

WHITE GIRLS IN AFRICA by Argus

Downloaded from xxxxebooks.com

Copyright resides with author

Chapter One

"Life wearies me," Megan said with an extravagant groan. Samantha raised her eyebrows and pursed her lips. "You mean you're bored."

"That's what I said," Megan scowled.

Samantha rolled her eyes, then looked ahead and slowed her walk, nudging her blonde companion and nodding her head.

"What do you think?"

Megan pursed her lips. "Party."

"Mmm. All the proper people," Samantha said in mock awe.

They walked closer, watching a line of glistening limousines pull through the open gate and up before the entrance of a large Victorian manor.

"I dunno," Megan said, watching men in tuxedos and women in gowns make their dignified way up the steps. "Looks like a dreary lot, far too serious and full of themselves."

"Well, Knightsbridge is, isn't it?" Samantha replied with a shrug. "Still, probably be decent food. And perhaps we can find our own... entertainment."

Megan reached up and combed her fingers through her thick golden hair. "Bloody foreigners," she said. "What's the flag?"

"Dunno. Does it matter?"

They started across the street, Samantha starting to giggle as they approached the gate. Megan caught her arm and they hurried forward as a car turned in, coming up behind it and positioning themselves behind a group of expensively dressed people.

They walked solemnly up the stairs, both fighting to hide laughter as a distinguished looking black man at the door greeted each of the newcomers.

"What do we do when..."

"Hsst!" Megan cut her off.

"So good of you to come, your Excellency," the man said, shaking

hands with the man just in front of them.

He turned and his eyes widened as he caught sight of the two girls. Then Megan threw herself into his arms, crushed her lips against him and gave him an enormous French kiss that sent him stumbling back against the wall.

Samantha burst into laughter and rushed past, Megan quickly following. They turned down the nearest hall, away from where everyone else seemed headed, then took a flight of stairs three at a time.

They ran down a hall, finding one half of a double door open and rushed inside, closing and locking it behind.

"Oh God!" Samantha laughed.

Megan held herself as she laughed.

"I haven't had that much fun since high school!"

"Has been a dull two years, hasn't it," Samantha giggled, looking around at the room.

It was a large, comfortably decorated office, with bookcases lining the walls, a heavy leather sofa, and, to Samantha's delight, a wet bar in one corner. She hurried over to it as Megan wandered to the desk, sat down heavily in the executive chair behind it, and began to leaf through the correspondence and files she found.

"Nigeria," she said.

"How nice for them," Samantha replied from the corner. "Care for a drink, love?"

"Scotch?"

"Of course. Hmmm, no ice, though."

"Bloody wogs."

When the door opened Megan was slouching back in the chair, squinting at the strange looking writing on the paper she was holding. Samantha ducked down as a pair of large, uniformed men rushed in.

Megan, who was caught red-handed, as it were, simply shrugged and smiled at the two, showing little fear or alarm. She held up her glass towards one and cocked an eyebrow inquisitively.

"I don't suppose you happened to bring any ice with you," she said in her melodious voice.

She was surprised and angered at the roughness with which the two men yanked her out of the chair, and struggled as they pulled her to the door.

"Look you bloody wogs I..."

Her voice was cut off when one of the men turned and backhanded her, sending her head whipping backwards. Shocked, tears

started to come to her eyes from the force of the blow as she was dragged from the room

The two men hissed to each other in a language she did not understand as they dragged her down the corridor towards the stairs. They forced her down a back stairwell, then down another flight, leading her through dimly lit halls of dank stone and mortar. She had started to realize punishment would be severe for her latest mischief, but hadn't the faintest clue of just how severe that punishment would be.

For all her belief in her own sophistication Megan really did have a fairly simplistic view of life. No one had ever really punished her for much of anything, nor denied her much of anything. And while she had been aware for quite some years that many people desired her body she had not grasped the thought yet that some would wish to do her actual harm.

Frightened by the blow she had received, and still tasting blood in her mouth from a slightly cut lip she made no effort to resist as the men dragged her along. Inside her mind she was secure in the belief that as soon as the two goons led her to someone of intelligence, someone with whom she could talk rationally, she would be released, probably with an apology to her for the blow.

That belief was dealt a severe blow when she was half thrown into a narrow stone cell, and one of the angry men had made a gesture at her which she simply did not understand.

Cursing, the two men had grabbed her once again, and to her shock and disbelief, their strong, rough hands had stripped away her dress. She screamed and struggled, but another blow, this time a slap across the face that set her ears ringing had put an end to that.

The last of her dress was torn free and she stumbled back to fall to the cold stone. One of the men bent over her, hands gripping her stylish thong and yanking it down, her legs jerking into the air as she cried out, then dropping back hard to the floor as the thong slipped over her ankles. Another man squatted above her, hands tugging at her bra, undoing it, then yanking it up and off with force enough to bruise her arms.

Nude, she had scrambled back into the corner, mortified and shocked, only to have the door slam shut. She blinked her wide blue eyes in the darkness, holding her shaking body, feeling goose bumps rise on her bare skin real fear started to creep over her.

She hugged her knees, sitting awkwardly on the cold stone,

breasts pressed against her legs as she fought back fears of rape and tried to cope with the mortification she felt at being stripped naked by the strange black men.

In truth, Megan was far from the jaded girl she pretended. She was in many ways a spoiled girl living an easy life. All her life people had smiled and been nice to her. She'd been a very cute little girl, after all, and had grown into a lovely young woman. She had a narrow face with high cheekbones, a thin aristocratic nose, and startlingly bright blue eyes with thick lashes.

People looked at her face and smiled, or perhaps licked their lips appreciatively. They were invariably nice to her, and she'd grown happily accustomed to it.

An hour later the door was flung open again, and as the light snapped on and her eyes blinked in its sudden glare the same men had yanked her to her feet and pulled her down the hall.

Nudity had dealt a terrible blow to her confidence and all she sought to do as the men pulled her along was cover her lush body. When she had been dragged into a larger, brightly lit room and before two more men she had burned with embarrassment as their eyes roamed her body.

"How dare you do this to me!" she cried. "I'm a British cit..."

Again a hand cracked across her face, turning her words to a scream of pain. Legs rubbery, her arms were pulled before her and metal shackles slipped over her wrists, then they were raised high and she was lifted off her feet. An instant later her wrists burned as the shackles dug in, and her toes wriggled helplessly an inch from the floor.

"Wha... what are you... doing!?" she cried. "Are you mad!?"

Another slap threw her head back and rocked her back in pain and she burst into tears before the men, horrified by her exposure and the violence directed at her.

Her willowy body was stretched out, her arms high, back straight and straining. Her full, round breasts jiggled as she shook with sobs.

"What were you doing in the high commissioner's office?" a thickly accented voice demanded.

She seized upon the recognizable words with desperate relief.

"Nothing!" she cried. "All we were doing... I mean..."

"We? Who is we?"

"I mean all I was doin..."

The man cupped her naked breast, and she stopped in shock at

his temerity. She stared at him, outraged and humiliated, face burning with shame as he smirked down at her and fingered her nipple.

He lifted her breast up and then suddenly closed his fingers in hard and twisted savagely. She screamed in pain, her body thrashing wildly. She kicked out at him as agony shot through her sensitive breast and he was forced to jump back, releasing it.

She sobbed openly as the man barked orders in a foreign language. Two men disappeared while another pulled her legs apart, fitting shackles to her trim ankles and chaining them to points in the floor.

"Now you will tell me who you work for," the man said.

"I-I... don't have a job," she sobbed.

She choked, her head thrown forward as a fist sank into her soft stomach, choked and coughed helplessly, much of the breath knocked out of her by the cruel blow.

"You will tell me who you work for and who was with you," he said.

"I...I...no-nobody," she said in a choked voice.

His hand seized her breast, still throbbing in pain.

"No! Please!" she begged.

He twisted and she screamed, her body jerking and straining at the chains as her breast burned. He watched coolly, released it, then seized her other breast, pale beside the redness of the first.

"No! I'll tell!" she screamed.

He loosened his hand, stroking the soft skin, thumb rubbing idly at her nipple.

"I...we just came in on a lark!" she gasped. "We just wanted some fun is all. We didn't mean to do anything wrong!"

"Who is we?"

"My girlfriend Sam," she exclaimed. "We were just wandering is all, looking for something to do!"

"And who does this Sam work for?"

She gaped at him, panting for breath. "Nobody!" she exclaimed. "We were just..."

His fist tightened on her breast and twisted sadistically.

She sobbed brokenly as he held her breast, crying out in despair as the pain continued to batter at her mind.

He stepped back, saying a word to one of the other men with him. The man moved aside, then handed him a long metal tube with a leather handle at one end.

"Who do you work for?" he demanded.

Megan only sobbed miserably.

A thin smile lit his face and he raised the end of the tube, sliding it along her pale, trembling body, easing it down along one hip, then, as he moved behind her, pressing it against the back of one knee. His finger depressed a small button and Megan howled madly, shaking and thrashing violently, the chains rattling at her ankles.

He moved around beside her, raising his hand to comb back the untidy bangs which had fallen over her forehead, stroking the side of her head, then letting his hand ease down her back until his fingers were rubbing gently at the soft cleft between her buttocks.

"Now you must tell me the truth," he said softly. "I have no wish to cause you pain. You are a very beautiful young lady. It pains me to cause you such distress."

"But I-I-I aaaam," she cried, voice broken by sobs.

He raised the end of the metal tube and brought it up to gently touch her below her chin. Her head jerked back explosively and hung there dazedly as her body shuddered and trembled.

"I admire strength," he said. "But I have my job to do. You will not be able to continue with this, so you would do better to speak the truth now. It will save you much... pain."

He pressed the tip of the probe against one nipple and again she screamed, her head snapping forward again, her body trembling and shaking.

Again he combed the hair back from her forehead. This time it was matted against her sweating skin. Her features were drawn and haggard and tears had wetted her cheeks.

"What is your name?" he asked softly.

"M-M-Megan," she whimpered.

"Megan is a pretty name," he said, stroking her hair. "In my country we have better things for pretty girls than making them spy on our neighbours. Pretty women like you are made to give pleasure to men."

He ran the tube slowly across her body, then circled her. Her head hung forward loosely and she moaned in confusion and pain, hardly feeling it at first as the tube prodded against her anal opening.

Her eyes fluttered and she lifted her head as she felt the cold steel pushing into her, then her mouth dropped open in shocked outrage.

"Wha...what...don't...!"

She twisted, trying to pull free, trying to turn away as the thing

pushed up into her anus. "Stop it! Stop it!" she cried with increasing desperation and horror. "No!"

Behind her the man gazed at the metal tube, watching. An inch, then three, then five, then eight inches pushed through the small, round opening. He watched her flesh cling to the steel as it pushed in, watched her perfect buttocks pulling inward against the tube.

Nine inches, then ten. She was sobbing violently now, her sphincter fighting the intruding tube. He felt the tip hit something up high in her belly, the end of her rectum perhaps. He twisted the tube to one side and her head jerked back as she screamed. He twisted it forward, then to one side, drawing more screams and sobs.

He eased it back then thrust up hard, and another inch pushed into the squirming, sobbing young blonde's anus.

Then his finger pressed down on the trigger.

Megan's eyes bulged as her head whipped back. Her back arched and her body trembled like a plucked guitar cord. Her scream of agony was a warbling howl, rising and falling with the crackling electricity burning through her bowels.

Her mind swam, and as the insides of her body churned and twisted something snapped inside her.

The two men standing to either side grinned at each other, one with an obvious erection. They watched the lovely girl as the man behind her eased up on the button, then pressed it again, eased back, then pressed again.

Megan's hips bucked forward frantically, and the blasts of electricity ripped through her belly with unrestrained power.

She felt a warmth seeping through her body, a warmth, then a heat that had every nerve ending spasming and jerking. Her hair seemed to stand on end as the world faded around her. Her flesh felt raw and hot, as if ready to steam.

And then, with the man behind pumping the tube inside her, stabbing his finger down on the button at the deepest point of each penetration, a massive orgasm tore through her ragged mind and body. Her rectum spasmed against the pumping tube as her back arched again, her insides heaving and roiling in the violent concussion of ecstasy pouring through her veins.

Bright, sparkling lights flashed before her wide, blue eyes, and then faded slowly as the intensity of the pleasure distracted her body from the simple function of breathing.

She fainted, chin falling forward on her chest.

The three men looked on for some seconds, then exchanged glances. The man behind slid the tube slowly out of her clinging rectum, watching idly as her anus slowly closed behind it. The three spoke softly, then moved out of the room, closing the metal door behind them.

Chapter Two

Samantha hurried out from behind the bar after Megan was taken away. She had heard the slap, and been shocked by it, shocked and angered. She quickly went to the door and watched the two men disappearing down the hall with her best friend, quickly deciding that coming to this particular party had not been one of their brighter ideas.

She went to the phone to call her father, but a voice spoke in what she presumed was Nigerian when she picked up the phone. She hung up, having little faith in her ability to get through the high commission's switchboard.

She went to the door again and looked out, then slipped back into the hall. She was wearing a green, knit minidress that was tight across her hips, buttocks and breasts, and had little faith in her ability to pass for one of the other guests

She made her way down the hall to the stairs, then slipped down them to the main floor. Her attempt to make her way back to the public section of the high commission were frustrated, however. Armed guards stood before the doorway she and Megan had come through, looking around alertly.

She backed up, moving in the other direction, searching for a way out of the building. She almost bumped into a thin, dark skinned man wearing a black tuxedo, and he held her bare arms to steady her.

"Excuse me," she gasped in her soft, Scottish brogue. "I'm a touch lost and looking for the way out."

"The way is in the other direction," he said with narrowed eyes.

"Ahm, yes but, you see there's a man there'd I'd as soon not meet. I mean, a uh, a very rude man, if you take my meaning," she said. "Is there another way out?"

He looked at her dubiously, then turned and nodded for her to follow. They went down another corridor, then into a small office, where

he closed the door behind her.

She spun around, alarmed, searching his eyes.

"You really wish to leave the building without being seen?" he asked with a smug smile.

"Yes. Please," she gulped.

"And if I could provide you with this, you would do what for me?" He looked down at his fingernails, inspecting them idly.

"Uhm, I don't have any money on me and..."

"Perhaps you could provide some other...service?"

She swallowed nervously, face starting to darken.

"Wh-what do you want?" she asked.

He smiled, then reached forward, cupping her chin, squeezing his hand under her jaw almost painfully tight and drawing her up onto her toes.

"You have a lovely mouth," he said softly. "With lovely red lips and a lovely pink tongue."

She pulled at his wrist and jerked away, gasping.

"What do you want?!" she demanded.

"I understand that western women perform sexual acts with their beautiful painted lips," he said.

She gaped at him, her eyes jerking downward as he slowly unzipped his fly.

She looked past him at the door, thinking of the guards, then of the sound of Meg's voice as someone had struck her.

His erection was thick and purplish as he held it in his hands. He smiled at her dismay, then ran his tongue across his lip in an obscene fashion.

"Do you wish me to show you another way out?"

She nodded tightly, filled with anger and embarrassment.

"On your knees then, woman," he said contemptuously.

Samantha drew in a deep breath, then slowly sank to her knees before him. She looked up at him hatefully, then turned her attention to his manhood, intent on softening it as quickly as possible so she could leave.

She bent forward, then squeamishly licked at it. She opened her lips and engulfed the front of his cock, sucking and licking as he groaned in delight.

Her saliva moistened it and she slid lower, bobbing her lips now, tongue lapping at the underside of the head in an attempt to bring him off as quickly as possible.

His hands slipped through her long, curly red hair, then squeezed her head tightly as he began to pump into her mouth. She lifted one hand and closed it around the base of his shaft to keep him from going too far, but he suddenly slapped it away and thrust in deep.

Her eyes widened and she choked - or tried to, as his thick, uncircumcised cockhead forced its way past the end of her mouth and into her throat. She struggled desperately as he jerked her head forward, emitting a silent scream as he speared her, his cock jamming deep into her gullet.

Her face was crushed against his pants, and he held her there, his cock filling her throat as she slapped helplessly at his hips and thighs. She heard his laughter through the roaring in her ears, and then he jerked her head back only to yank it forward again.

He did it again, and again, raping her throat as her arms flailed blindly and her small fists battered at his hips and belly. His hands tore at her hair and she screamed without sound as his thick erection thrust into her again and again.

Her head ached and her chest burned from lack of oxygen. Her throat was blocked solidly by his thick cock and felt a growing weakness as light dimmed.

Still he raped her throat, yanking her face into his groin again and again, her nose smashing into his belly as he used her viciously.

He pulled out at last, and she gulped in air as sweet as sugar, filling her lungs again and again as he held her tightly, her hair wrapped around his fist. He sneered down at her, gripping his spit-wet cock and rubbing it over her lips and cheeks and face as her chest heaved.

Then he forced himself into her mouth again.

"No!" she said in a choked voice.

But it was too late, and again she felt her throat pierced, felt the cock thrusting down its length as her face was pulled in against his groin. He bent her head back further and further, thrusting straight down into her throat now, his hips moving furiously as her fluttering hands moved less and less, then dropped weakly to her sides.

His powerful fingers pressed in tight against her skull with such force she thought they might break through. Her nose ached as it was rammed repeatedly into his belly and her throat was raw and burning as his hard male organ pumped inside it.

He pulled free at last, squeezing his tool as it erupted in spurting wads of creamy white. She hung by the hair, slack jawed, dazed,

panting desperately as his seed spattered against her face. Then he flung her back to land heavily on her back, chest rising and falling heavily as he did up his pants.

"I will show you a way out, English slut," he said, "But I do not think you will enjoy it."

He walked forward and bent, grabbing a fistful of blazing red hair. She screamed in pain as he yanked her around, straightening as he walked towards the door, dragging her along on the floor by the hair.

Her hands, which had been grasping her aching throat, reached up desperately, grabbing his wrist and easing much of the pain, yet every time she tried to scramble to her feet he gave a sharp twist, rolling her to one side or the other.

He dragged her out into the hall, then down the hall a dozen yards to another door. There she was finally able to make it to her feet as he opened the door and flung her through it.

They were at the top of a staircase, and she screamed as she almost fell down it. She fell forward, grabbing at the rail, halting herself several steps down.

He trotted down after her, grabbing her hair again, yanking her head back and pulling her from the rail, then forcing her down the stairs before him.

They emerged in a darkened basement corridor, and had just started along it when another man emerged from a door before them. The two men spoke in a language she did not understand, then the first man reluctantly gave her over to the second, who gripped her arm and pulled her along next to him.

"L-Look," she cried desperately, "This is all a mistake! Really! I didn't mean anything!"

He ignored her, his hand like steel around her upper arm as he hurried her along the hall, then into a stone walled, brightly lit room.

He led her to a heavy table and then fished a pair of heavy metal shackles from within a drawer, to her shock fitting them around her wrists.

"What are you doing? You don't have to do this! I won't do anything!"

Her protests were in vain, and as the cold metal closed around her wrists he whirled her about and raised them above her head. She cocked her head back and saw a hook hanging there from a chain fixed to the ceiling. She gaped at it incredulously, then grunted as he lifted her easily, slipping the narrow chain binding her shackles over the

hook.

She was not quite hanging by her wrists. With her high heels she was able to just barely support her weight, even though the shackles dug in hard against her soft skin.

"Look, call the police!" she exclaimed. "I give up!"

She thought she heard a scream far off and jerked her head around in terror, wondering what she had gotten herself into and how to get out of it.

"My father has money!" she said pleadingly. "He'll pay you if you let me go!"

The man ignored her and left the room, closing the steel door behind with the sound of a vault.

She looked up at her shackled wrists in disbelief, then around her at the windowless room. She listened for more screams, but nothing came. Her mind tried to convince herself they were just trying to scare her, but remembering the cruelty of the man who had raped her throat was not difficult, especially since it still ached and throbbed painfully. Men such as that were capable of anything.

The door opened slowly, and three men walked in, one narrow faced, with a goatee, the other two large and blunt featured.

The man with the goatee moved in front of her and looked her up and down.

"You were in the High Commissioner's office," he said.

"We were only fooling around," she said desperately. "We didn't mean anything!"

"Who do you work for?"

"Work for? I don't work for anyone! I only graduated in June!"

He looked at her doubtfully, then stroked his hand against her throat. His hand drew back then lifted something from a pocket. An instant later several inches of gleaming, razor sharp blade popped out of the thing and she yelped in fear.

"We must have truth, you see. It is a sin to lie."

"I'm not lying!"

He pressed the blade against her narrow white throat and she held desperately still.

"We would be most disappointed in having to harm such a pretty woman as yourself," he said softly.

He slid the knife up slowly, pressing the point under her chin, stinging her so she had to lift her head higher and higher, pulling it back and exposing her throat.

She grunted as she felt his hand over her breast, felt it sliding back and forth against her soft orb, then down her chest and belly. Yet the sharp prick of the knife held her head far back, so that all she could see was the roof overhead.

Her face was already flushed from exertion, and now embarrassment and fear fought for supremacy in her swirling mind.

"What is your name, young woman?" he asked in a pleasant voice.

"Samantha", she whispered between clenched teeth.

His hand was between her legs now, and she tried to close her thighs tightly as his fingers probed at the crotch of her panties.

"Such a nice name."

He pulled the knife back, as well as his hand, and her head eased forward as she blinked her eyes fearfully.

"Who were you working for?" he asked.

"I don't have a job!"

He pressed the knife against her throat and she whimpered in terror as it pressed in more sharply.

"Lying will avail you nothing here," he said.

With that he slashed down hard, and she felt a tearing. Yet it was not her skin which parted, but the dress, sliced cleanly open from her throat to nearly her abdomen. He smiled thinly and shifted the knife, slicing away the two narrow straps at her shoulders so the entire top of the dress could fall to her hips.

She felt a moment of terrible relief that he hadn't cut her, then another longer period of terrible humiliation as the three men gazed at her.

She had worn, for the occasion, a thin underwire bra, a cupless bra which encircled and supported her large breasts, but covered nothing whatever about them. She liked the desire on men's faces as they saw her beautiful breasts thrusting out against the thin, clinging fabric of the dress.

Of course to the Muslim men such a garment would only be worn by the basest of sluts. English girls were all sluts by their way of thinking, but one wearing a bra such as that placed herself even beneath their low standards. A woman wearing such a thing was beyond contempt, and almost on the border of evil, for she was deliberately tempting men in the most sordid way.

With angry slices of the knife the bra fell away in pieces, and Samantha whimpered as her big breasts jiggled lightly, falling free. She

did not understand the angry epithets the men flung at her but was hideously embarrassed and afraid given their tone.

The man with the goatee strode angrily to a cupboard and pushed his arm in, then drew out a long, thin, ugly looking black instrument. The handle was faded with use, and from it protruded a dozen or more foot thin, foot-long strips of leather

He came back to her as she gasped at him, jaw set firmly.

"Who do you work for, slut!?" he demanded.

"I don't!" she pleaded. "I don't work for anyone! We were just having a little romp! We didn't mean any harm!"

He moved behind her, and she moaned, jerking her head from side to side as she tried to watch him, eyes flitting over the two grim looking men flanking her.

She sensed quick movement, then felt a sudden blow against the centre of her back. It was not a heavy blow, but more of a slap, and at first there was no pain. At first. Then flames erupted from her back, sharp daggers of pain slicing across her mind. She screamed in shocked pain, writhing and twisting in horror.

No sooner had she drawn in breath to replace what she had screamed out when another blow struck, then another, then another, all in slow, terrible, measured determination. She thrashed and twisted, tears spilling from her eyes as the man rained blows across her back, shrieking and begging him to stop as the pain mounted.

The door opened behind her and a harsh voice spat out a guttural curse. The blows stopped as an angry argument erupted behind her, and Samantha sagged weakly, shaking and sobbing in pain.

When Hakeem followed the sound of screaming and opened the door he stared in astonishment at the sight in front of him. As if there weren't enough trouble already Haydar Ezekwo had stripped the second English girl to the waist and was laying a flog across her bare back.

He stood there for a moment, stunned by his idiocy and cursing the chance fate which had left him out of the building when the two young women were discovered.

He had just come from the first one, who lay unconscious and nude in the other room, and now he found more of Haydar's stupidity.

"What are you doing, you imbecile!?" he shouted as he stormed into the room.

Haydar stopped and turned angry eyes on him for a moment

before blinking and recovering himself.

"I ah, was trying to get information from this spy," he said.

"Spy?! Spy?!"

He moved in and around the front of the dazed girl, snarling furiously. "This is a stupid English hooligan! You should have simply thrown the two of them out the front gate!"

"But they were in the High Commissioner's office," Haydar said in confusion.

"So what? Do you think we keep anything secret there? Do you think we even have any secrets someone hasn't sold already!? You are a fool, thrice a fool! What are we to do with them now? First you strip and abuse the blonde and now this one as well!"

"I was only seeking information," Haydar said sullenly.

"You were indulging your perverted lusts!" Hakeem said coldly. "And now you have created a problem for our entire country. We can not let them go now!"

Haydar shrugged, his eyes tracing a line along the redhead's lush silhouette.

Hakeem glared. He was a pious man and the crudity of Haydar disgusted him. He also could think of no way to resolve the problem Haydar had caused but to eliminate the two young women and somehow dispose of the bodies. To release them risked a nightmare should they go to the press.

"I still think they are spies," Haydar said.

"They are barely old enough to walk! Idiot! Moron! How would they be spies yet!?"

A sudden thought struck him and he smiled faintly. "Go upstairs, find Obo Tunde, and bring him here. And be silent about this!"

Haydar hurried off and Hakeem fought to regain his temper. As security director of the high commission it was his fault the two had managed to sneak inside. As such, he would take much of the blame for a public relations disaster if anyone found out what had befallen the them inside. Nigeria already had enough problems with its reputation as the world's most corrupt country. It didn't need to be known as a place full of perverts who lusted to get their hands on white girls.

He shook his head angrily. Killing them would still bring the problem of disposing of their bodies, but if he could get them out of the building and out of the country without anyone finding out...

But he had not that authority. But Tunde did. Obo Tunde was another idiot, but a shrewd idiot with a great deal of money - and thus

power. And he had a reputation for perversions, for odd goings-on at his huge estate south of Lagos and lewd parties involving many young and beautiful women.

It was rumoured among some that not all those young women arrived at Tunde's place voluntarily. Hakeem knew this to be a fact. Tunde had tired of purchasing the favours of willing women and had begun to indulge himself in the "sport" of breaking those who were unwilling.

If things worked out properly not only would he take the two girls off his hands but would owe him a favour for doing so.

Tunde arrived, one of his bodyguards behind him and Haydar in the rear. Hakeem watched his eyes light up at the sight of the still sniffling girl, and watched him move around in front of her, his eyes feasting on her lush body.

"Well, well, well," he said. "Hakeem, you surprise me. I had not known you were a man of such interesting tastes."

"I'm not, my friend. This one was reluctant to part with information. Unfortunately, Haydar...indulged himself, and she had no information to part with anyway. Now we need to eliminate her unless...."

"Unless?"

Tunde lifted the girl's chin and gazed at her blinking green eyes.

"Well, instead of eliminating her, it occurred to me that a man of your...virility might have a use for such lovely young woman."

"What man would not?"

"So I thought, if you could remove her from the country, take her somewhere she could not speak of what was done..."

"That could be arranged," Tunde said.

He pushed his fingers into her mouth, forcing it open and examining her teeth, then pulled his hands back and yanked her dress the rest of the way down. He gripped the thin string of her panties and tore them off, smiling at her coppery red pubic hair.

"So few of them are real, you know," he said to nobody in particular.

The girl tried to twist aside, and closed her legs tightly. He smiled down at her patiently, cupping her breasts and rubbing his thumbs against her large nipples.

She was a breathtaking beauty, with a delicately sculpted, heart-shaped face, green eyes now glassy with tears, and a small, turned up nose, the bridge dotted with freckles. Her hair was a thick mass of

flaming red ringlets which tumbled down wildly, unkempt and tangled from rough use.

Her body was trim but womanly, busty enough to satisfy even Tunde's taste.

"Don't touch me!" she gulped fearfully.

"You think you might make use of this one?"

"She is English, yes?"

"So I understand. We found their car parked on the street."

"Their?"

"There is a second one I was hoping you would take."

"And this one is to tempt me while the other one is..."

"Quite as attractive," Hakeem said.

Tunde raised his eyebrows and Hakeem motioned to one of his men. The man hurried away, returning a few minutes later with the blonde, now revived, but still dazed.

"Raise her arms. Let me see her," Tunde said, turning.

The man with the blonde gripped her wrists and lifted them straight over her head, pinning them together at the wrists with one hand while pushing slightly against her back. The blonde squirmed slightly, turning her face away before Tunde gripped her chin and pulled her face around.

"Quite lovely," he said. "What is your name, girl?" he demanded in English.

She blinked at him in confusion.

"Your name!" he repeated.

"Me...Megan," she whimpered.

He lowered his hand, looking her body up and down, then opened her mouth as he had the redhead, examining her teeth. He pulled back and let one hand slide up and down her body, feeling the softness of her skin and the lush firmness of her fine young breasts.

"Yes, I think I can find a place for them," he said.

Chapter Three

Megan's face was all-but obscured by a large padded blindfold which covered her eyes, then came down to press against her fine cheek

bones. Her pouty lips were spread quite wide, painfully so, in fact, with a huge black ball-gag stuffed between them, forcing them taut. A thick strap attached to the ball gag wound around her head and buckled together in back.

Painful as the gag might have been Megan had not attempted to remove it. Her graceful arms were behind her back, forced into a tight, leathery sheath which covered them from the tips of her fingers to well above the elbows. Thick straps were bound around the sheath, pinning her arms together at wrist and elbow in a most uncomfortable manner.

The sheath narrowed at its bottom into a round leather tube the thickness of a sausage, running down between her lovely buttocks, easing between her thighs, and then pulling up somewhat harshly against her mons. Indeed, it pulled up with sufficient force to push itself between her labia, splitting her open there as it ran up along the length of her sex. Above, it parted just above into two narrow leather cords which slid up around her hips and tied together with the sheath behind her back.

Both her long legs were hidden within a sheath similar to the one binding her arms, pulled up high along her thighs to just below her buttocks. Although the sheath was tight, thick straps wound around her just below the buttocks, just above the knees, and at her ankles.

Aside from all of these Megan was nude, her skin flushed with exertion as she lay in a narrow box in the cargo compartment of the jet.

In a similar box set beside hers Samantha lay in just as little comfort. Her often rebellious hair had been tamed by a heavy leather hood forced over her head and down over her face. The mask of this hood displayed no features save two small holes below her nostrils. There was an opening over her mouth, but this was entirely covered by a thick strap which wound around her and buckled behind her head.

Although it was not visible, the strap had a large ball affixed to its underside, and this ball currently filled Samantha's mouth to overflowing.

In addition to the strap going horizontally around her head a second strap was affixed to the top of the hood and came down the sides to buckle beneath her chin. Even supposing she were able to open her mouth any further than the ball had already forced it the strap would keep it jammed tightly against the spongy material of the gag.

Like her friend, Samantha's arms were beneath her, elbows and wrists tightly together. Her entire body, however, had been slipped into a thick, strong leather suit, her legs jammed down into a tight tube with

no opening for feet, and the rest of the suit pulled together around her torso, pinning her arms in hard. It had taken two strong men to lace up the suit, and it was so snug that no movement whatever was possible within.

Both girls were awake and in much discomfort. They were hot and sweating within the canisters, their shoulders and arms ached from being forced back so hard behind them, and cramps rippled through their legs from hours of stiff immobility.

Terror and outrage had faded slowly since they had been forced into their bondage. It was still there at the back of their minds, but foremost was the desperate desire to be freed from the tight confines of the boxes, to be allowed to move once again.

Megan strained to hear something, to hear anything. She had never in her life imagined she could be in such a position, and occupied her mind thinking of the horrid things which would be done to the upstart Nigerians as soon as she was freed and able to contact the police.

She imagined the thin man who had used the long metal prod on her dying horribly again and again, and tried not to think of what fate her captors intended for her. She dreaded rape, but knew it was almost certain. For years the men and boys had made little secret of their desire for her, and now this man, this black African savage, had her completely at his mercy.

It surprised her, at first, that the knowledge she would be raped did not have her terrorized. With the abuse she had already received mere rape held little real fear to her. She still shuddered at the memory of the pain which had lanced through her body when that - thing - had been forced up into her backside.

Never had she imagined her body could feel such agony. It had not been confined to her rectum, either. Every single part of her body had felt like it was shaking apart as it burned from within.

What was rape compared to that?

She was startled when the floor seemed to jerk and sway, and listened intently for the sound of anything which would preface the return of her captor.

She heard a sound just above her, then breath was on her cheek as hands gripped her and lifted her to a sitting position. She heard muttered words but did not understand the language, then felt the straps loosened from around her cramped legs. The sheath was yanked down, not without difficulty, and her embarrassment at being nude before strangers gave way to a temporary relief at being able to bend

her legs at long last.

The blindfold was removed and she blinked up at two burly men bent over her. She was sitting in a box, almost a coffin, and as she looked about her and noted the curved roof and small portholes she realized she was not in the high commission any longer. She was on an airplane, and that knowledge sent a chill down her spine.

Another man moved into view, smiling pleasantly.

"Megan," he said. "I'm so pleased to see you. We met earlier, if you remember."

She did, of course. He was perhaps forty, his skin very black, with short black hair and a pencil thin moustache. He was broad-shouldered, with dark, penetrating eyes and a dangerous confidence.

The two men lifted her to her feet, then carried her over to a heavily upholstered chair and sat her in it.

"My name is...Tunde," the third man said, sitting before her. "But you may call me...master. You may call me this because your life depends on my good will. Already I have saved your life."

He paused, almost as if expecting an answer.

"You were going to be killed, you see, until I offered to take you off my comrade's hands. So now I will provide you with a lovely place to live, wonderful food, and many splendid and interesting entertainments to please and delight you."

He reached up and cupped one of her breasts, drawing her eyes downwards and making her cringe. "And in return, you will use your body to please me, and anyone I so choose. A small thing, really. You will also show the proper respect and obedience to one high above your position."

He was so casual about it, so confident. She felt a growing outrage that this man, this absolute pig of a man dared to expect her to go along happily with her kidnapping and rape.

She forgot her danger momentarily, glaring furiously, refusing to show shame for her nudity or at his touch. She wished the ball gag were removed so she could curse him and tell him exactly what she thought of him.

"We will soon land in my country, at my private airport. You will, I think, learn to enjoy things here. I am sure you will have a better life than most young women in your country. You will not need to work and will enjoy a life of leisure."

He motioned to one of the men, and they lifted her to her feet. As soon as she was up she lashed out at him with her right foot. He dodged

aside, laughing as the man behind yanked her bodily up and back.

He smirked at her and said something to the men, who unstrapped the narrow bottom of the sheath fastened behind her. They let the thin leather tube drop and it fell down her abdomen but hung between her pubic lips as the men turned her and forced her to her knees. They pushed her face down against the floor and a hand pulled the strap out from between her pubic lips, baring her to the gaze of the man behind her.

"I will show you what you were made for, girl," Tunde said.

She bit down on the ball as his open hand slapped painfully against her raised buttocks, then squirmed in humiliation as he palmed her bare sex, rubbing and squeezing.

"You western girls have too much pride," he said. "But I know exactly how you secretly desire to be treated. "Your arrogance is merely a pitiful cry for attention."

She jerked helplessly, twisting against the hold of one of the men who gripped her behind the head. But she could do nothing to resist as she felt the man's cock pushing against her pussy, felt it rubbing up and down there, then pushing forward.

She closed her eyes, moaning, fighting not to show her misery as he pushed in deeper. She felt utterly degraded as she knelt there, burning in shame from the eyes of the two male spectators as well as the filthy rapist kneeling behind her. Even hanging by her wrists in the basement she had not felt such humiliation, for the pain had easily overwhelmed feelings of embarrassment.

Now she knelt, her behind sticking up and out, her sex gaping back at the man preparing to rape her, burning in rage and misery as his hands pawed at her body.

He pulled back, and his finger pushed into her instead, slippery with some kind of lubricant, sliding in and out between her sensitive lips. It felt almost soothing at first, for the hard leather had pulled in cruelly against her there, and his finger was gentle.

She was not a virgin, of course, for which she was grateful, but she was not nearly as experienced as she and Samantha let out. Neither dared gain a reputation, and neither would lower themselves to sleeping with just any man. So few were worthy of them, after all.

And it wasn't like sex was such a wonderful thing, after all. It wasn't like the porn movies they giggled at, hardly lasting long enough to be worth undressing for. She braced herself for his stabbing cock as his finger probed within her, wishing he would hurry and finish.

She felt his slippery finger rubbing down at the base of her slit, just between her legs, then his cock pushed forward, easily spreading her tight labia and sliding within her.

With her cheek pressed against the carpet she stared at the feet of the man on her right, and the knees of the man holding her down, and felt the cock thrusting through the soft folds of her pussy, burrowing down into her belly.

She could not see him, but he was big, and thick, filling her and causing the walls of her sex to strain around his shaft as it drove into her body. She shuddered as he filled her and his hips pressed flush against her backside.

"This is what you were made for," he repeated. "It is what Allah made all women for."

He ground his hips against her, and Megan felt his cock twisting inside its soft sleeve, shifting within her belly. Her mind burned in anger, mortified, as he began to pump into her while joking in what sounded like French to his friends. He was so damned calm and casual about it that she grew less fearful and more furious.

He pumped slowly, very slowly, his hands stroking across her backside, then down along her flanks. He filled his hands with her breasts, but squeezed them only gently, fingering her nipples to stiffness.

The two men moved away from her then, walking back along the cabin and exiting through a narrow door. She felt a deep relief that her degradation was not to be witnessed further, relaxing slightly.

"You have a lovely body," he said from behind her. "But you know this. You know how soft is your skin, how full your breasts, how slender your legs. You have longed to take men inside you before, to give in to your feelings of lust and arousal and behave like the wanton slut you know exists within you. But never have you dared before. Now you may do so without fear of derision."

He slid his finger beneath where his cock entered her, rubbing slowly at her clitoris.

"I know what manner of beast you are," he said. "I know that only the prudishness of your western culture prevents you from enjoying this beautiful body God has provided you with. I shall remove your inhibitions and make of you the trollop you were meant to be."

He squeezed one of her breasts gently as he pumped, and Megan's fury eased, her humiliation fading.

Her confusion rose, however. Why was he being so gentle? Why

was he moving so slowly? She had had sex with four men and all had moved as fast and furious as they could. None had spoken to her as they had used her body and most had groped at her wildly, almost uncontrollably.

She felt herself relax, reminding herself that after the pain she had suffered before this simple rape was like nothing. It was not even painful, for his cock was moving easily inside her as his finger rubbed at her clitoris.

She wondered how many times this would happen, how many times she would be flung down and used like an animal, like a bitch in heat. She felt his cock stroking firmly inside her, his hips slapping against her buttocks and she thought about a life like this, a life of being used by men to satisfy their lust.

She heard a buzzing sound then, and felt his finger withdraw, felt something hard push up against her there. It vibrated furiously, and she gasped, eyes widening at the sensation.

Vibrated? She had never actually had one, but she knew of vibrators. She felt it massaging her clitty, rubbing against her sex, and wondered why her rapist was bothering, why he was making any effort on her behalf. Surely he did not intend her to enjoy being raped!

"You will enjoy your time with me. So long as you obey and serve me properly," Tunde said.

He pumped faster, one hand rubbing the vibrator against her as the other massaged her breast. It was not the type of rape Megan had expected, and as it continued more of her embarrassment faded. She remained angry, but could not hold to her fury for long. She was even grateful, in a way, at the lack of pain.

She felt her insides starting to buzz in tune with the vibrator and moaned into the gag. The ache of the torture earlier had not completely blotted out the strange sense of wild sexual heat she had felt just at the end, just before she lost consciousness. She did not wish her body to betray her again.

Yet she was exhausted. And her young mind had been battered and shocked beyond anything in her experience. The way Tunde was riding her was almost soothing, and the buzzing between her legs was something to distract her, to ease her out of her misery.

She chewed mindlessly on the ball gag, mind starting to drift as the odd rape continued, as her body began to respond to the vibrator and the steady thrusting of Tunde's cock. She unconsciously began to thrust back, grunting now as the force of the thrusts was doubled, as

Tunde's dark hips smacked against her pale white bottom.

Her eyes fluttered and she moaned, the sexual pressure rising and spreading through her body, making her quiver and tremble as her mind floated atop the rising tide of heat.

"Yes. You like that, do you not?" Tunde purred. "This is what your body loves. This is what it needs. Only your silly western culture disapproves of it. I shall set you free to enjoy such things, to revel in the thick rod of a man as you were made by God to do."

Megan hardly heard him, her eyes closed as she humped back against his cock, her insides swirling and twisting in pleasure as she approached a climax.

She had never achieved climax during intercourse before. Then again none had lasted so long. Nor had any of her lovers used a vibrator on her. She began to jerk back harder and harder, grunting harder as his stiff pole pumped into her.

Then she came...gloriously, her entire body flaring with wild sexual ecstasy as all her cares, worries and fears were swept away. For long, long seconds she trembled and shook, her insides roiling and burning with the force of the orgasm beating at her mind.

And in the midst of it Tunde gasped, his fingers tightening around her breast as her spasming pussy sucked on his cock and pulled the hot, steaming sperm down into her, drinking deep as her inner heat roared wildly.

She slumped dazedly and Tunde slapped her behind lightly then withdrew, going back to his seat. She knelt as she had been placed for almost a full minute, then slumped over onto her side, eyes closed and chest heaving.

"You will receive much such pleasure in my country," Tunde said proudly. "You will find it so delicious you shall never wish to leave."

There was a lurch, then the plane landed. After a couple of minutes the two men came back again, and as Tunde rose they lifted her off the floor, then one pulled the leather cord in between her thighs again, yanking it up against her well-used pussy and running the two ends over her hips to snap behind her.

Then the door was opened by a smiling, bowing black woman in a uniform. She stepped back, not even noticing Megan as the two men led her down a flight of stairs after Tunde.

She blinked her eyes against the bright sunlight, the heat baking her almost at once as her bare feet danced helplessly on the hot tarmac.

Tall trees surrounded the runway, and the only structures she

could see were a ramshackle hangar at the end of the runway and a small wooden building off to their right.

A large black car roared up and pulled to a halt, a black man getting out and saluting Tunde. Tunde got inside, and the two men who had been on the plane pushed her in with him, then closed the door.

Tunde pulled her face down over his lap, stroking her upraised bottom as he conversed with the driver in a sing-song language. Then the car started forward.

She saw nothing of the country they passed through, of course. She saw the seat of the car and the roof above as Tunde fondled her behind and breasts and talked about how she needed to devote all her energy to pleasing him and other men, to become a proper servant and show her gratitude for him saving her life.

Megan, of course, had no intention of doing any such thing. At her first opportunity she would escape and call her father, and then Tunde and his entire miserable country would suffer for their brutal mistreatment of her.

Finally, after he tired of pawing at her, Tunde undid the strap behind her head and worked the ball gag out of her mouth.

"There now. I let you speak. Even though women seldom have anything of worth to say."

The driver laughed loudly and Tunde joined in. Megan simply moaned at the pain in her jaw. She also found that she was absolutely desperate for something to drink. Her mouth and throat were as dry as deserts.

Meanwhile Tunde unstrapped her arms, then undid the sheath and slowly tugged it down. She cried out anew as her shoulders were released for the first time in hours, tears filling her eyes as she trembled.

"Ahh, your arms hurt you, do they?" Tunde said, massaging her shoulders lightly. "To be expected. That will go away soon."

She was free now!

But Megan was under no illusion about being able to simply open the door of the car and jump out. Still, despite the pain, her continued position across the Nigerian's lap was grating.

She tried to work her arms, to pull herself forward, but they ached too painfully.

Tunde continued to massage them with one hand as the other probed at her sex. She felt his finger pushing into her and sliding from side to side and flinched mentally at being so casually used.

The car halted just as her arms were starting to recover enough to

make use of. She dragged herself up to a sitting position, or tried to. Tunde lifted her up onto his lap so she was sitting across it.

She was able to see out the window, though. They were at a small shack, and a uniformed man carrying a rifle looked in, smiled widely, licking his lips at the sight of her, then stood back and saluted.

The car passed through a gate and continued on towards an enormous, and quite modern looking building at the end of a paved driveway. She could see no sign of any buildings around it, and decided they were in an isolated part of Nigeria. Her heart sank at that.

The car halted and several people hurried out of the large house, then lined up before the car as the drive leapt out and opened the rear door. They were black, of course, and it occurred to her that she had not seen a white face since passing through the door of the embassy, or high commission, or whatever it had been. IT felt...strange.

Tunde slapped her behind lightly, lifting her off him, then got out, grabbing her wrist as he did and pulling her out with him.

She flushed at the people looking at her, and tried to cover herself with her arms. Tunde would not allow that, however, yanking the hand he had down and ordering her to put the other down or be bound once more.

She obeyed, fighting the urge to hunch down and bow her head as Tunde led her by the hand through them and up the stairs into the building.

The inside was at least air-conditioned, and her bare feet padded across cool marble floors as Tunde barked out orders to the servants. Then an enormous Nigerian woman appeared and Tunde spoke rapidly with her before turning to Megan. "This woman will take you and clean you," he said. "She does not speak English. None here do, so do not bother her with your complaints. Do as you are told and I will see you at a later time."

Then the woman glared at her, seized her wrist, and pulled her down a corridor.

Chapter Four

Tunde watched the girl go thoughtfully, then turned and went

back outside, watching as the truck pulled in behind his car. Abaha and Omowumi lifted out the box containing the redheaded girl and carried it into the house, then down a second corridor as he followed behind.

They went down a narrow staircase, cursing to each other as they manhandled the long narrow box between them, then set it down on the stone floor. They unsealed it and lifted out the leather covered girl, then looked to Tunde for instructions.

"Leave the hood. Remove everything else."

They nodded and quickly removed the bindings and leather covering the redhead. The girl moaned softly but little of it was heard through the gag.

Tunde licked his lips at her revealed body and the size of her lovely breasts. He longed to take her immediately, but she stank of sweat, and he wanted her mind tuned properly.

Having the two of them arrive at the same time had given him the opportunity to experiment. He would see which one could be trained fastest. The blonde would be treated as a child, taught her place and punished when she varied from it. The redhead would be brutalized, terrorized, broken down in the way the North Koreans had once shown him. Then he would fit her mind back together.

He had no doubt this would work, for he had done it before. But the clinging, simpering slaves it produced left something to be desired, and he was not sure what. Possibly training the blonde without actually destroying her might produce a more interesting playmate.

The two men stripped the redhead, even removing her ball gag, then stood up silently. He had already told them the girl would hear no voice but his.

She lay there moaning softly, dehydrated - as he wished - and in pain from the cramps in her limbs. The hood would remain. It was strong, and locked to her head. She had neither the key nor the strength to tear it off.

He nodded his head and the men carried her to a small room, then left her inside. The door slammed closed and Tunde looked through the observation port, watching the girl rocking from side to side. After a while she reached up to her head, trying to pry loose the hood.

He smiled at her efforts, watching as she gave up, then started to feel her way around her small prison on hands and knees. He licked his lips at the sight of her heavy breasts dangling below her, wanting to feel them in his hands.

When she settled back he motioned to Omowumi and the man

handed him a long, thin riding crop. He opened the door and stepped inside, and saw the girl staring at him, or trying to. She was huddled in the corner, trying to cover her nudity.

He moved forward without speaking.

"Who is it?" she whispered pleadingly. "Please let me go!"

He reached down and gripped one thin ankle, then yanked brutally hard. The girl screamed as she was lifted bodily out and back from the corner and dumped on her back on the cold stone. She turned and attempted to rise then howled again as his whip met the center of her bare back.

She writhed and twisted away, and he followed, bringing the whip down across her shoulders, then her buttocks as she screamed repeatedly and scurried away. She managed to rise to her feet, clawing at the walls, clawing her way around the walls as he followed silently.

She reached the door and pulled frantically at the knob, then screamed again as the whip slashed across her back. She dropped to her knees, sobbing, cowering, screaming again as the crop whipped down. She flung herself away, crawling on all fours, and he followed, the crop descending again and again, now on her shoulders, now on her soft buttocks, now on her thighs.

She leapt up and ran at him, screaming, and he easily dodged aside. She paused, whimpering, swinging her small arms around her as she tried to position him. But he held still, soundless. She turned, swinging an arm out to her right, and he slashed the crop through the air, striking her across both breasts.

She shrieked, thrown back hard against the wall, grabbing her breasts as she sobbed and curled into a fetal position on the floor. He moved forward and lashed her hip and arms and backside, then gripped a trim ankle, yanking it up, half lifting the slight young woman into the air.

He slashed the crop down against her red-furred sex and she howled anew, hands instantly cupping herself there as she sobbed violently. He dropped her ankle, letting her lower torso hit the floor hard, then rolled her onto her back with his foot. She shook and trembled, holding her sex and sobbing, then screamed again as he brought the tip of the crop down against her right nipple.

She brought one arm up across her breasts, sobbing, curling herself up into a ball below him, her whip-marked body shaking.

He nodded in satisfaction, then turned and left, slamming the door behind.

Megan clenched her teeth in fury, chest heaving as she tried to catch her breath. She closed her eyes as soap dribbled down from her hair, cursing foully in her mind as the big Nigerian woman continued to bathe her.

When the woman had led her out of sight of Tunde she had tried to pull her wrist free. She might as well have tried to pull her arm off her shoulder. The woman led her briskly down several hallways, then into a stone-walled room with nothing in it but tubs, basins and laundry hanging on sheets. She yanked her down onto her knees, gripping her hair to position her on all fours above a drain.

As soon as she let go and moved to a basin Megan sat up on her heels, scowling at her and looking around her, searching out some way to escape. There were windows, but they were barred.

The woman returned and poured a large basin of icy water over her head. Megan sputtered and cursed, leaping to her feet only to be yanked back down. When she struggled the big woman turned her and smacked her behind, the hand cracking against her wet flesh with the sound of a gunshot and sending a jagged blast of stinging pain into her.

She swung around and punched the woman full in the face, but it was like punching a tree, and only her fist seemed to be harmed by the impact. The big woman simply frowned, then yanked her over a nearby chair and started slapping her behind.

It was humiliating and incredibly painful. Megan could hardly believe simply being spanked hurt so much, that the pain could be so sharp, so jagged. Her backside burned and throbbed as she screamed and cursed wildly, her legs kicking desperately as the big hand continued to crack down against her behind.

Her struggles eased through exhaustion and hopelessness, and her curses finally gave in to helpless sobs as she lay still, her backside on fire under the hard, sharp spanks.

The woman stopped then and yanked her upright. She shook her roughly as she spat out something in a foreign language, then forced her back down onto all fours once more.

She poured more water over her, and then as the teenager knelt miserably, knelt beside her and proceeded to soap her up.

She was washing her like an animal, like a dog, and Megan burned with misery and humiliation to be treated so by someone who was so obviously her inferior. The woman had soaped her up everywhere, using big rough hands to scrub her skin, and not hesitating

the slightest to slide her fingers between her aching pussy lips and scrub her there.

She closed both hands around each breast in turn, milking and rubbing at them like she expected them to give milk, then scrubbed her hair and stuffed stubby fingers into her ears to clean them as well.

When she finished she pulled her to her feet, wringing her hair out, then smacked her bottom, more lightly this time, to indicate she should move over beside a table.

When Megan saw what was on the table she tried to pull away but the woman snapped at her and gripped her arm, shoving her forward. She lifted a large, thick studded leather collar and fitted it around Megan's slender throat. It clicked closed with a sound of finality.

Then matching leather bands, each, like the collar, with rings set into their sides, were locked around her wrists and ankles. Her arms were then pulled behind her back and the two around her wrists were clipped together there before the woman led her, still wet and dripping, out of the room.

She was taken up the hall and into the great marble entry hall she had seen before, then led to a strange little platform set in the centre.

It was a slightly raised round dais, and at its centre was a narrow metal pole of sorts. As she pulled Megan onto the dais and pressed her against the pole Megan could see it came up to about the level of her belly button, and was rounded at the top.

The woman called to a man who was passing and he grinned widely then joined them on the dais. Each of the two then gripped one of her arms and one of her thighs and lifted her.

To her horror she saw they were positioning her sex over the metal tube. She struggled wildly, but by then it was already pressing against the moist hair about her slit, and seconds later her labia were being forced in and straining wide to accommodate the thing as she was impaled upon it.

They lowered her slowly, and once it was inside her she could not struggle any further. She felt it travelling up her sheath as they lowered her more and more, and whimpered in terror as her insides filled with it, as the walls of her sex strained wide and tight around its hard, unyielding surface.

"It's... too high!" she gasped.

Yet still they lowered her, even as she howled against them and tried to clamp her thighs around the tube to keep from going lower.

The woman spoke and the man turned aside, turning a metal

wheel. Megan felt the thing shift slightly inside her, descending. Then her toes were on the floor next to it and the woman gave her behind a final slap before laughing with her friend and disappearing.

Megan was left on her own in the hall, nude, impaled on the thick pole, toes already starting to ache as she gazed wildly around her. She was not tied there, yet with her legs so straight she could not lift herself up off it.

There were three corridors which gave onto the entryway, plus the big main doors. The walls were large white brick, with some paintings of black men who looked like Tunde decorating them. There was little else to see in the hall.

A man emerged from one of the corridors and halted at the sight of her. He came closer, looking at her with obvious lust in his eyes. She squirmed mentally, turning her eyes away. He said something in a rough voice, then laughed uproariously before turning and walking away.

She stood there dripping, moaning, and trying to keep from sinking lower on the metal tube. Already it was jammed up against the back of her pussy, grinding against her cervix whenever she relaxed her toes even slightly.

Another man walked by, looking at her in amusement, then another. A tall, dignified woman passed by and shook her head, making a face, then two serving girls giggled all the way past.

Her legs were shaking and her toes on fire. She tried to clamp her thighs as tightly around the tube as she could to ease the pressure, but that helped only slightly.

Then Tunde appeared. She gulped in relief.

"Please let me down!" she begged him.

"But you look so lovely there," he said, climbing onto the low dais.

"It's too high!" she cried.

He moved behind her and she felt his hand cupping her behind, fingers kneading the soft damp flesh.

"But it positions your backside to excellent appeal."

"I can't stand on my toes for much longer!" she sobbed.

"Well, perhaps I will lower the tube somewhat. What will you do in response."

The question confused her and she stared at him as he walked around in front of her again.

"Will you provide me with further pleasure?"

"Yes!" she cried.

He smiled. "You must call me master. I tell you this one time. From now on when you fail you will be punished."

Her mind grated on his arrogance, but the pain against her cervix and in her toes left no room for argument.

"Yes, master!" she cried.

He nodded, then gestured to a young woman who was passing by and said something to her. The girl bobbed her head, then giggled and hurried away.

"You have a lovely body," he said, cupping her breasts and fingering her nipples. "You should be proud to be displayed so."

"I don't see you up here," she hissed.

His fingers closed on her nipples, pinching sharply and tugging up and out. She cried out in pain as he stared down at her sternly.

"You must not speak so to me," he said. "And you must say master when you address me. Have you forgotten so soon? Must you be beaten before you will show proper respect to the man who has granted you life?"

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry, master!" she cried, nipples burning.

"I forgive you," he said, releasing her nipples. "But I will not be so quick the next time."

He stroked and thumbed her aching nipples, then bent and took one into his mouth, sucking softly.

"A-Are you going to let me down, master?" she moaned.

"I will lower the bar...somewhat," he said, filling his mouth with her nipple once again.

The girl hurried back, handing a small pat of butter to Tunde. He moved behind Megan, and she felt his finger probing at her rectum, cold butter around it. The girl stared up in fascination, and Megan turned her eyes away. She felt Tunde's finger squirming into her with a sensation of mortified hopelessness.

"Don't!" she begged. "Please don't do it to me there!"

"But your other opening is filled," he said calmly, his finger probing deeper.

"Then let me down!" she cried.

He reached around her and pinched her nipple again, and she yelped in pain.

"You do not give me instructions, girl," he said.

"I'm sorry, master! I'm sorry!" she cried.

He released her nipple, his finger pushing deeper into her rectum

and pumping in and out.

"Please, master!" she begged. "Please let me down so you can use my pussy again!"

"I will use your pussy again, girl," he said calmly. "I will use your mouth and your breasts, and your fine backside whenever I choose. Your body is no longer yours. It belongs to me. And I shall do with it as I choose."

"Nooo," she sobbed as his finger pulled back.

The girl continued to watch, eyes big and fascinated as Tunde pressed himself against her. She could do nothing, and with her raised on her shaky toes her bottom was perfectly positioned for his entry.

She felt his stiff erection pressing up against her, sliding between her buttocks. He nudged her legs apart and she screamed in pain as the bar jammed up against her cervix with intense pressure.

"Stop it! Bastard! Fucking bastard!" she screamed.

He muttered and pulled himself back, then said something to the girl, who darted away again.

"You must learn not to speak so to your master," he said.

"It...It huuurrtt," she whimpered, her legs close together once again.

He moved around in front of her, glaring at her. "It is not so high inside you as that," he snapped.

He backed up slightly and bent to look at the bar, then straightened. "Just under one foot. So little and already you complain? If a man possessed an organ so long you would beg him to push it into your love hole."

The girl returned, carrying a thin switch, and Tunde took it from her, then moved behind Megan.

"You may not speak to me with disrespect," he said.

With that there was a swish of air and then the switch smacked against her backside with a sharp, stinging pain.

She yelped and jerked forward, only to be instantly brought up short by the post impaling her.

Again the switch bit into her raised buttocks, and again, and again. She yelled and sobbed and begged him to stop, but it availed her not.

"Please!" she cried. "I'm sorry! I'm sorry, master! Please forgive me, master!"

"I shall forgive you for you are but an ignorant girl. But I shall still punish you, for you must learn."

The switch continued to slash down across her rapidly burning buttocks as the girl looked on, giggling. Her behind had only just gotten over the spanking the black woman had given it, and the switch landed with stinging pain on her already red and bruised flesh.

She thought she would scream and go mad from the constant pain, the constant stabbing ache that she could do nothing to alleviate. Tears trickled down her cheeks as the blows continued, and she hung her head, shamed and miserable.

Tunde finished, rubbed at her bottom, then tossed the stick to the girl and pushed himself against her again. This time she made no protest when he entered her, gritting her teeth against the agony she felt inside her as he pushed her legs apart.

He talked to the girl again, and she moved forward, turning the low wheel at the edge of the dais. Megan felt the pressure on her cervix easing, then disappearing. Tunde forced her legs wider, then, so the pressure resumed, but it was such a light pressure she felt a surge of deep, wonderful relief.

Nothing, she decided, felt so marvellous as a pain finally ending.

Tunde was fully inside her now, her sphincter muscle being too distracted by the pain in her pussy to worry about the stiff cock pushing up into her rectum. He ground his loins into her soft backside and reached around her, fingering her nipples and squeezing her breasts.

"So soft and warm and tight inside," he sighed. "Meant for a man's penis."

She no longer cared. Her outrage was gone. The relief was total. Her feet still throbbed somewhat, but being finally able to take the pressure off her toes was so glorious she just laid her head back against Tunde's shoulder and moaned softly.

He chuckled, licking and kissing the nape of her neck, sucking lightly as his hands continued to squeeze and massage her breasts.

Tunde barked a command to the girl, and she giggled again, then climbed onto the dais in front of her. She dropped to her knees, and then to Megan's dazed shock, leaned in and began to lick at her sex just above where the pole impaled her.

She felt the small pink tongue lapping at her clitoris and gaped down at the girl, wanting to yell at her, to scream at her to stop, to get away. Yet she knew it was pointless, that the girl would not obey her even if she understood her. And that Tunde would probably punish her again.

Yet she felt a deep shame and discomfort as the girl's mouth

lapped against her. And then Tunde started pumping his stiff organ inside her anus, using slow, deep strokes as his hands squeezed her breasts together.

The girl continued to lick, and Megan closed her eyes, moaning softly, trying to pretend it was all a dream, a nightmare.

Her body, on the other hand, was quite pleased. The release of the pain followed by the soft lapping of the girl's tongue at her clitoris and Tunde's soft kneading and squeezing of her breasts was igniting the sexual fires within her.

She cursed them, willing them back, but her mind and body were both too battered, and after some few minutes of struggling gave in, letting the sexual heat ripple through her spine, setting her breasts to throbbing as her pussy squeezed joyfully down around the steel post within.

And her rectum, as well, she realized. She had never been sodomized before, except, of course, for the man who had used the electric prod on her at the high commission. It was a strange sensation, but not really unpleasant. And combined with the soft tongue licking at her clitoris was pushing her body deeper and deeper into a soft, luxurious sexual languor.

Her climax was even more powerful than it had been on the airplane, and her legs trembled as her body sought to thrust itself on the post. She drew her legs in somewhat, so she could bend them, rising and falling on the post, moaning and panting for breath as she rode it with growing desperation.

And all the while Tunde's cock pumped inside her rectum and the girl continued to lap at her clitoris.

Tunde bit into the side of her throat, growling like an animal as he pumped his seed up into her anus. Then he groaned and relaxed, letting himself soften before pulling back. He sent the girl on her way, then spread Megan's legs wide and chained them down so she could not close them.

"I will leave you on display the rest of the day," he said. "You will soon grow to lose this shame in having your naked flesh seen by others."

Then he was gone, and she was alone again.

Chapter Five

Tunde opened the door and slammed it behind him. The girl gasped and cowered away.

"Hello, my dear," he said. "Your name is Samantha, I understand? That's quite a pretty name."

She was starting to gulp in air, panting in terror as he moved forward. He spoke soothingly as he dropped to a crouch.

"I won't hurt you, girl. In fact, I have some water. Would you like some water?"

She had been there for a full day. He knew she was dehydrated enough by then her body would be craving water like a drug addict needing her fix.

"Wa...ter?" she said in a hoarse croak.

"Yes, water. Would you like some?"

She nodded her head blindly.

"Say please master."

"P-Please, ma-aster," she croaked.

"Come here. Crawl to me," he said.

She moved forward slowly and fearfully, crawling on all fours. She halted, jerking back in alarm at his touch, but he only stroked her shoulder as he held his fingers to her lips. She licked at them, found them wet and pulled them into her mouth, her dry tongue lapping eagerly.

He smirked, pulling his fingers out. He dipped them in the bowl of water he had brought, then let her lick and suck at them again repeatedly.

"As long as you obey," he said, stressing the word, "you will be treated well by me. But you must obey."

He let her drink water from the palm of his hand several times, stroking her head as he did. He opened his pants and took out his cock, then dropped it into the water. He lifted it wet to the girl's mouth, and she licked at it just as eagerly as she had his hands.

He pushed it into her mouth, letting her suck on it, pulling it out to dip it in water several times, letting her suck thirstily.

"Would you like a bowl of water?" he asked.

"Yes!" she gasped.

"You did not say yes master!" he said in an enraged voice.

His hand lashed out and cracked into the side of her face, throwing her up and back onto her back. He picked her up roughly,

flinging her against one of the cold walls, lifting her wrists and shackling them to up above her head.

"Please! Please! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" she sobbed. "I'm sorry, master!"

The a square brick set into the wall jutted out just behind her almost a full foot, serving to push out her chest invitingly.

"Master!?! Master?" she whimpered.

Tunde picked up the flog and lashed it down across her breasts. She screamed brokenly, writhing and shaking in despair. Again and again he lashed her breasts and belly and thighs as she shrieked and tore at the shackles, begging for his forgiveness.

With most of the front of her body covered in narrow criss-crossing red lines, he halted, then went forward and gripped her right ankle. He lifted it up high and back, shackling it to the wall next to her wrist. He lifted her left ankle as well, chaining it next to her left wrist.

With her groin so vulnerably exposed he resumed his whipping, and watched in excitement as her body thrashed and shook, watched and felt the many thongs biting into her exposed sex.

He halted, watching her sobbing and moaning with a wonderful sense of power gripping him. He moved forward, pulling his trousers down, fingers groping harshly at her breasts and sex. He entered her roughly, savagely raping her as she wept and moaned. He used her as brutally as he could, slamming his hips into her raised buttocks, using his organ like a spear to thrust deep into her body, slapping and pawing at her breasts as he bit into her throat.

When he was spent he backed up and picked up a large wooden peg, a phallic shaped wooden dildo. He pressed it against her, watching her squirm, feeling the resistance in her body to the thick intruder.

Yet he forced it in deeper and deeper, ignoring her sobs and stammered appeals for mercy. He jammed it in until it felt like it had hit bottom, then slapped his palms against the base, drawing a howl of pain from her with each brutal thrust, slapping at it until the thing was buried in the girl's belly.

"Master!" he shouted at her. "Master! Never forget it! Never!"

"Maaassteer," she sobbed brokenly.

He turned and left her, feeling quite satisfied, and wondering how the blonde was doing. He had left her on the pole overnight. No doubt she was quite exhausted by this time. Exhausted minds were easily modified.

He found her still in place, head down. She raised it as he stepped

onto the dais, groaning, eyes fluttering.

"Please, master. Please let me down," she moaned.

"Are you ashamed of your body?"

"No...master," she whispered.

He unclipped her ankle restraints from the chains holding them, then lifted her off the pole. He hugged her comfortingly, then put his arm over her shoulder as he led her down off the dais.

"Come, my young friend. I will show you my palace."

"I...just...want to sleep," she groaned.

"Later. If you are good I will let you sleep later."

He produced a leash, like the kind she had seen used on small dogs, and snapped it to the ring set against her collar, then he pushed her down onto her knees.

"You will crawl, keeping close beside me," he said with a smile.

"C-crawl?" She stared at him in astonishment.

"Yes. Crawl."

"But... why?"

His open hand cracked against her face and she cried out, flung back onto her back.

"Again you forget to address me as master," he snapped. "I grow impatient!"

"I'm sorry, master!" she blurted. "I'm sorry, master! Please forgive me, master!"

"Be warned, girl. If you do not learn you will be punished."

"I'll learn, master!" she promised desperately.

"We shall see how well you learn from your knees."

He picked up the leash and she leaned forward, coming down on all fours, then crawling behind him as he led her from the room. She was grateful to find that, aside from the entry hall most of the corridors were thickly carpeted. Still, her knees ached as she struggled to keep up with him, and she blushed darkly whenever they passed a servant.

At least at first. After a while she found herself not caring, which, though she didn't realize it, was the idea.

He led her through the many rooms of the building, showing her his bowling alley, his indoor swimming pool, his gymnasium, his library and billiards room, his dining rooms. He brought her into the kitchen and had her kneel there while one of the cooks made something, a plate with many small pieces of meat.

Then he fed them to her, having her eat them out of his hand. She was surprised at how starved she was and wolfed them down gratefully,

not caring at all that she was on her knees eating them out of his hand, not caring that she was nude in front of the cook and his assistants.

Then it was time for a bath, a bath for both of them this time. He led her into his private chambers, and into an enormous marble bathtub filled with warm soapy water. He removed her leather restraints, and her collar, and eased her into the hot water, sitting down beside her with his arm across her shoulder.

He spoke softly about his vast estate, and all his holdings and business interested. He also assured her that she would find life as his slave quite pleasurable.

The food had revived her somewhat, but she found it hard to wrap her mind around the concept that she was a slave. He hadn't used the word before, even though he had ordered her to call him master.

A sex slave is what you are, her mind told her.

The words flared brightly within her for an instant before fading. She wasn't quite sure what to make of them. A slave? The idea was quaint but she could hardly accept the concept existed. All she knew of slaves were the blacks who worked the cotton fields in the United States a century ago.

A sex slave now, that was something familiar. At least the concept was familiar. For she and Sam had giggled over some of the personal ads, and some of the erotic stories and pictures they'd found on the computer. She had even dared to dream about what it would be like, chained naked and owned by a man, forced to do his sexual bidding.

Was that what she was? Her mind focused on that with growing astonishment as Tunde continued to speak.

Then he stood up, pulling her to her feet and handing her a bar of soap.

"Come. Clean me," he ordered.

She stared at him in surprise and confusion.

"I... don't know what to do... master," she said.

"Clean me," he ordered.

She looked at the soap, then at his glistening black skin. After a moment she pressed her hands against him and he nodded encouragingly. She began to soap up his powerful chest, her hand following the soap, stroking up and down and back and forth.

He smiled benignly and she continued, reaching up and scrubbing at his shoulders. He turned and she scrubbed up his back. She hesitated at his buttocks, but he ordered her to continue, and she lowered her hands, blushing uncomfortably as she scrubbed them up hurriedly,

dropping to her knees to soap up his legs down to where they entered the water.

He lifted one foot and put it in her lap, and she scrubbed it up, bending over it as her hands rubbed back and forth. He pulled it back and put his other foot forward, and she soaped that up as well.

"You've forgotten one area," he said.

She bit her lip, then raised her head and looked at his cock. She took a deep breath, then began to soap up his groin, her hand scrubbing softly, lest she anger him, squeezing his cock and testicles and rubbing at the.

She was not surprised when he started to harden, but was surprised when he lifted her to her feet, took the soap, and began to scrub her body. He was gentler than the woman who had cleaned her the previous day, and spent considerably more time massaging her breasts and sliding his fingers up and down her pussy crack.

Her insides started to churn, and she swallowed nervously as he smiled down. She smiled back tentatively, and he put down the soap, then to her surprise hugged her against him. Her breasts flattened against his chest and he tilted her head back and kissed her.

She blinked her eyes rapidly as his tongue drove into her mouth, but offered no resistance, even kissing back after a few seconds - again - lest she anger him by not responding.

His hands slid down her back and squeezed her behind as they kissed, then he pulled back and lowered himself into the water once more, pulling her down with him. He rinsed them both off, then led her out of the tub.

He gave her a large fluffy towel to use on him and she dried him, then let him dry her before taking his hand and letting him lead her into an enormous bedroom with a huge four poster bed.

He pulled her into the bed and rolled atop her as she spread her legs, his lips moving softly against her, his hands caressing her body slowly and expertly.

Her breathing grew harsher, and she helplessly thrust herself against him, panting for breath as her insides begged to feel him.

When he entered her she groaned in pleasure, wrapping her arms and legs around him, crushing her lips against him as he thrust in again and again.

She knew a moment of amazement that she was responding so brazenly, that she was grunting like a whore instead of trying to claw his eyes out. Then she gave herself fully to the heat he had raised within

her body. She cried out as she climaxed, bucking desperately against his prong as he rode her through it.

He kissed her, and he pulled her in snugly against him, his arms around her as she groaned in comfort.

"You will find being my slave has its pleasures," he said.

"But...will I be able to tell my parents?" she said softly.

He flung her away from him and she gasped in alarm as he rose up over her.

"I'm sorry!" she cried.

"Stupid whore!" he snarled.

He sat back on his heels, grabbing her and jerked her towards him as though she were a rag doll, pulling her up across his thighs to raise her behind, then spanking her thoroughly, turning her behind a bright red and making her sob in pain.

He slowed his hand, then stopped, stroking her behind as she whimpered.

"I'm sorry, master."

"You must learn not to anger me, slut," he said, using the insult almost as though it were a pet name. "You are my slave. You are owned by me. You must forget your former life."

His hand stroked her behind as he talked, then slid between her thighs, expertly caressing her clitoris.

She let her thighs ease apart, gulping weakly, relieved to feel his hand distracted. Her behind throbbed with pain and she was glad to feel the softer touch between her legs.

"You are a creature of sex," he said in a low, hypnotic voice.

"Your body was made to give pleasure, both to men and to yourself. You will only be fulfilled when living as you were made by God."

His fingers dipped inside her, two thrusting in to the knuckles and pumping slowly in and out.

"You have no other point in life now but to obey me, to please me and those I order you to please. You will only be happy by pleasing others."

Her clitoris swelled beneath his touch, and she let her legs shift further apart, her lower body starting to heat up once again. His voice was low and hypnotic, and she was startled when his other hand cracked down on her behind again.

"But you must not think about your other life!" he said, raising his voice.

His hand cracked down again, and she yelped, but almost at once

his thumb began to stroke against her clitty, and the pleasure rolled up her body.

He let his hand slide up and down her spine, then move beneath to squeeze one of her breasts. Then he slapped at her behind again, giving her several hard, quick spanks as his fingers pumped inside her.

Exhausted and confused, her body was wrenched back and forth between sharp little pains and soft, glittering pleasure. Yet the pain, though it stung, was fleeting, the pleasure constant. And as the heat inside her grew the little spanks began to have less and less an effect on it.

Megan began to grind her pelvis, rolling her hips and raising her buttocks, legs splayed as his fingers thrust into her. She was gasping and moaning, rubbing her breasts against the bed beneath her as her insides crackled with sexual electricity.

"Naughty girl," he said, his hand cracking down on her red behind.

She moaned, yet the pain mattered little. The sharp little burst of sensation actually made her squirm in pleasure, her nervous system too attuned to sexual desire to interpret it any other way.

"Are you a bad girl?" he demanded, rubbing at her sopping little pussy entrance.

"Yes!" she panted. "Yes, master! I'm a bad girl!"

"You need to be spanked, don't you, naughty girl?"

"Yes, master!" she groaned. "Spank me, master! I'm a naughty girl!"

And she was! She felt like a wild, wanton whore! She knew she should not be enjoying herself, knew she should not feel pleasure, yet the pleasure was too wonderful to resist.

A sex slave! She was a sex slave! She basked in the thought, in the lewdness of what it meant. Her mind swam as her insides spun and churned. She thought of the way she used to tease the men and boys, how she would get them hard, only to giggle and hurry away.

What a game that had been! And now this. Now she was a sex toy for this filthy African's use.

His hand cracked down again and the heat bloomed within her, then as she began to buck up in the beginnings of orgasm he pulled his fingers out of her and his open hand struck against her sex. The sudden flashing pain struck her mind like a dagger, yet the pleasure was too powerful, and could not be pierced.

Again his hand struck her, and again, as he spanked her dripping

sex, and her mind dissolved as she cried out in ecstasy. She bucked back against him, jerking and shaking as his hand beat her sex, as the blasts of sensation hurled themselves against the need inside her and sent her climax soaring higher and higher.

"Oh! Oh! Yes! Yes!" she cried. "Yes! Master! Master!" she cried, driving herself back sluttishly.

"Slut!" he said. "Whore!"

His hand spanked against her sex and she sobbed in pleasure, head thrashing as the raw, carnal sex fever held it tightly in its thrall. The pleasure seemed to go on forever, her chest tight from lack of breath, her guts aching from the spasms that continued to tear at her vitals.

His hand stopped spanking and two, three, then four fingers thrust brutally deep inside her.

She tumbled out of the climax and then up into another, screaming and bucking, her buttocks rising against him as he resumed his spanking, her insides squeezing down around his fingers as he pumped them brutally hard inside her.

Finally she collapsed, breathlessly gulping in air. He eased his movements with a thin smile, withdrawing his fingers from inside her abused sex, stroking her head and hair as she recovered.

"Yes. You will make a fine little slave," he said. "I can see you will be pleased to give pleasure to many, many men."

"Yesss," she whispered, eyes glassy as she trembled. "Yes, master."

C h a p t e r S i x

He stared at the redheaded girl. She still hung from the walls, limply, as though unconscious. He knew better.

Slamming the door made her head rise, even if she could see nothing.

He would see if she had learned anything. Regardless, she would be punished. She would continue to be punished until every touch which did not cause her pain made her limp with relief.

"It is I, Samantha," he said. "Would you like some water?"

"Yes, master!" she whimpered dazedly.

He walked over to her and put his fingers into her mouth. She suckled and licked desperately. He dipped them into the bowl he had carried and let her continue to lick, pushing his fingers deep into her mouth, prodding at the insides of her cheeks, stroking her tongue and almost gagging her as he thrust them deep.

He pulled them back and reached for her groin. Her pubic lips were still straining wide around the thick wooden club he'd stuffed into her. Her vaginal sheath too dry, and the club too thick and rough for it to have been expelled. He pushed his fingers in against the base, working them down to get a grip as she sobbed and moaned in pain.

Then he caught at it and slowly tugged it back and out of her body. Her hole gaped wide behind it, as though the muscles had been numbed, and he gazed down into her, seeing the smooth pink walls of her sex before turning to her ankles and undoing the shackles.

"Thank you, master," she whimpered.

He smiled as he eased her legs down, then ran his hand across her still aching body. She hissed, but did not protest. He unshackled her wrists and she sank quickly to her knees, groaning in relief and holding her aching arms against her body.

"Do you know that you are a slave now, Samantha? Do you know that your body is mine to do with as I choose?"

"Y-Yes, master," she whispered automatically.

"I shall call you...dog. Do you like that name?"

"Yes, master," she whispered.

"Very well, Dog. I have a bowl of water here. You may drink out of it - as a dog does. You are not to use your hands. You have no hands. You have only paws. Do you understand?"

"Yes, master!" Her voice trembled and she licked her lips as she raised her head, looking around for water.

He put the bowl before her, then guided her mouth down to her. She swallowed quickly, licking and sucking the bowl dry.

"Would you like some food, dog?" he asked.

"Yes, master!"

"Then you will perform some tricks for me and I will reward you by giving you food."

"Yes, master," she said uncertainly.

"First you will kneel on all fours. Spread your knees and raise your bottom."

She knelt as directed, trembling slightly.

"Raise your head," he ordered, walking slowly around her.

"Better," he said. "This is the position you were designed to take. This is the position of the bitch in heat who is ready to be mounted, displaying her sex for the male that he might thrust himself into her."

By then Samantha did not care if he raped her. All she cared about was that the pain end, the terror end. She had thought she knew what would happen to her, but never had she imagined such brutality could ever be applied to her.

The man continued to talk to her, his voice low and hypnotic, seeming to move in circles around her.

"Crawl to me, dog," she heard.

She crawled towards the sound of his voice, stopping as she ran into his hand.

"Now I want you to kneel before me. The command for this is kneel."

She looked up in confusion, since she was already kneeling.

"Kneel as a dog would," he ordered. "As a dog would beg."

He pulled her upright on her knees, straightening her.

"Like so," he said. "Now display yourself."

Again she did nothing, not knowing what he wanted.

"Display yourself is another command you must learn, Dog. When given this command you will place your hands behind your neck and arch your back. You will also spread your legs apart. Now, display yourself."

She arched her back, hands behind her, and shifted her knees apart on the floor.

"Very good. Good dog," he said, hand stroking the top of her hood. "Another command is Heels. When given this command you will sit back on your heels, spread your knees wide, and put your hands on your thighs. You will at all times keep your back straight and head up."

He gave the command and again she obeyed. She had no pride now, only a terrible fear of pain. She crawled forward at his order, not knowing where they were going, nor caring.

Then he pushed her to her belly and had her crawl slowly across the stone floor to him. She moaned as her sore breasts were ground against the stone, but again obeyed - without thinking.

"Good dog!" he said, patting her head.

"Now I want you to clean my shoes. They are filthy with dust."

She raised her head in confusion.

"With your tongue, dog."

Samantha felt for his feet, then hesitated only briefly before bending and licking out at his right boot. She could taste the grit on it, but didn't care. She lapped again and again, wanting to please him, wanting him to be happy with her so there would be no further pain.

Tunde stood above her, looking down at her pale white body with satisfaction, watching her buttocks quiver as she wriggled below him on the floor.

"Good dog," he said. "I will give you something to eat now."

As he had with Megan he fed her bits of meat with his fingers, letting her lick them clean. Then he unlocked the hood around her head and gently peeled it up and free. Beneath were two small pads which had been placed over her eyes due to the length of time she would be hooded. He left them in place, and replaced the hood with a blindfold.

Her hair was filthy, of course, but that mattered little yet. Her pride, such as she still held, would not be helped by cleaning her yet.

"If you are a good dog I will remove the blindfold later," he said.

"Th-thank you, master," she said.

"Are you feeling better, dog?"

She hesitated. "Yes, master."

"Good. Good. I want you to do something for me, dog."

"Yes, master," she said softly.

"I know that you English girls are sluts, that you are consumed with thoughts of sex. I know that you are constantly abusing yourself when you cannot find a man to thrust his phallus into your body. I wish to observe you as you abuse yourself."

She had no apparent idea what he was talking about.

"Now, dog," he said curtly.

"I-I don't understand, master," she said.

"I wish to watch you masturbate," he said.

Her jaw dropped, the word appearing to shock her.

"My friends here are also interested in watching a sluttish English girl masturbate," he said. "Put on a good show for us."

She continued to stare uncertainly.

"Now, slut!" he snapped.

"I...ye-yes, master," she gulped.

Her hands moved down towards her groin, fingers trembling slightly. They moved awkwardly against her thighs, then fumbled at her breasts.

"You are not pleasing us, dog," he said. "Caress your body,

squeeze your breasts, thrust your fingers into your pussy hole. I wish to hear your screams of pleasure as you masturbate."

Her hands moved more quickly, but with just as much awkwardness and uncertainty, and she whimpered softly as she pressed her finger against her aching pussy, gasping in pain as she slowly eased it inside.

His hand gripped her hair and yanked her head back without warning. "You are not making us happy, dog!" he snapped.

"I'm sorry, master!" she cried.

"Your apology does nothing for me, dog."

He dragged her across the room by the hair as she sobbed and cried in pain, grabbing at his wrists to ease the pull on her scalp. He turned her next to one of his pet devices, backing her against it, then forced her onto her belly on the floor.

The device was simple. It consisted of an upright wood bar set into the frame. At the top of the bar was a horizontal bar. A shackle was affixed to each end of the horizontal bar.

He pulled her hands together in back of her, then, with strong but thin cord, carefully bound each finger to its mate on the other hand, each cord he used to accomplish the task much longer than necessary.

With that achieved he gripped one ankle and lifted her foot up high, snapping the ankle into one of the heavy, padded shackle set on the bar. Her other leg hung loose, and she whimpered as her face lay pressed into the floor. He pulled her other ankle up and back, snapping that into the second shackle.

Then he gathered together the five long cords with which he had bound her fingers together, braiding them into one. He pulled the braided cord up and back towards the main upright bar, forcing her arms back and then, as she screamed in pain, lifting her body off the floor.

Her body began to bow back, her groin pressing firmly against the upright bar as he tied the braided cords into a ring set there. She continued to howl in pain from the pressure on her fingers, and indeed, before long, the pressure would undoubtedly dislocate them.

But Tunde wanted no real damage to fall on what would be one of his prize pets. He moved to her head and gathered up her long, loose, dirty hair, pulling it together at the top of her head and loosely braiding it. He then tied a stronger cord into her hair and lifted.

Much of the weight was taken from her fingers, yet she seemed less then grateful, shrieking anew as her scalp was pulled, as her head

was forced up and back by the cord's pull. He hummed to himself as he stepped back to examine her, then smiled at a new insight.

The girl's large breasts hung down below her body and he bent to squeeze and knead the firm flesh. Then he moved to another corner of the room and came back with a pair of round metal balls. Each was attached to a tiny chain by a clip. The clip at the other end of each chain was empty.

But soon to be filled. He bent and squeezed one of her breasts hard, forcing the nipple to stand out. He opened the tight little alligator clip and let its sharp teeth slide around the nipple, then released it.

Her screams reached a new level of resonance and he chuckled as he moved to her other side and attached the second clip. He bent then and put his hand over her mouth, briefly muffling her cries.

"I will return for you tomorrow," he said. "If you have learned to be more cooperative perhaps then you will not be punished."

"Nooooo!!" she screamed. "Please! I'll do anything! Please, master!"

He climbed the stairs loudly, then closed the door at the top before returning silently to stand and watch. She stopped screaming eventually, and sobbed in piteous misery for some time after. She gasped, moaned and whimpered every time a small movement caused additional pain to fall on head, fingers or nipples, but was otherwise silent as he stole up behind her.

He gazed at her two small feet, each of them tightly held by the shackles around her ankles. The soles looked incredibly soft.

He picked up the small crop and ran it through his fingers, then without warning, slashed it down against the middle of her right foot.

She gasped, then shrieked horribly, the sound making him wince even as he grinned in delight. Again he brought the crop down on that foot, then again, aiming for the soles, then the heels, then the pads before giving the toes a sound thrashing. Her foot was a bright, painful red before he paused.

He made no sound as the girl's shrill agony filled the room, and when he paused he stepped back to watch as her gut-wrenching sobs slowly trailed off to whimpers.

Then he moved around again and brought the crop down on her other foot, repeating his methodical beating as she went made with pain and jerked violently against the frame.

This time as he put the crop down he picked up a large metal cylinder, It was phallic shaped, yet at its base were thick threads, as for

a screw. He pressed it against the round hole set into the upright base and it slid through easily, coming out the other side and pressing against the sobbing girl's opening.

When the screws met the hole it stopped, and he had to twist it slowly to force each additional inch through the post, and thence into the body of the sobbing teenager on the other side.

When it was firmly imbedded in her belly he attached a thick wire to the contact at the base of the metal screw, then turned on the machine it was attached to.

The electricity which passed down the tube was small, at first, just barely enough to make her skin tingle. He turned it up slowly, to where she started a new cry of misery, then turned it down again.

He truly left her then, going silently back up the stairs. He did have other business to attend to, after all, and could not spend all his time with his new toys.

Chapter Seven

The pain seemed all-encompassing, and Samantha sobbed hopelessly. She had no idea where she was, or who the man who abused her was, or even why he was doing it. Never in her life had she imagined such pain could exist, nor the men who would choose to inflict it on her.

The throbbing in her head was a constant, yet so long as she did not move the pain of her scalp was tolerable, if barely. Her nipples stung, but that was nothing but a brief distraction. Her fingers felt like they were being pulled out of their sockets, but that too was nothing. It was her feet that were on fire, that ached and throbbed to the point where she had lost control of herself several times and thrashed violently against her bonds, despite the added pain this had brought.

Under those circumstances she hardly cared about the thick hard object which had been jammed into her pussy. It was not as thick as the one which had been pushed into her earlier anyway, and though it seemed to buzz inside her the sensation was overwhelmed by the pain.

Had it really been only a day since her capture, since she and Megan had giggled about what fun they would have with the silly people at the party?

Her mind drifted lightly as the pain eased further, becoming a harsh background to her every shuddering breath. She was exhausted from being under extreme physical and mental stress for so long, and utterly bewildered by it all.

Her life had been soft, and comfortable, and she had no experience which could relate to her present circumstances, nor reason to understand why it was occurring.

The buzzing within her seemed to grow in proportion to the pain, and she focused her attention on it a time or two, then dismissed it from consideration. That it did not hurt was all that mattered. Nothing that didn't cause her pain mattered.

She had been hurting for so long now.

Her mind drifted further, and she was startled to suddenly find that her lower body was awash in strange sensations. She felt a creeping desire in her, and her pussy seemed to be throbbing around the thick pipe pushed into it.

She would have laughed had she not been in such misery. How her body could be aroused was beyond her abilities to reckon. How she could even think about sex was astonishing.

Not that being naked constantly before a man should not give rise to such thoughts. She had been awaiting rape since they had first hung her by her wrists and stripped her to the waist. Yet it hadn't happened.

She had been forced to please them orally, but only...only things had been pushed into her pussy. Given the many boys and men who had been so desperate over the years to get their cocks in between her slender thighs she could not understand why her captor was choosing to hurt her instead. And at this point she would have joyously welcomed simple rape.

The thing inside her seemed to be buzzing, and she decided that was what was causing her arousal. At first she thought to resist it, but then, as Megan had before her, she welcomed it as a distraction from her pain and misery.

As it grew it seemed to shut out more and more of the pain, and she focused all her attention on it, welcome the soothing sensation it brought her distressed mind. She winced slightly as she instinctively rolled her hips against the bar and the things hanging from her nipples swung. Yet even that did not seem to hurt much. Indeed, the pinching of her nipples almost seemed to add to the pleasure.

She shook her body again slightly, experimenting, and moaned anew as her nipples were tugged and jerked. She felt the heat growing

within her, and jerked slightly, moaning again, then again, the sexual pressure building up inside her body and mind, pushing aside the pain and misery.

She closed her eyes behind the blindfold, grunting softly as she squeezed down around the thing, her body quivering as the sexual fever seemed to take hold of her.

The orgasm hit, setting her trembling and helplessly writhing, the additional pain from scalp, fingers, and nipples like tiny starburst of light amidst the growing bonfire between her legs.

Then it was gone, and she was left as she was, pain singing out its song again as she whimpered in misery. She tried to focus her attention on her groin, and her mind played out sexual fantasies in a desperate attempt to bring back the pleasure.

At first she felt nothing, but slowly it returned. She seized the first hints of it like a drowning man grasping at straws, pulling it into her mind and rocking her hips against the post, once again raising the pleasure as a shield against the pain.

"You look lovely," Tunde said, smiling his approval.

Megan blushed happily, feeling a trifle awkward in the old-fashioned Victorian dress. It was heavy and white, with an ankle-length skirt and a high neck that pressed against the underside of her chin. Her hair was done up stylishly, as well, and it felt quite odd to be clothed after so long going without.

"Come with me. I am to visit a few of the chiefs of the local villages."

He took her arm and led her out of the palace and into his air-conditioned car. Megan looked around as the car drove off the grounds and down a dirt road.

"Is that an elephant?" she asked in surprise, pointing.

"It is indeed," he said.

"It's quite beautiful."

"So are you," he said, smiling benignly.

The car turned down what was little more than a trail, bouncing roughly through deep potholes and ruts.

"They haven't heard of paving the roads?" she grumbled.

"Most people around here walk," Tunde said. "They have little need of paved roads."

The car came out from amidst the trees and Megan looked

around her to see a large African village. It was almost like the ones she'd seen on television, with small huts made of wood and straw, and hordes of small black children running alongside the car.

"Why are we here?" she asked.

"The man I am to see is an important chief. We have...business together."

The car halted and the driver hurried around to open the door. Tunde got out, holding his hand in to help Megan follow. The heat was oppressive, and the village smelled, but she looked around in fascination as she followed Tunde up to where a group of men stood near a large wooden shack.

Tunde spoke with them, but she didn't know what was being said. The men looked at her with interest, and she smiled in a friendly fashion, looking around a trifle nervously. A number of villagers had turned out to see Tunde's car, and were gathered in a large semi-circle, keeping their distance.

The men before Tunde laughed in amusement, and one made a gesture Megan thought was directed towards her.

Tunde turned to her then.

"You see this man," he said, gesturing to the one who had spoken. She nodded.

"You will kneel before him and take his manhood into your mouth. Please him."

Megan blinked in surprise, then as her mind recognized what he had told her she felt a shock roll through her. She looked around her and then at the smiling men before turning her gaze back to Tunde's eyes, which were no hard and unyielding. She felt suddenly breathless.

"Remember the post which was too high?" he asked. "I could put you back on it, and this time keep it high for the night you sit atop it. Do you wish this?"

"N-No," she whispered.

"Then obey me. At once."

"Y-Yes... M-Master," she gulped.

Her face red, she shuffled forward, dropping her eyes from the men's gaze, then slowly easing down to her knees in front of the man Tunde had gestured to. She burned with shame as half the village looked on, then reached for his groin.

He snickered, pulling his trousers open and taking out a long black cock. He said something and the others laughed again as she bent forward, hesitated briefly, then slipped her lips around him.

As with Tunde he was uncircumcised. She licked at his cock, sliding her lips lower and lower as his hands went to her head. His fingers pulled at her hair, which began to come apart from its careful styling, and he began to thrust forward, using her mouth.

She tried to ignore the watching villagers, but could not miss hearing the snickering comments of the men standing nearby. Somehow not knowing what they were saying was worse. She was quite certain their comments were crude.

Her lips bobbed up and down on the man's cock as the others looked on, then it exploded, filling her mouth with a hot, salty liquid which she quickly swallowed.

She eased back, then got shakily to her feet.

"Take off your dress," Tunde ordered.

She looked at him, startled, then looked down at her feet. A moment later she reached back behind her and unfastened the dress, then eased it forward over her shoulders. She lowered it, baring her breasts, then pushed it down over her hips and stepped out of it to stand nude in front of the men.

Tunde spoke to them again, then reached up behind her head, fingers pulling at her hair, forcing her head back and chest out. She grunted in pain, then felt his hand slide up her chest, stroking over one of her round breasts.

"Get down on all fours," Tunde said, releasing her hair.

Again she burned in embarrassment. She had thought being nude and penetrated by that tube in Tunde's central hall would have sheltered her from any blows to her pride. But apparently it had not. The people there all expected such things, after all. None had shown the slightest surprise at finding her in the hall as she was.

But this was a real village, with real people in it, and she was being degraded before them in a way calculated to show Tunde's mastery of her.

She obeyed, nevertheless, swallowing repeatedly as she knelt on all fours, displaying her buttocks and sex to the men standing at behind her and trying not to look at what seemed scores of villagers watching curiously from a few dozen yards back.

Tunde moved behind her and dropped to his knees. His hands moved over her body, stroking her skin and cupping and squeezing her breasts. Then he entered her, roughly thrusting himself deep. She grunted from the deep penetration, then her body began to jerk in time to his hard, steady thrusting.

Her hair, already half undone, fell around her face, mercifully hiding the sight of those watching. She concentrated on the dirt below her hands as Tunde's heavy hips slammed repeatedly into her backside and his thick cock thrust deep into her sheath.

Tunde's hand moved up and gripped her hair, yanking her head up and back, and she cried out briefly, eyes caught by the watchers before her.

She hated Tunde then for humiliating her. Had he done her this way in his palace before his servants she would not have been bothered. But out here, out among ordinary, people, simple villagers, she felt more degraded and humiliated than she ever had before, and wished only to bury her face in the dirt.

Tunde picked up the pace behind her, thrusting harder, his cock spearing her painfully. Then he halted with a grunt of pleasure.

Megan knew a few moments of relief, but they were to be short-lived. As soon as Tunde rose another took his place, then another, then another. Five men besides Tunde made use of her there in the centre of the village. And all the time the villagers watched, some speaking to each other quietly, others laughing and giggling.

She was sweating heavily, of course, her skin slick with perspiration as the men continued to use her, as their hands roamed her body freely, squeezing and pinching and caressing her in the most intimate places. Their hard organs continued to rut into her as she knelt, dully wondering how she had come to this.

When it was done Tunde snapped a collar around her throat, attached a leash, then merrily walked through the village, apparently given a tour by one of the village elders. Megan was forced to crawl along nude on all fours like a dog. Women laughed at her and children giggled. Men looked at her bared buttocks and the soft furry mound between her legs, or at her soft, pale breasts swinging back and forth beneath her as she crawled.

It felt like hours before Tunde led her back to his car and had her crawl inside and sit on the floor as he got in beside her. He waved behind at the village, shouting jovially as the car pulled away, then turned and glared at Megan.

"You have angered me," he said. "You did not show your pleasure in being mounted by my friends and myself. I expected you to be pleased by being rode so well by such fine men."

She wiped the sweat out of her eyes and glowered back at him.

"You didn't tell me you were going to...to treat me like an

animal," she accused.

"I do not need to tell you anything, slut!" he growled. "You are mine to do with as I choose. Perhaps I have been too soft on you. Perhaps you need more of the treatment your friend has been receiving!"

"I'm sorry," Megan said, dropping her eyes. "I didn't mean to...to disappoint you. I've never been...naked and...well...in public..."

"You are shy still? Perhaps you do need more time on the pole."

"It isn't that!" she exclaimed. "It's just different out in public among, well, those villagers."

"Perhaps what you need is a few weeks living with villagers then," he said, eyes narrowing. "Perhaps that would cure you of this pride you have."

"Is Samantha all right?" she asked.

"The redhead? Of course she is all right. I do not damage my property."

"Could I...see her?"

He snorted, then smiled. "Perhaps that would be a good thing," he said. "But first we have another village to visit."

He did not dress her again. When they arrived at the next village he held the leash and she had to crawl out of the car on all fours once again. This time the village's important men were seated and Tunde had her fellate each of them there before kneeling on all fours and being mounted by him once again.

As before, a crowd of villagers watched, and as before she hated Tunde for subjecting her to such humiliation.

Afterwards they returned to the palace, and Tunde brought her to the shower room where she had to bathe him, then herself, of the sweat they had picked up in the villages. He let her feet him grapes and strawberries after that, then led her down a stairway into a kind of stone basement.

Her jaw dropped open at the sight of Samantha, and she looked at Tunde in fear. At the same time she felt the oddest little tinge of dark excitement inside her lower belly. Samantha had obviously been mistreated, yet looked so...so hot there as she hung by her wrists.

There were long dark lines across her breasts and belly, across her abdomen and thighs. She was blindfolded, her hair matted, her body obviously unwashed.

Her arms and legs were chained far apart, her body straining

between them. She had been pierced at ears, nose, nipples and clitoris, and large gold rings were embedded in her body. Now those rings were pulled tightly by strong elastic cords, the nipples pulled straight forward with sufficient strength to turn her rounded breasts into thick cones. Her ear rings were pulled to either side as well as back, forcing her head back. The ring in her nose was being pulled upwards and forward, while the one tugging on the ring through her clitoris pulled down and back.

Her whip-marked body was fully displayed then, to Tunde's fond, and Megan's horrified - and fascinated gaze.

"It is me, Dog," he said, cupping one of her straining breasts and stroking it.

"Master," she whispered.

"Do you love me, little dog?" he asked, his hand sliding down her straining belly to finger the ring pulling at her clit.

"Yes," she whispered.

He smiled.

"I have brought a friend to visit you, dog. Say hello to her."

"H-Hello," Samantha croaked.

"Oh my God!" Megan whispered.

"You remember your friend Megan? Megan has been very much enjoying my company. Haven't you, Megan?"

"Yes, master!" Megan gulped.

"Do you think your little friend here looks beautiful, Megan?"

"Y-Yes, master," Megan said.

"I will have you pierced as she is later. These rings look so lovely, do they not?"

Megan nodded and agreed. She was frightened, on the one hand, at what treatment Samantha had undergone, and yet...and yet there was something darkly sensual about the thought of being hung by one's wrist like a...like a sex slave...and tortured.

"Would you like to see again, little dog?"

"Y-yes, master," Samantha moaned.

"She has been blindfolded since that day at the high commission," Tunde said. "She has seen nothing since then. Perhaps I will keep her like this forever."

He laughed then, and smirked down at Megan.

"Do you think she could make a good little slave, Megan?"

"I...yes, master," Megan said shakily.

"Then you will train her for me."

"Me!?"

"Yes. And you will be responsible for her behaviour. If she misbehaves, you will be punished."

"But I..."

"You will clean her, and teach her how she must act. Walk her around the palace and give her to any man who desires her. Teach her that modesty is not a condition she is permitted to retain. You may beat her if you feel she deserves it."

Megan gaped at him as he reached forward and unhooked the cords from the rings. Samantha groaned in relief as the pressure was finally released from the rings set into her flesh, and Megan licked her lips in sympathy. She watched him remove the blindfold, then two small cotton pads beneath.

Samantha blinked and squinted against the first light she had seen in days. In the beginning she could see nothing through the tears filling her eyes.

She stared at Megan, who stared back.

Then Tunde unlocked the chains from her ankle restraints, and moments later lowered her to the ground. He fastened a collar around her throat and handed the leash to Megan, who stared at it in fascination.

"Remember, you must teach her. If you fail you will be beaten. Now take her and prepare her. I will make use of her later, and she must be lustful and properly appreciative."

"Uhm, yes, master," Megan said.

"Come on, Sam," she whispered, tugging at the leash.

Samantha crawled forward without complaint, and Megan led her to the bottom of the stairs, then, as Tunde looked on, led her upstairs.

"Are you okay?" she whispered as she walked her down the hall.

"I...hurt," Megan groaned.

"God, you look like you do. What did he do to you? You're all over bruises!"

"He...hurt me," she whispered.

Megan led her into the apartment where she and Tunde resided, then, not knowing what else to do, led her into the huge bathroom and ran a bath for her.

"You can uhm, stand up when he's not around, I think."

"I can't. My feet hurt too badly," Samantha groaned.

"Your feet?"

"He whipped my feet."

That wasn't something Megan had ever even imagined, and she stared at her friend in shock.

"Can I have some water please?"

"Uh...sure."

She ran the water and let her drink down a glass, then a second one. She had her climb into the tub then, but Samantha's backside was too bruised, and she didn't want to sit. That meant Megan had to wash her in much the way she herself had been washed that first time. She was considerably more gentle, of course, even as she tried to get from Sam what exactly Tunde had done to her.

As the story emerged she again found that strange dark excitement, faintly wishing somehow that she could have witnessed it, or perhaps even have it done to her. She felt guilt over that, for Samantha had been treated horribly. She also hated Tunde for hurting her friend. All of this confused her greatly.

She also felt strange soaping up Sam's breasts. Sam was still dazed and half out of it, so showed no particular objection. But Megan couldn't help notice how big and soft they were, and think of how Tunde would paw and grope them later that day.

She fingered the little gold rings, thinking how sexy they looked there, then ran her hand over Sam's bare behind, soaping it up, then letting her hand ease between her thighs and rub against her pussy. She fought the urge to slide her fingers into her friend's sex as had been done to her, and contented herself then with rinsing her off, then gently brushing her hair as she dried it.

Samantha hugged her and Megan awkwardly patted her back, exceedingly aware of the soft warmth of her friend's big breasts as they pressed in against her own soft, naked mammaries.

She led her out of the room, Samantha crawling along beside her, then up into the big bed she herself slept in.

"I just want to...sleep," Samantha whispered.

"You can't. Tunde's is going to do you later and he wants you to be ready for him."

Samantha shuddered and closed her eyes.

"It's not that bad, really. I mean, he's actually quite good a cocksman, far better than anyone I've ever had before.

Samantha opened her eyes and stared at her.

"Well...I mean, it's not like I want him to, of course," Megan said awkwardly.

"He's a rapist, Meg," Samantha said.

"Well...I know," she said, squirming a little, "But it doesn't do any good to scream and cry and call him names. I mean, all that brings is a beating, right? So you might as well, you know, grin and bear it. Anyway, you don't have any choice."

"Bastard," Samantha sighed, closing her eyes again.

"You can't call him names. You have to make like a proper little tart or he'll give you what for.

All Samantha wanted to do was sleep, however, so Megan had to give up on her for then. She decided Tunde wasn't likely to do anything with Sam until much later anyway.

Chapter Eight

That assumption turned out to be incorrect. Just after dinner Tunde summoned her, glaring balefully down at Sam, who sat miserably in the middle of the bed.

"Did I not order you to teach this dog what was needful?" he demanded.

"Well... yes, Master," Megan said, "But she was too tired."

"Too tired!? Do you think you can defy my orders with such trivial excuses?"

"No, master!" she gulped.

"Come with me, and bring the dog," he snapped.

Megan glared at Sam, then snatched up her leash and hurriedly followed Tunde down the hall and into another room. She hesitated there, then obediently walked forward, letting go of the leash as Tunde bent her a strangely shaped padded bench. It was composed of two angled sides which rose to a peak that she must bend her belly across and lay herself down. Her buttocks were thus raised high and vulnerably as her wrists and ankles were parted and strapped down.

She swallowed nervously as she looked at Sam, who was ordered to kneel off to one side and watch. She looked in the other direction and saw Tunde opening a cupboard, bringing out a long wooden cane. She felt her buttocks tighten, and moaned softly as he came around behind her.

"You have been a very bad little girl."

"I'm sorry, master," she whined.

She felt his hand slide over her buttocks, then in between her thighs to rub against her sex. A moment later she heard a buzzing and felt something nudging against her opening. She was surprised, and quite pleased to realize he was using a vibrator on her. Anything that didn't cause pain was always welcome.

He worked the vibrator deep, then began to slowly pump it in and out as he fingered her clit. She felt embarrassed, at first, because of Sam watching. She knew, however, that Tunde had made use of Sam's plush body, as well, and her embarrassment gradually faded as he continued to work her over.

She felt her pussy moistening around the vibrator, felt hot little rushes of heat as his fingers stroked and rubbed at her clitty. He plunged the vibrator deep and left it there, then moved back a pace.

The snap of the cane had made her squeal, the sharpness of the stinging pain backing her away from the soft languor of sexual pleasure.

"Nasty little trollop," he said, his hand plunging between her thighs and fingering her clitoris once again. "A slut such as you was made to be used by many men, to crawl on all fours presenting her sex to any who wish use of it."

The pleasure grew again, and he began to pump the vibrator. She closed her eyes and moaned.

His hand smacked down against her bottom, then again, each time making her squeal even as he continued to pump the vibrator inside her.

He raised her pleasure higher and higher, and she was hardly even aware of Sam's eyes on her now as she gasped for breath and lewdly rolled her hips.

Again the cane lashed out, and again a sharp blast of pain tore through the fog of pleasure gripping her mind. A second blast followed, and a third, pulling her back from an approaching climax, filling her eyes with tears.

Again he halted, stroking and caressing her body, pulling the vibrator free to stroke the head directly along her clitoris, then thrusting it home again. And as she started to pant in excitement he lifted up the cane once more and again began to slash it across her backside.

But as the pleasure grew to envelope her mind and body it was harder and harder for him to pull her back from the edge, and the

sharp, stinging blows from the cane began to have the opposite effect, began to make her groin shiver and jerk in hot, oozing pleasure.

He fingered her clitoris and she cried out in pleasure, but then he reached for the vibrator, sliding it slowly back up and out of her steaming pussy.

"Please, master!" she gasped. "Please, master!"

"Please what, little slut?" he asked in amusement.

He slipped a finger into her rectum, then curled it under to pull up against her tail bone.

"Please," she gasped mindlessly.

He laughed, then pulled the finger free, pressing the vibrator against her rectum. She groaned as he slowly forced it down inside her, filling her with its quivering hardness. Then she felt a second one pushed against her pussy, and cried out in joy as she recognized the feel of master's own cock.

"Yes! Yes! Oh yes!" she moaned as he thrust into her.

Samantha was watching with wary astonishment. Each blow of the cane made her cringe in sympathy and fear. Yet Megan's cries of pleasure confused and amazed her. At first she thought the blonde was merely putting on a show. Yet the glistening wetness of the vibrator whenever Tunde yanked it free of her pussy gave the lie to that.

She felt embarrassed for her friend, and embarrassed for herself for witnessing the lewdness of Tunde's use of her. She watched him enter her, watched him thrust his dark black penis home in Megan's soft, tight opening, and heard her friend's groan of elation as he began to ride her. It was simply too obvious that Megan was thoroughly enjoying her own raping.

Tunde slid his hand along her back, then along her sides, sliding under to grip Megan's breasts tightly as he pumped, and all Megan did was grunt and groan in delight.

He reached down, gripping her long hair, yanking her head up and back in a way Sam knew was quite painful. Yet she did not object. She continued to grunt and moan as his hips slammed brutally against her buttocks and his erection pounded in and out of her soaking sheath.

Megan turned her head, jaw slack as her body jerked to the pumping of Tunde's body. She met Samantha's wide eyes, and felt a soft shyness slide over her, but then the orgasm rose around her like the funnel of a tornado, and even as he tugged cruelly at her hair it began to close in. He twisted her breast then drew his hand back and began slapping at it, making the soft, rounded mammary jiggle and jerk,

turning the flesh red with pain.

She screamed as the climax ripped into her, her body thrashing wildly, her insides blazing with a wildfire ecstasy that burned through her nervous system. Convulsions racked her body as the orgasm rose to greater and greater heights. Her breast bounced and jerked under his continued slapping and her scalp ached as he tugged back again and again, but how else was a sex slave to be treated.

Sex slave, she thought dazedly. Sex slave. Sex slave. A raped sex slave!

And the climax rolled on as she gripped it and held it to her, rejoiced in its freedom and the howling pleasure it brought.

Only when the orgasm finally faded, and Tunde, the man she thought of more and more as simply - Master - withdrew, his seed filling her rectum, did the throbbing pain of her caned behind begin to seem unpleasant. Yet it had been worth it, and she groaned, sated.

He moved around in front of her, gripping her hair and yanking her head up, holding his cock before her mouth to be cleaned. She licked at it and took it into her mouth, sucking and licking as he held her hair.

He pulled out, then used her hair to dry him before doing up his pants. He gave her wounded buttocks a squeeze, then looked at Samantha, who quickly dropped her eyes.

"I will not be so gentle next time, slave," he said. "You must teach this dog how to act properly around her betters."

"I...I will, master," Megan groaned.

Her nodded and left the room.

Megan was silent then, catching her breath and regaining her energy. Samantha looked at her warily, not moving.

"U-Untie me," she groaned at last.

"I uhm, don't know if I should. Won't he be mad?"

"No. He's finished for now. Come and unlock these."

Samantha bit her lip, then dropped onto all fours and crawled over beside her. She reached in and unstrapped the blonde, then scuttled back a little as Megan stood up, rubbing her sore behind and wincing at the sight of her red breast.

"I hate it when he slaps my boobs," she said.

"You should try feeling it when he whips them," Samantha said.

"Yeah, I guess."

"Were you really...I mean was that an act?"

"You mean did I really come? Yeah, I did."

The two looked at each other and Megan shrugged, slightly embarrassed. "I can't help it," she said.

She reached back behind her then and slowly pulled the vibrator out of her rectum, turning it off.

"Are you some kind of slut now, or what?" Samantha demanded.

Megan flushed. "Well, maybe I am. But isn't it better to be a slut and enjoy being poled instead of screaming and crying about it?"

Samantha made a face.

"And don't forget I got caned because of you, Sam. If you'd just show a little enthusiasm..."

"For having him rape me!?"

"Yes! Don't tell me you've never played up to a guy before because I've seen you. You just have to pretend you like him, that's all. You have to be all eager and happy to get his cock in you."

She rubbed her behind again, then smirked. "And speaking of that, he did tell me to walk you around and give you to whoever wanted you."

Samantha blinked, then gasped as Megan picked up her leash.

"You're not going to do it, are you!?"

"I don't have a choice. You heard him tell me to."

"But...but..."

"I don't intend to get whipped, Sam, even if you seem to like it so much."

"I don't like it!"

"Well, you sure looked like it when you were downstairs."

"I didn't enjoy one minute of it!" Sam exclaimed, embarrassed now as she recalled the orgasms she'd felt while locked against that vibrator.

"Well anyway, you're going to have to get used to people seeing you naked and having sex with them, so come on."

She tugged on the leash, and Sam reluctantly followed as she led her out of the room, then out into the hall. She cringed back the first time a servant came by, trying to hide her bare breasts and pussy with her hands.

"You can't do that. Master wi... I mean, Tunde will beat you."

"But I'm naked!"

"So am I, and you don't see me hiding."

"Slut," Sam muttered.

Megan glared, then yanked on the leash, forcing her to crawl along until the next servant came by, where she again halted and

crouched against the wall. Megan muttered a curse under her breath, then led her back into the central hall and up to the dais she herself had been placed on when she'd first arrived.

"How are your feet?" she asked.

"Sore. I told you."

"You can't even stand on them?"

"Well...it's been a couple of days but if I walk on them for more than a couple of minutes they hurt."

"Maybe just standing on them won't be too bad," she said thoughtfully. "Stand up for a bit."

"I thought Tunde said I had to crawl."

"You're not going anywhere."

Sam stood up slowly, wincing a little as she tested her weight on her feet. "It's not as bad as it was," she said.

"Good. Here, give me these." She moved behind her and pulled her wrists back behind her back.

"What are you doing?"

The restraints clicked together, and Meg nodded to herself, her arms going around her friend as she pulled her backwards.

"Meg?"

Megan felt the top of the pole against her own backside and moved around it, then pulled Samantha back further.

"What...what are you...Meg!"

She gripped the blonde's middle and grunted as she jerked her up off her feet. Fortunately, the pole had been lowered somewhat, and was still glistening with the oil placed on it for her a few days previously. She lined up the squirming redhead's pussy and lowered her slowly, letting her weight force her down onto the rounded post.

"Meg! What are you doing! Owww!" Samantha cried.

"Don't squirm so much and it'll go in easier."

"Are you crazy?!"

Her pussy lips spread wider and wider, then with a sharp, stinging sensation, pulled just that bit much wider to admit the shining metal post. It slid up into her body and she gasped and stopped squirming as Megan released her and let her stand there on her toes.

"There," she said. "That's where I was put the first day, you see, to get used to being seen naked by strangers."

"Get me off!"

"I can't. You have to get used to being seen naked. It's either this or I get a switch or something and beat you whenever you try and cover

yourself.

"You filthy bitch!"

"It's for your own good," Megan said. "Do you want Master to beat you?"

Samantha twisted from side to side, trying to pull herself off the post, but it was firmly lodged inside her. She glowered at the blonde, then slowly, her toes aching, lowered herself until her feet were flat on the dais.

Megan bent over and examined the post, then straightened with a sniff. "God, you've only got six inches in you. I had almost a foot, and then Maste...I mean Tunde came up and did me in the bum."

A man walked by and Samantha squirmed, turning her red face away as he examined the two of them.

"You'll get used to it before long."

"I don't want to get used to it!" Samantha cried, tears filling her eyes.

Megan hugged her, again feeling a hot, moist heaviness as their breasts squeezed together. "It won't be so bad," she said, stroking her back. "You'll see."

"I want to go home," Samantha whimpered.

"Me too, but we can't yet, and don't even say that to him unless you want to get whipped."

She stepped back and looked down at the redhead's groin. "Not so bad now, is it?"

"I feel so full."

"You get used to it. It can even feel kind of...nice."

"It doesn't."

"Well, he had this black girl lick me down there when I was on it."

"Oh ick!"

"It wasn't so...bad."

"I suppose you came then too?"

Megan shrugged helplessly.

"You are turning into a randy slut."

"Well so will you, believe me. It's a lot better than being beat up."

She stepped back, then dropped off the dais.

"Where are you going?" Samantha gasped.

"I have to leave you alone for a bit, so you get over your shyness."

"Don't!"

"I have to."

"You rotten cow!"

Megan waved and walked off down one of the halls, leaving her alone there. She turned beet red as another man walked by, stopped, then licked his lips at her.

Chapter Nine

More than a dozen people had passed by before Megan returned and let her down. She was still upset with her and refused to talk to her as she crawled along next to her.

They returned to Megan's room and Megan tried to teach her the things she needed to know in order to please Tunde: how to wash him, how to lick his feet and suck on his toes, how to set his clothes aside in the mornings, and most importantly, the kinds of positions Tunde liked to take his women in.

"I'm not going to do any of that," Samantha said, sulking.

"You have to or he'll get mad."

"Yes, but he'll only beat you," Samantha said.

"Then I'll beat you, you little slut!"

"Look who's calling who a slut!"

"Just listen while I..."

"No! I want to get out of here!"

"There is no way out! We're in the middle of Africa!"

"So find some clothes and some water and we'll run away."

"You can hardly even stand up and you want to walk across Africa? Boy, you're stupid."

"Not as stupid as you, you cow!"

"Oh no?"

She jerked the kneeling girl forward and then pulled her wrists behind her back.

"What are you doing?! Let me go!"

Megan clipped her wrist restraints together behind her back then began to spank her as Samantha cursed and writhed.

It was then that Tunde came into the room, which shut both of them up instantly.

"What is going on here?"

"I was uh, punishing her, master," Megan said.

"Indeed. For what?"

"She was calling me names. And she wouldn't listen to me."

"Well, we can't have you two fighting, can we," Tunde said with a smile. "Release her."

Megan undid Samantha's restraints and the redhead rose to her knees, glaring at her.

"You two are good friends, no?"

Samantha snorted disdainfully.

"I want you to make love," Tunde said.

Both of them stared at him in shock.

"Make love together. I hear many western women do this thing." Megan and Samantha looked at each other, then at Tunde.

"But...we uh..."

"Now!" he snapped.

Samantha's defiance had evaporated the moment Tunde appeared, and her lower lip now trembled, her face going pale as Megan looked at her. Megan took a deep breath, feeling that hot, moist heaviness between her legs again, then reached over and ran her hand over Samantha's breast.

The redhead pushed her hand back instinctively, then dropped her eyes under Tunde's quelling gaze, and knelt still as Megan began to caress her breasts and finger her nipples.

For her part Megan felt a growing arousal as she squeezed Sam's breasts. She lowered her head, tonguing one nipple, sucking on it and the ring embedded through it. She mouthed them both, sucking and licking, her fingers kneading the heavy orbs gently.

Her hand skimmed down Sam's body and cupped her between the legs, then began to rub softly against her quim.

Seeing Tunde's glare, Samantha lifted her arms at last, her hands stroking Megan's back and head. Then as Megan raised her face and kissed her she opened her lips, kissing back, ashamed yet desperate to please Tunde.

She grunted as Megan slipped a finger inside her, and gasped as another stroked up along her clitoris. Megan pressed her body forward and Sam eased back onto her back, letting the blonde do the work. She felt a churning in her stomach as Megan licked downwards along her belly, hoping she wasn't going to...

But then she did, and Samantha fought the urge to shove her back

as Megan's tongue lapped at her pussy opening. Instead she made a face that she hoped looked like pleasure, letting her legs shift apart.

Megan's tongue pushed into her, then eased up and caressed her clitty.

She was far more sensitive there since she'd been pierced, or so she thought. It felt...not bad...as the soft pink tongue stroked against her. She was already breathing rapidly, so did her best to pretend this was excitement.

And then she realized it was excitement, that Meg's gentle tongue was starting to loosen up her tightness and send hot little pulsating bursts of pleasure up her spine. She almost jerked back then, but caught hold of herself, relaxing, letting Megan lick at her, and trying to fight the build up of pleasure.

It felt very nice, though, very, very nice. If it hadn't been that it was a woman there, even Meg, she would have given in. As it was she fought it to the end, until the pleasure wove a spell around her mind and her body began to buck up of its own accord, until her breasts were swollen with heat and her insides were swirling and burning.

Then Tunde was there, yanking Meg back and kneeling between her quivering legs. He thrust into her, and Samantha groaned in delight, reaching up, sliding her hands around him as his body covered her, grunting and moaning as he began to thrust in hard and deep and fast.

Megan looked on jealously, fingering her own steaming little quim and watching as Tunde's cock thrust into her squirming, moaning girlfriend again and again.

He gave a final deep thrust, then stopped, smiling down at the redhead, kissing her softly.

"Much better," he said. "You will be as good as Megan in no time at all."

He got up then, patted Megan on the head, and left the room.

"Slut," Megan said sarcastically.

Samantha bit her lip and flushed.

"Now we have to keep practising. He'll want more next time."

She was lying, but that didn't matter. She slid her body atop Sam's, then kissed her. She began to grind her body down, rubbing her breasts against Sam's, then spreading her legs and sliding her pussy back and forth against Sam's own overheated little quim.

At first the redhead just lay there, but then her body began to respond. Her legs spread more and more, opening her pussy to Megan's quick grinding movements. Their tongues joined together and their

hands began to caress each other with passion and lust.

Megan came twice, her soft pussy burning up against Samantha's, then Sam arched her back, climaxing herself, her body shuddering to the intensity of the pleasure roaring within.

Weak from that, she allowed Megan to pin her arms down with her knees and kneel over her face, then reluctantly began to tongue her blonde pussy, searching out her little clit and lapping steadily against it. Soon Megan had twisted around and her face was between Samantha's legs, licking at her pussy as well.

A great and wonderful heat seemed to catch hold of the two, and for hours they spoke little, their tongues moving together, their hands caressing each other, soft moans and gasps of pleasure filling the air around the bed.

They used vibrators and dildos on each other, giggling, then gasping in pleasure. They took a bath together, kissing and hugging each other gently and lovingly.

When Tunde came back later that night Samantha managed to hide her dislike of him. The two took turns fellating him, one taking his shaft into her mouth as the other massaged and sucked on his testicles. Then Samantha squatted atop him and took her into her belly, riding up and down with pleasure that was feigned only at first.

The next few weeks were uneventful, other than for the number of times the two girls brought each other to climax. Tunde made use of them, as well, naturally, and though neither girl was fond of him they accepted the need to please him, and even enjoyed the feel of his hardness inside them.

He put them through their paces, as well. They crawled, prostrated themselves before him, licked at his feet, and offered their bodies to him enthusiastically. Any sign of hesitation or lack of enthusiasm brought a sharp slap or even a quick caning on their bare behinds.

Samantha soon began to feel the same odd attraction to her status as Megan did. And a few times she deliberately acted up - just a little - in order to have Tunde strap her down and then cane her bare bottom. It made her feel...like a slave.

Like Megan she was beginning to feel the freedom of slavery, the freedom to enjoy her body, and to let others enjoy it, without guilt.

When Tunde took her out to visit several villages she knew what was coming, and was gripped by terror, anxiety... and anticipation. Just as Megan had told her she was forced to please several men amidst a

crowd of watching villagers, then used roughly and thoroughly.

She hated it, and felt fury and shame, yet helplessly climaxed as Tunde rode her there on all fours amid a circle of watching men, women and children.

When she returned to the palace she burst into tears and threw herself into Megan's arms. Megan comforted her in the way they had most recently learned, and soon they were kissing and caressing each other lovingly.

Then Tunde showed up with a white man a few days later both were shocked. Still, both ran excitedly over to Tunde and dropped to their knees, greeting him enthusiastically.

"Mr. Donovan is from the British embassy," Tunde said in amusement. "He has heard a strange rumour about English girls being held against their will here. Are you two being held prisoner?"

Both girls shook their heads, neither willing to do anything to upset Tunde.

"Come here," he ordered Megan.

She put on a smile and hurried up to him, embarrassed as Donovan stared at her naked body. He was a white man, after all, and English.

"Is she not beautiful, Mr. Donovan?" Tunde said shrewdly.

"Oh my yes," he gulped.

Tunde pulled her into his arms and she giggled, pressing her breasts into his chest as his hand moved down her back and squeezed her behind. He turned her towards Donovan, pulling her in against his body and putting his hands around her waist.

"Is this one of these girls you spoke of?"

"Ah, I wouldn't uhm, now, your honour," he said.

He watched as one of Tunde's hands rose and cupped a plump young breast.

"You are happy here, are you not, Megan?"

"Yes, master," she said. "Can I service you, master?"

Donovan's jaw dropped again.

"Perhaps later. You are an obedient girl, are you not?"

"Yes, master."

He moved to a nearby cabinet and withdrew a thin, yard long switch, then returned.

"Display yourself."

She immediately arched her back sharply, her hands going up behind her neck.

"Do not move," he ordered.

He swung the switch down, and to Donovan's astonishment it slashed directly across her rounded breasts. She screamed, but held her position as a red line appeared across her perfect mammaries.

Tunde turned and grinned at Donovan, then turned back, lashing the switch down again, then again, then again, switching from one breast to the other as the girl sobbed and trembled and shook.

She kept her position, even as her legs grew rubbery and she slowly sank to her knees. Her hands remained behind her head, her back arched sharply as Tunde lashed her breasts and then her lower chest. The pain tore at her mind, but inside was the desperate determination to not disobey Tunde, for she knew that if she did far worse punishments would be in store.

And hiding just behind that was the deep, dark erotic thrill she had been refusing to see for weeks. Her loins grew warm and moist and her body burned with both pain and excitement.

Tunde stopped and turned to smile at Donovan again.

"She is quite obedient, is she not?"

"Y-Yes," he gulped, his cock stiff and hungry.

"Perhaps you can make use of her while I attend to other business."

"Ah, uhm, I'm sure that's not necessary, your honour," Donovan said, eyes staring at the lovely young woman kneeling there before him, her chest criss-crossed by red lines of pain.

"Nonsense. Sharing with guests is an African tradition."

He reached down and gripped the girl by the hair, pulling her to her feet. With a sharp word her arms dropped to her sides and she lowered her head, eyes red, cheeks wet with tears. Yet she blinked her eyes rapidly and smiled up at Tunde.

Tunde reached between her legs and her eyes closed as she shuddered. Donovan watched two long fingers slide up into the girl's quim, then pull back.

Tunde held them up before him to show how they glistened wetly, then pushed them into the girl's mouth and let her suckle and lick at them.

"Make him happy, little flower, while I attend to business," Tunde said, moving to the door.

He turned to Donovan. "Use her roughly. It is as Allah wills." Then he gestured to Samantha to follow and headed for the door. She looked sympathetically at Megan, then hurried after.

Megan blushed as the man stared at her excitedly.

"Do I please you, Master?" she asked hesitantly.

"Oh yeah," he said.

She reached up to rub the tears from her face, then moved closer to him, her hands sliding up his shoulders. He reached for her breasts, then hesitated.

"Yes. Squeeze them," she said throatily.

"Don't they hurt?"

"Yes. They hurt terribly. Squeeze them. Make them hurt more."

He gaped at her, then cupped her breasts, squeezing softly. She closed her eyes, moaning, shaking. "More," she whispered.

He squeezed harder and tears appeared to trickle from her closed eyes. She began to roll her hips, pushing her crotch against him as she panted for breath.

She told herself she had to please him, that Tunde had given an order she dared not defy. Yet inside her body the juices flowed, and inside her mind was a deep, soulful excitement.

Then her eyes opened, glassy and wet. "Rape me," she whispered. "Rape me, master."

He blinked his eyes.

"R-rape you?"

She nodded breathlessly.

"Ahh, do you like being raped?"

"Oh yes, master!"

"Why do you call me master?"

"I'm a slave," she said with a dreamy look in her eyes. "I'm a sex slave. I call every man master."

His cock was no longer twitching. It was now straining up against his shorts as he stared at her, open-mouthed.

She turned her back to him, then bent over a nearby stool, spreading her legs.

"Rape me, master!" she groaned.

"Holy jumping Christ!" he whispered.

He looked around again, then jerked his pants down, pressing himself in against her from behind.

"Yesssss," she groaned. "Yesss - OH - yeeessss!"

He buried himself in her tight little pussy and humped furiously, his hands gripping her hips as he pounded into her with unrelenting excitement. Her sheath milked his cock expertly, and he grunted and moaned in delight as his face distorted with pleasure.

"Yes! Yes, master! Rape me, master!" she cried.

Her words sent an electric thrill along his spine and he thrust harder and faster, groaning as he came, as his juice flowed out of him and the girl's pussy drank it down.

"That was nice, master," she sighed, straightening and turning to smile shyly at him.

"Ah, it was?"

She nodded her head.

"Uhm, you uh, you're from England?"

"Yes, master."

"It's strange seeing an English girl act like this."

She lost her smile and nodded. "I used to be...well...like everyone else. But master...I mean, Tunde has shown me how to be free, how to not care about what others think and enjoy my body. I have a nice body, don't you think?"

"Oh yes!"

"You see? But before I came here I got little pleasure out of it. I mean, the men would come panting around but I was too inhibited, too afraid of getting a reputation, or of how I would look to them. I never even had an orgasm while being raped...I mean, while having sex before Tunde gave me one."

"Are you saying uh.. that you like it here?"

She scrunched up her face uncertainly. "I don't know. I get raped...I mean, I have sex ten times or more every day. I have lots of orgasms. It's really strange. Back home was...well, kind of boring, to tell you the truth."

"But you could have sex as often as you wanted anywhere."

She looked thoughtful and nodded slowly. "I suppose you're right," she said. "Though people would call me names and stuff back home. Here they just think it's natural."

"Uh huh. I don't see a lot of other people walking around naked here."

"Well..." She frowned again in confusion, then her eyes brightened as she saw his cock had begun to rise again.

"Ahh, I can get you ready quickly," she said, sliding to her knees.

She slipped her lips over his cock and began to bob up and down, her fingers caressing his thighs and massaging his balls.

He was going to have a hard time explaining this to the client if it ever got out, but Donovan couldn't help himself. His cock grew and throbbed inside the young girl's willing mouth, and he humped

excitedly as she ran her soft lips up and down its length.

He reached down and pulled her up and off, then crushed his lips against one of her breasts, sucking and chewing as he eased her back to the bed. She fell back willingly, spreading her legs for him as he drove himself into her.

"Yess! Rape me! Rape me!" she gasped. "Use me, master! Use me hard!"

He groaned and thrust into her, imagining what it would be like to own a hot little slut like her. For that, he had no doubt, was what she was. She was a hot, randy little tart that Tunde had somehow managed to brainwash. And his mind growled at the thought of owning her himself.

He squeezed one of her breasts and yanked back on her silky hair, biting into her throat as he rammed himself down again and again.

"W-wait!" she cried. "Wait, master!"

He pulled himself up, chest heaving.

"Tie me up first!" she begged.

She spread her arms up and out and he saw the straps at the corners of the bed. He felt his cock throb and leaned forward, eagerly sliding the straps around her slender wrists and pulling them tight.

"And my legs!"

He hopped off, strapping her legs to the lower corners of the bed, then jumping aboard again. He knelt there, his hands running hungrily up and down her lush body. Then he took his cock and thrust himself into her, eyes alight with the sight of her writhing below him.

"Oh! Yes! Yes! Rape me, master! Harder! As hard as you can!" she begged.

He flung his hips into her, stabbing his cock into the soft, puffy hole between her beautiful legs, grunting enthusiastically as he road her.

"S-Slap me, master!" she moaned, rolling her head back.

"Wha..."

"Slap me! Slap my face!"

He stared at her, his hips working feverishly.

"Please, master! Please!" she whined.

He slapped her face lightly, and she groaned. He could feel her pussy squeezing down on his shaft.

"Harder! Please! Harder!"

Again he slapped her, and again. She begged him for more, and every time he hit her, her pussy spasmed around his cock. He slapped her face with one hand, then the other, sending her head rolling from

side to side.

Her eyes seemed to lose focus and she began to arch her back, trembling violently as he rutted into her. He continued to slap her, feeling a jolt of shockingly powerful heat each time his hand met the soft flesh of her now reddened face. And as her pussy exploded around him he gave a furious groan and buried himself in her soft, velvety depths, pouring forth his cream and collapsing atop her.

Chapter Ten

Samantha left with more reluctance than she had shown. If the man really was from the British high commission she wanted to talk to him, to tell him they were being held against their will. She wasn't at all confident Meg would do that. Meg was too far gone, too attached to the sudden new thrill of being a sex slave.

Samantha told herself there were quite a few things - now that the real tortures had eased - that were good about being a sex slave. It was exciting, and the sex was wonderful, far better than she could have ever imagined back in London. But she knew that before long Tunde would tire of them, and God only knew where they'd wind up then; perhaps dead.

So as soon as she could she hurried back. She walked in just as the man, Donovan, finished pounding himself into a tightly bound Megan, watching from the doorway worriedly. Would the man be willing to get them out now, or would he be too embarrassed at having used Megan to tell on Tunde?

She hurried over to him as he swung his legs over the edge of the bed, embarrassed as he stared at her beringed nipples.

"Mr. Donovan? Are you really from the high commission?" she asked.

"That I am," he grunted, searching for his pants.

"Can you get us home?"

He looked up in surprise, then looked at Megan, who was laying back in dreamy languor. "I thought you liked it here."

"We want to go home," Sam said firmly. "We were afraid to say anything with Tunde there."

"Well, she doesn't seem to mind it here."

"She does, but she's been uhm, brainwashed. Look, we want to leave. Will you help us?"

"Ah, er, of course," he said after a moment. "Naturally. Can't have poor English girls held prisoner by African savages, now can we?"

He pulled up his pants, then quickly slipped on his shirt and buttoned it up.

"I can find something to wear..."

"Not just yet, my girl," he said. "I mean, Tunde has all these guards around. I'll go back and report to the High Commissioner. He'll take care of things."

"But..."

"No fear. It should only take a day or two. Just...just keep a stiff upper lip, uh, er, so to speak, and we'll have you out of here in a jiffy."

He snatched up his jacket and hurried out, leaving the two alone.

"You shouldn't have said that," Megan sighed. "Master might find out."

"Oh shut up," Sam said. "He wouldn't tell Tunde."

The door burst open just then and a large black man - one of Tunde's bodyguards - strode through. He ignored Meg, grabbing Samantha by one arm and dragging her back out of the room.

Her heart pounded like a drum as he led her down into the basement again and she saw Tunde there shaking his head sadly.

"Master?" she squeaked.

"Put her there, then go," he ordered, pointing to a square wooden frame off to one side.

The man dragged her over to the frame, then pushed her over, grabbing one ankle and lifting her upside down as though she were weightless. In moments her wrists were locked together behind her back and her ankles were locked into heavy metal rings attached to the top of the frame.

To be more precise, the rings were attached to small wheels. The wheels were in small grooves set into the inside of the frame.

"I am most disappointed in you, dog," Tunde said.

"I'm sorry master!" she cried fearfully.

"Not as sorry as you will be."

He pressed a button in the side of the frame and the wheels began to move apart. Samantha gasped in surprise as her legs were spread wide and he reached down to rub and squeeze her mound.

"M-Master," she gasped.

The wheels continued to slide apart, and she continued to rise higher as her legs were pulled farther and farther apart. The tendons in her thighs began to stretch and strain. She gasped and moaned as she was lifted higher still, then cried out as she was pulled up flat against the underside of the frame, her legs split out straight to either side.

Her thighs burned and her legs threatened to tear off as Tunde chuckled as he squeezed her breast again.

"I'm sure that we can persuade you of the errors of your ways, my dear."

"P-Please" she gasped.

He pressed the button and the wheels rolled back together, her ankles moving with them. He stopped the movement, then moved to a table and pulled out an immensely thick, long rubber dildo. He made no attempt to push the thing into her. Instead he reached up to the underside of the frame above her and screwed the base of the phallus into it. Then he started the wheels pulling apart again.

Her groin was raised higher as her legs stretched out, and her mound came into contact with the rounded knob of the rubber phallus.

It pushed insistently, with the steady force only a machine can give, and Samantha screamed as it was forced down into her body. She was impaled on it, her tight, dry pussy jammed up hard into the base of the frame again with her legs split apart.

"I'm sure you'll the proper gratitude after you've enjoyed yourself with my little toy," he said.

He adjusted the machine, then turned and moved away.

Samantha groaned aloud as the wheels moved backwards, and her body slid down. Yet when there was perhaps eight or ten inches separating her throbbing sex and the frame above the wheels halted, then reversed.

She was again lifted high as her legs were spread wide, and again forced up onto the thick rubber phallus. When her groin was pressed flat against the frame the wheels halted again then reversed direction once more.

Samantha groaned helplessly as she was raised then lowered again and again, her pussy sliding up and down the rubber cock while she hung helpless below.

Fortunately the wheels moved slowly, so though it was remorseless, the penetration was slow. And her sex began to produce much needed lubrication which further eased the pain.

Her mind continued to throb from all the blood which had rushed

to her head, and her thinking processes were more than a little flustered because of it. Moving up and down repeatedly did nothing to help, of course, and the repeated impalements on the thick phallus did even more to confuse her.

Yet soon she felt that tiny flicker of sexual heat grow, felt a hazy sexual curtain settle around her.

She hung limply, groaning anew every time her thighs were pulled flat and her body took the enormous rubber cock down into it. It hurt her. The thing was simply too big not to, despite her arousal, yet the hurt seemed not to matter. In a way it only seemed to accent how provocatively sexual her torture was.

Again and again her pussy slid up the rubber cock then jammed against the base of the frame above. And each time her stomach ached and cramped as the head ground against her cervix.

She did not even notice Tunde returning, hanging there in a daze as she was raised and lowered. But his hand went to the side of the frame, and the steady turn of the wheels grew faster. Her legs ached and her thighs burned more and more as she moaned and stared into his smiling eyes.

"Enjoying yourself?" he asked.

She didn't answer, only moaning and panting for breath as she was pulled up and down by her ankles.

Tunde touched the side of the frame again, and this time when the wheels reached the sides of the frame they did not back up. No. Instead they slid downwards along the sides of the frames, lowering her, easing her body completely off the rubber cock and bringing it down to the point where her hair was almost brushing the floor.

Her legs, of course were still split straight out to either side, and her sex gaped brazenly as Tunde rubbed two fingers back and forth along it. She gasped and jerked, even while trying to hide her response.

"Very moist here," he said. "Perhaps your body has enjoyed the thrusting it received even if you did not."

"Y-Yes, master," she panted.

"But you were a bad girl, were you not?"

"Yes, master," she groaned.

"All the pleasure I have given you and you run whining to the first white man you see calling me nasty names. Yet it is so obvious I am only making use of you as you were designed by God."

He moved around to the other side of the narrow frame, and she heard his zipper go down. A moment later she felt his flesh against her

sex, rubbing along the warm, moist slit as his hands stroked her straining thighs.

Then he centred himself, not at her pussy, but against her rectum. She moaned, as much in misery at not having him in her pussy as in discomfort at being sodomized.

"Your body seems to welcome me here," he said, grunting as he backed up, then thrust down once again, forcing himself deeper. His hands gripped her thighs tightly and he began to pump into her, never moving his hands near her pussy.

She felt so utterly vacant there now. His presence in her rectum felt good, felt natural. The steady thrusting there excited her. But she needed something against her pussy, needed it badly. His hips slapping against her sent shudders through her body, making her clitoris quiver with anticipation again and again.

Yet it was not enough, not quite, and as she sweated with heat and arousal, as the air became musky from the scent she gave off, Tunde continued to sodomize her, thrusting down again and again until he had achieved his release and filled her with his sperm.

"P-Please," she panted. "Fuck me, master!"

"Now you want my big cock. Now I am not a nasty slaver keeping you prisoner" he said with a smirk. "Now you only wish more attention paid to your hungry sex."

He began to rub at it, fingers stroking against her clitoris in a way that made her hiss in delight.

He backed up, however, going to a nearby cupboard. She couldn't make out much of what he was doing because being upside down for so long had left her eyes blurry. But he returned with what looked like another dildo, and she heard a click, then a soft buzzing sound coming from it.

It pressed against her clitoris and she moaned helplessly, her upper torso twisting from side to side as her ground it against her clitoris. He thrust it down into her pussy hole then, burying it inside her as she squirmed in heat.

"I shall give you the attention you crave," he said, standing back.

She did not see the razor strap in his hand, so wrapped up was she in the quivering tube of pleasure inside her sheath. His arm moved rapidly and something swung up and then down.

The flat, narrow strap slapped down against her mound, and she squealed in shock, her insides taking a barbed spear of pain even as they swept towards climax.

She was both horrified and electrified that he would strap her between the legs, and even as her mind tumbled end over end the strap came down again, then again, then again, all directly against her mound.

She screamed and thrashed, twisted and rolled, half maddened by pain even as the pleasure held her in its thrall.

And still the strap whipped down, and her red, aching pussy pad burned hotter and hotter, the most sensitive nerve endings in her body screaming as they were shockingly mistreated.

And thus there were tears of pain in her eyes as the climax swept her up in its grasp and sent her mind streaking upwards in gleeful delight, ecstasy screaming along her veins. Each sharp slap of the strap was like a blastwave of power that hurtled her higher and higher, until she finally peaked, and tumbled slowly downwards to Earth once more.

Tunde smiled and put down the strap.

"I think you enjoyed that too much, girl. I think I will give you something else to think about."

He turned away again, leaving her hanging there, groaning insensibly. He returned with two long narrow wires each attached to an alligator clip. He moved to her and fingered her sex, pressing a finger in and feeling the base of the vibrator.

He pressed the alligator clip in and then let it snap shut against her labia, drawing a small cry of pain from her. The second clip was quickly snapped tight on the other side of her small slit, and she whimpered as he ran the cords down along her legs and into narrow rings in the sides of the frame.

Then he pulled on the cords, and her pubic lips were pulled apart, spread wider and wider, straining out painfully as she sobbed and jerked.

He tied off the cords, then stared into her pink valley, noting the base of the vibrator buried within her small round hole. He decided to leave it there as he picked up a riding crop and smiled in anticipation. He could actually see the small quivering clitoris had pushed forth from behind its hood, a sign of deep arousal.

The crop whistled as it cut through the air, then cracked down directly atop it.

She howled in agony, her body writhing in maddened despair. Again the crop descended, and again, slapping wetly against her pink flesh.

She begged him to stop, begged him in as desperate, beseeching,

degrading manner as she could, offered him anything to stop. Yet he continued, the crop cracking down against the most sensitive part of her anatomy, each blow an explosion of agony that threatened to destroy her mind, if not her body.

Of course there were limits to how much pain even that part of her body could give forth before becoming numbed, and soon the fresh pain seemed to become more muted, more dull, to the point where the blows did little but jar her body and make the vibrator inside her jam harder against her cervix.

He pressed the button at the side of the frame and she began to rise once more. He continued to strap her groin until she was once again impaled on the thick rubber dildo, then he shifted his aim to her breasts, drawing more screams as he set them to shaking and bouncing under his brutal blows.

His bodyguard returned, bringing Megan with him, then turned and left - reluctantly.

"You, slut. Come here," he ordered.

Megan hurried over, wide eyed at the sight of Samantha rising up and down as she was.

Tunde gave her the strap, and she stared at it in astonishment.

"Whip her. She has been bad," Tunde said.

Megan stared at Samantha and then at Tunde.

"Or else you will go up in her place," he snarled.

She gulped fearfully, then drew her arm back and lashed out with the strap, cutting it across her belly.

Tunde laughed and squeezed her behind. She drew back and swung the strap again, feeling a surge of excitement between her legs as it landed heavily against one of Sam's breasts. Again and again she swung her arm as Sam screamed and sobbed in pain. She was horrified but at the same time excited for some reason. It felt spiteful to take pleasure in another's pain, yet Sam had brought it on herself, after all. She had warned her. And it wasn't like she had any choice in the matter herself.

Tunde moved to a cupboard and took out along narrow cylinder, then came back and stopped her, handing the cylinder to her instead.

"I... should hit her with this?" she asked worriedly.

"No, stupid girl! You press the tip against her and then press this button on the end."

Megan stared at it, realizing what it was, remembering with a shudder when such a device had been pushed into her own backside.

Now Tunde wanted her to do it to Sam, who was already in agony.

She wasn't sure how she came to get the thought. It was more impulse than anything else. And if she'd really stopped to think about it she never would have had the courage. But suddenly she jammed the thing down against Tunde's groin and pressed the button.

Tunde let out a howl and shot backwards a dozen feet, tumbling over a chair and landing heavily on the floor.

Now terrified of what he would do to her she chased after him, shoving the thing against his chest again and again, sending bolts of electricity through his shuddering, writhing body until his eyes closed and he stopped moving.

She stood there gaping at him for a long moment, then dropped the cattle prod and ran back to Samantha. It took a few minutes to figure out how to stop the thing from raising and lowering her, but before long the redhead was free, if not in the best of shape.

"We have to get out of here!" she cried to the woozy girl.

"Y-Yes, master," Samantha croaked.

Tunde groaned, and Megan ran back and zapped him with the cattle prod several more times. Then she helped the dazed redhead up the stairs and down the hall to the palace's main entrance.

Tunde's car was there, with a man washing it. She helped Sam over and put her in the back seat.

"Hey, what you do there?" the man demanded.

Megan zapped him with the cattle prod, and the man, wet from washing the car, seemed to shake violently for a full minute as she searched his pockets and pulled out the key.

The rear wheels spun in the dirt for a moment, then the car lurched forward and raced down the driveway, almost running down the man at the gate as she turned onto the dirt road and raced back in the direction she remembered coming from.

She hadn't gone far before she had to jam on the brakes as another car blocked the narrow road. She saw two white men in the front seat and threw open her door, running up to them.

"Please help us!" she cried. "We need to get to the British High Commission!"

The two men looked at each other, then at her, then one nodded.

"Of course. We'd be glad to take you," he said.

They helped Samantha into the car, then turned and drove off.

Neither of them asked the two girls what was happening, and both spent a good deal of time admiring their naked bodies as they drove.

"We're getting near the city," the man in back said. "You two need to get out of sight. In fact, you'd be best to ride in the boot."

The car pulled over, and he led them around to the back, then helped them into the largish boot and closed the top. A half hour of bumpy riding later the car finally stopped and the boot was opened once again. The two reached in and helped them out.

They were standing on pavement next to a large white building. White walls surrounded it, and Megan thought they must be at the high commission and safe. She was half right.

"What are you doing?" she asked in surprise.

One of the men was locking Samantha's wrist restraints together behind her back.

"Nothing to be alarmed over," the man said with a smile.

The other man pulled Megan's wrists back behind her as well.

"But... but what..."

A ball gag was shoved into her mouth, then another into Sam's. The two men then led them into the building, and down several stairways. They shuffled along a dark, hot, dry corridor, then opened a steel door and led the two girls into what looked like a large apartment.

There were two double beds inside, a TV, stereo, dressers, and even a small kitchenette off to one side.

Donovan came in then, grinning from ear to ear.

"What luck!" he exclaimed.

Megan stared at him helplessly.

"We had hoped to be able to snag you from Tunde's clutches. This is a bloody awful hardship posting, you see. No women at all. Do you have any idea how lovely it's going to be to have you two around from now on?"

The two men smiled as well, then several other men crowded the doorway, panting and staring excitedly at the two naked, nubile teenagers.

They were quickly placed on their knees, their behinds raised and chests to the floor. Then the first of the men drove their hungry cocks into their soft depths as lines formed behind them.

Megan's cheek was pressed against the floor as she stared at Sam, only a couple of feet away. Then the soft, quivering heat stole over her and her eyes glazed as her body began to respond to the hard rodding.

end

