s amazing,” Rory said enthusiastically. “It’s so ancient and fascinating!”

“We thought Europe was different when we got there,” her sister said in amusement. “But your country is so incredible, and beautiful.”

“I was the one that wanted to see the pyramids,” said Rory.

“She’s a history major,” Keri said. “I’m not as into old stuff as her.”

“I’m surprised your parents let you both go to Europe to study,” Achim said. “Two lovely young girls...”

“Women please,” said Keri pertly. “And why shouldn’t we? It’s not like Oxford is terribly dangerous.”

“Well, Arab families think differently on such things. Young marriageable girls would never be permitted to live away from their families like that.”

“We’re grown-ups,” Rory said with a shrug.

“You’re only a grown-up as of two months ago,” Keri said.

Rory stuck her tongue out at her again.

“And maybe not entirely grown-up at that.”

Rory sighed and shrugged. She looked up and around at the café, then out the window at the busy street-scene below. “Aside from the cars and buses there are parts of the city that look like they haven’t changed in a century,” she said dreamily.

“Oh that’s nothing,” Achim said. “Cairo is probably the most modern city in Egypt. You should have a look at some of the smaller cities and towns to the southwest. The further south you go the further back in time you are. There are places out there which haven’t changed since Christ was born.”

“Wow!” Rory said, eyes wide.

“We were told to stick to the tourist areas,” Keri said. “It can be dangerous in other parts of Egypt.”

“Oh no!” Achim said. “They’re talking about those crazy terrorists! But they only operate in Cairo and a few other really large cities. You don’t see terrorists setting off bombs in small villages,” he said with a dismissive laugh.

“I suppose that makes sense,” Rory said.

“In fact, my father is the deputy minister of agriculture, and has to make an inspection of the repairs made to an ancient dyke system near the town of El Amara tomorrow. I’m going with him, and we’ll be taking a government boat along the Nile. It’s a quite trip there and back, but it’s away from the regular tourist routes. They have some very ancient buildings there, and the town is like it was a thousand years ago.”

Rory’s eyes shone, while Keri was more reluctant. Still, the sound of a boat ride along the Nile wasn’t unattractive – and neither was Achim, and it certainly sounded perfectly safe. So they agreed to meet him the next morning.

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The boat was not exactly what they'd imagined. The girls stood at dock-side, frowning uncertainly. It was ancient and rickety, with paint peeling everywhere it hadn't simply fallen off. It was perhaps a hundred feet long, and a horde of people were already crowding aboard, some of them bringing crates of chickens or leading goats on tethers.

"Do you suppose it's safe?" Keri asked dubiously.

"Probably not," Rory said, "These people don't have the same safety standards we do in the west. That thing would never be allowed to carry passengers in any European country. Still, it's probably been going up and down the Nile for longer than we've been alive. What are the odds it sinks this time?"

They were wearing long skirts and long-sleeved blouses in deference to the locals, and had cute, wide brimmed hats on to protect their skin from the sun. But both had their waist-length hair free, and so they drew numerous double takes from the close-packed humanity surging around them. Keri's golden hair was thick and radiant, a full, rich, luxurious waterfall of silk spilling down her back. Her little sister's glorious shining red glistened like fire in the sun, thick and lustrous as it swung from side to side as she looked around.

"Ladies!" Achim said, hurrying up to them. "We're just in time. The ship will be leaving any moment."

"Ship?" Keri said doubtfully.

"Don't worry. It is perfectly safe," he said. "And we have special accommodations. We won't be packed in with the crowd."

He led them down to the dock, though both were reluctant, taking their backpacks in a gentlemanly manner, yet pushing aside people as if he owned the place. He led them through the staring crowd onto the boat, pushed aside more people, and then opened a hatch and ushered them inside.

It was dark inside, compared to the blinding sunlight, and stifling. Keri was beginning to think this had been a bad idea, though Rory was clearly fascinated by everything. Inside, they had a small, dank cabin, but it had air-conditioning, and a porthole looking out onto the river. Keri began to think of it as an adventure again, and the presence of Achim, his tall, lean body pressed against hers, gave her other ideas, as well.

They were in Egypt for an adventure, after all. And what better adventure than a romance with a gorgeous Arab man. A man, who, granted, could be dabbled with safely and then left behind as a learning experience, perhaps spoken about to wide-eyed girlfriends around at a coffee shop in London next semester.

The boat cast off, and with it their chance of changing their minds. Achim led them up onto a higher deck, which was cleared of the teaming humanity on the main deck, and they got to look out over the Nile as the boat chugged downstream. Rory was thrilled, and could hardly keep still, moving from side to side, staring down at the people below, or out at the Nile or shoreline beyond.

"Your sister is very excitable," Achim said, coming to rest against the rail beside Keri.

"She's a history nut," Keri said, aware of how close he was.

"And you?" he asked, his hand sliding along the rail until his arm was behind her.

"I get excited about other things," she said, turning her head, looking up, and giving him a slightly flirty look.

"Is that a fact?" he said solemnly. "And what kind of things excite you?"

"Oh, there's no telling. I know it when I see it," she said.

"Well, in that case, let me show you the rest of the boat."

She smiled and let him lead her back down the ladder, and into the hatch. He led her to the bridge, which seemed awfully untechnical compared to any other boat she'd seen, then further back and down deeper into the boat.

“Perhaps you’ll find this interesting,” he said, unlocking a door and ushering her inside.

It was a storage room, with a pair of port holes, and sacks of grain.

“Not terribly,” she said, turning as he closed the door and came up behind her.

“But it’s American grain,” he said solemnly. “A gift from the people of the United States.”

“Well, that sure is nice of us,” she said as he stepped closer.

She backed up against a tall wooden beam, and looked flirtily up at him as he moved closer. His hands slid around her and she giggled as he bent to kiss her. But then she turned her head up and her hands rose and slid over his shoulders. His tongue pushed into her mouth, and his hands slid in to cup her bottom and squeeze lightly.

She pressed her body against him, heart pounding, mind swirling with indecision about how far she should let him go, about what he might think of her if she gave in too quickly, about whether they were safe from discovery, about whether Rory would miss her and wonder and what she would think.

Her fingers squeezed more tightly, and his tongue pushed into her mouth again, deeper, fighting her own as he pulled her body against his and her breasts pillowed out against his chest. Then one of his hands slid up her side and in front to cup her full breast and she shuddered. Her breasts had always been too sensitive, and her nipples were already hard and hot. The feel of his hands against them made her groin throb and pulse with hunger and she knew the decision was soon going to be made for her if she didn’t push him away.

His hand slid down her side, and his fingers deftly undid the buttons to her skirt, then slid the zipper down. She shuddered with excitement as her skirt slipped slowly down over her hips, then down her legs to pool at her ankles. Her blouse still covered her groin, but even now he was undoing it, and she didn’t have the inner strength to stop him.

“God!” she gasped as he bit into the nape of her neck.

It was hot in the storage room, and she was already sweating. A part of her said she should get her clothes off quickly before they were soaked, and get this done before Rory came looking for them. She helped undo the buttons of the blouse and yanked it off, tossing it on the floor, her lips never leaving his as their tongues danced together.

He yanked down her bra and turned her around, half lifting her up onto the bales of grain, pushing between her legs. His lips finally left her mouth, only to move down onto her left breast, sucking heavily at the nipple and surrounding flesh as she shuddered and arched back.

“Oh! Yeah! Yeah! Lick it!” she groaned. “Suck on my nipple! Bite me! OooO!”

He tore off her thong and pushed her back, then his strong hands yanked her legs up and apart, so she fell back onto the sacks of grain. She groaned, chest heaving, thinking of what a wild story this would make for the girls come next semester.

Then he was in her, and she moaned in pleasure. She was wet and ready, so his hard thrust hurt only a little, and some part of her welcomed the pain, feeling it right and proper for a wild coupling. He grunted as he thrust in deeper, his hands jerking on her thighs, fingers digging in with bruising force as he began to ride her, pumping in and out.

Keri drew her legs up and back, keeping them wide, gasping, reaching for him as he leaned into her. He kneaded her breasts hard as their mouths met again, and his hips began to pump wildly in and out as he thrust his cock deep into her with every stroke.

The sweat was pouring down her now, but she didn’t care. This was incredibly exciting and passionate, and she wrapped her legs around him as she pulled him closer, her tongue thrusting up at his, her hips bucking against his pumping cock as spasms of pleasure rolled through her at every thrust.

“God! Yes! Yes! Oh! Fuck Me! Fuck me harder! Ohhhhh!” she groaned, his hips hammering faster and harder against her thighs.

He reached down, pulling himself away from her mouth, grasping her legs again behind the knees, squeezing painfully tight as he rammed them up and back. His hips slapped against her upraised ass now, and Keri was so open, so vulnerable, so hot, that she just lay back and stared at the roof, gasping and grunting with every thrust.

The orgasm rolled over her, and her back arched as she clawed at the air.

“Yes! Oh! Oh! Oh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh!”

He growled and forced her legs even tighter back, slamming his cock into her with hard, desperate thrusts as she twisted and writhed in passion.

Keri’s body was pulsing with sexual pleasure, each pulse more powerful than the one which preceded it. Her eyes were wide, then rolled back in her head, eyes slitted as she arched, arched, arched again, shuddering, gasping as the powerful climax tore through her, as his thick cock kept ramming up into her body with almost painful force.

And then she sagged, went limp, gasping, moaning languorously as his hips slowed and his cock pulled free.

“Oh man,” she groaned dazedly.

He chuckled.

“Let me show you something very old about this boat,” he said, “It’s very old, and has been carrying more than grain into upper Egypt.”

“I can’t move,” she groaned.

He slid his hands under her and scooped her up in his arms. Keri blinked in surprise, then giggled a little as he turned and led her across the room. He knelt in front of one of the ceiling posts and set her down on the floor. She gasped, scrambling to get up, for the floor was dirty.

“Here,” he said, grasping her arm too hard, showing her the post.

“What?”

The post was square, about six inches to a side. So what?

No, there was something. She watched him reach out and dig into a crack in the centre of the post, then pry out what looked like a hand lever of some kind. It tilted out and up, but she couldn’t guess what purpose it could serve. She noticed two more cracks in the deep brown, aged wood, however, lower down, and as she watched he dug a knife into one, and pried up a triangular shaped wedge about an inch thick and eight inches long and then pulled out a little metal brace from inside to prop it horizontally.

“I don’t get it,” she said, more than slightly impatient.

She should have been laying back on the sacks relaxing, idly running her fingers through his hair as he gently stroked her body. Or something.

“This boat used to carry slaves,” he said. “Female slaves.”

“Really?”

Well, that was kind of cool, and she looked at the things with renewed interest, trying to understand how they figured into female slave carrying.

“Look.”

He turned her around, too roughly, too suddenly, and pushed her back against the post.

“Hey! Not so rough – .”

She didn’t know where he got the leather laces, but he swept them around the pillar, then around her throat, before she had a clue what he was up to. He pulled them tight, so suddenly the back of her head slammed against the pillar. She gurgled helplessly, eyes bulging, hands instinctively shooting up, grasping at the thick leather laces digging into her throat, trying to force their way between laces and flesh.

But Achim had already tied them off, and now he easily gripped her wrists and jerked them up and back behind the post, where, despite her shocked struggles they were easily crossed together at the wrists, and wrapped tightly in another leather lace.

Keri could not breath. She was twisting and writhing, red faced, her lithe body sheeted in sweat as she tried frantically to breath. She had no other goal, no other thoughts, no fears, nothing. Breathing was her only goal. And she wasn't making it.

Then the lace around her throat was loosened, and she gasped deeply, the moist air inflating her lungs again, her throbbing, pounding head and burning chest beginning to relax as she gulped in air.

"Now slut, do you want to breath? Move. Move!" he snarled, tightening the lace around her throat, pulling on her hair, forcing her up and then around to the side of the pillar, the one with the lever and the horizontal wedge of wood. Gasping, gurgling, she squatted, back and head against the post as he turned her, and then pushed down.

"Down, slut! Down now!"

He tightened the leather lace until her eyes bulged again and she gurgled, sinking down along the post. She felt the round wooden thing, what she had thought of as a lever, against her rosebud, and struggled instinctively to twist away. But a hand shot between her legs, squeezing her pussy, guiding her onto it, and again her goal became simple: breath.

It hurt.

Her insides felt like fire as the fat round plug pushed up into her anus. It was narrow enough at the top, but widened considerably, then narrowed again, a little, then widened even more, and she sobbed in misery and confusion as she sank further and further down its length, impaling herself on the fat wooden cock.

He tied off the lace, and she could barely get a breath through, trying frantically, gurgling helplessly as the air slowly, slowly hissed into her burning lungs past the tight leather lace. She felt him reach for her ankles, steel hard fingers closing around them. Then they were yanked back on either side of the post.

The movement forced her down hard on the wooden lever and she screamed as agony tore at her insides. The sound was little more than a gurgle, however, and no one would have heard it over the nearby engine noises.

Agony tore at her insides and she screamed again, but he ignored her. She was impaled on the thing, twisting and thrashing in agony as almost all her weight came down on it. Cursing, he did something, adjusted something, and the fat plug slid down an inch. Agony became merely throbbing pain.

Easing her down, however, brought her bare sex into contact with the triangular shaped wedge of wood which was pushing out horizontally from the centre of the post. The narrow wedge split her still-moist lips apart, and they slid down on either side as the point of the wedge pushed upwards against her body.

She felt something against the backs of her legs, something wooden laying across them. Then Achim was tying leather laces to her ankles, binding them together. A leather lace was bound around each big toe, now, but Keri was seeing black dots by then, the world swirling around her, and she hardly cared.

He yanked up on her ankles, pulling them up high behind the post, then tied off the laces around her toes and hung them across a hook. He undid the lace around her throat and Keri gulped in air, sweat trickling down her forehead and chest now, her eyes glassy as she gasped for breath.

Strong fingers gripped her jaw, pinching in painfully as he forced something into her wide open mouth. It was a fat round ring made of iron and leather, and was jammed in between her jaws, in between her teeth, forcing them painfully wide. It was attached to a leather cord, and when it was in position he fed the cord behind her head and tied it off.

Keri only cared that she could breath, though her toes were aching now, though her insides were throbbing with pain, though her pussy was starting to hurt and – .

He had a cruel smile on his face as he reached down and combed her long blonde hair out from under the leather cord around her face. She stared up at him, eyes filled with tears, not understanding.

“Whore,” he said in contempt, slapping her face cruelly.

He was hard, and he tilted her head back and thrust his thick cock through the ring holding her lips parted.

Keri gurgled as it filled her mouth, but worse was to come, for he thrust straight through, forcing his cock into her throat. She gagged and thrashed and tried to scream as, laughing, he pulled on her head, on her hair, and forced his thick shaft all the way down her throat. She choked and her throat ached and she pulled frantically, desperately against the bonds as he jammed her nose in against his groin.

He held her there for a long minute, then began to pump hard, fast, cruel, jamming her nose against his groin again and again as he raped her mouth and throat.

Dark spots danced before her eyes again as she began to grow faint, but he pulled back suddenly, making her gag once more, then laughed, slapping her face.

“Do you like the taste of Arab cock, slut?” he demanded with a sneer. “You had better get used to it from now on!”

He slapped her face again, then jerked back on her hair and forced his cock into her open, defenceless mouth, and held the head at the entrance to her throat, staring down at her gleefully, his hands clamped around her turned up head as she met her wide, pleading eyes.

“You’re going to be swallowing a lot of Arab cock from now on, infidel whore!” he spat.

Then he punched his cock through into her throat, cruelly ramming himself down her gullet until her nose was grinding against his pubic bone.

“Ahh, yesss! Scream, bitch! Scream into my cock!” he groaned, grinding her face into his groin.

He twisted her face against him, then, his fingers holding her hair tightly, jerked her back, pulled his hips back, and thrust in hard once more. Again, he pulled back, pulled her head back, and thrust in, then began to pump in just that way, pumping, thrusting, raping her throat as she gagged and choked and sobbed in misery, pain and despair.

He pulled back suddenly, his cock tearing free of her throat so he could fist it, pumping his fist along his spit-wet shaft as he held her by the hair. He came, and his semen spurted through the open ring into her mouth, thick silvery wad after wad.

“Swallow it, slut! Swallow my seed, you blonde American whore!” he sneered.

Coughing, terrified, she did, and he laughed and slapped her again. He moved back finally, doing up his trousers, then produced what looked like a thick cork for a fat nosed bottle. He shoved the cork into the opening in her mouth, and pushed it hard. He slapped at the base so that her teeth ached, filling her mouth and wedging it in the iron and leather ring.

“Not that anyone would hear you anyway, or care,” he said. “Fucking American bitch. Do you have any idea how much the Arab people despise you? Do you!? You will find out, slut! You want to get away from the tourist areas and see the real Arabia! I will bring you there, and you can see the rage of the people who hate your filthy, godless ways!”

He moved around the room, gathering up her clothes and tossing them together into a corner.

Keri sobbed miserably, dazed, shocked by the sudden, unforeseen violence, her body throbbing with pain.

“Do you see this, bitch? Do you?”

Keri didn’t care to look, and he gripped her hair, yanking her head up and back, glowering at her. “Are you looking, white bitch? Are you? Do you see?”

He released her head and moved across to another post directly in front of her. He made sure she was looking, then pulled out a fat, ridged plug.

“This is for your little sister,” he said with a sneer. “This is going to go up her tight little ass.”

Keri tried to beg him, tried to plead with him, but could only sob as, laughing, he went to the metal hatch, opened it, and slammed it behind him.

She sobbed brokenly, wrists above her, head hanging low, body soaked in sweat as she feebly tried to ease her own discomfort. The plug was deep in her ass, aching, bruising her. But much of her weight was on the thin wedge of wood between her legs, and that was starting to really smart. It was jammed up against her soft flesh in front, and against her unprotected tailbone in back. Letting her weight go forward or back produced different types of pain, but both hurt.

Some of her weight was on her knees, and they ached too, but she could only imagine how much they would already be hurting if all her weight was on them. Her legs were burning, as well, with the effort of holding her ankles up behind her. That had been relatively easy, at first, but it was now almost impossible, and more and more of their weight was coming down on the two leather cords Achim had tied to her big toes. Soon all their weight would be pulling at her big toes, and she could already guess how much that was going to hurt.

Why? Why oh why had they come here!? Why had they gone outside the tourist areas! Who would know where they were! And who was Achim really? Would anyone come looking for them? Their parents, eventually, but not for weeks, and they would have no way of knowing the girls had taken a boat up the Nile. What was going to become of them, she thought with growing horror.

They were two white girls lost in Arabia, and while she didn't have Rory's knowledge of history, she knew enough to be terrified about the possibilities.

## *Chapter Two*

Rory was not terribly concerned when her sister disappeared with Achim. They had already discussed him and she knew Keri was interested in making him part of her “summer adventure”, so she had a pretty good idea what they were doing. She hoped she didn’t come on too strong. These Arabs had a funny idea about women, and he might just get insulted and angry if he thought she was coming on to him. She needed to let him seduce her.

In any case, she hardly spared them a thought. She was fascinated by everything around her, from the boat to the water and the shore it passed. Her mind was filled with romantic images of ancient Egypt, and she thrilled to the sights and sounds of everything around her. This wasn’t the shiny tourist areas. This was real Egypt, and she wanted to get as close to it as possible.

She should have known better, but allowed her romanticism to get the better of her. She left the upper deck and made her way down to the main deck, in amidst that teeming throng of Egyptians. Well, she had moved among Egyptians for several days now, so why not? She inhaled deeply of their rough fragrance, musky but accompanied by the tang of the Nile. She was on the Nile! How incredible.

She eased slowly through them, smiling in a friendly fashion, staring at goats and chickens, at women covered in black burkhas and chadors, and little faces peering out from among skirts.

She was wearing a light summer dress which she considered quite modest as it did not hug her figure tightly, had a reasonably high neck, and fell to her knees. She even had a hat on.

But these were not the cosmopolitan people of downtown Cairo who were used to tourists and western visitors. These were, for the most part, rural people who had come to Cairo to visit relatives, gawk at the tall buildings, and make some purchases or sales at the market. This western woman, so pretty, with her peaches and cream complexion and bright blue eyes, was like nothing they had ever seen up close. And while her dress was long, it was terribly thin. Every time a breeze blew or she moved it pressed against an obvious womanly body underneath, a body of wonderful curves and bulges.

Western women were sluts. This was not something they thought a mere suspicion. It was as well-known as anything in their lives. They were wanton whores who had no shame, worshipped no god, and gave themselves freely to any man who wanted them. The women, covered in thick layers of wool and cotton, sweating, glared at her through their mesh veils in contempt and anger. There was jealousy there, too, to be sure, and bitter resentment of her freedom, even though they thought such freedom outrageous and unnatural.

The men looked at her with lust, their eyes glued to her light dress as she moved, going wide as the fabric pressed against her full young breasts, or pert, firm bottom. Lips were licked and thighs squeezed against hardening cocks as she moved among them.

An old man was the first to take advantage of the situation, a grizzled elder with a long white beard and turban pulled low, he reached out as she passed, and his skeletal hand grasped her bottom for a firm squeeze.

She yelped and leapt away, and there were smirks on many faces, though the eyes showed no amusement.

Rory bit her tongue against an angry oath, not even sure which of the men had touched her, and turned to push on through the crowd. But the old man had given others ideas, and a hand came up under her arm to roughly squeeze her left breast.

She yelped at this and slapped in the direction of the hand, but as she did another hand gripped her bottom, and male chuckles rose around her. Starting to realize her mistake, she turned and pushed on, but the men were not eager to move aside now, leering at her.

“Excuse me! Excuse me!” she said insistently, trying to push between them.

It was so loud all around her. Arabs loved to talk, and their voices were loud to be heard over the engine and over the babble of everyone else’s conversations. Children cried or yelled to each other, and animals bawled. Her voice was a tiny squeak amongst all that.

More hands came out, and he gasped and jerked as they cupped her bottom, her breasts, as they pulled at her red hair. She twisted and squirmed through them, gasping and panting and sweating. Her head fell off, but she couldn’t stop, and now her glorious red hair was free and flowing around her. She yelped and lurched away from a hand that groped her breast, and the front of her dress tore. The centre pulling down from the neck line to show part of her little French lace half bra, and a generous amount of cleavage.

She shoved violently forward, starting to panic, searching for a hatch to get into. She pulled at several, batting at hands, not even realizing she was moving towards the rear of the boat. The rear was always where the cheapest passage could be found, and thus where the poorest, roughest, and least sophisticated passengers rode.

There was no sympathy in the eyes of the women who looked on, only contempt, and satisfaction. The filthy western whore was learning she could not expose herself to Arab men and not be shown what she was. She kept pushing, trying hatches as she did, but the hatches were locked against these people, and she kept moving further to the back, as hands groped and pulled at her.

Her dress tore further down the front, all the way to her waist, and she sobbed, trying to hold it together with one hand as she squirmed through the crowd.

Then a large, rough man gripped her hair and shoved her hard against the wall next to a growling air conditioning unit. His bearded face was a vast leer as he crushed her lips with his, and his hand shot into her torn dress and groped her breasts.

Rory twisted and squirmed and tried to shove him back, and he tore open her bra to expose her full breasts. She looked past him and saw only more leering, laughing male faces, all crowded in around her.

The big man tore the dress the rest of the way open, and now it hung open on her as she sobbed and slapped against him. He gripped her little thong panties and tore them away to expose her bare slit, and he and the other Arab men murmured excitedly at her nakedness, and at this confirmation of her sluttishness, for she had no hair down there at all. They had heard rumours of this, that western women were such whores, had so much sex, that they shaved away all their hair so it would not interfere, so they could clean themselves in between one act of intercourse and the next.

She screamed, but the sound was one among many, and his lips quickly blocked her mouth as he undid his zipper and moved in against her. Her fists punched against his chest as he guided forced her thighs apart, lifted one up and back, and guided himself into her. The fat nose of his uncircumcised cock rubbed along the slick, sweating lips of her sex, and then jammed up into the mouth of her pussy.

And then he gripped her bottom, pulled her forward, and drove himself deep into her belly.

Rory felt the man’s cock sliding up inside her with a sense of appalled shock, filled with disbelief, shame and fear as he raped her right there in front of dozens of people. His heavy body crushed her against the wall, which was at least some consolation in that it shielded her from most of the eyes around them. His fingers dug into her buttocks, her left leg actually lifted into the air as his cock thrust painfully up into her again and again and again.

It was a hard, fast, brutal raping, which was predictably over soon, and as he spilled himself inside her aching sex, he released her leg, gasped, and backed away, letting her fall back against the wall and sink down gasping, whimpering, sobbing. Her hands pawed at the front of her torn dress, feebly trying to pull it back together as the other men stared and leered and moved in around her.

She looked up, eyes wild, filled with tears. "Please," she whimpered.

He seized her hair, slapping aside her hands, yanking her up and forward by the hair. She screamed and sobbed, but few heard in that babble of shouts and screams and engine noises. And no one who did care. The man who had her hair had pulled his cock out, hard shaft glistening with sweat. He pulled her face against him, and her mouth, open to scream, slipped right over his cock.

She gurgled weakly, hands slapping at his stomach, but he pulled her wrists together and held them he jammed his cock deeper into her mouth. She choked as he went too deep, squirming and writhing, but the men only laughed, moving in closer, so that she was pressed back against the wall, with a half dozen men surrounding her.

The man with his hand in her hair eased up and Rory coughed and moaned and gasped as she gulped in air. Then he pulled her face forward onto the cock of the man next to her, and she gagged as it thrust into her throat. They laughed again, the cock pumping in and out of her mouth as she was held by hair and hands.

A spirit of brotherly companionship seemed to settle over the men, young and old, and she was yanked back again, then pulled onto another man's cock. Her head was yanked this way and that, half a dozen men pressed in close, their cocks out and hard. Her hands were pulled up and apart, and wrapped around hard, wet cocks, male hands rubbing her hands up and down to show her what they wanted.

She gagged and coughed and sobbed as her head was jerked to the right, now to the left, now in front of her, cocks stuffing themselves into her mouth to jam against the insides of her cheeks, or slide along the roof of her mouth, or threaten to push into her very throat. While she was sucking one cock another two would rub against her cheeks and ears.

Then one shoved itself right down her throat, and her body jerked violently as her head was pulled forward into the man's groin. She twisted and shuddered, but was held easily in place as the man came and poured his semen into her belly. He sighed and pulled back, releasing her, but was immediately replaced as she was pulled, coughing, onto another cock.

Dazed, she was pulled all the way down its length, her gurgling head forced in and back, in and back, her nose bruised as it slammed against his pubic bone repeatedly. Then she was pulled back, her head twisted to the other side, another cock plunging into her mouth and down her throat. Again she was punched in the nose, eyes glassy, pulled back, and head twisted forward. Another cock raped her mouth and then drove down her throat, and again she was jerked in and back by the hair as strong male hands held her own hands wrapped around their stiff cocks.

They slapped her head and face when she resisted, and jerked her in one direction, then the other, ramming their cocks into her eagerly, showing no restraint now, raping her throat and ignoring her gagging and the upsurge of spittle and saliva as they laughed and jeered and exulted in using a western bitch as they knew she deserved.

A man squirmed in behind her, and tore at her already shredded dress. Laughing, they tore it free, and the sobbing young redhead found herself now naked among them. Harsh hands gripped her around the waist, and they forced her to her feet, even while holding her head down over the cock pumping in her mouth. Bent over, she felt hands fight to grope and grasp at her breasts and bottom and pussy.

Then a hard cock pushed into her from behind as her hanging breasts were groped and squeezed, nipples pinched and yanked and twisted. Her body jerked to and fro as bony male hips slapped against her upraised buttocks. She squealed and sobbed and

moaned around the cocks which shoved into her mouth as her silky red hair was wrapped around a fist and twisted this way and that to service the endless crowd of eager men.

Beyond the men crowded around, no one saw, and no one cared. Shouting children dodged through the crowd as mothers cursed and yelled after them. Babies cried, men argued politics, and the engine growled as the boat moved further up the Nile. Only one man looked on idly. Achim was overhead, smirking, watching the little red-haired slut get exactly what she deserved. He would leave her to it for a while. It would save him having to break her in.

He relaxed, had a few cigarettes, chatted with a few friends, then decided to go back and see the sister instead.

Behind him, semen dribbled out of Rory's mouth as a deflated cock pulled loose, then another thrust into her as her head was turned to the side. The man behind her rammed himself deep, his arms encircling Rory's slender waist to crush her buttocks back against him as he spurting inside her. He sighed and moved away, and another eagerly fought his way into position to take his place.

\* \* \* \* \*

Keri's face was a mask of tears as she knelt in place, pain wracking her body as misery and despair enveloped her. She sobbed brokenly, every passing minute causing the pain to grow worse. Pain assaulted her from all over. But there was no doubt of the worst source. Almost all her weight was jammed down against that narrow wedge of wood between her legs. And she was absolutely on fire down there.

She had enough control of her body to either tilt herself back a bit, thus bringing the weight on her tailbone, or lean forward a bit, bringing most of the weight down on her soft, fleshy sex. Earlier, she had shifted from one to the other, back and forth. As the pain in one grew too terrible, she would shift her weight and ease that pain. But now the pain was terrible in both places and there was little relief. Her tailbone was bruised and throbbing even though her weight was not currently on it.

No, that weight was jammed down onto her pussy, that hard wood crushed up against the soft, tender flesh of her sex with sharp, biting agony.

The door opened, and she started, staring in terror as Achim entered. He smirked at her. "Are you enjoying yourself, whore? Your sister is."

Keri stared at him, gripped by fear for Rory as he moved to her and looked down with a look of smug contempt. He reached behind her and undid the ring gag, then pulled it out of her mouth. She cried out in pain, her jaw aching, then tried to work it gently into motion, fighting the pain from its stiffness.

She cried out again as he seized her chin in strong fingers, fingers digging into the sides of her jaw.

"Even now they are raping her," he said with a sneer. "I didn't even have anything to do with it. Your stupid whore of a sister wandered into the rear of the boat where the peasants are. Dressed as she was, they took her for a filthy western whore at once, and they are using her body now, fucking her in every hole."

Keri stared at him in shock as he leered down at her.

"When they are finished filling every one of her holes with their semen they will probably throw her filthy body over the side and let the Nile have her," he spat. "It is no less than she deserves!"

"Please!" she gasped. "Please, no!"

He turned, then turned back, and she cried out as he thrust a gun into her mouth, gurgling around the steel barrel as he shoved it deep into her mouth and threatened to push the barrel right into her throat.

"Why shouldn't I, American whore? Why should I care about what they do to your slut sister? Why should I not kill you now and send you into the Nile with her!? Close your lips, slut. Suck on my gun! Suck on it as though it were a cock!" he hissed.

“Show me how you worship Arab cock, and perhaps I will go and fetch your whore sister before they are done with her!”

Moaning, sobbing weakly, Keri sucked on the gun he had shoved into her mouth.

“Lick it, whore. Use your whore lips to service my gun, and pray it does not come in your mouth!”

Keri sucked and licked at the gun as he pumped it slowly in and out of her mouth. He grew hard as he watched, and soon his cock had replaced the gun. He pumped it slowly in and out as she sucked and licked, pulling it free several times so she could tell him how much she loved Arab cock, and beg him to bring her sister down and rape her.

He laughed at her after pouring himself down her throat. He gagged her and left, and after some minutes returned, grunting with effort as he dragged Rory along by the hair. Her sister was barely conscious, her wrists tied behind her back. Achim threw her down onto the deck in front of Keri, then, laughing, told her that her whore sister had come again and again as Arab cocks had raped her.

“She is a natural whore like you,” he said with a sneer.

Rory’s dress was in shreds. Achim tore it off her to leave her as naked as Keri. The redheaded girl moaned weakly, clearly stunned or dazed, and reacted only when he seized her thick hair in a tight fist and used it to yank her up off the floor and drag her back to the other post. Her hands waved feebly, her eyes rolling dazedly, and a slap to the head made her cry out weakly.

Soon she was tied to the post across from Keri, and as her senses returned the two sisters stared at each other in misery, thick gags now filling their mouths as they knelt against the posts, the soft flesh of their shaven pussies jammed down hard against the narrow lengths of wood. Their bodies were glistening with sweat, their faces wet with tears as well.

The old boat continued to chug along through the waters of the Nile, as they moved further and further away from any hope of rescue or salvation, moved towards whatever fate Achim had in mind for them, helpless to do anything to protect themselves from his cruelties and perversion.

## *Chapter Three*

The pain had been so unbearable both girls had screamed themselves hoarse. The fat cork plugs in their mouths had muffled their screams, but now both were nearly voiceless, hanging there, jammed down against the narrow wooden posts, impaled on the thick wooden dildos, miserable, dazed, and exhausted.

At last, Achim arrived again, and both raised their weary heads, a weak pulse of hope in them, hope that he would remove them from the posts, if only to rape them, that the endless agony of their soft, sensitive pussies grinding against the narrow triangles of wood would finally cease.

He sneered at them, and went to Rory, working the cork plug out of the wide metal ring filling her mouth. He was erect, and thrust himself into her mouth – which was dry as bone. He muttered and pulled back, then leaned in and spit into her open mouth several times, laughing at the look of revulsion on her awakening face. He straightened and thrust his cock into her mouth, then gripped the back of her head and pulled her mouth forward, sighing in pleasure as her throat spasmed, as she gurgled and gagged violently, jamming her nose in against his groin and holding her.

“Infidel whores,” he said. “I will show you the strength of an Arab! I will show you how the crusaders are overcome by the power of Islam!”

He pulled out, thrust in, pulled out, and laughed at the coughing, choking girl, abandoning her and going to her sister instead. He repeated his actions, raping Keri’s throat too, then going back to finish by roughly pumping himself up and down in Rory’s throat before spilling his seed over her face.

“Now, whores, you will do as I say. You will learn to obey, or you will be beaten and punished until you beg for death,” he growled.

He untied Keri, letting her down from the post. Her big toes were swollen and numb, and as the blood returned the pain was almost unbearable. Achim pulled her wrists together in front of her and bound them in loops of rope, then pulled the rope down between her legs and up between her buttocks, gleefully jamming it in between the red, swollen lips of her bruised sex so she screamed in pain.

He laughed and wrapped the rope tightly around her waist several times, then tied it off, leaving her on the floor. He went over to Rory and let her down, then quickly tied her in the same manner, leaving both girls’ gags in place. He produced two cheap pair of locally made sandals and put them on their feet, then dragged them to their feet by the hair.

It was some time before either girl could stand unaided, but Achim had a short, thin quirt which he used on their bottoms and backs to aid them in throwing off the exhaustion which had gripped them.

Then he threw the long, thick burkhas over their heads. They had had both hoods and black mesh veils which hid their faces. Even their eyes were hidden.

“Do exactly as you are told or I will have your throats cut there on the side of the dock!” he snarled, gripping each girl by the arm and leading her out of the store room.

They emerged onto the deck. Most of the passengers had debarked already, either at this village dock, or one of the dozen or so the small boat had stopped off at along the way. They were deep in the back country now, far from such things as electricity, where foreigners were neither welcome nor wanted.

The dockside was bustling, for the small town had few connections with the outside world, and the goods brought aboard were eagerly sought after.

Keri stared out through the mesh, mentally and physically exhausted by her long bout with the agony of hanging on that horrible post. She wanted to run, to bolt, but Achim's hand on her arm was strong, and she feared what would happen if she resisted. He would probably hit her, and who here would interfere? Everyone knew Arab men treated women like cattle. She could not scream for help, could do nothing to resist.

The men – there were no women present – ignored them as Achim led them across the deck and out onto the dock. In the black burkhas, the two were almost invisible, and the men had no more interest in them than in a passing dog or a roadside bush.

There were a few old cars and pickups, but most of the transportation waiting at dockside was made up of donkey and ox carts.

The sun was bright above as Keri and Rory, in the oppressive heat of the mid-day sun baked within the black gowns, and both stumbled frequently, and would have fallen but for Achim's hard grip on their arms.

He negotiated the rental of one of the donkey carts, then put them into it before climbing up next to them. The donkey cart set out across the town.

"Islam rules this land," Achim said proudly. "There are no westerners here, no government people, no wicked notions of democracy or women's rights, no Jews or infidels! Here people live as they have always lived, as Allah has willed it."

The donkey cart let them off at the edge of the town, near a long, low structure made of crumbling stone. Keri thought, in passing, that every structure she'd seen since coming to Egypt looked half crumbling.

Achim led them in through a wide open door big enough for the donkey cart to have driven through, both girls, by then so overheated they were barely conscious.

The inside was something of a barn, or stable, with stalls which held both oxen and donkeys. The smell of warm excrement was heavy and oppressive as Achim led them through and towards another wide open door in the rear, but at least they were out of the hot sun. Through another door, camels could be seen in a small coral, and a greasy looking fat man with a thick moustache lounged, smoking a cigarette.

Achim released his hold on them and first Rory, then Keri sank to their knees on the floor, panting, ignoring the rapid-fire Arabic which flowed between the two men. Then Achim came back to Keri and yanked her to her feet, pulling the burkha up and off her head, leaving her naked before the suddenly eager, sweating face of the stable owner.

There was some embarrassment, but really, Keri was so exhausted, so overheated, so much in pain, she could hardly bring herself to care. She was no longer sweating, for her body, like that of her sister, had become dehydrated in the heat, her lips cracked and dry around the thick ring, her mouth desiccated around the fat cork plug.

The rope was untied from around her waist, and peeled out from between her buttocks and up from between the lips of her aching sex. But then it was thrown over an overhanging beam and her arms were lifted up, pulled above her. The rope was tied off as the fat man moved in leering, running his hand roughly over her pale white body, groping and fondling her breasts and bottom as he laughed and spoke in an eager voice to Achim.

Keri began to revive a little without the burkha, gasping weakly, moaning as the man's rough, greasy, sweating hands moved over her body. She felt a wave of nausea and disgust, then fear crept up again as his fingers pinched and pulled at her nipples.

Achim chortled and gestured munificently, and the fat man mouthed, sucked and bit at Keri's breasts as she stood weakly and helplessly in place. Achim went to Rory and removed her robe, then untied the rope from her waist and threw it over another beam, but then, as she reached her toes, he pulled harder, grunting with effort, lifting her fully into the air before he tied off the rope.

The ropes bit into the young redheaded girl's wrists and she sobbed weakly as she swayed in place. Achim smirked at her, and ran his hand over her taut, stretched out body, then yanked back on her head.

“Filthy whore,” he said with a sneer. “You will learn how we treat infidels in Egypt!”

Keri was not hanging from her wrists, but the pressure of the rope on them mounted as the fat man moved behind her and pulled her hips backwards. This caused her bottom to raise as she was lifted onto the balls of her heels, bending forward at the waist as the ropes tightened against her wrists.

She felt something hot and slimy against her bald sex, and shuddered as the man’s cock pushed against her aching pussy. His own sweat was lubrication as he rubbed the head along her burning opening, then jammed himself into her. Keri was dry, but if he knew or cared the fat man did not show it. He thrust himself into her again and again, forcing his cock ever deeper into her pussy as his sweating hands gripped her hips and pulled her bottom back against him.

Sobbing, Keri was forced to spread her legs to ease the pain, and the man chortled gleefully. “See how the slut welcomes me!?” he demanded.

“Western women love Arab cock,” Achim assured him.

The fat man raped Keri hard and fast, gasping and grunting with effort, his pudgy, sweaty fingers digging into her inner thighs as he pulled her back to meet his frantic strokes. Her pussy opening ached like fire as his stiff cock sawed back and forth between the lips of her sex, and Keri could only sob and moan and gasp in pain as he rammed himself up inside her again and again and again.

The man came with a sigh, patted her shapely bottom, and moved back. Achim gripped the rope and pulled, lifting the moaning girl into the air, and letting her hang from her wrists in the same way her sister was. Then he and the fat man embraced, and went into the house for some cool fruit drink and snack.

The sisters hung naked in the shadowed interior of the hot, barn-like building, swaying gently, moaning around the thick gags stuffed into their mouths, eyes slitted, hair matted against their skulls.

Keri stared across at her younger sister, but Rory seemed to be dazed, or perhaps so stunned she could not think. The redhead hung nearly still, her chin on her chest, and Keri couldn’t tell if she was even conscious any longer. She stared up at her wrists above, at her hands going red, then white as the rope bit into her flesh. She sobbed weakly at first, then concentrated on trying to survive. Her head rolled wearily and the weight of her lower body seemed to be trying to tear her arms off.

An hour passed, and their exhaustion deepened. And then Achim returned. He was not alone, however. There were a half dozen men with him, all staring eagerly at the two girls hanging from the beam. The fat man slid the barn doors closed while Achim lit several lamps and hung them nearby.

Keri shuddered inside her, mortified and gripped by terror. She tried to subtly twist herself so that her back would turn to the group, but could not. She was too weak. She closed her eyes and dropped her chin on her chest like Rory, her fear growing.

The people of the town were mostly illiterate and ignorant. Achim had carefully put it about that the two girls were American soldiers who had been sent to Egypt as sexual playthings for the president of Egypt – a Yankee imperialist lackey. And for a small sum, he had promised them the opportunity to strike a blow against noxious infidel foreigners everywhere, and against their evil heretic president at the same time.

Keri raised her eyes as she saw the first man take the whip from Achim, and her eyes widened in disbelief and horror as he moved up behind her dazed sister. Rory didn’t even notice when the first man stepped up behind her, whip in hand. It was a short whip, about six feet long, and thin, used on donkeys and oxen to get them to move.

When it cut across Rory’s back she grunted at the sudden, surprising blow, then screamed at the intensity of the pain which followed an instant later. The shock of the pain tore through the hazy cloud of dazed exhaustion around her and brought her eyes

abruptly open, her head twisting frantically as she tried to see what had caused her such pain.

Keri looked on in horror as the man laughed, glaring hatefully at the wide-eyed redhead as his arm drew back for the next blow. He slashed the whip across the girl's shapely buttocks, laughing again as she howled, as her legs kicked wildly, as her body swayed and twisted on the end of the rope.

Then her attention was drawn to another man, who was moving up in front of her. Keri stared at him in terror as he smiled cruelly, then reached out to take her arm and turn her so her back was to him. He said something in Arabic as Achim handed him a whip, and Keri stared at the wall before her, shocked, horrified, waiting for the pain.

It came, as the man brought a similar whip down across her soft back. She screamed almost more with anticipation than pain – for an instant, then the pain hit, and her scream grew more terrible as the pain tore at her. Her back was on fire and her legs kicked frantically.

The men behind jabbered and laughed, and the whip cut into her bottom with a sharp, slicing, cutting pain that made her howl into the gag, and drew more laughter. Another blow cut across her lower back, then another across her shoulders as her pain and terror grew worse. This could not be happening! It just couldn't be!

Each man was allotted five blows, and wanted to make each blow felt. At first, the blows were on the young American girls' backs, but as they swayed and twisted and swung about on the ropes, the first man daringly cut his whip across Rory's high, taut breasts, and his groin lurched in excitement as the American slut screamed and writhed.

The whip cut across Rory's bottom and back, across her belly and breasts, each blow a terrible explosion of raw pain within her as she sobbed and screamed and swung beneath the beam, her wrists on fire and her helpless body blasted with a pain which made her frantic and drove the cobwebs from her mind.

Keri, too was feeling the terrible whip slice into the soft flesh of her breasts. She screamed in horrified disbelief at the intense pain, then again as the men laughed and the whip sliced into her soft breast a second time. Again and again the whip cut into her breasts and then her belly, as one man took over from another, and each laughed in glee as they made her howl and writhe and twist in agony.

She thought it would never end. But in reality, it had not taken so very long. Each of the six men got to whip her five times, and Rory as well. And after the thirty blows the two hung still, sobbing miserably, their pale bodies criss-crossed with angry red welts as the men gathered around.

It was over, Keri thought dazedly. Oh please let it be over!

She felt movement above, and then her toes felt the dirt floor underneath. She groaned as she was lowered to her feet, and the terrible weight finally came off her wrists. But almost at once she felt hands on her hips pulling her backward, and she whimpered in denial as her legs were spread and two men moved to bracket her, leering at her, reaching in to grope and fondle her aching, burning, pain-filled breasts.

Then she felt the hard cock pressing against the swollen opening to her sex, and sobbed brokenly.

Rory was already being raped, her eyes beginning to glaze over now as she was taken back to the horrifying gang rape on the boat. The cock thrust into her, punched into her cruelly, hatefully, using her, tearing at her, churning her aching belly up as the two men framing her laughed, taunted her, and cruelly fondled, slapped and groped her breasts.

The cock thrust into her again and again and again as sharp nails dug into her flesh and yanked her back to meet every thrust. Then, when it was finally over, the men shifted places, and it began again – and again. And then the men who had been raping

Keri shifted and she had three new men there to fondle, slap, pinch and abuse her. Again her bottom was pulled back and a hard cock was jammed up into her belly.

And then it was finally over. Rory practically hung by her wrists, numb. Keri stood up, panting, moaning, shattered, but watching as Achim saw the men out. He came back to them, back to her, and smirked at her, then spit in her face.

“American whore,” he sneered.

He moved to the wall, and she moaned as she felt the ropes tighten on her wrists. She moaned a denial, but then the ropes pulled imperiously, and she sobbed as she was once again lifted off her feet, her toes wriggling despairingly as she was tied in position. She watched him move over to Rory and raise her into the air, too. But then, as she thought things could not possibly get worse, he went to the door, where the fat man was there – with six more men.

No!

Keri could not believe it. Even as she watched them lead six more gleeful men into the barn, even as the men leered at she and Rory, she could hardly believe life could be so cruel, that after enduring the unendurable she and poor Rory were going to be made to endure it again.

And yet, it was so, and she sobbed in misery as the whip cut across her back again.

\* \* \* \* \*

Keri woke slowly. For a merciful instant she thought it had all been a nightmare, but the pain flared brightly and she sobbed weakly, knowing it had been real.

It had been Achim who had wakened her, and Rory, who was also stirring. The two girls had spent a few hours after their beating and raping alone, hanging from their ankles, largely unconscious. Now Achim was lowering Rory to the floor, cursing and slapping at her to bring her awake.

Keri moaned, her body aching fiercely. Her wrists were still bound with the same rope, bound up against her abdomen, the rope between her legs and circling her wrists. She was as helpless as a kitten – more helpless, for she could not run, and could only watch, upside down, as Achim lowered her sister, slapping and cursing her, then turned to her.

Her head touched the dirt first, then the rest of her followed, and the world spun around her as the blood began to drain from her suddenly rightside up head. Achim gave her little chance to recover, slapping her, pulling at her hair, rolling her onto her belly, then dragging her across the room.

He spilled water into a pair of bowls and set it before them. Their wrists were still bound together before them, the rope between their legs, up between their buttocks, circling their waists. He pulled up on Keri’s hips, and she whimpered as she stared at the water before her. The gag had been removed from her mouth sometime after the raping, but her jaw was still terribly stiff and sore.

She pushed her mouth forward into the water, her raw, cracked lips soothed by the warm liquid as she sucked, slurped and swallowed desperately. Never had water tasted so good!

Beside her, Rory was slurping from another dirty, cracked bowl, on her knees as Keri was, her bottom raised. Achim then knelt behind her, and Keri rolled her eyes fearfully as her sister gasped and whimpered, noting that he was behind her, grateful, though feeling guilty, as he began to rape Rory instead of her. She tried to ignore it, continuing to drink.

Beside her, Rory continued to drink too, her throat and mouth so desperate for water that she did not dare stop or delay for fear the bowl would be taken from her. She continued to drink as Achim casually fucked her, trying to keep her mouth in the water as

her body began to rock to the hard thrusting blows of his hips against her upraised bottom.

When he was done, he untied the ropes from around their waists and led them both outside. It was dark, but there was nearly a full moon, and he had a camel loaded up and prepared with his provisions. He tied the two long ropes to the edge of the saddle, then climbed atop the beast's back and set off as the fat stable owner opened up the coral gate.

Rory and Keri, moaning exhaustedly, were forced to follow, pulled along by their wrists. They were naked, but there were no eyes to see them, now, and Achim headed the camel out into the desert beyond, pulling his two unwilling prisoners behind.

## *Chapter Four*

The camel did not move quickly, and at first, despite how bizarre the sisters felt being outside naked, the cool air on their skin was a relief. The fresh air, after the close, foul-smelling air of the stable, let them breathe deeply at last. And the near darkness hid them from leering eyes.

The camel did not move fast, but neither did it stop. And while it seemed to have no difficulty walking along the hard-packed dirt, the girls, especially given their exhaustion and pain, did not find things as easy. They had to alternately walk and trot to keep up, as Achim led the camel further out into the darkness away from the town. They followed a dirt road, at first, and after the stiffness of their legs eased they found it easier to keep up.

“Keri?”

Keri turned to her sister, and the two exchanged hopeless looks of anguish.

“What can we do?” Rory whispered despairingly.

“No talking, slut!” Achim snarled, turning and lashing his whip down at them. It slashed across Rory’s shoulders and she cried out in pain, then went silent save for a soft sobbing.

As the hours of darkness wore on they became more exhausted, stumbling along, pulled by the ropes, arms outstretched. Then Achim turned down a narrow trail which wound up and down low hills and they panted and gasped for breath in their efforts to keep up. Whenever one of them failed or stumbled she was dragged along by her wrists for as long as it took Achim to notice or care enough to stop.

Finally, just before dawn, he stopped in a low gully amid some scrubby brush and a few short, twisted trees, and they collapsed, gasping weakly, chests heaving. Achim dropped from the camel and yanked on the ropes, forcing them to stumble after him. Beneath one of the low trees, he pushed them to their knees, back to back, buttocks pressed together, then threw the ropes over an overhanging branch.

He tied the rope from Keri’s arms around Rory’s throat, and did the reverse for Rory’s rope, smirking as he did so. Then he produced a pair of short leather laces and bound the sisters legs together.

Keri watched him, still panting, hating him as he sauntered back to the camel and unloaded it. The rope was tight around her throat, but did not really interfere with her breathing – so long as Rory kept her arms high. But as her tired sister’s arms began to sag she felt the rope pulling tighter against her throat, and her breathing became more difficult.

She could hear her sister’s breathing, could feel her body pressed back against her own, chest still heaving like her own as Rory whimpered miserably. Keri longed to reach out and hug her, wracking her mind desperately for any way to get her little sister free, to get her, at least, away from this awful man. But nothing came to mind.

Achim made a fire and began to cook a meal while the dazed sisters knelt in place, struggling not to strangle each other with the ropes bound to their weakened arms. He took his time, then ate his meal silently, ignoring the two sisters in the shadow beneath the tree until he was done and everything cleaned up. He then set out a small rug, knelt, and began to pray, bowing low again and again, chanting in Arabic as the sisters looked on miserably.

Only then did he rise and walk across to them, staring down at Keri, who raised her eyes fearfully.

He smiled, then slapped her face, hard, almost knocking her over. Her arms pulled down against the rope around Rory's throat, and her eyes bulged at the sudden pressure. He laughed and undid his rope down the front, then seized her hair and rubbed his cock across her face.

"Pleasure my cock, slut," he ordered.

His prick grew, and he stuffed it into the girl's gasping mouth, twisting and pushing and moving it around inside her oral cavity as she closed her lips and began to suck weakly. He smirked down at her, arms folded, holding still, at first, watching her suck, watching her bob her lips up and down until he lost patience and seized her hair, thrusting his cock deep, raping her throat cruelly as the corners of his lips turned up in a smug sneer. He laughed as he jammed the head down her throat and she gagged, pulling out, and doing it again, and again, then forcing himself all the way down her throat.

He enjoyed the way she gurgled and gagged as he raped her throat, but pulled out long before he was ready, strolling around her to Rory.

Rory had been listening, of course, and now she rolled her eyes fearfully up at him as his slick, saliva coated cock was held before her.

"Now you, slut," he ordered.

Of course, she did not dare hesitate, and took his cock quickly into her mouth, sucking and licking as best she could. And of course, that was not sufficient, for he seized her head soon and rammed himself down her throat, delighting in her wild, desperate eyes as he gagged her, as he jammed her face in against his groin again and again.

Still he did not come. Laughing, he pulled out, leaving Rory gasping, saliva dribbling down her chest. He undid the ropes from their throats and released them, then walked back to the fire and sat down.

"Crawl to me, sluts," he ordered.

The sisters' hands were still bound, but they fell to hands and knees and tried to awkwardly crawl towards him.

"On your bellies, infidel whores!"

Gasping, the two fell onto their bellies in the cold dirt, and then, despite the pain of the welts on their breasts and bellies, began to crawl through the dirt and sand across to the fire where he and his stiff cock watched and waited.

As soon as they were in range he seized them by their thick hair and dragged them up between his legs, laughing again as they struggled weakly.

"You, suck my balls," he ordered as he jammed Rory's mouth down against his testicle. "You, suck my cock," he ordered, pulling the blonde girl's mouth down onto the tip of his prick.

Kneeling now, bent over, the two girls licked, sucked and mouthed his cock and balls, trading places often at his order, desperate to please the cruel man despite their hatred for him. Sucking his cock meant deep-throating him, and he had no hesitation in shoving down on their heads to lend them the impetus to do so, gagging and choking them repeatedly.

He pulled out, however, before climaxing, and ordered Rory to hold her face in position as Keri used her bound hands to pump his cock. When his seed spat over Rory's face, he ordered Keri to lick it clean. Then the sisters were ordered to start anew, sucking and licking him to a second orgasm, which he sprayed over Keri's face so Rory could lick it off.

Still he was not done, for he had thoroughly enjoyed pawing, fondling and groping the luscious young women all the while they were pleasuring his cock, and with the aid of their soft mouths was soon hard a third time.

"Get on your back, whore, and spread your legs," he ordered Rory.

A little stab of fear went through the redhead, but she obeyed at once, and drew her knees up and apart as she readied herself for another rape. But Achim was a more sophisticated man than most of the rural folk around, and was in no hurry.

He gripped Keri's hair and pushed her in between her sister's thighs.

"Lick her," he ordered, "Lick your whore sister so she is wet and ready."

Her face inches from Rory's puffy little sex, Keri recoiled in horror, but knew she could not resist. Still, a part of her tried.

"Please," she begged, looking at the man, "Please don't make me - ."

"Bitch whore!" he snarled, lashing out and savagely backhanding her.

Keri was thrown back onto her side, crying out in pain while Achim scrambled to his feet and reached for her bound wrists. Taking the rope, he dragged the whimpering girl towards a downed tree. It was only a few inches thick, but that was more than sufficient, as he pulled her over it, belly down, pulled the rope back below and then up to tie around her waist.

He took out the whip and began to slash it down across her upraised bottom again and again, drawing screams of pain, broken sobs, and then desperate appeals for mercy as he lashed her furiously.

He untied her and flung her across the ground to land in a spray of dirt at her sister's side.

"Do as I order, you filthy, infidel whore!" he screamed.

This time, Keri obeyed, and her wide-eyed, terrified sister made no protest as, sobbing, Keri began to lick at her pussy.

Achim sat down, watching, glowering.

"Shove your tongue into her cunt," he growled.

Keri did, thrusting her tongue deep, rolling it up and down, then, as Achim continued watching and giving orders, she sucked and licked at Rory's sore pussy lips, then at her clit.

When Achim seemed tired of the show he shoved her away, scabbled forward on his knees, and thrust himself into Rory's wet pussy, leering down at her as he thrust hard and fast and deep. He grunted with effort as he lifted her knees up and pressed them back, letting his body crush the lithe young teenager in two. His hips worked steadily, thrusting hard, and Rory whimpered and gasped and moaned with the hard thrusting, but otherwise kept silent.

He halted, gasping, drawing back, fighting for control as the frightened sisters looked on. Then he took a deep breath and smiled – which made them fear even more. He dragged over the saddle from the camel and ordered Rory to put her belly across it and spread her legs, then he gestured Keri forward.

"Lick her back hole," he said with a cruel leer. "Make it nice and wet and slick for my cock."

Keri was crushed by despair and misery, but she could not resist. Whimpering, she crawled forward and began to lick around the edges of Rory's wrinkled anal opening. Achim lifted Keri's bottom at the same time, then thrust viciously into her dry pussy, holding her in place as she screamed and sobbed, holding her in place until she broke and her efforts to twist free ended.

He laughed, ramming his cock down into her pussy, knowing it was hurting her, waiting for the worst of the pain to settle and for her to give up. Then he yanked her hair, ordering her to resume licking Rory's anal opening, and to plunge her tongue in deep.

Keri did, gasping and whimpering and moaning as Achim's cock thrust into her again and again, dazedly licking and rimming Rory's ass, then thrusting her tongue deep inside as Achim leaned over her shoulder, and cursed her vilely.

He pulled out of her, at last, threw her aside, and then rammed himself into Rory. Despite the licking her sister had given her, Rory was not ready, and while she was slick and slippery for the first inch or so, Achim's cock caused her sphincter muscle to clamp down just a little further inside.

Achim would have none of it, however, and forced himself deeper, cursing her, slapping her bottom, her face, her head, jamming his cock in to the hilt until he could ram

himself against her buttocks with wild, powerful strokes. He laughed at her tears, pulled her hair back, and bit into her throat until he drew blood, his hips pumping wildly as he sodomised her with unrestrained violence.

When he was done, he burped, smiled, and then did up his robe, then he walked a little ways away, and set out a short mat or rug, knelt on it, bowed low, and began to chant and pray.

When he was done, he was done he bound the girls to the base of the tree, much as he had earlier. This time their backs were to the narrow tree, their buttocks pressed together around it. Their arms were drawn back behind their heads, the ropes tied around the tree, and around the other girl's throat. Their ankles were then tied together, and they were left that way as Achim went to sleep.

Their exhaustion forced a light sleep upon the sisters, though it was interrupted often. Achim slept very nicely, even as the sun beat down and the heat grew. The girls were under the tree, in what shade there was, but the heat was still oppressive and they sweated badly.

When Achim woke at mid-day it was to relieve his bladder. He did so by walking over to the half-conscious sisters, then gripping Keri's hair to yank her head up and waken her fully. She stared dazedly up at him, mouth open, and he pushed his cock into her open mouth and began to urinate.

At first her wits were too scattered to understand. She swallowed convulsively, a part of her glad of the liquid, even though it was hot. Then the taste cut through her foggy mind, and a second later she realized what was being poured into her mouth and her eyes widened.

"Swallow it, slut," he growled. "Or I will beat your whore sister!"

The threat shocked Keri, but made her continue swallowing, despite the nausea and shock she felt. The man finished, wiped his cock on her face, then went back to his bedroll and quickly fell asleep again.

Keri was left in stunned misery, before exhaustion slowly took her and she fell asleep again.

\* \* \* \* \*

By late afternoon they were on their way again. Achim had casually raped Rory on waking, then set out some water for the girls to drink. After that he had put the burkhas on them again, tied their wrists to the pommel of his saddle, and set off deeper into the desert.

The burkhas were not to protect their modesty, of course, but their pale skin, for he wanted it looking as shiny and gleaming and whole as possible, not peeling and burned. They were worth more that way.

They halted for lunch several hours later, and Achim fed himself, then through some scraps in the dirt for them to eat. By that time they were famished enough to not care about the dirt which also entered their mouths, and ate ravenously, scrabbling after the food like animals.

Achim rose lazily as the two girls knelt and ate desperately, undid his robe, drew out his flaccid cock, and aimed it down at them. After a brief hesitation, a stream of piss began to splash down on their backs. Rory looked up in shock, and he shifted his aim, training his stream on her face, and she squealed in shock and twisted away. Laughing, he followed her with his stream and she squealed and twisted and tried to scramble away.

He roared with laughter, then turned his stream onto the other sister.

But something had snapped in Rory, and she sprang to her feet with an inarticulate howl, throwing herself at him, clawing at his face with her fingers.

Achim dodged back, cursing, and cuffed her to the ground, then kicked Keri when she rose to her knees, throwing her back onto her back.

"So! You would attack me, would you, infidel slut!?" he snarled in outrage.

She came at him again and he punched her in the belly, folding her up, then clubbed her to her knees.

“Filthy whore!” he raged. “I will show you what punishment awaits those who attack their masters!”

He dragged the sobbing girl back along the ground by her hair, back beneath the tree, then lifted her to her feet, throwing the rope over the branch and pulling to raise her arms high. He pulled harder, lifting her off her feet, letting the sobbing girl hang there freely, then wrapped the rope around her sender throat, letting her own weight choke her.

“Please!” Keri cried, coming to her feet as she watched her sister’s face turning colours.

Achim looked arrogantly at her. “Crawl to me and beg for your whore sister’s life,” he ordered.

Keri threw herself desperately on the ground and scrabbled forward on her belly.

“Please! Please let her down!” she begged.

“You will call me master,” he said slyly.

“Please master! Please let Rory down, master!” Keri cried as her sister gurgled and gasped and wriggled helplessly.

“You will call her `your filthy whore sister’”, he said, enjoying himself.

“Yes, master! Oh please, master! Please let my filthy whore sister down!” Keri cried.

“Show me your subservience, slut,” he said, pointing at his bare feet. “Clean my feet, and beg me to let your slut sister live.”

“Please, please,” she half sobbed, grasping at his ankle, licking at his feet, “Please let my slut sister live! Please, master! Please let my whore sister down!”

“Why should I?” he asked lazily, “Can I fuck her? Can I sodomised her tight bottom? Can I rape her? Will she suck my cock?”

“Yes, master!” Keri cried, terrified that Rory might die at any second.

Her sister’s eyes bulged, and her struggles had grown weak, her mouth open like a gasping fish as she swung slowly and almost lifelessly.

“Promise me so,” he said.

“Oh God! Please! Please, master! My slut sister will suck your cock! You can fuck her ass and pussy! She’ll lick your balls and do anything you want!”

“And you also?” he asked coyly.

“Yes, master! You can do anything you want to me! I’ll suck your cock or lick your balls or fuck you! Anything, master! Anything! Please let my whore sister down!”

Achim stroked his chin, apparently considering it.

“No,” he said.

“Please, master!” she cried.

He undid his robe and motioned to his cock. “Make me come, and I will let your filthy whore sister down.”

“Oh please! There isn’t enough time, master!”

“There is if you hurry,” he said, smirking.

Frantic, Keri clawed her way up his legs, licking and sucking at his balls and cock, using her bound hands to massage and squeeze and rub as she licked and sucked his prick into hardness. Then she rammed her mouth down it to the hilt, fucking her own throat, choking and gagging as she forced her lips down the shaft again.

“Turn around, whore. Spread your buttocks and beg me to sodomised you,” he ordered.

Sobbing, Keri obeyed, reaching back, spreading her buttocks.

“Please sodomise me, master! Please fuck my ass! Please rape me, master! Please use me and come in me, master!” she cried.

He laughed and knelt behind her, pressed his cock against her wrinkled opening, and jammed himself forward. Keri winced, but kept begging, pushing her bottom back,

heedless of the pain as she tried to take him deeper. She impaled herself on his stiff cock, gasping and moaning in pain as she jerked her hips back against him. When he groaned and came she gasped in desperate relief.

“Please let my slut sister, down, master!” she begged. “Please, master!”

Achim chuckled, rolling his eyes up to where the redhead hung. Her face was red, but she did not appear in danger of imminent choking. As he well knew, if the rope was thick enough, and placed properly, a healthy young woman could hang for quite some time before choking, perhaps as much as half an hour.

He stood up and reached for the rope, then released it so the girl tumbled to the ground and lay still, gasping for breath.

“You have both learned that I am your master and that you may not refuse me,” he said sternly.

## Chapter Five

They were naked when Achim led them into a small village. It was a village which could have been ten years old, or a thousand. The people could have come from any age, wrapped in their robes and burkhas as they watched him leading the two exhausted, naked prisoners into the centre of the village and across to the small mud-brick home of the village's headman.

Although the men ogled their nude bodies, no one protested their nudity openly. They were clearly infidels, and as such, less than human. Achim dragged them into the one-room home and explained to the headman that they were slaves. The old man nodded, his turban bobbing. And he allowed Achim to use two of his cages to keep them.

Achim untied them and kicked their bottoms, forcing them into the small, narrow cages, then went to discuss issues with the headman.

The girls, exhausted, drifted into a deep, if troubled sleep.

They were wakened by Achim, apparently in a jovial mood, who undid the cages and ordered them to crawl out, as the turbaned headman looked on. Achim had a short whip in his hand, so the sisters crawled warily.

"Now you will begin to act as proper whores should," Achim said as the headman watched. "You will begin to be trained so that you can bring more value when you are sold."

He ordered them to sit on their heels, their knees spread wide, backs straight, eyes forward. They did so, side by side, wary of the whip.

Then they had to kneel on all fours, then on elbows and knees, then they were required to press their chests into the dirt, spread their arms out to either side, and raise their buttocks high as they spread their legs.

They were ordered onto their backs, with their feet on the ground, knees raised and apart. They were ordered to draw their knees up and back under their arms, and to straighten their legs and pull their ankles back over their shoulders. They were ordered to lay on their backs, feet flat, and put their hands on their hips to raise their lower bodies up high – legs spread. They were ordered to kneel upright, hands behind their necks, backs sharply arched, breasts thrust out. They were given the Arab word for each position, and then they were ordered to shift back and forth from one position to another very, very quickly, over and over again, with the old man slashing down with the whip whenever they were too slow.

They were then ordered to crawl to the old man, gasping, panting, and moaning in pain, to lick the whip, to lick his feet and ankles, and to thank him for helping to train two miserable, infidel whores. They then begged to take his cock into their miserable, slut mouths, and sucked at his cock and balls together until he sprayed his seed over them.

That done, the sisters were ordered back into their cages and exhaustion took them into sleep once again.

\* \* \* \* \*

"You have slept enough, sluts," Achim growled. "Time for you to get up and earn your keep!"

He unlocked their cage and reached in with rough hands, gripping them by the hair and roughly dragging them out of their low, cramped cages.

He barked the Arab word which ordered them to raise their bottoms.

The two girls knelt side-by side, raising their bottoms in the air, lowering their breasts to the floor, spreading their arms out to either side as they had been taught. Keri gasped as a thick, rough wooden plug, Achim's version of a dildo, was rammed up her

pussy. It was twelve inches long and very thick. He forced most of it inside her, gripping it in a tight fist, twisting it from side to side, then pressed a second one against her anal opening, twisting and turning it from side to side, ignoring her gasps and moans and hisses of pain as he slowly forced the second plug deep into her anus.

With the two stuffed in place he turned to Rory, and forced two similar plugs into her anal opening and pussy. He turned back to the blonde sister now that her body had had some time to get used to the two fat plugs, and forced them another inch or two deeper. Then he took rough cord and tied it around her waist several times before leading it down her abdomen and feeding it through a narrow hole drilled in the plugs, then up between her buttocks to the rear of the loops around her waist.

“Ahhhg!” she cried, as he yanked hard, forcing the plugs even deeper, jamming the cord up between the lips of her sex.

He slapped her bottom sharply and tied off the cord, then did the same to her redheaded sister.

More rough cord was tied around their breasts, forcing them out into hard balls of flesh, binding them tightly in place. Then their wrists were bound to the sides of the loops around her waist before they were gripped by the hair and forced to their feet. The metal ring gags then went into their mouths, holding them open for the thick cork plugs which filled them, and they were led through the house and out into the courtyard behind.

There was a post standing tall atop a round wooden base, and they were led over to stand next to it. The post had a pair of horizontal posts sticking out at chest height, and Achim led Rory up to one and then drew her elbows back and slipped the horizontal post in between her back and elbows as her wrists pulled against the cords binding them to her hips.

He led Keri to the other side of the post, and the other horizontal post, pulling back her elbows as well, then feeding the post in behind her back and under her elbows. Both girls now had their elbows pulled back around the horizontal poles, and were facing in opposite directions.

“This is a grinding stone, whores. You will grind grain for the village. You do this by pulling on the levers and turning the wheel below.

The two girls stared, their mouths held open by the plugs.

“Move, sluts,” he barked.

He produced a small flogger and lashed it against Keri’s back. She squealed in pain, jerking forward. It was then they discovered that the entire affair would turn, that they could pull the horizontal polls along with them. Both girls started walking in circles, pulling at the posts, gasping in pain as Achim lashed their bottoms and backs with the flog and cursed them for useless, lazy, infidel sluts.

Below them, under the wooden base, they could hear the grindstone as it circled, could feel its weight as they pulled on it. The thick wooden dildos protruding from their buttocks and pussies rubbed against them as they moved, and ached within their soft bellies, but they continued to walk in slow circles around the central post as Achim lashed them cruelly at every slowdown.

The villager men began to drift into the courtyard, and as they continued to walk, and then more and more people drifted over, most of them men and older boys, some of them women wearing their black chadors and burkhas. They laughed and jeered at the two naked American girls walking in slow circles, and some of the children threw small stones at them.

All had been told for many years about how evil and sinful and wicked westerners were, and none were more evil and sinful than Americans. American women were all godless whores, and they and their godless people were enemies of Islam. None had any sympathy. The women glared dourly in satisfaction, the men smirked in both satisfaction and enjoyment at their revealed nakedness.

They slowed several times, startled by people moving in and yelling at them, by children rushing forward with sticks, threatening to hit them, and Achim cursed them and lashed their backs. Then he placed a leather harness over their heads which held black leather blinders over their eyes.

“There! No distractions now,” he said, lashing Rory’s bottom as he ordered them to walk faster.

It was not terribly hard work, at first. Once the grinder began rolling it tended to keep moving, just so long as they did. They had to walk around and around and around in circles around the post, pulling at the horizontal poles with their arms. They could hear the chatter of the Arab villagers, and occasionally something small bounced off Rory’s breast or Keri’s back. No one touched them, however, as they continued to walk in slow circles.

Then Keri squealed as someone pinched her bottom. The younger Arab men had moved closer by then. Hands darted in, squeezing breasts and bottoms, tugging on nipples, fingering sore pussy lips as they squeezed down around the fat round plugs impaling them.

“Keep walking, whores!” Achim demanded, lashing their backs.

Both girls leapt forward, squealing in pain as the leather braids lashed their soft skin. The villagers continued watching, chattering interestedly for many minutes. Despite Achim’s waving them away a number of men dashed in to grope their breasts before laughingly stepping back.

They continued to walk their slow circuit, and things began to get quite tiring. They could not know how long they walked around and around, but their legs grew weaker, their feet more tired, and their bodies, already sweating from the heat, began to sweat from exhaustion, as well.

“Keep moving, infidel whores!” Achim roared, the flog cutting into their buttocks.

They kept moving, moaning dazedly, eyes glassy as they trudged slowly around in a circle, pulling the stone with them.

After a time, the women left, ushering the children with them, and only the men were left, the more interested men.

Achim stopped them, and then pulled them away from the wheel, letting them sink dazedly to their knees as the hatch was thrown back, and several men slid down inside, scooping up the crushed grain.

Keri hung with head low, gasping, exhausted, filthy, sweating, miserable, hopeless and in pain. She was not even embarrassed about her nudity any more. It was the least of her concerns.

Achim was speaking to some of the men, but she paid it no heed until he barked at her and she looked up. She moaned as he reached for her, and pulled the cork plug out from the ring. Then he took out his cock, which was not the least hard, and held it before her open mouth. Her heart sank, but she made no effort to pull away as he began to urinate into her open mouth.

She swallowed it miserably, fighting down nausea, swallowed every drop until he was done. Then he wiped his cock on her hair and shoved the plug back into the ring.

Laughing, the men gestured and joked, then Achim pulled the plug from Rory’s mouth. She looked up mournfully, but she knelt obediently as a young man little older than she was emptied his bladder into her open mouth. No sooner had he finished than a second man, then a third moved forward, both emptying themselves into her open mouth at the same time.

Then the plug was placed back into the ring.

Fresh grain had been dumped down into the hole, and Achim led them back to the grindstone, placing their arms and elbows over the posts, and then lashing them to get them moving again.

Only when no amount of lashing could inspire them to move did he finally relent and drag them back to their cages to let them rest.

“Keri?”

Keri groaned tiredly.

“Keri?”

She slowly turned her head, looking through the bars and across at Rory in the other cage.

“I want to die,” Rory said, whimpering.

Keri closed her eyes. “Just hold on. Something will happen. We’ll get away somehow,” she said, not believing her own words. “Tomorrow will be better.”

\* \* \* \* \*

This village was larger, but every bit as barbaric as the last. The village headman regaled the villagers with stories of the murderous, evil American crusaders and worked them into an angry frenzy of rage. Then the turbaned mullah quoted from the Koran, lest they feel any sympathy or fear that Allah did not want them to punish infidels.

They put together a thin, triangular frame of long, stout poles then led Keri to it. Whimpering, she looked around her at the glaring faces as her wrists were bound together and raised over her head. She cried out as she was lifted off her feet. Then her ankles were spread wide and tied open. Nearby, young men sat atop short, shaggy ponies, watching as Rory was raised beneath a similar triangle of poles, her wrists bound above her to where the polls were bound together.

The men on the ponies trotted away as the crowd gathered excitedly around to watch what was about to happen. Keri moaned weakly, staring around her, feeling particularly vulnerable, not knowing what was going on.

The first rider kicked his horse into a trot, then a gallop, and raced towards her. His arm was upraised, and he held four foot whip in his hand. Keri stared towards him in fear as the horse ran full out towards her, then the man dodged to pass just beside her, his arm swinging out.

The whip cut across her chest just below her breasts, and she cried out in pain as the audience jeered and laughed.

The second man raced towards Rory, and he had worse luck, for not only did the whip strike only her stomach, but he mistimed himself so that his arm struck one of the poles as he passed, and he earned more jeers.

The next man raced past, and his whip cut neatly across Keri’s breasts, her shriek of pain drowned out by cheers and applause.

Rider after rider raced past, their whips slicing into the sisters’ soft flesh as they screamed and sobbed and cried out in pain. Some of the blows were off, and some of the men nursed sore wrists as they mistimed their rides. But they were the younger men.

The older men took their places, and were much better, more creative, slicing expertly at nipples and pussies. Then an older man yelled out to the crowd, who laughed, and shifted around behind the girls for some reason. The man raced forward and past, leaning out sideways and sending the whip slicing through the air, in between Keri’s legs, then up between her buttocks, the tip snapping painfully against her wrinkled anal opening.

She howled, her hips bucking forward, and the crowd laughed and cheered.

This was the new target, and rider after rider aimed for it, sometimes missing and sending the sharp tip into soft buttocks, but more often than not striking their openings directly, with agonizing results.

The younger men did not have such expertise, and so the sisters were turned around, their backs to the riders, their legs bound even further open, and the younger men eagerly send the knotted tips of their whips flying towards the two round little back holes as the crowd shouted approval.

Their backs were not neglected, of course, and by the time the contest was done the sisters hung numbly, barely conscious, their well-stripped bodies limp.

Achim dragged them to their cages by the hair, laughing, and promising worse for the next day.

\* \* \* \* \*

The village headman was so gripped by hatred Achim had to struggle with him as he tried to approach the naked girls with a knife, intent on decapitating them. Achim spoke hurriedly, promising that they would beg for death before done, that killing them was a mercy, a kindness they did not deserve.

The village mullah intervened, as well, promising to punish them worse than death with an old, old punishment which had been gathering dust in the mosque for decades.

The punishment consisted of three iron bars.

The first had clamps on either end, and was laid across Keri's shoulders, her arms stretched out to either side and shoved into the clamps, which were tightened painfully around them.

The second bar was nearly identical, save that the clamps were shaped differently, and went around her ankles after they were spread open.

Chains were attached to rings set in the first bar, and thrown overhead across a tree branch, then several eager village men pulled, raising her into the air as the mullah carefully set the third bar into the ground on its edge. More eager men manoeuvred the helpless girl forward as the third bar was set firmly in place, its fat, bulbous head covered in studs. The men sneered at her soft, muffled cries as she was lowered onto the bar, as the fat head pushed against her wrinkled opening, and then up into her belly.

Slowly, she was lowered, the metal bar thrusting deeper into her ass, deeper and deeper, until her eyes were bulging and she was screaming into the cork gag, her body thrashing and shaking with the agony.

The village men laughed, and even the stern-faced mullah smiled thinly as all her weight was settled down on the iron bar, and she hung, impaled, thrashing and shaking and howling, the bar locking her ankles apart banging and clanging against the vertical bar impaling her, her face a mask of agony.

The headman gestured, and the lower bar was tied to the vertical bar to stop the noise, then the men watched in righteous satisfaction as the girl's body spasmed and shook, tears pouring down her white face as she sat atop the bar of pain.

It was still not quite enough for the headman. He walked forward and then put his foot on the lower bar, pressing down hard, exulting in the deeper tone of her howl as the pain grew greater.

He backed off, then ordered the men to kneel as he prayed for Allah to help them capture and punish all infidel women thusly, as he cursed the westerners and their godless ways, cursed their whore women, and begged Allah to give the slut before him such agony as had never been seen in all of time.

By the time he was done the girl hung, moaning weakly into the gag, twitching, trembling, dazed.

He gestured, and the whips came out. Two at a time the men whipped her, front and back, their arms going back, shoulders straining as they strove to swing as hard as possible to punish the infidel whore.

Only when she lost consciousness did he call a halt, then gestured for the other slut, who had been kneeling watching, to come and take the other's place.

He did so reluctantly, for he would have wanted the blonde slut to stay impaled for hours and hours yet, for days, until she was finally driven from this earth. But Achim wanted her for some unspoken punishment which he promised would be much worse than death, so the headman had relented.

Now he watched the other slut struggle, and felt his outrage rising that she dared to resist. Filthy western sluts!

## *Chapter Six*

Achim reached the place of Sheik Abdul Mohammed the next day. He was not surprised to find the Sheik absent. In fact, he had been counting on it.

The two sisters were no longer capable of walking, and so they had been crammed into tiny wooden cages built for small dogs, and the cages had been hung across the camel, one to each side. The cages were so small their knees were jammed against their chests so hard that they had trouble breathing, and they were so dazed they hardly knew what was happening as Achim dragged them out of the cages and displayed them to the buyer.

He said nothing about injustices to the Arab peoples here, did not mention Allah or Allah's will. No, he had an entirely different story for the cold-eyes which stared out from the narrow slit of the black burkha.

"These are two of the western sluts your husband has been bedding," he told her slyly.

Sheik Mohammed had several palaces, and elected to keep his wife and daughters in one, most of his prized harem – which consisted of western girls – in another, with he and his sons.

The sheik's wife was consumed with anger, resentment and shame at this, and looking down at the filthy creatures below her filled her with rage and disgust. How could her husband soil himself on such vile, filthy creatures!? They looked like little more than animals!

Filthy animals!

She gave Achim his money, and her servants dragged the girls inside, then she turned away and went back to her rooms.

\* \* \* \* \*

Keri woke slowly, groaning. Her eyes fluttered and she felt that now-familiar sense of disorientation. But she did not feel the usual pain and discomfort. Her body still ached, but not as badly. She was in a bed! It was quite a comfortable bed, too, with silk sheets over her.

She raised her head from the down pillow and saw her sister sleeping next to her. She smelled of something sweet, and as the sheet slid off her chest she saw that her body had been coated in some kind of medicinal salve. The burning of the welts was eased considerably, only throbbing uncomfortably now.

She realized then, that she felt clean, for the first time in days, and cool as well! She reached up and felt her soft hair. Clean! It felt so wonderful to be clean!

Her hopes rocketed upwards. Had they been saved!?

They were not in a hospital, however, but in some kind of well-adorned bedroom, on a huge four-poster bed, with rich, eastern style furniture around them. A Persian rug adorned the stone floor, and velvet curtains hung from the high windows.

Wherever they were, it was better than anything they'd experienced since getting on that miserable boat.

Then she felt the collar around her throat, and she raised her hands to it she looked down and saw the gleaming shackles around her wrists. Her heart fell.

She turned to her sister and gently eased down the sheet a little, enough to see the collar around her throat, as well. It was a wide collar made of silver, with Arabic writing on it. The bracelets around her wrists were the same, quite wide, and locked somehow together, though she saw no key, no way to open them.

Then she gasped, jaw dropping as she stared at her breasts. She had not noticed, since they throbbed in pain – as they had for days – but her nipples had been pierced, and two silver rings hung from them.

Now, as she wakened further, she noticed the pain inside her mouth. Her throat was often sore, of course, from being raped, but now it was – her tongue – which ached. And it felt very strange, as if she had something in her mouth. She pushed her tongue out, and winced as she reached up to feel it.

It had been pierced, as well, with a neat little ring cutting through it.

What had happened to them since they had fallen unconscious!?

And how long had they lain there unconscious?!

And where were they?!

Wherever it was, they were still slaves. But perhaps, she hoped desperately, slaves who would be better treated.

Then the door opened and she gasped. The man who stood there was enormous; easily seven feet in height, with broad shoulders. He wore a red turban and a white robe with red belt. His face was stern and hairless as he walked in, and he did not speak. Instead he gestured at her, then threw something to her. It was a light, wispy silk fabric, barely opaque. It was little more than a rectangle which was fastened together at her left hip, but she clipped it in place with pleasure. It was the only item of clothing they had worn other than the burkhas, for days.

He tossed her another one, and gestured at Rory, and Keri sat back down, leaning out to wake her sister. “Rory? Wake up, honey.”

Rory woke with a gasp, her eyes wide and fearful.

“It’s all right, honey,” Keri said soothingly. “I don’t know where we are, but it seems like things have improved.”

Rory gasped as she stared at the menacingly looking man, then as she looked down and saw her pierced nipples and shackled wrists.

“Put this one,” Keri said, holding the skirt out to her sister.

“Where are we? Where’s Achim?”

“I don’t know, but we should do what this guy wants.”

Rory slipped the skirt around her hips. Like Keri’s, it was fastened together at the hip, leaving the slit running the entire length along her side. And like Keri’s it was very short. But as nearly see-through as it was – it wasn’t. So the skirts did offer at least some concealment.

The tall man gestured with his head, and Keri motioned Rory out of bed. The two girls huddled together, then followed the man.

“When did they do this?” Rory whispered, looking at her pierced nipples.

“I don’t know,” Keri whispered back, fearful the man would punish them for speaking.

He ignored them except to look back as he opened the door, gesturing again for them to follow. They went out into a broad corridor, the floor of marble tiles, the walls of stone. Naked but for the skirts, they followed him down the broad corridor, past numerous closed doors, then down a wide, curving stairway.

“What is this stuff on me?” Rory whispered.

“I think it’s some kind of medicine,” Keri whispered back. “At least I don’t hurt as much, and the whip marks are faded a lot.”

“My tits still hurt,” Rory moaned.

“Shhh.”

They were led into a beautiful room, a dining room, with thick, heavy, glistening wooden furniture, and seated at a wide table. The tall man moved back and stood against the door, arms folded across his chest, apparently set to ignore them. The two girls looked at each other, and as Rory gave her sister a questioning look Keri shrugged helplessly.

Another, smaller door opened, and two more red-turbaned men emerged, both much smaller, but dressed similarly. They had trays in their hands, and set them down in front of the two girls, offloading large cups of milk and juice, and bowls of fruit.

“God I’m hungry!” Rory whispered, eyes wide.

The men walked away, and Keri, looking at the man by the door, reached out hesitantly, picking up an apple. When he made no move and his expression did not change, she brought it to her mouth and took a bite.

They feasted.

After the fruit came small, delicate meats, then ice cream and chocolate, and rich red wine.

“I’m gonna be sick!” Rory groaned, holding her stomach.

“I will not give up the only good meal I’ve had in a week,” Keri gulped.

The man by the door came forward at least, then jerked his head to indicate they should leave.

The girls looked at each other, shrugged, and obeyed.

He led them further up the corridor, and then into a wide room with a huge sunken tub. As before, he placed his back against the closed door, folded his arms, and ignored them.

The four naked girls in the bath did not. They were dark skinned girls, black and east Indian, and quite beautiful – and quite bald. They were, in fact, completely and totally bald, not so much shaved as completely hairless, without a trace of stubble.

Wordlessly, each took a girl by the shoulders, one on each side, and led them to the bath, then into it.

“Excuse me,” Keri said hopefully. “Do you speak English.”

“Where are we? What are you doing?” Rory asked.

The women remained silent, gently washing each girl’s hair, then drawing them to their feet, and washing their bodies, scrubbing very lightly with soft clothe across their still-visible welts and bruises.

When done, they took the sisters’ arms in firm, but gentle grips, leading them out of the bath, leading them to sit down on padded chairs. Then their hair was dried and brushed out so that it glistened.

When they were done, the tall man led them back up the corridor, back up the stairs, back to the room they had wakened in. The sheets had been changed, and he motioned to it, then left, closing the door behind.

“What’s going on?” Keri whispered.

“I don’t know but it sure isn’t like Achim,” Rory replied.

They had only been awake a few hours, but such was the depth of their exhaustion from their days of pain and torture that they climbed gladly into the soft bed and fell immediately asleep once more.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Why do you treat these whores so well?” Ghadah demanded. “They live like princesses!”

Her mother smiled down at her, a smug smile on her face. “You do not understand people, my daughter. I know how weak western women are. I know how they treasure their comfort. I will give them comfort, and then they will do anything for it to not be taken away. It will be better than simply hurting them.”

“But you should hurt them! They are filthy whores! They must be punished!”

“They have already been punished, daughter. Do you not see the welts and whip marks on their soft bodies?”

“They should have more!” Ghadah snapped.

Najwa shook her head. “They will have,” she said. “I will make them squirm and twist, first. I will break them and make them so low they will look up to animals, to pigs and monkeys!”

“And you do this by rewarding them? By treating them like princesses!”

Najwa’s eyes narrowed impatiently. “Would you like a collar around your throat, daughter, and rings through your nipples? Would you like shackles on your wrists, and to be kept naked around men?”

Ghadah’s face flushed and she dropped her eyes. “Of course not, mother.

“That these whores do not understand that they are being shamed does not mean they are not shamed. I will teach them shame, never fear.”

“They are westerners, infidels. They know no shame!”

“Then we shall teach them shame,” Najwa snapped.

\* \* \* \* \*

Rory rolled her eyes nervously at her sister, but Keri was studying the woman before them. She was a tall, slender Arab woman, with an athletic, though thin body. And she was dancing. It was evident to both of them that they were to learn this dance, and Keri was determined to ensure she did so. The contrast between their treatment at the hands of Achim, and their treatment here had been so great she would do almost anything to not return to that kind of horrible pain and suffering.

And so she rolled her hips as the awful Arabic music swirled, and tried her best to imitate the woman before her. Rory was doing the same, though she felt stupid doing it, and was confused about why they were doing it. It was a very provocative sort of dancing, not unlike belly dancing, but slower, and with a lot fewer clothes, at least on their part. The woman had even made them remove those tiny “skirts” they’d been given.

It was funny how that little scrap of diaphanous silk had made them feel so much more human, even though it really hid little. They had both blushed when they’d taken them off, even though no one was there but the woman.

Now the girls turned and rolled their hips, let their bellies push in and out, and raised and turned and twisted their arms and hands in imitation of the Arab woman – as they had been doing for some time. Neither felt they were anywhere near equalling the woman’s graceful movements, however, and both feared pain and punishment if they failed.

When one of the tall, turbaned men came through the doorway both girls blushed anew, and their hands moved instinctively towards their privates before they stopped, realizing how pointless it was. The man spoke to the woman, who pointed at Rory and gestured towards the door. She rolled her eyes anxiously at her sister, but walked towards the man.

She followed the man out into the corridor, then down along it towards what appeared to be a main hall. This made her blush deeply, for she was nude, and the hall was busy, with what appeared to be servants, both men and woman, bustling up and down its length, some carrying trays or boxes or parcels. All stared at her as she walked past, entirely nude, face red, eyes down, and she felt bizarrely naked around them, even though she had spent most of the last week or more naked.

It was simply different being naked around people with clothing who weren’t – involved – in what was being done to her. They stared at her with wide eyes, the women glaring, the men often disapproving, but often drinking in every inch of her as her bare feet padded along the marble floor.

They turned down a side corridor, one with a beautiful rug in swirling blue and green, then up to a large doorway. The man entered, stood back, and motioned her inside, then closed the door behind her.

She found herself in a large chamber with high windows, lavishly furnished in the Arab style, which was to say, over the top, with colourful velvets, silks and other fabrics, and gold flaked chairs and tables. There was a well-dressed, middle aged woman there, reclining lazily on an Arabic style couch replete with many fringed pillows. Next to her, kneeling, was a much younger woman, a mere girl, really, wearing a cheap white robe.

The girl was holding a bowl of mixed strawberries and cherries, and feeding them to the older woman now and then.

Behind and to either side of the couch were two large, blank-faced, red turbaned men.

“On your knees, girl,” the older woman said, lazily gesturing at Rory.

Rory sank to her knees at once and the woman regarded her out of half closed eyes.

“Come closer,” she said.

Rory started to rise and the woman held up a hand. “No, no. On your hands and knees, girl.”

Rory blushed, fell to all fours, and, heart thumping more quickly, crawled towards her across the marble floor, then across a thick Persian rug. When she reached the foot of the couch she stopped and looked up anxiously for further instructions.

“Kneel, girl.”

Rory rose a bit, sitting back on her heels uncertainly.

“Higher,” the woman said, her tone still lazy, indolent.

Rory rose on her knees and the woman nodded.

“You have lovely breasts,” she said. “They seem very firm and full. Lift them for me, girl. Squeeze them so I may see how firm they are.”

Blushing more deeply, Rory obeyed, cupping her breasts, squeezing them a little awkwardly.

“More, girl,” the woman sighed. “Play with your breasts for me. Pinch your nipples.”

She turned and the girl deposited another cherry in her open mouth, then turned her head back to Rory, who was staring at her in confusion and uncertainty. The indolent expression on the woman’s face turned to a frown, and Rory hurriedly began to fondle her own breasts, squeezing them, kneading them, pinching and rolling her nipples as the woman and turbaned men looked on.

“Pinch your nipples harder,” the woman said.

Face red, Rory obeyed, plucking at her nipples, which were quite stiff now, and getting sore.

“You have very nice nipples,” the woman said.

She turned to the girl and said something, and the girl responded softly.

“She says you have very nice nipples too,” the woman said.

Rory didn’t know what to say to this.

“Turn,” the woman said, making her finger circle.

Rory turned, thoroughly confused.

“Bend over. Get on your hands again,” the woman said.

Feeling her face burn, Rory obeyed.

“Raise your buttocks more and spread your legs, girl. Yes, you have a wonderful bottom. I am sure many men have enjoyed plunging their organs into it. And your sex looks very tight and firm for all the male organs I am sure have entered there as well.”

The girl deposited another cherry in the woman’s open mouth, and the woman slouched back lazily and regarded the kneeling western girl.

“Reach back between your legs, girl. I wish to see into your sex. Open up the lips and let me see.”

The words made Rory flinch, and her face got even hotter, though she would not have thought that possible. But she could not think of disobeying, and so she supported herself with one hand while sliding the other back between her legs. Her fingers spread open the lips of her pussy as the woman looked down at her.

“Wider, girl. Surely they must go very wide for all the male organs that have been pushed into you there, yes?”

Rory was fairly sure now that the woman's purpose was to humiliate her. Still, she spread her pussy lips as wide as she could, for after Achim's demonstration of cruelty and punishment she was desperate to give her captors no excuse to hurt her.

She woman said something in Arabic, and Rory heard one of the men respond.

"He says you have a whore's body," the woman said. "Of course, he is not a man who can appreciate a woman's body. He is a eunuch, you see. Do you know what a eunuch is, girl?"

"Yes," Rory gulped.

"You will say yes, princess when you respond to me, girl," the woman said.

"Yes, princess," Rory said.

"These men are not able to satisfy your whore body, girl," the woman sighed. "It is sad, I am sure. But we know that western whores know how to pleasure their own bodies, for they are all whores, and their men are weak and pale. Pleasure your body as you would, girl. Caress yourself so that this girl may see the depths over perversion to which western whores subject themselves."

Rory hesitated, trembling.

"Pleasure yourself, girl. Do it now," the woman said, her voice hardening.

Rory placed a trembling finger against her clitoris, then began to slowly rub back and forth across it as the four Arabs looked on.

"Keep your bottom high, girl, and your legs apart, so that we might see and be better instructed in the ways of whores."

Rory moaned beneath her breath, her eyes closing as she stroked her clit.

"Do not forget to plunge your fingers into your body, girl. That is the way it is done, is it not, by those who have no self-restraint, no pride, no resistance to a whore's needs?"

Another man entered the room then, and spoke to the woman, the princess, as she styled herself. The woman spoke back, then gestured. A moment later a third man and then a fourth entered, both carrying padded stools, like ottomans. They set them down in front of the woman, and the new man sat down on one.

"Girl, I neglect my manners. You will find it more comfortable to bend across the stool. Go ahead, place yourself across it. There now, is that not more comfortable? Now resume. Show this child what a western whore does when alone, when no man is nearby to satisfy her lusts."

Dully, crushed by shame, Rory slid a finger up into her pussy, pumping it in and out as she stroked another across her clit.

"Do not lower your face, girl," the woman ordered. "Look into the eyes of the man before you. Is he not all you could want or need? I am told he has a large organ, girl. Perhaps we will let you satisfy your lusts in another way if we are feeling kindly. Look into his eyes girl. Do not close your eyes at all. Do not look anywhere but at him as you pleasure yourself."

The man was perhaps thirty or forty. Rory could not tell and did not care. Her face was so hot she wondered it did not burst into flame as she stared into his eyes and he smirked back at her. Her fingers were stroking her clit, pumping in and of her pussy as the man and the rest looked on.

"Two fingers, girl. You like to have more inside you, I know. Use two fingers, no, three. Use three fingers, girl. And do not waste your other hand. You may use it to fondle and squeeze your teats. They are large indeed, and must be quite sensitive. Go ahead girl," she said. "Show this young virgin how western whores behave in their unnatural desire."

Rory groaned. She was becoming dazed, as if the shame was so deep, so total, that it was clouding her mind. Everything seemed to take on a surreal air, as if this were some kind of bizarre dream.

“Do you feel an orgasm coming on, girl?” the woman asked in a kindly voice. “Do not hide it from us. This virgin girl wishes to see what a western whore looks like in the throes of her climax. Let her hear your cries of passion and lust, girl. Let her.”

“I – I...” Rory was dazed, gasping, groaning as she forced three fingers deep into her pussy, sank them through soft, taut sex lips which were finally, after so much work, becoming moist.

“Do it, girl. Sing like a whore. We all want to hear you sing like a whore. Sing.”

“Uhhhh,” Rory said, giving a very poor and unrealistic groan. “Ohhh,” she said, improving somewhat.

She began to gasp more loudly, afraid of displeasing the woman. “Unngh! Ungh! Ohhh!” she gasped as the man looked into her eyes and smirked and leered and laughed.

“Louder, girl. Sing louder or Abal will find a way to raise your voice.”

That meant by whipping her, Rory was sure. Frantic, she cried out more loudly.

“Unngh! Oohhh! Ahhhh! UnngggH!” she cried, raising her voice though it made her mind swim in horror at the depths of degradation and humiliation filling her.

“Move your hips, girl. Move your hips in your unnatural lust,” the woman said. “Move your hips the way western whores do when they are nearing their peak.”

Helplessly, Rory rolled her hips, thrusting back towards her fingers as she stroked her clit and plunged her fingers into her pussy. Tears of shame filled her eyes, but would not spill, as fear forced her to concentrate on pleasing them all, on making the loud, brazen, sluttish noises they wanted to hear.

“Ungggh! Ohhh! Ummnnnggg! Yessss! Ohhh! Ahhhhhg!” she cried as she masturbated before them.

“Enough girl,” the woman said.

Rory stopped, collapsing as if struck, dazed by it all.

“A very fine show for today. Perhaps tomorrow you will show us more. Come here, girl and take a treat for your work.”

Slowly, dazedly, Rory slipped backwards off the stool, turning head and body towards the woman. The woman held her hand indolently out and down, holding a cherry in it. Rory stared at it without understanding, then the woman snapped her fingers impatiently. It was only a half dozen feet away, so Rory quite naturally crawled towards it, wobbling a little under the mental strain and trauma.

“Open your mouth, girl,” the woman said.

Rory moved to her, and then took the cherry out of her hand with her tongue. The woman smiled and petted her head as though she were a dog which had done a trick.

“That is all for now.”

Another turbaned man arrived, reached down, and took the dazed girl’s arm in a grip of steel. He pulled her to her feet, and then led her, staggering and stumbling, out of the room and back down the hall.

## *Chapter Seven*

Keri's face was aflame as she crawled slowly back and forth along the carpet.

It was a narrow carpet, laid out in front of a large, golden sofa on which a young,, richly clad woman sat, lounging amidst pillows. There were two more small sofas placed at angles to the first, so that all three faced the narrow area where Keri was forced to crawl slowly back and forth.

There were two women on each of the other sofas, all staring at her with looks of amusement, contempt and cruelty as the collared American girl crawled back and forth along the carpet.

"The ways of western whores are new to us," the woman said. "We, who are godly and pious do not see many such whores for our land is pure and not filled with degenerates and depravity as the west. It is clear that you have a shapely body, with large breasts and hips. Clearly you are made to give pleasure to men."

Another of the women said something in Arabic.

"Yes, to do it often," the first woman said. "Here girl."

Keri turned back to her, still on all fours, and the woman threw something to her. It landed on the rug in front of her, and Rory saw it was a dildo, a large black dildo.

"Show us how you please a man, slut, the woman said. "Pick it up. Go on."

Keri swallowed anxiously, and reached for the dildo. It was very thick, and very long, and she held it awkwardly as the five Arab women looked on with interest.

"I understand you use your mouth on male organs," the woman said. "Show us how you please their organs with your mouth. Perhaps we might find the knowledge of some use with our husbands. Arab women would never touch their lips to a man's genitals, of course. But Arab men often select western whores for their sexual behaviour, so it would be good for us to see what you do."

Keri trembled, but could see no way of refusing, and so she tentatively licked at the dildo, much as though it were a Popsicle, then slowly put it into her mouth.

"I'm sure you can do better than that," the woman said. "It is known that western whores are experts at pretence, at making men think how much pleasure they feel in degrading activities. Pretend for us, girl. Pretend how much pleasure you feel in pleasuring that organ. Make happy sounds. Moan for us, slut."

Keri moaned around the dildo, and tried to school her features to a look of interest in what she was doing. Her face was burning, still, and she felt horribly degraded as she knelt there licking and sucking at the dildo while the five Arabs looked on.

"Surely you can take more into your mouth than that, girl," the woman said. "I was told you western whores could swallow a man's entire organ without difficulty, having been taught by your fathers and grandfathers. Show us how you can swallow the entire length of a man. We are eager to see."

The woman's tone was lazy, but silky, and there was a hardness beneath which suggested it would not be a good idea for Keri to protest that she could not do any such thing. And so, though she gagged weakly, and choked on it, she slowly forced the cock into her throat, pushing it deep, though it ached, her lips straining around the thick girth of the black latex prick.

She was gasping, saliva drooling over her lower lip as she pulled the dildo free.

"Such interesting things you infidels do," the woman said. "Show us how you work a man's organ with your breasts now. Put it between them and show us how you pleasure men with your large breasts."

Dull eyed, Rory slid the dildo in between her breasts, and used her arms to squeeze them together around it, then pumped the dildo slowly up and down on a slick trail of saliva as the four looked on.

“Lay back, girl. Lay back on the floor and spread your knees apart so we can see what it looks like when a man enters you. Use the thing to pleasure yourself while we educate ourselves in the ways of western whores”

Keri was not surprised, but the order was another blow to her. She lay back, trembling, feeling light-headed as she laid her head on the floor. She drew her knees apart and pressed the still-slick dildo against her shaven pussy, then rubbed it up and down her slit before pushing forward. She grunted with the strain as she sought to force the dildo into her body, and she tried not to think about them all looking at her, tried not to think about what she was doing, tried to just do as she was ordered to do.

She pumped the dildo slowly in and out, gasping, face burning, knees up and wide as the five Arab women looked down on her. She was becoming light headed by it all, wishing there were some way she could sink into the floor. But of course, she could do nothing but thrust the dildo into her pussy again and again.

“Faster, girl. Faster! We know the ways of whores. You want it inside you. Deeper! Deeper!”

Keri moaned and forced it deeper still, though it hurt deep inside. She pumped it in and out, grunting and gasping with effort and pain.

“Do not neglect yourself, slut,” the woman said. “Caress your button properly. Show us how western women pleasure themselves with their toys. Rub and stroke yourself. Fondle your breasts. Cry out your pleasure and lust.”

Keri sobbed brokenly, but did as she was ordered, pumping the dildo, stroking her clit, her other hand moving tremblingly to her breasts to squeeze and fondle them awkwardly as she groaned and moaned and pretended to enjoyment she did not feel.

“Wait, girl,” the woman said. Here is another toy for you to play with. I have heard that western whores enjoy the feel of a man’s organ in both her holes.”

She threw a second dildo to Keri.

“Show us how you get such a large organ into your bottom, girl, for it is such a tight and dainty bottom. Surely it cannot be an easy thing to take such a large organ up inside your small back passage. Show us, girl,” she said with a cold smirk. “Show us quickly, for we are not known for our patience.”

Keri felt her stomach sink. She moaned softly and her fingers closed around the other dildo. She drew it against herself and stared at it, a little faint, then as if in a daze, licked at it and took it into her mouth. She was not playing to them now, but moistening the dildo up, for she knew she would get no other lubrication.

She sucked and licked at it, covering it in her saliva, then drew her legs back far and pressed the head against her back opening. It was almost impossible to believe she was being forced to do this while these finely clad women sat around her watching and leering and laughing at her, but anything was better than the cruel pain she knew awaited her if she refused.

She slowly worked the other dildo down into her ass. The saliva on it helped, but it was still not easy. Perhaps the sense of numbness gripping her helped, as well, and the desperation to obey the woman’s orders and avoid punishment. She worked the dildo down deep into her ass, then, on the woman’s lazy instructions, began to pump both dildos in and out, gasping and moaning, arching her back, rolling her hips up, and making louder and louder cries of passion as the five women laughed and giggled and smirked in contempt and amusement.

“Stop, girl. Come here,” the woman Keri thought of as “the bitch” ordered.

Groaning, she eased her movements, and carefully rolled to her side, then to her knees before the woman. She moved a little forward, on hands and knees, and the woman impatiently reached out to catch her hair, yanking it hard, forcing the gasping girl around

so that her bottom was facing the side couch and she was pressed against the woman's knees.

The woman gripped the base of the dildo sticking out of her ass and pumped it in and out, slowly, at first, then harder so that it hurt and Keri gasped and moaned. Then the woman pumped the other woman, laughing and speaking in Arabic as she did. One of the other women leaned forward and she pumped one dildo, then the next, while the third waved and shook her head.

The bitch turned Keri around by the hair and arm, so her bottom was facing the other way, then those women laughed and leaned forward, gripping the base of the dildos gingerly, and experimentally pumping them in and out as all the woman laughed in amusement.

Several reached into give her breasts hard squeezes, too, laughing in amusement afterwards and chattering away to each other. They fingered her nipples rings, pulling and twisting them, and then one slapped her bottom sharply, evoking more gales of laughter.

"You look good on all fours, girl," the bitch said with a smile. "It is your natural element, I think, yes?"

Another sharp slap made her wince.

"Now reach back between your legs, girl, and rub yourself. Show us how you western women pleasure yourself while your men are away. Rub yourself and climax for us, girl," the bitch demanded.

And so, in a haze of humiliation, barely holding in check her outrage, fury and deep, wrenching shame, Keri rubbed at her clit, rolled her hips, and pretended to come as the five women looked down and laughed at her.

Finally, the woman, the bitch, dismissed her, and Rory, her pussy and ass still stuffed with the fat dildos, was led off – crawling, by one of the turbaned men as the laughing women watched. He did not make her crawl the entire way, but only down the corridor from the door until they had turned a corner. Then he reached down and gripped her hair, yanking her up to her feet. He shifted his grip to her arm and led her forward, the dildos still jammed inside her.

Once she got to the place where she and Rory slept she pulled the dildos out and hurled them across the room, then collapsed, bursting into deep, gut wrenching tears for long minutes as the shame rolled over her.

Rory got back just as, eyes red, she was climbing into the large, sunken tub at the side of the room.

Rory looked as drained as she was, but there were no whip marks on her body, and Keri supposed that meant they had survived another day without agony. At least, without physical agony. Certainly what had been done to her was agony to her mind.

"What happened to you?" she asked dully as she slid into the water.

Rory didn't answer, but joined her with a groan and sank into the water beside her.

Neither sister spoke for long minutes.

"Are you okay?" Rory asked.

Keri started to speak, then halted with a wince of pain. "Some things hurt worse than whipping," she said in a slow, low voice.

"Why? What happened?" Rory asked, staring at her.

"Let's just say that I've never felt so utterly ashamed and degraded in my life."

"Me too," Rory said.

"I think these people are worse than Achim," Keri said flatly.

Rory's eyes widened, but it did not really surprise her. These Arabs were all perverts, including their women.

"I had to put on a demonstration," she said bitterly. "This bitch insisted on my showing her how western whores pleased themselves., how they masturbated!"

“I had the same sort of thing,” Keri said dully.

“Fuck, I hate these people!”

“It’s still better than getting whipped,” Rory said miserably.

“I’m beginning to wonder.”

“It’s not like we have a choice! If we say no they’ll beat us and then make us do it anyway!”

“I know.”

They cleaned themselves in the tub, though neither girl felt clean. They climbed out and searched for their see-through skirts, but could not find them. Both girls were surprised at how much they missed them. Shortly afterwards one of the red turbaned eunuchs came into the room, and both stood up from the low couches on which they’d been sitting.

Without a word, the bored looking man took Rory’s arm and turned her so her back was to him. He then casually drew her wrists together behind her back and locked the shackles there together as Keri looked on anxiously. The man turned to her then, and did the same.

“What did we do?” she asked anxiously.

The man gave no indication he understood. He took both girls by an arm and led them out the doorway.

“I did everything she asked!” Rory said, panicking a little.

“So did I!”

The man led them to a set of stairs which wound downwards, and the two girls, growing more fearful, found themselves in a much less decorated area, with plain stone walls and floors. They were led into a spare room with a stone floor and under where hooks hung from the ceiling on thin chains.

“We’re going to be whipped!” Rory moaned, her legs going wobbly.

Keri felt dazed.

The man released Rory and gripped Keri’s jaw, squeezing until she gasped in pain. He stuck his tongue out at her, nodded at her, and stuck it out again. Hesitantly, she stuck her tongue out, and he smiled. He pulled one of the chains down and attached it, somehow, to her tongue ring.

Whimpering, she stumbled a bit as he released her and turned to Rory. Her sister had seen what had happened and stuck her tongue out immediately so the man could hook the chain to it. He moved back then, gripping the other end of both chains, and slowly pulled on them until they were taut. Then he pulled a little more so that each girl moaned as her tongue felt the pressure, their heads going back further and further as they sought to ease the pressure. Both of them rose onto the balls of their feet, and the man eased off slightly on the pressure, then locked the chains in place.

There was no talking now. The man left, and the two were standing in place, facing each other no more than a few feet away. But they could not see each other, for their heads were pulled back, their tongues protruding, pulled up by the chains. Their legs and ankles soon began to get wobbly and weak as they tried to keep themselves up, and each began to gasp and moan and whimper in pain as they were forced to slowly ease back onto their heels. This greatly increased the pressure against their tongues, of course, but over time each girl found they were able – through necessity – to stand erect, heels flat on the floor.

Their tongues ached fiercely, and soon their backs did too, for they were forced into a position where their backs were arched back, their eyes staring up at the ceiling overhead as they fought to keep still. Losing their balance now would be a painful thing, they knew. Perhaps their tongues would be ripped out!

Hours passed as they stood still, legs shaking and trembling, moaning weakly, occasionally sobbing in pain and misery and discomfort until, finally, the eunuch came

for them again. Both girls sobbed in relief as he removed the chains and they were able to sink to their knees, gasping for breath, sweating and trembling.

He casually seized each girl by the hair, carelessly yanking them forward together, ignoring their cries of pain as he forced their stiff bodies into crawling further across the room. There was a small raised area here to which he led them. On either side were a pair of what could only be described as wooden posts carved into representations of male organs.

The man released Keri's hair, letting her collapse, gasping and moaning, and dragged Rory to the nearest pair. He effortlessly forced her to her knees and to squat over the two, then bent and manoeuvred her down atop them.

"Please," Rory sobbed.

The man said something roughly, a harsh growl in Arabic, and glared at her, and Rory whimpered and let herself be placed over them, then slowly sank down, gasping and grunting with effort, as the man turned to Keri.

Soon both girls were gasping and moaning, for the dual cocks were thick, and they were dry. But they were soon impaled, their pussies and bottoms stuffed to aching as they knelt facing each other. Their wrists were still shackled behind their backs, and now the man attached chains to their tongue rings, attaching them together. A moment later each girl's hair was pulled into a tail, then yanked up and back so that they each cried out at the pressure against their tongues.

Chains now linked both girls' nipples to her sister, chains just too short, so that their nipples strained and stretched. And finally, lest either girl think to rise off the fat cocks impaling them, small chains bound their clit rings to rings set at the base of the dildos beneath them. And these chains were also too short, so that each girl was forced to sink deeper onto the twin dildos inside her.

And there he left them, sobbing and moaning weakly.

It was another careful balancing act for the sisters. They were sitting on their heels, knees apart, and so they were better balanced and found their legs aching less. Their backs were arched less, as well. But the pressure on their nipples and tongues was now linked to each other, so that if one girl pulled back, the other groaned in pain.

And slowly, they sank down deeper onto the dildos, for it was the only way to ease the terrible, biting pull against their clits.

Hours passed, hours of wretchedness, hours of pain, hours of sobbing, hours of frustration and misery.

And then, finally, another man came for them. They were released and unshackled. But his grip on their hair forced them to stay on all fours as he led them to bowls of fruit and water set on the floor. When Keri reached for one with her hand it was slapped sharply, her face pushed towards the bowl. She understood, of course, and drank directly from the bowl, sinking her wounded, burning tongue into the cool liquid with a groan of relief as her sister did the same beside her.

They spent the night together, in the large, comfortable bed. But they were not comfortable. Their tongue rings were locked together by a clip so short their tongues were physically touching. The same sort of clip locked their nipples and clits together, and their wrists were shackled together behind the other sister's back.

## Chapter Eight

Rory stood naked before the woman, the same as before. The woman was almost old enough to be her mother, though time had been kind to her. Sunlight had never touched her skin, of course, and she had been a great beauty when she had been selected for her powerful husband to marry. She wore an expensive blue gown as she lay back on the same sofa as before. But now a young boy, barely past adolescence stood behind the sofa, feeding her grapes.

The two turbaned eunuchs were still standing against the wall behind her couch, but now there were three more men, none wearing the same turbans, all sitting on low padded benches. They were younger, and gazed eagerly at Rory as the red-haired girl looked back dully.

Simple nudity did not shame her any more. She was past that, but she knew the woman would do her best to humiliate her again, and now guessed she would do so with the men to help.

"Ahh, it is our little red-haired guest," the woman said, beaming. "Come over here, girl. These men have never met a western whore. They wish to see what all the stories are about."

Rory shuffled forward but the woman held up her hand, then pointed imperiously down. "On your knees, girl," she said, not unkindly.

Rory sank to her knees with a sigh, then fell onto all fours and crawled forward, starting to feel the shame burning her face again.

"I wish to see how a western whore acts with her men," the woman said. "These men, you can pretend that one is your father, one your brother, and one your... your priest. Yes, your priest," she said with a smile. "You will entice them to mount you. But first, you will raise their organs to readiness. Show them what pleasure awaits them, girl. Show me as well."

She threw a fat dildo to Rory, and the girl shuddered as she picked it up. She knew what she had to do, though, and was soon licking and sucking it, getting it moist with her saliva as they all looked on. Then she lay back, forcing it deep into her pussy, pumping it in and out as they looked on.

A second dildo followed, and she did the same, forcing that one up her ass, pumping both as she fingered her clit and kneaded her breasts.

"Enough, girl. I am sure they are interested now. Go to each man, beg him to service you, and then take his organ into your mouth and rouse him to need."

Wearily, cringing only a little, Rory crawled to the first man, the thick dildos sticking out of her pussy and bottom, then knelt there, swaying a little, not knowing what to say, what to do. He smirked down at her, and her face flamed.

"Beg him for permission, girl," the woman said. "You need not do it in Arabic. I realize you do not speak a civilized tongue. But I have learned your barbaric language, as you see, so I will understand. Beg him," she said, voice getting colder.

"Please," Rory whispered.

She cleared her throat. "Please may I suck your cock?"

"More passion, girl," the woman chided. "More emotion!"

"Please may I suck your cock?" she asked.

"Master. I think you should use that term," the woman said.

"Please may I suck your cock, master?" Rory asked.

"Look at him when you speak, girl," the woman snapped.

Rory raised her eyes, flinching at the lewd lust and contempt in the man's face.

“Please may I suck your cock, master?” she asked.

“Girl, girl,” the woman sighed. “If you cannot find the inspiration to do justice to this demonstration I am sure one of the eunuchs can supply it.”

She gestured, and one of the turbaned men came forward, drawing a short, thin quirt from behind him.

“I-I’m sorry,” Rory gasped.

“Beg, slut,” the woman growled.

“Please may I suck your cock, master!?” Rory begged the man before her.

“More passion, girl,” the woman said, indolently accepting a grape from the young boy.

The eunuch slashed the crop down across Rory’s bottom and she cried out in pain.

“Please may I suck your cock, master!” she cried. “Please! Please may I suck your cock, master! Please!”

“That’s better,” the woman said. “You may do so now.”

Rory gasped with relief, crawling up into the man’s lap. She undid the drawstrings on his trousers, pulled out his cock, which was already hard, and then licked at it.

“Look into his eyes, slut,” the woman barked. “Do not take your eyes off his!”

Rory moaned as she mouthed the man’s cock. His face was fat, smug and vastly amused as she took more of his cock into her mouth, sucking and licking, starting to bob up and down now.

“Do not let him reach his peak, slut,” the woman said. “Merely bring him to full arousal.”

Rory sucked on the man’s cock. He was large, and long, and thick, and she gurgled around it, especially when he shoved her head down so that he plunged into her throat. He forced her all the way down until her face was jammed into his groin and her chest was burning from lack of air.

Then she pulled back, gasping, coughing.

“Move on to the next man, slut,” the woman said.

Rory shifted aside. “Please may I suck your cock, master?” she asked.

Crack! The quirt bit into her bottom and she cried out in pain.

“Please! Please may I suck your cock, master! Please, master! Please?!”

Then her mouth was around his cock, bobbing up and down, sucking on him as she slowly brought him to full erection.

Then it was on to the third man, sucking and licking until he too was fully hard.

“Take him deep, slut. Deep,” the woman ordered, “And look into his eyes as you do.”

Rory coughed weakly around the cock in her throat, forcing her lips down to the base as her eyes remained locked with the smug eyes of the man above her.

“Now pull out, girl. Milk him. Milk him so his seed covers your face,” the woman ordered.

Rory pulled back, gasping, squeezing his saliva covered cock, pumping her fingers dully up and down its length until he came in her face, spraying droplets of white seed across her cheeks and nose and chin.

She moved to the second man, and did the same, then the third, who sprayed his juices over her face with hardly any efforts at all.

“Now awaken them again, girl. Beg to pleasure them, and rouse them to life once more. It should not be difficult for a western whore like you. Use your mouth, rouse them to new life, girl.”

Rory groaned inwardly, then began anew, begging them and then licking and sucking at now flaccid cocks.

\* \* \* \* \*

Keri leaned forward against the edge of the sofa and licked at the Arab woman's sex. She was a little white-faced at what she was doing, but despite the woman's glare, she had not hurt her, and Keri was determined to make sure that continued. She had never had much interest in lesbianism, and her only experience with licking pussy had been, disgustingly, with her own sister on Achim's orders.

But she knew what was expected of her, and put aside her disgust as she lay her hands on the woman's spread thighs and licked up and down along her slit.

The woman hated her. Keri didn't know why, but was sure she did. She was walking a tightrope, filled with tension, wanting to fulfil every order perfectly so the woman would not order her beaten. If that meant dancing, which she had already done, after being brought here, she would dance. If that meant performing oral sex on the woman she would do that too.

The woman wore a long silk robe, but had drawn it up and over her hips as she slumped down and spread her legs. Now Keri used her tongue up and down her slit, then her fingers to gently part the lips of the woman's sex and lick upwards towards her clitoris. She was filled with anxiety and fear, waiting for the blow to fall, but she licked as best she could, then sucked on the woman's clit the way she remembered her boyfriend Brad doing to her.

The woman so far seemed content, and simply looked down at her with cold, fishy eyes as Keri performed oral sex on her. Keri's fingers slipped slowly into the woman's slit to pump in and out as she sucked on her clit, and the woman's eyes slowly began to relax. Encouraged, Keri continued, racking her brains for anything she'd ever learned about oral sex. If she pleased the woman she might not be hurt, after all.

It took long minutes of work and tension before she began to see signs of pleasure in the Arab woman's face, before her hips began to work and her back began to arch and she began to groan softly. It was very hard work for Keri, but she felt a sense of relief at the results, and redoubled her efforts, licking and sucking and fingering the woman until, finally, the woman groaned and gasped, and her hips bucked up violently in orgasm.

The woman reached down suddenly, grasping Keri's hair in a tight grip, yanking her forward, grinding her face into her pussy as she bucked up against her. Keri didn't resist, licking as quickly as she could. But then the woman's grip relaxed, and her body went limp, and Keri carefully raised her mouth from her dripping pussy.

"Again," the woman said. "You may start with my toes."

Miserable, Keri looked at them, then took the woman's ankle in her hands and began to tentatively lick at her feet. Soon her tongue was sliding up and down along her ankles, then across the front of her toes. She was forced to suck and lick at each individual toe, her tongue sliding between them, and then to lick down along the bottom of the woman's foot before slowly making her way up her ankle and leg to once again begin to tongue and lick her pussy.

And after long minutes of work in bringing the woman to climax, she had to start over again – on the other foot.

\* \* \* \* \*

Rory knelt on all fours, gasping as the man plunged into her from behind. Her bottom was raised, her knees apart, and she was staring into the eyes of the indolently reclined Arab woman as the man used her. Her hips were being struck hard as the man thrust eagerly, her breasts shaking and wobbling below her as the man's heavy hips slammed against her upraised bottom again and again.

Shame consumed her – at first. It was sheer torture having to look into the woman's face as the man rutted against her, as his hands groped and fondled her breasts, as he dug into her soft flesh and rammed his cock into her aching pussy. But shame seemed to ease as anger arose. She found herself glaring at the woman, glaring defiantly

as the man used her, and for a moment she felt a surge of pleasure as she realized the woman did not like it one little bit.

Then the woman sat forward, and fear gripped Rory as she dropped her eyes.

“I have often heard that Christian women are so insatiable that one man is not enough, not nearly enough,” she said. “They must have two, or more, often at the same time. I would like to see this, girl. Yes, I would like to see this very much, to see how western whores degrade themselves before man and Allah.”

She barked out a command, and the man behind her pulled out, then lay down.

“Mount him, slut,” the woman purred.

Rory, anxious, straddled his hips, then guided his stiff cock to the mouth of her pussy and slowly sank down on him.

The Arab woman spoke again, in Arabic, and one of the other men came forward, standing before her. He gripped her hair, and Rory turned her head to the side, licking at his cock as he shoved it into her mouth. She gurgled and gagged as he forced himself into her throat.

The man beneath, meanwhile, kneaded her breasts roughly

“Ride him, girl. Ride him. We do not take to laziness here. It is punished without mercy.”

Rory tried to concentrate on riding up and down as the man beside her pushed his cock deep into her throat and she fought to keep from choking. But at another word from the woman he drew back, and Rory, gasping, turned back to the man before her. The second man moved behind her, though, and pushed down on her shoulders, then squatted behind her.

She moaned as she realized their intent, and felt his spit-wet cock pressing against her back opening.

“Oh! Ungh! Please!” she gasped as he thrust forward.

“Look at me, girl,” the woman demanded.

Half sobbing, Rory turned her eyes to the woman’s as the second man forced his cock up her ass, and the first thrust up and down in her pussy.

Then the third man walked over, kneeling and gripping her hair, drawing her mouth onto his cock.

She moaned as his fat prick slid through her lips, licking and sucking quickly in hopes this would be enough. Of course, it wasn’t, and she was soon gagging and choking as he forced the fat cock down her throat and pumped in and out.

Her body was being jerked to and fro by the three men. Her head was being yanked forward to meet the man’s cock as he thrust it deep into her gullet. Her breasts were being groped and squeezed mercilessly as the man behind thrust his cock into her ass and the one underneath thrust up into her pussy.

And as she saw the woman smirking at her, she knew it was only a matter of time before she was punished more severely. No matter how obedient she was, no matter what shame was heaped on her, she knew somehow that the woman would not be content, that she would soon suffer the kinds of punishments she had with Achim – if not worse.

She had to escape, somehow!

But how!?

She had never felt more helpless. She was in a foreign land and did not speak the language. She had no money, nor even clothes, so that even if she and Keri somehow escaped from this place – somewhere out in the desert - they would almost certainly soon be spotted and returned.

A dark sense of misery settled upon her as she realized that her situation was hopeless, that she had no way of defending herself or avoiding the awful punishment the woman had in store for she and Keri.

Finally, the men finished with her, one by one, and she was left sprawled spread-eagled on the floor as the Arab women looked down, smirking.

“Such a display of godless perversity,” the woman said. “But we are aware that the lusts of Western women are notorious and have no bounds. Resume your position, girl. On your hands and knees like an animal.”

Groaning, Rory rolled onto her belly, then forced herself to rise onto her hands and knees.

“Push your bottom out more, girl, and raise it higher. Spread your legs.”

Rory grunted as she lowered herself onto her elbows, raising her bottom and shifting her knees apart.

“That’s it, girl. That is the natural position for American whores. Now we will once again demonstrate the depths of depravity we in the Muslim world could barely imagine.”

And as she knelt there in the obscene position the woman had ordered Rory turned her head and saw a large black man enter the room. On a leash, was an enormous black dog, and the man leered at her as he led it towards her. Rory’s mind went blank. First there was confusion. What was the dog for? Then came fear as she thought that perhaps the dog might bite her, might attack her. But as the Black man led the dog behind her she realized, with a jolt of utter shock, what they intended.

It was too much for her. Despite her fear of punishment, and the shame she had already been subjected to.

“No!” she screamed, scrambling to her feet as the dog began to sniff at her groin from behind.

“You know you have done it before slut,” the woman said with a smirk. “Do not try to deceive us.”

“You fucking bitch!” Rory screamed.

And before the turbaned eunuchs could intervene she jumped on the startled woman, landing several solid punches to her face before she was roughly dragged off by the hair.

## *Chapter Nine*

Rory groaned weakly, echoed a moment later by Keri.

The two girls stared at each other miserably, but did not, could not speak, could only offer mute sympathy to each other's plight and pain. They were hanging by their wrists, the two of them, facing each other across the room. Their arms were held up and apart, as their ankles were bound down, and well apart. Their tongues protruded from their mouths, clamped between the jaws of long, thin wooden braces which were too long to be withdrawn into their mouths.

The pain in their wrists and arms was only beginning to build, but would soon be eclipsed by far worse. One of the turbaned men moved behind Rory, holding an obscenely wide metal tube at least a foot long, dimpled with little studs. He placed it against her anus, and began to thrust it up inside her, ignoring her cries of pain as he twisted it from side to side to jam it ever deeper. When it would not go deeper, he left it jammed halfway inside her and began to force a similar device up Keri's back opening.

Rory felt terrible for her sense of relief, for it came at the expense of Keri's pain. But she felt it nonetheless.

She dropped her eyes as she heard her sister squeal and cry out, as her body began to shake and tremble from the violence of the man's anal attack.

After a few minutes, however, the man returned, moved past her, behind her, and over to a distant counter. He returned, carrying a hammer – a fat, rubber coated hammer – a mallet, really, and stood behind her. Rory whimpered and tried to look over her shoulders then cried out in pain as the hammer struck the base of the metal cock and forced it deeper into her belly. She screamed and cried and twisted in her bonds as he struck the base of the metal tube again and again, and the thing was slowly forced up into her ass, into her belly, into her body. Her insides burned and screamed with pain and cramps as the fat, dimpled metal probe was pounded up inside her, and tears began to trickle down her cheeks as she twisted and sobbed and writhed.

Almost the full foot was inside her before the man moved past her and went to Keri. There he repeated his hammering, and through her teary eyes, Rory saw Keri's eyes bulge, saw her body shake and twist as she began to scream in pain, her own metal probe being hammered up deep into her abdominal cavity.

He was not finished, however.

Even as the two teenagers sobbed in misery and tried to adjust to the massive metal probe rammed up their bottoms, as they tried to cope to the cramps and aches, the stretching and crushing sensations, the man moved, humming softly to himself, into the corner and returned – with two more. Like the two he had pushed into their rectums, these were fat, metal, dimpled, and long. He had to work quite hard to get them into each girl's pussy, but once inside, and with the help of the mallet, he forced them deep without much difficulty.

Both girls were expecting a whipping as he moved away, but instead he rolled over a machine, an electrical machine of some sort. He set it up between them, and then casually ran wires between the machine, and the metal probes he had forced up into their bulging abdominal cavities.

And then, the turbaned man bent before Rory, and clipped something to her big toe. It was not overly painful, and she did not understand the purpose as he fed a wire from it to the machine, but then he moved before her, his hand casually fondling and squeezing her bare breast, and whispered to her.

“If you pull on the line attached to your toe, it will ease the pain,” he said. “It will lower the power going to you... but send it to the other girl instead.”

Rory stared at him as he moved away, whimpering and moaning, staring at the machine, wondering, frightened. She stared across at Keri, then at the man, then at the machine.

Then she screamed as she felt a terrible shock deep within her belly. Her body jumped and jerked as she screamed. Then another shock hit her, just as hard, maybe more, though in a different place. Then another shock, then another, each lasting no more than a split second, but enough to make her scream and jerk in sudden shock and pain.

Keri was starting to jerk and scream too, and then the short, sharp jolts were replaced by a tidal wave of pain as the power went continuous. Their bodies trembled and shook violently as they wailed in horrified pain, their voices wavering, wobbling, undulating as the power tore into their soft, warm flesh.

And then it got worse.

Rory’s mind was stunned by the crackling electricity that tore into her. She could do nothing, think nothing, could simply hang there absorbing the terrible electrical power and gurgle in maddened pain.

Then it relented, and both girls went limp, gasping, panting for breath, moaning dazedly, sweat dripping off their bodies.

It began again, sharp, painful jolts that made them shake and jerk, and then a slowly rising flood of pain that had them screaming and sobbing and twisting frantically in their bonds.

And Rory, crazed, desperate, pulled with her toe, pulled hard, and was rewarded by an easing of the pain. She groaned in relief, though the power still shook her. It was not as bad, it was – barely – tolerable, though she cried out again, her skin crawling, her insides twisting and churning, her lower body on fire.

She pulled with her toe again, and the power eased a little. Now she was sane enough to feel a terrible burden of guilt. Almost, she regretted what she had done as she saw her sister trembling and shaking as though in the midst of an epileptic fit. But there was no way for her to take the pain back, no way to reverse what she had done.

The power eased off, and the two girls hung limp, chests heaving, sweat dripping off their bodies as their glassy eyes stared sightlessly at each other.

And then it began again. This time Rory told herself she would take it herself, and tried. She did try. But then as the pain mounted she began to think that she would go mad, and her foot jerked backwards, her toe pulling against the cord, and the pain eased slightly. It was only a little, she told herself desperately, hardly a difference to Keri. Keri was stronger than her anyway. She could take it!

The crackling power rose and she screamed and writhed, her toe jerking feverishly, and Keri howled and writhed, twisting and jerking and shaking in her bonds.

And then the whipping began.

\* \* \* \* \*

Rory whimpered miserably as the two rubber covered rods were forced up inside her.

She had been separated from Keri, this time, had been hanging upside down for what seemed like hours. They had been whipped earlier, with long, multi-tongued flogs. But she was whipped again as she hung upside down, and now she was standing, legs apart, trying to breath without hyperventilating.

The man held a device between her legs. It consisted of a long, fat metal cock, heavily dimpled with studs, and two foot long, rubber covered attachments near its base which pushed up into her pussy and anus. They were much thinner than what had earlier been forced up inside her, so that had not really presented a problem.

But now the man attached an air hose to the device, and she gasped as the thick rubber which surrounded the things began to expand, to thicken, to widen inside her

belly. Safely inside the mouth of her sex and past her sphincter, the rubber ballooned outwards, thick and taut as it forced the soft, resilient flesh aside.

Two inches, then six, then seven inches, then eight. It expanded slowly, as Rory sobbed and moaned in terror, feeling her insides stretch and grow tauter and harder as the balloons swelled. Until she was sure her insides were going to explode with the pressure.

The man pulled the air hose free, and the metal cock remained where it was, pressed up horizontally between her thighs, sticking out before her, held easily in place by the fat, thick balloons filling her lower belly. Her arms were strapped to her sides, and the man pinched a nipple and smirked.

“Do you wish to be whipped?” the man demanded.

Her tongue was still held in place by the clamp, but Rory shook her head frantically.

“If you obey, you will not be.”

Obey? Obey what, she thought desperately!?

It was hard walking, but she had little choice, as he gripped her arm and forced her to follow him. She had to walk with her legs apart, like a cowboy, the obscene metal cock sticking out almost a foot before her, held to her body by the two fat plugs inside her belly.

And there, in the room across the narrow stone hall, was Keri.

Keri wore a complete hood over her head, but there was no doubt it was she.

She was standing, straight legs spread wide, her arms bound together behind her all the way to the elbow and then lifted straight up so that her body was bent over at a ninety degree angle. Heavy weights swung from her nipples, stretching them down, while another swung from her clitoris. Her features were hidden by the black hood, except for her mouth, which was open painfully wide, and held wide by a metal ring gag.

There was a second hole in the hood, at the top of her head, through which her hair had been pulled. Now her hair was tied to a cord above, holding her head up so that she faced forward.

Rory was led up behind her, and the turbaned man placed the fat metal cock at the entrance to Keri’s pussy. His other hand then went behind her, squeezing Rory’s bottom as he pushed forward. Keri moaned as Rory’s “cock” pushed against her obscenely vulnerable entrance, but slowly, the metal cock was forced inside her soft flesh.

“Thrust into her,” the man whispered into Rory’s ear. “Thrust into her or you will be whipped!”

Rory moaned, trying to work her hips forward, but as gently as she could.

Then the man stepped away, and another, holding a long, single-tailed whip moved into place behind her.

Rory thrust harder, whimpering as she saw the whip drawn back. It swung forward and sliced across her back, and she screamed in pain, her hips bucking forward violently, ramming the dildo into her sister’s pussy.

She told herself that Keri couldn’t see her anyway, would not know who was thrusting the thing into her, and besides, she would be getting the same thing from someone else, no doubt, if Rory wasn’t doing it.

The whip cut across her bottom like fire and she screamed and rammed her hips forward.

“Faster!” the man growled.

The whip bit into her buttocks again and Rory howled, her hips bucking forward, forcing more of the steel cock up her sister’s aching pussy. Rory was heavily gagged, comparatively silent, and it was somehow easy for Rory to believe that the whip was far more painful than the studded dildo. Her hips thrust violently in and out, tearing the studded cock back and forth inside her sister’s pussy as she sought desperately to prevent the man from landing another blow.

\* \* \* \* \*

“But why do you punish the blonde girl more than the other?” Ghadah asked. “it was the red haired girl who attacked me!”

“Daughter, you are a simple child,” Najwa said as they watched the obscene spectacle through the small viewing hole. “It is the red haired girl who is really being punished. The blonde is merely being given pain.”

“I don’t understand,” Ghadah said.

“I know.

\* \* \* \* \*

Guilt was eating at Rory, but her fear of pain was worse. And wasn’t Keri the oldest, the one who was supposed to protect her? Wouldn’t she volunteer to take on more pain if it would ease Rory’s? Rory was sure she would. So why should she feel guilt?

Yet she did.

Keri still wore the full hood, though her mouth, still held wide, was plugged by a thick dildo gag. Her thick, soft hair still protruded from a hole in the top of the hood, and that hair was still bound in heavy cord. But the pressure had been gradually increased until Keri actually hung free – from her hair.

Her arms, like Rory’s, were strapped to her sides, leaving her helpless, but unprotected. And now Rory’s were unbound, and a flog, a cat O’ Nine tails, was handed to her. A second hood was shown her, with a second hook to show that she could join her sister hanging by the hair – or else.....

The first blow she landed was soft, the whip barely glancing off her sister’s lower back, but the shaking heads and the unfurling of the other whip told her that had not satisfied anyone. She swung the flog harder, and then harder still as the man with the whip moved behind her.

His whip was much worse than the flog she had been given. And when it sliced into the soft flesh of her back she screamed into the gag at the shocking pain which tore up through her body.

And swung the flog harder – much harder. Again and again the girl frantically flogged her sister’s twisting, trembling body, bringing the multi-tailed whip down across her back and buttocks, her breasts and belly, until Keri was a mass of pink and red skin with hardly an inch of pale white to be seen.

And then, oddly, like before, when she had shifted the electricity to Keri, like when she had used the metal dildo on her, she was treated fondly, given chocolate to eat, and allowed to lay down on a comfortable silk bed to recover from her ordeal.

She did not think anything more of this. She was physically and emotionally exhausted, and any relief was to be treasured.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Oh... Oh yes... Oh yessss. Unnngh!” Rory groaned. “Like that. More! More! Harder! Ahhhh! Ooooh!”

She was laying back on a comfortable pile of pillows in her quarters, legs spread wide. Keri was between her legs, her long, stretched out tongue lapping at her pussy, stroking her clit, plunging deep between her shaven sex lips as she brought her sister nearer to climax.

Keri was still completely hooded, voiceless, her face without expression. Her arms were encased in black leather and bound together behind her back, the leather laced up past the elbows so her shoulders were forced cruelly back. She wore thigh high leather boots, as well, with a strange kind of arched foot. Although the bottom of the boots were flat, the heel inside the boot was raised a good eight inches above the toes. Keri also wore a leather waist clincher which squeezed her insides in so hard she was sometimes light headed, having difficulty inflating her lungs.

It had been weeks since Keri had been able to speak or see. It had been weeks since Rory had, gradually been tasked with “training” her to meet the exacting specifications of their mistress. Every slight error Keri made, any inadequacies in her

sexual or other performance, brought Rory a strapping or whipping, and she was then required to “teach” and “discipline” Keri to improve her performance.

With her sister being faceless and voiceless, and Rory being frantic to avoid pain, she quickly came to view Keri with impatience, as the source of all her pain and trouble. Every mistake Keri made drew a ruthless punishment – to Rory! And Rory was determined to avoid it. The only way to do that, as she saw it, was to punish Keri even more severely, and make sure she learned to obey properly.

She had also been made responsible for feeding and washing her sister, and for her toilet. And so her voiceless, faceless sister had become a chore, a source of both pain and effort. With the tremendous emotional strain Rory was under, this had caused a certain mental adjustment to occur in her thoughts towards her sister. Her sister had become something of a burden, an often painful burden.

Teaching her how to please a woman sexually, however, had soon begun to give Rory the only physical pleasure she had experienced since their capture, and she had become addicted to that pleasure, riding her sister’s long, expert tongue any time she could.

That was not nearly often enough to suit her, for Keri was in high demand. Even now she was stealing a few minutes between sessions. Keri had been used by a half dozen of the princess’ senior male attendants earlier, and then Rory had had to wash her and then “dress” her again in preparation for her attendance at a small get-together of the princess and her female friends.

“That was good,” she sighed, wanting to lay back and enjoy the languorous sense of satisfaction.

But she couldn’t. She forced herself to her feet, swept the thin, almost invisible skirt around her hips, then grabbed her sister’s leash.

“Come!” she ordered, tugging on it.

Keri rose to her feet, and tottered after her on the high heeled boots. Rory led her into the parlour, and then placed her in the position the princess had ordered. This was sitting on a low bench, leaning back, back arched, head flat on raised part of the same bench. Rory strapped her head down, then produced the long, thick, double ended dildo which had to be shoved down Keri’s throat and clamped in place.

With that done – and eight inches protruding from the ring holding her sister’s mouth wide, Rory bound her sister’s thighs down and apart, the ever-present dildos stuffed up both nether holes held easily in place by their own great thickness.

The princess and her friends arrived, and Rory scurried about getting them drinks and refreshments, beaming at them in an ingratiating way, desperate to avoid incurring anyone’s displeasure.

When the women began to mount her sister’s face and ride up and down on the dildos held between Keri’s lips, Rory knelt before them, rubbing at their clits as they plunged up and down, and sucking and licking at their nipples.

After the women had all satisfied themselves, Rory unstrapped her sister, and, at the princess’ command, put her on all fours, and used a strap-on dildo to enthusiastically mount her. She knew she would be given a treat for this. She was always given a treat whenever she put on some kind of sexual performance with Keri.

Guilt no longer bothered her. She had become single-minded, obsessed with the pleasure and pain, with getting as much of the former and as little of the latter as she possibly could. No matter what.

If that meant having sex with the faceless, voiceless sex doll she had been put in charge of then so be it.

Her world had been reduced to a very simple one. And there was no room for guilt, or concern over anyone else’s well-being.

## *Chapter Ten*

It had been so long since she had heard gunfire Rory was not even sure what it was, at first. She thought it must be fireworks, some kind of celebration. But she kept hearing it, and now she began to hear faint screams and cries, as well. Concerned, she looked up from where she was working, hooking Keri up properly to the small carriage she regularly pulled the princess in, then moved out of the “stable” and walked across to the main house.

For the first time, ever, there were no guards at the entrance to grope and fondle her and then slap her bottom as she slid between them. Anything new and different frightened Rory, and she looked around anxiously, looking for the princess, or someone else to tell her what to do. She went upstairs to the luxurious living quarters, and there, on the stairs, she found the princess.

Rory gasped, and only her own fear kept her from screaming. For the princess was clearly dead, laying in a pool of blood at the top of the stairs. Now she could hear more terrible screams and shouts, and, peering around a corner, she saw the woman she had come to identify as the princess’ mother laying in her own pool of blood. Beyond them, there was the much louder sound of more gunfire.

Rory turned and ran back to the stairs, thinking of nothing but escape. But then she paused, for the idea of escape brought the remnants of memory spilling into her mind. She would need money – and clothes. And there, in front of the princess, was the small box filled with jewels the woman was trying to run away with. Rory scooped them up and ran down stairs and then into a closet where she knew the long black burkhas were kept. She snatched up a pair and ran outside.

Again, it took little thought. She needed to get away. There were no vehicles around to help her do that. Except the one, of course. That was the perfectly balanced, two wheeled cart on which the princess rode, the cart Keri pulled her around in.

Rory jumped into the cart and took up the reins attached to the bit in her sister’s mouth, then snapped the whip.

“Yah!” she shouted, as she had heard the princess shout.

The faceless sex toy started forward, pulling against the straps attached to her chest and shoulders, leaning forward, grunting with effort as the cart started to roll.

“Faster! Faster!” Rory cried, looking over her shoulder in fear and then bringing the buggy whip down across her sister’s bottom.

Keri moaned in pain and worked her legs harder, pulling the cart faster, and then, as they hit a downhill patch, much faster, though she had to work at it for she had been trained to raise her knees high with every step. Keri was soon sweating sheets as she pulled the cart down the hill and then around onto the road which led out of the complex.

A little ways away, Rory brought the cart to a stop, and then was tortured by indecision as she pulled the black robe on. It would be easier to just go, to leave Keri as she was, but some part of her still remembered this was her sister, and so she frantically unhooked her from the cart, then threw the burkha over her and pulled her along as she headed into the trees.

Getting away from the complex was only the first part of her escape, of course. Now she had to get out of the country, a country which was in the throes of a revolution, with armed men roaming the streets. With the aid of a few of the jewels she had taken from the princess’ body – and by offering up Keri’s body to any man who might help

them, she managed to get aboard a small cargo plane smuggling goods across the border. There she rented – it only took two diamonds – a larger jet to fly them home.

Or at least, to America. She was a little nervous about going home to her parents.

Now out of the carefully controlled environment in which she and Keri had been looked all these months, her mind was starting to function on a more complex level. Guilt assailed her, and fear, and shame. But as always, fear was the most powerful. She had still not told her sister anything, had not removed her hood, nor her bonds. She feared what she would find if she did.

What would her sister do? Look at her with utter contempt? Denounce her to their parents? Spit at her? Hit her? Denounce her as a whore and a bitch and... and a pervert and who knew what else? She could not bear the look she was afraid she would see in Keri's eyes, and so she put off seeing that look by keeping her as she was.

She was nicer to her, kinder, feeding her better, speaking to her in a more kindly fashion, but she kept her in bondage, kept her blinded, voiceless.

She bought a comfortable home in the country while she tried to figure out what to do about things. And Keri was a burden again, for Rory had to hide her whenever anyone came over, had to change her and feed her and look after her. And surely she should be rewarded for that effort, and it wasn't like Keri complained as she tongued her to orgasm after orgasm.

Rory didn't need her to pull her around in a cart, however. She removed the boots, and then the waist cincher, as well. She removed the leather sleeves which bound her sister's arms back, too, but after a day or two, when Keri's arms started to function, she started feeling around at her hood, trying to get it off, and Rory couldn't have that. Nor could she have her sister running around loose.

It was surprisingly easy to purchase some of the things which she had used on Keri in Egypt. Among them were the leg sleeves which pinned both her ankles up and back against her thighs so that, in effect, she could only crawl, not walk. A similar pair of sleeves pinned her sister's wrists up and back against her upper arms just below the shoulders. This, Rory reasoned, let her sister move around, and get to the toilet and bowls of food she had set out for her in her basement room, and was comfortable, as well.

The room had no windows, but that didn't really matter since Keri was not capable of sight. Rory put in a very thick, comfortable rug for her to crawl about on, however, and large, comfortable pillows for her to lay on. She also left a radio and a TV in place, with remote controls she taught her sister how to use with her teeth and tongue.

Cowardice won out, when it came to their parents. They were overjoyed to get Rory back, and never showed any doubt about her story about how she had lost sight of Keri somewhere in the midst of the revolution. Sadness tinged the family reunion, but it was a happy time nonetheless.

Her time spent among the Arabs had changed her irrevocably, however, in many ways. That included elevating her sex drive. Her sister's talented tongue brought her to orgasm many times a day, but it simply wasn't enough. She began trolling nightclubs for boyfriends, and, given her experiences, the ones she chose were a dark natured group. She soon began bringing them back to her home two, three and four at a time, where she and Keri – still hooded, still beaten any time she made a sound other than a scream or cry of pain – would service them.

In many ways, Keri became her pet, her plaything and her child rolled all into one soft, naked package. This suited Rory's needs to a T, for Keri never complained, never failed to satisfy her sexual urges, and yet had a soft, warm – and now responsive body she could toy and play with to her heart's content. She had no idea what Keri thought within the confines of her blind world, and was far too wary of finding out to release her.

Perhaps one day, she thought to herself, as the months rolled by.

End